

Insanity

By Bartan Tirix

The house remained quiet within the slightly noisy streets, cheers and loud music coming from several places over the neighborhood. As expected during such a holiday in such a collage-aged occupied place, often enough using it like any other excuse to cut loose. Not that the home's occupants really minded anyway, staggering up the doorstep and running into the door. Struggling a little bit before actually getting the door opened and two bodies stumbled inside, barely supporting each other as they slapped the wall a few times to find the light switch.

The black bird in a gladiator outfit and a hooded snake basically in her undergarments grumbled at the harsh light, shielding their eyes a bit as they adjusted to the brightness. Then proceeded to gather their heavy bags before the serpent found her bottle and raised it for a toast. "To Halloween! The only holiday you can walk the streets in your underwear and get away with it!" The corn snake took a large swig out of the dark orange liquids.

"At least I went as something." The female avian grumbled, setting her two bags on the kitchen table while watching her friend almost comically drag over six sacks of candy. "I still say that's cheating."

"What? It's not my fault that people like Kandi, the Corn Cobra."

"You didn't-" A quick sigh in disappointment from the taller one, covering her cyan eyes. "You didn't go as a Candy Corn Cobra, Bubbles. People gave you more candy because you went as a Stripper."

"No, that Fireman, Police officer, Sexy Witch-"

"I get it-"

"The baker that kept saying 'Sweets for the sweet', that CPA, the slutty pumpkin-"

"Bubbles."

"That old train conductor, the bus driver doing the bus driver dance, that metermaid-"

"Was a real metermaid."

"The airline pilot, the horse farmer and her seven horses, and every cheerleader or schoolgirl that we met tonight. *They* were strippers." A blank stare from the black one.

"You went out in your underwear."

"It was decorated." The serpent shrugged, wiggling her chest to let the poorly added glitter and damaged glowsticks attached to it shine against the light. "Besides, we get candy, and you know we share every year." Another drink as the viper took a handful of wrapped candy into the living room. "I

still don't know what your costume was."

"Seriously?" The two just stared at each other for a few moments, as Brooke displayed the gladiator suit again. "Come on, you've got to know this."

"...A Greek Gimp?" The bird facepalmed hard, nearly hitting herself with the buckler strapped to her arm.

"Gladiators are Roman."

"I still don't get it-"

"A Female Russell Crowe!"

"Who?"

"In the film Gladiator!"

"I never did see that movie-"

"You have! You've even had fantasies about the guy!"

"When?"

"Well, during the movie for one, and the next few weeks afterwards during night."

"Ooooh, right. He was the raven guy, wasn't he?" A grumble from the avian. "...I still say you look like a gimp-"

"I'm going to take a shower, and get this paint off of me." The bird mumbled, unstrapping her props and moving towards the back of the home. "Ray better not mind her bathroom turning black." Leaving the serpent to relax in a large recliner with her candy and hard drink for quite a while, until she finished most of the bottle. Staggering out for some more candy and bringing it to the small table beside the chair, flopping in it while attempting to get the very last drop her bottle had to give. Granted, leaning back too far that the chair tipped backwards, making her yelp a little and drunkenly giggle at the foolishness.

After a few minutes of her silliness, she staggered her way back up the chair and nearly got it set up again before the doorbell rang. The snake needed another bottle anyway, dropping the glass one on the carpet floor and actually going out to the fridge before heading to the door. Getting a slight envious and mentally preparing herself in case there was a brown bag on fire when she opened it.

But there was only another box. A rather big one too, making the hooded viper look around a bit before taking a closer look at the black case, completely sealed in what appeared to be electrical tape. Making the postage and address really stand out on the top, getting the snake to read it carefully, but it was sent to the right place. Let alone had her and Brooke's names on it.

Another shrug and she brought it inside. Set it down for now and just went back to her sweets,

accidently knocking them behind the chair and getting her to grumble. Putting the drink down and leaning over the armrest of the recliner while searching for those damn candies. Though, suddenly getting a strange shiver that made her scales shift uncomfortably. Sending out instinct warnings of something behind her. Getting those golden eyes of hers to scan the room carefully, but see nothing unusual. Just that box that seemed to be lingering in a strange shade.

