

Dino Trouble
by Holo

Nineteen was created for a purpose: to collect the DNA of rare species across the universe, so as to protect them from potential extinction. Normally, Nineteen took the form of a human woman with blue hair and a matching jumpsuit. A light cannon was attached to one arm as a built-in form of self defence. Her real ability, though, came from all the DNA she collected. Her internal memory bank allowed her to store countless DNA sequences, and her body was engineered to be able to transform into any one of them at a moment's notice.

This particular day, Nineteen was on an Earth-like planet, collecting gene samples from some very dinosaur-like critters. She was disguised in a largely inconspicuous form, that of a small compsognathus, or compy. Her blue jumpsuit clung to her form, and her light gun had sized down to remain attached to her tiny arm. This form was great for its agility, and the small size meant she went largely unnoticed by most other dinosaurs.

She was busy tracking a new scent with her dino nose, hoping it would lead her to a species whose genetic code she had yet to analyse and collect. Nineteen pushed her way through some dense underbrush, and bumped into a pair of yellow legs. She looked up to see a bipedal dinosaur standing over her, clad in crude shorts and a top that were haphazardly dyed red. Shoulder-length purple hair contrasted the yellow that colored most of her hide, save for a white underbelly and extremities. She was quite unlike the other dinosaurs that Nineteen had encountered: everything from her human-like posture to her wearing of clothes, but especially the way she held a huge bone club in her hands.

Nineteen noticed the huge club much too late.

"Bash find lunch!" the bigger dino shouted, before smashing Nineteen over the head with her club. Nineteen blacked out immediately from the hit, falling to one side. Luckily, her body was more durable than that of the compy she was imitating, saving her from any serious injury.

The bigger dino, Bash, stuck her gigantic bone battering ram into a sling on her back and scooped up Nineteen in her hands. She was perplexed by the strange blue outfit, and the doohickey that was attached to Nineteen's arm, but it didn't really matter. Bash opened her big jaws and swallowed Nineteen's small body whole. Nineteen made a sizeable bulge as she slid down Bash's throat, and left the hungry lady with a satisfying bulge in her gut that just barely lifted her red top. Bash licked over her teeth. "Hmm... Strange compy, strange taste. Bash like!" she grunted, giving her middle a pat. With her stomach settled, Bash crashed through the underbrush, looking for something else to bludgeon and eat.

Getting bounced around as Bash ran about woke Nineteen from her prior unconsciousness. She shook her head, stars still swimming in her eyes in the darkness. She groped at her surroundings, feeling at the uncomfortably wet and squishy walls that encased her. The air was hot, and she could hear the sounds of breathing and a heartbeat as though they were all around her. As her head finally cleared, she warmed up her light gun just enough to get it to glow. The darkness lit up, shiny and slick, and she finally concluded that she was sitting in someone's stomach: Bash's.

Nineteen gave a kick, the best she could in her tiny body. "Let me out!" she insisted.

Bash grunted and came to a halt, giving her stomach a prod. "Stomach talk?"

Nineteen kicked again. "I said, let me out!"

Bash grunted again, and growled. "Compy no talk! Compy food!"

"I'm not a compy!" Nineteen insisted.

"Bash bash compy and eat compy! Bash remember! Bash good ambush for food!"

Already tired of talking to her stomach, Bash punched herself in the gut. Both her and Nineteen felt the blow, but Nineteen felt it worse. "Quiet!"

Nineteen groaned, dazed once more. She was durable, sure, but it seemed that Bash was even moreso. That punch had nearly knocked her out again, but Bash had already shaken off the blow. She realized that she would need to resort to more extreme measures to escape. "Alright, I warned you!" Nineteen increased the power on her light gun, and the apparatus charged up with a high pitched whine. As it reached full power, it flashed red, and a grating warning siren blared out of the device as it automatically powered down into its glowing standby mode. "What? No!" Nineteen kicked again in frustration. Bash's punch had damaged the light gun's focusing lens, rendering it inoperable.

With no other option, Nineteen searched her memory banks and found a file for a Coelophysus. It was quite a bit bigger than a compy - almost ten feet in length - but it had a slim body, so wouldn't be too much of a jump up from her current form. She squeezed her eyes shut, and in moments her body elongated, grew, and reconfigured itself, stretching out Bash's stomach.

