

Trial by Juice

By: IndigoRho

“We're not being ransomed, this is obviously some kind of elaborate trap.”

Khendar groaned as unfamiliar voices stirred him from his slumber. The hefty deer couldn't remember going to sleep, and sluggishly forced his eyes to open, wondering if he'd simply passed out after an indulgent lunch again. As his sight adjusted to the light, Khendar realized he was in a cramped, sterile-looking room with white tile walls and floors, and he wasn't alone. Four others were with him—a bull, a goat, a dragon, and a cheetah—all standing and apparently arguing with one another. Nothing was recognizable to the deer, neither the room nor any of the people with him.

The most confusing aspect of the situation, though, were the harnesses each of them wore around their waists. Harnesses with hoses leading into the back wall. As Khendar woke up further, he discovered with dismay he was outfitted in the same odd getup as them, unfortunately confirming the tubes went straight into the rear.

The goat spotted Khendar's movement first. “Great, the big guy finally decided to wake up.”

“W-where am I?” Khendar asked, slowly hefting himself off the floor while struggling with his harness. “And what the heck is this thing!”

“Why would we know!” the bull snorted, pacing back and forth in the limited space available. “We're obviously in the same situation as you are, we're not gonna have magical answers for you! I bet you're gonna ask about the stupid puzzle thingy on the wall next, aren't ya?”

Khendar had been so distracted he hadn't even noticed the puzzle in question, prominently displayed on the wall opposite the tube dispenser. He could tell it was a jumbled picture—though he wasn't sure what of—the kind made of tiles you'd have to shift around until it was completed. A piece was noticeably absent, though Khendar quickly spotted it sitting on the floor in the room's center. The deer very nearly asked about it, before deciding getting snarked at by the frustrated bull wasn't worth the bother.

“Lot of talk for someone who asked the same questions about a dozen times already,” the goat jumped in, adjusting his glasses. “Are you going to accuse him of being our captor, just like you did with each of us? Still a ridiculous charge considering *you* were the first to wake up.”

Before the bull could begin arguing back, a speaker in the wall crackled loudly to life, causing everyone to cover their ears. A gravely, heavily distorted voice filled the room. “So nice of all of you to join me today. I've been watching each of you very, very closely for such a long time now...observing...judging.”

“Ha! If I were the one behind this then how could I be chatting on the loudspeaker right now!” the bull asserted, still wanting to get the last word in.

The omnipotent voice continued in the background, oblivious to the distraction. “...I couldn't even begin to list all of the terrible things you lot are guilty of, the people you hurt on a daily basis. You don't deserve the second chance I'm so graciously presenting you with today.”

“It's not hard to record some lines and play them back remotely,” the goat countered.

The dragon had finally grown tired of the bickering. “Will you two shut up! How can you possibly be arguing at a time like this!”

“You're not helping,” the cheetah mumbled under his breath.

Unfortunately he was overheard, prompting the dragon to snap at him as well. Khendar was feeling completely overwhelmed. He still hadn't fully awoken, the four strangers with him were embroiled in an argument that didn't make sense, and the menacing voice from the loudspeaker was increasingly difficult to hear over it all. The deer wished he could simply go back to sleep.

Eventually the bull threw his hands into the air in a huff. “I'm tired of this crap!” He grabbed the puzzle piece on the floor and stormed over to the wall, shoving it into place with little thought. “There, your dumb puzzle's complete, happy?” A harsh buzzer sound answered him.

"I expected as much of you, Greg," the loudspeaker taunted. "Always rushing your way through life, never learning, never showing an ounce of patience. At the very least you won't have to wait much longer for the end to come. Enjoy the free juice."

There was a moment of confused silence, until something cold began to flow through the tube in Greg's rear. The bull yelped and jumped a couple inches, wincing as he felt his stomach filling with liquid. He looked down in horror, all eyes glued to his swelling middle. Greg frantically pulled at the hose pumping him with juice, trying to remove it or rip it open or even just slow the inevitable. Nothing he did had any noticeable effect. His shirt was growing tighter by the second, fighting a losing battle against his expanding belly, the seams already tearing in places.

