

Aurora Bootylicious

by Jay Philia

“Is that so, Master Flint?”

Flint gulped, tugging at the fringe of black hair that covered his left eye. He inhaled sharply and blinked twice.

“Yes.”

A collective gasp filled the room.

“And do you possess any *credible* reason to doubt this most esteemed Constellation of Astronomers?” Bile clipped the man’s voice, and his grip of the lectern whitened his knuckles. The man’s name was Oglethorpe Ogglesbee, and he lorded over the Inter-Continental Constellation of Astronomers as its most ancient and experienced Ur-Astronomer.

“Well,” said Flint. “I’ve been studying the charts—”

“As have we all,” interjected the Ur-Astronomer.

“Yes, well, something in my reading suggests a lack of visibility tonight. Some unknown object...” Flint trailed off as Ogglesbee clucked in condescension.

“Wha’, is thar’ supposed to be a hawk the size o’ Killarney Castle to blot out the aurora tonight?” someone yelled. The crowd hooted and hollered.

“What an ass!” shouted a gravelly voice towards the back. Raucous squawks of laughter bounced off the cavern walls.

The Ur-Astronomer silenced the room with a hoist of his right palm.

“We shall see, Master Flint. We shall *all* see who is right. This entire Constellation of Master Astronomers...or *you*.” The old one cleared his throat. “We shall reconvene atop Fairview Hill at quarter to midnight. Dismissed.” The Ur-Astronomer struck his gavel with a *clang!* and shuffled away. The stone cavern erupted in conversation as the attendees rushed to exit.

Flint sighed. "At least Asher's here," he said, lips springing into a smile. The sun had long ago set, so Flint bundled himself up as he crossed the cavern's threshold.

Flint had snagged a cabin at the tippy top of Fairview Hill, a stroke of luck for someone attending his first-ever astronomer's conference. Flint had only just joined the ranks of Master Astronomers, and really only because of trickery on the part of his witch friend, Emilia.

Emilia had also just officiated Flint's marriage with his now-husband, Asher, who'd accompanied him on his voyage, turning the vocational excursion into a sort of Honeymoon for the pair.

The thought of Asher waiting for him in their cabin turned Flint's steps into a sprint. Though the Emerald Aisle air battered his cheeks and drained his lungs of their breath, within moments he was knocking at the cabin doorway.

A scream pierced Flint's ear, a flash of red flooding his vision as he found himself overpowered by a mysterious figure.

"Flint!" screamed the voice, which Flint recognized as his husband's.

"Asher!" Flint laughed in relief. "You startled me."

"I missed you!" said Asher, spiky red hair nearly nicking the nape of Flint's neck. The two men kissed, Asher's ruby red lips meeting Flint's paler palette.

The newlyweds separated and entered the cabin, abuzz with chatter as they sat down to eat. Asher's feast of lamb, brie, gooseberry cake and mint mead nearly bowed the tree-trunk tabletop. They supped heartily, torturing each other's tummies with fullness and laughter.

The clock dial spun swiftly, and the men soon sat in sated silence, their fingers intertwined.

That is, until Asher leapt forward like a bolt of lightning.

"What is it?" Flint asked.

"I almost forgot..." Asher started.

“Forgot what?” Flint asked. But Asher didn’t answer. He had sprinted to the bedroom. Just as Flint was about to follow, he’d sprung back into the main room.

Asher held in his hands a crystal decanter that shimmered against the light from the puddling candles. A blueish-black liquid swirled inside, despite the fact that Asher appeared to be holding the decanter perfectly still. A knot of twine affixed a scroll of parchment to its neck.

“Is that—” Flint began.

“From Emilia,” Asher said, a glint in his green eyes.

“What is it?” asked Flint.

Asher’s smile widened. “It’s a gift for our honeymoon,” he said. With a *pop!* He uncorked the stopper, which caused a *fwoosh!* of red smoke to billow up, clouding his face.

“Well, that’s nice, but what is it?” said Flint, sidling out of his seat.

Asher didn’t answer, but brought the lip of the decanter to his own and started to swallow.

“Asher!” Flint said, raising his voice. “What is it!?”

Asher continued to chug the concoction, tilting the decanter up until he had drained it of its last drop. He let out a satisfied “aaaah!” and set the decanter down on the table.

