

Vinyl Snack

By: IndigoRho

For once the cargo bay of the freighter *Zephyr* was full, and Indi and August were trying their best to cram even more into it. Of course Indi was just struggling to fit in himself. The hefty midnight-blue cheetah kept having to sidestep and squeeze around crates. The much slimmer August followed in his wake, the goat controlling a hoverlift loaded with two large tanks.

Eventually the pair managed to find an open spot to shove the tanks, and Indi started sliding them off the lift and into place.

“With how many caution labels this tank has on it you’d think they’d keep it in better shape,” Indi grumbled. The first tank groaned and clanked as it was positioned.

“Just try to be careful with them,” August said. “I’d rather not figure out what’s inside.”

“Oh don’t worry I’m not gonna—ohwhoawhoa!”

Indi had lost his grip on the last tank which toppled over right into the first. There was a screech followed by a loud hissing sound as thick white smoke erupted from the ruptured tanks. Indi shielded his eyes as he was enveloped, while August was able to back away from the cloud before it caught him.

August had a look of worry on his face, the goat listening to the sound of Indi coughing. After a few seconds he swore there was creaking as well, like a heavy balloon being squeezed.

Fortunately the smoke didn’t linger for long, dissipating harmlessly within a couple minutes.

“Ugh, this stuff smells like rubber!” Indi coughed, waving away what the remnants of the smoke. “Why are you looking at me weird? Did my fur fall out?”

“N-No. I mean, maybe.”

It was taking every ounce of self control August had not to simply burst into laughter. Whatever had been in the tank had transformed Indi dramatically. His entire body was semi-transparent, with a noticeable sheen. Fur and hide had been replaced by vinyl, and his bodysuit now appeared painted on. Where his belly button would’ve been was a nozzle.

The cheetah had been transformed into a living pool toy.

Indi finally bothered to look at himself, and let out a frightened chirp. “Oh what the hell! Why were we transporting something like this!”

“Oh c’mon, you don’t look *that* bad,” August chuckled as he approached his friend, certain he was safe from meeting a similar fate. His stomach growled a little as he eyed the pool toy. He hadn’t grabbed lunch yet, and as a goat he tended to get rather peculiar cravings. A week ago it’d been appliances. The day before he’d eaten a whole chair. Today he couldn’t think of anything else but a light lunch of pool toy.

“You’re not the one who suddenly has to worry about getting popped by every sharp corner on the ship! And for all I know we don’t have anything strong enough to reverse this. I might have to wait until we reach a big station!” Indi pouted. The creaks and squeaks that accompanied his every move made it impossible to take him seriously.

August grinned. “I happen to know a surefire way to get you back to normal in less than a day.”

“Huh? Why would you—*mmmmphh!!*”

There was no time for Indi to react as his head was swiftly swallowed by August. The pool toy’s shouts were muffled, his vinyl, air-filled head warping with every gulp as it was squeezed on all sides. He thrashed about in an attempt to free himself, but he’d become too light to fend off his voracious friend.

With ease August lifted Indi into the air, greedily gulping down the pool toy and groaning in delight. He loved the sounds Indi’s tasty vinyl body made as he gripped it tight, the long, echoing creaks. As Indi wasn’t heavy enough to simply slide down his throat, August had to swallow far more aggressively than he would’ve with a regular prey. It would be worth it, though.

Soon the goat's belly began to balloon out as Indi was crammed into it. Within, Indi was wiggling futilely, incapable of stopping his descent. The pressure of August's jaws and throat made him squirm, and for a while he was concerned his nozzle would pop open from the force, turning him into a deflated mass of vinyl. In the end it held, though just barely.

Inevitably August shoved Indi's footpaws into his mouth, a few final creaks escaping before his jaws shut tight.

His middle wobbled, barely sagging at all. If it hadn't been faintly misshapen August could've claimed he was merely inflated—not full of someone inflated. August drummed on his bulging belly and let out a triumphant *baha-urrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrp*.

"Filling *and* low in calories? Maybe I should buy some of that gas so I can treat myself to a good meal more often~" August teased.

A torrent of muffled creaks and squeaks came from August's belly, but beyond that the goat couldn't hear any of Indi's complaints.

As August continued to toy with his gut a voice came over the comms. "August, Indi, I just got a bunch of alerts about a leak in the cargo bay. Everything alright in there?"

"Yep, I've got it all contained," August snickered, poking his belly. "No need to fear."

"Alright. Try to be more careful."

August burped again. "Ya know, Indi, I think we're due for a break. After all, you got a long day ahead of you in there. Try not to get melted down *too* soon~"

The only reply he got was a squeaky grumble...