

Turn It Down

By Bartan Tirix

The large workshop was quiet, eerily so as the white tirix continued her repairs on the bench. Illuminated by a large screen that scrolled with DOS-like text with a progress bar slowly filling up. Providing just enough light to see the spotted one's tools while the small flashlight strapped to her head aided with her vision elsewhere.

Linet didn't enjoy the dark that much, to be honest. It reminded her of... Tough times, to put it lightly. But updates were important, and she did put them off for too long already. To the point where all the lab's safety measures were currently down while the main computer was occupied with both the upgrades, and the defragment afterwards. She'd spend the next day or two making sure all the emergency protocols worked correctly.

It was such a job, slightly worse so when she was in the middle of a project. Nothing important or needed at least, but she could only do so much to adjust the physical parts of it before looking at the software. However, odds are the panther would need to test the electrical output of the pieces installed eventually.

Gazing at the screen again to see it still at 37%, worried that it may be stalled at that number until seeing it tick up. A good sign that it was still progressing but it was definitely taking a very long time. Regardless, there was nothing else she could really do until it was done. Sleep came to mind, but she just couldn't at this moment, Linet knew that.

So instead, she ventured into the darkness of her lab. Spotting the emergency lights creating a small but safe path along the floors, using that same flashlight for everything else, along with another that was attached to the gadget on her wrist. A multi-tool of sorts the feral one was never without. Browsing the many high shelves like that of a library; full of everything from half finished projects to old prototypes she hadn't repurposed yet.

To call it organized was a bit of a stretch, but not completely. Soon enough finding the gadget she was searching for... On the upper shelves. Grumbling at her past self, even though it was a good toss, knowing it was going to bite her in the tail eventually. And today was that 'Eventually'. The tirix could just find the stepping stool or the mobile platformer, but she couldn't quite recall where it was left. And since the computer was down, so was her location tracker.

The darkness even further made things complicated, so instead Linet just decided to climb up the shelves like a ladder of sorts. Needing to move some things upon each step up to make sure there was space, knocking a few things down in the process and making her wince. Nothing fragile she hoped. Most of the breakable stuff was on the lower shelves anyway.

Finally getting the gadget within reach, she quickly tried to snatch it. Only to pause before the motion when her balance was feeling a bit off, tilting... Backwards? Along with the entire shelf! Leaning too far and crashing into the one behind her, the white one lost balance and fell to the floor with a thud! Immediately pressing a button on her wrist as the metal racks created a domino effect; the one that she climbed on falling on top of her!

However, it was completely halted upon contact with her fur by a forcefield of sorts; preventing any crushing damage or wounds from the many falling objects. The downside: she was pinned down. And until the system rebooted, she couldn't specifically call for help outside a distress signal from her gauntlet. Pressing such and waiting a few minutes to hear nothing in terms of a response.

...Of course, the response would be received *through* the system. But the signal should've still been sent out in any case. There's no telling how long it would take for someone to see it, or if there were any damages to the console due to the domino effect. Trying to move the shelf pinning her down didn't really do much, but there was some give. She just wasn't strong enough in this position to move it by herself.

Looking about to see what she could use, thankful the tirix kept the head-light on. Spotting a small Jack that could work if she could just reach it, though it didn't have the lever placed in. Still, maybe the white one could find something to use in place of it. Browsing around to what was in reach: hydraulic drill, a hose, old toolbox, large tank of air-

The hose! Taking it and getting some slack, placing the nozzle in her muzzle to root it in place so it wasn't lost. Only for her brain to suddenly ponder something... Would that actually work? Looking down at the personal forcefield; it always seemed to move around her entire shape, so only effectively making it one-way. Following any movement of her limbs and body, but what if... Her body grew? Would the forcefield grow with it? If so, then she could use herself as a hydraulic jack! Using the... Air tank.

...She's been hanging around the dragons too long, coming up with these silly ideas. Releasing a nervous whine before taking a firmer hold on that nozzle and pulling the tank closer, unable to quite reach the valve. This'll only work if this thing even has enough air inside it to begin with, but it's a start. Struggling with the hose to make the tank fall with a loud noise, she finally pulled it in reach. Hand on the valve, taking her own deep breath. Stupid idea: Commense.

With a twist, the hose came to life. Swelling quickly as it raced towards the panther's maw and immediately she felt the heavy pressure! Swelling up her cheeks very fast into large softballs as Linet strained to try to motion the air to go down further. Placing both paws on those growing white balloons as they expanded larger than watermelons. Folding around her grasp while creaking, stuck between her own self trying to hold the pressure back, and the impressive tank that desired her increased volume!

