

# Splashout

By: Bodbloat

He let out a slow shaky breath as the inflatable plug locked into place. The plug was now set and wouldn't be going anywhere till the stream had run its course... in one way or another. With a cautious step he shifted from side to side in an attempt to get comfortable with the foreign pressure down below. He opened his eyes and saw a blue lizard sporting a burning blush staring back from the full-body mirror in front of him. With a turn to the side to look his body over, he marveled at his relatively petite and slender build. A small black hose ran over the waistband of a pair of black boy shorts with blue trim before disappearing under the tail. The shorts were practically shrink wrapped over the curvy hips and backside. Nestled above the soft backside sat a short and thick tail that couldn't have been longer than a foot and a half. As a final touch the lizard pulled a thick blue rubber band down the length of his tail, snapping tight to squish the black hose tight against the tail.

Stepping forward he swished his hips side to side to confirm that the hose was moving with his body without tugging or pulling. It had to stay connected for the stream no matter what happened. Looking back to the rest of his body, he straightened a black crop top and arm sleeve ensemble before adjusting the black and blue collar around his neck. Last but not least, some stretchy black leggings were pulled up his curvy legs to settle with a slight bulge at mid-thigh. With a smile he struck a teasing pose in front of the mirror, arching the back to better show off the black hose that squeezed under his thick tail.

With a turn, he looked across the rest of the room. Final checks were in order to make sure the stream ran as smoothly as possible. 5 separate cameras were scattered across the room to take in every possible angle. Likewise, a pair of mirrors were set up in front and to the side of him so that he could see his own progress mid-stream. Then again, he wasn't expecting much to change from what he saw now. Constant practice had ensured he would make it out with minimal damage. Only one final thing needed checking before he could start.

Towards the back of the room a clear pump tank was setup against the wall. It was an industrial lift-station that he had scavenged from a closed fabrication plant nearby. A thick hose connected to the mechanical valve assembly at the top of the tank while a second hose tied in at the bottom ran across the floor and into his backside. Designed to slowly pump liquids from one end of a facility to the other, it had a nice and slow flow rate that shouldn't overwhelm him when it activated. A steadily blinking greenlight flickered from the small command console on the side of the tank indicating it was ready.

That meant everything was good to go. All systems had been checked, and stream clothing was donned for the event. Shivers of anticipation flooded his body. It was time to put on a show of a lifetime, make some money, and push himself up the streamer ladder. He was ready.

*It's now or never. Play it cool, win the challenge, and walk away while still in one piece...*

After all, it was his body at risk when it came to the Water Balloon Challenge. The notorious challenge had started to spread the last few months on some of the more obscure inflation boards and cam rooms. A handful of inflation addicted furs had created a group of mods and programs to tie in with a niche shoot-em up game that was decently popular in some circles. The game was known as Water Balloon Blitz and it was a pretty simple game all things considered. It had 12 levels with increasing difficulty and could probably be beat in a half hour if you knew what you were doing. You played a small flying dragon that fought against a horde of sentient water-based enemies flying at you from the top of the screen. The dragon would dart across the bottom of the screen, dodging bullets and attacks made of water while shooting back at the enemies. With every hit the dragon took, it would swell up on screen till eventually popping if it took too many hits. You had as many attempts as you wanted but every pop would send you back to the start of the level.

On a surface level it didn't seem like too tough of a challenge to beat. Heck, he had beaten the game nearly a hundred times already in the last few weeks to prepare for the challenge. What made it infamous was the real-life risk tied in with the losses. The game mods tied into the game were designed to run pumps in real time to match what was happening in the game. Pop on screen and a surge of water was pumped into your own midsection. With every loss the gallons piled in, pushing the player to their absolute limit. The only way to stop the filling was to finish the game. He could take all the time he needed to beat it, but there was no stop until either the end credits hit or he reached his end.

Making it to the end was proving to be an insanely risky challenge for the inexperienced. He'd spent too many late nights watching streamers push themselves past their limit on less popular streaming platforms, each of them panicking as their midsections protested against the sheer quantity of water being forced into them. Even quitting the game wasn't an escape once you started. The mods were designed to activate the pumps if the game was closed before the credits rolled. Shut the game off and you're guaranteed a one way ticket to the splash zone. Although some streamers succeeded, the vast majority of streams ended with a deluge of pressurized water knocking over their cameras. All that remained was a gurgling hose connected to the still running pump and the sounds of dripping water in a now vacant room.

*That will be me if I don't play it straight. A popped balloon that couldn't keep itself together.*

It wasn't like he didn't think about that constantly though. Night after night he watched gamers burst themselves on stream, his eyes glued to their midsection as it grew inch by inch. Seeing that slow pump drunk expression fill their faces, he could swear that they were losing on purpose. Their Eyes glazing over as hands reached for straining midsections, leaving the idle dragon to swell on screen. These were his favorite videos, most of them saved and rewatched over and over again. Would he do

the same if things went too far? Practically throwing the controller away to let the game pump him till he split apart at the seams?

*I need to avoid that at all costs. I know this game like the back of my hand and can practically play it in my sleep. Even if I take on a bit of water, I know I can make it to the end. Show off a little for the crowd and see how it feels. Can always just push it a bit further when I'm safely off stream...*

Normally the settings were designed to deliver a constant rate of water with every loss. But a few tweaks to the coding had allowed him to tie it in with his own streaming systems. Instead, every viewer would add more water to the next pump, slowly filling the tank to match the viewer count. Donations and comments added further the pool to make sure the chat stayed. He needed to really draw in a crowd if he wanted to maximize the gains from the stream.

*All of those eyes locked on my midsection, just begging for it to fill.*

Enough. He had spent too much time thinking over this night after night. It was time to finally put that slender middle on the line and earn some fame. Taking a knee, he booted up the streaming platform and messaging systems. The game was already loaded and waiting on the start menu, settled amongst the camera views and stream border. A small progress bar sat on the side of the screen layout that would fill to match the current pump level reached by the viewers. The bottom sat at zero gallons before topping off at ten gallons at the top. If the pump amount pushed past that it had been designed to start an overflowing animation while obscuring the actual pump amount. He'd be completely oblivious to how much he'd be getting filled at that point.

With a start he realized he had forgotten one last detail. Reaching past his streaming laptop on the ground his hand returned with a small tattoo decal. It had a bold arrow pointing downwards with an industrial styled header that said "Water Intake". The custom temporary womb tattoo had been special made for the occasion. Leaning back, he spread it across his lower abdomen, just barely above his crotch. The almost industrial styled label peeked out above the waistband of his shorts as a visual challenge to the viewers. All that water needs to go somewhere.

