

Henry stood in front of the evacuated building, mop in one hand and a key fob in the other. Looking back down at his PDA the cookie-patterned otter went over what had been asked of him.

“Alright, got an ‘unpredictable’ chemical spill in the east wing that got out of control. I’m going to assume they had autocorrect change that when they tried spelling ‘uncontrollable’.” He put it back in his uniform pocket as he looked over the entrance. “Well they said nothing in here is toxic so that should clear me for not needing a hazmat, never really liked the bulky things anyway.”

Unlocking the front door, Henry entered into the main lobby. Checking out the front desk, everything seemed to be in order. There was a layer of dust appropriate to being unoccupied for the past two days, and clear signs of everyone having cleared out in a hurry, but nothing horrendous. “Guess they really did just need me for that one big deal.” the otter remarked to himself as he headed for the next door.

As he progressed through the building, the signs of a rush became more and more evident. “So, what, did it smell real bad? I should have smelled it by now myself in that case...”

Passing through a decontamination chamber, Henry noticed a thick, syrupy liquid dripping out of one of the air vents. “Okay, yep, that’s probably what they sent me for.” Climbing up the wall to get a closer look, he saw that the trail led back into the vent, out of sight.

Figuring it best to just follow any trail he finds, Henry pried the vent open and got a washcloth ready. Climbing up into the vent, feet wiggling behind him as he plopped through the tiny hole and into the tight passageway, Henry began to swim through the vent as he started cleaning up the amber substance.

Slowly getting deeper into the complex, Henry started having to swap out his towels faster, as the liquid was filling more and more of the vent as he went along. It was about the time that he turned a corner and saw the entire wall of the duct covered in the slime that he realized he may need a bit more than what he had brought. Henry’s coveralls were already stained a deep orange and he could feel it starting to soak through to his fur.

“Yep, I’m about out of towels, definitely gonna need to get something a bit more drastic for this.” Starting to turn himself around, Henry tried heading back to where he came from, only to find that he wasn’t able to make any progress. “Uh?”

Wiggling a bit more, Henry makes it a little bit back towards the corner he had come from before he felt something grab onto his leg. “Oh. Uhoh.”

Henry starts getting pulled through the vent, sliding over the goop as his hat gets left behind. Making panicked grabs for any sort of grip on the vent, all of Henry’s attempts end in failure as

his paws just slip off of the slime coating the walls. The ride continued for an entire minute until finally Henry 'plopped' out of the other side of the vent, falling to the ground. Having braced himself for a hard landing, Henry was at least relieved that he had landed in a large pile of the goop, softening his landing enough that it just took the wind out of him.

As Henry managed to get back up, absolutely covered in gunk, he looked at the room. It appeared to have originally been some sort of mixing room, a couple of vats having been opened. The mess clearly had come bubbling out of them, now almost completely filling the entire room. Henry could have been wondering if more than one room was filled as badly as this one, but instead he was still sort of worried about what exactly had grabbed him.

Seeing the only door out on the other side of the room, or at least the only door not completely covered by a wall of the slime, Henry started wading through the chest-high sludge to get to it.

It took a lot of work, and Henry was significantly tired out by the trek through it, but he finally reached the door. Left hoping that it opened outwards and not inwards, Henry reached for the doorknob.

Only for his paw to get grabbed by a tendril that shot out of the slime mass that he was stuck in.

Panicking out of reflex, Henry tried grabbing at the door with his other arm, only for that one to be wrapped up too. Barely given time to realize what was going on, a third shot out, wrapped around his neck, and pulled Henry completely underneath the surface of the slime pool.

Thrashing about, Henry's gasping from being pulled under only gave the slime a way inside him, as he felt the liquid started to press down his throat. Almost sickeningly sweet, Henry fully realized that his first approximation was almost spot on: this actually was syrup! It was alive, and had somehow found a way to create more of itself, and for some reason had an urge to make sure it was consumed, but it was definitely syrup.

And Henry was getting gallon after gallon of it force-fed to him. He had barely been underneath the surface for half a minute and he already felt his clothes straining against his growing belly. Pushing to get his head above the surface, Henry managed to swim his way back up above the wave of syrup.

His thickening arms barely keeping afloat, Henry was at least able to breathe again. Trying to doggy paddle through the slime got him nowhere, and the syrup was not letting him interrupt the flow of sugar into his mouth. Pumping into his stomach, he could feel himself gaining weight at a ridiculous rate.

Left exhausted, Henry struggled a little, but was left only able to groan to himself as he felt his uniform tear as his bulging gut ripped it apart. The leftover shreds went unnoticed by the syrup mound as they drifted back to the bottom out of sight.

His paws had swelled to the point where even if he hadn't been restrained by this slime-monster, Henry had no chance of opening the door out of here. At this point, his soft surging gut probably would have had trouble fitting through the door anyway. His cookie-patterned hide started obstructing his view as if to confirm this worry. The PDA flowed past him, and he realized that now he couldn't even send a message out and notify anyone about what was going on if it flowed out of reach.

In his attempts to reach it, Henry realized his arms were so thick and were being forced outwards so far by his growing body that he couldn't move at all through the thick goop to even grab it. Not that he could keep track of the PDA for long, as his cheeks had started to fatten up, blocking a good bit of his peripheral vision.

Left there floating in the living syrup as it rhythmically flowed down his maw making his waistline more and more of a horror story, Henry couldn't help but wonder if this was what it felt like to be a pillow getting stuffed.

His body had become large and round enough to kill any real hopes of him moving without help, his thighs nearing the size of car tires. Continuing to uncontrollably swell outwards, Henry quickly passed the size of any reasonable bed. Over the sound of the syrup continuing to rush into him, he heard his sphere of a body starting to creak distressingly.

As Henry's neck started to fill out around his face, he was left squirming uselessly as his cheeks started pressing against it. His limbs sinking into his body, Henry started to resemble a giant, cargo container-sized cookie dough ball.

Feeling his entire body start to feel rather tight, and hearing his belly groan angrily at him, Henry was left unable to do anything but wiggle his fingers desperately. Finally though, the slime slowed down and backed off, leaving Henry a giant, creaking, slightly squishy orb in the middle of the factory room, head barely able to be made out in the sea of brown and cream fur.

Henry hadn't any real idea why it had stopped, he could still hear a lot of it flowing around the room. Not to say that he wasn't relieved, even though he was still able to feel it squirming around in his body. His sloshing, room-sized, immobile body. Uhoh.

Henry was left hoping that the people who hired him would assume he had completed the job, or at least would send someone to come check him out before more of the batch put it to itself to continue the feeding.

Realizing how tired he was, Henry began to doze off into a massive food coma. The last thoughts he had before he fell asleep was that at least he made a comfy bed for himself.