

It was yet another successful night at Ayla's, the top high class dining restaurant in Neo Galatea. Ayla and her staff had worked hard, preparing quality meats and sides, and serving them to customers efficiently. With hands on her hips, Ayla looked around after the restaurant was cleaned, and let out a satisfied huff.

"Good, we will be ready for tomorrow's dinner. Everyone, let's get moving, feel free to grab anything you want before I lock up." Ayla offered to her employees as they all left. Ayla herself grabbed a few sodas, shoving them between her breasts and walking out the door.

"Oh, Ayla, it seems we finished up cleaning at the same time." A voice that annoyed Ayla all too well was heard from right next door. Yami Bo, a girl she just couldn't get away from for one reason or another. Ever since college, Yami has been causing her problem after problem, with it only getting worse once they both came to Neo Galatea to open up business.

"Well, if it isn't Miss Milk Maid, how was business? Slow until we opened up for the night?" Ayla asked, Yami getting momentarily flustered. While that was true at first, she had admittedly gotten better business in more recent weeks.

"That's rich coming from someone with your bazongas, I know I'm part cow and all, but have some class. Besides, you're just upset I managed to get the building Milky Wonders is in before you?" Yami asked, crossing her arms under her huge breasts, which bounced quite a bit. She had some purple cans of soda between them, and Ayla was getting an idea.

"You mean your parents outbid me for it and you've been playing baker girl without a real plan? Please, besides a few contests back in college, you have nothing on me. Soda?" Ayla reached between her breasts, and pulled out one of the well shaken pink sodas she had on her, offering it to Yami.

“Oh, really? Sure, why not? I could use it, I’m really hot after today. Here, have some of mine too. My parents may have outbid you, but I plan to pay them back for it!” Yami happily took the soda, and handed a soda over to Ayla, who cracked it open. It had a satisfying fizz, Ayla reading over the label and learning it was grape flavored.

“Uh-huh, sure. Meanwhile I actually worked to prove my concepts are viable, while you just dove in head first. I could have had more seating space, ergo less fighting to reserve a spot in my restaurant.” Ayla complained, cracking open the soda Yami handed her, Yami doing the same with the pink soda Ayla handed her.

“Well, as you say, you need to learn how to adjust your strategy to overcome unexpected obstacles.” Yami said with a smirk, drinking the soda down with massive gulps, Yami being more the type to take food down quicker and with less grace than her competitor.

“Oh, I’m sure you’ll encounter something unexpected soon.” Ayla murmured, taking the purple soda and elegantly drinking it. Ayla was much more graceful in her actions, making her far more calculated in any decisions or actions she took. Even something as simple as drinking from a can, she made sure she looked her best doing.

“What was that?” Yami asked after finishing the soda. She breathed a sigh of relief, licking her lips with a satisfied grin. That bubbly feeling felt good, much better than she expected as it settled into her stomach. Ayla, meanwhile, looked down at Yami’s midsection for a moment.

“Oh, nothing, nothing at all. Just feel lucky I felt nice enough to do this for you.” Ayla mentioned, rolling her eyes. A loud groan could be heard coming from Yami’s stomach, followed by a few groans and bubbling. Yami held her stomach for a moment, giving a nervous smile to Ayla.

“So is this your own custom made soda? W-What is it exactly, besides the flavor?” Yami asked, that being the burning question in her mind. She was one all too used to inflations of various sorts, but she didn’t take Ayla to be the type to be so direct with it.

“Oh, it’s a pretty normal soda. But, I got a little inspired by your recipes. If shaken enough, the soda will bubble quite a lot upon consumption, leading to more bloated form. Ergo, the types of inflated shapes Milky Wonders can cause.” Ayla said with a sly smirk, glad her cunning was coming into play.

“What the- why then?!” Yami asked with quite a bit of shock, her belly stretching her tank top and shorts. The cowgirl bit her bottom lip, feeling her body get ever lighter by the moment. Ayla found this rather amusing, wanting to see just what her newest recipe could do to her rival.