Yet, those feelings didn't go away. Like there was some sort of presence in the room that made her feel almost uneasy. "...Must be crashing already." She mumbled to herself, looking at the candy on the table, yet Bubbles still craved it. Getting her to shift again and lean further to search for those that escaped, attempting to use her tail as a counterweight as it was lifted up slightly. Nearly exposing the faint camel toe in her thong.

Every grasp of her scaled hand only came up empty of those sour treats, getting her to grumble and become impatient while trying not to make the chair fall backwards again. Getting those instinctual warnings again and again that something was nearby! Something was behind her! But the snake ignored them... Until she got a small shove against her hinds, sending the chair backwards and her along with it a bit. Nearly getting a snoutful of carpet debris and hiss loudly. "Damnit Brooke! That's not funny-!"

But a sudden, almost slimy grasp against her painted tail made her yelp. Attempting to fight back with kicks, only to feel her bare ankles become tied with what felt like syrupy tubes. Getting her to yelp again, especially when they started sliding up her legs and thighs. coating them with almost a sharp cold that nearly paralyzed her and left the serpent breathless, unable to call for help.

What was this thing? And what could it possibly want? That last question was somewhat answered, as it started to press into her lower slit. Attempting to go through the cloth shield with heavier and heavier presses of what felt like... Tendrils? No... It felt like softer versions of an air hose, covered in a strange molasses that was being absorbed by her small clothing.

Harder and harder the lower one pressed, making the snake whimper with every attempt. Breaking her concentration to move a single limb and nearly resetting any progress made. Making out two more coming up her haunches and slathering that strange substance on her exposed bottom. All before taking a strange interest in her garments of choice, studying the double strap that came close to her waist and following it around her lower belly. Lightly coating that with the cold slime before finding a way inside the thong.

Bubbles nearly cursed at such a thing, nearly being taken advantaged by some strange... Alien? Creature? The one tentacle that got in lifting the cloth up enough for the others to pass her defenses, knowing exactly where they were going for next. Stroking against her lower lips and her tailslit a little before entering; two in her sex while the other went exploring alone.

The inevitable entrance made her gasp loudly and pant, as if the drug or stun against her chest was wearing off. Trying to catch enough breath to shout for help, but everytime she tried, a large wave of... Pleasure caught her off-guard. Finding herself gripping the carpet and chair tightly as they slowly moved in and out of her, that cool goo quickly warming up to be very satisfying as a few more started to slide up her body. Paying a lot of attention to her middle and behind.

But what could such a thing want? Like a bad sci-fi movie, a few ideas *barely* came to mind. However, they were quickly banished as the tendrils explored deeper and deeper inside her body, getting Bubbles to sing in whispers and gasps. A couple more soon entered each slit, once again paralyzing her with pleasure as they continued to shift around some. Finding the best possible pattern inside her body. Before...

They completely stopped. Starting to become oddly stiff and making the serpent wonder what was happening. Let alone, if she could get away. But the tight grips on her legs and tail were still felt, even after struggling against them a bit. Regardless, it gave her enough time to finally let out a call for the bird, only to get no response except for the loud shower a few rooms away.

The corn snake cursed! Knowing very well that the avian was known for her 'long, private' showers. Likely treating herself tonight after all that flirting Bubbles did at the party. Making her whimper as she attempted to move out of what she could only describe as karmic shackles.

Then a growling hiss came from the box behind her, making the serpent nearly squeak in fright. Lowering her hood against her neck like she was attempting to hide, not like that would do any good with her ass presented over a fallen chair. Hearing that noise come closer and closer before... Feeling those blinds get tighter? No... They were swelling up. But with what? And if they were swelling up...

She started to feel it, all the ones in her rear end and sex started to gain greatly in girth. Making her nearly chirp before releasing a wet squirt over them as they stretched her slits to form an air tight barrier. Only to feel that warm air start rushing through and accumulate in her belly, swelling those slime coated white, orange, and yellow painted scales rather quickly as they pressed against the recliner's back cushion.