The dragon and cheetah were freaking out—stumbling away from Greg as if he were somehow contagious—while the goat appeared far more annoyed than concerned. Khendar, meanwhile, was trying his hardest to disguise how turned on he was by the bull's inflation. He absolutely adored bigger guys, so of course he couldn't help but want to see Greg get larger and rounder, regardless of whether or not he burst apart in the process. Greg's panicked movements provided plenty of delightful belly wobbling, too.

Thoroughly unimpressed, the goat ignored the bull's peril and walked over to the puzzle himself, removing the incorrect piece. "Greg you probably already know this, but you're an idiot. This is one of the simplest types of puzzles, especially considering how few pieces there are, and I bet even *you* could solve it if you put a couple second's thought into it." The goat began moving the tiles at a glacially casual pace, obviously not in any rush.

"H-hurry up, I bet if you solve the stupid puzzle I'll stop inflating!" Greg shouted, his shirt ripping to pieces and falling to the floor as his gut continued ballooning outwards.

He could barely move anymore, the weight of the juice making even waddling a struggle. His pants didn't last much longer, and as they shredded his swollen junk was exposed to the others. The bull was rapidly becoming spherical, his chest no longer distinguishable from his immense belly, his limbs growing stiff as they puffed up. Sloshes and splashes could be heard echoing from within him. The room was exceptionally small, and Greg's out-of-control expansion quickly forced the others to crowd together around the goat as he worked on the puzzle, their eyes nervously watching the swollen bull closing in on them.

Khendar continued giving the occasional glance towards the puzzle for a brief time, but eventually his attention was solely on Greg, who was practically a balloon by now. "I think the picture's a cat, yeah definitely a cat. Maybe." He almost mumbled, resisting the urge to step forward and press his hands deep into the inflating mass of bull.

The goat rolled his eyes and stopped what he was doing, turning around to glare at Khendar. "Seriously? It's a carton of juice, how could you possibly mistake that for a freaking cat?" He was only a couple tiles away from completing the puzzle, but belittling the deer was suddenly his priority.

"Finish it up before I burst!" the bull begged.

Greg's bloated sides were pressing into the walls and his hands were barely jutting out from his blimped up body. The pressure within was growing, his hide actually letting out an increasing number of mournful creaks and groans as it was stretched beyond its normal limits. He suddenly lurched forwards a bit as the juice inside him shifted and disrupted his balance, pinning the others to the wall without warning. Khendar blushed as he felt the bull's body press into him. Since he was rather obese, the deer hadn't had the pleasure of being squished by another very often, but even his girth couldn't match that of the overinflated Greg. Even better was the fact that he was, in turn, squishing the much thinner trio with him, delighting in their squirms.

"Oh, uh, s-sorry," Khendar apologized, still attempting to hide how much fun he was having.

The creaks were getting louder and more frequent, Greg's eyes wide in fear. "N-no, please stop the juice, please! You can't pop me, this isn't fair, this isn't fair!"

As the bull pleaded to unsympathetic ears, his bloated middle started pushing up against

Khendar's pointy antlers. Greg whimpered when he felt the points dig into his taut hide, painfully aware of the pressure. There was no escaping the inevitable. He let out a terrified yelp as the antlers finally pierced him, bursting apart in such a flash it was as if he'd simply vanished. For a brief second the four remaining captives were freed from the bull's bulk, only to be immediately pushed back against the puzzle wall as a tidal wave of juice erupted from Greg. They flailed and splashed as they suddenly found themselves in a shallow pool, tossed about by the waves from the explosion's aftermath.

The goat was the first to stand back up, nearly waist deep in juice and clearly annoyed. "Ugh, that idiot got me all soaked, good riddance!"

"Don't think the game's over just because our hastily departed guest is gone," their captor's voice returned. "You won't be able to move on until you've completed the puzzle, and I believe you'll soon discover the juice from Greg's hose is still flowing strong!"

