

Blue Monday

By TGuy78

Clear skies and bright colours swirled around the neighbourhood, full of houses built, shaped, and painted differently from one another. No two structures appeared remotely similar, the grass-covered lawns surrounding each one further bolstering the instilled rainbow that spread throughout the area. The occasional car or delivery van made its way along the paved road, the only substantial noise that permeated an otherwise quiet place. From this relative lack of loud sounds, an equivalent peace persisted from home to home, present both night and day. In the middle of a row of residences off to one side of the street, the Arbuckle house stood as quaint as any other. Small, cozy, ordinary. Its pale-yellow exterior walls and brown-tiled roof gave it its own look amidst the other colourful houses sandwiching it on either side, facing another row of them from across the street, perfectly adjacent in their placements. As with any house in this picturesque neighbourhood, it was the perfect place for a pet to snooze and laze about, to eat to their heart's content. Yet with the sun shining high in the late morning sky, Garfield's beloved indoor routine would be challenged by a nagging presence he knew all-too well.

At this time, the short, orange-furred tabby with black stripes and a rounded paunch rested comfortably upon a green recliner meant for a human, his smaller body taking up a fraction of its seat and back, nevertheless finding comfort in it as he always did. The living room he sat in was a mess to say the least. It looked as though a party had wreaked havoc through it, with various foods, drinks, and treats strewn about the place, covering the circular wooden table diagonally to his right, with edible scraps occasionally having fallen onto the carpet. Directly to Garfield's right stood a golden cart with two shelves, reminiscent of the kind used in hotels for room service. It too had been covered with food and drink, standing as tall as him when seated on the

recliner, temporarily adding a couple of feet to his typically short stature. Balancing on the chair's left-side arm, a red bowl of freshly-popped and well-buttered popcorn had been steadily consumed, bigger than the feline's head. Equally positioned on the chair's right arm, a glass bottle of soda with a red and white bendy straw sticking out of it provided a much-needed refreshment, the gluttonous cat going back and forth between it and the popcorn as he had been doing up to this point in the morning. Garfield could not care less about the surrounding mess he made, for his eyes were glued to the television half a dozen feet away, his two beloved pastimes in full effect... well, they would have been, if not for one annoying presence close-by.

Sitting on the sizeable three-cushioned sofa of a soft red complexion, Nermal kept to himself, a rare event that went against his mischievous, nosy personality. The even tinier, perhaps cuter feline of light grey fur with thinner black stripes had once again made himself at home in the Arbuckle house, annoying Garfield as he always did, no matter that he kept busy with stuffing himself silly and watching his favourite shows. As Nermal rested on the couch's right side, located behind the television and up against the wall of striped light-yellow wallpaper, he read a book with a prime blue cover on it, minding his own business despite being a pest that Garfield usually dealt with, one arguably even worse than any mouse in the house. Incessant noises of chewing, gobbling, slurping, and smacking had grown tiresome for Nermal. He knew Garfield did this all day and night every day and night, yet as he minded his own business and tried to keep on reading, he simply could not ignore the frankly rude cacophony of noises. It was with this annoyance that caused him to put the book down and speak up, casually confronting the other feline with a simple yet striking question.

“Garfield?” Nermal inquired in his scrawny voice, holding the book in his right hand while his left one rested behind his head. “Do you ever *stop* eating?”

“Sure! When I sleep and when I take naps”. Garfield replied in his relaxed, monotone voice, unfazed by the question as he grabbed the popcorn bowl to his left and placed it on his lap, scooping handfuls of buttery kernels and gobbling them up.

“See? That’s exactly my point. When it comes to food, you lack willpower of any kind.” Nermal explained to him while dropping the book - open and face-down - onto the couch, only to be met by a ruder display of manners that he had already observed.

“UAAAAARP!!”

A sizeable belch erupted from the orange cat, releasing a content sigh directly after before refuting Nermal’s claim.

