

A Gooney Filling

By: IndigoRho

The sleeping quarters aboard the starship Columbia were dark and quiet, its occupants elsewhere. Above a bookcase, however, a vent began to rattle ever-so-slightly. After a couple minutes of movement a corner of the vent slowly lifted, and a tiny black goat slid through the gap, landing carefully on the bookcase below. Adorned in a bright white jumpsuit that clung to his lean form, the goat grinned smugly as he confirmed the room was empty. August was convinced his boyfriend Rho was hiding a gift somewhere nearby, mainly because the zebra had banned him from entering their shared quarters before they arrived in port later in the day. As Rho was officially captain of the small pleasure cruiser he'd been able to lock August out, but the goat was creative and stubborn, quickly coming up with the idea to shrink himself and sneak in through the vents. Of course, he still had to *find* the mystery item.

August guessed Rho would have likely hidden the gift either on the bookcase or in a desk drawer—something he'd done in the past. Fortunately August was fairly athletic, and the goat managed to lower himself to the top shelf with ease. He quickly poked around the relatively giant books and statuettes, but nothing appeared out of place. The next shelf proved just as ordinary. By the third August was becoming slightly frustrated, neglecting to be quite as careful while nudging books and slipping behind things, his triumph seemingly short-lived.

Irritated and sore from searching, August was bound to make a mistake. While attempting to swing to the next shelf he lost his grip, the goat bleating in surprise as he plummeted, arms flailing. All he could think about was slamming into the desk below and breaking a bone or two. By sheer luck he'd been directly above a small container filled with a translucent, neon green substance of some sort. August grunted as he unexpectedly slipped beneath the surface with a loud *splort*, learning the hard way it was gelatinous. The initial impact left him stunned but unhurt, and he managed to recover swiftly, desperately trying to swim to safety. His arms and legs simply couldn't push through the strange goo well enough, though.

Hit with the sudden fear of drowning August unintentionally opened his mouth to shout for help, and the goo rushed in. His eyes bulged and his cheeks puffed up as a torrent of thankfully-delicious, almost jello-like substance poured down his throat. No matter how hard he tried he couldn't close his mouth, the goat realizing in horror the goo was actually *forcing* its way in. Almost immediately his flat stomach rounded out, swelling like a balloon from the relentless onslaught. He thrashed and wiggled to no avail, helplessly expanding. August's jumpsuit stretched with his middle, about the only good thing that'd happened to him the past few minutes, the material designed to expand more than his own body could.

The more August was filled the heavier he got, and to his dismay he was sinking further into the container. Not that he had any real hope of escaping at that point. He had a beach ball of a belly by then, constantly growing as the container was drained. August's gut was rapidly inching towards the sides of the slim container, and his struggles intensified as it inevitably pressed right up against the glass once he settled on the bottom. While his middle was the primary focus of his growth, the odd make-up of the goo caused his limbs to thicken slightly as well.

On the verge of passing out, August greedily inhaled as much air as he could the second his head broke the surface again. Unfortunately the goop was intent on emptying every last drop of itself into the goat, a neon-green tendril still leading into his mouth. He was too big to struggle, crammed in the bottom of the container which was now uncomfortably tight, letting out muffled whimpers that echoed up the glass. When the final bit of goo slid past his lips August groaned, utterly stuffed.

Trying to move only made his massive belly jiggle, and provoked the occasional messy *uorrrrrrp* and *bwrrrrrrrrrp*. Being so ridiculously full made even thinking difficult. He was suffering from an overwhelming desire to pass out but lacked the comfort to do so for more than a few seconds at

a time, always coming too with a start and a wobble. Escaping the container was beyond impossible at his size; August would have to wait for someone to find him, and that meant Rho discovering his odd scheme. The goat doubted his boyfriend would believe any excuse he made.

For an hour August remained stuck in the container, belching and moaning as he was forced to deal with the consequences of his venture. Eventually the door to the room slid open and the lights flashed on, an overweight orange-striped zebra strolling in. Rho's first stop was the bookcase August had been scaling earlier, but he didn't notice the glass full of goat until a few seconds later, raising an eyebrow as he did. He didn't look mad—only amused—and let out a bellowing laugh that made the small goat's ears ring.

“Alright I can't wait to hear what you have to say for yourself,” Rho grinned, lifting the heavy container till his bloated boyfriend was at eye level.

Lying was pointless, so August just told the truth. “I was—*braaaaaaaaaap*—trying to figure out what you were so eager to hide that you'd lock me out of the—*urrrp*—room.” His sloppy confession sounded less regretful and more frustrated.

The tone wasn't lost on Rho. “Well you'll be happy to know you succeeded,” the zebra said, confusing August. “Should I assume you didn't *purposely* guzzle the miniature Tau Ceti Slime?”

“*That's* what you were hiding?” August asked, moaning again from the excessive feeling of fullness.

“Yep, goofy little decoration I bought from a merchant at the last stop. It's not sentient, but it automatically tries to fill containers you put it next to.” Rho chuckled. “Turns out it agrees with my sentiment that goats are the best containers.”

August merely sighed, burping in defeat once more. “Dumb slime. I'd rather have broken a leg than get turned into a damn jar. Mind freeing me hon?”

Rho tilted the container upside down and started shaking it, causing the distressed goat within to bleat, belch, and gradually slide out. August landed on the desk with an audible splat. Being free didn't make him any more mobile, though at least he could wobble in comfort. His boyfriend couldn't resist taking advantage of his situation. The zebra began to poke August's bloated sides, giggling at every amusing noise the goat made in protest. Soon the pokes escalated into squeezing, before Rho finally picked August up in both hooves.

“Wow that slime mad you super squishy! You're like a little bleaty stress-ball.” Rho rolled him between both hooves.

“I am not—*bahahahaha!*” August's face flushed red, the goat cursing the fact his arms were too puffy for him to clamp his treacherous mouth shut. “Alright, alright, you can put me down now...and help me return to normal?”

Rho stopped rolling his round boyfriend and shook his head. “Oh no, I can't let you go unpunished for ruining your surprise. Not to mention the breaking and entering you little thief.”

“Please hon, I was just curious!” August begged. “You'd have done the same thing!”

“Probably, but if I'd been caught I'm sure you'd have a silly little punishment in store, too.” There was truth in Rho's words, and August couldn't deny it. “At the very least you're gonna be my personal little goat ball until we dock. It'll give me time to decide if you should stay that way even longer. Perhaps a week or two...”

August whimpered at the thought, but again there wasn't much he could do. As long as he remained full of slime he was completely at his mischievous boyfriend's mercy, and whining certainly wasn't going to help. Rho smiled as he watched August accept his fate. He turned back towards the door and headed out again, teasing and toying with his adorable round goat the whole way, the doors sealing behind him.