*Right into me...*

A slight twitch from his nether regions reminded him not to stray towards those thoughts.

A single breath in, followed by slow breath out was all the time he gave himself to think it over. Clicking down on the live stream button, the laptop screen lit up and started a countdown before it went live. There was no turning back now.

Controller in hand, he sat back into a kneeling position for the stream. Both legs were spread out giving a full view of his belly and that teasing womb tattoo. With a ding the stream went live and he saw himself looking back from the broadcast. He knew that simultaneously linked posts were popping up on all of his socials to redirect everyone to the stream. Even his normal stream started up with a reroute stream telling his normal watchers that a special live event had just started on his Only Furs. The shadier site was built to accommodate NSFW and adult streams. It guaranteed that he wouldn't get shut down by any mods. Wouldn't want some over eager mods cutting his challenge short because they couldn't handle a bit of pump play.

Small chimes started to sound from the laptop as viewers filtered into the chat. This was accompanied by a slight gurgle from behind him as water started to flow into the fill tank. It was barely a trickle right now, but he could already feel himself stiffening from the gurgling tank. It was going to be way too easy to zone out from those sounds, he needed to focus back on the stream and give his opening spiel.

"Hey all you blue bois, welcome to a very special Blu stream. I know a few of you might have guessed what was coming thanks to a few of my hints over the last weeks. It's finally time for the Blue Twink to take on the Water Balloon Challenge~"

Shifting where he sat, he turned to the side so that the viewers could see the black hose leading into his backside before settling back into the kneeling pose for the camera.

"As you all probably know, I'm going to be putting this grabbable waist of mine on the line while I play through a full game of Water Balloon Blitz. Every loss means I get more water pumped into me, only stopping when either the game ends."

Tracing a claw across his midsection he let out a toothy grin before making a popping sound with his mouth.

"Or I do"

Already the chat was starting to flood with comments as he gave the opening talk. Each of the comments directly added to the first pump load he would get if a slip up occurs.

BlueFan19919: Ooooh look at that skimpy outfit, you look so good in it Blu!

PumpFrk: Oh this isn't going to end well. No way he makes it past level 3.

LewdBoi69: Does he already have a hard on?

Anon0156: What's that tank in the background?

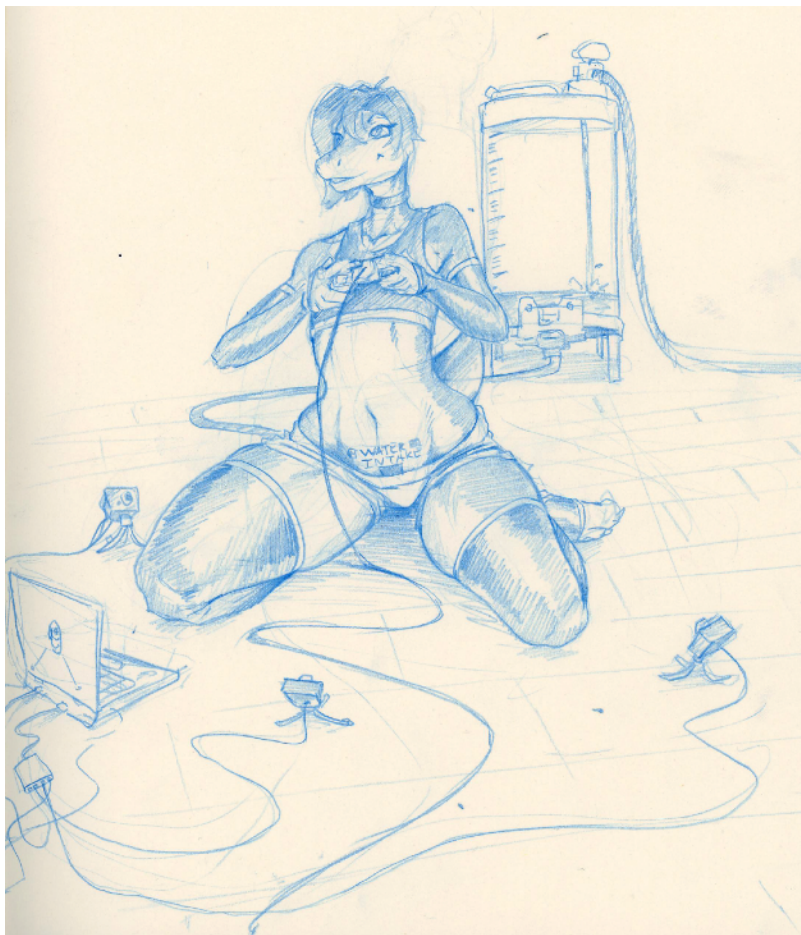
Looking back at the tank he grinned before responding with, "I see some of you have noticed the tank back there! Going to be mixing up the challenge just a bit to really make this special. For every viewer in chat, more will be pumped into me on every failure. Comments and donations add extra for the next pump session also. You will literally be filling me chat."

Instantly a ding sounded from the stream as a 5-dollar donation popped up on stream. A second later the trickle of water filling the tank quickened it's flow for a few seconds in response to the donation.

“Wow, eager are we? I don't blame you! So, grab all your friends and see if you can push this twink to the limit!”

*Or beyond it.*

The smile dipped for just a fraction of a second as the quiet thought slipped through his mind. Shaking the absent thought away, his smile returned as he looked up to the game screen that had been running on the start screen this whole time. With a click of the start button, the first level loaded up. A small blue dragon flitted about at the bottom of the screen. Of course, he had to choose his own colors for the dragon so that it matched the challenge. Clicks and clacks started to sound from the controller as he deftly dodged and weaved across the game screen. Enemy after enemy fell with practiced ease as the dragon flew through the level. Reaching the first boss was hardly even a challenge allowing him to shoot down the boss without suffering a single hit.



“See not a problem at all! One level down without a drop spilled.”

Despite the showman like bravado, the constant gurgling of the tank behind him was always at the edge of his hearing. A quick glance back showed him that there was a decent amount of water pooled at the bottom of the tank. The stream computer likewise showed that there was close to a quarter gallon already primed for his first filling.

