

Terry pushed the door open, making a small bell ring out above the entryway. The cashier quickly told him “Good afternoon” as he entered, to which he politely nodded back. The fox quickly turned the corner, opening the cooler doors right by the entrance. He started to pull out his usual beverage, but stopped when something caught his eye. “AI?” He mouthed to himself, as he looked up.

The fox stood at roughly five foot six with a thin figure to match his height. He had long brown hair rolling off his head, which would have hung past his shoulders if he didn’t have it up in a loose man-bun like he did now. Terry had just popped in the general store real quick to grab a soda, but it looked like the day had different plans in place for him.

He paused, reaching up to grab a different bottle from the rack. “Bubble-Cola, uses the power of AI to create the smoothest, fizziest soda in the market.” He softly read the description to himself. The label showed thousands and thousands of little bubbles, with some bigger bubbles making up the name of the beverage. He thought about it briefly, shrugged, and then decided why not. He carried the new soda over to the check-out lane.

“You ever tried this stuff?” Terry asked the cashier, who was of similar age, as he handed over the product.

The raccoon working the register looked at the label. He shook his head with a bit of a stumped expression. “Can’t say that I have. Actually I don’t think I’ve even seen it before, must be a new product.” He looked up, “You down to try it?”

Terry just made sort of half smile half shrug. “Yeeeeeah, what can I say, it piqued my interest. Besides, it’s only a soda, not like I have much to lose if I end up not liking it.” He chuckled, as he handed over a five dollar bill to the clerk.

“Well if you drink the whole thing, please don’t come back demanding a refund.” The raccoon joked back as he handed Terry the change.

The fox, now with his drink and change in paw, gave the raccoon a short adieu, and then made for the door. He climbed into his car, and then started back on the drive home.

The raccoon watched Terry’s car pull out through the glass doors. He then jerked back, hearing hard footsteps stomp up and down behind him. He nearly jumped out of his hide when he saw it was his boss running up to the front.

“A-Ally?” He gasped out, fearing that the tigress was running at him, but was quickly relieved when she pounced on the soda coolers instead.

“We have to pull all of these...where are they?...Bubble-Colas.” She spat out, only barely out of breath from her run. She quickly grabbed each and every bottle from the rack, stuffing them under her arms as she emptied the coolers of their supply.

The raccoon made an audible gulping sound. “Oh? What’s the matter with them?”

The tigress twirled her head round a few times, “I honestly don’t really understand it myself. The vendor was just frantic with me on the phone, begging me that I pull them instantly, that it was urgent.” She had ten plastic bottles stuffed under her arms by the end. “The fella sounded so damn scared though I didn’t question him.” She said, as she dumped the bottles into one of the plastic sacks to carry them easier.

A few beads of sweat started to roll down the raccoon's face. “Oh...well It can’t be too serious right? I mean if it was then it never would have made it to the shelf to begin with?” He bargained, now worried for the fox’s safety.

Ally snickered on the spot. “You’d be surprised. Sometimes these companies push the product out so fast that some things get looked over.” She tossed the sack over her shoulder as she started for the back. “Alrighty then, I’ll carry these to reclaim, carry on with the day.” She said, happy enough, as she walked off the scene.

And there the cashier was, wondering and worrying about the Fox. Thinking if he should do something, right as a shopper with a cart full of groceries entered his line, rendering him unable to do anything else but scan.

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Terry turned the radio up a tap, bopping his head along with his favorite playlist. The cruise was set at sixty mph, and he still had a pawfull of miles to drive before he made it back to his house. The bottle of Bubble-Cole sat in his cup holder, softly wobbling back and forth with the bumps on the road, making a surplus of fizzy bubbles rising and falling inside of the container.

The fox mindlessly reached down to his drink without looking down, not even noticing the rather foamy head it was growing. He held the bottle to his mouth, and then bit down on the cap, twisting it to make the top screw off underneath his canines.

*PPPHHHSSSSSSSHHHHSSSSS!*

A loud hiss, much akin to a pissed off cat, screamed out from the bottle as soon as the cap was off. Terry jerked back from the sharp noise, accidentally turning his car into the opposite lane for a second. He looked down, gasping when he saw a small gushier of foam spring forth from the head of the bottle.

“Damn.” He yelped, seeing the foam flow from the top, cascading down to drench his paw and drip to the top of his legs and seat. He quickly brought the drink to his mouth, and tried his best to guzzle down the excess foam.

*Gulp....Gulp...Gulp...*

The soda rolled down his maw and throat like the softest, sweetest cream he had ever tasted. All of the little bubbles on top of bubbles made the drink smoother than smooth. Plain water would have been more acidic than Bubble-Cola.

Terry’s eyes opened up in surprise, he pulled the bottle away, now that the fizz wasn’t rolling down the sides.. “Damn.” He said, amazed and perplexed at how bubbly and smooth it was. He immediately brought the top of it back to his mouth, and gulped down the rest of the soda accordingly.

*Gulp...Gulp...Gulp...Gulp...Gulp...*

The drink glided down his throat like soft serve ice cream. It continued to fizz all the way down, creating a small explosion of foam and bubbles at the base of his tummy. The cola frothing and fizzing over and over again on itself, creating a small mountain of foam that only grew bigger as Terry drank down the rest of the bottle.

