

BERRIES AND BENDERS



Vic Waite

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Benders and Berries

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A Commission for Ransom
Villam and Horros Belong to Ransom

College frat parties are known for being wild, and those thrown by Villam are no exception. Anything goes at those bottomless benders, from transforming berry booze to swallowing the guests whole. When those two opportunities intersect, Villam can't help but indulge himself. What consequences might that indulgence have?

Content Warning: This Novella is intended for **Adult** readers and the following tags apply: Commission, (Ransom), Adult, Short Story, Male, Chimera, Rat, Public Setting, Bottomless, Vore, Oral Vore, Inflation, Transformation, Berry, Blueberry, Immobile, Willing Prey, Weight Gain, M/M, Oral Sex, Bovine

The House Party Rages

Heavy bass thumped through the frat house, rattling the floors and walls with a steady beat. Several scents mixed and mingled in the air, those of alcohol and herbs, filling the space and easing tensions and inhibitions. Partiers packed into the living room to dance and entice one another, a conscious break away from the stress of college classes. Some lost themselves to the rhythm and joined strangers in revel, while others relaxed upon worn couches and simply watched. Distinct cliques formed throughout the house, from the jocks to the cheerleaders and every style in between, but the most prominent of them wore their signature red jackets and nothing below the waist. The most prominent of the frat itself perched upon his worn, plush throne, a wide love seat worthy of his imposing figure.

Sinking deep into well-used cushions, Villam surveyed his domain. An expression of satisfaction spread across his canine snout, a sentiment mirrored in the slow wag of his rooster tail. His tall donkey ears twitched to the beat and scanned the dance floor, drawn to bursts of laughter and eager shouts. His gaze followed one such outburst, locking onto a sight that stirred his appetites. The dancers parted as one of them lifted another above their head, then gaped their jaws wide and dropped the chosen snack. The lab-coat clad meal let out a brief shout before the squelch of a tongue stifled it, followed by cheers and laughs from the onlookers. Villam's frat brother made skillfully quick work of the rival frat member, stuffing him into his belly in a few short swallows. The sight brought chuckle to the chimera, but more importantly, a sympathetic rumble to his middle.

That strained seat creaked and groaned as Villam shifted his weight, then groaned with relief when he stood. That simple act

drew the attention of several parties, his frat brothers in particular. They knew that hungry look in his eye well, and they acted accordingly. Most moved from his prowling path, sinking into the rest of the crowd and avoiding his eye. A small number followed in his wake, eager to watch a prime predator in action. Villam ignored his brothers for the most part. He offered a few teases, a lick of his lips here, a hungry look there, not stopping until a commotion from the kitchen caught his attention. The clack of his hooves against tile marked his entry, and a rumbling gurgle of hunger announced his intentions to the crowd.

Only some of them parted, revealing the spectacle before them. At the command of their frat brother, a pledge performed a handstand atop a keg. Chants of “chug” thundered through the air, and in a bid to earn his place among his peers, the rat did just that. If the swell of his belly was anything to go by, it was not his first attempt of the evening either. He teetered upon trembling arms, struggling to both support his weight and keep his balance. It was only by the strength of the boar that held his ankles that he remained upright. Still, he drank like a champ, and the keg’s reserves dwindled as his belly filled. It nearly sloshed passed his head by the time it emptied, and its ponderous swing tested his spotter’s limits. The rat motioned to be let down, though a shout of “one more” spurred him upright. The pledge adjusted his grip and teetered atop his third challenge.

Villam nearly passed the feat by. Keg stands were a common occurrence, and three in a row was not impressive. What spurred him to stop was the little green emblem on the side of the keg.

The chimera recognized it instantly as one of the botanists’ brews, but said nothing. Whether he was the only one to notice or of others were in on the bit as well, he wasn’t sure. What Villam knew was that he had found his meal, and with a little patience, it would be something new for him. His stomach rumbled at the thought, half in protest, half in anticipation, but he quelled it with a rub to its upper

curve. That sound drew the pledge's attention however, who struggled to see passed the swell of their own middle. That sloshing, swollen gut obscured Villam's upper half, though the combination of a pink equine cock and soft brown fur gave his identity away. The pledge wavered in the presence of the frat's leader, but his spirit didn't break. The rat braced both his arms and resolve, then dipped down and took the keg's nozzle into his mouth.