“That’s baloney! I can lay off food any time I want. If I really wanted to, I could do it.” He proclaimed, using his left hand to point at the smaller feline before grabbing another handful of popcorn and shoving it inside his mouth, grinning as he did so.

“Yeah, right!” Nermal sarcastically shot back as both hands rested on his hips, leading to Garfield making an offer that enticed the nosy kitten.

“Wanna bet?” He simply asked, his eyes and brows cocky in their shifted positions.

Nermal was silent for a few seconds, contemplating this opportunity for a challenge as his eyes gazed over at the television. He glanced at an infomercial for kitchenware, the screen showing a shiny metallic pot having just finished boiling water, steam gushing out from any place it could, chugging like a train about to leave the station.

“Sure!” Nermal answered, hopping off the sofa and onto the soft dark green carpet, turning to face Garfield. “I’ll bet that you can’t go one whole hour without eating anything. If you lose, you’ll be my personal slave for a whole week!”

“And what’s in it for me if I win?” The fat tabby asked in return, swiping the bottle off the chair’s right-side arm, taking a nice, big slurp from its straw.

It did not take long for Nermal to come up with a means of motivating the other cat, letting out a slight chuckle as he walked up to the front of the green recliner.

“How about I stay away from your house for an entire month?” He offered in return, swiftly winning Garfield over in taking part in this challenge.

“Now you’re talking.” He giddily spoke after chuckling a little bit himself, reaching out his right hand to grab Nermal’s own, as he himself reached out for the orange feline’s.

With that, the two cats shook hands, agreeing to the terms of this bet as each smiled and let out a laugh of their own. By perfect coincidence, the nearby clock sitting above the fireplace chimed eleven times, each one setting in stone the lack of eating that was now to commence.

“It’s eleven o’clock.” Nermal stated as clear as the day outside, releasing his hand from Garfield’s before pointing at the clock with his left one. “The bet will end at twelve. Good luck!”

No sooner than when Nermal rounded the corner and left the living room that Garfield realized what he had done, gasping as he stared at the clock, the big bowl of popcorn still resting on his lap.

“It’s only an hour.” He told himself as a form of self-assurance. “We’re just talking sixty minutes, three-thousand six-hundred seconds.”

The cat's eyes ventured back towards the television in front of him, still showing the same pot boiling water upon a studio-set stovetop. A sigh subtly released from between his lips, remaining seated on his comfy recliner with that soda bottle to his right.

"It'll be over in no time." Another form of spoken assurance attempted to calm Garfield, all while he absentmindedly reached his right hand back into the heaping helping of popcorn in front of him.

Right as he nearly let himself chow down on another handful, holding it right up to his open mouth, Garfield snapped to his senses, gasping again as he realized what he had almost done. He let go of the popped kernels, most of them falling back into the bowl while looking around at the surrounding mess of food and drink. Yelps of panic proceeded to sound from the tabby, running around the room to tidy up and put away everything that could instantly be eaten. The popcorn bowl and glass bottle were tossed onto the golden cart, rolled away into the kitchen, out of sight and mind. A single swipe of the table cleared off everything sitting upon it. Scraps of food ranging from banana peels to pizza boxes found themselves scooped up and placed in the kitchen too. In mere seconds, showcasing a surprising bout of energy for a cat as lazy as himself, Garfield cleared the room of any signs of anything edible, running back from the kitchen and towards the recliner, where he hopped onto its seat again, catching his breath across a few seconds.

Turning his head to the right, the orange cat glanced back at the clock, its minute hand having not moved a hair during his hasty cleaning, confounding him to say the least.

"This clock can't be right." Garfield verbally pondered to himself, annoyedly looking at it. "The hands aren't even moving."

Right on cue, the minute hand twitched, loudly clicking as it moved slightly to the right.

“Congratulations, Garfield!!” Nermal spoke aloud, walking back into the room where he and the other feline had made their bet. “You just made it through the first minute!”

“One minute? That’s all?” Garfield questioned the grey-furred kitten before walking up to and grabbing the clock, wanting to better examine the time. “But it feels like it’s been an hour already. In fact, it feels like it’s been three hours and forty-seven minutes.”

