

Trial by Juice Part IV

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The echoes of a distant explosion drifted into Khendar's ears. While there was always a chance their captor was messing with them, he knew in all likelihood the sound was simply the cheetah bursting elsewhere in the maze. His mind wandered as he imagined how the stranger might have gone out. Had he stumbled into some kind of trap or puzzle, swelling out of control until he was a creaky sphere, then popping all alone? Or maybe their captor had punished him for wandering off on his own and just turned on his hose to spite him. Khendar had no way of knowing for certain, though he was admittedly bummed out he hadn't gotten to see the cheetah expand in person. At least he still had Terry.

Terry heard the noise as well, but he barely seemed in the mood to celebrate. "Serves that traitor right. I bet he'd still be intact if he'd stuck with me!"

Khendar gave a token nod of agreement, though his attention was focused on the goat. He was amazed Terry could still move at all, the rotund goat waddling awkwardly on his bloated legs, his body dominated by the sphere of his middle. Terry was constantly sloshing and gurgling as he filled more and more with juice, the sound only ever broken by his exhausted breathing and the occasional groan. His moobs were domes that jiggled alongside his gut with every step, and even his bloated junk seemed to wobble as he went.

Eventually, though, the goat's movement ceased; he was too heavy to walk. Terry let out an exasperated cry amidst a string of curses as he made a few more futile attempts to lift his leg and step forwards. "This. Is. So. Dumb!" he yelled in a rage. "I can't believe I'm gonna meet my end thanks to some childish traps and a damn garden hose. It's humiliating!"

Khendar tried avoiding eye contact, not sure of how to comfort the doomed goat. "I...I could try and roll you along, maybe the exit's nearby?"

"Ugh, it'd be pointless. I seriously doubt I'm light enough to simply roll right now, and I know I'll reach my limit soon," Terry sighed. "You might as well just keep going, maybe a miracle will happen and *you'll* be the one to survive."

The deer felt vaguely guilty abandoning Terry, and shamelessly wanted an excuse to stick with him till the end. "Is there anything I can do you for you?"

Terry was about to shake his head and shoo the deer away, when an idea came to mind. "Well, if I've not got much time left, I wouldn't mind getting to...um, blow off some steam one last time."

"You want to yell at me?" Khendar asked, confused.

"What? No, I mean I'm wondering if you'd...ugh...give me a, you know." Terry stumbled over his words as he tried to find the best way to ask the rather personal question, before resorting to pantomime. He clenched his fist and rocked it back and forth in the direction of his mouth as best he could, then pointed towards his cock.

Khendar stared blankly at the goat's motions, until finally everything clicked and he blushed. "Oh, Oh! You want a blow job?" Terry cringed at the word, but quickly nodded. "I, uh, seem to remember the last guy who did that ended up bursting."

"I'm a tad bit too round to hold you in place like Flynn, and transferring juice into you wont stop the inevitable, so I'm sure you'll remain intact," Terry grinned.

Khendar didn't need much more convincing, and eagerly knelt down in front of the expanding goat, gently grasping his swollen cock in both hands. He carefully stretched his mouth over the goat's member, embracing Terry's swelling middle with his arms, and began to suck. Terry moaned in pleasure as the eager deer went to work. The feeling of the pressure within him was soon forgotten, and the goat began rhythmically pumping along with Khendar, squirting a steady stream of juice down the deer's throat. He held back—unlike with Flynn—ensuring his partner remained mobile enough to continue on till the very end.

Khendar, in turn, moaned as his belly bloated a little from the fresh juice, feeling every subtle

vibration on the overly taut goat's body. He could actually sense Terry's hide stretching as he continued inflating, the creaks becoming less menacing and more like an ambient soundtrack to his fun. From his position below, all Khendar could see was the immense arc of Terry's spherical middle, along with the distant peaks of fading moobs. His once sagging gut began to round out itself as he gulped down more and more juice, becoming a delightful dome. For a couple, painfully brief minutes, the deer forgot the danger he was in.

The creaks grew louder, and soon even Khendar's touch couldn't overwhelm the feeling of being stretched paper thin. Terry knew he was on the verge of bursting, but he let out a relieved sigh and moaned right before the end. A leak sprung from the goat's navel, followed by two more on his sides that quickly became unstable and spread. With a loud *boom* Terry came apart, the blast and wall of juice tossing Khendar back a couple feet in the process. Khendar coughed and shuddered as he recovered from the explosion, forced to accept that Terry was gone. He was now alone in the dungeon.

The deer lifted himself off the floor, stumbling a little as he adjusted to his new weight. He happily shook his belly with both hands, listening to the light splashes within and watching it jiggle beautifully. Khendar wished he'd had even a couple more minutes worth of juice in him, wondering just how round he could get himself while still being able to at least waddle around. If only there were someone, anyone, to share his girth there with.

Last of the five captives, Khendar aimlessly continued deeper into the maze, choosing paths almost randomly as he fearfully awaited the speakers to come on or his tube to start filling him with juice. While he hadn't known any of the others, the deer still missed their company, barely believing they were gone for good. Lost in thought, Khendar was stunned to turn a corner and see the distant searing light of the outside there to greet him. An exit.

