Gnash, a black and white wolf, could be seen rolling around with a stripped raccoon named Bandit. Gnash was a very easy-going fur, one to just go with the flow. If something random or unexpected happened, he would be the first to say “meh, whatever, what’s for lunch?” However, that didn’t stop him from having a flair for fun, and would always try to get the most fun out of anything. Using his brute strength, he easily pinned down the smaller coon. “Ha! I finally gotchu!” Bandit squirmed and struggled briefly, trying to escape from his captor’s clutches, before sighing and giving up, looking defeated. “Yea, I guess you’re right… What’s that?” Gnash chuckled and gave his friend a pat on the head. “You honestly think that out of anyone, you could fool ME with that?” Bandit grinned and immediately launched himself onto Gnash, pinning him down quickly. “Of course not! You’re special.” Gnash is a very sneaky coon, to say the least. He could get almost anyone to fall for a simple trick such as “look over there!” Of course, this meant staying out of trouble would always prove to be a cumbersome task for the mischievous raccoon.

 Today felt like any other day, both feral furs playing in a secret clearing that only the two of them and another friend named Claude, who will be later introduced into the story. Suddenly Bandit hopped off of Gnash, a mischievous smile appearing on his face. You aren’t gonna believe what I found the other day by one of those anthro cities.” Gnash rolled onto his feet, ears perked up. “What did you find? Something fun?” Bandit hopped around, as he always did whenever he was excited or had a secret. “Promise you won’t tell anyone?” “Yeah I promise, what did you find?” “Are you sure you promise” “YES I said show me what you found!” “Are you sure you’re sure?” “I will eat you…”

 Bandit disappeared into the thick forest and returned with a small, long, cylinder container, the words “MENTOS” on the side, but as neither fur knew how to read, simply ignored it as “anthro markings.” The raccoon dropped the container in front of the curious wolf. “This here is magic candy! You may not believe me, but it’s true!” said Bandit, immediately reading Gnash’s doubtful expression. “That’s stupid, there’s no such thing as magic.” Bandit chuckled as he played with the container. “Is it stupid? These normally taste just like any other anthro candies, they taste a lot like toothpaste, but if you put one of these bad boys in these big bottles of brown liquid, it makes the liquid bubble like crazy and shoot foam out into the air really really high!!” Gnash sniffed the Mentos, still doubtful. “How do you know all that?” The raccoon suddenly jumped into the shadows, blending in with the darker back ground. “I spied on two crazy teenage anthros with my stealth! I bet you wish you could blend in as awesome as I can!” Gnash chuckled and bared his sharp teeth, “Who needs to hide when you have weapons like these?” The playful coon threw up his paws in mock fear “oh no! I’m gonna get slobbered to death by the big bad wolf, but back to what I was saying. I want to find out what happens if we got someone to drink this” Bandit disappeared behind the trees and came back rolling a 2 liter bottle of Coke “and eat all those magic candies you see there!” Gnash laughed softly “There’s no way you’re gonna get me to do it, what I’d explode?” The crafty coon giggled and bopped the cautious wolf’s muzzle. “Don’t worry, I was thinking we could get Claude to drink it.” Gnash gave a very concerned look. Claude was a slow, fat fox, who never had much common sense, which made him a huge target for Bandit’s little pranks. Even if he is oblivious, even to the seemingly obvious things, the tubby fox always tries to make everyone happy, even ignoring his own pain to help others. Unfortunately, he was also prone to bullies making fun of his weight and general ignorance. Of course, ever since Claude became friends with the fierce wolf, he has been left alone more.

 “Claude is the LAST person who should drink and eat those…things!” Bandit rubbed Gnash’s muzzle, his tail flickering happily. “Oh come on, his stomach’s big enough to not explode right?” Gnash narrowed his eyes, not amused. “You’re doing a terrible job of convincing me to let him eat those candies.” The quirky coon quickly jumped onto the wolf’s back, talking right into his ear. “Fine, why don’t we let Claude choose for himself then? Seems fair right?” Gnash stood there for a while, considering Bandit’s idea, before playfully shaking him off. “Fine, but do NOT lie to him” The excited raccoon licked Gnash’s muzzle quickly before dashing off to find Claude.

 Several minutes later, Claude could be seen waddling over to Gnash with Bandit on his back, Claude’s belly shaking back and forth with each step. Gnash smiled and welcomed the tubby fox. “Hey mate, how you doing?” Claude smiled back, tail swishing happily. “Great! I came over as fast as possible after Bandit told me about the yummy juice!” Gnash grinned nervously and mouthed “yummy juice?” to Bandit while Claude wasn’t looking. The tricky raccoon just smiled wide, looking like the most innocent creature in the world.