## GLUG

With a start he looked back at the game screen just as his dragon got hit for the first time. Although not enough to pop the dragon on screen, it swelled and rounded out. Making a mistake like this always made the levels more of a challenge. As the dragon got bigger its movement speed would start to slow while simultaneously increasing the hitbox size. It was a double nerf on the once small dragon. Focusing back on the game, he renewed his efforts to make it through the level intact. Thankfully he only suffered a second glancing blow before finishing out the level. A rotund and straining blue dragon struggled to stay afloat on the score screen as it counted up his points.

**WtrBlnMaster:** Wow this guy is sloppy. No way he beats it.

**Pumpr1:** Your gonna look like that dragon by the end of this stream.

**RoundBoy19:** Man, I wish I was that dragon...

**Anon0156:** Why isn't he inflating yet?

*Alright focus in, no more slipping up like that. Next mistake is going to cost me.*

“Ha, gotta keep you all entertained right? Wouldn't make for a very interesting stream if I didn't take a hit or two along the way. If you're really lucky I might just let myself get hit on this next level so you can see me inflate at least once before I beat the game.”

Of course he had no intentions of actually doing that. Jamming the start button down, he moved into the 3<sup>rd</sup> level. Damage from previous levels carried over, so he was stuck with an engorged dragon from the get-go. Floating through the sky like a sluggish blimp, it took every ounce of focus to keep from getting hit. But so far, he was actually pulling it off. A ding from the computer told him that another person had sent in a donation to the slosh fund. Risking a quick look at the stream screen, his eyes barely had left the game for a second when he heard a sound he was dreading.

## SPLOOSH

Jerking back to the screen he saw the tail end of the bursting animation as the dragon suffered a third hit. Fading to black, a Continue menu popped up on the middle of the screen as a soft click sounded from behind him. Swiftly turning to look at the tank, he watched as the pump on the tank started up. A quick gust of cold air pushed down

the line signaling the coming water. It was followed seconds later with a cool flow of water as the pump drained the current tank load into his guts. Flooding into his lower intestines the water caused an instant increase in pressure as the cool liquid started to fill him. Against his will he let out a little gasp as the shock of the water sent shivers up his spine.

At first you wouldn't have even noticed that the inflation had started, but he sure as hell felt it. The first indicator was a small crease forming at the waistband as the lower belly crept out. Gurgles began to emanate from his midsection as water forced its way into every nook and cranny it could find. Ever so slowly his belly began to push out as his body stretched to hold the watery load. For a small moment a panicked thought filled his head that the pump might not stop, just pumping more into him till he burst on the first game over.

*It's what I deserve for getting distracted. One second of screen time with a lukewarm finish.*

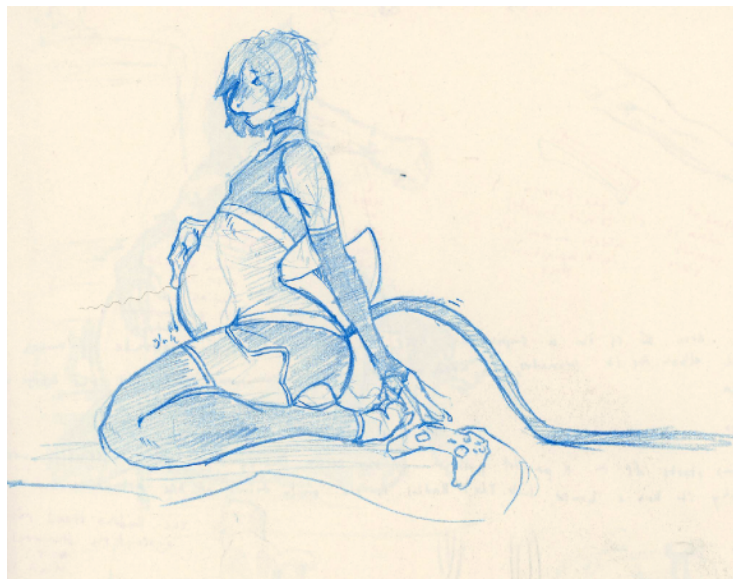
Thankfully it did stop, but not before doing a number on his once envious midsection. Already it jutted out 2+ inches, giving him a small potbelly. Pressing his fingers into the soft middle, he could feel it squish down and shift the water-logged guts around. There wasn't enough in there to cause audible sloshing, but small gurgles occasionally sounded from it as the water settled. Apparently, his body was quite enjoying the new found pressure. Starting to peek out from his slit, his shaft had started to harden thanks to the filled guts pressing against his g-spot.

**LewdBoi69:** I heard that moan. Dude is definitely getting hard from this.

**VaultDRGN:** Real nice start! Can't wait to see how this twink looks with a few more gallons.

**BlueFan19919:** Really took that like a pro there Blu!

**Bellylover6:** Oh this guy is a shower. Only a gallon and it's already filling out!





Trying his best to regain his composure, he peeled his eyes away from the starter belly. The inflation marker on the stream was sitting just a bit below the one-gallon mark, so he hadn't filled up too much. He could easily take more than a handful of pumping rounds like that before things started getting dangerous. But that was wishful thinking. Already the water line had pushed over the one-gallon mark and was continuing to rise before his eyes. The viewer count was ticking up at a constant rate and the comments were flowing faster than ever. Now that the inflation had started, the viewers were starting to flood in. As a final reminder, the constant chimes of donations continued to fill the air.

"Ha, told yah I'd give you all a bit of a show! Look at this belly, I wish you could feel how soft it's already become with all that water in there. You deserve a bit of a treat for making me look this good. How about some new emotes for you all to play with as I work through some more levels~"

Sitting up, he leaned forward on his hands and knees to reach towards the stream laptop. Shifting and hanging low, the belly pulled forward to hang under him. A slight groan left his lips as the heavier belly pulled his back into a delicious arc. His spine curved from the new weight pulling down on it while simultaneously pushing that short tail into the air. With a tap of a key, a handful of new emotes unlocked on screen for all of the viewers. The first was a stylized pump that was working away while the second showed a jiggling water balloon that slowly filled. Three further locked ones sat blacked out to the side of the chat bar as a tease of more to come.

"Fill me out a bit more and I might just unlock those others for yah~"

He stuck out his tongue and gave a playful shake with his backside before settling back into his original position. Controller in hand once more, he started the game back up. Due to the pop, he was back to the start of the 3<sup>rd</sup> level but with a slender dragon once more. The mobility increase easily saw him glide through the level without a hit. As the game played through the score count at the end, his mind began to drift back towards the water sitting within his bowels. Every little shift he made caused a slight bit of movement from within as the water followed his movement. The hypnotizing feeling was hard to ignore and dare he say, almost calming with its slight shifts. Would adding more only increase the feeling?