"So Khendar, you think you're actually safe?" the captor's voice finally returned. "Would you actually be able to live with the guilt of being the only survivor today?"

Khendar wasn't in the mood to deal with his captor, having been glad to avoid any direct chats with him before. "Why would I feel guilt? They were complete strangers, and you were the one who burst them all, not me. Well I guess Terry kind of popped Flynn."

"I gave them every opportunity to work together and overcome their weaknesses, they did themselves in!" The voice insisted.

"Pfft, what about the tube? You totally tried to burst Terry in there, and it sure as hell wasn't a puzzle!" Khendar said. "Not to mention it was way too narrow for me, and I wasn't even inflated!"

There was some indistinguishable grumbling over the speakers. "I'm sorry I didn't design it with a blubber buck in mind. If you're getting stuck in water slides you should go on a diet, tubbo!"

"Real original, definitely haven't hear that one before Mr. Spooky Voice," Khendar taunted. "Besides, I actually enjoy my girth, and I know plenty of others do too!" He proudly rubbed his gut.

"Well if you're that fond of being huge than I've got the perfect gift for you, butterball!" The voice shouted. "Too bad you won't be able to enjoy being the world's largest deer for long!"

Khendar jumped as he felt juice being flowing into his rear, his round middle swelling. With the exit in sight he waddled as fast as he could, belly swaying back and forth wildly as it expanded. His hustle was reduced to a lumbering gait after a while, but his rapidly nearing freedom pushed him forward. Less than ten feet from the exit, though, Khendar nearly toppled over as his harness held him back; the hose had reached the end of its length. He leaned forwards, hoping the hose was merely caught on a corner elsewhere in the dungeon, but the effort failed.

The deer's frustration and anger evaporated in an instant, replaced by sheer fear. He turned around, expanding gut sloshing about, and grabbed a hold of the hose with both hands. No matter how hard he pulled or what angle he tried, the tube absolutely refused to budge, relentlessly denying him salvation. His clothes were starting to tear apart as his body slowly swelled up. Out of desperation the deer put his entire weight into pulling, but the strain of the attempt caused him to slip and fall right on his butt.

Khendar groaned as he rubbed his sore, bloated rear, not immediately realizing he'd accidentally made a kink in the hose upon falling. A tiny bulge formed in the tube, inflating rapidly right before Khendar's eyes. He watched on in confusion at first as the hose swelled larger and larger, wondering if it would burst and free him. Unfortunately it instead appeared to be dangerously durable.

"Ah, thought you could stop the flow of juice the old fashioned way?" The voice cackled over the speakers. "Well I'll have you know that hose can expand to fill the whole corridor before it'll ever spring even a tiny leak!"

The expanding hose was well over two feet wide by now, and pushing up against the bloated deer's gut. Khendar frantically tried pushing the bulge away, but there was only so much he could accomplish without undoing the kink in the hose and taking on the full blast of built up juice all at once. His situation was quickly becoming dire. Three feet, then four feet, the hose swelled out, practically looming over the terrified deer. The bulge was pressing into him hard, and it took all Khendar's strength to avoid being knocked over outright. He was gradually losing the battle, though.

Inflated to a horrific six feet wide, the hose finally managed to overwhelm the hapless deer. Khendar fell over onto his back, belly wobbling erratically as he looked up at the bulge threatening to be his doom. The kink was undone. Its path cleared, the built-up torrent of juice rocketed down the hose and into Khendar. He yelped in terror as his belly began swelling at an alarming rate, his clothes shredded instantly. Khendar's hide creaked in protest as it was flash-stretched to handle the geyser of juice shooting into him. His limbs puffed up and stiffened as they filled, the deer steadily lifted upwards by his ballooning body.

Khendar flailed about as he watched himself growing rounder and rounder, turning spherical just like the others had, begging for mercy. The only response he got was a maniacal laugh that echoed throughout the hallway. He could hear the tumultuous pool of juice expanding within him as the bulge in the hose continued deflating, nearly loud enough to drown out the horrible groans and creaks. His hide was terribly taut, his internal pressure growing worse with each passing second. The deer's bloated sides pressed into the walls of the corridor, Khendar's spherical form nearly clogging the path completely. His cheeks bulged out as his head sunk further into his bloated neck and body, until a gusher of juice spurt straight from his mouth. The release wasn't enough to hold him together.

Khendar gargled in terror as he felt his overstretched hide come apart, tears appearing all across the surface. As had happened four times before, a loud explosion rung out, followed by a tidal wave of freed juice. The deer's harness clattered to the floor, spilling more juice for a couple minutes longer until the flow finally ceased for good. The cackling laughter grew louder as Khendar burst, taking quite a while to actually die down as the mysterious captor delighted in another success.

"Five more fools proved themselves unworthy, meeting ends that were well-deserved," he preached to no one in particular. "Another trial completed, another punishment doled out." There was a brief moment of silence, followed by a sigh. "That didn't take as long as expected, they were way more reckless than most. I wonder if there's anything decent on TV right now..."

The voice faded, leaving the dungeon silent once more, aside from the gentle trickling of a juice stream flowing out the exit. Khendar had finally escaped...sort of.