

Special Testing

by Cerine Hero
for KMN-01

The lights made a loud *bang* as they were powered on. The fluorescent glow washed down across a sterile white chamber, its floor and walls decorated in nothing more than a thin grid pattern around each panel and a black, glass rectangle recessed into one wall, a dozen feet above the floor. It was likely a one-way window.

Tyra squinted her eyes closed as the bright lights hit her. The golden dragoness wasn't sure how long she'd been in the dark. She blinked spots away from her vision and lifted her glasses up to rub her face. Where on earth was she? Her head was fuzzy and she couldn't remember what she was doing before the lights suddenly blinded her. Wasn't she... sleeping? The slender dragoness looked down at herself and tugged on her pajamas. She had on a black t-shirt and white shorts, as well as her cute, striped stockings.

As her eyes adjusted, she noticed she was standing in the center of this empty, clinical room. In every direction there was only a flat white wall. No doors to be seen. How'd she get in here?! The overhead lights were shimmering off the window glass above her, and she tried peering through the tinted screen.

"Hey?" she called, hearing her voice echo off the walls. "Hello? Is there anybody there? What's going on?"

It was a minute before she was answered. A tinny buzz hummed from somewhere in the room and a voice spoke through a hidden speaker. "Good morning, Tyra." There was a pause. "Apologies, it's after noon. It took longer to set up than anticipated. Either way, you've been selected to participate in some experimental tests."

"Do what?" the dragoness squeaked, taken aback. "Excuse me, I don't want to do your tests! Where is the door? Let me out of here!"

"We'll open the door once the tests are complete," the voice replied. There was a definite 'no you may not argue' tone in that answer, and Tyra hugged her arms around her body as she frowned. Okay, fine. The quicker she did these, the sooner she could go home, right?

"What are these tests?" she asked curtly.

"They are very simple, don't worry," the voice answered. "We'll begin the first one now."

Tyra jumped as the floor around her vibrated. Panels beside her feet flipped over, revealing ruby-red buttons as wide as her outstretched hands. Seven of them appeared in total, arranged like an H. They were set just wide enough that the dragoness could stand on a couple of them if she wanted.

Then came the instructions: "Please press all the buttons at once."

The dragoness rubbed her head. Brushing back her dark brown hair, she paced around the arrangement of buttons on the floor. Experimentally, she stepped on one of the corner ones and it began to glow, but the glow faded as soon as she took her claws away. This was like... some sadistic version of Twister, wasn't it? The golden dragoness tried standing on a couple of the corner buttons and leaning over to press her hands on two more, but she couldn't reach any more than that. The three buttons in the middle, directly beneath her – she couldn't push those down, too.

"Okay, this isn't possible," she grumbled, standing upright and tugging her pajama shorts up her waist. "Can you give me a clue or something?"

"We can render assistance," the voice replied. There was a hint of amusement in their voice, as if this was all planned or something. There was a click from the ceiling, and a panel opened up to allow a black hose to unroll down to chin-height with Tyra, dangling in front of her face. The end of the hose smelled good, like sweet vanilla. "This will help you complete the puzzle."

Wiggling her nose, Tyra ignored it and continued trying to figure out the puzzle for a few minutes, laying on the floor and trying to reach each button at once. She got as many as *six* but couldn't

get them all. They were just *slightly* too far apart. Alright, fine, she'd take this "assistance" they were offering. Grabbing the hose, she placed it between her jaws and bit down. Instantly, a rush of air flew from the hose, puffing out her cheeks – which were then immediately filled with sweet vanilla syrup. The decadent treat was pumped down her throat and Tyra's eyes widened as it began to fill her belly... and then her belly itself began to fill out! Her body tingled from cheeks to tail as she began to rapidly swell up fatter, her waistline ballooning underneath her probing claws. A once-flat tummy was suddenly a big roll of buttery fat, with love handles bouncing over the top of her shorts. The dragoness's thighs and arms thickened, pulling her sleeves and stockings tight around her fuller figure. She blimped from skinny to heavily obese in only a few gulps of syrup, and quickly wrenched the feeding hose out of her mouth before she quadrupled in size!

