

Slime and Punishment

By Angelus

Raggon and Chaotic were about to serve the punishment for their crimes. The unfortunate pair were both strapped to the same fancy inflation machine. Raggon the Buizel was lying face up on top of what looked like a bed-sized bellows, and above him was an oversized tank of slime. A hose hung from the tank, and it was fastened into Raggon's mouth with a leather muzzle. Chaotic was in no better of a position. The raccoon was also lying face-up on a raised platform, and the hose that was fastened to his face was connected to the huge bellows that Raggon was laying on. A piston was pressed to Chaotic's belly, and it rose into the ceiling where it connected to a series of gears that were hooked up to Raggon's slime tank. It was a complicated device, but one thing was clear; as soon as one of them started getting bigger, neither would be able to stop.

The crime was unimportant, all that mattered was the punishment that they shared. The deal was simple. They would both be inflated by this contraption. One of them would explode, and the other would be set free. There wasn't a better option really, and they both braced themselves for a filling as a lever was pulled, releasing the brakes on the system and letting it kick into gear.

Raggon's weight pushed down the bellows right away, forcing a bit of helium into Chaotic's mouth and down his throat. Chaotic's tail writhed between his legs as his throat swelled. His stomach began to bulge as the sound of hissing air filled his ears. The air pressed at the top of his belly, trying to rise, and Chaotic realized that he was being filled with helium, not just regular old air. The apex of his belly pressed into the piston that was set against it and pushed it up into the machinery in the ceiling, and the gears groaned and turned. A plunger at the top of Raggon's slime tank pushed down, forcing more slime through the hose connected to his mouth, filling him up and making him even heavier.

Raggon's gut bloated with heavy slime, and it pressed out to his sides from the weight, spreading wide before rising up taller. His cheeks and throat were filled with the thick goo, and he could feel it moving around inside his stomach, still alive, as slime monsters tended to be. It was more than content to be squeezed inside him though, and it pushed out against the walls of his stomach to make more room for itself. His belly wobbled, stretching awkwardly in various directions thanks to the rowdy slime. The Buizel squirmed, getting bigger and heavier, and as his weight increased, he pressed down more on the helium-filled bellows below him.

Chaotic grunted through his muzzle as the lightweight gas flowed into him faster. His grey belly stretched, looking and feeling like a balloon covered in a stretchy fur coat. That orb of a gut exceeded the width of his hips and bloated out to his sides as it rose ever higher, the helium in his belly trying to lift itself, and Chaotic, off the platform. He wasn't light enough yet, and the piston was pressed into him anyways. He could feel it digging into his stomach at the front, near his navel, and his belly squeaked and creaked against it as every couple inches of growth shoved the piston up and forced more slime into Raggon.

The machine clunked and groaned as it worked to fill the unfortunate pair. The old gears moved with heavy, metallic thumps. The helium bellows wheezed and the slime plunger squeaked. The two filled, but the bigger they got, the less steady their growth became.

The piston against Chaotic's belly would get stuck, and he would expand until he was bulging around it, with the flat head of the piston pressed uncomfortably hard into his tightening gut. Only once he was wincing from the pressure would it be forced loose, and be shoved up a few inches at once.

The sudden push of the piston would have the same effect on Raggon, whose slime hose would bulge until it was rigid. Raggon's eyes watered from how much slime he was forced to chug down at once when this happened, and he could feel the bellows beneath him sink suddenly as his weight spiked with the mass of the living goo.

Raggon's gut churned loud enough that it made Chaotic's ears twitch. The Buizel was looking heavy, with his stomach ballooned like a small boulder above his body. The weight of it beared down on him, pinning his limbs and even tails to the platform he was tied to, reducing his struggles to an occasional wiggle of his fingers and toes. Small creaks began to rise above the sounds of gurgling slime and hissing air.

Chaotic didn't have too much time to worry about Raggon, he had his own problems to deal with. His stomach was now big and light enough to lift him up, but his limbs were still shackled to the platform. This meant that his back was arched up and his arms were bent back at a stressful angle. The more air he guzzled, the worse it got, and worse still was the growing feeling of fullness creeping into the skin of his stomach. His body tried to belch out some of the helium, but the constant airflow shoved it right back down, drawing out a small whine.

Raggon's heavy belly had tightened into a sphere, and was growing translucent from fullness. The creaking of his pressurized hide grew louder, and louder, and the plunger forcing slime into him groaned as it fought to keep forcing him full. For a moment, the machine squeaked to a halt as it reached an equilibrium. Both Chaotic and Raggon were too pressurized to grow any further, causing the machine to pause, leaving both of them rumbling on the verge of eruption.

Then, the slime in Raggon's body lurched, and another mouthful was swallowed down, and the machine kicked back into gear and plunged overdue gallons of slime into the Buizel. Unable to take anymore, Raggon burst with a wet SPLAT that sent a wave of slime spreading across the room and drenching Chaotic as well.

Lucky for the raccoon, Raggon's explosion meant there was no longer any pressure on the bellows to fill him with helium. He sighed with relief as he was unshackled from the platform and let go. And go he did! As soon as he was freed, his body lifted from the platform and floated helplessly until he hit the ceiling and bounced against it. He tried to shout, but they hadn't removed his muzzle, leaving him with little option. To his horror, his captors cackled as they pulled another huge lever, and the ceiling above him slid open with a grinding of stone. It was a trapdoor, meant to drop people down into this chamber, but right now it was being used to let Chaotic out! He floated through the trapdoor and was free of the room, now outdoors with nothing to catch him. A breeze swept up under him, and the helpless raccoon balloon drifted away, his globular grey form soon fading into the darkness of the night sky. The last thing he heard was the cackle of his captors down below, who in the end had punished both their prisoners for good.