With a few pumps, the beer flowed once more. The pledge swallowed the first few gulps with ease, adding to the significant slosh of his heavy belly, though it wasn't long before his pace slowed considerably. A stuffed exhaustion played across his muzzle, and each gulp grew more and more laborious. Still, the rat pressed on. Whether it was peer pressure from the chanting crowd or the interested gaze of his frat's leader, the rodent pushed himself to and passed his limit. Dribbles of bubbly blue fluid leaked from the corners of his muzzle, which ran down his forehead and dripped onto the keg below. A few of his audience helpfully pointed that waste out, earning a mix of jeers and advice. Some called for tape while others suggested a gag, but none made good on their shouts in Villam's presence. With the chimera's unspoken command, the rat continued his chug and his frat brother maintained his grip on his ankles.

Whether Villam saw potential in the pledge or simply offered a fair chance for him to prove himself, the rat recovered well and drank down the rest of the keg. The pledge's eyes screwed shut as he drew upon the last dregs of his willpower and fortitude, slowly swallowing through the keg's back half with great effort. His middle sloshed and gurgled even without disturbance, bubbling and roiling with a heroic dose of carbonation. The rat's cheeks swelled with burps and belches, a final bid to free what space in his stomach he could. They echoed through the kitchen, and in an impressive display of coordination, spilled nothing in the process. The rat's audience quieted with anticipation as he reached the bottom of the

keg, and when he finally spit the nozzle from his muzzle, erupted in cheers.

Strained satisfaction spread across the rat's snout, faltering for just an instant as his brother lowered him down. His arms trembled as he stepped down from the edge of the keg, and his figure-dominating belly audibly wobbled with the dismount. That grey-furred globe hung well passed his knees and slapped against his thighs with every labored step, draining his already taxed stamina in an instant. The pledge quickly abandoned the idea of waddling to the living room and instead sat himself down on the kitchen floor. The cabinets and counter creaked with his slump against them, and he closed his eyes in tired accomplishment. His paws roamed the globe of his middle, first in an effort to ease the strain in his hide, then in a display of indulgence. That sight brought yet another rumble to Villam's impatient stomach, though he fought his instincts and held off from claiming his meal right away. There was no way the botanists' keg was a simple brew, and the chimera's curiosity to their scheme briefly overpowered his gluttony.

Fortunately, Villam didn't need to wait long for answers. The beer started a subtle change, one that went unnoticed by both the larger party and the pledge. The chimera however grinned broadly at the faint splotches of blue that sprang up across the rat's pelt. Concentrated on his stomach, they gradually grew in size and number until blending together. With that change in color came more bloating, a process slowed by the rat's string of stifled burps. His brow furrowed ever so slightly when he tasted a change on his breath, from the distinct flavor of hops to the unexpected sweetness of berries, though he still didn't open his eyes. Nor did he look as the swell of his middle grew tighter under his fingers. The soft rolls of his chubby frame spread and stretched, drawing into the singular curve of a pot belly. It's sloshing diminished with its growth as well, instead taking the tightness of a drum. The rat only noticed when

his finger bounced against his pelt, spurring him to finally take stock of himself.

The pledge's breath caught in his throat, and he scrambled to his feet. For better or worse, he only managed to slide his heels across the floor. The weight of his growing middle kept him thoroughly pinned to the floor, and the commotion only brought more attention. Some of the frat brothers laughed, some of the other guests looked on with awe or envy, but Villam licked his lips. The thunderous growl of his belly underscored that gesture, striking the pledge with a paralyzing mixture of arousal and apprehension. The rodent's lust stirred in the shadow of his middle, and the heat in his muzzle hinted at that concealed exposure. Those conflicting emotions only grew in intensity when the partiers around him parted, and his chest fluttered with something he couldn't quite figure out when the chimera loomed over him.

Whatever that sensation was, it only panged harder in his chest when Villam's stomach thundered with hunger. Something in the deep depths of the pledge's mind demanded he stand and flee in that instant, though that command never made it to his muscles. His only reaction came as a catch of his breath in his throat as Villam eyed him with several hungers at once. The most pressing of them expressed itself when the chimera reached out and took the edges of the pledge's jacket. The cheap, trial garment strained to cover the rat's plush middle on an ordinary day, leaving it no hope of wrapping around his filled middle. Villam pulled it from his shoulders the same way one would peel a wrapper from a snack, then cast it aside with the same care. The pledge watched it flutter to the ground, conflicting emotions in his eyes. He didn't feel his fate was truly sealed until the Chimera grabbed his shoulders and pulled him up from the floor, however.

