

Chip had always been too curious for his own good. He had started his day with some exploring, venturing out deep into the woods behind his house like he often did when the weather allowed. The map he had been making of the uncharted forest led him to a damp and mossy cave he had found a few days prior near sundown, and he had been all too eager to delve into its depths. His hooves squashed along the floor, the sound mostly drowned out by the dripping of water from the rock formations above. It was dark, but his unicorn horn did well in lighting up the blackness.

He had been walking for about twenty minutes when he saw it. A wobbling mass of goo as big as a truck gathered up into a squashed ball. It quivered as he approached it, and he gave it a curious poke with his hoof. His leg sunk right in, and he tried to yank it out but found himself firmly stuck in the goo. He grunted and tried to get traction, but the mossy floor was impossible to get a grip on with any of the pony's three other legs. Frustrated, he zapped the mass with a jolt of magic, sending sparks across the surface of the glob.

The entire thing seemed to roar at him, and it surged forward and swallowed him entirely. He panicked and tried to scream, but as he opened his mouth the slime forced its way in. His cheeks bulged and his throat stretched as an unbroken mass of slime pushed its way into his gut. He tried to wiggle himself free, but the slime was so thick he couldn't move even an inch. He winced as he felt the slime finally hit his stomach and fill it, starting to stretch it out until the bulge could be seen swelling between his legs.

The aggressive goo was unsatisfied with this, and pushed into his nostrils, flooding his sinuses and giving him a head rush. It filled his system as it poured down his trachea and into his lungs, and Chip thought he had met his match. He sighed, prepared to be lost here forever when he realized he was breathing fine, or rather, had no need to breathe at all. The slime was oxygenating his system just fine. Realizing that it might not be as malevolent as he thought, he relaxed, though only slightly.

The now accommodating pony was thanked for his cooperation by another rush of slime that pushed his stomach out until it pressed uncomfortably against his legs. He grunted in discomfort, but the slime didn't stop. He gurgled into the goo as it filled him, stuffing all the empty space in him it could find. His intestines bulged and filled, and his stomach stretched into a white sphere. He could feel his skin tightening around his bloating insides, and he moaned as the pressure grew. Noticing the resistance, the slime simply pushed harder. Chip curled his legs and yelped in response.

His skin began to groan and his growth slowed, the pressure inside him growing as the slime packed in, compressing itself to fit in those tight, unwilling confines. His throat and cheeks bloated as the slime could no longer push into his gut, and he gave muffled, bubbling protests as the last few gallons squeezed in through his nose and mouth, pinching them shut as the last of it disappeared into his body.

He was left resting atop a tight, quivering ball of white gut. He whimpered and whined as he felt the slime sloshing around inside him, trying to stretch him out from the inside to make room for itself. His hide groaned and creaked like an old metal ship on rough seas, and the sound echoed and amplified in the cave, letting him hear his own pressurized body complain to him. He knew the slime would keep him alive, but he hoped someone, somewhere, would find him here soon, before another came along.

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Chip stumbled out of the cave a couple days after getting attacked and bloated to his limits by a huge mass of slime he had woken up inside it. He was dazed, and the sunlight filtering through the canopy of leaves above was still bright enough to sting his eyes. He squinted and shuffled forward on wobbling legs. Although he was fine, the slime had decided to digest the copy of the map he brought along with him, and after a couple days of being painfully stretched, he had completely forgotten how to get back home from here. Normally he could use the sun or the stars, but he couldn't make out either with the trees in the way, so he knew he at least had to find his way to a clearing.

Around behind the cave was a grove of wildflowers illuminated by streaming beams of sunlight. Being able to easily spot the bright patch with his still-sensitive eyes, he made his way over. The canopy above was sparse, sparse enough that he could see the sun overhead. He grinned to himself, but then frowned as he realized he couldn't tell if it was morning or afternoon. He snorted and took a seat amidst the pretty red flowers, and waited while keeping an eye on the shadows. Should they grow shorter, it would mean it was morning leading into noon and that the sun was on the East. Should they grow longer, it meant the opposite.

As he sat and watched and waited, the grove sprang to life beneath the flowery foliage. Small cracks in the earth that were hidden by the grass and leafy flowers leaked thick red goo, and it pooled around Chip, surrounding him in complete silence. All at once it lunged, and the light turned red as it filtered through the mass of slime that was swelling up into a hollow dome around him. He blinked in confusion, but before he could react he found himself once again caught in the depths of a huge blob of slime. This one was titanic compared to the first, easily as big as a five story house, and equally as wide. It filled the grove completely, squishing up against the trees that circled it.

Chip was overwhelmed by how big this particular glob was, and his panic intensified as he realized what would happen next. He jolted the thing with magic from his horn, but the goo shook it off with a heavy wobble. He tried to keep his mouth shut and squeeze it out of his nose with pressure from his lungs, but the titan slime was tireless, and the soon fatigued pony found himself being stuffed again. His legs felt as though they were chained in place, though he was still able to thrash his head around a little, albeit slowly from the resistance the goo exerted.

His stomach groaned, protesting being filled up by force once again, but there was nothing he could do. This much larger slime poured into his stomach and filled up his stretched-out insides, pulling his skin into a tight ball once again. He bloated to immobility, big as a truck, but that was only a fraction of what this mammoth blob had to offer. "Mmpphh! MMPPHH!" Chip protested as he found himself getting stretched like a balloon, his already tight and distended hide being forced to stretch out more to accommodate the slime.

His respiratory tract was once again filled, and he coughed at it this time, finding it even more unpleasant than the first go around. His limbs twitched as much as they could as he strained them; wincing at the fullness he was feeling. His entire body began to bloat out now, his stomach giving way to ballooning sides and a swelling back that made him ever-more sphere shaped. His cheeks swelled, and his limbs stuck straight out from his body. Gradually the growing mass of pony felt his limbs getting sucked into his growing body as it pushed out against them, swallowing and squeezing them in tubes of tight flesh.

His skin groaned, and he moaned from the intense fullness. His glowing horn kept him from blowing apart, but that was all he could manage anymore for as exhausted as his forced feeding had left him. His legs vanished, leaving behind only the ends of his hooves visible

through the dimples they left on his sphere of a body. His head sunk in and was surrounded by white, fuzzy skin. He felt his back swell over the top of his head and poke against his horn. The feeling was unsettling.

Just as he thought he might prefer to blow apart than endure this any longer, he noticed he had stopped growing and was no longer encased in a ball of slime. The entire thing had pushed its way into him, and he was now pushing out against the edges of the grove, bending away the trees that surrounded it. He hoped beyond hope that a passing Pegasus pony would fly overhead and notice the swollen white mass in the forest below and rescue him. He wasn't sure he could survive another slime encounter.