

Fox Fulla' Goop
by Holo

Clyde was feeling anxious about his new job with Glacier Technology as he looked at the metal tank before him that stretched to the ceiling. The fox had the frigid arm of the company CEO around his shoulder in a friendly gesture that fell flat in the face of the task he was giving Clyde. "...So you see, we made this medical gel able to self replicate so that it would be easy to get more, be you in a hospital or a battlefield, but uh... we didn't think about the difficulties of storing and shipping something that constantly replicated itself. We're going to cryofreeze a portion of it for research, but the rest of it needs to be disposed of, and I've heard you're a fantastic candidate for that," Angelus explained as he held the end of a hose up to Clyde's muzzle.

Clyde was about to protest when Angelus shoved the hose into his muzzle and clamped it on with a sturdy leather muzzle. Clyde went wide eyed and tried to tug it off, to no avail. Angelus gave him a pat on the back, and gave a hand signal to his employees.

There was a long beep, a click, and then a constant, rumbling hum. The hose attached to the towering vat of replicating gel bulged, and soon, Clyde found himself with a mouthful of a sweet, herby goop. The pressure was more than he could resist, and he was forced to chug it down. His pale belly poked out from under his shirt, and it pushed open his black jacket. The button at the top of his tight jeans popped off almost immediately as his hips widened, taking on the brunt of his growth along with his thighs and rump.

Most of that goop seemed to be sitting heavy in his body, giving him a distinct pear shape as he filled up at a quick pace. His body was already wobbling and teetering atop paws that were far too small to support the growing weight and size of the body above. With a grunt and a thud, he fell back onto his ass, which made the thick, gooey contents of his body wobble slowly. He tipped forwards and then backwards, gradually steadying as his increasing weight steadied his balance.

His butt spread across the floor, and his legs splayed out to his sides, already helplessly thick. His feet were getting sucked into the fat rings of his ankles. His jeans were stretching, but were tearing at the seams as they were stretched beyond their limits. His boxers began to show through the splitting denim. His shirt was riding up to his chest, and his jacket was getting tight around his arms as even those started to bloat with goo.

Clyde was being stretched more than he was stretching his own clothes, and he was concerned that he might start to share their fate. As if to punctuate his worry, his jeans finally exploded off of his body, revealing his white boxers with a t-bone steak print them. The steaks were stretched across the fabric, especially around Clyde's huge ass. He was easily four times the size he was when he arrived, and he feared that this was the just start.

His face was starting to swell with slime as the rest of his body filled to tightness, and he could feel his cheeks squeezing against the muzzle. The top of his pear-shaped body was spared from most of the bloat, but his arms were already puffed to a squishy uselessness. Clyde's internal pressure was rising from the constant filling, but the pump filling him up simply clicked up a gear to be able to push into Clyde with even more force.

Clyde winced and tried to struggle as the pumping grew more forceful, in total disregard of his state. His body was creaking as he swelled into a room-busting pear of a fox with comically stretched underwear over his blimped rump. The sounds of stretching skin and sloshing fox filled the open production floor, and various employees gathered around the fox to observe, take notes, or simply laugh. Some began to place bets on how long he would last.

Clyde was far more durable than they gave him credit for, but even being far from his limit, he was already terribly uncomfortable. His skin groaned in protest at being made to expand so much so quickly, and his throat was already tired from swallowing. He was starting to sweat as even his tail and ears started to bloat with goo as that industrial slime tried to find unoccupied space in the fox-shaped container. Perhaps the worst part of this was that despite the relentless filling, Clyde was feeling healthier than ever. No doubt, this was a side effect of the medical gel's healing properties.

All of a sudden, the pump shut off, even though less than half of the container had been emptied. One of the floor technicians had killed the pump, and was pointing at his watch. Lunch break. Clyde rolled his eyes and decided he'd make the most of the break. At least, that was the plan, until he heard Angelus' voice. He looked down to see the boss fox grinning up at his bloated face.

"Well done, I'm impressed!" He gave a slow clap. "I think you're really a perfect fit for this job. In fact, after lunch, I think we'll really get you to work. I'm sure you can handle two tanks at once, right?" Angelus chuckled and gave Clyde's huge ass a slap to indicate where that other hose would be going.

Clyde winced and whimpered. He was getting the feeling that the Arctic fox was trying to get him to explode, and at this rate, he would succeed. He swallowed anxiously as he considered his fate. There was something else off about the whole situation, but it only began to dawn on him as he noticed that he was still filling and expanding.

Angelus' grin turned a bit more menacing. "Oh, of course, if you can't digest the gel faster than it replicates, well... you'll have to be terminated. So uh, try harder, or you're gonna make a mess." He winked and dusted his tail against Clyde before departing with a carefree wave. "See you at the end of the day, maybe!"

Clyde let out a whine that went unheard by anyone, not that anyone working at Glacier Technology would have been willing to help him. He was too big to move, even with assistance, and he was being paid for his "work" anyways. Whether he survived it or not was up to him, but as the pump in his muzzle restarted, the hapless fox was more than certain that his first day at Glacier Technology would be his last.