

Zeekule's space ship drifted in orbit above the surface of a pink-hued planet. He leaned back in the leather captain's chair and clicked his fangs together as he examined the fuel gauge. He had just enough to make it to the nearest space port, but ship fuel was budget-straining for anyone with a recently-acquired personal spacecraft. That was why he had invested in an FTL engine that could run on various non-standard fuels, as well as a planet scanner that could screen a planet's crust for viable materials. The pink pearl he now orbited had set off that sensor, and he set the ship to a geosynchronous orbit as he stood up out of his chair.

He leaned back, stretching his back muscles and his great green wings, the tips of which tapped the far sides of the cockpit. He ran one hand through his brown hair, pushing it behind his horns and away from his eyes. His other hand ran down his yellow stomach, smoothing down the fur that had fluffed up out of place.

He tucked in his wings and tail as he vacated the cockpit. The metal airlock hissed and slid open, and Zeek was knocked onto his tail as his excitable spacefaring companion fell through the doorway and landed on him.

"Hello!" A gray, scale-covered muzzle pressed itself to Zeek's snout. Eyes wide with excitement peered out from behind two translucent orange domes, and a pair of fuzzy orange antenna bobbed over the top of his head. "Are we going to explore? We stopped! It's a planet, are we going down?" The half-insect half-dragon critter remarked, a grin of childish eagerness stretched over his muzzle. The orange spots on his limbs glowed, and his tail swept the metal floor of the ship.

"B-Bug, how long were you pressed against that door?" Zeek stammered as Bug kept him pinned.

"Since we exited light speed, captain! I have been waiting for you! I am very excited." Bug got to his feet and danced in place as his antennae blinked on and off. Zeek stood as well, having to look up to make eye contact with his alien friend. Zeek was no slouch, at over six feet tall, but Bug was nearly eight feet tall.

"Yes, we're going to head down to the planet, but you're going to need a space suit. I can breathe in that atmosphere, but it won't agree with you. You know how to suit up by now, right?" Bug nodded and hurried out of sight, getting his suit on for adventure ahead. While he waited, Zeek got to work tapping buttons on a control panel on the side of the short-range teleporter, calibrating it to get he and Bug to the surface of the planet. As he finished, Bug returned, clad in a gray environment-proof suit, complete with a helmet. The alien gave a thumbs up, and Zeek stepped into the teleporter.

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In a red flash of light, the two explorers materialized on the planet. The sky above was painted with pink clouds, and the sparse foliage on the surface was all shades of pink and red to match. The ground under their feet was firm dirt, covered in long magenta grass. The grass swayed in a breeze that ruffled Zeek's fur, and the air was sweet with the scents wafting off the foliage, though only Zeek could smell them. Bug's suit filtered it out. Zeek readied a handheld stun gun and clutched his fuel scanning radar in the other. It displayed a blip at a distance of 500 yards, and the two explorers set out after it.

They flattened the tall grass underfoot as they walked, leaving a distinct trail behind them. Where they had landed was best described as a plain; mostly flat, with alien foliage and short trees dotting the otherwise unbroken sea of magenta grass.

"Remarkably monochrome," Bug commented through the speaker in his space helmet. "And quiet! Do you not find it odd?"

"What, the silence? We're probably the only ones here," Zeek remarked.

"Nuh! No wildlife!" Bug pointed out with a stomp of his foot.

"Wildlife? No wildlife. That's not too strange," Zeek began. "Maybe non-plant life hasn't evolved here yet? I know you haven't been to a lot of other planets, but most don't even have plant life, especially not this much."

"As you say! You are the expert." Bug took another step, and his boot became wedged in a fissure in the ground. "Ow. I require assistance!" he shouted as he tried to tug his foot free of the crevasse.

Zeek rolled his eyes and turned around, doubling back to help the helpless giant. He handed the scanner and stun gun to Bug, and knelt down, scratching out the dirt around Bug's boot with his claws.

"Zeek?" Bug began, concern in his voice.

"Yeah I almost got you, don't worry big guy."

