

An Impromptu Juicing Press

By: IndigoRho

An odd pile of clothes littered the middle of the kitchen floor, as if they'd been abandoned mid-trip. They weren't a random assortment, but rather a full outfit. Red-and-white Converse, a matching pair of blue shorts and a jacket, a thick red belt still looped and notched...even a pair of white gloves. Beneath the pile, though, an odd lump was moving, and eventually a bat crawled out of the shorts. He was barely the size—and nearly the shape—of a tennis ball, and wore a dark blue bodysuit that clung tightly to his violet fur. With a considerable amount of effort the relatively-large bat managed to get back onto his paws. Jasu looked around at the imposing clutter of clothes he had just been comfortably wearing, still unsure as to what could have possibly happened to shrink him so suddenly and rapidly. One minute he was downing a berry soda before dealing with his morning juicing, the next his clothes were the loosest they'd ever been. Only the latex bodysuit had had the decency to shrink down with him.

Jasu quickly and understandably suspected the soda as the cause of his condition, though whether it had been spiked by an enemy or simply gone bad was a mystery to him. Fortunately the bat had a contingency plan for all sorts of petty vengeance schemes that might befall him, and always kept a shrinking antidote safely tucked away beneath a kitchen cabinet. He smirked as he thought of all the times he'd been called paranoid for taking such excessive precautions, and—for a split second—felt the faintest hint of regret that he'd popped most who'd made the accusation; saying “I told you so” to a pile of scraps just wasn't as fun. However, the bat's smug sense of triumph was swiftly ended as he took his first step towards salvation.

While walking wasn't always easy for a bat of Jasu's girth, he just narrowly avoided tripping and falling atop his sloshing gut. A tiny *Scree* of dismay barely crossed the kitchen as Jasu realized the volatile juice within him was replenishing itself again. Frequent inflations over the years had left the bat in a permanent berry state, his body producing gallons and gallons of juice almost constantly. Persistent juicings managed to keep his condition in check but not cure it, and Jasu would gradually swell throughout the day if he wasn't careful. He'd embraced his status as a literal fruit bat, though, enduring far longer than expected. Fate seemed to be conspiring against him this morning. Jasu had delayed draining all the juice that'd built up while sleeping, and the innocent oversight now threatened to leave him a berry stain on his kitchen floor. There was still a chance to safely juice himself after returning to his normal height, he just needed to act fast. Then the ground shook.

Jasu looked up in terror as a massive blue cheetah waddled into the kitchen, scratching his immense gut and letting out a yawn that reverberated as a roar to the tiny bat. He'd completely forgotten Indi was still around. While the two *were* friends, Jasu knew he'd be foolish to count on the blubbery feline for help; Indi was more likely to take advantage of the bat's misfortune, which wouldn't end well. With more than enough motivation to move his big butt forward, Jasu desperately attempted to make his way to the hidden antidote without either being seen by Indi or stumbling to his doom. His clothes proved a formidable obstacle, but Jasu managed to huff over and around the difficult terrain as the tiles beneath him rattled from the sluggish approach of the cheetah.

Waddling became harder and harder with every step as Jasu gradually became heavier and rounder. He could hear the juice inside his body splashing and swirling, eager to be free. Unfortunately, the bat simply couldn't outrun the swelling. His bloated body inevitably enveloped his arms and legs, causing the bat to roll onto his middle...right in the path of Indi. All Jasu could see of the cheetah was his overwhelming shadow, and he was certain Indi was seconds away from spotting the defenseless bat and terrorizing him in some manner. The anticipation was agonizing.

Indi, though, hadn't fully woken up yet, his eyes only half-open when he lumbered into the kitchen. The cheetah was so tired he didn't even notice Jasu's clothes piled up on the floor, nor the wobbling blue berry directly ahead of him. Utterly oblivious, the cheetah's fat paw landed almost

squarely on Jasu. A torrent of blueberry juice gushed from Jasu's mouth and his eyes bulged wide as the initial pressure of Indi's paw struck him. He could feel his spherical body warp and strain as the paw continued lowering, and was convinced he'd burst apart at any second. By sheer luck the volumes of juice within him managed to flood out of his maw fast enough to balance out the pressure. Not that it was much solace to Jasu. He flailed wildly as his formerly spherical body was flattened into a smooth blue circle in a matter of seconds, every drop of juice squeezed out of him.

Indi's eyes twitched as he felt his paw land on something rubbery and squishy. The resulting sound initially made the cheetah think he'd stepped on an abandoned ketchup bottle or something, and he quickly lifted his paw to survey the damage. Of course, instead of condiments, Indi saw a pool of juice and a pancake of a bat. A brief wave of embarrassment hit the cheetah as he realized he'd squashed his host underpaw, which soon switched to nervousness. He knew Jasu wasn't the forgiving sort, and decided the best course of action was to make himself scarce and hope the bat was somehow unaware of who had flattened him completely. Indi waddled out of the kitchen as fast as he could, before grabbing his stuff and fleeing the apartment.

Back on the kitchen floor, Jasu was feeling far from comfortable. He was too flat to move, or even really see all that well. The steady shaking of the ground and the distant sound of a door slamming hinted at Indi's speedy departure, which provided the bat with an ounce of comfort. Alone and effectively immobilized, all Jasu could do was wait. Eventually the natural build-up of fresh juice would bloat the bat back to normal, but he had no idea how long that would actually take. In the meanwhile, Jasu would at least distract himself by imagining all the ways he'd get revenge on the blimp of a cheetah once he was back to normal.