The creature didn't let up in the slightest, steadily pumping more and more of that warm gas into her body as that middle rounded. Making it rather tight and worrying Bubbles as she attempted to hold herself up off the floor, even feel it start to build up in her hips a little bit as the pressure continued. Granted, she wasn't concerned about the inflation, it was a common thing around here for people to use such a talent. However... Bubbles was hardly considered good at such a thing, and for some strange alien thing to do this to her...?

What could the damn thing be planning? Still feeling those tendrils slip around her growing middle as it started to expand so much it was holding the snake up. Growing ever so taut as her body resisted, not used to inflating to this size so quickly without some practice. Or at the very least, a warm-up. Straining those scales as they only progressed in short bursts, regardless of how much the tentacles were trying the serpent's limitations.

But the thing was growing impatient, increasing the pressure more and more until that belly nearly occupied the entire chair. Once again putting up a wall of resistance that only irked the possessed hoses, instead focusing the air intake on her rear instead! Swelling up those haunches rather quickly as she gasped in bliss, thickening up her tail in the process as they echoed with a deep hiss. Taking no time at all before bloating her so large that she couldn't fit in any of the chairs.

Those rear balloons started to knock down small tables and lamps, as her belly started up again. Only divided by that thin double-strap of clothing as it stretched out with her haunches, one that wasn't very swell-friendly. Growing exceptionally tighter and tighter before that pressure increased again! Causing each of those ballooned hinds to reach beyond large exercise ball sizes before hearing that first strap break. Another increase in force for the second one as the thong cracked under the pressure, stretching out a good pair of underwear before breaking the last two with one large pump.

The alien slowed down its progress a bit as her scales started to groan, along with the viper's whimpers. Feeling those tendrils slide up and down those curves, making them shine with that strange coating as they explored further up her body. Discovering her arms shielding a certain pair of hills and getting almost curious, though not liking Bubbles attempt to push them away and sending in a few heavy puffs to swell up her body to incapacitate her slightly.

She finally got a good look at the tentacles though, even if the light was very low due to the nearby lamp being broken. Slippery and shiny... Hoses? She wasn't feeling that incorrectly before, they were like sentient air hoses like the ones used in professional inflating! Watching it closely in puzzlement as it did the same, just towards her chest pillows. Already learning what the cloth was and getting around it quite easily as another hose came around, once again attempting to fight it off only to get the punishment of a very thick pressure increase for several seconds.

Those haunches swelled up greatly, touching one of the walls and that ballooning tail starting to scrape the ceiling. Morphing into that large belly attempting to fold over that chair as it made the snake lean forwards. Just attempting to hold onto that painted underside while the hoses slipped through her top, caressing her scaled pillows that, yes, were also painted like candy corn. Letting that coating warm up like a massage oil as a few pleasant puffs entered her on occasion, once again making her rather moist.

The warm pumps became more and more frequent, feeling her belly press against tables and creeping over knocked over furniture. That air moving up her body and pressing against her chest, soon getting those pillows to swell up within her bra. Starting slow and progressively getting more constant, pressing up against those straps that were already feeling tight against her back. Attempting to reach behind and just undo the top, but it was too difficult at this size.

More and more Bubble's chest swelled up as those hoses massaged them, taking up a strange affinity over such things as they inflated. Pushing those scaled walls out further and further while occasionally giving the other areas a nice big puff, soon sending those pillows climbing up the room's barriers in front of her while her belly covered more than a third of the room.

Yet, the hooded serpent was almost lost in a sea of pleasure, unable to really take awareness of just how big she was getting. How tight that underside or large those twin rear balloons were getting, even after the constant creeks and groans were growing more and more vocal with the deep hissing of those hoses. Feeling the ones tending underneath her stretched out bra even exhale the warm air over her sensitive chest hills, only making the serpent blush deeply and sing in constant whimpers.

However... Her own walls started to grow exceptionally taut, almost stinging as certain areas

were clumping together over others. Even under the coating of once cool slime, patchy areas along her belly and hindquarters were feeling stiff and hard, making the areas around them swell up more to make up for such a thing. Stretching those scales out to a near translucency as the creature didn't let up.