The jellied dragon looked down, seeing her belly *bwoomphed* out past the curve of her breasts, her shirt no longer holding any of it inside. It jiggled and sloshed as she cupped her claws around it and gave it a bounce, feeling the ripples flow through the rest of her fattened frame. She opened her mouth to yell at the window but then an epiphany hit her. The tubby dragoness stepped back (feeling the jiggles in her thunder thighs) and looked at the buttons. Four corners, four limbs. Three across the middle in a row... Oh! She got it. She just wasn't big enough.

Tyra grabbed the hose and sucked down a little more of the syrup, feeling herself bloat and swell even rounder. She stepped on the buttons again and tipped herself forward until her hands landed on the other corners. Then she just ate, fattening herself up until her tummy grew towards the floor, gently pressing against it like an inflating water balloon. Her middle spread wider as she gained weight until finally she covered the remaining three buttons, and a musical jingle filled the room.

Spitting out the hose, Tyra grunted and heaved her heavy body back upright. "Okay, I did your puzzle!" She tried to tug her shirt back down over her tummy, but it wasn't going to cover anything more than her boobs at this point. Even her shorts were sinking deep into her thickness, and her stockings were struggling to stay up.

"Congratulations. Starting the second test."

On the side wall, three panels flipped open. Three more buttons, all at waist height... but they were ten feet apart. Tyra was seeing the pattern here. She could hit them, but only if she got even *fatter*. She didn't have much choice, though, did she. The dragoness grabbed the hose and waddled her blubbery figure over to the wall, pressing her fat belly against the center button and beginning to chug more syrup.

This isn't feel that bad, honestly. The sensation of her body growing, getting rounder and heavier and weighing down on her feet... her clothes straining and tightening around her body, beginning to rip as she porked up to a wild size. Her waist and tummy jiggled and sloshed with each gulp of syrup, adding a hundred pounds to her weight with each mouthful. White shorts began to tear as her hips stretched them far beyond their intended use. Slowly, her flab rolled across the walls to either side of her, and she could feel her feet beginning to press hard against the floor. Surprisingly, the panels under her toes weren't designed to handle this much weight bearing down on them, and they started to crack and slide out of position beneath the expanding blob of dragoness. The floor groaned underneath the blubbery woman and she had to brace her hands against the wall to keep from falling over. She was *so* wide, but she had to be just a *little* wider to hit the buttons. The rolls of her belly were squashed tight against the wall in front of her, and her hips were sagging over her supersized thighs. Her arm fat was hanging down over her side rolls as she just kept getting *bigger*. Tyra could feel her face swelling up, her cheeks and chin merging into one large roll that squished around her muzzle.

Finally, her belly fat smothered the side buttons and that jingle of success sounded again. "Congratulations. Your completion time on that test was admirable."

Tyra tried to grab the hose and reply, but her arm was super-heavy and hard to lift now. The roll of fat hanging underneath her elbow sloshed about, but she just couldn't reach. She took two steps back but wasn't ready for her body to wobble and slosh so much, and the dragoness went plummeting butt-

first to the floor. Fortunately, with how big her rump had gotten, it wasn't a long fall. Still, all of her weight crashing down on the floor panels, causing her figure to bounce and spring like liquid in a balloon, cracked a dozen more of the white squares, and pressed even more of them out of alignment. Her wide butt formed a crater of damage around herself, and there was no way at this point that Tyra was going to manage to get herself back up. She was ten feet across! Her neck roll was perched atop her massive torso, squishing into her chin. Even sitting, she could still barely lift her arms up from her blubber rolls and reach the hose, now pinned tight between her lips.

“Activating the third and final test. Once you complete this one, the experiment will be over, and you will be free to go.”

