

Nerd's Spacesuit Test

By: IndigoRho

When Nerd had signed up to be part of a space ship crew he'd expected it to be an adventure. Visit brand new worlds, see exotic phenomenon, explore the stars. Reality wasn't nearly as glamorous. As the junior-most crew member on the *Zephyr*, the brown goat was stuck doing every odd job the others didn't want to, including testing a lot of questionable new systems. The Captain always insisted he was helping the ship run smoother and filling a vital role, but Nerd couldn't help but feel like an underpaid test subject most days. Today wasn't much different.

Clad in his standard-issue green bodysuit, Nerd stood alone in the ship's med bay. He brought up the suit's built-in communicator and cleared his throat. "Alright August, I'm here. Where's the space suit I'm supposed to be trying out?" He hadn't bothered questioning *why* such a thing would be in the med bay of all places, nervous of the answer.

The response was almost immediate. "Oh it's in there, just take a couple steps forward."

Nerd complied before abruptly wondering how August had known precisely where he'd been standing. The sound of a hatch opening above him interrupted his train of thought, and Nerd looked up just in time to see a gleaming mass of yellow goop plummeting right towards him. He managed a brief, distressed bleat before being silenced by the goo engulfing his head, arms, and torso in an instant.

The imprints of Nerd's face and hooves could be clearly seen jutting from the strange goo's surface as it swiftly covered the rest of his body. No matter how wildly Nerd flailed he couldn't tear away the goop, which stretched with ease to match his movements.

Once Nerd had been completely engulfed the goo began to solidify and swell. The stuff took on a plastic look and feel—like a giant balloon. New colors shifted into existence as the vague form of a goat slowly took shape. There was a faint hissing sound as the plastic goat inflated, belly bloating big and round while the legs grew puffier.

Deep within the transforming goop Nerd was left struggling against soft, inflated walls pressing against him on all sides. There wasn't any real sense of pressure inside his odd prison and he could still breathe easily. The sensation of being trapped between two huge balloons wasn't exactly the most comforting feeling, though. The puffy walls nudged and slid him around until he ended up inside the thing's bouncing belly, the goat bleating and blushing as he tried to figure out what was happening.

Back on the outside, a large inflatable goat had mostly come into being. Its shiny imitation of fur was black and white, and a yellow bodysuit appeared painted on its surface. Its hooves were more akin to puffy mitts, silver-tipped horns stubby and not in danger of poking anything, and cheeks round. Nerd's squirms within its belly caused audible squeaks and creaks, like someone roughly grasping a balloon.

The green eyes of the inflatable goat suddenly came to life, and it grinned in satisfaction. Upon the inflatable's belly a depiction of Nerd's face formed, looking noticeably concerned. Just above the face were the words "Occupancy: 1".

The inflatable goat gave it's wobbling middle a playful squeeze with both puffy hooves. "You all comfy in there Nerd?"

"A-August?" Nerd grunted, his glasses constantly on the verge of sliding right off. He'd recognized the voice right away, despite it being somewhat muffled. "Why did you ambush me as goop!"

"Don't be silly Nerd, I'm just remote operating this stuff," August's voice replied. "I can't *always* be your spacesuit."

Nerd still wasn't happy about his situation, and "August's" belly was bulging out in various directions as the trapped goat continued trying to escape. August, meanwhile, took the time to push back in every bulge he could, obviously enjoying the chance to tease the junior crewmember.

"How is this a spacesuit, I can't see a thing and just feel like I got eaten!" Nerd bleated, face

starting to flush red from the plastic pressing into him. “And what kind of spacesuit is made of goo!”

“A state-of-the-art spacesuit, of course! In an emergency situation you might not have time to put on a spacesuit, but the liquid puff suits will mold around you for safety quickly and easily,” August said. His sales pitch wasn't being helped by his insistence on shaking and wobbling his passenger. “Once the crew member is tightly sealed within, the puff suit can autonomously proceed to a safe location, or be remotely controlled like now.”

As ridiculous as the concept was, Nerd couldn't think of a good argument against it, especially with how distracted he was by his captivity. “W-well it looks like it works so can you please let me out now?”

