

Twin Bloat

By: IndigoRho

It took all of Eli's willpower to resist pulling the white fur from his head as he hurried into the relative privacy of his kitchen. The frustrated arctic fox was being forced to play host to his younger twin brothers Noah and Nathan. The siblings had never had the best relationship, with the much larger twins constantly finding new ways to tease or simply annoy their brother. On that day they'd just showed up at his front door uninvited and pushed past Eli before he could even try to shut them out. They'd claimed to be coincidentally passing by, but Eli was thoroughly convinced the visit—like the many before it—was a planned excuse to bug him.

After some obligatory “catching up” Eli had managed to escape under the guise of grabbing drinks. Scratching at the strap of his eye patch, the fox wondered how long his brothers would remain. Sometimes they were content with a few minutes of terror, at others they'd linger the whole afternoon. Being visibly annoyed never seemed to speed up their departure. If only there were a way to dissuade them from visiting so often.

As Eli stared into the fridge hoping for an answer one actually appeared. A pack of prank sodas his roommate had bought were sitting right up front, obnoxiously designed to resemble a generic store brand. If drunk they'd cause a person to swell up with carbonated gas like a balloon until they were spherical and creaking. His roommate actually rather enjoyed being inflated and tended to drink them after long days at work. Eli himself had mistakenly grabbed a can on more than one occasion, once stuck wobbling and bloated for hours before his roommate had returned home to deflate him.

Though Eli had previously considered the drinks a menace, he was now thankful for them. Inflating his brothers wasn't going to shorten their visit any, but at least they might reconsider dropping by frequently. With his mood marginally improved, Eli poured two of the prank sodas into glasses before returning to the living room.

Noah and Nathan were busy chatting away as they took up almost the whole couch. The hefty twins were nearly indistinguishable aside from the colors of their shirts—Noah green and Nathan blue. Eli had learned a few other subtle ways to tell the difference, though.

“There you are big bro!” Noah snickered.

“We thought you got lost!” Nathan added.

Eli glared back at both. “No, just had to dig around a bit more to find something suitable.”

As hoped the twins accepted the sodas without question, both chugging them down almost all at once. All Eli had to do was wait for the inevitable swelling to begin so that for once *he* could be the one doing the teasing.

Eli was so busy daydreaming he didn't notice the paw grab him by the arm and yank. With a surprised yelp he spun and fell onto the couch, finding himself sitting right in between the twins. Each rested an arm around his back and leaned in till their doughy sides pressed up against him.

“Bro, why does it seem like you're always trying to avoid us?” Noah asked with a grin.

“Yeah, we never—*uorrrrrrrrp*—hang out enough.” Nathan gave his belly a hard thump after the belch.

“Maybe if we—*braaaaaap*—hung out more you—*burrrp*—wouldn't be so scrawny!”

Eli knew perfectly well that Noah meant inflating him. He'd ended up as their personal beach ball more than enough. Suddenly inflating the twins with the prank soda felt even better. With his one good eye Eli dared a glance at Noah's belly, and was rewarded by the confirmation that it had swelled noticeably since he'd drank. The belches alone would've been enough evidence the soda was working, and thankfully his brothers simply treated them as another way to annoy Eli rather than a sign something was up.

“I don't know, not *everyone* wants to be as round as you two,” Eli grumbled, just holding back a snicker.

“Ha! They don't know what they're missing out on then,” Nathan said, with a nod of approval from Noah.

The twins were firm adherents to “bigger is better”, and Eli couldn't remember the last time they *weren't* twice as large as him. Soon they'd be much, much bigger. Eli did his best to keep the twins distracted by giving them plenty of openings to tease him, all the while their bellies continued to grow. Unfortunately they also started expanding up against Eli, too, reducing his chances of being able to slip away.

Eventually the twins were belching enough to get suspicious, but by then it was too late—their middles resembled large beach balls. The pair both panicked at once, wobbling in place as they tried in vain to stand up. All they managed to do was make the couch creak in protest.

Struggling jostled the soda in their stomachs around much more than before, making the carbonation increasingly volatile. Eli grunted as his brothers' rounding bellies swelled over his lap and into each other, thoroughly pinning him in place. He was already starting to regret his prank.

“Yo, what the—*urrrp*—hell!” Noah belched, still trying to get off the couch but failing miserably.

Noah's gut had blimped up enough to engulf his chest. His arms were forced away from his sides as they puffed up as well, limiting his mobility further. Nathan was inflating at about the same rate and not faring any better. Their expandex clothes thankfully stretched with ease to handle their growth, as if the twins were naturally as wide as weather balloons. All the while they continued belching, louder and louder the bigger they got.

Fuming, Eli raised his snout towards the ceiling just before he was enveloped by the bloating sides of his twin brothers.

“When did—*braaaaaaaaap*—he start buying bloat—*burrrrp*—cola!” Nathan struggled to ask, the balloon of a fox barely able to do anything aside from wobble and complain.

“Told ya he'd—*uorrrrrp*—get bold enough eventually!” Noah insisted.

Eli himself was unable to hear a word of what either said, the sound of fizzing bellies deafening his ears.

Having already almost been too big for the couch, it was inevitable the twins wouldn't fit on it once they began to inflate. A yelp apiece signaled the pair being dislodged simultaneously. Noah rolled over the sofa arm and bounced, the nearly spherical fox wincing at the surge in pressure. He quickly rebounded off a wall before rolling right back into the couch, thoroughly dazed.

Nathan managed to knock over a lamp and an end table on his journey. He was convinced he'd pop as he rolled over the sharp-edged furniture, but thankfully his hide remained intact. Just like with his twin, Nathan found himself barely able to think as his internal pressure drove him into a daze. His gaze grew aimless, the fox simply groaning as he instinctively fidgeted in place, immobile.

Sunk into the couch was Eli, his fur tussled from being temporarily buried beneath the twin balloons. He stumbled back onto his paws to survey the damage. Noah and Nathan were completely round, their taut hides creaking as they wobbled. Their heads were sunk deep, puffed up faces stuck in dopey grins marred only by the rare burp. Eli could barely believe their shirts and shorts had remained on so dutifully, leaving only a small strip of white fur exposed around their middles.

Eli strolled over to Noah, who was closest. A firm poke to the fox's bloated side prompted a long whine and some incoherent mumbling, but Eli doubted he was conscious enough to know what was happening. From unfortunate past experience he knew Noah was likely trapped thinking about his intense internal pressure and nothing else. Maybe there'd be a few moments of clarity, but they'd be few and far between, and last only seconds. There'd be no relief until he was deflated. A detour to Nathan revealed more of the same.

The peace that'd fallen over the apartment was wonderful. There wasn't any joking or teasing or boasting, just light creaks and faint moans. Never before had a visit from the twins been so relaxing.

As glad as Eli was to finally get the upper hand on his brothers, he wondered if inflating them

just once would be enough to discourage them from being a nuisance. Getting pranked by him was only a little embarrassing—he needed something to make the event *truly* memorable.

Eli retrieved his phone and angled it towards the nearest of his blimp brothers, grinning wide. “Hope you two don't mind me recording a nice, long video of our exciting get together.”

There were only creaks in reply...