Marc was always anxious when his mail came. He got a lot of letters and packages from his friends, usually some sort of new thing to play with or an invention from a rather genius friend of his named Silver. The dragon had always been an inventor, and this meant that Marc was getting all kinds of new things to try out from him. That week had been quite heavy in terms of mail too, as it was the week after his hatchday, so the little totodile had been keeping a close eye out for something new from Marc. He wasn’t expecting something persay, but it had been tradition in the past many years for Marc to send him something that was just fun to play with in the week or so after his birthday. So the little totodile waited patiently, standing right out by his mailbox like an overeager puppy while he waited for the mailbear to come along.

Come along he did, giving just a nod of his head as he gave the totodile a few envelopes, along with a small package from none other than Silver. All but jumping for joy, Marc thanked the parcel carrier and rushed back inside, tossing the letters aside and immediately running into his kitchen in order to get a knife and open his box. The box was rather small, but it had no indications that it was something fragile. This meant the totodile quickly decided to forgo a knife and used his claws instead to open the package, the mostly-dull spikes on the ends of his paws being just enough to get through the tape and open up the box. Marc was far too excited to even begin to guess what was in the box, so instead of doing that he just opened the lid quickly and turned the box upside down on his kitchen counter.

Out of the box tumbled a folded piece of paper, and a plastic bag filled with some sort of green powder. It was a little odd for the totodile, and as he peered down at it on his low-slung counter, he had to be even more curious as to what he had been sent. Reached for the paper, his other paw went out to grab the baggie of powder and lift it to his eye level. The letter came first though, and the totodile deftly unfolded it so that he could read it. Marc was never much of a fan of reading letter from Silver though… The dragon’s handwriting was not at all the best in the world.

*‘Hey lil’ dude!*

*I hope you like my latest invention. I won’t tell you what it is, but I will say that you will like it for sure! Just add it to a lot of water, and then have fun. It’s safe to eat and whatnot too, so don’t be afraid to try it… I promise it tastes good!*

*Your friend,*

*Silver’*

Had Silver just sent him a new kind of jello? Marc was even more curious now as he put down the letter and used both paws to hold the powder. He spun it a couple times, looked at it, gave the bag a sniff to see if it smelled like anything… What on earth had Silver sent him? The totodile was far too curious now, so he planned on doing just what the letter suggested and adding the stuff to water. It had said a lot of water too… And even though he was an aqua pokemon, he didn’t have a pool. The bath tub had a lot of water in it though, when it was full that is. Grinning as he thought of that solution, Marc scampered off to the bathroom, his small, turquoise legs a blur as he rushed to get a bath running. He left the powder in the kitchen for the time being too; he didn’t want to make a mistake and dump it in too early after all!

Drawing a bath took a while, and that meant that Marc had to wait. He played with his headphones while he waited, fiddling with his bandana, and even went about cleaning out his jacket pockets. The bath was just taking it’s time, and the little totodile wanted it to hurry on up so he could have his fun! Marc was as good at being patient as the next pokemon, but the anticipation of something new was absolutely killing him. His tail swayed around in nervous excitement, the little spine on the back putting a couple fresh dents into his cabinets while he waited in the kitchen. It was a sight to watch the excited ‘dile, and Marc was a little thankful no one could see him in such a state. Regardless, he did blush a bit at the thought of just how much he was looking forward to being able to see what the new thing Silver had invented was going to be.

The bath finally done, Marc scurried in there with the powder in tow. He then took that powder, holding it in both paws, and dumped it right into the tub right away. The big batch of slightly-green concentrate spread out in the liquid like it was made for it, turning the water from clear to green in a matter of moments. Marc just watched with wide-eyes, his arms resting on the side of the tub thanks to his short stature. Spreading out through the water and fully tainting it with a lime-green hue in just a matter of moments, the water then began to ripple less and less as the faucet still dripped down into it. In fact, it was less than a minute before the liquid wasn’t rippling from anything at all, and had appeared to almost become somewhat solid. It was faster than any jello that Marc had seen in his life, so he was more than curious as to what was going on. He didn’t quite reach a paw down into the green mess of powder and water quite yet, but he did take a curious sniff of it to see what it was.

