

Amber's Soda Bloat

By Victor Waite

21-01-07

A Commission for Amburry

Amber belongs to Amburry

While putting away her groceries, Amber finds a forgotten bottle of imported soda in the back of her fridge. It's hasn't expired, and it's retained nearly all of its fizz. It might have even gotten fizzier over time.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Female, Cat, Inflation, Air Inflation, Bloating, Belly Expansion

The sound of turning tumblers filled the apartment, and a flood of light followed when the door swung open. A shadow filled the entrance as Amber stepped in, turning her hips to the side she squeeze through. The groceries in her grip swayed with her gait and rustled against themselves, until she reached her kitchen and set them down. A few more trips to her car and back filled the counter with food and robbed her of breath, and she let loose a sigh of relief when she finally shut the door in her wake. Amber wiped the heat from her brow and took a moment to bask in the relative cool of her home, then put her supplies. The siberian cat cleared the counter and filled her fridge with food and drinks, taking every inch of available space. Despite her best cramming efforts however, she could not fit everything. She peered into the frigid chamber and searched for a solution, which she soon found. Amber plucked a glass bottle of imported soda from the back of the largest shelf, creating exactly enough room for her final snack.

Amber lifted the bottle to the light, and to her surprise, discovered it hadn't expired. She took a moment to run through her meals for the day and mentally calculate her calorie intake, concluding that she had the budget for the drink. A grin spread across her face as she brought it close to her chest and carried it to the living room, where she plopped down in her favorite chair. The well-worn seat creaked under her weight as she settled into place, though the hiss of her opening soda drowned it out. A whiff of citrus flavor graced her muzzle for a fleeting moment, sprinkling its essence across her senses. Satisfied with its quality, Amber lifted the bottle to her muzzle and tipped it back, spilling the fizzy fluid across her tongue. The carbonation tickled her nose while she filled her cheeks, and once she gulped down the first swill, the second followed swiftly.

A conflict bloomed in Amber while she drank. While she wanted to savor the soda's flavor, keeping it fresh on her tongue took priority. She tipped the bottle back farther and farther and chugged it down, filling her belly with the pleasant fluid. She only realized the speed of her consumption when she emptied the container, leaving nothing but vapors and droplets. She shook even those into her open maw, then brought the bottle down with a sigh of satisfaction. Amber leaned back in her seat and draped a hand across her belly, where she felt the hem of her shirt rising up the curve of her belly. An exploratory pat confirmed she didn't just imagine it, and a glance downward revealed the emerging crescent moon of her lower belly. Her brow arched at the sight and she pulled her shirt back down, only for the fabric to repeat its slow slide toward her chest. Amber gingerly ran her fingers across her re-exposed pelt to be doubly sure of her growth, then again to savor the sensations of her swelling stomach.

Amber traced her blunted claws over the curve in slow circles, following the fizzy flows swirling in her middle. A blush tinted her muzzle as the space between her fingers slowly grew, following the slow expansion of her belly. A dull rumble slowly built and grew, allowed to crescendo within the growing sound chamber of her middle. A series of sloshes joined the chorus each time she shifted her weight or bumped her side, which both added more notes and swelled her stomach larger. She leaned back in her seat as the dome of her middle pressed into her lap, weighing down on her hips and gradually spreading her thighs. In the back of her mind, Amber knew she should be concerned about her situation, though

the pressure in her belly never quite crossed the line between pleasure and discomfort.

The feline's subdued concerns fell away entirely when she discovered a way to control the tension in her belly. As newly-formed stretch marks danced across her growing dome, a deep rumble resonated in her core. It rushed up her throat and burst from her muzzle before she could stop it, and her cheeks warmed with embarrassment as it echoed through her apartment. Several seconds passed before the outburst fully faded, and once it did, sounds of bubbling and gurgling swiftly replaced it. Disturbed by the rumbling and shuddering of her belch, the soda bubbled and fizzed with renewed vigor, setting her belly on a figure-dominating pace.

Pleasant sparks danced across her pelt on both the inside and outside as her stomach expanded. Her shirt yielded to the growing swell and retreated into the shadow of her chest, baring her bubbling dome to the empty living room. Amber made a token attempt to pull it back down, driven more by the desire to feel it ride back up than anything else. She repeated the gesture, each time speeding her bloat a little more, until she couldn't force the fabric over her crest at all. A burp blew passed her lips as she leaned over herself and wrapped her arms around the globe of her stomach, failing to lace her fingers together on the other side. A thrill of delight ran through her with that realization, something she chased by drumming her fingers across her hide. Amber giggled with the hollow sound and stifled the ensuing burps, testing the limits of both the drink and her figure.

Reclined back in her chair, it wasn't long before her belly swelled and blocked her forward view. She reached down the side of her seat and pulled in her leg rest, restoring her posture and parting her thighs with her belly. Her chest pressed to her chin while her middle battled for space on her frame, until she managed to get her feet beneath her. The weight of her middle tugged her forward and threatened her balance, though she luckily adjusted quickly. A hand on her hip and an arch in her back counterbalanced the hefty dome, and the shift in posture came with the benefit of accentuating her middle. Amber flaunted her figure to an imaginary audience, until a particularly hard pop of her hips unleashed another burst of growth. Her belly rumbled and surged forth, rolling over her thighs and touching down on her coffee table. Its cool glass top sent a startling chill up her spine, spurring her to step back and stumble against her chair. The jostles of her missteps loosened the last of the soda's fizz, pushing her belly beyond her heels and to the floor. The cat leaned to the side and plucked the empty drink from her side table, then carefully waddled to her kitchen.

Each step unleashed a torrent of resonating sloshes that lapped against the inner walls of her belly, tickling her to distraction until a sharp jolt dropped her out of it. The sides of her middle caught the entryway, firmly wedging her in place. Amber paused in a moment of thought, then let out a belly-shrinking belch with the goal of freeing herself.

If you've read this far, thank you <3

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