

Trial by Juice Part II

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The goat grunted in frustration as he rode the stream of juice in the tunnel, surprised by how well-lit it was. He knew the tube was curving gradually downwards, and correctly guessed it was like a giant spiral slide of some sort. What his mysterious captor would need with such an odd thing was beyond him, though. As the goat worked to slow his descent velocity a little, the all-too-familiar cackle echoed throughout the tube, managing to drown out even the fearful shouts of the others behind him.

“Oh Terry, you really do think you're the cleverest person in the world, don't you?” the voice asked. “Perhaps your ego will become more reasonable once you've been reduced to a splattering of juice on the walls!”

Terry knew what was coming, but still *bahhed* in surprise once he felt the juice flowing into the hose within him. His soaked dress shirt already clung tightly to his middle, and it wasn't long until the buttons started straining. The goat's captor was obviously planning on bursting him apart in the tight confines of the tube before he ever reached the likely rigged “game” meant for him. He didn't plan on ending up like that idiot Greg, though. With effort Terry managed to roll onto his back, and kept his arms glued to his sides to increase his speed, the goat now blindly racing downward.

Further and further the goat traveled, unsure of when the tunnel would end. He had a clear view of his gut inflating, and watched as it grew rounder and heavier as time passed. His shirt buttons tore off one-by-one, ricocheting off the interior of the plastic tube, exposing his brand new pot belly. The bigger he got the faster he went, but the goat knew he was increasingly at risk of getting wedged in the tube if he didn't exit soon enough. Little by little his swollen middle began to block his sight, and any sudden movement would cause his gut to brush against the tube walls. Terry was certain he could hear a splashing noise approaching, and just as suddenly as the goat had entered the tube, he exited it...mostly.

Terry yelped as he came to a jolting stop, his bloated body jammed tight in the tube's exit. He fumed in rage as he realized just how close he was to relative freedom. The goat desperately tried to wiggle himself loose, but his continued inflation only ensured he was becoming more stuck, not less. Juice was beginning to pool within the tube behind him as Terry felt the pressure increasing. Despite only being a fraction as filled as Greg ended up being, the goat knew he'd burst apart well before the tube ever did. A new noise was fast approaching, though, an echoing jumble of yells Terry was sure belonged to the cheetah and dragon. In his swollen state all he could do was brace for impact.

The goat winced as he felt someone ram right into his bloated belly, causing him to inch a little further out of the tube but remain intact. There wasn't any time to build his hopes up for the second impact, which occurred seconds after, and resulted in muffled shouts from the tube. Though pushed out some more, Terry was still firmly wedged in the tube. He only had one more chance to be ejected, and the goat wasn't sure he'd still be in one piece when it happened. Relying on others was simply exasperating.

Khendar's journey down the spiraling tube had been somewhat harrowing. The tunnel was obviously not built with someone of his mass in mind, and the deer constantly felt as if he was a hearty breakfast shy of being too wide. Thankfully the river of juice helped to push him along. When he finally turned the corner towards the end, though, he panicked as he spotted the dragon and cheetah clogging the path ahead. There was no way for Khendar to stop his momentum, so he desperately shielded his face with his outstretched hands as he rocketed into the equally terrified duo.

The force of Khendar's arrival managed to be just enough to dislodge Terry, who skidded across the floor, swiftly followed by the cheetah and dragon. Unfortunately for Khendar, the tube's exit was marginally slimmer than the rest of it, and the deer ended up stuck himself thanks to his considerable belly. As soon as he realized what had happened, Khendar blushed. The deer was no stranger to getting wedged in small spaces, his waistline having betrayed him plenty of times to office chairs, water slides,

and the backseats of compact cars. Still, the incidents always drew attention towards his weight, often leading to laughter and endless jokes. Of course, getting stuck like that was also a huge turn on for Khendar, and he considered himself incredibly lucky his erection was hidden.

The freed trio slowly stood up, Terry's large beach ball of a gut wobbling as he continued to expand. He ignored the apparent plight of Khendar, far more worried about his current state. Terry had always been fairly proud of his slim figure, working out semi-regularly and never overindulging at meals. Sporting a belly was both unfamiliar and distressing. His middle jiggled at even the slightest movement, the heavy juice within splashing about in turn, and the gradual stretching of his hide made faint, unnerving creaks. If the goat weren't so suspiciously round he'd easily be mistaken for being obese. All the more reason to escape and reverse the effects.

Motivated by his desire to no longer be the biggest one in the room, Terry quickly began searching for an exit. The new room was much larger than the previous one, at least, though it was bisected by a rather curious set-up. Three massive balloons rested in indents in the floor, each directly beneath a metal pillar coming from the ceiling. Each pillar, in turn, had a very clear line etched into it, though the heights of the lines varied.

As the goat quickly pieced together the new puzzle, the loudspeakers came on. "Hmph, I'd congratulate you on surviving the tube, Terry, but all you've done is delayed the inevitable. Let's see if you can hold together long enough to *unlock* this next mystery!"