“But Nerd, we still have to do a complete test run!” Though Nerd couldn't see August's face he could hear the grin on it. “It's important to make sure the wearer is comfortable during extended periods, and that the suit can handle carrying passengers without toppling or coming apart.”

“Wait, how long are you planning to keep me in here!” Nerd already feared the answer. Experience had taught him that August wasn't prone to brief tests.

August's smile hadn't faded. “Don't worry about it Nerd, you can't rush science after all.”

After hearing a muffled bleat of dismay from within August waddled out the med bay, squeaky middle brushing up against the sides of the doorway and squeezing Nerd a little in the process. The suit creaked with every puffy step, loud enough to disguise Nerd's protests. He refused to settle down, hoping to find a way to wiggle out of the suit and make a run for it; getting in trouble for abandoning work was far more preferable to being confined in such an embarrassing manner. Unfortunately there didn't seem to be an actual exit to the suit, which was worrisome.

The August puff suit didn't seem annoyed by its occupant's constant squirms. It's grin widened with every Nerd-shaped imprint that bulged outward from its middle, taking clear pleasure in gently pressing them back in. August had always enjoyed teasing new crew members, but Nerd was frankly one of the best he'd ever had fun with.

An hour of aimless wandering and teasing later—after a particularly lively series of struggles from Nerd—the suit stopped and chuckled. “Oh, come on, it's not *that* bad in here. Just enjoy your ride~”

For a moment the imprint of Nerd's head pushed against the depiction of his face on the suit's belly, just barely visible. “Y-you've tested it enough, let me out!”

“But Nerd, we haven't tested the most important thing yet: the storing feature!”

The lettering on the suit switched from “Occupancy” to “Storing”. A progress bar appeared below Nerd's face shot.

Within the suit the inflated started puffing up and pressing into Nerd more, as if they were trying to engulf him. The trapped goat whined and bleated, not sure what was happening. He could feel the walls trying to wrap around him so he pushed against them with his hooves as best he could in an attempt to fend them off.

As the progress bar steadily chugged along the suit's internal walls continued to massage and envelop Nerd. His bulges were becoming less and less distinct, imprints replaced by bumps.

“A-August!” Nerd bleated out frantically. “Make the process stop!”

Fighting grew harder as time went on. The internal walls were wrapping tighter and tighter around his squirming limbs, holding them in place and preventing his struggles. Eventually even his head was fully enveloped, muffling Nerd's pleas.

“Just a few more seconds Nerd, it's a lot less uncomfortable if you don't wiggle so much!” The suit chuckled as Nerd's squirms momentarily intensified.

The bar reached ninety percent. Ninety-five percent. Ninety-nine percent. The text on the belly changed to “Stored: 1”, a cheerful chime accompanying completion. There was no more movement from the suit's middle, Nerd having been safely absorbed and stored.

The face shot of Nerd abruptly blinked, slight changes present in its expressions. “Wha...what

happened?” the picture spoke in Nerd's voice, albeit a bit scratchier than normal.

“You've been stored in the suit, of course!” August said with glee. “In emergencies the puff suit can absorb and store the wearer for future retrieval. Personally I think it's the most important feature.”

“T-this is weird,” the Nerd picture whined. He could look, speak, and hear but couldn't feel or move, leaving him rather disoriented. “Can you please, um, un-store me?”

The suit squeezed its sides, distorting the Nerd depiction for a second and prompting startled bleats. “Of course I can Nerd—once the tests over with. It's important to see how the suit handles storing someone for extended periods, and I think we can both agree that a day is a good place to start! Maybe we'll even try for a whole week if I'm feeling adventurous.”

Nerd couldn't put his disappointment into words, merely bleating more at first. “B-b-but—”

“Knew you'd understand Nerd!” The puff suit interrupted him, before waddling towards a nearby storage closet and squeezing itself in. “I've got other matters to attend to, so I'll just leave you in storage for now. Have fun!”

The closet door slid shut and the suit went inert, Nerd's face shot pressed up against metal. In the darkness he let out a frustrated sigh. Hopefully the next job wouldn't be so...embarrassing.