

One Hour Popping - Pinned then Pinned

Also based on an idea by Neon8669

The muscly thighs and calloused hands were the only thing left exposed by Jessabelle's cowboy fit. That is of course, besides her head and hair which she soon set free from her Stetson hat. As her locks flowed free, she spun the hat into her adoring audience like a frisbee, not giving much of a care where it landed as she blew kiss after kiss on her way to the ring.

Women's wrestling had grown in popularity, thanks in part to the elaborate rules it imposed on its competitors. These people didn't simply wish to see crude, comical sports violence between two men or women.

Though as Jessabelle rode on the ropes of the ring like it were a thin horse, waving her gloved hand in the air, her competition approached to a mighty stream of boos. The core components of show wrestling had clearly stuck. There were heroes and villains. Today's antagonist was known as "Barb," the puffy lipped bimbo type who was covered in more prosthetics than actual plastic surgery. She leaned into the character quite well, flaunting her ass she toned every night beneath a pair of pink sweats that sort of screamed "you can't have it" to the rowdy crowd.

The cowgirl gave a mighty middle finger to her approaching adversary as she soared off the rope. Though she had no spurs and no lasso, she embodied the cowboy spirit to the fiercely American crowd, a sea of cheers rumbling through them as the wrestlers squared up.

The male referee, taller, darker and more handsome than the average football ref, stepped between the girls before they could throw a genuine punch.

"Okay ladies, you know the rules!" He called.

"When one of you is pinned-" in each hand, he raised a cylindrical remote, one specked with a brown color, the other pink. "-I will press down on your respective buttons, activating the surgically implanted inflation device deep in each of your bellies." The dialogue was expository, and boomed throughout the room. It was just there for the first timers after all. "The first to tap out, or ring out, loses, and their opponent gets to move on to Ballmania. Are we clear?"

The women nodded, not sparing a glance at the ref. Just four pairs of piercing, blue eyes boring theatrical lasers into each other's skulls.

The ref backed off... and the bell rang. With that, came not only an elbow swing delivered by the blonde cowgirl against her adversary, but the laying of a thick spike bed at the borders of the ring.

The blonde found herself over shooting the swing as the nails were fully laid, allowing Barb to slip in against her leather-wrapped stomach and wrap two tanned

arms around her midsection. Barb seemed to lose her footing as she prepared to launch into whatever move she had in mind, allowing Jessabelle to bring an elbow down against the small of her back and send both wrestlers rolling to the floor.

Jessabelle ended up on top, though the ref apparently didn't consider it a pinning as no hissing rang out. As Jessabelle paused to shoot an annoyed glance at the ref, Barb managed to squirm her legs out and wrap them around the cowgirl's neck, throwing her to the side for some sort of triangle takedown. Jessabelle's heart sank as her stomach did just the opposite, realizing this was good enough for the ref to press her button. Maybe he just really wanted to see her burst out of this cylindrical tube top that covered her slim body? She could feel it riding up against her collar as her belly pushed outward.

It took a few moments of taking in the audience's cheering, and biding her time, to get to the point her belly had lifted her up enough to be a boon to her next move. With the mightiest pushup she could muster, Jessabelle she into a standing position, carrying the yelping bimbo's legs with her until she'd flipped her opponent upside down! The perfect time to launch into a pile driver worthy of an instant replay.

BOOM. A rumbling as the cowgirl pinned the bimbo. No hissing though? Jessabelle shot the ref another look, before he finally pressed his thumb down on Barb's remote. She grinned as she felt the woman's stomach expand beneath her legs, looking down at her own belly that had revealed just a belt's width of her torso with its expansion.

This went on for several moments, and when the woman's back had begun to curve with the expansion, making her whole torso some sort of malformed sphere pressed against the floor, Jessabelle was sure she'd have her tapping out early. Though someone upstairs must've had other plans, as the ref had suddenly decided Barb wasn't considered "pinned" anymore and stopped her flow. The bimbo then used Jessabelle's moment of confusion to buck the rider off, sending her to the floor.

Jessabelle grit her teeth as the two inflated woman stood to face each other once again. This match was far from over.

They used anything short of teeth to bash and brain the other balloon. By the fifth minute, though Jess was certain she'd had Barb pinned far more, she couldn't help but notice her belly and breasts were looking downright pregnant with a dozen children. Barb on the other hand, well, she was round, maybe a bit wider than she was tall, but not quite the size of Jessabelle, whose arms were now shrinking and her top, well, only just keeping her modest.

The cowgirl had enough. As Barb moved in to bounce her out of the ring and onto the bed of nails, she managed to sweep the floor and send the bimbo to her back. Rather than finish her opponent right off however, she turned her attention to the real enemy.

The sharp-jawed ref raised an exaggerated brow as the cowgirl bounced over to him with a smile on her face. He at least acted caught off guard when she leaned in to plant her ruby-red lips against his own rather thick, pink kissers. He must've been some sort of hypnotized to not notice that she had also been blowing the air from

her lungs straight into his own belly, tightening his already ill-fitting ref shirt against his torso. Just a few seconds was enough to give him a decent belly shape, and Jessabelle released him from the kiss, but not from her grasp. With a grin, she give a little wave to the dumbfounded ref before shoving him over that rope and into the nails below.

Impossible!

Was this legal?!

Either way, the barely-inflated ref was just taut enough to hit the nails and let out a little *POP*, not quite exploding but still sending scraps across the floor. Jessabelle giggled as she caught the rolling, pink remote with her bare foot before it could follow after its previous owner.

The crowd roared like no other group had before as Jessabelle triumphantly raised Barb's remote. The bimbo, recovering from the daze the leg sweep had left her in, looked up in horror to the face of her new referee. She shook her head, indicating that she'd liked to tap out right then and there, but the ref had decided. She was pinned.

The hissing was nearly drowned out by the cheers, but the stage mics picked it up just fine so those at home could enjoy it. Jessabelle had pressed her thumb down on Barb's remote with such force, she couldn't help but just splay out and inflate. Soon enough, her tacky workout attire had popped off, revealing a stomach that didn't have nearly as much spray tan as her face and limbs.

Jessabelle took this moment to throw one leg around the expanding woman's midsection, pushing up to ride the inflating bronco just as the crowd would like. What happened next was up for debate. Some say Jessabelle drove a sharp finger into Barb, while other's say she gave out far before she was supposed to. Either way, the scripted nature of the show still hangs over it, but it was nonetheless a match to remember, as Barb the Bimbo blew to pieces below Jessabelle, sending scraps across the ring and the cowgirl all the way to the finals...