

Latex Ambush

By: IndigoRho

The dim lighting inside the cargo bay flickered and hummed before stabilizing, a large hyena grumbling in relief as he slammed shut an access panel. Raf had spent well over an hour fixing a power issue that should've only taken a few minutes to solve. Instead he'd been plagued by a cascade of related problems, each one worse than the next. Exhausted by the task, Raf now simply wanted to return to his quarters and sleep. He waddled out of the cargo bay, round belly bouncing with every step beneath his white jumpsuit. His ears twitched at the sound of a strange *click* further down the corridor and his eyes widened once something retracted from the far wall.

A glob of shining black shot out of the wall before Raf had a chance to defend himself, the hyena only managing to yelp in fear as it slammed into his gut with a wet *splat*. He stumbled backwards from the impact, heart racing but seemingly unharmed. The odd projectile was still latched onto his jumpsuit, wobbling but not sliding down despite glimmering as if it were a liquid of some sort. Raf hesitated at first, unsure if the object was safe to touch. Eventually he gathered the courage to act, grabbing the glob with both paws in an attempt to dislodge it; he knew he'd made a mistake the second his paws sunk into the thick, goopy mass.

With all his might Raf tried retrieving his paws, but the black goo clung tightly, stretching like gum. Raf's flailing ensured the stuff ended up sticking to more of his body, until his arms became bound to his sides. The situation then worsened. To the hyena's horror the goop started spreading, oozing across the surface of his body. In a panic he thrashed about and made an effort to flee in search of help, but his legs were quickly claimed by the goo, Raf nearly tripping over in the process. He growled and shouted for help at the top of his lungs to no avail, the corridor sound proof.

Inch-by-inch Raf was thoroughly coated in the mysterious substance. The color and sheen reminded him of latex, as did the smell, though that created more questions than answers. Having yelled till he was hoarse, Raf was reduced to nervous whimpers as the liquid latex crept up his neck and over his snout, fear in his eyes right up until they too were covered. Raf wiggled in place, his cries muffled, completely encased in latex. While he struggled, though, the surface of the latex started to shift. The paws of the suit changed to resemble hooves. On the head a pair of curved horns formed, and the ears stretched and flopped down. The imprint of Raf's face faded as the latex of the head warped and molded itself anew, taking on the guise of a goat.

Within the skin-tight suit, Raf gasped for air as a gap suddenly formed between his face and latex. He had no clue what was happening, but regaining some of his mobility provided little comfort, not when he was effectively a prisoner. An omnipresent hissing sound soon added to the confusion. Once more the suit pressed against his body, but now there was a degree of give, and the surface felt almost puffy, like in a balloon. On the outside, the changes were far clearer. The entire latex suit was steadily inflating, limbs becoming bloated and impeding his movements again. A pair of bright eyes with horizontal pupils appeared on the suit's face and the mouth shifted into a grin. As Raf endured the slight increase in pressure from his inflating suit he was dismayed to realize the limbs were moving on their own and resisting his input; it was like being trapped in an animatronic outfit.

The more the suit swelled the less control Raf retained, until he could do nothing aside from wiggle and growl. Originally jet black, the suit slowly began to gain definition and other color, while still maintaining a solid sheen. A stranger stumbling across the scene could have easily mistaken the suit for a pool toy, or perhaps an inflatable costume. Only a closer inspection would've revealed a lack of seams or a zipper. For a few minutes the seemingly sentient suit adjusted to its new form, walking, stretching, and making a variety of goofy facial expressions. All the while it ignored the squirms and complaints of the hyena buried within.

"Whoa, this worked better than expected!" The voice coming from the suit wasn't Raf's, but the hyena recognized it right away.

“What the Hell, August!” Raf’s fear vanished, replaced by sheer annoyance. “I thought some freaky drone had snuck onto the ship to kidnap me or something!”

The suit laughed and gave its bloated belly a gleeful slap. “Well you’d certainly be a hefty prize, but I get the feeling they’d ditch you after the first day of non-stop grumping.”

“Ugh, that’s not the point. Why’d you trap me in a damn inflatable suit made of yourself!” Raf demanded. He knew his goat crewmate adored transformation, but tended not to forcefully involve others in his escapades.

“Captain wanted to test out new security features in case the ship gets broken into again, and I volunteered to be the ammo,” August was still testing out his capabilities, giggling whenever Raf wiggled within him. “I thought it’d be best to make sure it’d work on burglars of all sizes, so you made the perfect target.”

Raf became extra rowdy, being rather sensitive about his weight. “Well it works, congrats. Now let me out!”

“I don’t know, I haven’t been able to mess around as a suit in ages, and never with someone this filling,” August teased, wobbling his rotund middle. “Could be fun to spend the rest of the day like this.”

“I’m not in a joking mood dude, melt off me before I claw myself an exit!” Raf growled.

August chuckled. “With how tightly secured you are in there you’d never be able to tear me open, sorry. Also once I’ve solidified like this I can’t just turn back to goop, so you’re along for the ride until I decide to wander back to the Alteration Chamber and transform to my normal, fleshy self.”

Raf was understandably displeased with that prospect, grumbling and cursing incoherently while begrudgingly accepting he’d be stuck for a good while longer. After a bit more teasing August began to slowly waddle off, eager to enjoy a fun-filled day as an inflatable suit and spend some “quality” time with Raf.