

In the jungle of Tekit, on the planet known as Ferrth, there was a young human man named Mark. Mark had two notable problems, one more pressing than the other: his first problem was that he was being hunted by a determined pack of dire wolves. His second problem – and the more pressing one – was that he was currently uncomfortably smushed into the rather sizable rear end of his companion, a 20,000 pound grizzly bear named Benny.

Smushed was the only possible word for it; he wasn't quite *sandwiched*, since he wasn't stuck in-between the bear's cheeks, per se, and he wasn't being *crushed*, because he was not being harmed in any fashion, save the psychiatric trauma that could come from being on the receiving end of the windy bear's frequent butt blasts.

Mark hadn't known that, when Benny told him that the wolves were going to have to go through all ten tons of his weight, the bear was speaking *literally*; however, true to his word, he quickly dug a hole in the ground in which to den in, tossed the boy in, and shoved himself into its limited space rump-first – thereby causing what was, to Mark, a regrettable situation.

The human boy struggled against it, but he had no choice but to succumb to the bear's great weight pressing down on him and immediately found himself pinned, his body firmly pressed into the bear's rear end. The bear's supple and, above all, copious fat bunched up around the smaller human, to the point where, if the den had been made of glass, Mark would have appeared to be swallowed up by Benny's rump from any view but the very behind.

He frantically tried to escape the ursine ass that now pressed upon him, but there was no leverage to be had, and the force of the bear's weight held him totally flat against the wall; he tried protesting, but his muffled protests were mostly ignored by his companion, who had firmly and implacably settled down for the night.

Almost immediately, he discovered three things: firstly, that the bear could quickly coat him in sweat, just from what had been accumulating on his big, furry backside; secondly, that, unlike the tiger, his rear end was not even remotely clean; and thirdly, that Benny was a very gassy bear, releasing awful, smelly, humid farts that had nowhere to go, giving Mark the sensation of being stuck in a dutch oven made entirely of fat and fur. *This* was going to be one experience that the poor human certainly couldn't scrub away in a few moments.

The bear's big, pink anus, larger than Mark's head, seemed to wink at him cheekily before opening and, with a *puff!*, lazily releasing a small burst of gas that reeked of rotten eggs and dirty exercise gear and making the boy a little lightheaded, more from the smell than any noticeable lack of oxygen. It reminded him of the experience of his neighbor's doberman farting in the car, but this environment

was much more cramped, and the farts comparably massive in their magnitude.

The bear proved to be extraordinarily gassy, releasing a great variety of farts at the steady pace of about one every five minutes. Some were incredibly wet, making the sweaty, humid environment even more humid; others produced a sense of dryness but came with a sharp stink that stung his eyes. Some were quiet and lazy, coming out in a slow burst of air, but awfully smelly; others were loud, high-pitched squeakers and deafening, low rippers that were so strong that they produced a sensation similar to being inside of the world's stinkiest wind tunnel.

Mark tried shouting; he tried struggling; he tried pleading. He tried insult, and flattery, and bribery, and everything else he could think of to escape his steamy prison, but nothing worked.

After almost an hour of this from Mark, Benny, weary and tired from the long day, made a deal with Mark: if the boy could be quiet, the bear would stop farting; but if the bear was again awoken by Mark's complaints, Mark would experience a storm of ursine flatulence that he may never recover from. With this, Mark became silent, partially because he was tired of being on the receiving end of a large bear's farts, and partially because he was absolutely terrified as to what, exactly would quantify a *storm* of farts from what must be the gassiest beast in the multiverse.

What the bear hadn't mentioned to Mark was that, once he fell asleep, gas continued to be released from his anus, though they weren't anywhere near as bad as the bear's noxious wind from earlier. Instead of wind tunnel farts that would have blown him back if there had been room, his butt blasts just ruffled his hair, and the smell could no longer break the Geneva Convention's rules against torture.

Eventually, despite his anxiety, Mark even managed to fall into a frequently interrupted sleep, waking up only when the bear released a particularly long or noisy burst of wind.

While Mark was experiencing an unpleasant, but very warm night under Benny's rear end, Shane was busy running for his life. There were several dire wolves running after him, and it was just a matter of time before they caught up to him; Shane's only hope was to find the creature that Benny had told him to look for, and enlist their help in somehow fighting off or evading his pursuit.

The problem was, the bear hadn't given him much to go on: all he'd said was to run South, to the center of the jungle, and speak to the largest creature he could find. Its name was Alfred; ordinarily, Shane would have wondered at what being would have such an odd name, but at the moment he was a little bit preoccupied with not dying. Such wondering would have to wait for later.

The young tiger ran as fast as his legs could carry him, looking like a variable orange-and-black streak in the middle of thick, green jungle whose vegetation became progressively larger and thicker the further he ran. His fur was damp with sweat, and his lungs heaved in and out, gasping for air; his heartbeat was thumping as fast as it could, *thump-thump, thump-thump*, but nothing seemed fast enough. Though he was thin and lithe for an animal of Ferrth, he was still quite pudgy to the eyes of a person from Earth, and his belly swayed from side to side while he ran, his rump bobbing up and down *just a little* with every step in a way that was quite comical, if one could ignore his present danger.