Bash yelped in surprise, and the sudden increase in the weight of her stomach set her off balance, and she fell forward onto it. Both of them cursed: Bash as she hit the floor, and Nineteen as she was crushed between Bash and floor. Her escape efforts were not off to a great start.

"Guh... compy?" Bash asked as she struggled back to her feet. Her stomach sagged to the floor, and she scowled down at the stretched mass of white hide. Her top was riding up to her breasts, and the belt on her shorts had snapped off, sending the tiny skull buckle flying off. "Compy big meal!" Bash seemed more excited than irritated by the sudden growth of the critter in her guts, which was not what Nineteen had in mind. Worse, she could feel Bash grab onto her stomach and begin to drag it, remaining mobile despite the load.

"Drat." Nineteen started going through her memory banks again. If this didn't do it, she had to step up her game. "I told you I'm not a compy, do you believe me now?"

"Yes! Bash no care." Bash drummed on her stomach, teasing.

"If you don't let me out, I'm just gonna get bigger!"

Bash cracked a mischievous grin. "Good! Bash want much food!"

"I'll show you..." Nineteen muttered, as she settled on the file for a gallimimus. It was twice the size of her current form, enough to at least immobilize the stubborn and absurdly strong Bash. She initiated the change, swelling out Bash's guts to double.

Bash groaned and held onto her sides as her stomach grew to block her forward vision. The squirming mass of dinosaur in her stomach was uncomfortable, but Bash had eaten herself to immobility before, with the only real inconvenience being not able to hunt for even more food. "That all compy got?" Bash huffed, using her arms to keep her gut and bust out of her face. She tried to take a few steps backwards, but she wasn't strong enough to pull her stomach along, and the strain of trying to drag it made her skin sting.

"You wish!" Nineteen scowled within her fleshy prison and picked out a new dinosaur, this time a pachyrhinosaurus. Coming in at twenty-six feet long and over four tons, it was enough to get Bash to groan from strain. "Gonna spit me out now?"

"N-no!" Bash was too stubborn to admit defeat, despite being immobile and straining. "Compy bad! Behave!" Bash grabbed her bone club off of her back and gave the huge lump in her stomach a whack. This time it did hurt her, but she hoped she could knock out her meal again.

Nineteen was too big for that trick now though, and the blow practically glanced off of her. With a smug snort, she decided to punish Bash more. Next up was the over thirty foot long lambeosaurus. Nineteen was enjoying a chance to try out increasingly larger forms, and she was also starting to get into tormenting Bash. It was the least pleasure she could take while stuck within Bash's resilient stomach walls. "I'll never behave until you behave!" She initiated the change, and this time around she could hear Bash's stomach walls creaking from how much they were stretching.

Bash belched, going green in the face from the growing feeling of overfullness, but she still refused to give in. "Stop grow! Bash no feel good!" she shouted.

"Not until I'm out of here! Why won't you give up? How tough are you? Sheesh!" Nineteen was running out of bigger dinosaurs, but she knew that Bash was close to her limits. She decided to stop holding back and fire up the largest form she could comfortably hold, the tyrannosaurus rex. At forty feet long, twelve feet high from just the feet to the hips, and over ten tons, she knew that this had to work. If Bash could stomach all this, well... She was eager to get a chance to escape, and steal a copy of Bash's DNA for her own use.

Nineteen began to change, taking this one slower than the previous changes to make sure it went right. The slower growth would also give her a chance to further enjoy Bash's growing suffering. She could feel how tight the stomach walls around her were becoming, and Bash was belching over and over as her gag reflex was tripped from her overtaxed guts. She was dazed and gurgling, barely holding it together as Nineteen grew to a truly tremendous size; so big that a mountain of white hide was poking out from the treetops of the jungle foliage.

Bash was leaned against her own stomach. Her legs had given out, and she was drooling in her near comatose state. She kept swallowing her own drool, trying to keep from belching up the entire rex in her stomach. "Bash no... urrgghh... give up..."

Nineteen nearly roared in frustration. This was absurd. Bash could only have been around six feet in height, how could she hold an entire tyrannosaurus? She sorted her memory files by size and picked out the absolute largest one she had, a long-necked dinosaur called Argentinosaurus. At thirty-five meters in length and a hundred tons, it was her last-ditch effort. It wasn't even a comfortable form to hold for long because of its size, but she had to risk it. She squeezed her eyes shut and began the change.

