

“C'mmooonnn.. Asshhjley, share the *good stuff* you talked about~”

The vixen nearly fell over as she followed her friend away from the rest of the party, giggling the whole way. Everything else going on in the house was loud, busy, intrusive – it's why the bunny, Ashley, was leading her two friends away from the rest of it. Even if the vixen was barely able to walk and the cat behind her was only *a little* better off.

“Ugh, Jasmine.. I swear, you can't hold your liquor *at all* and you want the special stuff? At least Harriet isn't falling over every third step.”

After the ruddy fur of the fox and the pristine white rabbit, Harriet looked like a chaotic mess. The tortoise shell patterned cat nudged up her thick glasses and quietly stammered, blushing, without ever really making any *clearly understandable* sounds anywhere in the process.

“C'mon you two – in ya go. If we're doing this I want a door with a lock.”

The three young women slipped on into the room, with a soft click leaving Ashley as satisfied as she was going to get about their privacy. Jasmine went right for the bed, the vixen needed *something* to sprawl out on before her feet gave out from under her. Harriet was left lingering by the door looking just a bit awkward – which was fairly normal for her.

“I.. I mean, if it's going to be troublesome we don't have to-”

The bunny grabbed her friend by the wrist to tug her along further into the room after she'd gotten what she came for from the closet – a tall bottle. Green glass, label faded beyond all hope of reading, sealed with wax up to. Ashley slid herself down by the bedside and then let Harriet go so the cat could join them.

“I *swear* Harriet.. fuck, even like *five* beers in you're still an anxiety machine. How do you even do that? Just.. here. You go first. *Lighten up some.*”

Harriet felt a bit shaky as she shrank under her friends' staring, but she did what she was asked just the same. She did *want* this, much as she wanted to be less anxious, so if this was the answer to it.. The cat used a claw to peel the wax seal open and then worked the cork loose. The thing flew off loud enough and fierce enough that it left a dent in the ceiling and all three girls covering their head, just in case. Which left Jasmine giggling again by the end of it.

“H-heh... hah, holy shit! Well, we know it's s.s.sshh.. still good, right?”

When the cat held the bottle out Ashley pushed it back toward her friend, a wry little smile on the bunny's face.

“Nope, it ain't like it's gonna surprise *me* after all. I bought the stuff. So you first Har.”

It was a uniquely mousey sound that bubbled up from the cat. With both her friends watching Harriet didn't have much choice. It started with a wince and a sip, but the cat's eyes slowly opened afterward in a bemused, head-tilted smile.

“...Bubblegum? I always expected the 'special' stuff to taste.. awful? I- *hic*-”

Harriet's whole frame shook a little with the first hiccup.

“I feel.. w-weird..? Kind of.. light, and floaty..? Is that n- *hic*- ormal? -*HIC*”

It was the tearing sound that got Harriet's attention, that and the sudden sense of pressure in her belly – and chest. Another squeak popped out right about when Harriet's belly was popping free of her shirt, with her chest stretching the thing to its limits. Jasmine was left staring, dumbfounded, for about two seconds – then snatched the bottle as quickly as she could manage. Ashley took over the manic giggling where the vixen had left off.

“Yeeaaah girls you might wanna take your tops off if you don't wanna lose em. I- Uh, Jasmine? You uh, you wanna go easy on that?”

For a few moments it looked like Jasmine wasn't going to stop. The only thing that did eventually force the vixen to pause in the chugging she'd begun was a need for air – and luckily Ashley was ready to snatch up the bottle before it was dropped. Both her and Harriet were staring in mild horror waiting for what came next.

The first hiccup to get them both to flinch actually came *from* Harriet, the cat's top tore itself open a little more as a pinkish cluster of bubbles escaped her mouth. The second- well, the sound that came out of Jasmine wasn't nearly as demure as anything that came out of the cat. Jasmine rolled over, half-moaning and draped over the bed, only to erupt into something that *started* as a hiccup and ended up resembling a monstrous belch at the same time. All through the hellish noise another of those pinkish bubbles appeared, but rather than a small cloud of little ones it was one *big* thing. It billowed up from Jasmine's mouth like a giant balloon, swelling until it took up most of the space between the cat and the ceiling. Then, with a quiver, the thing started to collapse inward – and Jasmine started to expand.

The vixen's clothing wasn't treated to the gentle swell and gradual failure the cat's had gone through. Jasmine's whole frame soaked in every inch of that gas and grew almost as large as the bubble had. Everything she was wearing hit the walls in an entire afternoon at the mall's worth of an

explosion of fabric while Jasmine herself convulsed. All that pressure inside her was struggling to find a shape it liked, to equalize a little. The vixen, as if trying to help it along, was rubbing at her sides and still moaning more often than not. She hadn't entirely stopped with the hiccups either however, another little cluster of them saw Jasmine's body wobbling and squeezing – and her tits picking up a good deal of the pressure for her. She'd been the most stacked of the group to begin with, but now?