The bear had told him that this Alfred would be about four hours' run through the jungle, but Shane had only been running for about three and a half, and he knew he couldn't go on for much longer. He'd been running for hours, but he'd have to stop soon, or he would collapse from exhaustion and be caught by the wolves for sure, at which point they would torture him for Mark's location and then eat him – not exactly the future he'd been planning for two days before.

Exhausted, the tiger passed out from exertion, collapsing into the dirt without another thought as the wolves approached.

Laird, second-in-command of the pack that had been hunting Mark, howled, summoning the squad of wolves accompanying him to find the tiger that had run off; he had found the tiger passed out on the ground. The other three wolves he was with had quickly come running, and their leader licked his lips in anticipation. First, there was the interrogation, but secondly – and, in his mind, more importantly – there was *dinner*, lying right in front of him and covered in bright orange fur.

Pound-for-pound, each of the pack's individuals about matched the tiger in weight, weighing in at about ten thousand pounds each, and the four of them would easily be able to subdue the tiger, now that he was in their grasp. Wolves were distance runners, and could run much farther than Shane – a problem that was aided by the fact that these wolves were all adults in their prime, whereas the tiger was young and still growing.

“How d'ya wanna wake him, boss?” a wolf asked Laird, his tail slowly wagging back and forth in anticipation. The lead wolf pondered the question for a moment, before answering with an action and a laughing grin:

He took his furry grey wolf posterior, planted it in front of the tiger, and delivered a rude, silent blast to Shane's nose, waking him up instantly. The tiger, filled with adrenaline, tried to bolt, but ran into one of Laird's cronies, the wolf and tiger falling together to the ground. The other two wolves

immediately secured the tiger.

Laird slowly walked up to Shane, looking him in the eye and grinning. "So, my orange friend," he said, "we can make this very easy for you, and end it quickly ... or we can't. It's your choice, really. You can either tell us where your odd little friend is, and we'll let you go, or you can refuse, and we'll have to hurt you, and you'll tell us what we want to know ... before we eat you." Laird was lying, and had every intent to torture and eat the tiger, but there was no way he was going to tell Shane that.

The wolf's grin sent a shiver down Shane's spine, and the tiger panicked, doing his best to escape his captors; telling them where Mark was wasn't an option, not because he was such a good tiger, but because it was impossible for a tiger to ignore the injunction of the Tiger-God. He'd been told to protect him, and revealing his location was now definitely not an option. So he did the next best thing, and the only thing he could think of: he growled and spat in the wolf's face.

Laird sighed. "Fine; have it your way. Euan, you may begin the interrogation. Call me when he gives us what we need."

Almost immediately afterward, something very unexpected happened, an event that coincidentally saved our young tiger's life: Alfred appeared, exploding out of the jungle like a one-creature hurricane.

Immediately, the very earth around the five animals seemed to have exploded. Shane was blown back at least thirty feet, well clear of whatever was happening, but the four wolves were summarily stomped to death by some kind of gigantic, long-necked monster, their bodies absolutely crushed by the stomping of a creature whose feet were larger than Laird's entire bodies in a matter of seconds. If Shane had had the presence of mind to do so, he would have run the hell away, but the tiger was unsurprisingly shocked and just stood there in terror.

His terror turned out to be fairly short-lived, as the great creature immediately looked him in the eye with a warm expression and said, "Hello, young tiger; I am Alfred. Can you tell me why Benedictus sent for me?"

It turned out that Alfred was a very large Argentinosaurus, and that he weighed roughly 400,000 pounds; he was very old and very wise, though his race was hardy and he had suffered little despite his age. The dinosaur had apparently received a message from the Tiger-God as well, something nearly unheard-of in tiger lore which marked him as an extremely wise being who was certainly one to reckon with.

When the tiger had told him everything he knew, Alfred's brow was furrowed and his mouth in a frown. "Your friends appear to be in quite a predicament, but do not worry: I shall have them come to us at once!"

The tiger's "what d'you mean?" was quickly hushed as the dinosaur motioned for Shane to follow him. "All will be answered in due time. Now, come."

Alfred took Shane to what must have been the only clearing for miles around, a large meadow with an oddly bright, glowing lake of water in the middle. He guided Shane to the water, and told him to picture Mark and Benny in his mind's eye, as they were when he last saw them.

The tiger obeyed, and immediately, a picture of the two creatures appeared in the surface of the water. By now, it was mid-morning, and the picture showed the bear dozing on top of a very ticked off human; the only indication that the bear was alive was a puff of wind that seemed to be coming steadily from the bear's behind, blowing the boy's hair back.

The sound of Alfred's laugh – deep, bellowing and joyous – echoed throughout the clearing. "Oh, Benny! Of course *this* is your solution to your current problem: sleep it off." He shook his head and *huffed* a little bit with laughter, before dying down.

Suddenly, a change came upon the dinosaur: he became taller, and became like the Tiger-God, taking up space without taking up space. Alfred was not a god, and as such, his power felt finite, but it was ancient and powerful none the less.