 Bandit jumped off Claude as the tubby fox sat down, his large belly almost touching the ground. “Bandit said if I drink all the yummy juice and eat the magic candy quickly enough, you guys would give me belly rubs! Is that true?” Before Gnash could respond, Bandit gave a quick whimper and a look saying “Please don’t ruin this I’ll make it up to both of you I promise”. Gnash grinned awkwardly and nuzzled his tubby friend. “Of course! Just sit back while we feed you”

 Between Gnash and Bandit, they both manage to hold the 2 liter of Coke up to Claude’s maw for him to drink. The chubby fox closed his eyes and drank happily, his fluffy tail swishing back and forth. As he drank, he felt his insides getting bubbly from all the carbonation. What he failed to see, however, was his fat belly slowly expanding. The more he drank, the more his belly expanded, now barley touching the floor. Gnash bit his lip, worried this plan could leave their friend too fat to move easy, but Bandit gave him another look, promising to make it up.

 Claude finally finished the large drink with a belch, leaving him much more big-bellied then he remembered. “Hey guys, what \*hic\* what happened \* hic \* what happened to my tummy? \*hic\* I feel a lot \*hic\* a lot fatter now!” Claude stood up, his large belly sloshing and jiggling from the extra liquid. Bandit had to hold a paw over his maw for a minute to stifle his snickers before finally replying. “Uh, no, you aren’t fatter, you’re just….softer! You’ll feel better in no time. Now, quickly, eat the magic candy!” Claude looked over to Gnash, hoping his buddy would let him know if this was a smart choice. The wolf still sat there, smiling, looking a little scared. “It’s alright mate, nothing bad is gonna happen. Remember we still owe you belly rubs if you eat them.” Wagging his fluffy tail, Claude yipped happily and devoured the entire Mentos pack in one bite.

 At first nothing happened. Both Gnash and Bandit stared at Claude curiously, waiting for something to happen. Suddenly, the fat fox’s belly started to emit a very soft gurgle, the bubbles inside of him getting a little crazy. Claude whimpered, suddenly very fearful of his life. What if this wasn’t a good idea in the first place? What if he was suddenly gonna explode? What if- “Bwaarp!” Claude let out a quick, loud burp, the bubbling going away from his stomach. Immediately, both the wolf and the raccoon broke off laughing, the previous tension leaving the air. Claude blushed and looked away, quite embarrassed even though this isn’t the first time someone has laughed at him. Gnash was the first to speak “heheh, phew that scared the crap out of me! I thought for a second you were gonna-“ Gnash’s statement was immediately interrupted by another gurgle from Claude’s stomach, this time much, much louder than before. The confused fox bent his head over to look at his belly, before looking back at his friends, his face pale from fear.

 “What’s happening with Claude?!?” Gnash dashed toward his friend, but his sprint was cut short by an amazing sight: Claude’s belly was getting bigger! The poor fox yipped loudly, shocked at this sudden transformation. Desperately, he tried waddling over to his shocked friends, his steps becoming more cumbersome as his belly continued to swell right under him. It wasn’t long before his stomach started rubbing against the floor, making him look extremely obese. Unfortunately, at that point, Claude gave up walking and chose to just lean on his belly instead, feeling it gurgle and swell up under him. Gnash and Bandit stared at their unfortunate friend with wide eyes and open mouths, the fox’s belly rising more and more, bigger than a beach ball, two beach balls, an exercise ball! Claude’s paws were soon far from the ground, his arms and legs looking more puffed up, as if being inflated like a pool toy, his face looking like he was holding his breath. Even his tail looked more proofed up than usual. The large fox whimpered and struggled, desperately moving his thick legs, trying to somehow escape this fate, but, try as he might, he just kept inflating.

 Suddenly, just as fast as it had started, Claude’s inflation suddenly stopped, leaving him as round as a bowling ball but as large as a couch! They all stood in silence (or, in Claude’s condition, laid in silence) before Bandit suddenly rolled onto his back, laughing like a mad hyena. “Bwahahaha!! Look at the size of him! Jeeze, Claude, you really packed on the pounds, didn’t you?” Gnash dashed over to his friend, sniffing and whimpering, the fox looking down on him from his high position. “W-what have I done?!? I-I let you get as big as a boulder! I’m a terrible friend.” The speedy coon bounced onto Gnashes back, then his head, and leaped onto the giant fox’s round back. “Holy crap, it’s as if your entire body became a big ball! That’s awesome!” Bandit bounced all around Claude’s bouncy back, causing him to hiccup and burp uncontrollably. “\*burp\* hey get off \*hic\* me! \*belch\* Gnash what \*hic\* do I \*hic\* do? \*burp!\*” Gnash whined loudly and licked the poor fox’s belly, feeling it much more taunt then it used to be. “I don’t know, but I’ll figure something out I promise!” The kind wolf affectionately rubbed his muzzle against Claude’s belly, suddenly causing him to roll slightly.

 From atop of the fox-boulder, Bandit stumbled slightly. “Hey watch it! I almost fell of this fatty’s ba-“Another loud rumble could be heard from Claude’s giant stomach, followed by a low groan. “Guys…I don’t feel good…” The bubbly fox belched again, some soda foam leaking out of his mouth, his enormous belly grumbling so loud it shook the ground. Then, as if all the Mentos’ inside Claude’s stomach suddenly came into effect, his stomach immediately started expanding rapidly.

