

Dim lights buzzed overhead, the first thing to greet the resting otter as he awoke in an unfamiliar location. His groggy eyes struggled to focus on the ceiling overhead, head ringing with the unpleasant sound of what at first he thought might be a hangover. He couldn't remember drinking the night before; of course, that was typical. What was more unusual was the room he'd woken up within; a box of concrete with no windows and only one door, darkly lit by the weak bulb that hummed in the center of the ceiling. Even stranger, the otter could feel something occupying his muzzle, tasting rubber as he registered the foreign object that held his jaws apart.

Making to remove the unknown item, the otter's paws yanked to a stop several inches before his muzzle, the sound of strong cables being pulled taut jerking him out of his half-sleeping stupor as he realized that his ankles and wrists were bound, and a collar around his neck prevented him from lifting his head to take in more of his surroundings. Immediately, the feral weasel's heart began to race as he tried to move his forelimbs, finding that the cords that bound his arms allowed him a surprising range of motion, but kept his paws from coming near his muzzle or the collar that held him down, his hind legs bound in place against what felt like a hospital bed.

Panic setting in, the otter gave muffled whimpers around the rubber as he crossed his eyes, seeing a strap around his snout that held the hose firmly in place and following the tube that filled his muzzle up towards the ceiling, where it connected to a series of pipes that lead out of the room. He tried to struggle against his bindings, but found that he simply couldn't work his limbs free, nearly gagging as his squirms caused the leather strap around his neck to press into his throat. Just as confusion and fear reached their peak, the otter heard shuffling beyond the foot of the bed, grunting as he tried to tilt his head down to get a look at his captor.

Though he couldn't see past his nose, the otter heard the sound of wood sliding against wood, and a muttering voice whose words he couldn't quite make out, despite straining his ears hard, and the figure moved on only moments after checking in on the otter, padding away with the sound of claws tapping lightly over stone.

There were a few minutes of quiet, the otter whining as he tried to figure out what was going on. Suddenly, the pipes overhead issued several squeaks and clanks, causing the otter to jerk against his bindings in surprise as his eyes darted around the ceiling, trying to follow the sounds as they worked through the piping and tubes. The hose in his mouth vibrated as a light flow of air softly hissed through it, though the weasel simply let the puffs from the hose vent out through his nose, still straining against the straps in an attempt to remove the tube.

The otter's struggles stopped when he abruptly felt the air from the hose transition into a slow flow of water, coughing at the unexpected stream and trying to plug up the tube with his tongue, gulping down the water that had already filled his throat while he spluttered softly. Though he was able to hold the flow back, he could already feel the pressure building against his tongue, ears folding down against the sides of his head as his tail curled between his legs. More creaks and groans from the pipes overhead, and the otter felt the water pushing harder against his tongue, until he could no longer hold back the stream, and his muzzle was suddenly filled with the pure fluid. Again, he tried to stop the torrent from flowing down his throat, yet the pressure quickly grew to more than he could push back against, and he was forced to gulp down the water before his cheeks burst, the liquid trickling out the corners of his mouth in a pair of streams that dampened the fur of his chin.

As the water started to fill his muzzle again, the otter couldn't help wondering just how he'd gotten into this situation, and why he was being forced to drink like this. Was the water tainted somehow? Was this a test by some lunatic? Was he being drugged? He didn't have much time to ponder before he was forced to swallow the water in his mouth again, squeezing his eyes as the fluid bulged out his throat to an uncomfortable degree. The stream wasn't overwhelming in speed, but the pressure was unrelenting, his muzzle filling again despite his efforts to plug the hose up with his tongue or bite down enough to close off the tube. The water just kept coming in spite of his struggling, and every minute he was forced to choose between gulping down another painfully large mouthful of water or drowning from the mounting pressure.

This continuous chugging soon caused the aquatic weasel to feel uncomfortably full, his middle distending under his fur into a subtle, but noticeable curve. The otter gave a groan as he settled his forepaws atop his stomach, rubbing the bloated surface softly while another bulge of water was sent down his throat. The added fluid raised the crest of his gut up by millimeters, though it felt like meters in the otter's mind, his heart pounding in his chest as he wondered if he was going to be blown up until he burst.

Despite the ominous thought, the weasel's wriggling struggles had died down due to the discomfort they were adding to his swelling middle, until he simply laid still on his back as he gingerly rubbed at his tightening tummy, trying to comfort the mounting pressure in his gut as he repeated to himself that he'd be alright. Surely the water would stop any moment now. He just had to hold on long enough.