The rat sloshed with that motion, and the atmosphere of the kitchen shifted. The music that pounded in the living room just a few

feet away faded to nothing, leaving only the rhythm of the pledge's racing heart. Murmuring conversations that previously surrounded them went with it, allowing space for the subtle sloshing and bubbling of the rat's figure. Even the unsteady drips of the juice that leaked from his form splashed against the tile with concussive force, along with the thin jets of pre that launched from his exposed member. The pledge's thoughts bounced to all of these noises, only to stop cold when Villam pinned him to his own soft gut.

Villam Indulges

With that embrace, the pair became the center of the party. The only eyes that weren't on them were those unwilling to witness a feast, stray guests that had wandered in without knowledge of what they found. Villam's frat brothers circled around them, a ritual repeated many times over the semester. The pledge knew it was to keep particularly skittish prey from fleeing, but the thought of escape never crossed the rat's mind. Though the chimera struggled to keep his grip on the rodent's figure, it was not from his desire to run. Whether fueled by emotions or a simple alignment of timing, the rat's figure visibly swelled and sloshed against Villam's. The round globe of his indigo middle proved increasingly awkward to hold, a problem the frat leader solved by lifting the rat higher. That shift in pressure and tightness teased out the rat's juices further yet, which flowed down his bare chest and over Villam's.

One of the chimera's hands clapped against the rat's rear and held him steady, while the other swiped up the tight curve of his belly. Villam licked the juice from his fingers and groaned in satisfaction, a sound echoed by the grumble of his middle.

The gathered frat brothers trembled in anticipation. Some watched with the hopes of improving their own technique while others spectated out of pure indulgence. In nearly all cases, their growing lengths peeked from under trim abs and bulked bellies alike. Villam brought his free hand up behind the rat's head and pressed between those splayed ears. It took no effort to coax the rat closer to his maw, and even less to press his chin against that waiting tongue. Whether the rat tasted delicious or Villam's appetite had been teased to its limit, he swiftly coted the pledge in drool. That slick muscle coiled around the rodent's slender snout and stole all the flavor it could, coaxing a deep, thunderous rumble from that

waiting cauldron. A shiver ran down the rat's spine, a mixture of trepidation and anticipation, but he made no effort to wiggle free from Villam's jaws.

That lack of motion sealed the pledge's fate. Perhaps Villam would have accepted a substitute if the rat fought hard enough, but that surrender changed his course from pledge to pudge. If the cheers and laughs of the party were anything to go by, the others realized that too. Groupies and frat brothers alike gathered around the chimera to encourage him, though the gluttonous leader hardly needed it. He savored the rat for a moment before his hunger fully took him however, closing his lips around the rodent's neck like a collar. The sights and sounds of the outer world gave way to the squishes and squelches of Villam's maw, and the light of the party dimmed with the darkness of the chimera's waiting gullet.

That gentle build up ended with Villam's patience. Once the pledge's muzzle passed over the back of his tongue, those powerful throat muscles took hold and dragged him deeper. A resounding gulp sounded through the kitchen with that first claim, and the chimera's throat subtly bulged out. That swell grew larger and larger with each swallow after, until the rodent's belly pressed firmly to Villam's chest. That sloshing globe squished and formed around the chimera's abs in that closeness, a sensation the pledge relished for only an instant. That was all the time it took for Villam to grab the rat's rear and hoist him higher, cramming those slender shoulders into his jaws. A reflexive jerk lanced through the pledge's form, a product of a lingering, primal instinct to avoid that exact situation, but otherwise didn't struggle. A rumble of delight sounded from Villam's middle with that submission, and he took the chance to show off his predatory skills.

With the pledge's shoulders claimed, his chest followed easily. Softened by just a little too much beer and a lull in his workout regime, Villam's maw squished against that light pudge. The

chimera played with his food for a moment, playfully chewing that plush layer, earning a shiver and shudder from the rat. Visible to no one else, he blushed deeply within that clenching passage. By coincidence, that gesture earned another swallow from Villam, dragging the pledge deeper toward that waiting stomach. Another ripple clenched and rolled down his frame, until the round globe of his belly met the chimera's lower lip. Facing the first real challenge of the pledge's frame, Villam grinned around his meal and set his grip. Another shove sank his hands into the rat's chubby rear as he stretched his jaws wide, and he gradually worked his way down that growing, spherical curve.

