

BRAPPERS: THE FIRST SESSION

By Zaftig Industries

CW: Flatulence, eructophilia, stuffing, mild stomach aches, horny astronaut assistants.

--

“Okay, just sit back and relax... This is gonna be a piece of cake. No pun intended, heh-heh.”

June Garcia swallowed nervously as she climbed into the embarrassingly form-fitting spacesuit Sunny had prepared for her, its arms and legs suspended by robotic arms dangling from the walls of her personal chambers aboard Station Methanea.

The suit was made of a shiny, almost latex-like reddish material, with ports and plugs all over. There was a little yellow nametag with her name on it, and the acronym for her fuel team--BRAPP--stitched into the tag.

“D-do I really have to wear this getup? It’s very, uh... Squeaky...”

The freckled, energetic ‘Stuffer’ who had been assigned to her was hovering behind her, checking all the gas ports.

“Yes, you do. We can’t let a single molecule of Methane-X escape into the facility! Imagine the damage it would cause if it ignited. No, you need to be properly done up, girl. And don’t worry, you get used to the suit. Eventually.”

June winced as Sunny zipped her up, her dun-brown cheeks growing rosy with an embarrassed blush. She was already full from the large lunch Sunny had given her, and she felt like a sausage stuffed into a too-small casing.

“It’s just... Kind of tight, that’s all...”

“Here, let me fix that. Where’s the elasticity button... Ah, here we go!”

Sunny twisted a dial on the back of the suit, and June heaved a sigh of relief as the material suddenly became much stretchier. Less relieving was the way her rump and stomach suddenly bulged out under the suit, as the fabric became less restrictive.

“It’s... Not exactly flattering, is it?”

“It doesn’t need to be. We ain’t having a fashion contest here--the BRAPP Initiative is all about practicality. Although personally, I try to make it fun.” She fastened a clasp on the back of the suit. “There you go! All ready for your first gas harvesting.”

June wriggled uncomfortably in the weird suit, while Sunny tapped a few buttons on the walls. A door slid open, revealing a well-lit chamber full of curving white walls, with a comfortable leather recliner chair in the middle.

June raised an eyebrow.

“That looks... Less mechanical than I expected.”

Sunny nodded, leading her into the room by one latex-gloved hand.

“Oh, yeah. We used to have the harvesting chairs look all shiny and futuristic, but our BRAPPers complained--said it wasn’t comfortable enough. So we changed it up a bit. Take a seat!”

June did as she was told, enjoying the plush padded feel of the leather chair on her back and buttocks. She shivered, blushing again; the suit’s surface was so thin, she almost felt naked in it. Hell, she *was* naked underneath it: bra and underwear were against the rules of gas-harvesting, because they might accidentally soak up Methane-X. Her breasts rubbed against the inside of the suit, nipples stiffening against her will, and June had to resist the urge to cover her chest.

“Uh, can we get this going? I’m feeling a little exposed here...”

Sunny waved a hand as she flounced around the room, her red hair bouncing, prodding buttons and touchpads. Mysterious beeps and chimes sounded from the wall as she activated hidden systems.

“Patience, newbie. Your first harvesting will be nice and quick--we don’t want to push you too far. But you have to ‘load up’ first...”

“Load up? On what?”

Sunny grinned mischievously, flipping a final switch.

“Carbs, my dear BRAPPER. You need to load up... on carbs.”

With that, a mechanical arm descended from the ceiling, with a tube attached to it. On the end of the transparent tube was a nozzle, with a dial on the side that could be easily adjusted. June eyed the device warily.

“What’s this for?”

“It’s your carb-loading tube. Go ahead and pop the nozzle in your mouth.”

June rolled her eyes--this all felt a little ridiculous, and humiliating. Couldn’t she just eat in private, and then vent the gas in here alone? Why did this whole operation have to feel so... Exhibitionist?

“Okay, okay... But my paycheck better be worth all this weirdness...”

She slid the nozzle into her mouth, surprised at how well it fit her lips. Sunny gave her a thumbs-up, and pressed a button--and from above, a liquid churning noise sounded.

Soon the tube began to fill with an odd, brownish substance: some sort of juice or gravy. Suspended within it were the bobbing shapes of baked beans, supplemented by little chunks of what looked like pork and bacon. June winced.

“That’s... That’s a lot of beans...”

“Yes, yes it is.” Sunny looked positively delighted. “And you’re going to eat all of it. It’s part of your first venting session--we need to activate your digestive system. You’ve already got the T.O.O.T. Root’s xenobiological material in your large and small intestines--now we just need to get that sweet methane-X going! So open wide...”

She pressed another button.

“... And eat up. Oh, and let me know if you want to watch any TV, or need a massage, or anything. We want to make the eating sessions as comfortable as possible for our BRAPPers.”

June shook her head--she didn’t want to make this process any more complicated than it needed to be. Might as well get it over with...

But with the baked-bean mix sluiced down the tube, through the nozzle and into her mouth, she found herself pleasantly surprised. It was savory, warm and delicious--not at all the cold, canned slop she’d been expecting. Hell, this food tasted *fresh* rather than canned. Did they have a kitchen on the space-station somewhere, manufacturing it? She had to assume they did.

Mmm... Not quite the type of “frijoles” I’m used to, she thought as she chewed and gulped them down, but still pretty good...

It didn’t take long for the beans and meat to hit her guts, and for her guts to respond. As she ate, her stomach swelling slowly under her new uniform, June felt a churning in her middle--an unmistakable bubbling and gurgling.

Oh god, she thought, here it comes. I think this job might kill me from sheer embarrassment...