"No, that is not my concern. According to your scanner, the fuel source is approaching us," Bug explained as he turned the scanner screen to Zeek. The kitsuragon squinched his face in confusion. Bug was right, the fuel source was somehow moving towards them now. He stood up and peered over the grass, but the tall blades were undisturbed.

"Probably just a glitch. Don't worry about it, I'll take a look as soon as I get you out." Zeek got back on his knees and tugged at Bug's boot, wiggling it free little by little.

"Almoossttt..." The scanner began to beep, the fuel should have been right on top of them by now. "Got it!" Bug stumbled as his foot was lurched free, but managed to maintain his balance.

"Thank you!" Bug steadied himself and looked down at his crouched companion. "Coming?"

"Hold on, I think I see something down here." Zeek cautiously reached down towards a shimmer in the fissure. Without warning, pink goo erupted from the crack like a geyser, blasting Zeek back, and coating him and Bug in slime. "Guh... That's what that was. Well, I'm pretty sure this goop is the fuel. I'll drop a beacon and head back to the ship to grab a container for this all. You stay here okay?" He tried to stand, but found himself stuck in place. Zeek grunted and tried to stretch his wings, move his arms, but he was immobile. As much as he strained his muscles, he found that the slime on his body had become thick and rigid, holding him in place. "Bug! Help!"

"Unable! Also stuck!" Bug complained as the slime tightened around his suit. "Are you kidding me, you can practically lift a house with one hand!" Zeek shouted in frustration, still stuck in a crouch.

"Utilizing my full strength will destroy the suit!" the alien replied as he stared at the pink goop that clung to his helmet visor. He, unlike Zeek, was able to move his limbs slowly against the slime, but both of them could hear the suit's materials creaking as Bug's natural super strength overpowered both the slime, and the suit.

“Well you have to-gllkk!” Before Zeek could finish his sentence, a glob of that slime slithered into his jaws, filling them to the point that his cheeks bulged. Unable to react in time, he couldn’t stop the first surge of that slime from pouring down his throat, and the pressure it exerted kept his throat forced open for more to force itself in. The slime retreated from around his stomach, freeing it and allowing it to expand into a furry yellow sphere. It gathered around Bug’s space helmet, and he could feel it getting heavier on his shoulders, but the sealed helmet prevented any from getting in. Seeming to give up, it all fell off of Bug into a puddle around his feet before joining with its other half to assist with the more vulnerable Zeek.

“No no! Bad! Leave him alone!” Now free to move, Bug shouted at the slime, distressed as it surrounded and filled up Zeek. The kitsuragon was immobile, wide-eyed as his stomach was stretched like a yellow balloon. Bug kicked at the big ball of slime, only succeeding in making it, and Zeek’s stomach, wobble with each blow. Zeek would have groaned if his throat wasn’t flooded. He could feel the muscles in his legs and the joints in his fingers trying to twitch, but the thickened slime made even the slightest movement impossible. He felt like he’d been blasted with his own stun gun.

That huge volume of slime tripped his gag reflex, making his body shudder in its rigid bindings. He could barely breathe through his snout, as the slime threatened to reject through his nasal passages if he tried to close his throat. His neck grew sore as his throat was stuck stretched to capacity, to the point that even his chest bulged from it. He felt like a balloon, he could feel every inch of his middle stretching, the skin getting more sensitive as his gut grew more massive. That slime swirled in a slow circle inside of him, he could feel it like a slow whirlpool, one that grew by the minute. He couldn’t remember the last time he had felt so bloated.

Zeek could feel his weight bearing down on his knees, those joints only supported by the slime around them. As his center of gravity shifted forward, the slime dragged him back, until he tipped onto his back with his stomach rising above him. He could feel it pulling at his limbs, stretching out his previously bent arms and legs until he spread out flat on the grassy earth. His sides ached for the supporting grasp of his arms, which pulled and tugged against the gooey bindings that held them back.

Bug spun in a circle, trying to think of a solution as he friend ballooned before him. “Eeehh! I do not have a protocol! There is not such life on my planet! Eeehh!” A seemingly endless supply of that pink goo poured out from the fissure, coating Zeek in more and more of itself. It didn’t look like it would end, and Bug wasn’t confident that Zeek was equally endless in his elasticity. His stomach was already swollen beyond the reach of his immobilized arms. Zeek’s eyes rolled back from the feeling of his skin stretching, a mixture of pleasure and panic.