“You’re not giving up, are you?” Nermal teasingly asked him, giving him a slight glare.

“Heck no.” Garfield simply replied, putting the clock back above the fireplace. “As a matter of fact, I’m not even one bit hungry.”

GUUOOOORRRRGL- CHHhRRrnn...

Garfield’s stomach betrayed his words, letting out a defiant grumble much to his embarrassment. Instantly, he clutched it with both hands, eyes wide and worriedly looking down at it.

“Ha! If you say so.” Nermal added to his teasing remarks before turning around and leaving the room once again, waving as he told the orange feline “See you later!”

With his hands still on his stomach, Garfield turned his head back to view the clock, still annoyed over the slow passage of time.

“Fifty-nine more minutes.” He mused to himself. “This is harder than I thought! I gotta find ways to keep my mind off my stomach.”

In barely an instant, a brilliant idea entered his mind, his eyes lighting up and smile widening, one he knew very well as a quaint way to spend his time.

“I know! I’ll take a nap for the remaining fifty-eight minutes.” He excitedly declared as he again eyed the clock, rushing up the stairs as he laughed to himself. “I’m sure Nermal didn’t see that coming.”

While Garfield snoozed upstairs, the kitchen below him was bustling. Unbeknownst to the now-sleeping tabby, Nermal had been busy ever since he left him to his own devices, baking a fresh, tasty pie that was bigger than the kitten himself. Such a delectable delicacy usually took quite some time to make, on top of needing the necessary time for it to cool. But Nermal had a special ace up his sleeve, a special ingredient deriving from a tiny fruit that would no doubt turn the tides of favour in winning the bet for himself. The pie had only been in the oven for a meagre fifteen minutes, but with the aid of this sweetened ingredient, it already finished baking, defying time itself to produce a fresh, steaming, juicy pastry, sitting on the windowsill with help from a sturdy step-ladder, quickly cooling down as Nermal sat down at the square kitchen table with four chairs on each side, sitting on the one facing directly towards the pie and the open window. There he waited, taking in the scent of blueberries spreading inside and outside the house, eager to witness what would soon follow.

“Let’s see Garfield resist this!!”

As though an invisible hand made of steam soared with sentience throughout the house, the pie’s irresistible aura ventured out the kitchen and up the stairs, making its way up to the sleeping cat. In no time, Garfield detected the scent of the delicious fruit-filled pie, salivating a little in his sleep as he hovered out of his little bed. Defying gravity, he floated in the air, following the beckoning hand as it returned to the kitchen with the feline right behind it, its finger gesturing in the direction it receded in. Soon enough, Garfield followed the hand’s entire trail, a woozy smile on his half-shuttered eyes, still in a sleepy daze as he trickled out laughter.

He floated out of his bedroom through the suddenly-open door, venturing down the stairs and through the living room where the television aired commercials all about food. As the orange cat rounded the corner and entered through the open kitchen door, he snapped out of his hungering daze, met with the sight of Nermal seated at the table, the sizeable pastry resting at its centre.

“Hey, Garfield!” He called out to him in an intensely teasing tone. “I’ve baked a little something. It’s a nice, warm, scrumptious blueberry pie, and it’s aaaaaall yours.”

BUOOOORRRBLLBLBLBLBLBL...

Garfield froze in place for a few seconds, his eyes locked onto the pie even as his stomach fiercely rumbled. His resistance to eating during his bet had swiftly reached its limits, unable to find the restraint that was present in him only minutes ago. As he slowly walked over to the chair opposite from Nermal, hopping onto it and getting closer to the pie, the lazy cat could see the holes made in the crust, oozing a thick, vibrantly blue filling that reeked of sweetened blueberries. As confliction overrode him, Garfield wanted to scream, the anguish over being forced to withhold eating this pie tearing him apart on the inside. And yet, as he stood still for another several seconds with a dire look on his face, hearing the familiar sound of the infomercial pot on the television chugging akin to a train, the tabby could no longer hold himself back.

