

*Glorp. Slrrp.* “Mmm, ah... mmmhaaa?!” Varius groaned and then gasped as they woke up. They were lying on their front, but not in any situation that they would have fallen asleep in of their own choosing.

They were seemingly floating on the surface of something thick and soft, too thick to be called a liquid yet deep enough that the charr wasn’t immediately able to sense the bottom. Worse still, it was sticky, clinging to them powerfully enough that their attempts to pull either arm closer merely caused the limb to stretch with a groaning creak. Their arms were caught in the softness, pulling for a few seconds, tugging even after the stuff pulled uncomfortably on their fur until their muscles were overcome. The stuck figure made less than an inch before snapping back into place with a splut, reeled in when they had to give up and relax.

“Mmmg? Mmm, mmhhh!” The charr whined in confusion, their hair had fallen over their eyes, making it tough to see through, especially with the tips joining in the sticky puddle but what little they could make out looked as though they’d fallen into this pool front-first from a stand. The impact had left a splatter around their hands, there was also a definite feel of it around their muzzle, holding their lips under the surface with just one lucky nostril left open.

The situation was just as dire elsewhere. When Varius tried to wiggle their chest or hips they heard a gooey sucking sound as a pocket of air bubbled free but otherwise the same taut stretchiness greeted them, too strong to pluck free from and constantly pulling on their glue-drenched hairs. *Groaaan, squish.*

Even their legs were stuck in place, the goop sprawled over the top of their toes, leaving the bottom of their feet on full display and letting them know their footwear was missing, though not filling in that the sandals were a mere pace behind them.

Panic set in, flustered worry. Their legs and arms tried to squirm and kick, even the tip of their thick tail had draped into the stuff, resisting efforts to be pulled loose, each struggle eliciting a small ‘Mmmf.’ when fur felt the pull. As they tried to lift one hand and one leg up, their weight shifted, making the soft substance bunch up in a cushioning way that clung in a new way once they tried to relax again.

Their breath huffed from the short burst of effort coupled with the previous concerns. They had to try and take this rationally, already it was possible that their struggles had only spread the goop and worked it further into exposed fur.

They had to focus on what they still had at their disposal first. Through their diminished viewpoint they could see the edge of the substance they were stuck in, a solid, flat edge, too perfect to be naturally formed. When it reached the tip a corner came at a right angle, shaping out a rectangle around them.

While that edge was visible, they couldn’t tell how deep the thing was. It stood to reason it would have a flat base which would mean it wasn’t a bottomless bog. While the depth was not something Varius directly aimed to find out, they did when they strained their elbows back,

fighting the cloying glue, if that was what it was, to angle their hands down and push. Their palms hit the bottom after pushing another inch or so, giving something solid to brace and try to push up from.

The charr strained, the cropped top they wore stretched and shifted along their back, the front of it solidly drenched and compressed into the glue below. Sticky strands also refused to release the visible areas of the charr's neck, chest and a length of their belly. Varius' arms gave a hearty shove, trying to push up but the glue creaked and stretched, not even a single slim thread snapping.

Elasticity tugged up their arms, over their torso and chin. Even trying to angle their head up to test the gooey limits. Their strength wavered, sending a quiver up the pushing limbs. The charr tried to relax them gradually, to prevent getting them more mired in the event of a sudden slap down.

"Mmmh..." They moaned as another suckling gurgle pushed around their right arm, pushing air out of a pocket their motions had made. "Mhh!" They sucked in sharply, they couldn't fully relax their arms as before! The attempt to push up had mired their hands and fingers to the point that the multiple stretch points reached a new middle point. Worse still, their fingers weren't breaking the surface line, fully gooped together and even bent at a slight angle.

"Mmmh! Mmn. H-hmmm?!" They called, trying to get their voice loud enough to be heard, hoping fervently that there was someone there to hear them. Even the vibrations there seemed to shake the glue further up, even if by an immeasurably small amount.

Varius wasn't sure if it was indeed spreading in reaction to their motions or if they were merely sinking the last bit they could. Still, the charr had to break free or at least get closer to the edge, who was to say what might happen if they didn't?

*Glop, slurp.* The trapping tray of glue taunted as the charr instead tried to focus on lifting their legs up instead, to get to a knee. That meant pushing their front forward a bit, angling more weight there a risk, but given the short top was more caught than they were, it suggested the charr could push their weight there specifically.

Easier thought than put into practice.

It was a slow and cautious minute or so before Varius was confident they'd positioned their front squarely enough to try. Taking a breath, they held it and strained with both legs. The pull on their shorts told them that they were making some progress but the thick adhesive over their thighs refused to let them really get to a kneel, instead their knees slid up the tray, caught between the stretching gooey ropes at their thighs and the stuff it left in its wake.

They jerked, pushing hard and suddenly, ignoring the pinching fur tugs while trying to get out to a point of balance but it was no good, the air whistled out as they had to release the

breath, letting their legs dip back. The limbs caught short of where they'd had them before, their knees now closer to the body. Success? Could it be? No, it wasn't that, if anything the position had become more awkward. Pushing or pulling, they couldn't move their legs closer or further, the knees and shins had become tucked and folded, with their thighs stuck in place. It meant their rump was pushed higher into the air, not immediately more problematic but certainly more embarrassing if it were to be spotted.

The last of the breath whistled out and the charr tried to adjust once more. *Creaaaaak*. A chill stole over Varius as they realised their chest was soaked in the stuff! They had spent long enough in the goo that the surrounding measure had matched their body temperature, warmed close enough that they hadn't noticed it seeping through the fabric of the shirt. The extra squeeze served only to get the glue to spread underneath and grip their chest fur directly.

The glue creaked as Varius tried to rock between their half bent hands and tucked under knees, they gulped with a realisation, there was now no mistaking it, the glue had encroached further, without a doubt. It had crawled up further than it had a right to, bracing over the charr's bared shin and forearm.

The formation ended up fighting itself, trying to tug Varius in more directions than they could be pulled, the glue itself seemed to see that as resistance, its own fight causing it to spread further, to creep up the charr's sides and arms. "Mmmh!!! Mh, mmhmmhhh!"

It was of no use, now matter how they cried out, they were met only by a creaking grunt, worse, still, the thickness was pushing ever closer to the last points of freedom. The rest of the thick puffy tail, the bending power of their waist and most worryingly, maybe even their face!

With a last 'Mmmph' for help the charr fell as still as they could, hoping the glue would either reach the limits of its spreading before they were truly in peril, or that they could hold still enough that it wouldn't push up. A worrisome thought occurred; with their rump presented, and the goo looking spread thoroughly enough to seem as if they'd willingly bathed in it, Varius worried that anyone who did find them might mistake their predicament as playfulness.

That was assuming anyone even came here and made it to their side without getting equally stuck...