Terry, however, was one step ahead of the voice. "I honestly can't believe he thinks *this* is a cunning trap," he scoffed. "It's just imitating a giant lock, so all we need to do is inflate the balloons to the right height and stroll on through."

The dragon and cheetah were barely listening, too busy pulling on Khendar's arms in hopes of freeing the hefty deer from the tube. They'd made a bit of progress, but not much.

"Hey, this puzzle has a time limit, you know!" Terry shouted, pointing towards his still-swelling middle. "Dragon, be useful for once and help me inflate these damn balloons!"

"I've got a name, dude! It's Flynn," the dragon scowled back, not all that concerned with the egotistical goat's fate.

"Not important," Terry said. "And before you get any dumb ideas, if I go boom then our captor will likely just start filling one of you up next!"

The dragon was spurred into action by the threat, leaving Khendar to the cheetah. He hurried over to the balloon closest to the apparent exit, grabbing the hand-pump attached to it and dutifully pumping away. Terry himself waddled over to the middle balloon, his round middle a hassle but still manageable. For now. The muffled gushing noise coming from within his gut was nerve-wracking, an unwanted audio addition to the already unsettling feeling of his hide stretching continuously. Though the goat was still confident he could survive his ordeal, images of Greg blimping up and bursting flashed in his mind from time to time. No, he wasn't going to explode. He was better than the bull, better than any of the fools he was stuck with! They might end up as juice puddles but he was going to stroll out of this place and make a fortune writing a memoir about it.

Eventually the cheetah succeeded at dislodging Khendar, nearly getting crushed beneath him as they toppled backwards to the floor. They barely had any time to recover before Terry was yelling at them to get off their "lazy butts" and help. Khendar started to mumble a few complaints in the goat's direction, until his eyes fixated on Terry's middle. The once lean goat was now wider than even him, his belly round, wobbling, and ever-so-slightly growing. Every pump made his gut jiggle and slosh, and Khendar swore he could see the goat's limbs swelling a tiny bit too. He sported a big bubble-butt that'd viciously torn his pants open, also revealing a juice-swollen cock. Suddenly Terry wasn't so bad to deal with.

While everything went smoothly at first, fate inevitably decided to intervene. Flynn had driven himself to near exhaustion in between working to free Khendar and trying to pump up his balloon as swiftly as possible. The dragon's hand slipped at the worst possible moment, driving a claw right into

the balloon he was inflating and causing it to pop instantly. The noise brought the other three to a standstill. Flynn looked down on the rubbery scraps in shock, fear growing on his face as he turned towards Terry.

The goat's rage was obvious. "What did you just do!" he yelled.

"I-I-It was just a mistake, I slipped, I'm sorry!" Flynn stammered.

"Oh no, I'm not going out over *your* dumb mistake!" Terry fumed. "You're just gonna have to take the balloon's place!"

Flynn wasn't able to get another word in before the furious Terry abruptly shoved him over and down into the indent his balloon had once been in. The dragon cried out in pain, and as soon as his mouth opened up Terry shoved his bulging cock deep into it, gagging him. He let out a muffled shout of surprise, his bloated attacker grabbing onto his horns and holding him in place. His confusion was swiftly ended once an unexpected gusher of juice began pouring down his throat; Terry was inflating him.

The dragon's chubby middle rapidly ballooned outward, sloshing and pressing against the floor. He tried to stand back up and push away Terry, but the vengeful goat merely leaned over in response, using his heavy juice-filled gut to pin Flynn's head down. Flynn was trapped. His expanding belly began to push into his knees, weighing him down further. The torrent of juice coming from Terry's member was seemingly endless, and the dragon had no choice but to continue gulping it down just so he didn't choke. He was now painfully aware of how a water balloon felt.

At first, Khendar and the cheetah had absolutely no idea how to respond to what was happening. Neither knew the dragon well-enough to be motivated to intervene, and they weren't sure what Terry was capable of while enraged. All they could really do was continue solving the puzzle and focus on their own survival. Khendar nervously moved to the middle balloon Terry had abandoned, taking over the duty of inflating the rest of it while the cheetah continued on the third balloon. Getting closer also gave him a bird's eye-view of Flynn's fate.

Khendar watched in awe as Flynn continued swelling, the dragon flailing around in terror as he futilely attempted to escape Terry's wrath. His thick hoodie stretched along with his gut for a while, but the fabric couldn't hold up to his rapid expansion, shredding apart along with his undershirt. Flynn's shorts fared even worse, button bursting and seams ripping as his thighs and ass bloated too. Terry aggressively pumped away, never relenting, never giving the unfortunate dragon a chance to slip away.

"You'd better be more durable than your last balloon!" Terry taunted, a hint of joy amidst his fury. "Then again, even if you hold together I doubt you'll be mobile anymore, and I'm sure as hell not gonna roll you to freedom!"

