

Gotham was quiet, had been for a few weeks now, something that gave things an eerie edge to them. With Bruce out of the city, protection duties had fallen to Barbara; she couldn't shake the feeling of unease, nothing out of the ordinary had happened during her vigil. Weeks of nothing but the occasional break-in and mugging: no Joker schemes, no Penguin rackets, not even a whisper of Two-Face. Barbara couldn't help but wonder what was going on in the underground, what this quiet portended. Perching on a nearby skyscraper, she pulled out her binoculars, scoping out the streets. Nothing but people living their lives on those timeless streets, aged brown concrete pattering under their steps as they walked. A view like this let her truly appreciate the city, appreciate the masterfully crafted architecture, the towers brimming with history; it reminded her why she fought so hard for it.

Bbzzzz

Barbara's headset crackled to life, an emergency communication line that only a few people had access to. Outside of the Bat Family only Catwoman had access to it, which is why an unfamiliar voice on the line put her on edge.

"Hey Batbrat! I heard you've been covering for Bats while he's gone." A thickly accented voice piped up through Barbara's headset.

"Harley?" Barbara recognized that voice, Harley Quinn; she was another of Gotham's protectors.

"Right-o-roony Batgirl. Glad you remember me." In the background, Barbara could hear muffled belches followed by cackling laughter. "Hey, cut that out; you're letting it all out."

"Harley. Where's Selina? What's going on?" Barbara could hear struggling on the other side as she waited for Harley to respond, anxiety crawling up her spine.

"Oh, she's fine, just a little...occupied. Why don't you come down to her place? It'll be a **blast**." The muffled laughing got louder before the microphone went dead.

Barbara set the headset down, unhooking her grapple hook and swinging for the nearest gargoyle. She didn't know what was going on, but the situation filled her with worry; Harley wasn't always the most mentally stable of people, even in her hero work she got a bit too violent. What Barbara heard in the background reminded her of something she had heard before, triggering a deeply buried memory in her psyche. Just thinking about it almost made her lose grip on her rope as she swung across town; that unhinged laughter, it sounded like the aftereffects of Joker venom. That was impossible; the Joker had followed Bruce to Metropolis, he never did anything unless Batman was there to make it fun.

Barbara tensed her arms, swinging hard around another building before firing another hook to her next one. Cold night air whipped through her orange hair as she made for Selina's place, her yellow cape billowing behind her. Selina's home was tucked away in the boroughs of

Gotham, an unassuming brownstone with a spacious living room. It wasn't easy to get to from downtown, very few connecting rooftops to jump from, meaning Barbara was forced to swing. Her worry only grew as she got closer to downtown, an unseen hand running across her neck, sending another chill down her spine. Touching down on Selina's rooftop only added to her worry; down below her was an unsettling gurgling, and muffled laughter echoed up through the concrete. Barbara carefully snuck in through the window; glass crunched under her feet as she moved across the carpet. The muffled bubbling and gurgling only got louder as she moved through the apartment; it felt like there was something large in the building with her. She could barely make it out, a large and looming shadow in the recesses of the room; she flicked on the light, her eyes unable to believe the sight before her.

Grglgglgg

Hehehehehehe

Frrrtttttt

Uuurrpppp

Hahahahahahah

The light was dim at first; only a single lamp remained unbroken, but it was enough to give Barbara a full view of the source of the sound. Catwoman was plopped in the middle of the room, round as a balloon and touching the ceiling, her arms flapping helplessly against her turgid body. Miniscule arms flapping against her own turgid skin in futile locomotion, her mouth duct-taped shut and her eyes curled up in laughter. She was absolutely massive, larger than a weather balloon and filled to bursting with something. Her filled flank curved down like a massive bubble draped in gray fabric; tears had formed in parts of her costume, revealing white skin with tinges of green below it.

"Selina!" Barbara rushed over to Selina; her only instinct was to try and help her bloated friend.