Sure enough, the depth of the pool had visibly risen since the goat had stood. The group quickly began scouring the flooded floor for the final piece, their efforts impeded by the opaque juice and general fear. Only the goat appeared unfazed by the danger, one hundred percent convinced he would survive the ordeal, with or without the aide of the others. After a couple tense minutes the cheetah uncovered the piece, tossing it over to the goat so he could finish the puzzle. As soon as the piece was in place, a celebratory jingle played over the speakers, followed by a loud click.

A low, previously unnoticed door abruptly swung open, causing the pool of juice to aggressively drain through it. As the closest, the goat was snatched by the current almost right away, losing his balance and getting sucked head first down the giant tube the door lead into. His tube dutifully followed, a seemingly endless length unraveling from the wall. The cheetah and dragon were next, both far too light to resist the pull for very long, their surprised yells echoing throughout the tube. Khendar's girth kept him stable longer, but even the blubbery buck eventually stumbled, gliding right into the distressingly narrow tube. When all the juice was drained the door slammed mostly shut, Greg's abandoned hose trickling to a stop while the four remaining ones continued onwards.

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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.

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Terry grumbled and kicked off the tattered remains of his pants as he sluggishly waddled into the next room, followed cautiously by Khendar and the cheetah. Expecting another comically easy puzzle, the bloated goat was confused to see only a long, plain hallway with multiple paths branching away from it. As if sensing his thoughts, the captor's voice echoed to life again.

"You three may have survived the first two harrowing challenges, but there's no way any of you will escape my masterful labyrinth of sorrow!" There was a definite hint of annoyance in the voice. "You'll all definitely find yourselves hopelessly lost, until one-by-one you burst apart!"

"Hmph, like you'd be capable of putting together anything worse than a fun house maze," Terry snorted, acting as if he weren't completely at the voice's mercy already.

While the goat was thoroughly unimpressed, the cheetah was terrified. With Greg and Flynn gone, and Terry well on the way to becoming a juice puddle, he knew there was a fifty-fifty chance he'd be the next one filled. Additionally there was always a chance the crazed goat would turn on him like he had Flynn, popping him just to survive a few more minutes. He couldn't trust anyone but himself anymore, and the faster he broke away the better.

“W-why don't we split up?” The cheetah suggested. “I'm the quickest amongst us, I bet I can scout ahead and lead you two to the exit!”

He didn't wait even a second for a response—assuming his plan would be rejected—and instead sprinted down the hallway and around a corner.

“Stop you idiot, that's the worst thing we can do right now!” Terry yelled after him. “You'll just go around in circles!”

Terry seethed as the cheetah vanished from sight, his hose rattling around as he got further and further away. The goat was tempted to step on the cheetah's tube in hopes of tripping him, only deciding against it out of fear he'd slip himself in the process. His confidence was beginning to falter. In order to reach the exit in time without bursting, he'd need the assistance of others, something he despised. He'd only get slower as his ballooning body continued to grow, and the obese deer still by his side might not have the strength to roll him to safety if things got bad. If Flynn and Greg hadn't been idiots and gotten themselves popped, then his survival would have been guaranteed!

Khendar was just as frustrated with the cheetah, who he'd expected to stick around till the end. He knew striking out on his own wouldn't help, so the deer decided to stay with the decreasingly mobile Terry. Any lingering fears he had of the goat had mostly vanished once he'd become rounder. The desire to poke or tease his inflating companion was strong, and Khendar couldn't deny how much he wanted to see Terry's middle jiggle and slosh about. If anything, he was in a prime position to witness the goat grow immense before bursting.

“Uh, d-don't worry about that guy, we'll find our own way out!” Khendar tried cheering up Terry.

Terry's frown didn't go away, but he was secretly thankful the deer hadn't bolted as well. “We're better off without him, anyway. Less distractions.”

“Yeah, d-definitely less of those,” Khendar said, his eyes locked onto the goat's wonderfully round form.