The dragon was whimpering in fear as he gradually rose up atop his ballooning belly, his back pushing against the pillar above him and his claws completely off the ground. He couldn't believe the other two weren't trying to stop the crazed goat. Then again, he hadn't done much to prevent Greg from popping earlier. Flynn could hear the juice splashing into his stomach as he expanded, along with the faint creaks from his straining hide. The balloon he'd been inflating had been fairly massive, and he knew he'd practically be spherical by the time he was large enough to trip the lock. He really was doomed no matter what.

Khendar's efforts had dwindled dramatically as he continued ogling the blimping dragon. Despite the significant danger Flynn was in, he felt the intense need to see the dragon grow huge, to become as round as possible. For a brief moment he imagined what it must feel like to be so large and heavy, and blushed deeply. He was a little bit jealous of Flynn, Terry, even Greg—sort of. They were all living the dream of being massive, room-filling. Though Khendar definitely didn't want to explode, he also couldn't help but wish he was the one being pumped full of juice by an immense goat.

The deer had been so distracted by Flynn, though, that he hadn't realized Terry was actually deflating a little. While the flow of juice through his rear was still steady, his counter-flow of juice into Flynn was just barely stronger, allowing Terry to not only keep his own inflation at bay, but to actually

reverse some of it. He'd been dangerously close to hampered mobility before shoving his cock down the dumb dragon's throat, and now he was convinced he'd be able to waddle through the door and onto the next challenge. Flynn was finally proving useful after all.

Flynn was rapidly becoming a sloshing, creaking, groaning mass. Every part of his body had swollen with juice, from his cock to his cheeks to his moobs. He was far too inundated to free himself from Terry, though he knew he'd simply be immobile if he were let go, even right away. If the others had zero interest in rescuing him from Terry, then he doubted either of them would attempt to deflate or roll him to safety. The growing sense of despair was nearly as overwhelming as the pressure building within him.

A loud click caught the group's attention as the cheetah finished inflating his balloon to the proper height, shaking Khendar from his daydreaming. Fearful of being cursed out by Terry, the deer hastened his pumping. He breathed a short sigh of relief once his own pillar made the clicking noise, allowing him the chance to continue admiring the expansion around him. Flynn was little more than a wobbling dragon balloon now. His limbs had been mostly enveloped by his bloated, spherical body, his tail too thick and rigid to even flail anymore. Khendar could hear the ominous creaks coming from Flynn's body, and wondered if the dragon was already close to his limit.

Seconds later, though, there was a solid click, followed by the same celebratory jingle from earlier. The exit door swung open, causing Khendar and the cheetah to grin with hope again. Despite the success, though, Terry didn't stop.

The goat leaned over as best he could and whispered into the dragon's ear so the others couldn't hear him. "You made a great puzzle piece, dummy, but now you're gonna help me drain as much juice as possible to ensure I survive this stupid game."

Flynn cried out in dismay as Terry continued pumping away, though his pleas were muffled beyond recognition. He'd already been painfully taut when the exit had opened, but now the internal pressure was becoming unbearable. The dragon could feel patches of his hide beginning to warp. A miniscule leak formed on his side, spraying a teensy stream of juice, followed by another, and another. His eyes widened as he noticed the holes forming, then growing. Inevitably the tension was too great for his body, and the dozens of pinprick holes scattered across Flynn's hide all expanded into tears simultaneously.

The dragon burst apart just as suddenly as Greg had, reduced to a wave of juice in the blink of an eye. Terry was very nearly pushed over by the blast but persistently stood his ground, stumbling only a little. Popping Flynn gave Terry an adrenaline rush like none he'd ever experienced before. Watching the dragon expand at his mercy, knowing he had complete control over whether Flynn would be a helpless sphere or just a wave of juice, even being able to use his initially greater bulk to overpower him. While he'd initially disliked the heft that came with inflating, Terry was quickly realizing just how beneficial it could be, adding brawn to his brains. Perhaps when the ordeal was over he'd inflate in private more often.

Terry turned to face the other two remaining captives, smiling menacingly. "Such a noble sacrifice, bursting so I could live."

The loudspeaker returned. "What a shame to see you go so soon, Terry, though you always were a little too full of...your...self." The voice abruptly stopped, followed by some growling. "I-I mean Flynn! What a shame to see *Flynn* go so soon!"

"What, were you taking a piss break during this super important game!" Terry laughed, his belly sloshing around in turn. "Hopefully you taped it, cause my skills at adjusting to a crises on the fly were on full display. Just ask Flynn."

"Bursting another player is against the rules, so I hope you continue enjoying the complimentary juice as you move on to the final, most difficult test!" The mystery voice grumbled.

Terry's cockiness faded fast. "That's not fair! You're being a sore loser, stop the flow right now!" He was suddenly very aware of how round he was getting.

“The clock's ticking, for all of you! I'd spend less time whining and more time...wandering.” A distorted laugh blared over the speakers before cutting off.

“Y-you heard him, we need to get going!” Terry shouted, his confidence cracking a little.

The goat waddled as fast as he could through the exit, reluctantly followed by the cheetah and deer. As Khendar left he glanced over at Flynn's fallen harness, soaking in a pool of his own juice. He shuddered and hurried on.