“Ohhh... I can’t take it anymore!!”

Losing the bet, Garfield hopped onto the table and grabbed the circular tin, wasting no time in gobbling down the large pie that had cooled down to a respectable warm temperature. Nermal watched with glee as he stuffed himself with the pastry, giggling gleefully and dodging splatters of blueberry filling as the bigger cat let himself go. It had only been close to half an hour since

the bet had begun, but now, it felt like a true eternity had come and gone since Garfield last tasted a morsel of food. He could not believe how amazing the pie tasted! Rich, sweetened blueberries danced across his tongue, his tastebuds stunned by the sheer flavour housed within the crust. It was unlike anything he had ever eaten before, relishing in every single bite he hastily took. The grey-furred kitten watched the spectacle commence across a singular moment, during which Garfield stuffed himself silly, his hands and lips covered in blue pie filling. It was a messy scene to say the least, leaving globs of the colourful berries all over the kitchen, running down its green walls, on the door, the fridge, and especially the table itself.

As quickly as it had started, Garfield finished the pie, setting the tin aside as he laid upon his back, stifling a few belches while trying to speak.

“I- **BUAAARP!!** don’t care if I have to be your personal slave, Nermal. You made-
OUURP!! such a good pie.” The orange cat softly uttered through loud burps, various parts of his fur stained with pie filling from resting on the table.

“I’m glad you enjoyed it, Garfield.” The kitten replied, delighted that his plan was well on its way. “I hope you also enjoy the surprise that comes with eating it.”

“Wait... what do you mean by ‘surprise’?” Garfield confusedly asked, right as he would soon find out for himself.

GRRRrrrrBLLL...

A low, frightening gurgle different from the usual pangs of hunger struck Garfield’s senses, causing the lazy cat to jolt up in a panic, scrambling to his feet as worry overrode his face.

Nermal remained seated at the kitchen table, his eyes intently watching Garfield as he stood back onto it, his balance nearly faltering on account of his middle. The tabby immediately knew it

could not have been his stomach begging for more food, for a firm fullness permeated his insides, a soft discomfort joining it too.

“Ooouughh... I don’t feel so hot all of a sudden.” Garfield moaned, both hands feeling his grumbling gut, head tilted down at it whilst Nermal watched on, a front-row seat to his plan in motion.

The kitten watched with fascination as a blue dot no bigger than a pushpin formed upon Garfield’s pink nose, the tabby not noticing the strange stain at first but certainly feeling a strange tingling upon it. Alas, he was too focused on the odd sensations coming from his stomach to focus on the one upon his face, all while Nermal watched with a devilish grin as the spot proceeded to grow, quickly turning the gluttonous cat’s entire nose a bright, primary blue. From there, it conquered the rest of the feline’s face, engulfing the fur of his cheeks and chin, ears and forehead, until the entirety of his head had changed complexion. Right as it completed this bizarre exterior metamorphosis, the rest of Garfield’s body lost its bright orange fur, the blue hue travelling down his neck and shoulders to invade his arms and torso. With his eyes aimed down at the latter, the tabby watched his body change colour, the new complexion crawling along his arms to reach his hands, much like his chest and midsection.

“Wh- what’s going on here?” Garfield pondered aloud, fear and confusion seeping through his clenched teeth as he stared at the strange stain soaking into himself all over.

Nermal spoke not a word.

Garfield removed his hands from his middle as he looked all over himself, craning his neck from side to side to grant his head a clear view of what was happening to him. Black stripes turned navy blue, standing out from the rest of his brighter blue fur. Everything from his belly to

his thighs, legs and paws were soon taken over, the colour practically falling downwards onto him as though gravity did the deed. In only half a minute, Garfield had completely turned blue, not a single inch of his fur remaining the same as before.

GUUOOOOORRRRRRRGGGGGGLLLLLLL...