*Heck anymore and I'm going to struggle to stay focused on the game...*

These thoughts on the belly could last all day and would only suck him in further if he let it. That couldn't happen. With a determined click he started up the 4<sup>th</sup> level. The difficulty was definitely starting to grow as new enemies and attacks started to fill the screen. It took a significant effort to zone out the gurgling from the tank behind him as it continued to fill. Eventually the world around him dropped to background noise as muscle memory with the game took over. Left, right, dodge, attack. Right, right, attack,



dodge. The Zen state had been reached as he flowed through the level with little challenge. Bit by bit his body started to move with the nimble dragon on screen. Move left and his body swayed to the left, move right and it swayed to the right.

**GLg**

Was that his belly? Seeing a laser attack coming on screen, a quick dodge to the left (followed by a hip sway to the left) helped the dragon skim past the shot.

**Glnk**

It was his body. All that water settled into his gut was shifting with every movement he made. Right with a dodge, left with a roll, and stillness as he unloaded on a miniboss.

**GLorp**

Wait that one was much louder? Shifting left and right he listened to the small glunks and sloshes as it whirled inside his gut. It definitely wasn't making that much noise?

**Glunk**

Looking down at the belly, he gave it a few more experimental shakes to make sure he wasn't mishearing things. A tentative hand left the controller to press down on the soft white flesh.

**PSHHHHHH**

With a jump he looked back up to the screen as the dragon burst apart once more. When had he been hit? He could understand taking one when the hand left the controller, but he had to take 3 hits before the dragon popped. Had he really zoned out that much? Those louder sloshing sounds must have been sound effects coming from the screen every time he was hit. He was just too lost in the sounds of his belly to notice how sluggishly he was reacting to attacks on screen. With a growl he impatiently jabbed the retry button to try again.

*Wait what did I just do? Oh no... did I just.....*

The realization of what he had just done hit him like a ton of bricks. The dragon had just started flying again on level 4 when a click sounded from behind him. Twisting to look at the tank, the color drained from his face as the now much higher water level started to drop. Once more, water started to push into his backside as the pumps

worked on emptying the tank. Letting out a small moan as the pressure started to build, he turned back to the game in time to see his dragon take another hit on screen. Panicking he scrambled to get control of the swollen dragon again. Meanwhile, that white belly continued to fill...

**PumpFrk:** Time for a double filling boys. No way he clears this level while taking all that water.

**WtrBlnMaster:** Jeez you really couldn't wait for more could you

**WTRBoi1:** You should really relax and enjoy the filling next time. Going to be a bit hard to focus while inflating.

The stream was flooding with pump and water balloon emotes as an ironic reminder of all that water getting pumped into him now. Pushing down the waistband, the waterlogged belly surged out under the deluge in pulsing growths. How much had it been? Trying his best to keep dodging and fighting, it took every ounce of willpower not to drop the controller and feel his midsection. The water just kept coming.

*At this rate it won't stop if I don't wrap up this level. Just don't make that same mistake again, I can't afford to mess up like this...*

Where once there had been a grabbable waist, now there was an absolute balloon. A growing white sphere was slowly filling the camera views as he struggled to play. Letting out a weak moan he watched as his sluggish dragon took another hit on screen. His attention was getting pulled in too many directions by the constant filling, as his midsection was getting pushed in all directions. His eyes jerking down to sneak a look at the growing belly, before darting back to the screen. Just hoping to catch a glance and see that it had stopped growing. As if in disagreement, his shaft throbbed in tandem with the pulses of water. His fully hard rod tenting the too tight shorts as a clear sign of how much his body was enjoying it.

With a faint glimmer of hope, he finally reached the boss of the 4<sup>th</sup> level. He felt like the engorged dragon on screen, his fuzzy mind reacting with a sluggish pace at the dangers on screen. He saw it seconds before it happened, mis pressing a dodge when he had instead wanted to use a special attack. The lumbering dragon rolled straight into a waterfall, bursting apart under the torrent of water.

## GLOOSH

*And here it comes, the reward for my impatience. Now put the controller down this time before I make things worse.*

With a shuddering breath his shaking hand let the controller settle to the floor. He wasn't going to make the same mistake twice. The gurgling tank was still draining the remainder of the first load as the top valves popped open once more. Watching as the

nearly empty tank started to fill despite the running pump still working on the previous load. Inch by inch the tank level filled back up before stopping at the 3-gallon mark. It was short lived though as it began to steadily drop once more. Free of the controller, his hands finally moved to his bloated middle to feel the expansion.

To say he was big was an understatement. His midsection jutted out almost a solid half foot and was growing at a steady pace. The weight of all the water pulled down on his torso, forcing an arch into his back as it tried to counterbalance the growth. With a glance to the mirrors, he watched in real time as it filled out. The pump was certainly doing its job. Move the water from Point A to Point B. Rinse and repeat.

*And you're point B.*

His mind was starting to short circuit as the expansion continued. He should have been handling this better, but the pressure just felt *too good*. Pushing through the intestines in its exploration, the water crept up through his system. How in the world was anyone supposed to focus on playing a game when your body was going through this? With a faltering gurgle, the tank finally drained leaving him in a much worse shape than before. He had absolutely ballooned due to the double filling. His belly pushed out nearly a foot already, looking like someone had started to inflate a basketball within his stomach. Squeezing a hand into the bloated middle resulted in an audible gurgle as it displaced the water within.

Those were definitely sounds from his gut this time. At least there was still some give left. He'd made a mistake but was well within the safe zone still. The room for errors was shrinking and he was doing the opposite of shrinking...

*But what if I did get bigger. Filling and swelling like the water balloon I've become. An absolute blimp compared to my former self.*

Well then he'd just have to deal with it. The game wouldn't stop just because he got pumped up a bit, it didn't care one way or another if he finished. The opposite could be said about the chat who had been running nonstop the whole time as he dealt with the expansion. The growth had definitely stirred them up, but he needed to keep their attention if he didn't want them to leave. His Viewer count had nearly doubled since he looked at it last and the water level indicator was steadily pushing towards 4 gallons. Settling both hands on his belly, he tried his best to give a grin to the cameras.

"Whoops hehe, I think I may have over done it a bit right there folks. People like to remind me to stay hydrated, although I don't think they were expecting me to go this far! This is what I get for drinking and gaming haha. Now then. I know I had promised you all some more emotes if I lost again, so let's see about giving yah some treats."

