

The clap of Ragatha's enormous butt cheeks followed her throughout the derelict hall beyond the circus walls. She could have turned back at any time and strangled the life out of Jax, but she couldn't be wasting time now. More of the corrupted had escaped through the center of the stage and idling by would mean death. The ringleader Caine was already out of commission with most of Ragatha's friends hiding away the moment she stepped outside her door. Her stuffed heart stilled at the glitchy demon slobbering over the playhouse until the path beyond it shone through the shattered technicolor remains of Ragatha's 'home'. If she wanted to get out at last, now couldn't have been a better time.

Or rather, today *would* have been a good time if her roommate didn't steal the only thing preventing her butt from doubling in size, up to stretching out more than six inches behind her. There were tremors rippling down to Ragatha's thighs as she waved her arms side-to-side in a huff. The black hole in her stomach was stretching the farther her hips swelled every step she took. When she first arrived at the circus, Caine offered her a plug to insert below that would keep her from expanding in times of crisis, though then again every day was a crisis when Ragatha couldn't think straight. She knew about the kind of toys he offered her in the real world she once knew, though she seldom took advantage of them in her thirty years of existence. Or could it be fifty? Every day felt the same despite her body being no less fluffy than the cushion sprouting behind her that Ragatha simply charged ahead when another door glowed before her.

Ragatha slammed the exit wide open then closed her eyes shut as the humid air of the office space turned to an ethereal chill. Few ever ventured outside 'the void' as Caine called it, with the newest victim Pomni being the last to roam outside eleven months ago (Ragatha couldn't keep track of time in the real world, but Caine never hesitated to celebrate the anniversaries of when everyone 'joined' the circus). Nevertheless, Ragatha dared not take a glance, lest her mind snap in two again. Her arms drifted out to the empty space around her as she shook her head; crimson yarn tresses floating like noodles beside her. Once she lost any and all sensation, then maybe she would dare to inspect her surroundings at last. For now, however, Ragatha gave in to the sensation and hoped that wherever she drifted off to wouldn't have a crazy god like Caine in cha-

Ragatha's brow squinted tight as the back of her heels touched against the cold linoleum of the office's tile space. Her old friend darkness continued to enshroud her, but it wouldn't be until Ragatha dared to smack her mitt-like hand on the edge of the door frame that she would grit her teeth. Then she slid it down to and behind her back until her hand sunk up to her wrist and she gave a hushed whimper. Now her ass extended out by an entire foot with thighs squishing at the edges. Even by patting herself alone, Ragatha shuddered at vibrations from her body; the image of beach balls fresh on her mind. Clenching her glutes together had Ragatha slipping momentarily only to stall again no less than a second later. As if she should have expected anything less.

Ragatha wiggled her hips as an icy chill overcame her. It would be a matter of time until either the monsters came rummaging through the offices or Caine overpowered them then realized she was missing and ‘rescue’ her. Her massive butt squirmed to the seams along her thighs as she heaved forward to no avail. Even bending one knee backward to kick herself in the ass simply bounced her in place rather than nudge by a measly inch. Maybe if she were allowed to see it would be a different story, but as the chill reached her chest, Ragatha swallowed hard, realizing her options were slimmer than her old body. So, in spite of her nerves and the cards dealt upon her, Ragatha tightened her ass cheeks together once again, then took a long breath.

*THHHHBBBBBBBBPPPPPPPPBBBBBBBBBBBBPPPPPPPPBBBBPPPPBBBTTTTT!!!*

A bassy, blubbery ripper echoed throughout the halls followed by a sharp scream from Ragatha now flying far past the door into the gravitational pull of the void itself. Thankfully her farts were much like cocaine powder in that they were odorless and tasteless, though she would hardly call them deadly overall. From the moment Ragatha stepped foot into the circus, pure helium would rush out of her ass in furious bursts whenever her gigantic glutes weren’t being contained by Caine’s plugs, leaving her to hold it in until the doors were closed at the end of the day. Her literal blimp butt wouldn’t be able to make a human fly, but now the rag doll tore towards the growing frost around her with her fluttering ass serving as her jetpack.

Ragatha kicked at the air when her monstrous roars simmered to whimpers and she gradually descended down, releasing a subsequent string of small stinkless stinkers to soothe her spirits. She kept her eyes closed as a jolt ran up her back and a fiery burst of pleasure ran across her spine. The colder the world grew meant another crossroad must be in place if her friend Zooble’s notes were any indication. Her ass’ little farts ensured Ragatha that gravity would be taking hold as the mass below her waist anchored her down. Then the heat bellowing within her cross-stitched asshole fizzled away and electric currents tickled her cheeks before spreading to her body.

At last, Ragatha opened her eyes, hoping just maybe, she was home now.

“JESUS H. FUCK!!”

...home was where the heart laid, after all.

A young man’s screeching voice reared Ragatha around to a dark theater room with rows of red velvet chairs extending into the shadows beyond. He stood tall amongst the seats with his arms extended out before he clutched himself for dear life. The fluff inside her body boiled as her gaze met his; hazel eyes widening once they wandered off. It wouldn’t be until he screamed again that

Ragatha jolted, realizing her bare naked ass was jutting out of the screen and aiming straight at him. The top of his head reached the undersides of her cheeks, yet the simple fact alone that his soft skin reflected warmly off the light kept Ragatha from yelling in return. When was the last time she saw another person and one with such long hair?

Ragatha wiggled her cheeks then lunged them at the man before stumbling momentarily. Slipping her legs in one after the other would be a no go with such a small border, so she needed to make due however she could.

“Hey, hey! Calm down, okay?” Ragatha gave an awkward chuckle as her butt bounced to the floor of the theater room. “I know this is very sudden, but let’s try to put this moment, uh, behind us and just hear me out,”

The young man crossed his legs together and shrank back. Those bags under his eyes, and especially the little belly poking out from his blue shirt with those anime characters on the front. At least he took care of his hair if nothing else, though he refused to say another word besides cursing under his breath. Ragatha’s nerves were sparking alive as she talked faster than ever to him.

“I’ve been stuck in this computer place for a while now,” she groaned, “and, hnngh, I’ve kinda given up hope that I’d escape, but my friend said that if I found a portal that was really cold th-that I could cross over to another place somewhere else!”

Ragatha kept talking, yet her stomach continued to tense up. She wanted to shout her first curse in ages then and there. Even without the need to eat, the boon placed upon her refused to cooperate. She bit her lip mid-sentence and scrunched up her face. Hopefully the human wouldn’t mind being blasted with foul helium.

*BBLLLLLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRBBBBBBBBBPPPPPPPPPPPTTT  
TTTTHHHHHHHHHHBBBBBBBBBBBVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVTTTT!!!*

The lights in the theater crackled then exploded in flurries of broken glass strewn about. The young man’s face twisted to that of a ghoul before he vanished without a trace, thrown back by the amplified monster that Ragatha summoned using all of her strength. Although she couldn’t help but feel sorry for the poor human, Ragatha nonetheless moaned at the sweet relief. Rather than fight back, she allowed the heavy smog spewing from her to swamp the theater as the seconds dragged on and the bolted down massage chairs were ripped from the ground, bolts and all. Then the color white gradually filled Ragatha’s world and she closed her eyes again as the ‘real’ world she yearned for vanished and her ass slipped free from the screen, propelling her through the void again.