“Because, you are such a brat. I don’t know which one is worse; you, or that annoying sister of yours. What was her name? The one with the blue hair?” Ayla asked, rubbing Yami’s inflating body, feeling Yami’s rapidly swelling form grow ever outwards. Yami could feel her back start to push outwards, giving her a much rounder look.

“Dyanna? I know she can be- *hic!*- difficult, but surely I’m not as bad as her!” Yami tried to retort, but the pleasure of inflating distracted her, the feeling of the soda bubbling through her body steadily making her feel better by the moment.

“You’re both bad in your own ways. Whatever. For a beginner, you certainly do have a large ego. I suppose your shape and size properly matches it now, doesn’t it?” Ayla asked, watching as Yami’s tail wagged back and forth. Yami’s cheeks puffed, and she looked down at her rival, a bit upset.

“Yeeeeeah, so about that. You know how your plan was to inflate me to complain to me about all of this stuff, and you did? Well, it should be working by now.” Yami said to Ayla, who now had an eyebrow raised. However, Ayla suddenly heard some bubbling coming from her stomach, her eyes widening.

“No, no you didn’t. What kind of buffoon are you?!” Ayla looked down, she couldn’t see her belly past her breasts, but she could tell her stomach was starting to grow. Her breasts and ass also felt a bit larger, with Ayla looking up at Yami with a squint of disappointment.

“Oh I’m sorry Miss ‘I inflated my rival to complain to her’, I just wanted to inflate you to try giving you a surprise and a good time!” Yami complained right back, flapping her hands trying to not roll too far forwards. Ayla groaned, rolling her eyes at Yami, thinking about how she should have expected this.

“Well, thanks to you, now neither of us will be able to move! Good job Yami, we get to spend our night waiting for someone to deflate us. Ugh, this is- BWOOOOOARP-.” Ayla groaned, when all of a sudden a loud belch escaped her lips. She covered her lips, Yami surprised to see Ayla hold it in.

“Unlike you, I put time limits on my stuff! You should deflate in an hour, while I’ll take who knows how long! I wouldn’t hold in the burps if I were you.” Yami complained back, now rolling onto Ayla, who grabbed Yami by the breasts and squeezed them. She locked eyes with Yami, the two of them face to face.

“Mmph, well unlike you, I would have taken you home with me and let you spend the night! I- MMF!-” Ayla held in the next burp, when all of a sudden she surged in size. She was shocked by this, her belly, breasts and butt all looking like beach balls inflating with a powerful pump.

“See? You’re gonna get huge if you hold them in. But you’ll have a triple-b shape, while I’m all massive and round! Not that I hate being massive and round, but you had no plan besides being petty!” Yami was now just a couple of inches from Ayla’s face. Yami wasn’t afraid to argue with Ayla, and the same went with Ayla not being afraid to argue with Yami.

“You brat, you- MMPH!- Had no plan either! I refuse to- MMF- Burp, it is undignifying!” Ayla retorted back at Yami, her body looking like a wall of balloons as she struggled to reach in front of her to hold onto Yami to argue.

“Just burp once, it’ll feel really good! Besides, if you do it, I’ll consider us even for the time I beat you in that eating contest.” Yami said, wanting to see how Ayla would take it. Ayla thought it over, this brat wanted to be even so bad for a competition she lost on a technicality. But she took a breath, and clenched her gut.

“**BWUUUUUUUUUUOOOOOOOARP!**- T-There, happy?” Ayla asked, finally stopping inflating as she barely managed to maintain her balance from that powerful belch. Yami giggled, finding the burp to be rather hot. With a smug smile, Yami had but one or two more questions.

“So, tell me, did the burp make you feel better? You have to admit, it feels pretty good to let it all out, right?” Yami asked, Ayla’s face getting darker with a massive blush. The brat had ruined her honor, and even though nobody but Yami was here to see it, she hated the fact that she kind of liked how it felt.

“S-Shut up you brat, I’m not obligated to answer that.” Ayla was extremely embarrassed, but Yami could see and hear that Ayla had felt great from belching. She managed to one-up Ayla once again, making Yami feel all the more satisfied as she waited for the both of them to deflate.

THE END