Right away, another grumble more powerful than before roared from deep inside Garfield, not letting off as more followed it at increasing frequency and volume, echoing throughout the house and even reaching the surrounding yard.

“What did you put in this pie, Nermal?!” Garfield finally found the strength to ask him, both widened eyes looking right at the kitten who finally cared to indulge.

“Let’s just say I added something *extra* special to it.” Nermal teased before letting out a hint of a snicker, watching as Garfield’s stomach and hips stealthily swelled by a few inches. “A pretty nifty serum if I say so myself. And by the looks of it, its effects are fully underway.”

BWWWOOOMMPPH!!!

Before Garfield could process what Nermal had told him, he was taken aback by his body now ballooning, his stomach taking on a more pronounced rounded shape as his hips and thighs widened. He looked down at himself, face frozen with fear, wincing nervously as he appeared to rapidly grow fatter, the table beneath him creaking. Nermal stared at the blue tabby’s middle, watching it hastily distend and lurch further outward, soon seeing Garfield attempt to take a step forward, a sluggish and clumsy one to say the least. From this step, a liquid sensation bounced upon the walls of his insides, sloshing sounding from within, muffled from outside.

“What kind of water weight is this?!” Garfield asked aloud, poking his belly as his finger squished into it, the swelling flesh gurgling from this disturbance.

“That’s not water, you big blue dummy!” Nermal delightfully scolded him. “Think about it... what did you just eat?”

Garfield recalled the taste of blueberries still on his tongue, the flavour intensifying as he became the shape of a fattened teardrop. His belly already began to take over his limbs, rendering both arms and legs stubbier as his thighs touched one another. Even his butt had blown up considerably in size, it and his thicker back merging into one united shape of roundness, much like his chest and midsection.

“You don’t mean to say that I’m a-“

KKRUNCCHH!!!

Before he could finish his spoken train of thought, Garfield’s heavying weight broke the table he stood on, cutting it clean in half as it buckled in on itself, all four legs falling forwards onto the kitchen floor. The blue tabby fell through the new gap he had inadvertently created, landing on his feet as a cat always does despite his larger size. Such destruction in front of him caused Nermal to leap away, hiding behind the chair for a few seconds while watching Garfield leave two paw-shaped craters on the floor, his mass already several times what it once was. Upon landing on the kitchen’s smoothed tiles, his body wobbled like liquid itself, sluggish as though it were a thick composition, almost akin to a thick, gelatinous mass.

“ARF! ARF!”

Running through the small square door meant for him to come and go, Odie entered from the front of the house, hearing the commotion caused by the table breaking in two. The yellow dog with large brown ears and a long tongue scurried across the room with the still-blaring television, turning the corner and going through the open door into the kitchen where he saw Nermal emerge from behind the chair, as a swelling blue cat did his best to look behind him with his head turned right, annoyance and humiliation seeping into him like the flavour of blueberries onto his blue tongue.

“G- get away from me, you stupid mutt.” Garfield tried shooin Odie back with his right hand, but the canine ran up to him, bewildered by what he was seeing.

As the blue tabby silently glanced down at his sizeable rear end, sporting a swollen tail that continued swaying with a bit of sluggishness, Odie approached Garfield’s front side, where he stood at eye level with the centre of his growling stomach. A rich cacophony of groans, gurgles, and grumbles bellowed out from within the giant mound resembling an overinflated beachball, unending in their frequency as the canine placed his right ear against it. Feeling the sudden squishing against his liquid-filling middle, Garfield turned his head back and down to see Odie take in the soundscape that his stomach had become, squishing into his sense of hearing as it dipped lower towards the floor. The swollen cat whose body now looked like it was an orb sporting increasingly thickened and stubby limbs, his neck starting to phase out of existence, tried to take a step back, nearly falling backwards as he could only waddle now. In the midst of his messy retreat with Odie curiously listening to his stomach, Nermal could not help but to toy with the feline turning into a fruit.