Lime green jello was undoubtedly now filling his bath tub, and the totodile was far more curious about it now. He gathered up the courage to reach a paw in, having to stand on his tip-toes to reach, and scooped out a large portion of the goo. From there, he gave a couple more curious sniffs to the jiggling goop before sticking out his tongue to lick at it. A small, cautionary lick to the goo was all Marc had intended, but somehow he got a whole bite of it into his muzzle. Eyes bulging with surprise, the totodile just chewed at the goo for a moment before swallowing rather hard. Tasting purely of limes and sugar, the powder had made his whole tub incredibly tasty to the ‘dile. Marc dug right in as he realized that, grabbing another pawful of the goo as soon as he finished off the one he had. He didn’t care that he spilled a little on his bandana, or the floor for that matter; it could be cleaned up later, and the totodile had quite an affinity for all things gooey and squishy.

A few pawfuls into eating his tub’s jello, and Marc stopped. He could have sworn that he saw something *move* in his tub, and yet it was nothing but jello! How it had happened was beyond him, but the totodile paused his eating to get a closer look. Leaning on the edge and peering down towards where he thought he had seen something move, the totodile let his muzzle almost press into the gooey snack he had been eating. Instead, he just got a few good whiffs of the smell of it as his red eyes tried to make out the movement. He couldn’t see anything though, unsure of just what he had seen now that he knew there had been no movement. That was about to change though…

A single tendril launched out of the tub, and straight into Marc’s mouth!

It was long, narrow, and green as the rest of the goo. It seemed like the goo had gained a life of its own right before Marc’s eyes, and that its life was devoted to feeding itself to Marc! The totodile was more than surprised, shooting back from the tub in shock. He didn’t make it far though, as more snaking appendages formed and grabbed at him, their strength surprising for just how soft and pliable the goo had been moments before. They held down all his limbs, keeping him in place while that main line of goo kept being forced right down into his maw. Pushing into him at a constant, steady pace, it was filling him up with jello at a pace which even the little totodile thought was a little ridiculous. It tasted so good though, with each swallow filled with a good amount of limey and gooey goodness for him to enjoy. This made Marc unsure of whether he should struggle against the tendrils keeping him in place at first, or if he should just enjoy the fact that the goo was being so helpful in getting it inside the greedy little ‘dile.

As more and more came though, the tendrils brought the totodile down into the goo. They lowered him in tail-first, sinking him into the tub and bathing him in the green slime. Once he was in it, Marc knew he wasn’t going to be going anywhere soon, as he couldn’t move his arms and legs even moreso now that he was coated in the stuff. Instead, he just let it stuff him for the time being as he was magically not feeling full. Sure, his stomach was definitely rounding out and starting to look almost chubby under his bandana, but it wasn’t like he had gotten fat yet! The tub also had a limited amount of the stuff in it after all too, so there was little worry to Marc that he would be stuffed to bursting by the jello; there was a limited amount of it after all.

That was only true for a small amount of time more though, as the jello was working its way up to the valve for the tub. Another tendril, this one far narrower and pointed than the others, was snaking up to that valve and playing with it. Marc couldn’t see this as his back was turned to the spigot, but he could just guess what it was as he heard the squelch of metal and goo colliding. He wasn’t sure just what the slimy monster that was stuffing itself into him was planning, but if it was reaching for the nozzle… It had to not be that great. So Marc began to try to struggle, if for nothing else to get the goo around him sloshing and wobbling about. It did feel good against his scales, the cold and sticky mess coating him was actually somewhat relaxing; like being at a spa with the mud on his scales. It wasn’t quite as relaxing as a spa though, as he was still being stuffed. His little stomach had turned into a full-on gut, obscuring some of his stubby legs from view and making him feel heavy and bloated. It wasn’t uncomfortable, but the squirming wasn’t helping that feeling, so Marc had to stop and just let whatever happened… Happen to him. At least it was fun still for the totodile, who was getting all the jello he could stomach as well as some time in a gooey mess of a tub.

The water turning on startled Marc, as he thought he would be at least a little bit more through the tub before it happened. Full blast, luke-warm water began to flood into the tub for a few moments. As quickly as it started though, the flow ended when the goo snaked up and attached itself to the spigot. Now with a source of food of its own, the feeding sped up since the goo knew it wasn’t going to run out. Swelling in surges, like a pump of sorts, the goo just got larger and larger all around Marc while the totodile was forced to gulp down as much as his maw would allow. Big, heavy swallows all blended into one, and it wasn’t long before the tendril running into his muzzle was just pumping the goo straight into his stomach, which was getting bigger and more rounded out by the moment! The little totodile was no longer so little, having looked as though he had eaten a small beachball now as his stomach bounced and sloshed in front of him. His legs were all but gone from his view, his bandana had been forced up to rub slightly against the bottom of his muzzle, and his arms were poking out from his sides rather uselessly now thanks to how bloated he was. There was still so, so, *so* much more for him to eat too that the totodile wasn’t sure he would be able to fit it all in.

