

Tanks for the Syrup

It had been simple-as to syphon off the Candy Canyon Kingdom off its precious maple syrup; for a good cause of course. Now Gummigoo and his lads were making off like the bandits they were; that is, they would be, if not for a slight problem. "I can't believe it" a strong Aussie accent began, "that we get only fifty k's out of the kingdom only to blow a bloody wheel" Gummigoo lamented, eyeing the middle wheel of their tanker that had broken in half.

"As Chad and I said though, we're real sorry we ate the spare tyre for dinner last night" Max, the shorter and dumpier of the two gummigators, apologised.

"Couldn't be helped lads. Times are tough for us, and it was a risky gamble that went bust" the leader gummigator sighed. "Better a full belly than a functioning rig" he intoned.

"Hopefully we can find or make a spare in time to bring the syrup back for yer mum" Chad, the lankier of the lads wished.

"I'm not sure Chad. Me mum's a real fighter, but I don't know how long she's got while we're sitting around with our fingers up our noses" Gummigoo lamented.

Max looked a little uncomfortable as he carefully pulled his finger out of his nose, his hopeful eyes turning to their modified syrup tanker. "If only we had a way to move the syrup from the truck to a new tanker we could move" he remarked.

"If only, huh?" the head bandit repeated thoughtfully. "Well Max, right now you're either psychic or a genius, and I don't know which, but you got a bloody good idea right there" he smiled.

"You know how we can get all the syrup back the village?" the dumpy gummigator asked hopefully.

"Yeah" Gummigoo nodded, his voice husky and filled with resignation. "It's going to take a sacrifice though, one I won't ask either of you to make" he declared.

“What, are you going to be the replacement wheel? Well struth Gummigoo, you’re pretty big but I dunno if you’re big enough to be a truck tyre” Chad pointed out.

“No, I’m going to be the replacement tank” Gummigoo corrected.

“You mean you’re going to drink it all and cart all that syrup back in your guts?!” Max exclaimed.

“Boss, you’re pretty good but that’s a lot of syrup. You could burst and end up looking like The Fudge” Chad added.

“Does that mean he’d end up going on a rampage and start eating all the candy people?” the dumpy gummigator wondered.

“I know it’s risky mates, but if it works I’ll need you two to roll me back home” Gummigoo explained, putting things back on track.

“I-I could do it” Max offered modestly as he pressed his little hands together.

“I appreciate it mate, but neither of you are built as tough as me. It’s gotta be me and only me since I’m the one who roped you into this mess to start with” the head gummigator put sternly.

“Do you need to me to turn the tap on? I reckon I can reach it from the top of the truck” Chad offered.

“And I can monitor the levels so I can tell you how much is left” Max added.

“I appreciate that mates” Gummigoo said fondly, his white eyes curled up from his lads’ camaraderie.

Fixing himself under the big tap, the head bandit swallowed hard as the lanky gummigator got on top and fixed his hands around the nob. The other was positioned by the dial on the

tank, counting a LOT of syrup that was about to find itself a new gummi home. “So if something goes wrong boss, what should we do? Should I turn it off?” Chad inquired.

“If you hear me creaking or start leaking, turn it off, alright lad?” Gummigoo stated.

“I could plug the holes with my fingers” Max offered, gesturing to his little hands.

The lead gummigator smiled fondly, unable to have the heart to tell the little fella exactly what was wrong with that plan. “Let’s turn the tap off first, then work on pluggin’ the leaks” he said instead.

“You got it boss” the dumpy bandit promised.

“Just say when boss” the lanky gummigator called.

Breathing deeply, Gummigoo opened his jaws as wide as they could go. “When” he garbled, his tongue hanging out.

Nodding, Chad snorted with effort as he turned the tap, a deluge of syrup erupting out of the spigot. The head bandit grunted hard as he swallowed hard, the sickly sweet goop flooding down his throat. His flat middle bulged immediately once past the first gallon, and his gummi belly was already tinged orange-brown from the stuff shining through. Gummigoo however stood firm, tensing his legs against the candy ground as he focused on swallowing. Droplets of missed syrup oozed down his front, coming to a rest on his expanding middle as the ranger was sporting quite the syrup gut. It was already **sloshing** loudly about as his bloated belly expanded and expanded, swelling up to the size of a beachball as he kept gulping it down. “T-that’s one percent, boss” Max reported nervously.