“You just couldn’t help yourself, could you?” The sly kitten began, pushing the chair aside as he slowly approached Garfield and an occupied Odie. “I knew you would scarf down that entire pie. It was the perfect plan to win that bet for myself!”

Nermal walked up to the left side of Garfield’s belly, where Odie stood by its centre. There, he poked that same side of the tabby’s massive middle, his little finger nearly disappearing in its entirety, the bloated stomach growling fiercely as though it had been provoked.

“My, oh my! You’re ripening up very well, Garfield.” Nermal teasingly praised him. “A nice, juicy blueberry if I say so myself.”

“A blueberry?” Garfield fearfully uttered, ignoring Odie nuzzling against his belly as it swelled around the canine’s head.

“You know, I had to think for a while about what to do with you once you finish swelling up, and I think I have it all figured out.” Nermal teased the blue cat, still prodding him while staring up at his neckless head. “I’ll bake you into your very own pie! Think about it: You’re the perfect ingredient for one now. All I gotta do is roll you into a big enough crust and fill it with so many blueberries, all of them way smaller than you will be.”

“No... I- I don’t wanna be a pie!” Garfield cried out in distress, fearing over becoming what he had eaten.

“Not only will you be the biggest pie ever made, but I bet you’ll taste even *better* than the one you ate!” Nermal continued unrelentingly, his grin widening as he placed his entire hand on Garfield’s belly. “I just hope the oven won’t be too hot for you.”

“GAAAAAAAAAHH!!” Garfield screamed aloud, managing to rotate himself around in awkward turns and waddle away, leaving Nermal to laugh with glee as Odie confusedly watched.

Despite struggling to move as a living container of juice, the tabby found renewed strength in his fright to flee from a fruitful fate. He put one foot in front of the other, awkwardly maneuvering a body that continued to turn perfectly spherical. All of his increasingly shortened limbs shuffled in their frantic movements, which combined with the weight inside him made each and every waddle shake the house and send liquid sloshing and splashing against his insides.

GLOOP!!

GLOORP!!

BWWRBLLLBLBLBLLL...

It did not help that Garfield kept on inflating, fresh gallons of blueberry juice filling him everywhere, most prominently his belly. The spherical mound hastily ate up his mobility, both arms and legs sinking into its corners as divots formed to suck them in. Regardless, he rounded the corner and tried pushed through the kitchen doorway, barely getting stuck for he managed to pop out of it by some miracle, leaving blue stains on the wooden frame. As Odie and Nermal followed keenly from behind, they watched as Garfield practically bounced from side to side, making a run for the front door. The blue feline feared he would have to scramble for the doorknob that towered well above him, but to his surprise, alongside the other animals watching him, his ruthless swelling had caused him to grow taller, already as high as the average human and allowing him to grip the handle with ease, opening it as he failed to realize the stuck situation he then wedged himself into.

CRRRRK!!

“Help! I- I- I can’t move!” Garfield worriedly stammered, getting stuck in the front door as Nermal and Odie approached him from behind.

The nearly-spherical cat tried reaching his hands out to push against the wooden frame and free himself from his tightening position, but he realized he had become so swollen with juice that they barely stuck out of his ginormous belly of a body, his limbs now completely submerged in it. With no way to free himself on his own, his bloating threatening to break the doorway and possibly destroy the house, Nermal and Odie got directly behind him, the tiny feline having devised a quick, impromptu solution.

“Don’t worry, Garfield! We’ll give you a helping hand.” The grey kitten happily declared, before he placed his hands onto the blueberry’s behind, Odie pushing his head against it.

“On three! One...”

“Wait, hang on a second.” Garfield tried to stop them, but words would not halt their intended actions.

“...two...”

“I don’t like where this is going.”

“THREE!!”

BWUMPH!!

SPLUMMPHH!!!