Flint’s eyes darted from Asher to the decanter and back again. He finally dashed over to the decanter and ripped the scroll from its neck. He had just started to read when there came a fierce rapping at their cabin door.

“Master Flint! You wouldn’t think to hide away this evening, now would you?” said a smarmy voice from outside.

“Ogglesbee,” Flint hissed. He dropped the scroll onto the table top and dashed over to the doorway.

“Master Ogglesbee, what a surprise!” Flint said with a forced smile as he swung open the door.

“I’m here to make sure you don’t pout about your bad prediction and hide away from us this evening,” wheezed Ogglesbee. The old man was doubled over and clearly out of breath. Flint was not entirely sure how the man had managed it up the hill.

“Very poor form, Master Flint. Goes against the Astronomer’s ethos.” Ogglesbee continued with a cough.

“Oh, of course not, Ur-Astronomer. I will be there!” Flint said.

“Flint!” Asher squealed from the table, where he held the scroll of parchment in his hands.

“It’s nearly twenty til, so you’d best get a move on!” the wizened one said.

“Oh I will, yes, very shortly, be right—” Flint started.

“Flint!” squeaked Asher.

“Be right there, Master Ogglesbee!” said Flint, nearly knocking the old man over as he slammed the door shut and dashed back to the table.

“What? What does the note say?” Flint asked, eyes as wide as Asher’s. Asher handed him the note.

Have the hapiest of Honeymoons.

Love, Emilia

P.S. Asher, make shore too drink this AFTER Flints gathering.

The Aurora is bound too have an exaggerative effect on it.

Flint looked up and locked eyes with Asher. “Why didn’t you read the note beforehand!?” he said.

“I never read the note beforehand!” Asher said.

“Well Asher, what IS it?” Flint said, voice sharp and staccato-like.

“I don’t know!” said Asher, scowling. “She just said I would enjoy it, and you would too, and,” Asher suddenly stopped. His gaze left Flint as he struggled for air.

“Asher, Asher what is it?” Flint said, anger fading into sheer concern.

A gurgling noise. And then, “Oooh,” Asher exclaimed, his face reddening.

“Do you have a fever?” Flint said, placing the back of his hand against Asher’s brow.

“Mmm muh booty,” said Asher, sprouting a grin.

“What!?” Flint said, taken aback. He began to question what Asher meant by “muh booty,” but just then he saw for himself.

For his husband’s posterior, small but shapely, had started to swell. The trouser-covered buttocks, which had moments prior been cuppable in Flint’s hands, now held forth like two taut, fleshy sugar pumpkins.

“That’s what the potion does!?” said Flint. “It...it makes your backside—”

“Groooow!” said Asher, finishing Flint’s sentence for him. As he did so, his backside indeed grew more. Out and out the mounds swelled, wobbling as they widened. In the span of a single breath, Flint found himself with a husband whose butt cheeks each dwarfed a fruit bowl. As quickly as the growth started, it suddenly stopped.

“Asher!” Flint said, breath caught and eyes held wide.

Asher placed his hands atop the canvas of his black linen trousers that just barely stretched across the wide expanse of his buttocks. He closed his eyes and inhaled deeply. A slight moan escaped his lips.

“Well, Asher,” Flint said, blinking. “I daresay you ought not to have drunk that without reading Emilia’s instructions! She’s clearly right about the exaggerative effects from the Aurora. I mean, your... roundness...is so large—”

The second Flint uttered the word “large,” Asher’s hands leapt away, and his buttocks pushed outward yet again. At this, the rigid linen simply could take no more, and with a *riiiiip!* the fabric tore down the parting crack of Asher’s twin globes, exposing two ovular slabs of peachy white flesh that burst forth and pried away the rest of the obstructive portion of trouser, like two doughy hands parting a fortune teller’s beaded curtain.

“Uggghn,” Asher let out a groan as his buttocks flooded outward, stopping at the size of two prize-winning gourds at a faire. Asher’s groan clearly expressed pleasure, but at that moment Flint also noticed an aggressive buckling of Asher’s knees.

“Asher, here, sit down. You’ll lose your balance!” Flint pulled a chair from the table and placed it beside his husband.

Asher’s bare cheeks collapsed against the sanded oak, flesh spilling out on either side as the joints of the chair creaked mightily in protest. Asher’s bottom had grown so large that his feet couldn’t even meet the floor of the cabin, legs instead dangling over the curve of his tuchus. The two men said nothing, and besides the groaning wood the small cabin stood silent.