Gummigoo gave an approving thumbs up, his jaw feeling a little sore from trying to force the sweetness down. His angular form was so distorted, so bottom-heavy from the keg hanging off of his middle. If not for the visible syrup sluicing about inside his gummi body you’d be asking when he was due; though that wouldn’t be far off from how impregnated he was with sticky maple syrup. Gummigoo was certainly getting a lot more in him than on him at least, and his tough hide was doing its best to stretch with the stuff. His middle was absolutely bulging though, and the bandit couldn’t even get both arms around it now. All he could do was hold onto it as the underside squished between his skinny legs, bringing him

lower than any woman ever could. At least not when he had Mum, and he was doing this all for her as he bypassed way too full, going straight into hibernation territory as the skinny gummigator was evolving into one big bloated balloon. "Boss your butt!" Chad called from on top of the truck.

Unable to look around, Gummigoo was blind to the syrup bulging into his flat rear, swelling it up into a big jiggly monobutt. Unable to stop now the bandit persisted, the flow unceasing as he gulped and gulped and gulped it all down. Max was in utter awe at his boss' determination and devotion, and at his enormous belly sinking closer and closer to the ground, engulfing some of his legs in the process. Or perhaps the other way around, as like blood through his body the syrup oozed its way into his legs, bulging them with makeshift fat folds blossoming onto his corpulent form. He was very much a bottom-heavy gator, whose little tail was rising into the air on the weight of his expansive monobutt. Gummigoo was close to wincing from the strain put on his body, but he was doing this for Mum; and for her, he'd make any sacrifice. So he hunkered down and kept going, fully opening up his throat to avoid wasting any more drops as it poured in like water into a flask. A round-bottomed flask too, as his torso was getting totally dwarfed by the totality of his lower half, his belly and rear practically becoming one round shape supported exclusively by his rounder thighs and calves. And all this balanced precariously on his swollen feet, at least, that was until his **groaning** middle's underside finally reached the ground. Just the underside though, as the gummigator was still holding on and bloating outwards and... upwards? Perhaps by the sheer weight of mass or maybe his own determination, but the enormous vat of his middle had started to push in the other way, forcing his upper body higher as the lower half grew vaster. "Boss! You're bloody massive!" Max exclaimed as he stumbled over to Gummigoo's side.

Reaching out tentatively, the dumpy gummigator gasped at how tense the boss' exterior was, and how loudly the syrup coursed through him. Now Gummigoo was taller than Max naturally course, but he was starting to look massive as his outstretched maw inched towards the gushing tap. And as much as he was rising from his stretching mass, he was definitely getting much, much wider as his formerly limber gummi shape had to have been at least five times its original width now, and the syrup was coming through much more clearly as it **sloshed** about inside his dumpster-sized monobutt. His little tail wiggled about on the peak of Mt Booty as it the entire mass bounced about, his candy flesh wiggling as it strained to keep it all in. "*Do it for Mum, and the rest of the village. They're counting on you!*" Gummigoo told himself as his lips met the tap.

Clamping on, all he had to do now was relax as he kept growing, and growing, his round belly just about as wide as the tank itself. Breathing through his nostrils the poor gummigator was so taut you could easily see the bubbles in the syrup, and yet he kept drinking down the stuff, expanding and bloating as if he were trying to enter a parade. Chad

by now had pulled back from the top of the truck, leaving the tap alone as he and Max were both in awe of their colossal friend, the little bandit cautiously checking the dial. "Eighty-percent still to go!" he called nervously.

The boss gave another approving thumbs up, and he closed his eyes as he let the magic happen, for all his thoughts were on his friends below, and the family waiting for him back home. So he clamped more of the tap with his jaws, forcing the spigot to the back of his throat and letting it pour right down. It was amazing to watch his mass steadily grow, his gut bouncing as it squished along the ground, creeping outwards towards the lads and yet maintaining its perfect spherical shape. It was practically one with his massive thighs as it merged and ran between them, coming out the other end as his boulderous monobutt endlessly twerking in the midday sun. It all ran up into his skinny upper body, which was rising above the tap now. Grunting he reached out but even his normal-sized arms couldn't quite reach the nozzle with all this tummy in the way; he just wasn't flexible enough to manage it. "On it boss!" Chad called, scampering back up the truck.

Reaching downwards the lanky bandit grunted as he twisted the tap about, easing the strain on Gummigoo as he suckled on the skyward-facing spigot. Nodding with approval the head bandit was able to relax as he continued to take in all the syrup, the **groans** coming from his belly made indistinguishable between the **roar** of his belly, or the **surge** of the goop. Either way he was one big gummigator, and getting bigger still as his rolling gut was big enough to belly slam a house. And both the other bandits were gently cuddling up to it, gently rubbing it to help ease the burden of the boss. Gummigoo, despite the strain, could still register his mates down below, and he smiled as broadly as he could while still sucking down syrup. "You're bigger than our bloody house boss!" Chad exclaimed as he used both hands to caress the bandit's middle.

