

In the depths of space a solitary strike craft was slowly drifting. The pilot of this craft was a decorated mercenary named Zinc, Zinc was black furred protogen with a light greyish underbelly and red stripes that ran down his back. His visor was a dark maroon with a large crack through it gained from a past skirmish. The lights that made up his eyes, mouth and symbols were a bright yellow.

Zinc was sitting around bored waiting for a new job to pop up when all of the sudden his com relay lit up. Sliding his chair over he saw he was receiving a message from a very prominent company that already controlled multiple space systems. He begrudgingly opened it expecting another spam message but to his surprise it was actually a job offer. Apparently the company received a distress call from a ship they owned before all communications from said ship went dark and they weren't able to reestablish contact with the crew. Zinc found it kinda strange that they would reach out to a mercenary instead of just sending another ship they owned but he knew better than to ask too many questions. And besides a paycheck's a paycheck and this was a pretty big one.

Accepting the job Zinc quickly turned on his warp drive allowing him to quickly travel to the location, provided in the message, in a matter of seconds. Slowing his ship down it didn't take long for him to locate his target. Turning his thrusters on he approached the ship while trying to get a signal from them to hopefully open a communication channel but that quickly proved fruitless. A little creeped out he pushed forward, shrugging it off to the ship just having some technical issues and who knows if he helps to repair it he might be able to negotiate a nice bonus for himself.

Piloting his ship into the hangar bay he was surprised to find that there were no other ships inside, not even the emergency escape ships. Hopping out of his craft, Zinc wasn't able to find any of the ship's crew members. Walking down an adjacent hallway, and checking rooms, he was still completely unable to find anyone. Out of nowhere every single light on the ship went out. Zinc quickly pulled his pistol out of its holster and activated its under barrel flashlight scanning the hallway near him and the nearby rooms. Hearing a wet squelching noise in a room up ahead he cautiously approached the source of the noise with his pistol raised. Looking inside the room the sound came from Zinc saw a very short glimpse of a blue creature move out of sight.

Deciding he was way in way over his head he turned and sprinted back to the hangar bay. A wet heavy substance pounced onto his back knocking him flat on his stomach. Zinc quickly flipped over onto his back but that proved to be a mistake as he saw the blue creature from earlier. Able to get a better look at it, now that it was literally on top of him, he saw it was a translucent blue slime like creature. Acting quickly Zinc was able to throw the slime off and quickly picked up his weapon that was knocked out of his hand. Quickly unloading a few shots into the slime he saw, to his horror, it had no effect on the slime hell it only seemed to aggravate it as it lunged up at the protogen. Zinc dodging out of the way turned around and continued his mad sprint back to his ship. Unfortunately for him the slime was surprisingly agile and it quickly caught up to him,

jumping onto his back it knocked him back down onto his stomach causing him to bang his visor onto the ground knocking him out cold.

When Zinc came to he felt the slime still on his back pinning him to the ground. Hearing more squelching noises he looked up to see more slimes approaching him and the one on his back. When the slime at the front of the group got close to Zinc's face it slipped a tendril out of it that inserted into his mouth. Zinc tried to struggle free from the slime's grip but it quickly proved fruitless. The slime unaffected by the protogen's escape attempt started to slowly pump slime into the protogen's mouth. Zinc feeling the slime settle heavily into his belly he started to increase his struggle attempts but just like before he wasn't able to break free. The slime unfazed by his efforts continued to pump Zinc's belly full of its slime. You were now able to see Zinc's belly form a prominent bulge as the slime continued to pump him full. The slime finished pumping Zinc up and started to push itself into his mouth, Zinc tried to resist the slime but it easily slipped past his jaw and into his belly adding a nice layer of pudge to his belly and other parts of his body including his tush and limbs.

Zinc was only rewarded with a short break before the 2nd slime in the group slipped its tendril into Zinc's mouth and started pumping its slime into him. Zinc's belly continued to increase in size resembling a pot belly. His belly wasn't the only thing affected though as his butt became softer and less firm and his limbs started to lose their muscle, which he gained from his years of mercenary work, and replaced with softer, more cuddly fat. As the slime finished stuffing him with goop it followed the first one's path down into Zinc's large tummy. As the 2nd slime settled in it added many new rolls to the protogen's belly making it big enough to where it would sag past his waistline into an overhang if he were standing up. Zinc's chest wasn't safe from the slime's effects either as his former rock hard pecs started to soften and form into moobs. His butt cheeks grew to the size of watermelons and you were no longer able to see any of his former muscles at all on his arms and legs.

Sensing that Zinc has given up, they started to stuff him multiple slimes at a time. Zinc's clothes and armor were unable to compete with the speed he was growing at causing them to tear into shreds exposing his naked fattened body. Zinc was completely immobilized by his own fat resulting in the slimes that were pinning him down to get in line to stuff themselves into him. Zinc, having lost all sense of time in his constant feeding, had no idea how long it took for all the slimes to stuff themselves into him, it could've been minutes, hours, hell even days, but it was finally over. Feeling a pressure build up in the back of his throat the protogen opened his mouth letting out an absolutely massive belch that could be heard, and felt, throughout the whole ship. Zinc tried anything he could to try to get some bit of mobility but it only made every bit of his body jiggle madly like a tub of jello and upsetting the contents in his stomach making him let out another ship shaking belch.

The protogen's belly was the same size as the strike craft he piloted here, but a lot more soft and squishy, but the rest of his body did not fare much better. His arms and legs were as thick as tree trunks while his ass was the size of two very large yoga balls. His, now full fledged,

moobs were more like overinflated basketballs. Completely immobilized by his flab, all Zinc could do is wait and hopefully someone would find him, and that they had a big enough ship.