The wall in front of Tyra shuddered. She felt it because her belly fat was still squished against it. Slowly, the wall retracted into the floor, revealing an equally large and equally empty room on the other side, effectively doubling the room's volume. Tyra gulped a mouthful of sweet syrup and felt her body bloat. How big as this last test...?

She had her answer when the panels in the very corners of the room flipped to reveal buttons. Four buttons. In each corner. Of this extremely large, sports court-sized room. But Tyra couldn't stop herself from guzzling down mouthfuls of fattening syrup either way, and her body was well on its way to ballooning bigger and bigger. The pressure from the feeding hose doubled, and Tyra was pumped with syrup. She rapidly swelled in every direction, all the golden rolls of her body growing at a ridiculous pace even as they struggled to make room against the rest of her flab.

Tyra's hands and feet were soon swaddled in thickening rolls, buried deep inside her fattening girth. She could do nothing but sink into her own bulk and softness and suck down gallons of sweet syrup while she billowed fatter and heavier. It wasn't long before she could feel her hips begin to press against the walls of the room. By then, she'd transformed into a titanic mountain of rolls and flab, her head barely peeking out of a thick roll of blubber. The hose kept on endlessly pumping syrup into her, widening and thickening her frame and causing her to completely fill the room. The walls creaked around her as a tidal wave of golden pudge pressed against them. Her expanding body swelled into the corners as she gained, and her head rose higher and higher towards the ceiling as she packed on ton after ton.

Tyra couldn't believe how big she was getting. She could barely see over the blubber roll that used to be one of her neck rolls or a chin, but she could feel her own mass. The walls were getting tighter around her as she outgrew the room, going from round and flabby to almost perfectly rectangular as she ran out of space to keep growing. A flood of dragoness was overwhelming everything. She heard something crack behind her – her butt fat busted through the viewing window.

Just when she thought she couldn't possibly get any fatter, that happy musical jingle sounded over the speakers. The hose retreated from Tyra's mouth, and she could finally gasp for breath. Her face was swimming in an ocean of her own blubbery body, and each deep inhale sent jiggles through her pile of chins. She'd done it? She must have gotten so fat the buttons finally got squashed under her. Her fat spanned from one end of the room to the other, filling it from the floor to almost all the way to the ceiling. She would make a whale blush with her sheer bulk, crammed tight like a sardine in the chamber. If the walls were removed, she'd almost certainly spill outwards like a tsunami of flesh and scales.

Tyra tried to move her hands and feet, feeling them squashed underneath rolls of arm and leg blubber. Her hindclaws were nowhere close to the ground anymore, and as she flexed her thick, pudgy toes, she could just barely feel them move against the piles of thick fat smothering them. The same went with her chunky fingers, so fat and swollen that she could hardly bend them. Her claws barely peeked out of the last flabby roll on her side, perched right in the center of a dozen rings of blubber that used to be her shoulder and arm.

“Third test complete,” the voice told her. It was louder now, since the dragoness was, well, about fifteen feet taller thanks to her colossal size. “Thank you for your cooperation, Tyra. You've been

an invaluable help.”

“So I... huff... sheesh...” She licked her muzzle, as well as her chins and cheeks as she caught her breath. Gorging on a few hundred tons' worth of syrup was exhausting. “So I can... mmmph... leave now?”

“Of course. We'll open the door for you.”

Tyra let her face rest into her blubber and waited. And waited. Did she feel something move? Still she waited. Hang on, even if they opened her up a door, how was she going to get out?

“Uh, hey, where's this door of yours?” she asked, gently sloshing her bulk around her as she got anxious.

“Oh, it's by your left thigh.”

Tyra instinctively twisted her head about and looked down... at her endless rolls of lard. She *had* felt something move against her fat a minute ago. Was that the door?!

“Hey, uh... did you think this through? I can't get out!”

“Oh.” The voice on the speaker paused a moment. “That does seem unfortunate. Well, if you are going to be staying with us, we have some more *advanced* tests to run...”

Tyra gulped.