Groaning as he tried to sit up, he practically spilled himself onto his belly as the lurching water pulled him forward. For a brief second it brushed against the floor before

hanging like a pendulum beneath his torso. The back arch had become increasingly exaggerated compared to the first time, causing him to struggle with the pose. It was difficult to even hold himself up let alone reach for the computer. Nearly spilling himself to the ground, he reached out with a shaking hand to unlock the second group of emotes. Fanfare sounded on the screen as the new emotes unlocked on the chat bar starting with a teasing butt shot with a pumping hose flowing into it. This was followed by a full body pic of a round blue lizard that pulsed and grew. Finally, there was a follow up to the water balloon emote with a quivering and overfilled balloon emote bursting in a shower of water. His eyes locked on the final one as the emote burst over and over again on screen.



It was too much for the chat. An eruption of emotes filled the chat as everyone played with the new emotes. The distraction thankfully gave him a moment to work his way back into the kneeling pose. With a gurgling groan the hips settled back into position, tilting and sloshing the water inside.

"Oof, they don't tell you how hard it is to move with this much water in you. Really turning into a water balloon over here chat. Now let's see if this water balloon can't beat this 4<sup>th</sup> level already. Don't want to sit on it forever right chat?"

Controller back in hand, he once more resumed play. His body was no longer moving along with the dragon. The size and weight of his midsection was making it hard to move at all. Add in the renewed determination to get through the level and he might as well have been rooted to the spot. But his mind never managed to fully focus at this

point. I mean how could it with the throbbing pressure of the water stuffed within his guts. Eventually he did succeed in beating the 4<sup>th</sup> level, scrapping by the 4<sup>th</sup> level boss while only suffering a single hit. All that water was taking a toll on his concentration.

**WtrBlnMaster:** Water boy finally got out of the 4<sup>th</sup> level. Now comes the 5<sup>th</sup> level filter. This is where the noobs get sorted out.

**Pumpr1:** Wouldn't be surprised if we get another pump show soon...

**VaultDRGN:** I'm amazed you can actually focus on the game. My hands would be all over that belly haha.

**RoundBoy19:** Bigger, bigger, BIGGER!!

Despite the constant chatter of level 5's difficulty, he got through this one also with minimal damage. He still took a hit mid-way through against a miniboss, but managed to squeak by the level boss in spite of the engorged dragon. 5 down and only 7 more to go. If he could keep this pace and beat the game it would pump up his stream recognition to untold levels.

*Better than getting these guts pumped to untold levels.*

By now the water meter on the stream screen was topping out at the 8-gallon mark. With an overfilled dragon he knew it was only a matter of time before he suffered another loss. Stopping for a moment to think it over he realized that he could take gamble right now to reduce the impact down the road. Pop the dragon now while the water level was still low so that he didn't take a heavier hit later on in the level when the water level had built further. It would definitely put some strain on his already filled midsection, but would save him from a much heavier filling when he made the inevitable mistake later in the level.

*Heck might as well enjoy it anyways. I was panicking too much with the last one to really enjoy it. Can take it slow and savor the expansion for once.*

It took effort for him to not drool at the thought of it. The water was starting to weight on his brain more than would have liked. With quick wipe of a hand across the mouth, he let out an audible gulp and clicked start. A few dodges were performatively done before he finally spotted an opening. Jerking the dragon to the side to avoid a spread of water bullets, it dipped into a hail of bullets from another enemy. Twitching from what was about to come, his fully erect shaft let him know that he had made the right choice as the dragon detonated on screen.

## GlooSH

He didn't even bother to look back at the tank. He knew that it would do its job and wanted to solely focus on what was about to come. All that really mattered was the water.

Once more the click of the pump heralded the coming flow. Setting the controller to the side, both hands dropped to the belly as it started to creep out with the renewed flow. He'd already learned his lesson last time and wanted to actively avoid any stray trigger fingers from starting the level. Now to just ride out the current pump load as a reward for his clever decision. A quivering smile started to form on his snout as the growing bubble of a midsection pushed against his hands. He was growing far past what he had thought he would reach during the stream.

*And I'm only going to get bigger if I keep playing these sorts of games.*

Which wouldn't exactly be bad if he managed to make it out in one piece. The stretching of his hide really did feel good and the chat was obviously enjoying it. When the whole thing was done he could probably put on a bit of an extra show for the stream. Top off the belly a bit and see if he can get a bit bigger for them. Maybe even tie the donations directly into the pump flow so that he could profit off of it for a bit. The exploding chat and growing viewer count had already pushed the bar past 8 gallons since the start of the current inflation round. A bit of pump play as a victory lap for beating the challenge would be a more than fitting finale.

A shaking hand finally left the still filling belly to once more picked up the controller. As much as he wanted to sit there enjoying the inflation, he knew he had to get going. Every second of delay meant more of the delicious water was going to be building up in the tank. Of course, getting a bigger load wouldn't exactly be the worst thing so long as he finished the game. I mean just look at that belly; he looked like a pregnant woman long overdue. The sheer size of that waterlogged midsection was starting to rest in his lap, hiding the tattoo he had slapped on at the start of the stream.

*Don't forget that raging boner also. Now I just get to feel it throbbing under my engorged middle for the rest of the stream...*

It did feel good though. The slowly pulsing growth of the belly was pressing down on the hidden hardon. Trapped within the tight boy shorts, it was starting to push his nerves to a threshold he wasn't ready to reach yet. Better to wait till the game was finished, release the pressure, and give the crowd that show they wanted.

Heck he still could give the controls of the pump to the chat a bit early. Let them fill him a bit more while he stroked one out. The mirrors in the room did nothing at all to hide the blush that was burning its way across his snout at the idea. No, first he needed to get to the end. Let it be a reward rather than a quick treat. A quick reach under the still swelling tum untucked the throbbing shaft from the restrictive clothing. It helped a bit to relieve some of the pressure, although now it was pressing against the bottom of his engorged middle as a reminder of how much he was enjoying this. But hey, at least for now it wasn't getting squashed.

LewdBoi69: I saw some DIIIIIIIIICK!!!



