

Burping Contest

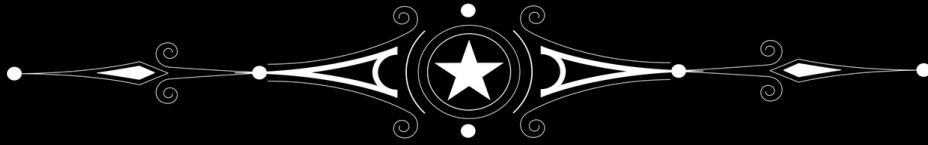
For Clock-Face

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Male to Female gender change, extreme weight gain, immobile, burping.

Read at your own discretion.



This was a scene out of every creepypasta YouTube video the Uber driver had ever listened to. The Griffon she'd picked up, Albion, had been friendly enough. They made small chit chat with their young bunny girl driver while chilling in the backseat of her Honda for over a half hour drive out of the city. She certainly found his sleek red beak and shiny white fur over that muscular body pleasant to look at on the way.

It was when the directions came up to exit the main roads directly into a dense section of forest that the driver's ears began to sag. These were the kind of roads where high beams only traveled as far as the plant life allowed. And of course, this area had trees packed tightly enough together to feel like driving in a tunnel. At least Albion kept a goofy smile and relaxed atmosphere while they continued to drive slowly into the middle of nowhere.

The driver couldn't help glancing at the enormous blue cooler Albion had brought with him. Her laugh at the griffon's latest joke was almost too forced to sound polite. No more watching spooky videos if she ever got home in one piece. Thankfully, the last turn before their assigned location came up soon enough. She banked the car slowly along the dirt trail, slightly surprised how abrupt the tree line ended for a flat clearing.

"Whoa!"

It was like entering a portal into another world. Inside the clearing was a two-story mansion the Addams Family might have enjoyed for a summer home. But there was nothing remotely scary about this place. Lights blared all over the place in various colors of the rainbow. Dozens upon dozens of people mingled around the porch, or hung out in the open grass. Many were playing carnival style games that'd been set up. The bunny driver was even sure she caught sight of a bouncy castle peeking over from behind the house.

"A bit out of the way to be throwing a party. Huh?"

"You know it!" Albion jumped out the second the car had stopped, dragging the cooler out with him. "We can't bother anyone all the way out here. It's an open-door party if you want to take a rest."

"No! I mean, thank you." The bunny laughed it off, still not trusting any large group out the middle of the woods. "It's a long drive back and I still got a few trips to make rent tonight."

"Shame. Well, be safe out there." He watched her go off back down the dirt road before remembering to leave a big tip on the app. With that business done, he hefted up the large cooler with ease and made his way into the party mansion.

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Albion's wings fluttered in excitement when he passed through the door. It was like stepping through a portal into another world. Halloween was already a night about celebration. Going to a party full of alchemists and magic casters made it all the more exciting. Here the refreshments served themselves, the decorations mingled with guests, and not a single person left without something unusual happening to them.

That bunny was missing out on some good times. The best part was that the food was provided via potluck. Not only were countless magical inclined beings tempted to spice things up with their most devious spells, it was outright encouraged. Albion was already having to squeeze his cooler around an anthro pig woman going up the porch stairs. A pair of mouse guys sat atop her head going on fits about being tricked into trying the olive bar. The griffon kind of assumed all of them had been transformed just by their major lack of clothes. Whatever the poor pig could cover herself with looked overly large on them.

Inside the house was even more active than outside. Hell, Albion could compare it to a convention. Even more people he could see going through various side effects of magic laced foods. There didn't seem to be a set section for the food either, so he just moved over to the closest table and set his cooler on the floor beside it. Flipping it open showed the whole party he'd brought a good fifty soda bottles on ice as refreshments. A bubbly fruit potion he'd painstakingly spent two months on to get right.

He dusted his scaled bird hands off like major work had just been done. Now it was time to find some company and get in on the fun like everyone else.

“Catch me, big bird!”

“Wha!? MMPH!?”

Albion was caught off guard by how the panicked squeaky voice seemed to be coming from underneath him. He pivoted to look down and nearly got headbutted in the beak by lush golden hair rising up to meet him. A dragon of red scales on the body and black on her very naked chest and stomach collapsed against his chest feathers unable to keep her balance. The soft grinding of her face and scales moving up from his stomach to his chest made it pretty clear her body was growing bigger at a rapid pace. He couldn't think of anything else to do except brace against the table with wings flared out waiting for her to finish.