Flint tugged at his fringe of hair and looked down at his husband. Asher was breathing heavily, and his hands had wandered back to his bottom, flesh meeting flesh as he rubbed his own smoothness with an open-mouthed smile.

“Asher, you don’t seem too troubled by this, er, development,” said Flint.

Asher looked up at Flint and smiled, pausing mid-stroke. “It’s so good,” he said. There was a rubberiness to his words, almost a drunkenness in his voice, yet Asher had drunk less mint mead than Flint.

“Asher, don’t you want to stop growing?” Flint said with a raised voice.

“Do you want me to stop growing?” slurred Asher.

Flint looked down at the curved mass of silky skin that wrapped from lower back to upper thigh. He could not tell a lie.

“I—” Flint began to say, but he blinked when he realized the same silky skin was once again spreading outward.

Creee—kulashhh!

The chair finally gave way, and Asher found himself sitting atop a pile of freshly-minted firewood.

“Oouf!” Asher cried.

“Asher!” Flint yelled, jumping at the crash.

“Owey,” said Asher. He sat with his feet splayed, bottom still seeping outward atop the shattered wooden pieces.

“Here, Asher, let’s get you up, you’ll get splinters!” Flint hesitated for a moment before grabbing Asher’s arms. Lurching backwards, he was just able to help Asher lift himself into a sort of deep squat. The growth stopped. Flint began to toss the wood aside when Asher’s knees again began to buckle.

“Nevermind, let’s just move you to the other side of the room!” Flint placed his hands underneath Asher’s butt cheeks to help lift.

“Ucgggh,” Asher groaned aloud, and, without thinking, Flint found himself groaning too.

Asher had always had soft, supple butt cheeks, but they were now beyond compare. The ample flesh spread betwixt Flint’s fingers like dough through a baker’s hands. The softness surpassed even that of sheep-lard soap. And the warmth! Flint’s hands tingled just from the body heat—each cheek a fireplace in its own right.

“Mmm...more,” said Asher. As soon as Flint heard Asher’s utterance, he found that he was right: his husband’s bountiful buttocks were pushing back against his hands, flesh oozing even more into the negative space between his digits.

“Quick, Asher, walk!” said Flint. Asher dizzily did as he was told, tottering forward while Flint held up his burgeoning backside. *One step, two*—the job became harder by the second, as Asher’s cheeks nearly pushed Flint’s palms to the floor. Flint heaved with all his might, losing his breath once again.

Three steps, four—Asher’s backside widened more and more, until Flint, noticing that they had left the worst of the chair rubble, gave up and collapsed onto the floor of the cabin, just sparing his finger from entrapment underneath his husband’s falling butt.

As soon as the pair fell to the ground, Asher suddenly stopped growing. Flint rose to his full height and gasped.

Asher was sitting down on the cabin floor, if you could call what he was doing sitting: butt meeting floorboards, a leg splayed astride the curve of each cheek. Asher now towered over Flint and everything else in the room, simply due to the sheer diameter of

his rear end. Flint figured he would need a wheelbarrow for each cheek to even consider transporting Asher.

Twap! Twap! Twap!

So startled was Flint by the sudden noise he couldn't fully process what it meant, least of all while still considering his husband's swollen seat.

Twap! Twap! Twap!

"Who is it?" Asher hiccuped, and Flint understood in a sudden panic the knocking at the door.

"Snails!" swore Flint, in a mad dash. He pried the door inward just a crack and turned pale with what he saw.

"Master Flint!" Ogglesbee hissed. The old man's eyes were nearly clamped shut by his scowl, and Flint could see that he shook with rage. "You are well past late! The Constellation is assembled! We await the approach of the midnight hour, and your assuredly failed prediction! Have you no timepiece? Or do you cower in shame as the aurora approaches?!"

The eyelids of the Ur-Astronomer snapped wide as his head rose and tilted, anticipating Flint's response.

"Er, yes, Master Ogglesbee, I will absolutely be right there. I mean no disrespect to our Constellation. I just need to—"

"Flint!" Asher cried.

"Who's that? Do you dare engage in diversions?" said Ogglesbee with a renewed scowl, straining to peer past Flint.

"Flint!" Asher cried again.

