

Arthur's Juicy Night In

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With an unintended *slam* the front door closed behind Arthur, the deer dropping off his bag as he practically dragged himself inside. Work had been utterly exhausting all week, with that Friday being by far the worst, and all Arthur wanted to do was relax and enjoy the weekend ahead of him. Though his boyfriend wouldn't be home for a bit longer, the deer knew exactly what he could do to have some fun as he passed the time. He sluggishly made his way towards the kitchen and pulled a large bottle of Swell Garden from the wine rack. The bottle hissed as he popped out the cork, Arthur's nostrils teased by the strong aroma of blueberry that was released.

Arthur was rather passionate about blueberry drinks, especially the more volatile ones that could actually turn you into a giant berry. Sure there was always at least *some* risk of berrification being permanent, but nothing quite matched the feeling of swelling up, or the sound of so much juice sloshing within you. While being a berry with friends tended to be preferable, there was still plenty of joy to be had on a solo adventure. Hopefully the Swell Garden would prove to be just as refreshing as his usual drinks of choice. With a wide grin the deer pressed the bottle to his lips and raised it high, enthusiastically chugging the entire thing in one go. Soon he'd be feeling the steady build of pressure from a gradual inflation, while still having plenty of time to change into something better built to handle his expansion.

The deer's face contorted as his stomach let out an uncharacteristically loud gurgle. He looked down in confusion, shocked to discover his normally flat middle was now a dome beneath his shirt, and growing rapidly. Arthur quickly grabbed the empty bottle and scanned the label, eyes settling on the serving size: one shot. Never before had he seen a blueberry drink that concentrated sold in such small bottles. Fortunately there was no time to panic about whether or not his body could handle such a high-speed inflation.

In the seconds it'd taken to simply read the bottle, Arthur's belly had inflated to the size of a beach ball, the seams of his shirt creaking as they struggled to contain his bloated form. The fur on his snout was swiftly turning a deep shade of blue, the color spreading like wildfire across his body. Inflating wasn't a new experience for the deer—far from it—but transforming into a berry was usually a slow and steady process, nowhere near as swift and overwhelming as what the Swell Garden was doing to him. An attempt to save his clothes was unfortunately too late, his shirt tearing down the sides as the buttons burst off in quick succession, exposing his round blue belly and littering the floor with his tattered garments. His pants met the same fate a few seconds later, right as the deer tried retrieving his phone to call for help.

Arthur stumbled as he worked to maintain his balance, arms and legs growing stiff as they swelled with juice as well, making escape impossible. The bubbling of juice from within him was uncomfortably loud, like a faucet turned on full-blast. His hide creaked sporadically as it was rapidly stretched to its limits, Arthur wincing at the unnerving frequency of the noise as his internal pressure increased. He carefully wobbled to the center of the kitchen one slow step at a time just so he could avoid being too close to anything sharp, almost rolling over onto his increasingly spherical middle in the process. His limbs sunk into his massive berry body till only his wiggling digits remained visible, his cheeks rounding out a little as his chin came to rest atop his bloated form.

Despite the intensity of the pressure, the muffled bubbling eventually settled down, and Arthur found himself rocking back and forth, a fully inflated berry. He allowed himself a brief sigh of relief that he was still in one piece, but there was still a lingering concern. Remaining a blueberry for too long was bound to make the affliction permanent. Rates of permanency varied wildly based on the brand and amount consumed, and Swell Garden definitely seemed like one of the more volatile ones. Completely immobilized, Arthur could only hope his boyfriend would return home in time to juice him before he ended up as a blueberry forever.

Still, Arthur could think of few ways he'd rather spend a Friday night. He wobbled about, the stresses of work fading as he listened to the faint sounds of fine blueberry juice splashing inside him, making the best out of his situation. The deer couldn't wait to see the look on his boyfriend's face when he did finally return home, and distracted himself by thinking of the perfect, excessively punny way to greet him...