

Polar Cola: Belch Goes the Shy (Rough Draft)

By: Firingwall

Ding Dong! The girl leapt into the air almost by a foot it felt like. Her heart pounded heavily, her body shaking like crazy. She very nearly almost dropped her Christmas Cookies on top of everything. Oh the woes of a life of being a Shy Gal.

Skye took a moment to compose herself and checked to see if her cookies were still properly in their box and not all over the floor. All was good.

After a readjustment of her Shy Guy mask, she peeked over the sofa. The front door of her apartment had a visitor. That made her very anxious.

Ding Dong! The door rang again, the poor gal flinching. The person wasn't going away, so she nervously got up and inched over to the door. *Oh, who is it? I-I hope it isn't anyone scary or noisy or big or...*

She looked through the peephole. No one was there.

"What?" Curious, she opened the door.

"HEEEEEEEEEEEEEELLLLLLOOOOOOOO THERE!" Skye jumped back as an excited figure stepped in, holding a briefcase. However, the visitor was anything but professional. It was a bright-pink toon dog with long pink hair, sharp glasses, and in a pink dress that showed her figure off to an absurd degree.

Skye shook nervously. She had never met a toon before. They were rather... intense.

"The name is Jessica the Toon Pupper, salespooch extraordinaire during the holiday season!" The dog took Skye's hand and shook it ferociously, rattling the girl further. "And since it's the lovely holiday season, I have the perfect Christmas product for you and everyone around this wonderful year!"

"Ummm umm umm," Skye nervously spoke. "Th-thank you, b-but no th-thank you. Do you... do you mind just g-going-"

"Now you may be wondering, what kind of glorious product do I offer?" Jessica paid no attention to Skye, trotting over into the living room and dropping the case onto her coffee table. "Well, why don't you take a look at this?"

She knocked on the case. **Knock-knock-BOING!** The briefcase popped open as a large store shelf sprung from within it. The shelf was loaded down in glass Coke bottles with what appeared to be cola inside of them.

Jessica waved to the display, declaring, “What we have here is Polar Cola, the bestest beverage you can have to warm up during this cold time. The only thing that beats it is hot cocoa... which I can get if that interests you more.”

“Ummmm... I, ah, n-no thank you.”

There was silence. Dead silence, the sound of a tumbleweed rolling on by as Jessica stared blankly at the Shy Gal. Skye nervously shook and trembled. Did she just say the wrong thing? Was the toon upset?

“Huh... well alright then!” Jessica nodded and placed her paw on the shelf. “If you’re not interested, you ain’t interested. I respect that!” She pushed down on the shelving unit. It shot back into the briefcase, which snapped shut like a bear trap.

A glass collar bottle, however, lingered in mid-air, the toon taking it. She reached into her cleavage and pulled out a business card, one coated in pink glitter. She placed the items in Skye’s hands. “Well, have a free sample anyways, on the house for all of your troubles. If you do like it, feel free to call for more!”

“But I-”

“Have a nice day Ms. Shy Gal!” Jessica snapped up the briefcase and strolled out of the apartment, closing the door behind her with her fluffy tail.

The second she was gone, Skye zipped over to the door and locked it tightly. Once done, she leaned against the door and slid down to her butt. She sighed. *That... that was way too much for me.*

Though, despite it all, she shoved the card into her pocket and looked at the bottle. It definitely looked like a knock-off Coca-Cola bottle, with a red and white color scheme and everything. It didn’t look like anything too special to her.

But, she had to admit, she could go for some cola right now. She got to her feet and headed over to the sofa, carefully taking the bottle cap off. A gentle fizz and the soft scent of soda flowed from it, much to her delight. Christmas cookies could wait a bit.

She gently lifted her mask up a tad and slipped the bottle underneath it. It did feel silly to keep her face hidden, given that she was all alone, but she couldn’t help it. She just felt more comfortable, even if it made drinking and eating difficult.

She took a sip. **“BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRPPPPPP!”**

The mask went flying across the room, the band holding it snapping like tissue paper. Her face shot forward, stretching and growing into a blunt, ursine muzzle. White sprouted all over it, her gums turning black. Her nose darkened as well, turning bumpy and widening into a large, bear snout.

“Whhaaaaaa?!” Skye gasped, her pretty eyes widening and a hand covering her bear mug. “What did I... I... **did I just belch?!?**” Her face went completely red. This was so embarrassing, even without an audience.

She felt weak and gently took a seat on her couch. “Awww shucks, **why was I belchin’... ands whys was ah soundin’ all funny like?**” Her voice came out in a low, but still goofy sound baritone.

