

When Worlds Collide

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(I am so sorry)

Pushing his blue snout through the double doors, Thea trots into the “endless” field of pillows, shaking his head and muttering to himself. Where could the others possibly have gone? And why have they left him alone? It was hardly an issue though, he’ll get his answers once they get back. Eventually.

He lies on his front, squeezing a pillow in hand. Getting his mind off things shouldn’t be hard when you have a pocket dimension with near-limitless capabilities, he just couldn’t come up with how. Or rather, he couldn’t stop thinking of what he knew the others would try: Silly sexcapades, swollen shenanigans, leashes and tack!-The thought made him whimper, oh how he wanted to see those golden muscles right now; holding him down, and filling him with that ocean of blue through his haunches, so big he could barely see around!-

And then it hit him. It’s not the real thing, but surely it would make a suitable substitute, right? If only he knew how to get what he wanted in here.

He certainly didn’t have to look very hard. Shifting his gaze over to the left, he spots the cure for his loneliness: A hose, winding up to a...strange and odd looking, dragon-sized compressor. The device had three major cylinders, all oriented vertically, a maze of pipeworks, connecting between the cylinders and the hose, and finally a metal panel. On it, were several gauges measuring pressure and speed, as well as three major dials: One for chop; how much the compressor would pulse or just blow, one for pulse; how much air each pulse had, and one for overall speed; how much air is going to fill your target per-second overall.

“Fill”. It’s a word that made him wince, whimpering a little. Thinking back to all the other times he was used as a living blimp, growing larger and larger with each pulse! It certainly got his weapon to attention, the ideas racing though his mind, unable to settle

on where to start. Until the obvious hit him, inspired by a couple golden balloons. An event that seems like ages ago, now.

He hesitated. Slowly lifting his tail, aiming that hose at that behind of his with a free hand. He lightly grimaces as he pushes that pipe into his rear. Slowly it went in, giving it another push, just to be safe. Breathing out, he lets go, turning himself to the panel. His heart beats faster as he places his fingers over those dials setting each one to “Medium” or, what he thought was medium anyway, there were no labels on it. Looking down at a glowing green button no bigger than one of the dials, he slowly places his finger on the top, taking a deep breath, and pushing!

The pump roared to life, before turning into a steady hiss, and a deep, rhythmic, booming sound. Looking around, spotting the hose once more, he sees one..two...three, black bulges, each one the size of a couch, all marching towards his behind! Thea looks back at the panel, he set it too high, he must have! He didn't want them to be *that* big! His maroon eyes look for the one that sets pulse size, but it's too late! The first batch of bulges reach his tender bottom, forcing their way inside. He gasps in response, forgetting about the panel as the steady chop of the pump increases the pressure inside him. Normally he'd have a decent belly by now, but it wasn't giving in. What was happening? Where was all this air going? Was he going to explode?!

Until a loud *FWOOOOSH* filled his ears, a familiar feeling in his backside returning, and the tantalizing sound of balloons rubbing against each other makes him look back, slowly turning his head, his fins drooping. Yes, his bottom had decided to take the mass bulk of the air. His belly, thighs, and tail also being filled, but at a much, much slower rate. The sight sent a blush of the wyrm's snout, each pulse sending his ass higher and higher above him.

He wanted to shut off the air, but he also wanted to keep going! He was confused and caught between a rock and a very, very soft place. Admittedly, the constant pumping was rather soothing to him, at a constant rhythm the pumping was like a hypnotic trance. He sets his upper body down on the ground, bottom raised up behind him, and he closed his eyes, imagining the brass behemoth plowing down on his bottom with every pump. One after the other...after the other...after the other...

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Roaring. That's what he heard next, a loud deep roaring. It got him up from his trance almost immediately. Next, he felt an immense pressure in his rump, bigger than anything he ever felt before. Looking back he sees...a deep blue. Not the door, not just his bum, nothing but a wall of perfectly smooth blue, as far as he could see. It was almost spotless, pushing his hand against it revealed it has the texture of latex, like an enormous blue...

He hadn't closed his eyes for that long had he? Did he set the compressor higher than he thought? He must have, how else could it have gotten so big?! There was a roar again, louder. But the source was clear, it was coming from his butt! He frantically looked around for that compressor, but he couldn't see it anywhere, it was just gone, but his haunches were still growing! Did his mountainous behind swallow it?

There was no time for questions, the pressure increased again, much greater than last time too. A loud stretching filled the air around him, it's clear his bottom hadn't stopped growing yet. He couldn't quite tell how big he had gotten, but he was preparing for the worst. He forced his eyes shut, grimaced, and braced himself for that sting!-

But it never came, his bottom quaked, demanding something, he could barely take it! Until a breeze was felt around his cheeks, converging on his tailhole. Not out mind you, but in...and in...and in! A wind had picked up, and his inflating ass was the source of the suction! Thea started to pant a little, more thoughts raced through his mind: "What is happening?!?", "how much bigger will I get?", "...Am I still going to explode?!". He couldn't focus, the orchestra of latex skin and whooshing winds around him only distracted him from stopping his cloud breaking bottom from surging any bigger!-

FOOMP. It was like a cartoon, as his bottom hit the entrance wall, his exponential inflation had come to an abrupt stop. Thea breathed a sigh of relief, his troubles were over. He now was stuck wondering just how he was going to deflate himself, without using a more...let's call it a *taboo* way of doing it.

