

## Emergency Storage Goats

By: IndigoRho

An automatic door hissed as it slid open, revealing two goats carrying a crate between them. IN the lead was August, pudgy with a black-and-white coat and gold-tipped horns. He wore a sleeveless, yellow and gray bodysuit that shone in the lights of the corridor. Behind him—just past the crate—was Syc. The solid white goat was a fair bit plumper than August, his maroon bodysuit emphasizing the curves of his thighs and belly.

With the door finally opened the pair cautiously began to move forwards again, hooves clapping on the floor. They didn't have the most glamorous job on the space station, spending most of their time transporting supplies from one department to another or performing menial labor. Still, the chance to actually live and work in space was hard to pass up.

Syc grunted as he adjusted his grip, glasses almost sliding off in the process. "For such a small crate this is heavy as heck."

August nodded in agreement, unable to turn around to face Syc. "I was hoping it'd be a piece of cake when we saw it, but now I'm wishing we'd brought a cart. They gotta start telling us how heavy these things are beforehand!"

Syc was about to agree when he spotted something odd in the corner of his eye. A small bright blue glob was on the otherwise spotless white floor, which he carefully stepped over. A few seconds later he passed another, and another. Eventually his gaze shifted to the side of the crate just in time to see more blue goop leaking from a slat. He hadn't seen anything like it before.

"Uhh...so, what's supposed to be in this cargo again?" Syc asked, his eyes locked on the goo.

"Not a hundred percent sure," August replied, oblivious to the potential problem behind him. "I just know the science bay needs it 'safe and in one piece'." He did an unconvincing impression of the tech who'd given them their task. "As if we'd just be tossing around their equipment like amateurs."

The most recent glob on the crate's side had stopped dripping, but a new one had appeared diagonal from it, and he swore both were wobbling in odd ways. "N-nothing dangerous, right?"

"I dunno, maybe? Whatever it is I'm sure we'll be fine as long as we don't dr—"

In an instant August's grip failed him. Syc had no hope of holding on to the heavy crate by himself, and as soon as it began to plummet he let go of his end on instinct. Both goats jumped and bleated as the crate crashed onto the floor. Rather than come apart, though, the crate merely lost a few slats on the side. August and Syc each sighed as their hearts slowly stopped racing, the worst seemingly over.

August frowned. "I really hope there wasn't anything fragile in—whoa. Whoa!"

A translucent blue tendril of goo snaked its way out of the hole in the crate, turning first towards August and then Syc. The goats stood perfectly still, unsure of how to react. They didn't know if they should call security, or a hazmat crew, or simply just try to nudge the goo back in the crate and hope it behaved. The goo chose a fourth option.

Without warning a geyser of goop shot out of the hole in the crate, splitting into two thick tendrils that darted straight towards each goat. Panicked bleating filled the hallway as August and Syc suddenly found themselves bound by goo that resisted their attempts at struggling.

August's bleats were muffled as the goo poured into his open mouth, cheeks swelling. It had a jello-like texture, and a taste reminiscent of blue raspberry. The fact it was delicious was a small comfort.

Syc wasn't faring any better. He flailed as the goo poured down his throat and into his stomach, causing his belly to balloon outward steadily. Thankfully his bodysuit was made of an ultra-stretchy material, growing along with the bloating goat.

The two hapless goats wiggled and gulped and swelled, their middles getting rounder and rounder with each passing second. Despite how small the crate was the flow of goo appeared nearly

endless, and August and Syc individually wondered if they'd end up filling the whole corridor by the time it was empty. Unfortunately with their mouths full, neither had any way to call for help. Of course even if someone stumbled upon them now they'd probably end up in the exact same predicament.

August and Syc's bellies were massive. Their chests, hips, butts, and limbs had started getting puffy as well, the goats blimping up all over. The goo could sense their likely immobility, unraveling from their bodies and leaving them beached on the floor as it continued to fill them. They wobbled aggressively once unbound, but could accomplish little more than rocking back and forth helplessly.

Syc watched as August rounded out more and more. He was beginning to resemble a parade float, puffy arms jutting out from his swelling sides. The sight would've been rather amusing had he not known the exact same thing was happening to him. His own sides were starting to push against the crate that'd dropped nearby, and Syc let out a gargled bleat of dismay. He could feel his bloated rump pressing into the corridor's windows, blushing as he convinced himself the likelihood of mooning someone in space was low.

On the other side of the crate August was having similar thoughts, though he was a bit more worried about his side that had swelled into and then through a doorway. Getting dislodged could prove difficult, and maybe even block potential help from arriving. Or worse, provide an ample amount of defenseless goat to poke and tease.

As the goats grew bigger the onslaught of goo slowed. Globbs were flying from the main tendrils more and more frequently, splatting against the floor, ceiling, walls, and—of course—August and Syc. Some of the discarded globbs would vibrate in the direction of the goats' mouths, before inevitably giving up and just wobbling contently.

At long last the crate was emptied of its mischievous contents. Goo tendrils vanished down the goats' throats, followed by coughs and groans. Syc let out a thunderous *bwaaurrrrrrrrrrp* that jiggled his entire bloated body, prompting him to blush even more. His head had sunk slightly into his blimped up form, horns poking himself ever-so-slightly. He felt absolutely massive, like an overfilled water balloon. More than ever he was grateful his bodysuit would protect him from any sharp corners.

August followed with a modest *uorrrrrrrrrrrrp* of his own, his small tail twitching in embarrassment. Being stuffed admittedly felt rather nice, though he'd have preferred it to occur under more willing—and far less public—circumstances.

“Well...at least we recaptured it...” August said, letting out a nervous chuckle that ended in a belch.

A tiny leftover glob of goo resting on Syc's cheek snuck into his mouth, the goat glaring at the last-minute dessert. “Yay—*braaaaap!* I don't remember 'emergency storage goat' being on any of my duty lists.”

“Just think of it as—*bworrrp*—a, uh, promotion?”

Syc merely frowned and let out a short bleat of disapproval. He wasn't looking forward to explaining to the science bay why their mysterious sample had shifted “containers” mid-delivery. Hopefully they wouldn't decide it was a long-term solution...