Frrttttt

grnnnnnn

Uurrrp

hehehehehe

Under the light, Barba could see Selina's body lurch out after those noises; it sounded like she was farting, but something was blocking it. The tape around Selina's mouth bulged with her stifled belch, followed by cackling laughter; Barbara could see Selina's eyes, narrow as

beads and manic. She needed to act quickly, pull the tape from her mouth or something, but the moment Barbara touched it, something felt off. Selina's skin quivered under Barbara's touch; her feathery touch was setting off some horrible chain reaction, the surface rippling like water. Barbara rushed, unsure what to do; she pulled the tape from Selina's mouth, watching as her body billowed and shook. Selina's expression shifted between maniacal laughter and pained warning as Barbara removed the tape, shaking her head in warning as the tape released.

Uuurrrrppp

Hahahahahahaha

Rmbblblblbl

“Hahahahah Run! Uuooourrrppp.” Selina choked out a warning between wretched laughter and thundering belches.

Pbbfffttt

Barbara heeded the words, leaping back from Selina, but not from her words; as soon as the tape was removed and Selina's belches were free, green smog came with them. Flowing heavily from her body in ominous gales, liters of the green vapor escaped her mouth, filling the room as her body expanded. Donning a gas mask in hopes that none of the fumes hit her lungs, Barbara watched, too paralyzed to do anything. Selina's body groaned and rumbled like a quake, her laughter rising higher with her body. Her expansive surface grew to fill the room, occupying every nook and cranny with her bloating body. It didn't take much to figure out what exactly was happening; somehow, she was filling with Joker's laughing gas. Maybe she was generating it on her own? It was hard to tell what exactly was happening, but Barbara's body tensed, backing against the wall as Selina's body encroached upon her.

Rmbblblblblbl

Grnnnnnn

Crkkkkkk

Bblblbl

Gas flowed freely from Selina's mouth, her heaving breasts breaking from the front of her suit as her tearing suit revealed more patches of skin. Under her skin that swirling gas had become ever-present, giving her entire body the appearance of a strained balloon, thin and translucent. She had stopped growing, her bloating expansion replaced with a tight pulsing, her body throbbing in and out as the pressure mounted within her. Selina's laughter echoed through the room, escaping through the open window into the night sky, cut with louder thundering belches. Stone around her began to crack as her body pushed against its stony pressure; she

looked like a collection of balloons. Two massive orbs on her chest that touched the floor, big as blimps, attached to a body pressurized to the brink. spurts of green gas sprayed from her nipples as the pressure ran out, her mouth forced open by the ferocity of her own escaping gasses. Selina's throat convulsed as she involuntarily choked out laughter into her belches, creating a horrid mixture of bodily expulsions and insane laughter.

Ppbbbfftttt

Oouuurrrpp

Bblblblbl

Crkkkkk

More sounds emanated from within her overtaxed form, growing louder and more ominous as Selina's body throbbed. Crumbs of debris fell from the ceiling as Selina's body shook it like a quake; the whole building was rumbling in turn with her body. Barbara ducked out the window, leaning towards caution as she expected what would come next. Leaping from the fire escape to the opposing building, she ran as fast as she could, rushing across the rooftop to what she thought was a safe distance.

Grnnnn

Kerboooooooooom

Barbara didn't make it far enough; Selina's eruption was far fiercer than anyone would expect a human to be able to generate. Windows shattered as a flood of gas rushed into the city streets, the top of the building blowing open as she erupted. Flecks of grey cloth and pale skin fluttered through the air like confetti; shrapnel and stone rained down upon the rooftop. Barbara shielded herself from the bulk of the debris, but an errant rock rocketed across the sky. Like a lone bullet, it sailed towards Barbara's head, too fast to react to; it shattered the screen of her gas mask and nailed her square in the head. Knocking her out cold.

Bbztttt

Czzztttt

Barbara woozily woke to the sound of her headset going off, the electric static running next to her ear like a buzzing fly. She woozily rose to her feet, her body feeling like it was filled with lead, heavy and clumsy. A ringing in her ears and a growing pressure in her head made the world spin around her; the blurry world around her slowly focusing as she reached for the headset. Holding it lazily to her ear as she fought against the cracking pain in her skull, she clicked on the receiver.