"Come." He said in a whisper, his voice barely registering in Shane's ears.

"*Come.*" This time, it was much louder, and the dinosaur's voice echoed off of the trees.

"*COME!*"

With the last repetition, there was a cracking sound, a flash of light, and a big *splash!* as a shower of water leapt into the air, displaced by the bulk of the rather large bear that had suddenly appeared submerged under the water. Though Mark found that he could hold his breath indefinitely under the water, he still futilely tried to shove the big bear up above the water, as if he could do anything more than sink his hands into the bear's brown behind. After a few seconds, Benny shook his head and began to leave the lake, but not before releasing a nasty fart with a *puff!*, releasing a cascade of bubbles in his charge's face.

Mark was relieved when the bear left the lake, and couldn't wait to take a breathe of air that didn't smell like unwashed ursine butt; in his haste, however, he ended up running into the bear's sizeable rear end when Benny stopped on the shore to shake the water off himself, and got *another* facefull of

his companion's windy farts.

The bear grinned. "Alfred! It sure took you long enough."

When Mark had recovered from the bear's earlier mistreatment, he looked around him and gasped, his mouth hanging open in shock; he had come to expect large, obese animals as a part of this world's fauna, but the sauropod in front of him was really something else. "Holy *shit*! You're... you're fucking huge!"

There are some things that cannot be explained in mere numbers, and Alfred the Argentinosaurus was certainly one of those things. He weighed two hundred tons, but what that actually *means* is a thing that can only be described as opposed to enumerated.

To put it simply, Alfred was enormous. A single one of his feet could easily crush Benny, a bear that was twice the weight of Shane, and Shane was large enough to easily envelop Mark under his big, furry belly. Alfred's eyeball was larger than Mark's entire body. He was larger than most houses, and everything around him appeared miniature by comparison.

But Alfred wasn't just large: he was also *fat*, in a uniquely immense fashion that few beings had ever seen, even on Ferrth, a planet full of enormous and fat creatures. Whenever he made the slightest movement, his vast belly swayed from side to side, and the blubber on every area of his body shook and jiggled and rippled in waves of flesh.

The colossal dinosaur frowned at Mark. "Young one, swearing is considered rather... uncouth, wouldn't you say? Your behavior must be... punished."

Mark apologized, but it was too late: the damage had already been done, and he quickly found himself enveloped in the dinosaur's enormous tongue, coated in sticky saliva from head to toe. He squirmed madly, trying to displace himself, but he made no progress in his attempted escape.

Alfred usually transported smaller creatures in his mouth only when they were being punished, since they typically didn't like being covered in his spit. The dinosaur absolutely despised swearing, and since Mark was his charge, he intended to punish the boy severely – using, of course, the immeasurably large bodily functions to which Mark had already been slightly exposed to.

Alfred spit the boy out of his mouth, leaving him lying in a puddle of warm drool. Mark tried to get up, but kept slipping in saliva; the dinosaur ended up having to pick him up in-between two teeth and set

him somewhere else, using magic to immobilize Mark so that he couldn't run away from the dinosaur.

Alfred turned around, exposing his immense haunches to the human boy. The dinosaur's belly swayed from side to side in rhythm with his breathing, and his gut gave a loud, almost expectant grumble; his fat rippled in fleshy waves with his every movement as Alfred slowly backed up towards the boy, his vast behind inching towards the boy.

The dinosaur's tail lifted, slowly, off the ground, revealing an enormous, fleshy tailhole that could have easily swallowed Mark whole. His every instinct told him to run away; his mind was screaming for him to run away, to hide, to do *anything* to escape his predicament, but he could do nothing. Alfred's sorcery had him stuck, and the only thing he could do was widen his eyes.

Alfred grinned, knowing what his charge was getting into, and began with great gusto, backing his rump as close to Mark as he could get; any closer, and the boy would have been totally enveloped by the immense tailhole, already several times bigger than he was.

The colossal butthole *winked* at him, as if it had a mind and sense of humor of its own, before unleashing a blast of stinky wind that lasted about forty seconds and was unlike anything Mark had ever experienced before. The force of the dinosaur's fart made a wind tunnel look tame, and if he hadn't been protected by mysterious magics of his own, the boy's hair would have been ripped from his scalp. The stink seemed to envelop him, and he felt like he was going to suffocate from the sheer stench of the dinosaur's fart.

"You still alive back there, kid?" Alfred said, teasingly wiggling his massive rump. "That was how my rear end likes to say hello. You're going to get to know it a lot better than this, though!"

With that, the enormous dinosaur began to groan. "I'm afraid grenades usually follow the announcement, little one, and this feels like it's going to be *big*."

Alfred strode forward a few steps, his enormous anus receding about ten feet into the distance as Mark was left to puzzle what the hell "grenades often follow the announcement" was supposed to mean.

Slowly but surely, the fleshy hole expanded to more than a third larger than it had been before, and something big and brown began protruding from the huge monster's tailhole.

Inside his mind, Mark began to yell: "*No no no no no no. Oh, god, no.*"