

Otto wasn't having the best of days. The snow leopard's vacation to warmer climates took a turn for the worse when he managed to get himself lost in the woods, and sloped hard downhill when he stumbled upon a colony of slimes that were nesting underground. The disturbed slime oozed out of the earth and ensnared his limbs before he could try to escape. The translucent green goop pulled hard, spreading out his limbs as it moved to cover them. As he tugged against the slime it tugged back, making him stumble around until he tripped and fell to the floor. A tentacle of slime rose from the earth and splattered against his face, halting his decent and forcing its way into the surprised snow leopard's mouth.

He swallowed out of instinct, and the flow of slime caused his cheeks and throat to bulge to capacity. It took only moments for his stomach to distend visibly under his shirt, straining the buttons that were fastened along the front. He grunted as his shirt squeezed his stomach, wincing at the tight grip of it until the buttons finally burst off.

The aggressive goop wasted no time in swelling his stomach out beyond the reach of his arms. It burst the button of his pants and wrenched the zipper down as his gut pushed away those feeble restraints. His sides began to strain his waistband and his burst open shirt. His limbs thickened as his stomach digested the slime with ease, breaking it down and metabolizing it into fat. His sleeves and pants legs tore along the seams from the increasing width of his limbs, until they burst off of him completely, letting his heavy stomach sag down onto the ground. His gut pushed against the earth, tipping him upright, only to have the slime around his limbs yank him down onto his stomach again, forcing him to lay down on it and squash it against the floor.

For all his struggling, he couldn't hide the blush that began to glow across his cheeks as his gut overtook the rest of his body. He grunted as he tried to roll himself away, but he was too big, and the slime was too strong. An involuntary swish of his tail caused the slime to grab hold of that too, and like the rest of his body, it was thickening. As viscous as the slime was, it was simple and easy to digest, and his body processed it into fat as quickly as it could manage. For as swollen as his gut had become, it was obvious that his body was getting fatter as well.

With every gulp he began to enjoy his situation a little more. He swore that the slime was having an effect on him, flooding his brain with endorphins as he digested it. The tight orb of his stomach formed rolls of fat above his waist, and his face was soon encircled with rings of neck fat. Those rings rested atop a thick and puffy chest, which in turn was supported by a slime-stuffed stomach. The fat was so thick around his limbs that he could no longer bend them, forcing them to stick straight out from his body.

Otto wiggled his limbs as they were overtaken, sinking into his advancing fat rolls. He swelled into a white, fuzzy sphere that was dotted with stretched gray spots and dimpled with fat rolls where his limbs and head were located. He was wedged in the clearing where the slime made its underground home, squeezed between sturdy trees that refused to bend under his weight. A last drop of slime slipped into his mouth, leaving him gasping as it quivered inside him. A belch erupted from his fat face as it sunk down between two beach ball cheeks. His hands and feet were bloated with fat, too thick to even wiggle his fingers or toes.

As the minutes ticked by, his belly loosened and sagged toward the ground as the slime was churned and gurgled away into heavy adipose deposits. He belched up the gas that collected from the digestion process, and hiccupped drunkenly from the stupor his situation had left him in. The crest of his fat body nearly rose above the trees, and his flabby flesh squeezed between the gaps in the nearby trees. He hoped that someone would find him soon, though he was unsure if he would be able to be moved even if he was located. All the same, a huge mass of fuzzy flesh

in the jungle was bound to attract attention sometime. His thoughts faded, going fuzzy as his eyelids drooped, and he drifted off to sleep.