"Sixty-five percent and counting!" Max reported while nuzzling Gummigoo's side.

Confident in that he could do this, the boss gummigator bent downwards, clamping both hands on the top of the tanker as he began sucking on the tap like a straw. The entire container strained, crumbling inwards from the sudden force, and in return Gummigoo's stomach ballooned, inflating massively as he drowned himself in syrup. His entire gummi body shuddered from the influx, his stomach **grumbling** ominously as it crept by the foot across the soil, still roiling and jostling as his lower body exceed his upper by a factor of more than fifty. The difference was so incredible, and yet its owner didn't care as he bit into the tap and spat it out, a geyser of syrup exploding out of the hole as the bandit pressed his mouth to it. Thin squirts of pressurised liquid sugar sprayed from the gaps in his jaws as he fought against the flow. Gummigoo's expanding belly **creaked** as it pressed against the tanker, his monobutt rising higher into the air and still shaking what Mum gave him as he

did everything in his power to absorb as much of the stuff as possible. The lads of course were backing away cautiously, both fearful of the boss' incredible growth as his inflexible body was growing so vast, so round that he was forced to hang onto the truck as his gut undercut it. The entire tanker was steadily rising as Gummigoo's inflated middle founds it way underneath it, forcing the thing closer to his ravenous muzzle as he grew bigger than a bloody house, and still going as the container's dial whizzed past 40% and was rapidly declining. "BOSS YOU'RE TOO BIG!" Chad called out fearfully.

But boss wasn't listening, and the two gummigator's fled behind the nearest rock as Gummigoo's body kept **creaking** louder and louder, the syrup's orange-brown practically the only colour on his lower body as his pleasant green had been pulled so thin it was only visible on his tiny tail crowning his tremendous monobutt. Really though, where his butt ended and stomach began was becoming something of a mystery, as his entire, titanic body could only be described as "round". He was just pure rounded from start to finish, crowned by his little torso balanced precariously on top of his syrup-loaded mass. And despite the strain, and the fullness, and the fact maybe he needed to pee, Gummigoo was determined to see this to the end as he ripped off more of the tanker, letting all that remaining syrup to flow right into him. His stomach **growled** triumphantly as the final gallons of the stuff went down his throat, joining with the rest of it inside his aquarium of an inside. And nary a leak to be found either. Max and Chad immediately ran out to meet him, staring in awe of the hill of a belly the boss was sporting. It had to extend for at least twenty feet in all directions, and yet its owner sat perched right up on top, not even worse for wear as he straightened his hat. That is, until his middle **rumbled** loudly, his entire inflated form shaking violently. "HE'S GONNA BLOW!" the short bandit squealed as he ran for cover.

**"BBBBBBWWWWWWAAAAA
AAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPP
PPP!!!!!"**

The belch echoed for miles around, all the way back to the Candy Canyon Kingdom even as Princess Loo wondered what that monstrous sound was. But back with the bandits, Chad's jaw was wide open as his hat was lost in the gale. Max on the other hand was blown against the rock, but recovered quickly as he bashfully returned to the group. "Boss... do you... do you feel alright?" the lanky gummigator asked cautiously.

Gummigoo's preposterously full body **sloshed** about as he leaned forwards, getting a better view from his lofty height. "It feels a little funny, and I definitely feel more stuffed than a Christmas chook. But I think I'm alright" he confirmed as he rubbed whatever of his lower body he could.

"For a minute there I was real worried you were going to blow" the dumpy gummigator remarked. "Thank god you only needed to blow your guts."

"Too right mate. But, we can't stand around here gasbagging all day: We gotta get this syrup back home" Gummigoo reminded them.

"Do we need to roll you?" Chad asked.

"No, I think I might be able to manage this myself" the head bandit grunted. Awkwardly lifting one leg, the enormous gummigator managed a sort of awkward waddle as he moved from leg to leg, the lack of his thighs clearly a hamper but not an outright disability. "Yeah, I think we can make this work. Okay lads, hop on and let's go home" Gummigoo said jovially as he tilted his enormous monobutt downwards, allowing the lads to climb on board.

Getting into a rolling rhythm, the head bandit was able to pick up speed as he charged across the plains, his two partners holding on tightly to his tail and back spines as they made their way home. And in a distance, on a Mad Max-style war vehicle, Jax was watching all of this through a pair of binoculars. "What the [Car Horn SFX] am I even looking at?" he exclaimed in bemusement.