“How’d ya like the confetti bomb, Babs?” Harley’s voice had an ear of menace to it, uncharacteristically aggressive.

“What..What did you do to her?” Barbara could barely choke those words out against her struggle to keep her lunch down.

“I just gave her a taste of some home-cooked gas, bit more effective than that old Joker toxin. How about we call it Harley gas?” Harley laughed uncontrollably as a loud trumpeting fart resounded from the other end of the microphone.

“Harley?! Harley?” The microphone went dead again; Barbara angrily shoved the headset back into her pouch as she got up.

Getting her bearings, she inspected the front of her face for any cuts, removing her gas mask and clearing out the shattered crystals. It was one of the times she was glad she spent the extra on tempered glass, but she found something surprising in the scattered crystal. Inside that scattered glass was a single object, a cork, a bit oversized for anything from a bottle. On the bottom of the cork was a rudimentary smiley face etched into its surface; the rest of it was moist, still fuming with gas. Barbara immediately threw it to the ground, tossing it aside before those remnant fumes could infect her. Deep in her mind, that wasn’t the reason she threw it away, and she knew it; Barbara could put together the loose threads, that cork had been inside Selina. It was the source of her blockage and what had turned Selina into a balloon, made her pop like one.

Hahahahahaha

Ouurrrp

Hahahaha

Barbara rushed away from the rooftops, the sounds of belching laughter erupting from the streets below. All of those people, ones just having a peaceful night, were now subject to Harley’s gas attack. The thought of it made Barbara grimace, but she had to fight her urge to rush in and help. She wasn’t Bruce; she didn’t keep the counteragent on hand, and there was no guarantee it would work. Instead, she rushed across the city towards the only person who she knew was equipped to deal with this: Poison Ivy. Both she and Harley were in a relationship prior to whatever was going on with Harley, so she would be the one to get information from. With her chemical expertise, Ivy could also concoct a counteragent if need be; all the more reason to visit her. While Barbara swung from the rooftops, she heard the blaring of sirens from the streets and snapped to action.

“All cars, proceed to the incident zone with caution. Gaseous substance presence, wear masks and protective equipment.” Barbara still had an old radio she snuck from her dad, tuned into the police frequency.

All she could do was warn them, prevent them from running blindly into a trap and becoming more victims to whatever Harley has done. Barbara grimaced as buildings whizzed by, imagining someone like Montoya becoming a bloated gas balloon like Selina made her shudder. The shuddering didn't stop, like her body was convulsing, fighting against some unknown muscle spasm. She felt her facial muscles begin to curl, cracking into a slight smile as she started to chuckle.

Hahahahahaha

Barbara burst out into a small fit of laughter, touching down on the roof to try and recuperate. Her whole body convulsing, slamming on the ground like a coughing fit, soon the laughter passed, and all that was left was a discomfort in her stomach. A small pressure that felt like she'd eaten a few too many sweets.

Urp

A tiny burp escaped her lips, followed by a wispy trail of green-laced smoke; for a moment, she felt fear. Soon that fear was replaced with resolve, all the more reason to push forward, to rush towards Ivy's domain and find a solution. Barbara quickened her pace, weaving through buildings at blistering speed, her muscles aching from the increased force. On the outskirts of the city lay her destination, the ruins of the old Gotham Arboretum, currently serving as Ivy's new base. Barbara swung sharply, landing in front of the door with a flourish, her bones aching from the hard impact. All of this extra strain was making her sore; she was moving faster than was safe and pushing herself as hard as she could to get to places in time. As she lifted from her landing, she felt her knees bump against her stomach: that shouldn't be possible.

Before entering, Barbara looked down at her midriff, seeing the small swell of bloat on her stomach. She had always kept herself at the peak of physical fitness and had never let herself grow such a small pooch. Curiously she inspected the surface, pressing her finger into the purple-clad bubble, feeling it slosh about under her skin. Her prodding only elicited a bubbling deep within her form as it flexed like a balloon in her body, a sudden rush of pressure funneling up her throat.