**INFFanATIC:** Dude is getting chubby in more than one way :3c!

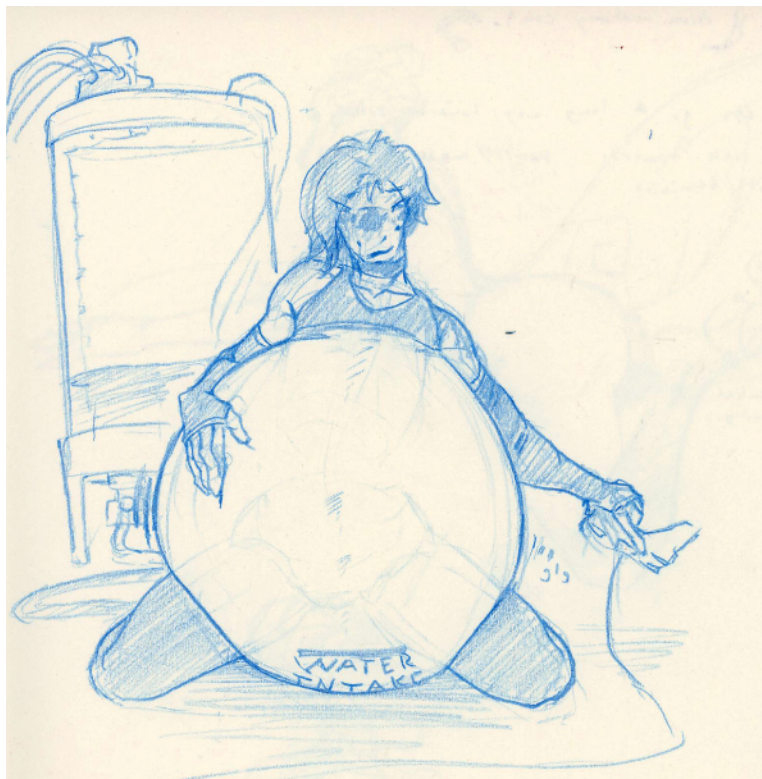
**Pumpr1:** He's not getting chubby, it inflation. Learn your kinks already.

**RoundBoy19:** Bout to be me tonight after this stream. Need some pumps myself...

Now relieved of the imminent eruption, He could focus once more on the belly. The pump had kept chugging away this entire time despite the numerous distractions. His internal pressure started to skyrocket as the water fought for any space it could find. Was he full already? It was spiking at an alarming rate, causing a worried expression to crease his brow. Just as it felt like his gut was about to split open, a small pop sounded from his gut and dropped the pressure? He hadn't felt any pain, so nothing should have torn. Likewise, the continued growth confirmed that he was still inflating.

"Urph"

A small burb forced its way up his throat. The water must have finally entered the stomach with that internal pop. With the water forcing its way into the stomach, it let the intestines take a small breather as another reservoir filled and stretched. This was short lived as the water flow finally stopped with a pneumatic click from the tank. Gurgles resumed from the now empty tank as it filled up for the next load. For now, the damage was done. Surveying his midsection now that it had stopped expanding, he was taken aback by just how big it had gotten. He was **huge**. The grossly distended midsection filled his entire lap, forcing him to arch his back due to the sheer quantity of water packed into his guts. It was a beautiful sight that his eyes didn't want to leave.





“Ooof, yeah that was a bit more than I was expecting there chat. But hey, at least I know now that I really got some stretch to me. Now to just wrap this game up so that I can really enjoy this thing.” He exclaimed with a playful smack to the distended belly. Wincing at the distressed gurgle that responded, he gently ran a hand over the taut surface.

**PopKing:** This dude wants to pop himself. No way he didn’t take that hit on purpose.

**PumpFrk:** Yeah this guy is a popslut through and through.

**WtrBlnMaster:** I could have handled that level easy even with a full dragon. This guy’s a newb.

**Bellylover6:** Five bucks says he doesn’t make it through this level. He wants that water.

*They aren’t wrong. That pump could have run for a couple more minutes and I would have been more than happy...*

But he couldn’t fixate on that. Just get to the end and enjoy his just earned desserts. With a renewed vigor he dove back into the level. It was much harder going than he had remembered. He was dodging the shots, but it felt like he was always a frame away from getting hit with every bullet.

## Glug

One hit just before the midboss left the dragon in a bloated state. Thankfully muscle memory saved him during the fight. He couldn’t let himself lose on this level again. It was already a struggle to ignore his overstrained middle. Anymore and it was going to be impossible to maintain any semblance of focus. Despite the watery handicap he was going to beat this. Powering through the level boss brought a sigh of relief. Level 6 was done, almost half way there now.

Gently rubbing his free hand across the belly, he gave himself a moment of rest before clicking the start button for level 7. Before he even had a chance to bring his hand back to the controller, a suicide enemy crashed into the dragon from the get go in the level. He’d completely forgotten about the dive bomber...

## Crrrrkkkkkk

Stretching and swelling on screen, the groaning dragon swelled out into a blimp. How could he forget that enemy! It took him forever to learn the pattern when he practiced but that enemy should have been etched into his brain by now. No way was he going to make it through this level with a full dragon. Taking a risk of a reset loss was off the table also. There was already way too much packed in that gut, any more and he

risked losing it all. Desperately fighting to stay in the game he managed to dodge for a solid minute or two before the dragon finally split apart under a hail of water bullets.

## Splloosh

Things went numb as the shock of the loss settled over him. How could he screw up this badly? Groaning as he tried to look at the stream screen over his belly, his eyes darted to the capacity level on the screen. Maybe it hadn't hit 10 the gallon limit yet? The glimmer of hope evaporated as he saw the telltale overflowing animation on the pump load bar. At this point there was no telling just how much water he was about to get. He'd long since stopped checking since the last expansion round, so it could have passed the threshold at any point a level ago. Anxiety started to twist into his gut as water started to force itself in to join it.

He was about to get much larger and there was no indicator when it might stop. Pumped up till his over stretched sides started to split and leak. The overfilled midsection was already big enough and it was only getting bigger. It needed to get bigger. It craved getting **bigger**...

*And it's going to pop just like I deserve. Couldn't make it big as a streamer so I had to instead make myself into a water balloon. Creaking and straining till I just couldn't hold anymore.*

**No!** It couldn't end like that; there was still a chance to win. It was a struggle to move at this point, yet despite this he still tried to turn and look at the tank. If he could just get a glance maybe he could see how much was still in there. But the growing weight of his engorged middle had become a literal anchor attached to his torso. There might as well have been a lead balloon strapped to his torso. No matter how he twisted and turned, his swollen abdomen prevented his eyes from fully seeing the tank. The carpet was already brushing against its underside as gravity pulled the water-logged sphere down. The blurry edge of the tank barely fit into the side of his vision despite the struggles. Even the full body mirror in front of him barely helped, the tank hovering just outside of its frame no matter how he twisted and turned. Meanwhile the telltale gurgling of the filling tank was a painful reminder that the tank was still trying to fill for the current load, despite the fact that it was already constantly pushing more into his groaning body.

