

Capacity Ambitions

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A Patreon Vignette for Rioku

A husky is determined to break their water capacity record

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Husky, Water Inflation, Belly Expansion, Navel Popping

The hollow sounds of water sloshing against its container filled the modest bedroom, spurred on by the husky in pursuit of their goal. Relative quiet returned when they finished unloading the gallon bottles in each hand, leaving only anticipation in the air. It would only build as they returned their kitchen and refilled the containers, filling them to the brim before returning to their pump bottle. The canine's tail wagged with growing excitement as they transferred it to their primary container, raising the water level within to the brim. When no more room remained, they stashed the transfer bottles away and took a step back to psych themselves up.

The rig before the husky was one of a custom design, but simple in nature. A clear drum of water sat atop a mechanical base, which housed a small pump and hose. A series of tick marks and dates recorded the husky's best attempts to drain it, following a steady arc down the side of the bottle. The lines bunched closer and closer toward the bottom of the sweep however, until they overlapped themselves in a disappointing plateau. The canine took in a breath and gathered his resolve, then let it out and stoke the fire of their determination. Once prepared, the husky fetched the hose, sat back into a small nest of pillows, then took on their self-imposed challenge. The canine chomped down on the rig's soft nozzle and switched the pump on.

An electric hum filled the room and bubbles filtered up into the drum, announcing the flow of chilled water. The lazy stream filled the dog's cheeks in the span of a few seconds, and once at capacity, they swallowed it down with an audible gulp. One of their hands drifted to their middle when that first gulp splashed down in their empty stomach, sending a cool chill up their spine. Their tail wagged with delight when the second swallow intensified the sensation, directly cooling their core. The canine continued at that slow pace for a short while longer, until their ambition and impatience outweighed the desire to pace themselves. They reached to the side and twisted a knob on the bottle's base, stepping up the pump's flow rate.

That faintly mechanical noise grew louder, and water rushed across the husky's tongue. Their audible gulps joined the noise as they adjusted, keeping pace with practiced ease. The modest stream poured across the back of their throat and filled their stomach at a visible rate, ever so slowly spilling their paunch into their lap. A free hand shuffled under the developing shelf and rolled it between their fingers, and a blush tinted the canine's muzzle as they relished the resulting sloshes. That chilled pool wonderfully contrasted with their warm walls as it lapped higher and higher, gradually trading its freedom of movement for an increasingly weighty presence. The husky adjusted themselves in their nest of cushions as the extra mass settled on their hips, bringing a pleasurable pressure to the moment and kindling their arousal. Still, their hands stayed on their belly and at the pump, ready to embrace the next stage of their chugging challenge.

The pump's song rose in pitch with another twist of the knob, a verse joined by the husky's delighted groan. Content to let their rig do the work, they simply shut their eyes and relaxed their throat, granting the river a direct line to their increasingly full stomach. The canine's middle swiftly filled their hand and rounded out into a heavy dome, gently

sloshing with the steady addition of more. They opened their eyes and chanced a glance at the water drum while they rubbed their belly's overhang, only to receive a small shot of disappointment. They were just passed the halfway mark to their personal best, where they started to feel the weight and pressure strain against their body. The water's cold touch dulled the starting smolders exertion, though that relief wouldn't last forever. Their hand left the bottle and joined its companion on the globe of their gut, hoping to massage away the worst discomforts of stretching.

The husky raked their blunted claws across their swelling dome, relishing the stretch marks hidden beneath their pelt. Pleasure sparked across their nerves each time they glided over one, and the formation of new lines sent a thrill through them every time. The canine sank their fingertips into the tight surface as well, relishing the growing pressure against their stomach walls. The weight of that filling water balloon sent flutters of bliss through everything beneath it as well, spurring the canine to bounce their hips and slosh its contents. The husky's breath shortened shortly after, brought on by the internal competition between their belly and lungs. They took it as a sign of their record's approach, and a glance at the draining drum confirmed that intuition. Unwilling to stopped once more by their limited capacity, the canine reached out and spun the pump's knob once more, opening the device to its limit.

A combination of rapture and regret washed over the husky in that instant. Streams of water spurted from the corners of their mouth when the hose flooded their mouth, overpowering their resistance and control. What didn't leak free rushed down their throat and slammed into their core, testing the limits of their anatomy. Electric tingles swept across the sides of their belly with the sudden strain, a sensation that locked their hips and let loose a muffled whine. Pressure built and swelled at the peak of the dome, until it released with a sudden twinge and popped their belly button out. Still, their tail wagged with lightning speed and their paunch rolled across their lap, and the rush of victory battled with the dread of defeat in their chest. Every muscle in their body seized when they hit their hard limit however, until a deep, ominous groan resonated in their core. Unwilling to risk catastrophic failure, the husky found their sense and reached out for their rig, slamming their fist down on its emergency stop button. A sharp click sounded out as power left the machine, and the husky slumped back in their soft nest.

For a moment, they were afraid to check the drum. Instead of confirming their victory or failure, they simply basked in the fruits of their labor. Anything greater than the slightest touch to their belly sent a wave of nausea through them, but beneath that threshold waited the great pleasure of being overly stuffed. The canine basked in that bliss until their anatomy adjusted, content to focus on their journey.

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

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