But what was causing such a thing? Feeling parts of those swelled areas give once in a while like ripping a Band-Aid off slowly, like it was stuck on her scales-! The paint! For her costume! Most things had some stretch resistance, yes, and she did overdo it on the stuff to make sure it didn't rub off so easily like in previous years. If it's resilience kept up, it might be the cause of the viper bursting prematurely!

A loud whimper left her muzzle, absolutely hating the idea of getting that full. Yet, she was approaching her limit, let alone in a condensed room and in a house that wasn't hers. But as long as the creature didn't notice the fragility, perhaps it wouldn't push her body so much. Ever since it found her breasts, the hoses have been rather enthralled in that area. Lucky for her, it was Bubble's strong point when it came to such exercises, but that top was really slowing things down. Making the creature somewhat frustrated at how tight it was getting as the tendrils attempted to grope her.

The thin straps were nearly cutting into her back and hooded neck, wishing now that they had some sort of emergency clip on the front end somewhere. Damn these cheap bras, sometimes! Especially ones made without durability in mind! Though they were holding out pretty well, those painted hills were bloating out around the underwear greatly. Starting to show signs of both the same patchiness with the paint, and the areas in the cracks surrounding them.

It wasn't until one of those areas were discovered by a tentacle, feeling that slimy tip study it for what felt like several moments before nearly feeling it's frustration at such a thing. Some sort of defense of the snake against the gift the alien was giving to her!? Unacceptable! Finally slipping out and sliding down her large rounded body, now filling out a little under half the room and making the snake about the size of a car. Stroking that belly and haunches to really see the patches of paint that remained over her and almost attempting to scrape some of them off. Only getting slightly painful whimpers from the serpent in response before stopping.

Strange how the slime wasn't doing anything to break it all up, or even moisten the costume art. The hoses sliding around her hips and under her exposed belly before moving to her puffed up lower lips, ones that have been leaking from time to time due to the bliss she was receiving. Stroking those occupied folds before squeezing inside and making her cry out loudly as the viper's sex was stretched out further, then more so when the hoses thickened up.

A few extra puffs to make the serpent bigger before increasing the pressure drastically, really focusing on her chest to break that cursed clothing. Making her hiss as they pressed harder and harder against those thin straps, bloating around them like tight wires and drastically lowering her scale's durability! Whimpering loudly as Bubbles attempted to hold herself together, hoping not to suddenly feel the sting of bursting the last time they were this big!

More and more patches started to show up as some of the bigger clumps started to get split. The deep hisses of warm air only getting thicker and thicker as her breasts pressed against the walls, causing

most of the expansion to be around the sides where they were most vulnerable! The corn snake tried to hold onto them as they almost painfully stretched out, creaking loudly as she whimpered at their pitch as they grew bigger... Bigger...! Swelling up against her chin and around her muzzle as the pressure increased further and further-!

Until the bottom straps snapped acrossed her back, whipping out loudly and nearly striking her delicate body pillows with a harsh sting! Yet, they didn't burst. However, the front of the top was still trapped between her chest and the wall, still strapping her neck against her own inflated plush as they continued to bloat larger and larger. Expanding more towards the bottom sides, but it was like the air within was being... Controlled. Manipulated by the alien as it pressed up against the cloth strap and forcing it to cut into the back of her neck.

"S-stop!" She called within the series of groans. "I-I can get it if you let me! Just stop, please!" The serpent should've known it was pointless to attempt to communicate with the alien, let alone a series of sentient hoses that only seemed to have one desire as they continued to pump more and more gas into her body. Forcing it all into those breasts as they started to make the wall crack in front of her a bit.

Those yellow serpent eyes looked at the dim wall with some worry, just now realizing how big she actually was! Able to feel her backside press up against the ceiling and overhead lights. That nearest side wall against her right side getting close to covered by her bloated haunch and belly as the air continued to stretch out her form. Attempting to flow into her front hills, but with the walls there and her bra strap still holding back some progress, it was getting harder.