The sounds of sloshing filled the air while Villam walked his jaw down the pledge's middle, claiming him inch by inch. Determination flashed across the frat leader's eyes as his progress slowed, hindered by the tightening peak of the rat's belly. Still, his effort was rewarded in other ways. Every squeeze to the pledge's gut mixed and sloshed his juices through his body, eventually leaking into the chimera's mouth. The sweet flavor of blueberries tickled his tongue when his meal's chest subtly swelled, filled with fluids forced from his bloated belly. That trickle became much more when the chimera gingerly chewed, milking bursts of flavor from his prey with those indulgent motions. The pledge could only squirm and moan at the treatment, and his rising member broadcast that enjoyment to everyone who watched.

While modest in comparison to Villam's endowment, the rodent's spire bucked and throbbed as Villam worked toward the peak of the pledge's middle. The rat's pelt turned a deeper and deeper blue all the while, until that sweeping change reached his hips. The pledge's sac pulled tight and his balls rounded out, a prelude to his pre taking on a rich, indigo hue. The jets of his lust shot farther and farther down Villam's filling middle, covering the chimera's length before a change in his angle pointed him toward the crowd. Villam tipped his head back and lifted his prey toward the ceiling as those

shots launched out, spurring the most shameless of the partiers to catch them on outstretched tongues. A few cheers and jeers sounded out with those motions, but the focus remained on the chimera.

Especially when gravity took hold and ushered the pledge down.

Despite Villam's desire to show off, he couldn't fight physic's feeding hand. The pledge's narrow hips offered little to grip, and the chimera was too lost in the moment to scrabble for the rodent's thighs. He dropped several inches while his cock bucked and throbbed, unleashing jets of lust all the while. The indigo swells of his balls slipped over the frat leader's lips with ease, and that excited tail danced over Villam's form without finding purchase. The chimera sealed his mouth around the pledge's thighs and slurped his legs down, until all that remained was the tip of the rodent's lash. The chimera's belly filled and swelled out beneath it, mark by the muffled lumps of the rat's arms and legs. While quite athletic, Villam sported a paunch that hid all but the most distinct of the pledge's features. His palms roamed those shifting bulges for an indulgent moment, until he finished off his meal with a grin. A shameless slurp claimed the rest of the rat, and a final gulp packed him away completely.

Villam's audience erupted with that final gulp, reveling in their leader's display. Some reached out and rubbed the vast, exposed dome of his belly while others kept a cautious distance. The chimera himself took a moment to recover from the rush of the feast and lumbered toward the couch. The weight in his middle slowed his gait to a ponderous waddle, one that sloshed it's contents with every step. The pledge leaned into that motion and ground himself along those walls, indulging a lust that had been building since his keg-stand. A lazy grin spread across Villam's muzzle as he sensed that motion, sliding his palm to that particular pumping bulge. The rat's hedonistic rhythm only faltered when the chimera plopped

down on the couch, sending a bouncing ripple through his stomach. The unlucky seat popped and snapped with their landing, sagged just an inch or two, but bore their weight after that initial complaint. The frat leader reclined as much as he could, then relaxed while the party roared around him.

While Villam's stomach went to work, several things happened. First, a deep lethargy fell over the chimera. A potent food coma sapped his strength and energy, one unusually strong even for his large meal. With that haze came something of a daze, and in that state, Villam basked in his predatory prowess. Every groan and gurgle of his gently churning stomach reaffirmed his spot on the collegiate food chain, the throne at its very peak. The satisfactory bliss suffused his form, most obviously in his throbbing spire. It's constant bucks sloshed his belly with a steady rhythm, adding to the rat's undulating ride. Little bursts of bliss came with every motion, sinking Villam deeper and deeper his indulgent digestion. He slumped into the couch as the desire to do anything else dwindled, only rising from his stupor to talk with other frat members as they passed.

Though rooted to the couch by post-meal bliss, Villam still had quite the effect on the party. The pounding music drowned out the gurgles and groans of his churning middle, but the sight of it alone was enough to inspire others to similar gluttony. Like a landslide, once the chimera claimed his meal and broke the ice, others felt obligated and determined to do the same. It wasn't long before an athletic lion dropped his jaw and lunged at another pledge, claiming the snack he'd been eying all night. Not to be outdone, the feline's foxy companion pounced a particularly juicy rooster. Voyeuristic circles gathered around the both of them, but no one quite caught the party's attention like Villam. Not until an abundantly endowed boar thrust his hips and lodged a ferret in his tip.

Given that unique and enticing display, the party's attention focused far from Villam and his churning stomach. The frat paid little attention to the chimera's hands as they roamed across his middle, and as a result, no one noticed its peculiar growth. Rather than round and sag as a full belly typically would, Villam's continued its gradual growth. The chimera registered that detail somewhere in the back of his bliss-fogged mind, but he thought nothing of it. He merely rolled his hips and ground his shaft along its underside, continuing to derive pleasure from his plump pledge snack. Perhaps the only one at the party who noticed or cared was the rodent himself.