*Gulp...Gulp...Gulp...*

“UUUrrGggg UHHG!” Terry belched as he finished the drink, putting the empty bottle back into his cup holder. “I’ll have to buy that again.” He said, still feeling the residue from all of the bubbles tickle his maw.

*GGGRrraOOOananNN!*

“Huh?” Terry blinked in surprise, looking down to the source of the strange gurgling sound. He jerked in shock again (This time accidentally pulling himself into the rumble strips for a few seconds) when he saw his belly sticking out a solid three inches more than it was just a moment ago. “Wha..UUURrPPAagagHhUGGA!...w-what?”

In his stomach the cola continued to fizz up over and over again, the foam taking up more and more space in the fox’s midsection. Terry did his best to concentrate on the road, reaching down to caress his right paw to his tummy, trying to ignore how much bigger it was getting with every second.

His shirt soon started to ride up his inflating figure, his white belly poking out from underneath the hem like one furry bowling ball. His hips expanded outward right with his tummy, soon pressing hard against the door and center counsel.

“UUUrrppGGUUhauUGGGUuhhaGGwwuaGH!” Terry burped out, some slobber and bubbles splashing from his mouth. “G-gotta get ho-UUUrrppGGAUuGUGRPrpPgahH-ome.” He desperately gasped out, not even sure what he would do when he got home, just knowing it was the only thing he could think of doing.

His chest started to puff out too, partially covered up by his shirt, his growing moobs looked like two slightly smaller tummies sitting on top of his now scarily big one. The fox’s arms were pressed apart, his figure growing so wide he could no longer reach the wheel on both sides.

*HHHOOOOAAAANNKK!!!!*

The car’s horn started to blare loudly, as the front of his growing body pressed hard into the steering wheel. Now he couldn’t even start to turn the wheel with how hard his belly was pressed into it. He gulped, hating it, but also knowing he couldn’t continue to drive so recklessly. He pressed down on the break, his car stopping in the middle of the road.

He blindly pressed the button on his seat belt, and tried to make it for the outside, but that quickly proved to be impossible for the poor fox. His left hip was now so puffed out that it completely covered up the door handle.

“UUUrrppHHHuauagGHHHHUUUrrPP...h-elp.” He meekly squeaked out, looking to the side to only see no cars or trucks nearby. He was now stuck in his car, pinned inside by his growing figure, and there was no one in sight to save him. “H-HELMMuFFAM!” His pleas were cut off as his chest grew too big for him to speak. The front of his moobs pressed hard into the front glass making the back of them press equally hard into his head, squishing it against the headrest.

*GGGRrOOOaANNaaOOOaANNIAAANNNAANN!*

The fizzing and foaming inside of his stomach only continued, the resulting bubbles making the fox’s body inflate all the more. Terry desperately reached around for something, but that proved fruitless for the fox. Even through his distress he made sure to keep his foot on the brakes, not wanting to blindly drive into lord knows what.

His body grew more and more, inflating out like a hot air balloon preparing for flight. Every inch of it pressed hard into the precious available space inside of his car. Terry whimpered, feeling his belly being pinched by his steering wheel, his hips being squished by how not wide the seats were, and his head being pinned down harder and harder by his ever growing chest.

*CRreEEAaKK....NWWWwAaAAMMMMAaN!*

The car itself started to creak and groan, the outer walls slightly bowing outwards to make room for the fox’s figure. A few hairline cracks started to etch their way across the windshield as his

belly pressed down on them with what must have been pounds and pounds of pressure. Terry closed his eyes, tensing up from what he knew was about to happen.

The front of his car made one more desperate creak, and then the entire driver's side popped right off in a heap of twisted metal and broken glass. Terry was jettisoned out of his car. His rounded out ass lifted right out of his seat for his belly to impact the ground a few feet later. Thankfully for the fox he landed on the grass, making for a somewhat smooth landing.

“UUUurrppGUUaugGGHahauUGWgAUuhwwhUwuuAGGGwuwUHaGGH!” A miniature explosion of burps and bubbles erupted out from his maw, forcing his jaw open for minutes on end.

He laid out on top of his belly like it was one massive mattress. His upper torso rested on top of his round moobs, which by themselves were now the equivalent of two five foot round balls pressed together. His mammoth tummy sat underneath him, wobbling and gurgling to reach the absurd size of ten feet wide and three feet tall, making it not even resemble a belly anymore.

GGGararRROOOOOOwwAANNWOMauuuuGGGRrILAgGGNNUURGGGAA!

With the small hop from the car to the ground, the soda got all shook up. More bubbles shot forth from the ultra fizzy liquid, demanding that the fox's tummy expand even more to hold them all in.

“UUUurrpUUUURppPRRGHhh...BBBWwOOOOwwWAaAaRrwrWAAPPPw...UUUurrM MMMOOOOAaaaUUUURrHHHAfFF!” Anything Terry said was replaced with even more violent burps. The fox looked worriedly down to his titanic tummy, watching in dread as it quickly expanded even more underneath him.

The fox was lifted higher and higher up in the air by his ever inflating belly. Letting out a symphony of burps as the soda continued to create a seemingly infinite supply of bubbles. Waiting and hoping for someone to come by and help him, while also terribly embarrassed at the idea of anyone seeing him like this.

“UUUurrppUUUURrppUUUrrbBBWWWaaaAaAAnNBFFF!”