Scratching the tip of her muzzle, she muttered, “Well, **beddah have sum** more cola.”

Skye took another sip. **WOMP!** She was suddenly bounced into the air, nearly hitting her ceiling before landing down with a big **WHOMP.**

Her rear had suddenly ballooned several times over, her hips super-widening as her ass cheeks swelled like crazy. Their shape was wide, thick, and flabby. Her poor Shy Gal gown no longer able to cover her bottom at all, white, fuzzy butt cheeks poking out of it.

“**Oh me oh my oh golly gosh darn!**” Skye gasped, smacking her face. “**Why did I just BEEEEEEEEELLLLCH!**” Her stomach gurgled, and she lurched forward, letting out another big belch, her feet and arms shaking. White fur spread from her muzzle and onto her cheeks, which widened and stretched to match her animal mug.

Her head felt like scrambled eggs after that, her eyes spinning away as she tried settling down after that big one. “**Whoooooooooaa man, dat was... somedang else.**”

She shook her head and took a few deep breaths. The redness in her face started dissipating, though she still felt a bit warm and out of her element. She looked around the room. Yep, still no one around, her heart pounding less.

Skye twitched. “**Welllllll... it ain’t like I’m with anybuddy around heres... not like anyone can judge me. Ain’t too bad, ah guess.**”

She tapped her chin again and took another sip. **POP!** One of her brown booties shot off her foot. **POP!** The shoe went flying. With the boots off, it was clear as day that she had large, fat animal feet. Coated in white fur, black pads, and three, bulbous toes, her feet were now toony bear paws.

“**Pop, pop?**” She looked down and gasped. “**Oh mah goodness! This is BUUUUURP!**” **RIP-RIP!** In the top of her hood, two holes ripped right open. From them, out popped two large, roundish bear ears.

Skye’s eyes were wide, but her heart did not race and her face did not feel as hot. She still felt some embarrassment for her piggish behavior. However, she then remembered she was alone and everything felt better.

Skye sat there for a moment in silence before looking at her feet. She stared and tried to move them, her toes wiggling and making cutesy piano noises. She stared and stared before

moving, “Weeeeird... but kinda cute? Hmmm, maybe handsome? I dunno, dis is just weeeeeird!”

She shrugged and took another drink. **BUUUUUURP! Pop-pop!** Her hands shook, the bottle popping out of her hand and flying into the air. Suddenly, her hands shot out of her sleeves, revealing two large, thick, four-fingered white gloves. They were wider than her face and far squishier.

“**Oh wowzers!**” She remarked, her head shaking. More and more of her face shifted, her brow thickening and fat being added. White fur sprouted across her forehead as her lovely, crystal blue hair that flowed out of her hood shrunk back into it.

She looked over her hands, giving them a good shake and finger crack. They felt heavy, but still somehow light. They were fat and wide, but she had no trouble moving them. Their white tone was flat and empty, almost like...

“**How toony~**” Skye chuckled, a smile crossing her muzzle. She trembled. Toony. She was feeling and looking undeniably toony now. It felt quite... enjoyable.

She held out her palm and the soda bottle finally fell back into her grasp. “**Mmm, ah reckon dis is yours doin’!**” She poked the cola. “**Shoulda known a toon would be da cause of all dis silliness ands stuff!**”

She frowned, bringing the bottle closer to stare more harshly at it. “Hmhhh, probably should stop guzzling dis drink down.”

She shoved the bottle into her maw a second later. *Naaaaaah! Need more right-*

However, much to her horror, the bottle only had a small drop left in it despite looking full (*Stupid toon logic*)! Only a few droplets fell down her throat and into her stomach.

BURP! She let out a small belch, her hood popping off and the bottle going flying over to where her mask laid. Her entire head was that of a polar bear toon with the oversized nose, black gums, and adorable bear ears. The only recognizable part of her was her blue hair, now very short and a bit messy.

“**Awww, dangnabbit!**” Skye huffed, pouting and folding her arms. “**Howse a gal supposed ta enjoy cola when dere ain’t no more cola left around here! It’s a-**”

DING! A lightbulb appeared above her head. She grinned. Of course! There was an obvious solution to all of this right in front of her.

For whatever reason, she reached behind back and pulled out a large, red cell phone the size of a brick, as if it was natural for her. She looked at the business card she was given and dialed. **Beep-boop-beeeep-bop!**

Ring-ring-ring~ “Helllllllloooooooo! This is Jessica!” A familiar, cheery voice soon answered the call.