Tossed and turned in the gurgling darkness of that stomach, even the rat didn't have a complete picture of what was happening. In the muted light of Villam's cauldron, he couldn't see the indigo wave that raced across his pelt. Nor could he feel the tiny wreath of leaves that surrounded the base of his tail. What the pledge did feel was the mounting pressure within his body. His belly had bloated somewhat during his descent, but in that churning chamber, his growth truly took off. The soft curve of his paunch steadily gave way to a tight curve, just as round as the berry his body gradually modeled. His sac took on a similar shape, a pair of orbs that sloshed and bounced with an abundance of juice. The pressure in the pledge's core mounted and leaked from his form, running down his rounded chest and launching from the rigid length of his spire. Those indigo fluids lapped at the walls of Villam's stomach as they rose, coaxed out by every clench of those massaging walls.

With that inflow of so many extra calories, the lethargy of satisfaction crept over Villam. Before long, not even the constant thump of music and the rhythmic gulps and gurgles from his peers kept him awake. His eyes fluttered while he rested on that sagging couch, and his body slipped into the darkness of post-party sleep. The pledge joined him in slumber soon after, and nature took its course quickly. Over the course of the night Villam fully claimed the

pledge, adding the pledge to his muscles and curves. When he rose the following afternoon and surveyed his gains, Villam was quite pleased. While he struggled to close his jacket around the softened swell of his muscle-gut, he sported that dome as a predatory symbol of pride. His fellow frat brothers admired the results of his meal as well, though the more observant of them fixed on something else. Quiet murmurs drifted through the house while they wondered about the patches of blue in the shadow of Villam's belly, but none thought to bring it up with the chimera.

Something Weird with that Pledge

Several days later, the chimera stood before the mirror in his bathroom. A subtle grin spread across his face as he hefted his belly, indulging in the weight added by the pledge. His bared cock stirred at the memories of swallowing him down, and his stomach gave a small rumble of reminiscence. The thought of breakfast briefly crossed his mind, until a peculiar detail caught his eye. Villam furrowed his brow and turned his shoulder to his reflection, then leaned in with scrutiny. While he could write off the darkened fur of his paunch as a trick of the light, the chimera found it impossible to discount his spots. The ordinarily white patches took on a distinctly blue hue, not unlike that of a berry. In the face of that fact, Villam took in a breath and let it out. He dipped a washcloth into the sink and scrubbed the spot, first gently, then furiously. When that failed to restore its snowy color, the chimera gave up and shrugged. Perhaps it would come off in the shower later.

The chimera would fail to notice that the color persisted, that small issue of discoloration eclipsed by the developments of the next day. While sitting in a lecture hall, day dreaming of future feats on the fields, Villam sensed a tightness in his middle. An idle hand drifted to the button-up seam of his jacket, where his fingers slipped into growing gaps between the fasteners. That realization shook his fantasies and brought him back to reality, and he surveyed himself with only a small degree of subtly. Villam pressed his fingers into the rounded dome of his middle, where they sank in not even a fraction of an inch. The tightness shocked him, but not as much as the trickle of blue that leaked from his navel. The chimera froze while it crept down his rounded paunch, until it soaked into the soft fabric of his jacket. He groaned at the growing stain it left, but otherwise did nothing about it. Even the most stubborn of problems

would go away if ignored long enough, and the chimera returned to his day dreams with that precise goal in mind.

Villam's active ignorance continued well into the rest of his week, coming to a peak when he returned to the lecture hall. The chimera was close to mastering the art of reaching over his doming middle to doodle lectures away. He had long since given up on trying to button his signature garment closed. Those two skills did nothing to prepare him for the new ways in which furniture constricted him. He plopped down in his seat as other students filed into the room, only for the sharp crack of plastic to split the air. Some of his peers took notice, but failed to pinpoint its source. While they looked, the chimera looked down to his sides. The tight curve of his love handles dug deep against the chair's armrest, though the true culprit was his widened ass. Those firm indigo curves pressed hard against the base of the rests, bowing them out several inches. The weight of his figure allowed him to sit down despite that, though getting up proved to be another story. The chair clung to his hips like its life depended on it, until Villam's straightening back finally pushed it off. It fell to the floor with a clatter, turning the eyes of the class upon him. The chimera dismissed them with a shrug and went on with his day.