It wasn't that long a wait. Soon the pudgy dragoness was practically snout to beak with Albion, staring deep into his eyes with dazed confusion. Some cat calls from other party goers quickly got their situation moving again. She gently pushed off the griffon using her leathery wings and extra muscular tail to regain her balance. For his part, Albion tried not to express disappointment over their broken embrace.

“Thanks for the save. I didn't want to crash into a pudding or something.”

“Mixing foods can definitely get weirder than normal around a party like this.” Albion clicked his beak in amusement, watching the dragoness checking over their body for anything out of place. “You all right now?”

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"Yeah. I tried a caramel brownie and, well, you can probably guess it made me super tiny." She seemed to finally notice something seriously out of place and crossed arms over her exposed chest. That only squeezed a very nice view of cleavage for Albion to admire. "Not that I mind the effect, but I hate the rapid affecting kind. You never get enough time to adjust before crashing into something. I'm Levian, by the way."

"Albion!" He extended a hand that the dragoness managed to shake without exposing her nipples in the process. "How about a drink to wash it down? I brought plenty of soda."

"Oooh?" Levian looked to the cooler with pointed ears perking. Already several party people had helped themselves but plenty more remained nestled in the ice waiting to be claimed. "I'd ask what they do, but that ruins the fun for me."

"A woman after my own heart," Albion said as he fished one out to offer her. "So?"

Her answer was an eyebrow raising smirk. Hands remained firmly hugging herself for cover. "Nice try. How about you grab one for yourself and meet me in the game room upstairs? I'm going to find my clothes and we'll make this interesting."

"Oh, really?" Albion didn't get an answer. Levian had already whirled away in search of her lost garments. Fate really wanted to push his buttons tonight. Normally the griffon wasn't a fan of indulging in his own stuff. In this case, he not only had a cute reptile falling into his arms but also issuing challenges. That was all she needed to get him fishing out another bottle before heading upstairs as directed.

The upstairs room activities were surprisingly chill compared to the chaos Albion left behind. There were still oddball events like a fox dude being held up by two friends as their legs widened to become a taur. Everyone just seemed to be taking it in a merry stride. Most were too preoccupied with tabletop and video games.

Thankfully Albion didn't have to stand in the middle of the room awkwardly holding two drinks for long. A hard slap on the back elicited a startled squawk from the griffon and Levian re-entered his vision easily dodging the flailing of his wings.

"Sorry!" She said. Her own wings folded behind her trying to make her ample figure smaller. "Most people hear my fat ass coming."

"Not with all this ruckus going on." Albion chuckled, passing her a soda bottle. He took a second to eye the dragon's choice of clothes. It took a few seconds to recognize the same halter top and black skirt from Final Fantasy's Tifa Lockhart. "Found your costume, okay?"

"What? Oh. No." Levian rolled her eyes in a pout. "Some dick made off with my stuff, so I grabbed something out of the freebie racks."

"Ouch. You look nice, though."

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"Thanks. If anything, I need skirts for this tail." Levian gave her rear a little shake for emphasis. Holding up the soda bottle she added, "So what sneaky concoction you got brewed up for the party?"

"Hm!?" Albion snapped out of watching the red dragon's meaty tail swish about and gave her a sly grin. "Why don't you try a sip and find out?"

"Fair enough!" Levian said with a shrug. To the griffon's complete surprise, she popped the bottle cap off and down a mouthful without a moment's pause.

"Damn, girl! Throwing caution to the wind tonight?"

"It's a party and I just got done being shrunk. Besides, I like getting ideas for my daughter's magic shop." Levian hiccupped, glancing down to inspect her plump figure. "So... uh..."

Albion's grin widened as his lion tail wagged. "It takes a few seconds for the fun to kick off."

"Pfft! Whatever hot sho-**HUWWWWOOOOORRRPP!!**"

The carbonated air rushed back up Levian's throat so hard she had no chance to catch it. If the roaring belch didn't grab the entire game room's attention, the blast of dazzling blue flames sure did.