"One moment," said Flint, reluctantly slamming the door in the Ur-Astronomer's face for the second time that evening. He turned and ran to his husband.

Asher truly was a sight to behold. The short and slight man rested atop dozens if not hundreds of pounds of his own butt. What was left of the candlelight glistened against

the sheen of his shiny rump, and a single droplet of sweat slowly skated down the vast expanse of his left globe.

He'd managed to find a way to slouch comfortably atop his mounds, but straightened up at Flint's return.

"Asher, are you okay? Does it hurt?" said Flint, looking up to catch Asher's gaze.

"No..." said Asher, "feels...so good. But Flint...I think...I've barely started..."

"Asher, what do you mean?" Flint said. "You're the size of a—"

Before Flint could finish his thought, Asher bounced upward in a spurt of growth, his blob of a butt engorging further. For the first time since Asher's expansion began, Flint thought to look skyward. The cabin boasted vaulted ceilings, not as high as a cathedral but twice as tall, at least, as a regular cabin. The problem remained, however, that the cabin's height was finite—while the size of Asher's rump seemed anything but.

"Asher, if you grow much more, I'm afraid you'll crack your head against the ceiling!" Flint cried out. "Can't you stop?"

Asher took a deep breath. "N..no...Flint, I can feel...the warmth...there's more...to come...so much more..." Asher continued to breathe deeply. Flint could tell he was trying to restrain himself, trying to contain the growth of his backside. "Mmm, nghh," Asher let out a groan as his butt swelled slightly, the force of his growth fighting against his inner self.

"Asher, hold on!" said Flint. The astronomer ran to the bedroom and back, a woolen blanket in hand. In a mad dash the man flung aside the remaining chairs and pushed the table towards Asher. Flint climbed atop the table, careful to avoid what was left of the candles. He stood nearly level with his husband.

"Asher, I need you to try to hold it in as much as you can, and then, when I say so, grow as quickly as you can, okay?" said Flint. Asher looked down at Flint and nodded. Flint looked over at his husband's fleshy boulders. The smoothness of the spheres would make mounting them difficult.

"Asher, I'm going to climb on top of your buttocks, okay? Which I know will excite you, er, us...but try to restrain your growth until I can make sure to secure the blanket over your head—it's not much, but I think if you grow fast enough, it will protect you."

Asher nodded again, his eyes scrunched tight, clearly concentrating.

Without further hesitation, Flint leapt from the table onto his husband's ample glutes, which wobbled like a pork aspic on impact.

Several things happened all at once. The men instantly lunged upward, with Asher releasing an urgent howl of pleasure as his bottom barged outward. As the pair rose, darkness engulfed the cabin, as Asher's blob of butt mashed into the table, which caused the candles to extinguish just as the sound of wood scraping wood flooded their ears. Flint swore the loudest sound of all must be the beating of his own heart, as he struggled not to slide off the swelling smoothness.

Flailing wildly, Flint finally grabbed hold of Asher's leg, which was thankfully still covered in the rough, grippable linen of his trousers—what was left of them, anyway. Though his voice grew hoarse from the effort, Flint yelled above the din as firmly as he could: "Asher, calm down!"

Asher's growth paused once more. Flint looked up. Using the starlight from the kitchen window, Flint could just make out that his husband's head was just shy of the ceiling beams. From the sound of Asher's breathing, an even larger spurt of growth could happen any second.

Flint tried to position himself to secure the blanket around Asher's head, and sure enough, Asher began to pant and moan.

"I...I need it Flint...I need to grow...bigger," Asher said, a shrill urgency in his voice, an utter lack of control just beneath the parchment-thin surface. It was as though Asher and Flint were trudging on the lake on the last day of winter, and the ice beneath their feet was on the cusp of collapsing. For in that moment, Flint realized that he needed it too. He needed Asher to grow bigger. He needed his husband—who was already more butt than man—to fill the entire cabin with his tuchus.

"Hold it in, Asher," Flint said sternly, his voice wavering ever so slightly. Flint kept the woolen blanket clamped in the crook of his left arm, which also held onto Asher's leg. Using his right arm, he grabbed hold of Asher's lower back and pulled himself up, straddling himself behind Asher's upper half as though they were both riding his bum like a horse.

"Uhh, uhh, uhhhh," Asher's moans grew louder as he began to rock his upper half back and forth.