However, the pressure seemed to lower a bit while the hissing of the tubes continued. The serpent's body was indeed quite full and taut, but not so much that there was a feeling of resistance. Why was it pausing? Could the creature possibly be satisfied with her size finally? The anticipation grew with the bassy hisses as the air seemed to travel through the hoses and into her body slightly, like it was holding back. No... It wasn't stopping, it was gathering up for one big-!

A very heavy amount of pressure was felt towards her rear end, getting the snake to cry out again as her entire body expanded greatly. Cracking the fake wooden wall panels with a loud snap as that belly was pushed to 80% of the room, causing the furniture to become crushed under Bubble's form. Her chest finally taking a large chunk of the gas as that strap around her neck finally broke, sending the pillows to swell out drastically and actually cause the walls in front of her to cave in a bit. Not completely become knocked down, but bent on the opposite sides before bloating acrossed them.

Every patch of dried up paint cracked into a dozen pieces as the serpent's body morphed into a large blimp. Breaking in the ceiling and floor, nearly reaching wall to wall and even squishing that black box with her lower belly. Another cry for her avian friend fell beneath the sounds of the rented building starting to collapse around her, knowing that Bubbles couldn't take such sizes! Let alone against the debris that was nearly jabbing into her.

Yet, the alien seemed to be hell-bent on making the snake as big as possible! Stretching her from wall to wall, occupying every corner, every doorway with those scales. No longer the color of candy corn,

but thinned out large brown spots over a brassy coat. A white underside with back patches around, becoming clearer and clearer with every puff as they occupied the entire room.

The creature wasn't done though. Even after feeling the glass windows start to crack, and the outside walls start to curve, that mysterious box kept sending out more and more warm air. Ignoring the female's begs for it to stop, reaching far passed her normal limit, it just continued to increase the pressure. Swell up those curves more! Thin out those scales and get rid of every possible dot of paint onto them! Add more pressure! More! Until-!

Bubbles exploded... Out of the building. Causing large sections of walls, insulation, and shingles to fly as her body started to expand greatly without containment. Yet, the alien didn't let up in the slightest, only anchored the corn snake blimp as her body started to move to the sky! Feeling some slack give so she could swell up over the other rooftops, growing to the size of a house before getting some natural resistance again. Warning the serpent that she couldn't take much more of this punishment! That she was well over double her limit, if not triple!

It's not like she had a choice though, attempting to call over the constant groans and creeks of her swelling form. Feeling those resisting walls slowly break down over the constant intake of that warm air, making her whimper loudly as the pressure continued to rise. Leading into her massively round haunches, able to fit entire cars into them, that white blimp of a belly as if the snake swallowed a trailer home. Those body pillows looking like they could occupy a large pool, each! Yet the pressure continued! Pushing her body out further and further, even with the walls that were soon going to collapse-!

With a very deep hiss, Bubbles almost painfully grew to her name; a series of very clear, practically iridescent series of spheres clumped together. Expanding over the entire neighborhood and casting a faint shadow as the moonlight passed through her. Feeling the pressure fade into small pleasant puffs before completely stopping. Leaving the zeppelin anchored in the faint wind for a few moments, afraid of every small leaf that touched her fragile form.

...But the hissing didn't stop. Barely being able to hear such a thing both at this size and this distance, but it echoed through her entire body. The hissing didn't stop...! It was building up again! Making her whine loudly at the inevitable sting that was going to be felt as she felt the warm air slowly crawl up those hoses... Swelling them up around her slits... Giving them a small little kiss before jacking up the pressure to-!

"Bubbles!" The snake was shocked awake, unable to make out where she was in the shadow of her naked friend; the blue jay. Looking around and feeling the chair under her... On its back. No wonder she didn't recognize it, Bubbles must've dozed off after it fell backwards. "You okay?"

"...Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine..."

"Bad dream?"

"Y-yeah."

"I told you not to eat too much of that stuff." The bird helped her up. "Especially with drinking that entire bottle."

"Yeah, you're right Brooke..." The candy corn snake mumbled, still a little shocked to see the room completely intact.

"Come on, I'll get you to your bed. We can check the package in the morning." A double take from those yellow eyes.

"Package...?"