The growing sphere had started to force his thighs to widen their stance in an effort to make room. Inch by inch it crept up and out, pushing against his ribcage in an effort to grow. He was already breathing hard from overstimulation of the filling when he felt his swelling stomach start to press against his lungs. There was so much pressure. Throbbing intestines creaked and complained as they were stretched far past comfort levels. Panting with shortening breaths, a gurgle began to rise up his throat due to the building pressure.

**Glg**

Water was trying to force its way out through the only opening it could find. Choking back the rising water, he tried his best to hold it down. His body needed to get it out in some way before it split open, even if he wanted to keep it in. To say he didn't was a complete lie, he wanted every drop to stay in that straining hide. With a retch he felt water finally push up through his throat and enter the back of his mouth. Coughing against the trickle, the leaking water spilled down his chin to splash across his taut hide. He was starting to lose his precious water. Desperately he clamped a hand around his snout, forcing it closed to try and stem the flow.

*No no **NO!** I need it!*

**BRSTBUSTER:** Oh it's over. This twink is about to blow.

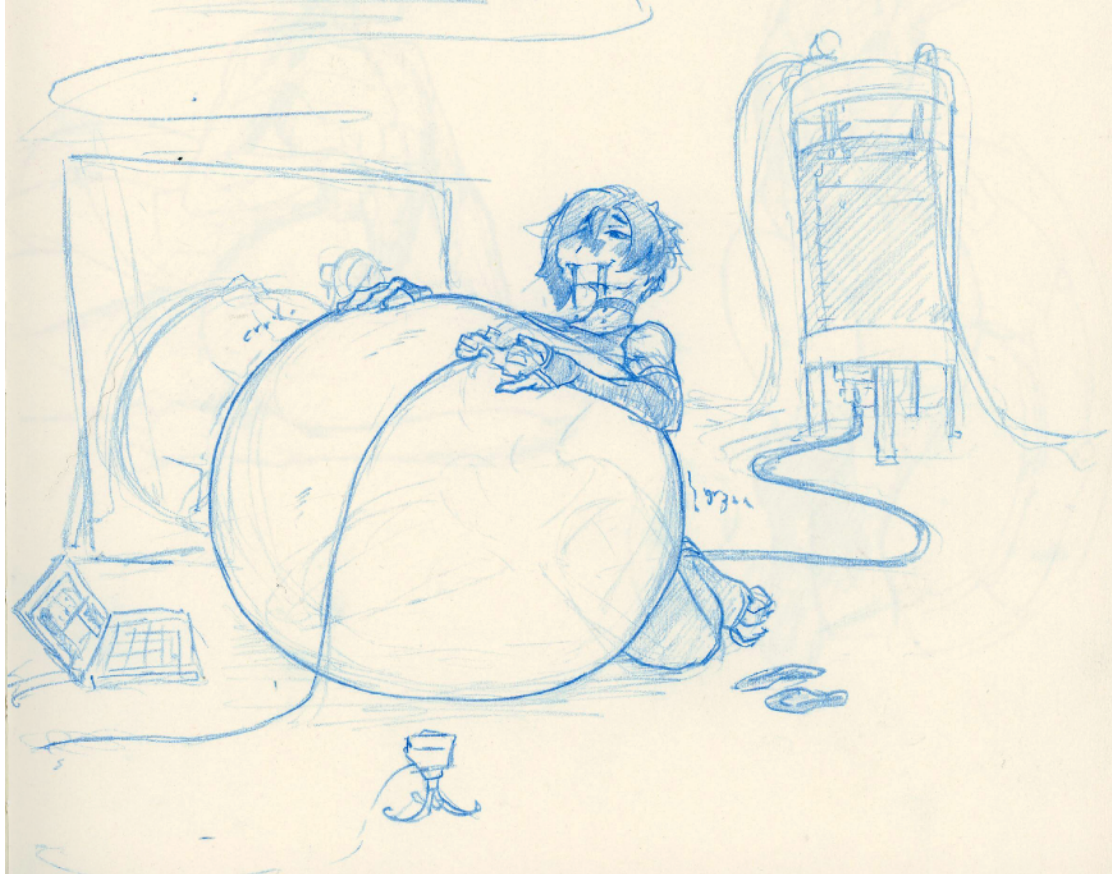
**BlueFan19919:** Hold it in Blu! I know you can keep going!

**PumpFrk:** Look at him waste it. Dude's sprung a leak.

**PopKing:** Someone needs to tape that mouth shut. Make sure he doesn't spill another drop.

He did need to stop the leak. For one there was no way for him to continue with the game if he had to hold his own mouth shut.

*More importantly, the water belongs to me. How am I going to get any bigger if I just spew it all out.*



There could be one thing that helped though. He had a few more of the thick rubber bands that had been used to secure the hose to his tail. Taking a chance, water spilled from the mouth once more as he let go to reach for the spare bands.

**“Glk...** I’m sorr..y chat. I might be going quite f.. **glp...** or a bit here. Need to **glnk...** stop the leak.”

Scrambling across the floor, the hand finally came in contact with the pile of thick rubber bands. It only took a second to stretch a handful across the leaking snout. Double banding it just to be safe, the mouth clacked shut with a snap of teeth. A few failed attempts to open the mouth proved that it was working as intended. His mouth might as well have been cemented shut now, which meant that the water had nowhere to go. Hands returned once more to the taut sphere of a middle. There was hardly any give left in his hide, the questing fingers barely dimpling the surface.

Watching the hands move out in small increments was almost hypnotizing. He could almost see each millimeter of growth. But more importantly... He could feel it. Pin pricks of tension ran down his overstretched midsection as every nerve was pulled to their limit. It was way too easy to get lost in the expansion. He should have been panicking as things could get messy at any moment. Just a final twitch of pain before the water explosively freed itself from its lizard shaped prison. Deep down he knew that he should just try and push through to finish the game. There was no guarantee that he could even hold out through the current round of pumping. But he wanted to ride it out, heartbeat thumping like a jackhammer as the belly grew. He had to see if he could hold it all in, heck he needed to see how big he got.

By now the ever-growing midsection had finally obscured the laptop and stream screen on the floor. The churning chat had long ceased to matter to him anymore. The only thing left in his vision was the vast shelf of water-logged lizard stretching out like a white horizon in front of him. Hovering just above it sat the game screen which had been waiting on the continue screen all this time. Pulsing with a faint orange glow that almost mirrored the throbbing tension of his own hide. It was as if the game was tempting him to just let it keep going.