As the days passed, the chimera's wardrobe slowly tightened and his hue gradually darkened, though he continued to ignore his changes. Villam kept the attitude that it would eventually go away on its own, until it interfered with the thing he cared about most. Up until that point, his growing juice reserves seemed to be a boon. Sure, the blue stains on his jerseys were a pain to clean, and the trails he left threatened to wash away field lines at times, but the added mass made the quarterback all the more formidable. In practice, few opponents could hope to break through their line. Those that did simply crashed into the bloated chimera with a resounding slosh, dissipating the impact across his wobbling frame. That added mass made him all the harder to bring down, to the

point it nearly rendered the rest of his team redundant. Of course, running the ball proved impractical, but that detail hardly mattered when Villam couldn't be brought to the grass. The chimera reveled in his invulnerability and taunted his teammates and opponents alike, demanding someone present a player that could challenge him.

Whether an act of karma or mere happenstance, Villam's fortune inverted a few plays later. A burst of growth panged in his chest and rounded his middle, tightening his jersey around his form. It pulled taught on his arms in the same instant he motioned to pass, hampering the motion and spiking the ball to the ground. A whistle sounded and his teammates froze, and all eyes fell on the embarrassing misplay. The chimera laughed and tried to shrug it off, a ploy that might have worked had he not repeated it. The coach squeezed the bridge of his nose and ran the play back again and again, only to repeat the disaster every time. On the occasion Villam launched the ball hard enough to properly throw it, there was no telling where it would land. When he had his trajectory locked down, the ball rarely made it more than a few yards. Moreover, every attempted tackle on the chimera unleashed a tide of juice across the field. It didn't take many to wash away the chalk lines, and soon after each team was dyed a deep blue.

Once it became clear this was not a problem that would solve itself, the coach stepped in. His whistle pierced the mixed murmurs of Villam's teammates and snatched their attention.

"Villam," the elephant barked. "We can't do this anymore. You need to get this under control."

"But Co-"

"This is not an argument," the coach interrupted. "You can't play like this. You can't pass, you can't run, you're useless to the team right

now. Go get yourself juiced.” He paused for an instant. “The press kind, not the steroid kind.”

“I think the lab is already closed.”

“Then do it tomorrow. But if you try to come back here all berried up, I’m demoting you tackling dummy.”

Night came and went, and when Villam’s problem continued to persist, he resolved to visit the botany lab. The chimera brushed his teeth and donned his jacket, both tasks made much more difficult by his condition. Every limited motion of his arms coaxed a trickle of juice from his pecs, and his jacket couldn’t hope to cover the rounded swell of his middle. Every attempt to button it closed fell far short, and the only reward for his efforts was more sloshing and leaking. The chimera didn’t even try to cover his lower half, his sac swollen full with so much juice that it flowed from his cock in a constant trickle. Villam convinced himself that he had at least attempted to make himself decent, then crammed himself through the door of his dorm and crossed the campus.

Berries were not a particularly common sight around the university, but neither were they rare. Most students had seen one or two of them over the course of their stay, but none quite like Villam. In his advanced state, he left a trail of juice across the buildings and greens, marking his progress from one edge of the complex to the other. That liquid path swelled into broad puddles at every doorway he passed through, each larger than the last. Given its size, the chimera’s path overwrote and overwhelmed the faded stains of those that went before him. Those historic paths converged more and more with his the closer he got to the botany lab, until he left his mark at the department’s front door. Even the double-wide glass panels struggled to admit him, catching his bloated love handles and wobbling middle on their frame. He

eventually squeezed through with the help of several students, an act that sprayed jets of juice across the lobby.

Instantly, students of all levels swarmed him. Like a feeding frenzy, novice to master level botanists descended upon him, poking and prodding and taking samples. Those newer to the botanical world took note of his color and production, excited to see basic principles in action. Those with a deeper knowledge pondered over the composition of his juice, considering contagious side effects and flavors possible through fermentation. Villam wiggled and resisted that clinical attention and grumbled that he was only there for a juicing, but his complaints fell on deaf ears. It wasn't until the crowd sated their curiosity that he was granted peace, leaving him in the middle of the lobby and stranded in his own body. With that delay, his belly had swollen large enough to rest on his thighs and hamper his steps, reducing him to a ponderous waddle. The chimera struggled to the reception desk, where he eventually loomed over the freshman manning it. The bull looked starstruck, and a nearly awkward silence hung in the air until Villam managed to speak.

"I need you to juice me."