Albion especially wished he hadn't been standing in front of her to witness his creation at work. He also didn't get time to so much as panic before the dragon's breath engulfed his body. It only lasted two seconds, tickling his feathers in a warm breeze before the flames extinguished in the open air. Since nothing seemed to have caught fire, he brushed it off to give Levian his full attention.

"O-oh!!" Levian gasped, a free hand resting on the bulge of her stomach, which promptly began pushing back against her. The dragoness' whole figure simply fell out with significantly more scaly mass before dozens of witnesses. Her skirt fluttered with the explosive spreading of hips and butt, settling back to cover a lot less of her personal areas. Legs pushed themselves wider apart from their bloating girth, nearly tripping her over. A once pudgy stomach escaped out from under her tank top into a full hanging beer gut. Its open belly button display was helped by her breasts yanking up the shirt's hem while inflating through several cup sizes at once.

"A weight gain potion, huh?" Levian twisted to examine her expanded frame as best as her increased love handles would allow. It certainly got a few approving calls and comments from the other people around them. Most were already going back to their games when she set her gaze back on Albion. The griffon could even see a bit more fullness in her face. "Good! I'm totally into this shit. The soda even tastes good."

"I found the recipe online," Albion said, giving out a high-pitched giggle unbecoming his masculine physique. His head was still spinning from that flamethrower to the face, even as it shrunk slightly and gained softer features.

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"A food's only as good as its chef," Levian insisted. "No, how about we... oops..."

"What's the matter?" Albion was confused why she was staring at him like the bird was going to explode. Ironically the cracking of his voice into a feminine pitch with each word spoken answered the question for him. One hand shot to his throat just in time to feel his Adam's apple recede. Then he watched the hand itself slim down with more tailored claws on its scaly digits. "How the? Did you do this?"

"Guilty!" Levian said sheepishly. Arms folded behind her fattened hips while they shook anxiously. "My fire breath is polymorphic and it looks like you got a strong dose. Normally I can transform you into anything, but the default on motor reflexes is always a gender swap."

"It could be worse then." A pop in Albion's shoulder made him gasp a soft chirp. His figure was slimming down, especially around the waist, though he was glad the muscles weren't going anywhere. Heck, they were looking more pronounced as he got a little smaller.

That didn't last, of course, when the griffon's increasing female attributes began filling out. Albion staggered as his hips and thighs bloated thicker, bones shifting into a stance that forced his knees to point inwards. The seat of his jeans creak with his ass puffing outwards in a drastic increase of fat. Likewise, the hard ridges of his pecs vanished under very rich mounds that rapidly hefted his shirt into a set of breasts. It took all he had not to grope himself while expanding and changing. More so when the bulge in his pants receded before his genitals inverted entirely.

"Huh. Anyone ever tell you that you make a cute girl?" Levian said, eyeing the new griffon once they'd finished.

"Maybe a couple times?" Albion blushed, rubbing the back of her head. A number of people were still eyeing her with phones recording every aspect of her feminization process. "Though this is still a bit tame compared to what a lot of other people around here are doing."

"Hah! Night is still young, babe. Let me get you on to the real event."

Levian led Albion over to an empty PC set up where she did a few keystrokes to bring up an emulation of Melee. Albion kept a neutral expression while she was handing a controller and took an empty seat beside the dragoness.

"Do you like fighting games or something?"

"Nope!" Levian fixed her a smile, trying to ignore how her extra padded butt already squished over the sides of her seat. "I totally suck at them, but this is a drinking game. We'll play a ten-life match, drinking every time we lose a guy. Whoever loses the match has to drink the rest of their bottle. Deal?"

"Oh, now this is going to be fun!" Albion twisted the cap off her bottle, getting a confused look from Levian. "But first let me just..."

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She brought the bottle to her beak before rocking back in a hard chug. When the pressure began pushing up her throat Albion didn't even try to fight it.

"HUUURRRRRPPPP!!"

Much like with the chunky dragoness next to her, Albion's roaring belch unleashed a rush of growth. The inward curve of her waist became less prominent. She rested a scaled bird hand on her stomach, feeling abs along her stomach smoothing over before everything billowed forward. Breasts and gut inflated in unison to quickly untuck her shirt, drawing the fabric tight around her twin spheres. Amazingly the button on her pants pulled pucker against the rolling birds middle, but managed to hold on. That didn't stop the expansive increase to her butt cheeks from squishing out from under the waistband for people to see though.

