

The Price on Aries Passadar's Head

By Pendell

Aries Passadar was a reputed badass, there was no doubt in anyone's mind about that. At some point in her time with the Mercenary's Guild, something happened to her which nearly tripled her already outstanding physical strength. This same mysterious happening was also the cause of the strange streaks of red fur in her blue coat, and her temporary bout of severe depression that ended her up in a mental hospital for a few months. But that's not the story I'm here to tell - since I don't even know it.

No, the story I'm here to tell is of how an equally reputed super criminal put a bounty out for the famous soldier in the black market. How Aries was able to fend off almost every bounty hunter who came after her.

Except one. One certain bounty hunter had a method so unique that they actually succeeded in capturing the legendary soldier! A method that was... *interesting*, to say the very least.

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Aries was scouting an empty warehouse. It was large, had supposedly been storage for airliners at one time many years ago. It had been derelict for decades, though. Aries had been made privy to the possibility that some thugs might be hiding out here, and she needed to make sure the area was secure.

As she passed around one of the main support beams holding up the corrugated metal roof, she felt something like a string touch her leg, and then a small prick in her butt. Her years of training kicking in and she quickly stepped back from the string trigger she'd activated while yanking the dart out of her buttock as soon as possible, keeping it clenched in her fist despite an instinctual urge to toss it away.

"Urgh! What son of a..." Aries muttered, holding up the dart to inspect it while massaging the stinging area on her rear.

The dart had a small viewing window on its side, and within, Aries could make out a small bit of some strange glowing substance with small bubbles moving around in it. There was only a couple drops of this liquid in the dart. It had been mostly emptied into her buttock in the time it was embedded in her.

Aries hissed angrily. She had been injected with... *something*. She cut the needle off the dart with her claw and stuffed the capsule of liquid into her vest. The guys back at the Guild would figure out what it was.

"Whoever you are! Whatever you injected me with! I just want you to know that I've developed a near immunity to almost all venoms and poisons!" Aries announced, though she did not know where her attacker was hidden.

"Well, lucky me, it wasn't a venom *or* a poison!" A deep, chuckling voice echoed back to her. She wrapped her paw around her sword tightly.

Then she began to feel something strange. It began in her rear, where the liquid had been injected. It was a fizzy, bubbling sensation. Aries gasped and placed her paw on her butt again, only to find that it was slightly fuller than it usually was.

"What the fuck?!" She exclaimed. Her other paw flew to her butt as well, confirming that it was, indeed, slowly growing. "What did you do to me?!" Aries yelled into the warehouse. Her only response was chuckling.

Aries pressed on her butt. It felt unsettlingly like a balloon, it squished inward from her press and the sides pushed outwards. There was air in there, and it was building up. Her pants began to feel uncomfortably tight due to her rear swelling with them. She groaned and struggled to unbutton them. It was impossible to get the button out due to the pressure that kept growing in her ass. She could also see her thighs expanding, the wrinkles of the pants becoming taut like skinny jeans. Her entire lower half was filling up with gas, it seemed!

“Grrrh!” Aries took her flashlight from her vest and turned it on, shining it around the places she felt the voice could have come from. “You make my ass bigger, that’s it? Not much of an attack!” She saw something scurry behind a box, and immediately darted towards it--

Only to find herself slowly floating into the air! “AAA! What the *fuck?!?*” The moment she pushed forward with one paw, she was rising. She kicked her expanding legs confusedly, eliciting squeaks from her clothes, and found that shortly after beginning to rise, she was coming back down. She wasn’t weightless, but she was terribly close to it.

Ariea took a deep breath. She needed to be calm. She closed her eyes for a moment, in meditation. But her meditating was cut short by an odd tingly gurgling in her lower gut. She gasped and looked down to find her lower belly bubbling and pushing outwards, effectively making the waist of her jeans look like a belt pulled dangerously tight. “No! Agh!” She fought against her shirt as it began to ride up her belly. The bloating spread quickly upwards, soon her whole gut was gurgling and bubbling and pushing outwards as it filled with air. Aries tried desperately to push it inwards, but that only made the gas move around inside her swelling frame.

“This isn’t... fair! Urgh!” She complained as she pushed hopelessly against her gut. Her breasts joined in, ballooning up like basketballs under what remained of her shirt. Aries found her arms resisting their motions to press against her gut, and she could see them filling up with air too, stretching uncomfortably tight against the sleeves of her vest. Suddenly they reached some sort of peak of pressure and snapped to her sides, sticking out awkwardly like she was a starfish. She tried to say something, but her muzzle was forced closed by her rising breasts and puffing cheeks. All she could do was let out a muffled cry of anger and humiliation.

Aries wasn’t round, but her entire body was comically blown up to silly proportions. She tried to waddle forwards despite feeling tight to the point of bursting, and that was when she began to float, now truly weightless. She wiggles her bloated paws again, but could not do anything at all to stop her ascension.

A cold paw grabbed her incredibly tight boot. She squeaked as her rise came to an abrupt stop.

“There’s a price on your head, Aries Passadar,” a voice said below her, the giddiness practically oozing out of every syllable. “And I intend to cash in on it.”

This was going to make for an *interesting* escape, for sure.