Why did she place this thing so far back here? It seems to be working perfectly fine, if not a little too well. Her swollen face lightly struggling to contain what could only be described as twin yoga balls, the plan wasn't working! Why though-? Ohhhh... The rest of her body is pinned down to heavily, and so it was all just going into the tirix's cheeks.

Oh well, she tried it. Releasing her restraining paws with a loud *thuum*, feeling them jiggle a little bit before growing quite tight, Linet turned the valve. Only for that pressure to increase! Swelling those cheeks out much much faster! In the moment that struck her into shock, they doubled in size! Soon enlarging to the point where they could fit in a stovetop oven in each!

Did she turn it the wrong way? The panther swore she didn't! Giving it another twist in the opposite direction and the surge that passed through was immense! Actually lifting her off the ground a little to spot a piece of tape on the tank that stated "BROKEN" on it, and suddenly recall why it was placed here. The damn thing never wanted to shut off properly, destroying one of her tools that couldn't handle the pressure. And by some miracle, she managed to turn it off... Until now.

With her face-balloons looking like she was hiding a near car in each; they lifted her chest up enough to finally start feeling the airflow begin to inflate that area. Quickly filling out the free room underneath the collapsed shelving and actually working as intended! Her forcefield was following her swelling body and causing it to fight against the weight of the metal rack. All she had to do was hold out until it balanced itself back upright, and then the panther would just let go of the nozzle. Let the tank run out of air so she never ends up in this position again.

The pressure was absolutely immense though. Feeling her belly stretch outwards freely, not needing to worry about metal corners or sharp edges. Causing the black spotted tirix to slowly blow up like a large spherical balloon, pushing her up from the ground where her legs could no longer touch. Inflating all the way down until her pelvis and letting the swelling underside fold underneath her tail. Making it look like every one of those spots were enlarging as her belly expanded over the fallen over shelf.

The one on her flank was nearly upright though. Unable to actually see it due to her cheeks being so darn large, she could almost feel it out with the forcefield. Her tight body groaning within it, far bigger than what the tank should be able to hold! How much did she compress this air? It would explain the pressure though.

The shelf should be safe now, and the panther should be in the clear once she deflated. Attempting to open her muzzle to release the nozzle, Linet realized just how much force those large cheeks were putting on her jaw! Let alone her bloated chest pressing underneath them! Trying to force that maw open enough for the nozzle to escape, but she just couldn't do it! Was it really giving out so much pressure that it was locking her fangs down!?

Regardless, it wasn't good. Feeling her body continue to blow up larger and larger, whimpering when she felt the shifting shelf fall in the other direction and create a chain reaction! Making more of a mess that she'll have to deal with once she gets out of this situation... *If* she gets out!

Steady creaks could be felt through that enormous belly, her cheeks getting so large that they probably couldn't fit inside a triple car garage together. The constant pressure force feeding the panther's body continuously larger and larger, testing its durability heavily as it begged in groans! Soon feeling that massive balloon gut begin swelling all around her! Swearing it was growing thinner with every moment...!

Until she felt her hips and tail begin to expand greatly and quickly! Followed by her back and shoulders. Turning the black spotted tiri into a large spherical blimp; able to fit in a large two story home inside her belly alone! Yet, the cursed device was determined to make the helpless feline bigger and bigger!

The steady deep hiss entered Linet's muzzle, pumping her fuller with every second exposed to the pressure. Forcing each of her walls to stretch outwards to contain such a volume. Her body never feeling so tight before, struggling as it reached new limit after new limit! The creaks and groans growing higher in pitch as she reached near Zeppelin sizes-!

And the tank finally slowed to a stop. Leaving her nearly panting in whines, both at the tautness and stimulation. Finally able to feel the tank swinging along her bloated chest, lightly drumming against it as her fangs continued to lock the nozzle inside. Wondering just how large she's become-

Until Linet heard someone come down the chute! Those ears flicking against those gargantuan cheeks to pick out any words from the grumbles. Something about 'not being compatible for dragons', but it hardly mattered! Someone finally seen the signal! Spotting a large glow of light in the distance and someone calling her name!

...Dia? The rainbow dragon-? Uh oh... Spotting the wyrm down below as he looked up at the Be-yond 'Overinflated' parade balloon tiri and watch his scales turn from an orange, to a yellow, then a bright purple/pink. Know quite well what was likely going through his head, regardless of how much he was trying to hide it.

"L-Linet...? Is that you...?"