"There we go," Albion said with a happy nod. She set the soda bottle down before addressing a confused, and possibly aroused, Levian gawking at them. "It'd be unfair for us to start with you already handicapped."

The dragoness blinked and then broke into a fit of giggles. "I really like you, Albion. Ready to get even bigger, tubby?"

"Bring it on, lardo!"

They selected their Nintendo OC's and the real battle of fats began. Seeing a griffon become a chick before promptly blimping even thicker had already attracted a good portion of the room to their match. Something that didn't seem to bother either monster girl when their fingers began mashing buttons.

Albion had suspected many things about Levian, but she certainly wasn't a liar. No sooner did the announcer shout 'Go' then she had the dragoness reeling from a strong hit, followed by some power move spam. She got some damage in return when Levian picked up an item drop, only to recover with a bit of air juggling before tossing them off the stage for the first kill.

"Told you I suck," Levian's grumble was said with a grin. She took a big swig from her soda, making their audience tense. "Ready to go **BWAAARPI!**"

"Like I'd quit when I'm ahead?" Albion cooed watching the dragon's fattening tits bulge out the neck of her tank top. She imagined their skirt wasn't going to be very practical soon. Not with how the dragon's belly continued to bloat like a balloon.

The next round proved the griffon right. With a bit of well-timed shield, she managed to drop Levian again with only a few light taps to her health bar.

Levian downed another swig, making sure to belch in Albion's smug face when the potion forced it out of her. The rush of girth to her lower region pushed the hem of the skirt up in a complete unveiling of the dragon's ruby red posterior. Even her tail was getting thicker while it wagged rapidly across the floor. It was only then Albion, and a lot of enthusiastic watchers, realized she wasn't packing underwear.

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“They got free costumes, not everything else,” Levian huffed. Her pout brought forth the makings of a double chin on her snout.

“Round three then!” Albion announced.

The griffon’s cockiness became her undoing as Levian managed to grab a bomb item that sent her character sailing into the background three seconds later. Several in the crowd began to catcall as she plucked the soda bottle in a shaking hand, staring at it like a volatile object. Granted, his creation wasn’t that far from the truth.

“Oh, quit being dramatic,” Levian said and stuck out her tongue playfully.

“It’s called putting on a show, doofus,” she shot back with a smirk, downing a heavy swig. “Hmm. Huu-**WOOOOORP!**”

The button on Albion’s pants fired off against the TV with a resounding click. With that obstacle destroyed her feathery belly rolled forward unhindered until it was resting gently in her lap. A gaining waistline worked in tandem with their expanding butt to further push the waistband down. It was probably only because of the fabric catching around her thighs they could even stay on. She instinctively tried to tug her shirt down and quickly realized the futility with rapidly expanding breasts. All it managed was to make her stretched areolas visible through the tight material.

“Okay! Now we play for real.” Her wings twitched defiantly, causing minor tears in the back of shirt.

Levian smirked back. “Careful. Your butt’s writing a pretty big check already.”

“You’re one to talk!”

By this point, no one cared that a video game was going on. The match continued back and forth, stopping every few minutes when one was required to drink more gaining soda. Levian’s hips only continued to flow progressively over the sides of her chair with each echoing burp. Her skirt became little more than a rag stretching stubbornly over her widening sides, leaving all her soft red and black scales in open view.

When Albion lost his fifth guy her unladylike gas expulsion was accompanied by several loud tears. Not even the stitching of cheap supermarket jeans could hold against the pressure of two amazing feline drumsticks bulking up. As her jeans fell off in tatters the griffon was forced to spread her legs wide to give her stomach space for its drastic hang towards the floor.

“**BWAAAHHRRRPPPP!!**” Levian took a breath and gasped. Several small ripping noises drew everyone’s attention to the dragon’s tank top. Her mini-zeppelins for tits were bulging out the neckline and under the hem. Several small tears formed across the front trying to hold her girls back, only sundering further with each extra pound they gained. “O-oh! Here comes everyone’s money shot!”

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There was one final loud tear that made her gasp as the top split completely. Cheers erupted from most of the crowd as two massive breasts flopped free, landing upon Levian's round middle before spilling off to its sides. They had seemed to be gathering a lot of interest throughout the house. Most of the game room had become a sea of onlookers snapping what TikTok videos of the two fat women they could manage.

