

“Honestly, I deal with quite a few naughty guests coming through my factory tours these days but you, little man? You have the distinction of *novelty* about you~”

Ordinarily Petey would be sporting a calico pattern, but as he found himself clutched in an *enormous* hand the cat was more of a mottled pack of shades of violet. His natural coloring already had a little purple in some spots, and those were darkest for the moment, but every inch of him had changed color. How many inches that accounted for now was another question entirely. Petey had to wonder about it, but his wandering thoughts were interrupted when quite a lot of force from below sent him *hurtling* into the air. Spinning, twisting, head over heels – over.. well, the cat wasn't sure what else he had to spin over.

Everything had gone rather berry-shaped not long ago. Then things had gotten out of hand, and left him *in hand*, specifically in Wonka's hands. The deer holding him – tossing him like a child's ball up and down as he walked through the back halls of the factory, seemed to be enjoying this. At least the quick glimpses Petey caught as he went flying up and down and got dizzier with each toss seemed to suggest that.

“You got yourself in the 'classic tour' and then waited – and I have to commend the ingenuity – you waited until you could climb into the Wonkavision machine to start on the three-course gum. And now look at you-”

Dizzy beyond all reason, Petey could scarcely even wiggle his feet and hands when the deer held him up to his face. Petey's round and swollen body was only a little bigger than Wonka's head, and the deer was grinning at his helpless form in a most unsettling fashion.

“P-please.. c-can I get juiced and.. and stretched now? I-”

The way the deer burst out laughing at that did not help set Petey at ease. Nor did the way they ducked into a closed office which looked wildly bizarre for how.. normal it was? Except of course for everything looking like it was made for giants. Petey could only squirm helplessly, and barely even managed that, as he watched Wonka ease back into a comfy leather seat and realized the deer had dropped his pants at some point during all this.

“Oh, oh that's *rich*. Look, fruit-dumpling, we were in front of other people on the tour – the one you ruined? The one we had to refund all the other guests for? We say we can fix you, more or less, because it means the rests of them leave without a fuss while we deal with *you*.”

Petey did his best to flail his useless, inflated limbs but his body was not just bloated beyond

all reason it was mostly just berry flesh inside and not so much proper muscle anymore. None of it wanted to move and all of it felt bizarrely good as it throbbed and squished around while the deer gripped him. When Petey felt himself lowered toward the deer's steadily throbbing and growing cock he wasn't even sure he believed himself when he mumbled out 'wait, stop' and felt a surge of juice press up into his face and bloat his cheeks.

All that juice had to go somewhere when Wonka speared him onto his cock after all.

“You.. *nnngh*, oh that's.. that's *lovely*. Wonderful tension, texture, and *so wet~*”

It should've been impossible for someone as small to take a dick that large, Petey felt it push through all the pulpy, fruity insides of him deep up into his middle in a way that would've been disastrous.. if he weren't more fruit than fur now. But he was – it sent juice out into other parts of him and put more pressure on his insides, but it didn't hurt.. It felt *glorious*. Every feeble, pointless wiggle he could muster up Petey provided. Wonka didn't seem to notice either way, the deer just rolled his eyes back and relaxed.. and then gripped Petey tighter.

The fucking started in earnest after that. Petey felt his whole body tighten and creak gently as Wonka gripped harder and kept lifting him and plunging Petey's mostly spherical body back down onto that dick over and over. It kept getting just a little bigger each time, kept spreading him open more inside, roiling and stirring all that juice and pulp and leaving the cat berry leaking juice out from his gaping, swollen ass and from between where he used to have legs – even if that was mostly just a slightly differently swollen bulge now.

Petey tried to say something – anything – to mutter or beg even, but all he could do was gurgle juice and let out the occasional quiet moan while Wonka grunted and huffed. Between the deer and the squelching sounds of his body being spread open over and over again by all that cock inside him Petey could barely even hear himself.

Wonka's guttural pleased grunting getting louder didn't help that matter in the slightest. The deer kept pushing Petey harder and harder against his lap, even flattening him out a little in the process making him spray gurgling jets of juice out of his ass and whatever passed for his dick in this state. It left the cat berry's eyes rolling back, vision flooded with hazy purple and pink sparkles, body too wracked with bliss to even pretend to struggle anymore. And that was *before* Wonka came.

Pressure had been the underlying foundation of everything Petey felt since he got to that dessert course in the gum. The first few moments of it had been frightening, then there'd been the

stares as the other people from the tour watched his shrunken frame start turning round and changing colors, but the embarrassment had just been part of the delight at the time. Now, though? This private moment was much more intense, in every sense. Petey's body spread wider still than it had been. He felt his chins and his cheeks start to fight for space around his puckered lips while Wonka's dick emptied itself into him like a fire hose. He felt the feeble squirms of his fingers and toes come to an abrupt and possibly permanent end as his body swallowed the last vestiges that he was anything other than *round*. The only release he had was the blindingly orgasmic squirting of his own juices – literally – onto the deer's lap.

Petey sunk into one long, creeping moan that never came anywhere near a coherent thought as Wonka filled him to the brim. He could tell his body was soaking in all that deer spunk, it would bloat him out another inch or so and then it just started to feel like *more of him* right before Wonka added another shuddering eruption to the mix.

It took some time before the deer was done. Petey's body didn't shrink any in the meantime, he had another few shuddering squirts of his own just from the overwhelming experience of being this full but none of it was enough to even take the edge off his state. So when he managed to speak-

“P-pleesh.. j-juish..? Toommsh, c-cnnnt..”

All it took Wonka to shut him up was a single fingertip on Petey's mouth. The deer's tired, satisfied, menacing grin left Petey afraid, but damnably, it also left him excited.

“Oh no, no no little juiceball. I mean, I'll juice you just enough that you don't burst of course.. eventually. I can't have my new sex toy blowing up on me after all, right? Not yet anyway. But you're *very stretchy* like this.. So if I were you?”

Petey whimpered as Wonka's hand came down, ruffling his hair and ears.

“I'd get used to the idea of this, little fuck-fruit. This is the rest of your life now~”