And then she realized the suit was skintight--and her gas would have nowhere to go. Was she going to marinate in her own flatulence? Ugh! Frantically, she motioned to Sunny, and pointed with unceremonious urgency at her own rear end.

"Ah, thank you. I forgot to attach the rear ventral tubes." Sunny bounced over to her, smoothing her own jumpsuit. "Sorry... Sometimes I get a little carried away. I just *love* watching a BRAPPER do their work, you know?"

June rolled her eyes... but continued to eat, gulping down beans at a rapid pace. She felt full, but not uncomfortably so--she'd always had a big appetite, and now it came in handy. She gorged and guzzled as Sunny reached under her butt, found the cables and tubes coming out of the chair, and attached them to the rear of her suit.

Finally, June's forehead broke out in sweat, and she could stand it no longer. There was simply too much gas building up in her body--she had to let some of it go. It was difficult at first, to openly fart in front of a stranger, especially one so... concerningly enthusiastic as Sunny. But she managed it. Quiet, rumbling little **pfrrrps** and **brrrlps** sounded from her backside, and she felt a strange vibration as tiny fans in the ventral tubes switched on, sucking away the Methane-X she was producing into storage containers somewhere else.

Sunny clapped her hands, delighted.

"Ooh, that's good output! And so *fast!* Your body must really be taking to the T.O.O.T. Root, I've never seen anyone start producing so quickly!"

June sighed internally. Of course, the one thing she was good at here would be farting earlier and faster than the others... God, what an embarrassing duty this was.

But she discharged it with ease. Gas flowed from her perpetually rumbling rear into the tubes, the suit swelling slightly with each large **brumppptf** and **BRAPPTF**, until finally there was a chime from the equipment on the wall.

"Perfect. We've reached your first quota!" Sunny patted June's knee, delighted. "We can stop now, of course... Unless you want to keep going..."

For a moment, June was tempted. The steady flow of beans into her mouth, the methodical and almost Zen experience of chewing and swallowing, the comfortable ease of the chair lulling her into a lazy trance... It was tempting to just keep on doing this. But her stomach ached with the packed density of half a dozen cans' worth of baked beans, and she felt a little queasy. Appetite or not, it was time for a break.

She shook her head, and made the “time to cut it short” gesture across her neck with her index finger. Sunny nodded, seeming to understand this almost intuitively, and shut down the flow of beans.

June took the nozzle from her mouth, gasping a little as she shifted in her seat. She was still passing gas, her stuffed stomach grumbling and groaning in protest, and she belched as she tried to sit up.

“Hold it--we’ve got to fit you up with a mobile gas tank. One second.”

Sunny returned to her usual territory of fiddling with devices in the proximity of June’s butt, and June waited, feeling more than ever like livestock. She was stuffed, flatulent, and feeling a little stupefied after all those beans... almost lulled into a submissive state. She wiped bean-juice off her plush lips and blinked, trying to regain her composure. A dangerous thought crossed her mind as she waited for Sunny to finish the work on the suit.

Am I... Enjoying this?

No, absolutely not. No way! It was weird, it was creepy, and it was humiliating. Sure, she was manufacturing valuable hyperspace fuel for spaceships all around the galaxy, but... that didn’t make it comfortable, or fun. No, this was definitely too strange an experience to ever grow familiar with. And yet... she had enjoyed the eating part. If not the flatulence part.

“There! Done.”

Sunny stepped back, admiring her handiwork. June stood... and found a heavy, clunky metal tank attached to the back of her suit. Its weight was perfectly balanced despite its size, so she could move about easily--but it still felt odd to carry around. Like she was some kind of astronaut, exploring a different planet.

But the tank wasn’t for holding oxygen--this became clear as she let loose another blush-inducing **BFRRRTffff** of gas. The suit inflated slightly with the presence of her enormous toot... and then the tank hissed softly, and the suit deflated as the gas was sucked into the holding compartments.

“Perfect. Everything looks code green--you’re all set to start harvesting.” Sunny cracked her knuckles, seeming satisfied with herself. “You’ll want to wear the suit most hours of the day--you’ll take it off to shower and sleep, of course, but the rest of the time we need almost continual Methane-X harvesting to keep our quotas up. Got it?”

“Y-yes...”

June fidgeted awkwardly.

“Sunny?”

“Yes?”

“How much, uh... how much gas am I expected to produce, every day?”

Sunny’s eyes gleamed with a lustful light that June found very concerning, as she shrugged.

“Let’s not get attached to numbers right now, June. The important thing is to ease you into the *lifestyle* of producing... get into the mindset. Know what I mean?”

June bit her lip.

“Uh... Sure...”

“Perfect! Now, come with me. I’ve got to show you how the methane-X you just produced is stored and shipped--it’s fascinating, trust me.”

And she tugged on June’s suit, leading her back out of the “stuffing room” and through her chambers into the rest of the station. As June followed along, slowly leaking gas, she felt more and more concerned.

Sunny had been very evasive about what her gas quota was like... and completely silent on *how often* they would be stuffing together. Still, it was a little bit exciting, being a part of something bigger than herself. Driving the entire space economy, with nothing but the power of her farts? It was comedically absurd, and yet... She felt very important. Very *wanted*, in a way she never had in her overcrowded, loud family back home.

She puffed up with pride--and a little bit of gas--as Sunny led her to the tankage rooms, feeling less and less insecure about the tiny bursts of flatulence steadily emitting from between her cheeks.

This isn’t so bad, she thought, almost relishing a fresh wave of vapors emerging from her. *This isn’t so bad at all...*