Popping out of the doorframe, Garfield leapt forward, falling and landing on his big blue belly that bounced like a water-balloon. Now fully immobile, his body proceeded to grow tremendously, reaching perfected sphericity as his head sank a little further into its own divot, the feline's face bloating with juice as his eyes turned blue much like his fur. Nermal and Odie emerged from the doorway, the frame stained with juice as well. As the slobbering canine ran circles around the squirming fruit, barking incessantly as he did, Nermal walked around the creaking sphere, hearing fresh, sugary juice slosh wildly from within. The mischievous kitten reached Garfield's sunken-in head, feeling a firm tightness settle across every inch of himself, his hide stretched to its limits and still creaking. At least he stopped swelling soon after, rendered an enormous ten-foot-tall and wide fruit.

"How does it feel to be a blueberry?" Nermal slyly asked, as Garfield spewed out nothing but muffled moans, fear projected through his altered eyes. "Wait... did you really think I would bake you into a pie?! Ha! That's ridiculous."

Looking up at Garfield's swollen head, he placed his hand onto the closest reach of blue fur, feeling the reverberating gurgles surging throughout the tabby. "Luckily for you, I know the perfect place to fix you up."

What followed was a chaotic scene straight out of a monster movie, as Nermal rolled the orb-shaped Garfield away from the house and through the neighbouring streets, heading into the heart of the nearby city itself. Juice leaked onto the grassy yard and the stretches of road, leaving a blue trail wherever Garfield was pushed. Sloshes and gurgles sounded across countless homes, leaving just as many onlookers confused and oddly frightened. As the blueberry ventured further into the city – Odie barking and following from well behind – Nermal decided to take a few detours, revelling in the fun of rolling Garfield as he used the heavy feline to crush cars and

terrorize fleeing citizens. He cackled with upmost joy as though he were a mad scientist, using his creation to wreak havoc onto the helpless city and its inhabitants. All the while, Garfield could only dazedly moan and groan, his hands and feet flapping haphazardly from their divots.

After what felt like an eternity of being rolled around, Garfield wound up entering a deserted junkyard, courtesy of Nermal who knew just how to bring him down to size. Through the wide doors of a sizeable garage, barely big enough to fit the giant fruit, Garfield was pushed onto the bottom end of a giant industrial hydraulic press, resting on his belly once again as he faced away from Nermal and Odie, his large behind instead staring at them.

“Let’s see if I can figure out all these doohickeys.” Nermal pondered as he hopped onto a bar-styled stool close-by, sitting before a large control panel full of various buttons, switches, and levers. “Alright, Garfield. You’re gonna feel a bit of pressure, but you’ll be back on your feet in no time. Now then, which button starts this thing?”

Garfield could not recall what transpired thereafter, except only feeling the tight welling of his body exponentially build as he was repeatedly squeezed by the hydraulic press, its top circular half pressing down on his juicy hide, squishing him for an unfathomably long stretch of time.

As a warm sunset hung over the city, Garfield groggily stumbled outside on his own two paws, the garage behind him drenched with bluish-purple liquid. Odie scampered up from behind him, bringing his head back onto Garfield’s belly, still sloshing and gurgling like mad. The tabby may have been juiced, yes, but by no means was he anywhere close to being back to normal. Still blue and resembling a pear in shape, Garfield had been mostly juiced, a partial amount of the sugary fluid still stuck inside him.

“What the?” He let out with frustration. “I thought this would fix me, Nermal!”

The sly kitten exited the garage and soon stood before the blueberry, telling him “I did my best, Garfield. I can’t do anything about your new look and size, but as I see it, blue sure suits you a lot better!”

While Nermal and Odie left the junkyard, Garfield looked down at his swollen blue belly. He felt as full as he did when stuck as a sphere, all while sporting a larger figure just a few inches taller. Though he had been irreversibly turned into a fruit, an odd satisfaction permeated him, a stealthy joy from being full and fat. In this moment, Garfield came to fully accept himself now that he had been well-reduced in size, his vision remaining blue, no longer seeing the colours that once surrounded him, whether in the junkyard or back home in his peaceful neighbourhood.

“You know what? Maybe this isn’t so bad.” He declared with a smirk, patting his sloshing belly with both of his hands against its sides.