More totodile also meant less room in the tub for the goo, which was already starting to spill over the edges of the tub and into the bathroom. As it did that, it was looking for more sources of water… The sink being one that it found almost right away. Another new source meant it could grow even more, and the totodile had to take that growth as well. He was already wider than the tub he was starting to fill, spilling out over the sides and both into the wall, as well as partially into the bathroom. He was still sitting down, somewhat, but he was fast being forced to lay down thanks to his stomach ever-increasing size. His head was just barely poking above the jello too, and he spluttered a few times as it went over his head. Thankful that he was an aqua pokemon, and could hold his breath nigh indefinitely, Marc wasn’t too worried about inevitably laying down and having his head swallowed up by the goo. He was worried about having to clean up the mess though… And what was going to happen to his tub. He could already hear the plaster starting to crack, as well as the wall on his side splintering slightly from the pressure of both himself and the goo pressing into it. That would be another worry for the ‘dile though, as the goo was already starting to grow too large for the bathroom.

Around that point, the tendrils which had been restraining him released, and Marc was free to move around… If he could have. He was trapped under the mammoth swell of his bloated belly, lying flat in the tub and just gurgling and sloshing about as he was stuffed silly with the goo! It filled him time and time again, pumping itself with reckless abandon down into his stomach. The walls were groaning loudly now, a few cracks forming in the tiles around that belly. It even made it up to the ceiling now, brushing the plaster there lightly as the sensitive scales on it sloshed over a yard from where the totodile lay. Marc had never once been stuffed this big, even if he had been at the end of more than a few expansive pranks from his friends. This was a new one for him, being stuffed as much as he was, and with the jello just ever-growing in size. He couldn’t see it, but he had to guess that he was just a drop in the bucket for the goo in terms of size. With no stopping his swelling either, the totodile figured that it was just a matter of time before he burst out of the bathroom! Breaking a room with just his belly… That sounded fun to the totodile. He was still enjoying the green goo‘s taste after all, and if he was going to be trapped as he was, he might as well enjoy it to the fullest.

A minute or so later, and the wall to his bathroom gave out with a loud bang. Around the same time, another surge of goo came from the tendril feeding him the stuff; the goo had found the kitchen. To think there was that much of it… Marc almost wondered what his neighbors would think. It was too much fun to think about that, and to be as big as the totodile had become thanks to his new gooey housemate. Marc wasn’t just brushing the ceiling now, as he could feel it cracking around him now too thanks to how much he was pushing on it. The wall was pushed aside even more as it crumbled around him, his stomach bouncing and sloshing heavily thanks to being freed from its confines. This made the totodile blush profusely, as he was enjoying it all so very much already without feeling just how much slime was now in his stomach. He was more slime than totodile now, and it was a feeling that he hadn’t expected to enjoy as much as he was. It was too much fun, in fact it was almost addictive. Marc thought little of that though, and instead just had fun with his bloating self, pressing into his belly with his arms and legs to feel it move even a little bit from what he could muster to push into it.

It wasn’t long before Marc had cracked through the ceiling of his house, and was pressing into the roof. He had spread to fill much of the living space at that point, having broken the remaining walls of the bathroom and just spread out through the living room and the kitchen. The goo was pressing into the windows of the house at that point too, a few of the windows already cracking from both the pressure, and the goo’s need to expand and find new sources of water. It seemed to only have that in mind, and Marc was okay with that as he just blissfully enjoyed being its ‘little’ plaything. Now that he could do anything else, as he was forced prone and with his head fully laid back thanks to how much his stomach dominated his form. It was starting to become slightly translucent at this point too, the goo having stretched him out so much that he was turning a little green and see through on the stomach. It wasn’t much, but Marc could see it on what little of himself he could see, and wondered how long before he too was just jello instead of totodile. That seemed like it could be fun… Because after all, he would be so much bigger!

A crack of thunder snapped Marc into reality, and with that made him groan a little bit. The slime was already searching for water, and now here was about to come in droves. He could only hope that his neighbors liked goo and being a bloated little beast as much as he did. It wasn’t all bad either… All the jello you could eat, and then some! Silver must have planned for this at least… Or that was what Marc hoped as he heard a few pitters of rain strike his roof. The goo around him surged slightly from that, and then began to really grow as the water from the tub, sinks, and the sky were all now flowing into it. Marc tried to think whether it was supposed to rain a lot, and then his eyes shut as he remembered what was going on outside. The rain wasn’t going anywhere, and neither was the totodile for that matter; he hadn’t planned on it before, but now he really wasn’t going anywhere.

It was monsoon season.