Horros blinked, stunned. The star quarterback may not have recognized him, but he certainly recognized the chimera. His prowess on the football field was well known across the university, as well as the nature of the parties that followed victories. Behind the bull's awed eyes, fantasies of the exact situation before him played in his mind. The sliver of hope created when his friends delivered that keg bloomed into the reality leaking before him, leaving his breath caught and his pants tented. Finally, after several too many seconds, Horros remembered that he had a job to do.

"O-of course Villam, right this way."

The chimera quirked an eyebrow and tried to remember if he had introduced himself. He wasn't given long to consider that question, however.

Horros leapt from his seat and took to Villam's side, where he helped the chimera along with a little nudge. Not quite round enough to roll, he helped Villam keep his balance while they slipped deeper into the botany labs, down halls only accessible to those enrolled in the program. While the bull groped and squeezed Villam's side, the chimera found himself captivated by the restricted sights. Most classrooms and labs featured broad windows that looked in from the halls, offering a peak at the floral wonders beyond. Strange and beautiful plants from equally exotic locations bloomed just passed some of those panes, while others featured subjects in similar states to Villam's. Most were only just exhibiting the first signs of transformation, while others seemed to surpass the chimera in size and production. A shiver ran down both of their spines when they passed what appeared to be a contest, where high level students presented their subjects. As tempting as it may have been to crash that event, Horros knew better. The bull pushed that temptation aside and pressed on toward the greenhouse, where he could claim a much better prize.

Between rows of exotic plants and over leaking hoses, Horros guided Villam to a secluded corner of the greenhouse. Far from the prying eyes of his peers, the botany student helped the quarter back waddle to an often-forgotten back up juicing station. The swollen chimera sloshed and wobbled with every step, and his pace slowed further as his growth progressed. Roughly half way back, Villam's weight grew too much for his muscular legs to bear. His step wavered and he tried to stop, though the momentum of his own body prevented that. Instead, inertia carried him forward and dropped him onto his stomach with a splat. The wind left Villam's chest along with a burst of juice, which soaked into the grated path. Before the chimera could recover, Horros quite literally rolled with

the situation. The bull planted his hands into Villam's bloated side and pushed, setting him rolling down the walkway. The fully rounded berry struggled with his shifting perspective, though fortunately, he didn't have to deal with it for long.

Rolled into the Greenhouse

Mercifully soon, Horros reached their destination. Little more than a small platform on the side of the path, the juicing station seemed woefully lacking. That thought played across Villam's eyes while Horros maneuvered him into place, settling the rounded chimera into the small divot in its center. A bowl-shaped guard extended from below to help keep the chimera in place, and he found himself effectively immobilized while Horros worked a small terminal. Anticipation welled in Villam's chest, and with it came a spike to his production. Juice leaked from his pecs in growing streams with that desire, a detail that Horros didn't ignore. The bull licked his hips at the sight, and he nearly fumbled a pair of milking tubes. By the skin of his teeth he managed to save them however, and he took great pleasure in affixing them to Villam's chest.

Already somewhat shorter than the quarterback, Horros leaned in close enough to brush against Villam's rounded belly. That indigo pelt mingled with his own while he stretched up, staining his coat with that berry essence. If anything, that only deepened Horros's enjoyment. The bull breathed deep and relished the scent of fresh juice, a smell that sent a rush through his chest and a throb through his cock. A similar lust took root in Villam when the pumps took their first tug, sucking a jet of fluid from each of his nipples. A soft moan leapt from his throat at that sensation, and the tap of his cock leaked in equal measure. A softer echo followed as the pump established its rhythm, a steady pulse that gradually ratcheted Villam's carnal needs higher. Whether out of scientific interest, his own kinks, or a combination of the two, Horros was more than happy to reciprocate.

With some degree of reluctance, the bull pushed himself away from Villam's rounded body. By that point, there was no mistaking

the chimera for what he was. The vast majority of his chocolate pelt had given way to a rich blue, and his swollen core and sloshing weight left him immobile. Fortunately, there wasn't anywhere else Villam needed to be. A pang of desire fluttered in his chest while he watched Horros disrobe, revealing a frame softened by years of desk work and research. It turned to a tremble of excitement when the bull dropped his pants and shattered the 'under-endowed nerd' stereotype. Horros put a few of Villam's frat brothers to shame with his size, a detail Villam noted for later. It fell from the forefront of his thoughts almost immediately, however. The chimera's mind shorted as Horros sunk from his view and took that spire into his mouth, slathering that leaking length with his tongue.