“H-hah! You look like, h- *hic*- like.. t-two beach balls stuck to a.. t-to a *-HIC-*”

The fresh outbursts left Harriet's body looking like a balloon animal in yoga pants, which were holding up much better than the rest of her when the inflation resumed making her swell a little more with every incident. Ashley couldn't entirely help just staring and giggling at her friends a bit, even prodding at Jasmine's belly and making the vixen descend into another spasm of growth.

“She looks like a parade float with tits! Speaking of - time to join in the fun~”

Ashley was a little more experienced with this than the other two. The bunny leaned back and exhaled slowly, then raised the bottle to her lips. That sweet flavor rolled over her tongue and she felt the fizzing hitting her belly with the promise of a completely unique kind of pleasure she'd gotten *very* fond of. She'd gotten good at knowing how to ride the drink's effects, too. The bunny made sure not to inhale, not to stop drinking, until she'd gotten a good bit of it inside herself.

When she did have to come up for air it was to hand the bottle hurriedly back to the cat at her side and then gasp quickly.

“F-fucgkyeah, here w-we g- *Uwprrhg*- go! *-hic!*”

As soon as there was air inside her Ashley felt the stuff start to react in her belly. Her gut surged outward and all she could smell or taste was *pink*. Having her clothes off ahead of time left nothing there to restrain the swelling when it kicked in. Her belly bulged out to start taking up all of her lap, and her hands immediately rushed out to cradle it. Not just that though, Ashley pressed inward. She squeezed, she kept it from growing *immediately*, she made it fight for the space.. and agitated the booze in the process. And that?

“G-gwuh.. g- *HIC*- get.. a.. *Uwrrpphb*- on.. t-that.. s- *HIC*- shit.. h- *HWURPHHB*- Harriet~”

After that Ashley lost track of things for a few. Her eyes rolled back as she started breathing harder and faster, the bubblegum booze in her belly feeding off it and making her whole core 'fwoomph' out into an oblong heap of pristine white that her arms shot out straight away from. It

took a good deal of effort to get them to bend again, they went and got rather cone shaped around the shoulders and it made things awkward. She could more 'feel' than see it happening to her chest too on account of the swelling working its way up to her neck, keeping her looking upward, having to rely on touch.

One of those noises a lot like Jasmine had made worked its way up in her, she could feel it starting like some kind of storm on the horizon first and then it just went *everywhere* inside. Outwardly it was like a vicious, thundering belch that was interrupted by a hiccup every two or so seconds and lasted long enough to be interrupted three times. Inside it was an overwhelming onslaught of sensation, pressure and pleasure everywhere, making her insides feel soft and spongy and light. It left her feeling weak too, light-headed, unable to focus as her skin and everything under it kept buzzing with a warmth and delight that she knew was going to last *hours*.

That's what made this worth it. That, and the riotous turn on of having her legs spread apart by her own ballooning thighs while she spewed bubbles from her mouth *and* from the other set of lips she was sporting. Ashley gave up trying to focus on *anything*, surrendering to how helpless the drink was leaving her.

Somewhere at her side she heard the other girls drunkenly staring and gawping, mostly that was Harriet but apparently Jasmine was just focused enough to react a bit too – even if her reaction was a bit on the typical side.

“S-shit! G- *uwprhbb*- g.. *-hic-* gimme another hit! Gotta g- get bigger~”

There wasn't exactly a *scuffle* after that, just some shuffling around before Ashley felt a weight pressing against her belly as her head floated along on the bubbles. Jasmine had slipped off the bed and now the vixen was upside down and lying pressed up against Ashley while Harriet shakily got to her feet and took the rest of her clothes off.

“O-oh my.. Uh, so it looked like.. like you exhaled *-hic* a-and.. and then, how long does this stuff last anyway? I- oh never mind~”

Ashley felt kind of proud of the both of them. Maybe it was the booze working but the willingness to just *dive in* was something she liked. The bunny gave herself a little bounce, just enough to make her body buck against Jasmine's and leave both of them bubbling and blissing for a moment again. She didn't opt to actually answer Harriet's question until *after* the cat had, between chugging for herself and pouring another mouthful or two into Jasmine's face, emptied the bottle.

“Auuugh- itdll.. d'last un- *HIC*- n'til.. b- *BWURPHHHBB*- b..bout t-twelve.. Noon.”

Neither of the other girls could actually *speak* past their own bellies roiling and growing, leaving all three of them wedged into every bit of space the room was willing to offer, but Ashley chuckled (much as she could anyway) at the general sense of shock and surprise.

“N- *Nu-HwuuoOORPHHH*- *HIC*- N-noon.. o-on like.. Monday, heh. Get comfy~”