 Bandit yelped and clung onto Claude’s back, rising with Claude. The fox kept whimpering, feeling himself get higher and higher, his stomach ballooning out rapidly, causing him to reach twice his height in a few seconds, but he kept growing, his round body slowly swallowing up his inflated arms and legs, tail thickening as more air is pumped throughout his body. Bandit belched again, bubbles flowing out of his muzzle and chin, some floating into the air as if he was a bubble wand, a very large bubble wand at that. The fox watched as his head rose higher and higher, his stomach bigger than 2 couches put together! He tried calling out for help, but all that did was allow even more foam to flow out of his maw, the bubbles trickling down his chin more heavily. Gnash was howling loudly, running back and forth, trying to call for anyone to help with this growing fox, but, even if someone came, what could they do?

 Claude continued to grow faster and faster, now much bigger than a living room, his swollen limbs completely engulfed by his growing bulk, now just thick stubs on a round body, his neck shrinking more and more until it disappeared as well, leaving Claude’s head just a little bump on his giant frame. More foam forced itself out of the feral’s mouth, some of it falling onto the ground, while most ran down his round chest, staining his white belly. Claude’s belly continued to creak and groan, his belly now as big as a house. Looking ahead, the poor fox could see over the tall trees, able to see a far distance away. Suddenly, the Mentos’ seemed to release all of the gas at once. With a very loud grumble, Claude yipped as he suddenly ballooned, reaching half the size of an apartment complex in no time.

 Bandit kept laying on Claude’s immense back, quite shaken at the recent turn of events, as well as stuck from being too high off the ground and too far away from a nearby tree. Gnash started screaming at the top of his lungs, hoping the two furs could hear him. “Are you guys ok!?! I’m going to get help, just stay put!” Bandit slowly crawled over so he could look down at the panicking wolf. “Please hurry! I’m so so sorry!! I never meant for this to happen!” Before he could say any more, Bandit realized a major mistake on his part: by crawling over towards Gnash, he made the fox-ball start rolling towards the wolf!

 Gnash stared at Claude’s immense figure rolling towards him in fear, ears pressed against his head, tail between his legs. As the over-inflated fox rolled faster, the terrified wolf turned around and ran as fast as he could, desperately trying to avoid the ginormous boulder! Bandit yelped and started running on Claude’s body, trying to avoid falling off and being squished. The more he ran, however, the faster Claude rolled, meaning the it was only a matter of time before he fell and got rolled over! Claude could barely keep conscience, seeing a whir of light as he traveled quickly down the slope, feeling the trees crush under his incredible bulk like twigs snapping under a rolling stone. Despite his predicament, he couldn’t help but worry about his friend’s safety. He felt Bandit suddenly fall from on top of him and immediately get squished against his belly, hearing him cry as he is stuck against Claude’s belly. “Woah!!! What is this!!?” Gnash looked back, wondering what Bandit was yelling about. As soon as he took his eyes off the road, however, he tripped over an exposed root and fell, immediately engulfed into Claude’s belly. All three of them let out a surprised cry as they tumbled down the long hill…..

 Claude woke up, groaning and licking his lips. Looking around, his blurred vision could tell he was lying on his back, very close to his home. He could smell several furs that he knew close by. Claude let out a soft murr, feeling several paws rub and stroke his belly, but for some reason, they all felt far away. He suddenly remembered what happened yesterday, how he was promised free belly rubs if he drank the yummy juice and ate the magic candy. Claude remembered eating all of it and feeling his belly gurgled, but everything else seemed like such a haze. Yawning again, he blinked and looked down at his belly… and almost fainted. He was enormous, a mountain compared to his original chubby figure. His arms and legs were still enveloped by his giant round body, so moving was defiantly not an option. Before he could call out for help, he saw Bandit and Gnash emerge from the corner of his vision. “Hey friend, how you doing?” Claude stared at them happily, before suddenly remembering how he got like this in the first place. “How am I doing?!? You guys tricked me into becoming a giant balloon!! How do you think I’m doing?!?” “Hey, leave them alone, they didn’t mean for that to happen.” Claude looked onto his giant, inflated belly and saw two figures standing on top of him far away. The giant fox couldn’t believe it. They were two of the bullies who used to pick on him! Gnash smiled and licked his big friend. “When we rolled to the bottom we all blacked out. Everyone came and dug us out from you. They all thought you killed and ate a herd of elephants! Of course, we told them the truth, but everyone still sees you as a role model now, not just someone to pick on! Isn’t that great!” Bandit slowly wondered up to Claude’s head, looking away, the way he always does when he’s feeling guilty. “I’m really sorry about all that earlier, I shouldn’t have used you as bait. I’ll make it up to you I promise!” Bandit did something completely unorthodox then: he licked Claude’s muzzle. Bandit NEVER licks anyone, not even his own parents! Claude smiled and licked back, feeling much better. “There is one thing you could do right now… you guys promised belly rubs, right?”

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