Things got a lot closer to the wire than Albion had imagined, considering Levian's apparent button mashing inexperience. Even her wings were starting to feel fifty pounds heavier while sloshing ham arms struggled to hold the controller. She glanced at Levian finding they no longer had a neck under triple chins and plush cheeks. Both were down to the last man standing, struggling to even stay on their heavily creaking chair, much less land the final blow.

And then Levian accidentally dropped a bomb item at their feet, propelling both characters off screen.

"GAME!" the disembodied announcer declared.

"Aah!" Levian said in a struggling croak. Her face had literally become so fat moving her muzzle was a challenge. "I swear that wasn't on purpose."

"Uh huh!" Albion shot her a smug grin. It was definitely a true statement, but she wasn't beyond teasing anyway. With great effort she leaned forward struggling to stretch for her near empty soda bottle on the table before them. She'd just managed to get sausage bird fingers around it when her shirt finally lost its will to live. Plush white feathered mammaries exploded out from the cotton, causing her to fall off her chair with a loud squawk.

In reality it was more like a roll onto the floor than a fall. The griffon's huge belly landed with a soft gush of air and then squished further to help support the rest of her flabby body easily like it was a mattress. Stumpy thick cat legs kicked the air with the thrashing of her lion tail as she tried to regain some balance. Albion would have almost found the position comfortable if it didn't also squish her enormous boobs back into her face. They had somehow blimped even larger than her gut.

Ignoring a lot of laughter from everyone around them, she managed to rock hard enough into a sitting position on a white ass big enough to be a couch. Levian also stopped giggling when Albion raised the soda bottle still in her hand.

"Welp! We're both out of lives. You know what that means?"

Levian scoffed, yet still grabbed her own drink with a cheerful toast. "May the fattest ass win!"

Albion toasted and the two finished their drinks in unison.

"BURRRRRRP!"

“BURRRRRRP!”

It was like watching two mounts rise towards the ceiling. Levian cradled at the heavy beanbags of her chest enjoying the way they spilled through her fingers while they grew across her expanding gut. Albion fondled at her hips and backside enjoying the feel of her naked feathers rolling across the floor.

There came a loud crack startling most of the crowd. Levian shrieked as the chair finally gave out under her massive frame. The short drop to the floor was a lot harsher than Albion's, sending the dragons love handles jiggling for several seconds.

“Goddess! That was more unpleasant than it looked.” Levian whimpered rubbing at her sore underside the best her chunky arms could reach.

“At least you look good.” Albion giggled as they stopped growing. One look at each other was enough to see they'd become virtually thick blobs. Their hips squished against each other firmly trying to find any room of floor to fill up. If they were lucky maybe a king-sized mattress could seat them comfortably. The fact they were both over eight feet tall sitting down implied it wasn't just their weight that'd increased. Although, standing might be an idle dream when their knees were hidden under blanketing layers of thigh and belly fat.

“Nah! You're good!” Levian shot him a wink that made Albion blush. “Damn good soda mixes too. Can I get your recipe?”

“Yeah. Sure. I'll shoot you my number later.” A rush of trapped air escaped Albion's lungs, making his body sag with a relaxing ease. “Any idea which of us is bigger?”

“Not a clue! Guess we'll have to watch the YouTube feeds when this is over.” Levian wanted to say some other things, only to get the wind pushed out of her by a weight landing on her spacious belly. Looking down, she could barely make out over the rise of her tits that a pair of other party goers had settled on her soft scales like she was a beanbag. “Hey! Oh, for crying out loud! Who said you could... urk!”

“Well, we are kinda taking up a lot of gaming space.” Albion admitted with a hint of amusement. A trio of other party members were helping themselves using the chunky griffon's fat for seating as they put on games of Resident Evil and Mario Party. “Since we're going to be here a while anyway, what's your take on music? Feel like catching a normal beer sometime?”

Levian blinked before breaking into giggles. They quickly fell into some casual small talk with the griffoness while furs played on or around their wide girths. The excitement of their weight gain quickly waned, sending the audience in search of the next big party spectacle. Some also made it a personal quest to find more of that soda they had been drinking.

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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