Horros lost himself while bringing several fantasies to reality. His crush on the quarterback expressed itself as near-reverence, complete with kneeling before that throbbing spire. The bull took it to the back of his tongue with equal parts care and need, where he coiled around it and gradually withdrew. That carnal rod pulsed in time with Villam's racing heart, and each beat unleashed a jet of potent juice. Horros gulped it down eagerly, spurred on by both scientific and sexual curiosity. In such a state, Villam's stamina couldn't stand such an assault. His head rolled back into the fluff of his neck as his sac drew tight to his hips, and a long, low groan of satisfaction resonated in his chest. The bull sealed his lips around the chimera's tip and drank everything he had to offer, a substantial mix of juice and seed that tested the limits of Horros's stomach.

Sated, Horros fell back from Villam's spire and landed on his ass. A lazy hand drifted to his sloshing middle and gave it a pat, a short gesture of indulgence that coaxed out a soft moan. In that moment two hungers were satisfied, but a third swiftly made itself known. Whether stirred by the sight of the stuffed bull or a simple matter of timing, Villam's stomach rumbled and growled with unanswered need. An empty beat passed between them in its wake, until the berry simply smirked and licked his lips. Though he

lacked the mobility to act on his appetite, that little motion compelled Horros to help. Driven by the latest in a long line of fantasies, the bull picked himself up from the floor and once more leaned in against Villam.

The student's juice-filled middle squished against the tight curve of the chimera's form, a growing contact that sent a shiver down Horros's spine. It turned to a full shudder when Villam opened his mouth, baring the juice-stained cavern to the bull. He watched transfixed while blue-tinted saliva dripped from the roof of that chamber, an unmistakable sign of his hunger. Horros could only be drawn in closer to that glorious maw, beckoned in by a curl of that indigo tongue. He rose as high as he could on his toes, though that left him hopelessly far from his goal. A solution struck him, and he stepped up onto Villam's firm sac. The berry's expression twisted for just an instant as he bore Horros's weight, though the anticipation of his next meal quickly eclipsed that discomfort.

With that foothold, Horros climbed high enough to find purchase on Villam's chest. A fistful of chest-fluff and a grip on his shoulder pulled Horros higher yet, bringing him to that glorious gastric gate. The bull paused there for just a moment, to relish the experience, until Villam's outstretched tongue cupped his chin. That slick muscle couldn't hope to find enough traction to pull the student in, but the allure of giving himself over drew him passed the chimera's lips. Drool poured over the botanist-turned-plantfood, and world of Villam's body overtook the greenhouse. The heat of the glass room gave way to the relative cool of the quarterback's juice, and the ambient sounds of growing vines fell to rhythmic gulping and swallows. Horros did what he could to help, pushing off the shelf of Villam's middle and lodging himself deeper. That tactic served him well, and with that leverage he wedged his shoulders into the chimera's gullet. With that grip, Villam took over the rest.

Given his vast predatory experience, Swallowing the bull without hands proved a simple feat. The chimera's inner muscles took hold with an uncommon greed, and each ripple claimed another inch of the botanist's figure. Horros's shoulders bulged his throat before disappearing behind his chest, and the bull's own pecs offered little more resistance. That juice-swollen stomach broke his pace however, but only for a moment. Villam furrowed his brow and worked his jaw, and with an irritating slowness, walked his way down Horros's middle. Seconds stretched into minutes while he conquered that swell, taking it into his own figure until it grandly bulged his throat. Once passed that hurdle however, gravity tipped in Villam's favor. The bull's feet lifted from their perch as he sank deeper into those hungry depths, sinking inches by the seconds. The chimera rolled with that advantage, swallowing the botanist down until his heels glided across his tongue. With a final, resounding gulp, Villam claimed his meal in its entirety and dropped him into the pit of his juicy stomach.

Horros hardly made a bulge against the tight curve of Villam's belly. A combination of juice and fat muted the features of his figure to nothing, leaving his subtle, rhythmic sloshing as the only clue to his location. That, and the security camera footage. In the moment however, neither cared. Horros lost himself to rampant fantasy, grinding against the softly rippling walls of his chamber. Villam relished the sensations of his willing meal, even if he lacked the range of motion to fully indulge himself. Still, he found the coordination to grind his hips against the shelf of his stomach, compounding his pleasure. The chimera wobbled and bounced on the juicer's platform, though that last push of pleasure to send him over the edge eluded him. His brow furrowed in exertion while he chased that climax, though it never quite came. Frustrated, he let out a sigh.

He should have told Horros to put the cock milker on him first.

If you've read this far, thank you <3

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a few places to find it

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