“Hiya dere, Jessica!” Skye asked, **“Ah need Polar Cola ands looooootssss of it, like now! I’m soooooo thirsty and not so big and-”**

A black toon hole appeared right above her sofa. From it, several small cases of Polar Cola fell onto the cushions, making a satisfying clink sound. Once ten cases had been dropped, a small piece of paper floated out, the word: “Invoice” written at the top.

Skye looked the paper over as the hole vanished, the cell disconnecting. She muttered a little as she glanced over everything before tossing the sheet aside. That could be dealt with later. Right now, it was cola time!

She cracked the first bottle open and started chugging. **Fsssssssssh.** The odd sound of a balloon being inflated was heard. Both of her arms and her legs started growing, thickening up and stretching her sleeves and stockings to their limits. White strands of fur started poking through them.

She let out a belch happily, shame and embarrassment a thing of the past. She shivered gently as a big **GUUUURGLE** followed it. Her poor Shy Gal dress began to stretch now as well as her torso ballooned. Her thin waist widened, her shoulders broadened, and her stomach grew. Her top stretched tightly upon her chub-ifying figure, her belt getting the worse of it.

She tossed the first bottle aside and grabbed another, slamming it down as fast as she could. **BUUUURP!** Her stockings were obliterated in one swoop as her legs burst through them. Their dainty shape was gone, replaced by thick, chubby tree trunks that match her polar bear feet.

She grabbed the third bottle and went to town on it. **BUUUUUUUUUUUUUURP!** There went her sleeves, falling to the ground like confetti. She now had arms that matched her wide, chunky, gloved hands.

With that bottle down, she gave her muzzle a good, long lick, **SLUUURP**, and grabbed two bottles at once. *More~ Need more!* She shoved them both into her muzzle and started guzzling, drinking and taking in as much as she could.

Her dress stretched and stretched, tears and holes opening up all across it. **SNAP!** Her belt broke, her buckle flying off like so many other parts did. *Heh... nevers gets tired of dat!~*

SNAP! The second belt snapped, the one more for style than anything. Her stomach had turned into a full-fledged, beer gut, resting comfortably onto her thick, flabby thighs. Her breasts had lost all perkiness and form, now a pair of toony moobs resting on her gut.

Skye finished both bottles and tossed them behind her. She sighed, feeling her belly gurgle and shake. She chuckled, quivering. Dime for da grand finale~

BBBBUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPP!!

The loud, rude blast bellowed from deep within them, their entire body shaking as it came spilling out. They rumbled and shook, their clothing doing the same until... **POOF**. Their red dress exploded, falling into tiny specs all around them.

Instead of being left nude, Skye now sat there in something new. A very small, stained undershirt that did nothing to contain their belly cloaked their torso. For undergarments, all they wore was a heart-dotted pair of boxers that tightly hugged their legs. All of them very fitting for the large, wide, fat bear toon Skye was now.

They looked down at themselves and let out a jovial laugh, belly jiggling. They pat their stomach, declaring, **“Heh, now dis feels right ta me!”**

BURP! One final belch came out, though much smaller than before. However, the results were still very impressive. Skye’s legs spread apart as a bulge appeared in their drawers. Their boxers bulged considerably in the crotch, almost like a large grapefruit was suddenly stuffed in.

Skye chuckled, stretching out his limbs. He felt good now. Everything felt wonderful. He felt content, no sense of shame or shyness left in his body. Scratching his tummy and then his new package, he let out a big fart. It felt good to be a rude, crude polar bear toon.

Licking his chops, he reached over and snatched another bottle of cola. There was nothing left to change now that he reached perfection. All he needed now was a nice drink to just enjoy and indulge in.

He took a big swig and sighed pleasantly, scratching his gut as he slouched into his sofa. However, pleasant bliss slipped away. His belly rumbled. It wasn’t ready for another belch. It felt something else now. It felt hungry.

The polar bear reached over for the obvious solution, his Christmas Cookie stash. He grabbed the box and placed it on his belly, looking into it with a big smile. A big smile that quickly faded it as he looked into the box.

There were plenty of cookies left for him to chow down on, but... for a big bear like himself? These would last only a few minutes, five or seven minutes at most. A toon needed more sugar than just this to get through the season.

Skye huffed and grabbed the cell phone once again. He dialed in and listened. Ring-ring-ring~ “Helllllllllooooooo! This is Jessica!”

“Heya Jess! Dis is dat bear, Skye, again. Listen, do’s ya sell any yummy Christmas Cookies as well? I’m starving away here!”

THE END?