“Aaahhhh oh! Idea!” Bug punched the slime, breaking the surface tension and shoving his gloved hand through it until he was able to grab Zeek’s arm. He looked up into the sky, sighed, and stomped his foot. “I hope this works. Beam up!” In another flash of light, the two found themselves once again aboard their spacecraft, though a large portion of the slime had been beamed up with them. Bug snorted with frustration and sat down, cross-legged across from Zeek. “Close enough.”

The slime retreated from Zeek’s extremities, freeing his fingers and toes to wiggle and flex at last. His furry stomach groaned, filled to a diameter that matched his height. It inched out

as the slime gave up ground on his outsides to better cram into his insides. He regained mobility as it slid up off his knees and elbows, though he was already too encumbered by his size to stand again. His insides churned, groaning a loud complaint from the load of goop squirming around in them. He gurgled as the last of it siphoned itself down his throat, sputtering and choking as his throat was finally clear. All the pressure that slime had been exerting was now concentrated in his stomach.

"Oooohh... Geeze... G-good thinking there Bug, but I could have used that a little sooner..." he moaned as he clutched his aching, bloated sides. "I feel like I was force-fed while trapped in stasis!" he complained, punctuating the end of his sentence with a burp.

"Apologies! I am not yet familiar with the intricacies of space travel. Do you require assistance?" Bug inquired as he removed his helmet.

"Urgh." Zeek tried to sit up, but the extra pressure on his stomach forced him to lay back down. "Carry me to my bed? Unless you can get this out of me, but I don't think you can."

"I can assist you to your quarters, yes! Please brace yourself." Bug stooped low and slid his arms under Zeek, lifting the big slime-filled kitsuragon with ease. Bug's footsteps echoed through the hallway, his space boots making metallic thunks against the ship floor. Zeek's sides brushed the edges of the hallways, and his stomach bounced with every step. The airlock doorway to Zeek's room had a less forgiving width than the hall, and he and Bug both snorted at it. "Should I-?"

"Push me through, just be careful! You big brute."

"Understood!" Bug turned to the side and shuffled sideways through the door. Zeek's stomach pressed against Bug's face as they wiggled through the door together, getting fur in Bug's mouth. "Bleh, pfftt! Slime balloon! You enjoy this, hrmf." Bug scowled as he got another faceful of Zeek's gut as he tried to squeeze the both of them into Zeek's room.

Zeek could feel the doorframe digging into his precariously distended stomach, the cold metal biting into his skin. He could feel how the slime moved around, the pressure shifting, threatening to bubble back up his throat. He managed to keep it down, but couldn't keep from grunting in discomfort. Audible sloshing sounded through the silent halls with every shove, accompanied by Zeek's low protesting grunts, and Bug's higher-pitched snorts.

Zeek could feel his skin dimple under Bug's fingers, that squeezing and groping feeling like a massage to his sensitive and stretched flesh. He could even feel where Bug's face was sandwiched into his side, able to sense every nudge of Bug's nose and every sputter as he tried to keep fur out of his mouth. The best sensations came when the alien would slap Zeek's gut with his tail, trying to use it as an extra nudge through the doorway. Every impact sent a wave rolling through the slime, from the bottom of his gut, all the way up to his chest. In spite of the pressure, it was almost euphoric, and Bug was more or less aware of this.

With another few shoves, they got through the door, and Bug laid Zeek down on his now woefully inadequate bed. It bent under his weight, and it was barely big enough to rest his normally slim frame on comfortably. His sides now sagged down over the sides of his mattress, the weight of the slime pulling his rounded gut down, distorting the spherical shape.

"Thanks Bug. Just uh, leave me here, and leave the ship in orbit until I can move again, okay? I'll probably work through this all in a day." He grinned, starting to rub his sides,

scratching his claws through his fur. “Oh, and, if you can? Get some of that slime bottled up! I think its the fuel we were looking for.”