“Asher darling, just one more second, hold it in one more second,” Flint commanded softly. Using his own legs to secure himself behind Asher’s, he unfurled the woolen blanket and flung it atop his and Asher’s heads, bunching up the fabric to create a bigger buffer.

Flint took a deep breath. “Okay, Asher, on my command, you have to try and grow as quickly as possible, okay, that should hopefully stop us from being squished against the ceiling, okay?”

Asher had entered such a fevered state of anticipation that the only thing capable of escaping his mouth were moans and drool, in shocking contrast to the quips and quibbles he’d lobbed not 20 minutes prior. In response to Flint’s order, the man nodded his head jerkily, nearly sending the woolen blanket toppling downward.

“Okay Asher, use your hand to cover your head with the blanket,” Flint instructed, and Asher did so. Flint followed suit.

“Please, Flint,” Asher managed to spit, in such a tiny, pleading voice that Flint barely heard him. It was as though Asher had never needed anything more than to grow even larger than he was now. Flint took a moment to think about the fact that he was sitting atop his husband’s hovel-sized bottom, about to be launched who-knew-how-high into the night sky.

“Hold it,” Flint said, only for Asher to whimper like a mutt.

“Hold it,” he repeated, and at this, Asher began to screech like a harpy.

“GROW!” Flint bellowed into Asher’s ear, giving his rump a forceful slap.

The dam burst. Asher let out one long, extended moan, somehow combining a scream and a sigh as he embraced an explosion of growth. The men immediately bumped into the beams of the ceiling with a pair of rough *thwacks!*

“Push, Asher!” Flint shouted, and the two men heaved against the cabin top. So forceful was Asher’s burst of growth that within seconds, the wood gave way: with a creaking and snapping and crashing of lumber, the couple found themselves bursting through the roof of the cabin, the woolen blanket snagging on a loose nail before being chased away by the midnight wind.

CRAAASH!

Flint had focused solely on their vertical ascent, but the high-pitched noise sent his eyes downward. In the space where Flint supposed the kitchen windows to have been, there now appeared a distended mass of peachy white flesh. Asher's butt had seemingly filled the entire inside area of the cabin and was pushing outward with such force as to crush glass.

KUH-LUD!

Flint craned his neck just in time to see the front door of the cabin fly from its hinges and land with a wet thud against the nearby grass. Another, far greater mass of buttflesh oozed out of the aperture.

A chorus of creaks filled the night sky as every inch of Asher's tush strained against the cabin walls and rafters.

"Mmmm...more!" Asher said lustily, and in an instant, the cabin all but exploded.

Rafters whizzed through the air in parabolic arcs like shooting stars. Great planks of wood from the walls bent, shattered, and shot out in all directions. Screams of panic caught Flint's ear as he realized that the Constellation of Astronomers had congregated right next door and surely had no idea why fusillades of wood were bombarding them.

Asher's growth continued at an accelerated rate. The man continued to moan and demand more, and more he got, buttflesh gushing outward in all directions as the pair rocketed upward.

The crowd was surely yelling as loud as they could, but Asher could just barely hear them atop his husband's heaving hill of a rump.

"Run! Run away!" yelled a voice that sounded like Ogglesbee.

"What about the aurora? We won't be able to see it!" shouted a second voice.

"Flint was right then, warn't he? Some unknown object's blockin' our view!" said another.

"It looks like, why...it looks like a massive bottom!" shouted the second voice.

“What an ass!” shouted a gravelly voice towards the front of the fleeing crowd.

And with that, Flint could hear no more, so high were he and Asher rising. His husband’s ass dwarfed Killarney Castle and could barely balance itself across the entire plateau of the hill.

Then, their ascent stopped. Asher was panting heavily, but these were different, restful pants. Pants of relief.

“Well Asher, are you done?” asked Flint.

Asher moaned in response.

“Good. Because I’m just getting started,” said Flint, who adjusted himself to plant his face deep within the wobbly flesh of his husband’s rump for a hickey-causing kiss. Asher squealed, throwing his loud, urgent moans into the night sky. Above them, curtains of shimmering, green light traipsed amongst the white stars.

Thus, while Asher had a view of the Aurora that surpassed most others in history, he was the only one among those gathered able to see it that night. Everyone else had a couple of other things to assess.

And *that* is how Emilia’s potion and Asher’s butt helped Flint impress his fellow astronomers. 💜