Gulp... his belly started to enter his limited vision, the apex peeking up over his muzzle with each inhalation.

Gulp... now it was permanently in his line of sight, a tight curve that quivered softly with his shaky breaths, audible gurgles churning within the rounded dome.

Gulp... it was getting more difficult to take each breath as the pressure built in the otter's abdomen, the tight feeling reaching the point that he was afraid the next huge swallow would be the one to burst his stomach.

As this thought raced through the weasel's mind, the water's flow suddenly cut off, leaving his mouth empty for the first time in what he felt must have been hours. Panting deeply through his nose, the otter gingerly stroked over his severely engorged midsection, the taut curve feeling like a basketball had been forced under his skin. The fur on his midsection had been pulled up straight from the tightness of his hide, giving his brown coat a pink tinge around his distended middle.

Suddenly, the straps on the otter's wrists pulled his hands down to the bed with a mechanical whizz, causing him to jerk with surprise, whining pathetically as the motion jostled his drum-tight midsection. Though he wanted to look around, he was too hesitant to move for fear of disturbing his painfully-filled stomach, once again straining his ears to pick up any sound. Soon, he was able to pick up the sound of claws against stone once more, before he heard the door beyond his gut being opened, and the sound grew closer to him as a shadow drifted over his figure.

Emerging from behind the curve of the otter's gut was a long, black beak, followed by more features of inky black color. The raven almost seemed to be a living shadow in the dim light of the room, their dark eyes piercing into the otter's with inscrutable intentions. Gently, the anthro set their taloned hand on the weasel's widened waistline, causing him to whimper again as his captor felt around the pressure-hardened surface. The corvid hummed and muttered under their

breath in a deep voice, apparently deep in thought as they gauged the filled state of their prisoner's paunch.

"Baseline established," the otter managed to make out from the raven's ramblings, "Limit achieved... administer dose... resume..."

The avian turned and disappeared behind the weasel's gut again, and he felt a brief prick on his thigh that made him give out a muffled yelp, halfheartedly squirming in his bindings as he felt a tingling sensation spread outwards from his leg, settling over his whole body by the time he heard the door closing. Minutes passed in confused silence, before he started to notice a different feeling; he no longer felt as stretched out as he had. His bloated stomach still rose up tall over his muzzle, yet the organ no longer felt as tight and overfilled.

He didn't have long to mull this revelation over, however; with more creaks and groans from above, the water suddenly sputtered into his muzzle once more, and at a rate that must have been triple the flow from before. Startled and bemused, the aquatic weasel nonetheless started to chug down on the water, lest the flow block of his supply of air, having to breathe quickly between his more frequent gulping.

Fortunately, his captor had the mercy to allow his wrist straps more freedom of movement, letting the otter settle his trembling hands on the ballooning curve of his gut. He rubbed over the expanding surface tenderly as he was forced to drink more water than he'd need in a week within minutes, finding to his shock that his hide was no longer tightened like the face of a drum, but nearly-supernaturally supple, stretching like soft rubber to accommodate the water as it came. This brought a welcome sense of relief from the painfully taut feeling from before, as well as assuaging the worry of bursting.

Yet despite the relief, the mustelid still had to chug almost desperately to keep up with the water that was being pumped into him, his inflating stomach churning and sloshing loudly as it stretched to the size of a beach ball, starting to pin his arms under the sides of its growing curvature and rolling over his thighs heavily. The sheer weight of the water made breathing a more difficult task, each hasty pant between the swift gulps getting harder for the weasel. His captor must have thought of this, as while he the otter struggled to swallow down the water, his bed began to tilt forwards, shifting him into a sitting position that rolled his gut down over his knees. At the same time, the otter felt the hose pushing further into his muzzle, gagging softly as the tube wormed down his gullet a significant distance, pouring the water straight down his throat.

The otter sighed softly through his nose as he found himself able to breathe easier, wrapping his forepaws around his middle as he tried to hold it back from growing further, but this only caused the swelling sphere to squish around his arms heavily as the lower reaches crept slowly over his legs, burying the limbs under the heavy dome. As the girth of his gut brushed the tops of his hind paws under a seemingly endless supply of water, he could only wonder just how far his captor was going to go.

Gulp... gulp... gulp...