With as much haste as they could muster, the duo waddled off down a different path from the cheetah, neither certain they'd survive.

Elsewhere, the cheetah was sprinting through the maze of corridors, his hose still trailing behind him. As expected, he'd managed to clear out far more paths than he would've if he'd remained with the others. Speed *had* always been his biggest strength. Racing from hallway to hallway, backtracking from numerous dead ends, the cheetah came to a skidding stop when he stumbled into a small room with a single entrance. Directly in its center was a rope ladder. The cheetah laughed in disbelief, salvation finally before him. For a moment he considered guiding Terry and the deer there, but his self-survival instincts won out swiftly.

Seemingly triumphant, the cheetah hurried to the ladder and looked up, gulping as he discovered the room was actually a dauntingly deep shaft. A beam of light poured through a hole in the distant ceiling, though, a patch of blue sky taunting the cheetah; the exit. With a deep breath the cheetah grabbed a rung of the ladder with his paw, only to have a chill run up his spine as the captor's voice came over the speakers.

“Harper, Harper, Harper. Abandoning the others at the first possible moment in order to save yourself?” The voice echoed in his ears. “You're always swift to leave behind anyone you feel is weighing you down. Now it's time for you to finally feel the true weight of a guilty conscious!”

Harper twitched as he finally felt juice flowing into him, his flat stomach immediately starting to bulge out. Panic quickly set in, and the cheetah desperately climbed up the rope ladder in hopes of escaping in time. The first few feet were relatively easy, though his trailing hose made things a little awkward. With every step his belly swelled and sloshed, becoming a bowling ball, then a basketball, then a beach ball. His tank-top rose up the curvature of his growing gut, and his athletic shorts fortunately had enough give to stretch along with his waist. The increasing weight of the juice was impossible to ignore.

The cheetah's pace slowed each passing second. His horribly rotund middle was pushing against the ladder and impeding his descent, and he was already feeling the juice slowly spread to other parts of his body. The glimpse of the outside world so far above tormented him, till he was convinced he could hear the sounds of birds over the bubbling within his stomach. Harper's limbs puffed up and his thighs expanded, the cheetah gradually taking on the dreaded spherical form that would mean his doom. Ominous tears heralded the end of his shorts, the remains of which fluttered down to the floor below, followed soon after by his torn tank-top.

His progress had become glacial as he closed in on the hole in the ceiling, his face pelted by a fresh breeze that fueled him on. One rung at a time the cheetah neared salvation, until one paw actually rose free of the dungeon, safe. With tremendous effort he lifted his hefty body up through the hole ever-so-slowly, but his bloated belly proved to be too wide to fit. Harper let out an exasperated cry as he frantically tried to force himself through the increasingly tight gap. He couldn't be stopped now, not when he was so close, when he could literally breathe the air outside. The cheetah's middle wasn't getting any smaller, though, and the growing weight of the juice started reversing his progress one inch at a time.

"N-no! Help me, someone help me!" Harper shouted, even though he couldn't see another living being nearby. "I don't wanna pop, I don't wanna pop, please!"

Harper's weight finally won out, the cheetah yelping in terror as his grip slipped and he fell a few feet back through the hole, just barely managing to grab a rung of the ladder again with his right paw. The ladder swung back and forth like a pendulum, the juice within Harper crashing around within him as waves formed. His arm was growing stiffer, his round body swelling to envelop his bloated limbs inch by inch. Long creaks joined the splashing and his panic breathing, the cheetah whimpering as he felt his fingers begin to puff up. He was almost completely spherical when he inevitably lost hold of the ladder.

The cheetah balloon screamed as he plummeted down the shaft, too bloated to even flail in fear. When his round belly finally slammed into the floor his entire body distorted and warped. An immense tear formed along his bulging circumference, a gusher of juice spraying out in all directions as the cheetah exploded. He blacked out instantly, reduced to a rushing river of juice and a discarded hose. A long laugh cackled over the loudspeaker as the entrance far above slammed shut. Three down, and two more to go...

* * *

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 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 won't 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.