Until a creaking was heard reverberating through his hollow ass, and not the latex kind. The sounds of splintering and cracking wood started to pick up the pace on the other side of him, first once, then again...and again! As the seconds went by the doors to the pocket dimension bent inwards, his bottom had not given up yet! A bead of sweat formed on his brow, heart rate picking up again, he tried to think of something, *anything* that would stop his rampaging rump! The creeks were getting much louder, those doors won't hold for long. He decides to try the painful option, taking a claw, and taking aim at his reflective haunches, anything is better than his home getting sucked up ass!

He shoves his claw against the latex flesh, feeling the pinch!...but nothing happens. He pokes again, and again, and again, and again! It wasn't working, why wasn't it working?! Was it invincible?!

BOOM. The doors had snapped wide open. A tornado came barrelling down his butt, taking the doors with them, and surging outwards, pushing the blue dragon to the far side of the field! His bottom exploded in size, the air around him deafening with the sound of stretching hide, howling winds, and a filling rump! Thea braced onto his ballooning wall of latex, hoping to never hit that far wall, hoping that with a stroke of luck his butt would burst into smithereens!

But it only grew. Swelling wider and wider, higher, faster! Greedily sucking in all that it can. The house itself was beginning to shift; furniture, rugs, anything that wasn't tied down slid across the floor, then flew into that tight blue vacuum as the wind only increased. Doors were then torn off their hinges, swinging windows opened wide, the outside world beginning to fly in as well!

Inside, Thea was panting and panicking, the pressure in his hollow bottom had only grown and grown. He knew that a major bulk of the air was from inside the field, thank goodness, but it was only a matter of time until-

Was that the ceiling? His maroon eyes went wide, if it was then-there's the left wall, and the right wall! He was closing in on the far wall, he could sense it, he knew it, it was going to happen, it was just a matter of-

Outside, it appeared as if a massive blue balloon had filled every inch of the extravagant house. Blue bulges out the windows and doors, and the frame had a slight curve to it. Luckily the windstorm had calmed down again, it was so weird how it picked up so fast, and seemingly out of nowhere too.

Did I say the house had a slight curve? I meant curves, plural...or was it rounding out? Like a ball?...Like two balls, *huge* balls...was the house inflating???

The resulting *KA-BOOOM* answered that question, and the twin blimps surging outwards asked a few more! Houses and cities were smothered beneath the latexy hide below, the sky and clouds reflecting off of it above, before being blown away by such rapid growth! The monstrous rump pulsed higher and higher into the air, each cheek easily smothering a whole city before long...two cities...a whole province...a country...a continent! Its swelling was endless; unpoppable hide smothering anything beneath it with ease, and sucking up everything else around.

The mounting pressure was unreal for Thea. As each cheek had begun to eclipse the planet, it slowly travelled inside, making a home inside one of his hollow haunches. He pants again, thinking maybe, just maybe now that there is no more air left this nightmare would end! He was wrong of course, because gravity had taken over.

The next victim was the moon, an ironic punishment for the celestial body. Next were Venus and Mars, each planet adding tremendous amounts of size to his ballooning butt, the sun glistening off that behind. Next was Mercury and various asteroids, most of them bouncing off his globular rear with ease, leaving not so much as a scratch on his rubber skin. Next up, the king of the planets, *the* gas giant, Jupiter. Too bad it won't hold that title forever, the gasses quickly sinking in between those twin balloons, expanding each cheek multiple times over, dwarfing the previous size of the planet! Next up was Saturn, then Neptune, and...you get the idea.

His bum had become a monster, each cheek was the size of the Sun, floating through what remained of the solar system. And what remained was just that star, the second-biggest ball of gas in the solar system. Thea's haunches had their sights set on the fiery fusion ball, and despite the immense heat, the sun had started to be devoured as well. It

shrank and shrank, and Thea's bottom only grew and grew, exploding with size faster than anticipated, bigger and bigger!

And as the last of the star was swallowed, Thea "stood up" in shock, as his astronomical behind had roared once more, followed by the familiar stretching of skin, but larger and louder than ever before! The walls of his hollow bottom stretched further and further apart faster and faster!

He had broken through an arm of the galaxy, then began to swallow the galaxy. Two titanic blue globes swallow the Milky Way, then the Andromeda galaxy, then more, and more! He just couldn't stop, no matter how much he wanted to. His ass endlessly bursting with new energy swallowing every last spec, every last piece of stardust not left unturned! The universe began to darken, but it still wasn't enough, and Thea knew it too. He needs more...*more...MORE...MORE!!*-but why did it smell like...

Thea had woken up in a lake of his own green fluids, standing up, and shaking his muzzle to clean off any of the release stuck to his blue scales. The hum of the compressor still continuing on, feeding into his stadium-sized haunches. Realizing what had happened, he reached over and pushed the green button again, successfully shutting off the mystical device, and bringing his bloating hinds to a stop.

Breathing a sigh of relief, he places a paw on his chest to calm his beating heart, knowing that the worst was now-

"Thea? Are you in here? You were sleeping when we left...Oh. Oh my..."

It was that voice, that oh so deep, and familiar voice.

"Did somebody get a little bored?"

A whimper left that blue muzzle, eyes wide, flush with a blush.