*I could just let it happen. Start the level, ditch the controller, and let the game do its work. Take the load like the good twink that I am.*

He whimpered at the thought. The creaking orb of a middle screamed for some sort of release as more was forced in. Why did it feel so good? All those videos of failed streamers and the looks of ecstasy as they burst on film were starting to make sense. A thousand and one alarms were sounding from body, and yet all of those signals were getting turned into pure euphoria in his mind. It was almost impossible for the hands to leave the midsection at this point, just rubbing in soothing circles across the drum tight surface.

His body had started to throb with sharp tingles of pain. His guts were getting pushed way past their limit. Yet despite this he still needed to play. Vision growing fuzzy as his numb mind fumbled with every coherent thought and warning trying to form. Minutes passed before he even realized that the pump had actually stopped. With a trembling hand he grasped for the controller. It couldn't stop. The start button was jammed into the controller with feverish desire to continue. Just holding said controller was torture in and of itself. If those hands were glued to the controller, then they weren't glued to the belly.

And he needed to feel the belly...

*I only need to dodge the attacks. My left hand can keep me moving. Right gets to savor the rest. Just let it go.*

Choking back a sob of joy, the twitching hand left the controller before pressing into the sphere. There was so much of it to feel and caress. That beautiful orb of a midsection had so much surface for him to feel and squeeze. He was completely oblivious to what was actually happening on screen. Pure muscle memory was carrying him forward at this point. Meanwhile the pulsing balloon of a middle painstakingly hovered at the bottom of his view. It was just so Big. He needed to feel it. Let that straining hide press against his hand as it was pushed past its limit.

The aching throb of his guts dulled in the fog of pure adrenaline. His heart was thumping in his ears while the rest of the world turned fuzzy around him. To say he was tunnel visioning was an understatement, as the only thing filling his vision was the taut sphere. He knew what was coming. The rest of the world meant nothing compared to the groaning bubble of a midsection. The splashes and warnings coming from the screen reduced to background noise at the edge of hearing.

It was no surprise when the dragon popped once more on screen, he'd long since stopped watching the screen. The heavy controller was just a useless weight at this point. Its only purpose was to give him more. He didn't even feel his thump press the start button once more. The water now pumping into his backside once more was more important. The game had served its purpose and was no longer needed. Numb fingers dropped the controller as if it was a lead weight; there was only one thing that mattered now.

**Pumpr1:** Yeah it's over, time to watch this pop slut get his reward.

**PopKing:** Oh he's going to make a mess. Just look at that thing.

**INFFanATIC:** We got a crash out here boys, he just pressed start again.

**BRSTBUSTER:** More like a splash out. Hope he's insured for water damage.

He needed it all. It needed to be bigger. Hands wrapped around his turgid midsection as it struggled to hold it all in. There was way too much of it as is, his hands unable to even reach most of it at this point. Yet he craved more. If it wasn't for the fact

that his mouth was strapped shut, drool would be pooling from it. A slave to his own distended midsection and the urge to fill it.

*Give me it. Give me all of it!!*

Said midsection had long since reached its limit. His guts were screaming and throbbing inside, but he didn't even feel it anymore. All that mattered was that he got bigger. The throbbing of his rock-hard cock pulsed under the taut sphere, fully trapped against the floor. He could hardly even breathe anymore and felt his body twitch and spasm as orgasmic euphoria flooded his body. With a gasp and a moan, he blew his load, hot fluid coating what little space it could reach under the gut. Reeling from the eruption, spasms rocked down his spine as every muscle fired at once.

It was too much. His internals were starting to clench and twitch in a last-ditch attempt at holding back the sheer quantity of water. He was a good water balloon and taken the water like he should. He'd fit every single drop of water in the gut that he could hold. There was only one thing left to do. All good water balloons needed to pop.

## GLK

A spray of water shot out from the corner of his pinned mouth as his stomach surged out a millimeter. His cheeks bulged out as the over pressurized water looked for any possible escape from the straining lizard. The once elastic lizard had no stretch left in him. A small pinhole leak squirted from the straining hide for a fraction of a second before it all gave away. With a wet pop, the straining balloon of a midsection burst in a flood of water. A surprised moan escaped his lips as his belly finally detonated. Electronics, cameras, and controllers were picked up and carried across the room by the sudden tidal wave. The now much lighter streamer slowly slumped to the ground, settling in the shin high puddle of water filling the room. A steady gurgle from the still running pump was the last sound he heard before everything faded to black.

The stream cameras had been knocked across the room by the sudden deluge. Some of the few that were still live showed a flooded scene of wreckage. The rippling waters caught flashes of neon from the pulsing "Continue" on the game screen.

Anon0156: Is he okay?

RoundBoy19: Wish that was me...

BRSTBUSTER: All you need is a hose and you can join him...

WtrBlnMaster: Yeah the 7<sup>th</sup> level is no joke. Definitely a skill issue here. Should have just done a pump stream instead if you wanted to go out like that.

PopKing: Jeez, might as well have just put on a pump show. The tattoo should have said "Pop me" instead.



**PumpFrk:** At least it made for a good pump show. This one's going in the Splash out collection for sure.

\*\*\*\*\***2 weeks later**\*\*\*\*\*

The stream came to life once more showing a familiar blue lizard. A grin split his snout as he leaned back from the camera to address the stream. "Welcome back to another Blu Stream! It's been a bit since my last \*ahem\* stream attempt. Thank you all so much for all the words of encouragement as I recovered from a bad case of "Too much hydration". As you can see, I'm all patched up and ready to go once more. Although as some of you might have noticed, I've got a bit of a new addition here."

With a tilt of the head, Blu showed off a new choker that was wrapped around his neck. In bold blue letters against the black strap, it proudly proclaimed "POP SLUT". A fierce blush was burning across his snout as his smiling face dropped back down to look at the camera.

"Let's just say I got a little taste of the pop boi life, and let me tell yah... I... Need... **More!** So how about we pop in Water Balloon Blitz and give this challenge another shot."

Standing up to show off his build once more, Blu teasingly pulled down his trademark boi shorts to a dangerously low level to show off a new temporary womb tattoo that read "Pop me". With a final smirk he boldly stated, "This time if I make it to the end, how about I give you all a nice little show before you give me what I want. Sound like a deal? No complaints? Then let's get pumping~"