

## Chaotic and the Security Bubble

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All was quiet in the empty penthouse overlooking the bustling city below, the owner out of town. Even in the dark its opulence managed to stand out, the shadows of priceless antiques cast on the walls and floor. Every piece of furniture was high-end and overpriced, every countertop an expensive marble, every lamp doubling as a unique piece of art. Even the various built-in control panels and displays were lined in gold or silver. A thief could grab anything from the penthouse at random and make themselves a small fortune selling it. Of course most thieves would never be able to get passed the building's security or the advanced locks.

Chaotic wasn't like most thieves, though.

A tablet left on a table suddenly turned on, the glow of its screen like a beacon in the dark penthouse. For a moment it rattled, until a gray raccoon in a black jumpsuit leapt right out of it, gracefully rolling to a stop on the floor. The raccoon looked around to ensure the room was in fact empty, then smiled.

Chaotic stretched his limbs, adjusting to his temporary physical body. Normally digital, the raccoon was easily capable of traveling through the net, and could use electronics like doors. It was a useful skill for someone wanting to get somewhere they weren't allowed. Chaotic had been contracted to procure some valuable data from the penthouse, data not stored on a system connected to the net. The seemingly impossible heist would be a breeze with his skillset.

While still digital Chaotic had figured out each and every computer in the penthouse that was tied to the net, so he knew right away that an overly elaborate panel on a nearby wall was the likely hiding place of the data he was after. Aside from its excessive décor it was the only one he didn't expect.

Breaking the encryption on the computer was simple, and soon Chaotic was happily skimming files and gathering the necessary data. It was looking to be the easiest payday he'd had in months.

On the wall opposite of Chaotic, however, a hidden camera was busy confirming the presence of an intruder. Sure enough, Chaotic didn't match anyone in the security database. No alarms were sounded, merely a silent alert that a break-in was in progress. Then the primary security measures were activated.

A panel quietly slid aside, revealing a strange ring coated in a slick, reflective substance. Suddenly the substance bulged out, a large bubble slowly forming. Once released the translucent bubble wobbled in the air, sides constantly bulging and shifting but inevitably returning to a mostly spherical shape. The whole process had been so silent Chaotic hadn't noticed it at all.

At first the bubble seemed aimless, but it soon steadied and began to float directly towards the oblivious raccoon, growing larger and larger as it traveled. Originally an impressive one foot in diameter, the bubble was as tall as Chaotic by the time it reached the opposite end of the room.

The first sign of trouble Chaotic sensed was a strange, soapy scent in the air he knew hadn't been there before. He nervously turned around—and found himself staring straight into the largest bubble he'd ever seen.

Chaotic barely had time to gasp before the bubble lunged, pressing him right up against the wall with surprising force. The raccoon wiggled and squirmed as he felt himself enveloped by the massive bubble. He pushed at it with his paws as hard as he could, but the almost elastic surface of the bubble resisted his efforts to pop it, or even shove it aside. Then he abruptly fell forwards.

Instead of pushing away the bubble, Chaotic had managed to slip into it. He let out a panicked yelp as he toppled inside, his face sliding up against the slick bottom of the bubble. Before he knew it he was entirely in the bubble, trapped.

Despite taking on a passenger the balloon remained hovering in the air, and actually gained a bit of height so the bulges made by Chaotic wouldn't brush against the floor. With the interior so slippery it

took Chaotic quite a bit of effort to shift into a squatting position. Still confused about his situation, the raccoon pounded on the walls of his prison, doing everything he could to stretch or distort it. Unfortunately the bubble proved quite capable of remaining intact no matter how much punishment Chaotic delivered.

Chaotic quietly fumed at his ridiculous predicament. He'd never been caught before, and to be done in by a bubble of all things was absurd. He was convinced there had to be a way to pop it, or at least provoke it into enveloping the tablet or something else he could use to flee into the net with. His reputation depended on it!

The thief's plotting was stalled once he noticed a second bubble was being made. He watched it with curiosity, seeing it grow as it slowly floated towards the bubble he was inside. Chaotic wondered if the security system was simply malfunctioning, not able to recognize he was trapped and making a new bubble to secure him. Not for a second did he consider it was actually just the second stage of the trap.

The new bubble reached the first and bumped right into it, both wobbling and sticking to each other. Chaotic fell backwards from the force of the impact, still standing but now leaning against the far wall of the bubble. Then the bubbles started pushing into each other.

A nervous look came upon Chaotic's face as he watched the second bubble start to slip into the first, his prison suddenly getting more cramped by the second. He clung to the wall, whining as the second bubble pressed into him, leaving him trapped between the two elastic surfaces as if he'd been vacuum sealed.

For a minute the raccoon was merely pressed tight. However, his eyes widened as he felt the second bubble begin to force its way into his mouth. Chaotic's squirms intensified, his cheeks bulging as the enormous bubble spread right down his throat and into his stomach. His flat middle ballooned outward almost instantly.

The raccoon was completely helpless, able to do little else but wiggle as he swelled bigger and bigger. The tightness was constant, Chaotic always pressed against on all sides by bubble. His belly was a large ball, still growing wider as the second bubble dutifully filled him. His limbs had begun to puff up as well just to contain the bubble.

Despite the ordeal, Chaotic couldn't help but feel a slight bit of euphoria from the pressure, his face flushed red in embarrassment. The bigger he grew the more his thoughts drifted to the sensation of his hide being stretched. Thoughts of how to possibly escape were getting drowned out, the blimping raccoon desperately trying to concentrate on anything *other* than the growing pressure. It was a losing battle.

Inevitably the last of the bubble slipped past Chaotic's lips, a dazed look upon his face. The now round raccoon now filled every inch of his bubble prison, which clung tightly to him like shrink wrap. His bloated cheeks were permanently blushing, faint moans escaping him from time to time. Infrequently Chaotic would wiggle and whimper, breaking through the pressure daze for a few seconds before swiftly succumbing to it once more. For the most part he was simply a captive to the pressure, oblivious to anything else.

The bubble stuffed with a blimped up raccoon continued to float around in the penthouse, wobbling on occasion. It would dutifully keep its prisoner secure until the owner returned home, which would be a few weeks. For the time being Chaotic would just have to get used to being a bloated balloon...