Bash gagged, and finally lost her grip. Nineteen's head stretched out of Bash's jaws like an eruption. Nineteen's lengthening neck lifted up above the trees, and the rest of her body grew and stretched out of Bash's body. Bash's eyes watered from the strain as an entire and massive dinosaur grew out of her body.

Nineteen grew until she was free of Bash, with only the very tip of her tail still stuck inside the stubborn lady's body. With a quick flick, she threw Bash off and slammed her into the

ground. Now free, Nineteen quickly shrank herself into the much smaller and more stable form of a Utahraptor. She grabbed Bash's unconscious and stretched-out body and began to drag it along the floor, a plan for revenge ripe in her mind. In her long-necked form, she had spied a clearing with a geyser in the middle of it not far off. The distance was easy to cover in her raptor form, even as she towed Bash behind her.

The geyser was a big one. The ground for almost a hundred yards around it was all stone and rock, as the eruptions of boiling water made the environment too hostile for most plant life. She waited for the geyser to blow before approaching, not wanting to be caught beneath the torrent of water herself. With a rough hand, she pushed Bash's muzzle into the hole, and then stomped on her head to really wedge it in.

The stomp snapped Bash back to consciousness, and she immediately began to struggle, finding her head in darkness. Her feet scratched the smooth stone, and her hands beat against the ground around the hole her head was stuck in. "Let Bash go!" she demanded, her voice muffled beneath the ground.

Nineteen backed away, nice and slow. "Sorry, can't hear you!"

"Bash recognize voice! Bash bash comfy when Bash get free!"

"I don't think you will, not in one piece!"

The ground began to rumble, and Bash could feel a whoosh of hot and humid air against her face. She redoubled her efforts to get free, but her skull was firmly stuck in the ground.

All of a sudden, a high-pressure blast of water hit her in the face, flooding up her nose and throat and filling her stomach. It was boiling hot, but Bash's insides and outsides were immune to the heat. She filled up through, her gut sloshing with water as she bloated up like a balloon.

Nineteen stood at the edge of the clearing, laughing to herself as Bash swelled into a helpless white and yellow orb. She watched as Bash's shorts shredded, and her top just popped right off. The harness that she kept her bone club in squeezed her shape for a few moments before that too snapped off.

Bash's struggles lessened as the water flooded her limbs. Her arms ballooned into useless water sausages, and her legs and tail followed suit. As she grew more massive and more round, her limbs began to recede into the advancing wall of her stretching body. What was once the shape of a bloated dino, was looking more and more like a perfect sphere of stretched hide. Her features were swelling, tail joining with her back and rear, distorting until all her features were stretched into a taut sphere.

Bash was growing with no sign of stopping, and the clearing was looking smaller and smaller. Her body was distended out wide, the weight of the water looking to spread along the ground. She was a swollen wall of water, a slowly advancing tidalwave encroaching on the treeline.

Nineteen began to back away through that treeline, not wanting to get rolled over by Bash's body. The helpless dino's form was starting to creak and groan again, skin becoming translucent from thinness. Bash was practically drowning from the faceful of water she was getting, but that was less concerning to her than the feeling of her hide reaching its limits. The pressure rounded out her oblong body, and the rumbling of her skin began to shake the ground. Nineteen was running now, but not without stealing glances back at her handiwork.

Bash's body pressed against the treeline and started to push them over, cracking the wood. The sharp splinters pressed into Bash's taut and near-transparent flesh...

Bash blasted apart with terrible force, her skin splitting with a sound almost like a thunderclap. A tidal wave of water blasted out from her body, showering the jungle in a hot rain and flooding the area for miles. Nineteen squealed as the force of the blast knocked her off her feet before the water swept her away. She dug her talons into the ground and righted herself, and the water receded until it was only ankle deep. Scraps of Bash's stretched hide floated on the currents, and Nineteen picked up one of the leathery scraps and put it into a pocket in her jumpsuit.

With Bash taken care off, Nineteen headed back to her spaceship. She had an exciting new DNA sample to analyze, and she needed to do some repairs on her fizzled-out light gun. She also felt the need for a proper shower; getting bathed in Bash's blast just wasn't the same. She shook her head to get some of the water off of her, and did her best to pat the water out of her jumpsuit. She was grateful that all of these dinosaur bodies didn't have hair to get waterlogged with.

She slogged her way through the steamy bog she had just created, her ship not too far away for a jog in her agile raptor body. She would be back there in no time, ready to get herself refreshed, her gear repaired, and back on track with the mission.