Uuurrrp

A louder belch escaped her lips, the pressure in her stomach decreasing and her swell deflating. She was starting to put together what exactly Harley's new concoction was doing to people; it was turning them into gas factories. She settled herself for a second before opening the door to the arboretum, the heavy door swinging open and a rush of humid air hitting her as the tropical biome hit cold air. In that rush of air, a small twinge of green followed, and Barbara donned her backup mask. Walking inside, she could immediately feel the change in atmosphere; the humidity doubled along with the pressure. A thick haze hovered through the air as trees and flowers flourished; in fact, they looked positively plump. The flowers on the

walkway had an odd texture to their petals, thick and waxy; they resembled ripened fruit. Barbara wanted to inspect them, but a sudden rush of air caught her attention.

Pbbbbffttt

Urrrrprprpr

Grnnnnnn

As she moved her way through the arboretum, the rushes of air became more frequent, accompanied by the ominous gastric sounds. Deep and bassy belches followed by trumpeted farts, all emanating from a single point in the back rooms. Barbara hesitantly opened the door, the rushes of wind seeping through the poor seals around it. Upon opening it she was hit with another powerful gale that almost blew her off her feet, all being generated by a singular large object. Teetering on the crux of her stomach was a familiar sight: Poison Ivy, but everything else about her was wholly unfamiliar. Ivy's green skin was stretched to absurdity, waxy and shiny like a balloon; she was larger than Selina was. Her fire-red hair was splayed out on her back like vines, her body completely nude, too large for her clothes. Barbara watched her haggard breaths between thunderous belches, her supple, engorged breasts heaving up and down. She was a giant balloon, but still soft with some give; sporting breasts large enough to crush a car and an inflated body as large as an inflating hot air balloon. Ivy had become a smog factory; there wasn't a free second where some kind of gas wasn't erupting from her body.

Pbbbbffttttttt

Another trumpeting fart rocked her as the swelling hills at her rear quivered, her entire body bulging against the gas inside of her. At her flanks were tables, lined with beakers and flasks that she could no longer reach. A row of stopped test tubes sat neatly in their containers, filled with some kind of pink liquid. Cautiously, Barbara approached the expanding Ivy balloon, unsure if she was about to rupture like Selina did. Her hair blowing back under the furious gusts of air.

"Pamela, can you hear me?" Barbara piped up, her voice muffled by the gas mask on her face.

"Ourgghhoppp Yeah. Who *is* it?" Ivy's voice was weak, her words cut by belches and the echoing bubbles that crept out from her stomach.

"It's Batgirl. What happened here?" Barbara placed a soft hand on Ivy's hide, giving her some assurance.

"No, ***urp*** time. ***Ppbfffttt*** Give serum. Take yourself. ***Oooouuuurrrrrp*** Run. find Harley." Ivy's words were sharp and to the point, what little she could get out over the sounds of her own body.

What she saw in her momentary glance was Ivy's ballooned hide, considerably smaller and slightly more mobile. Furious gales had twisted her body around, pointing her rear towards the door like a cannon. Barbara blushed, covering her eyes at Ivy's exposed body; Ivy's green hole, nestled between her cheeks, was open wide as a sewer grate. Puckering and clenching against the noxious pressure evacuating her body, Ivy's gaping hole was large enough to live in

and growing wider as she shrank. Endless gusts of gas blew past the brick wall, shaking the wreckage and forcing Barbara to retreat. It felt wrong to leave Ivy in that state, but this cleansing wouldn't be over any time soon, but at least she had the antidote for this new toxin. It just came down to whether she could stop Harley.

Crzzkzzkzk

"Wow, Babs, invading someone's private space like that. You're a real piece of work, you know that? Ivy was having fun as my balloon, and now look what you've done. It's gonna take a week to get her back to that size." As if on cue, Harley invaded Barbara's signal again, her cackling just loud enough to hear over Ivy's fading eruptions.

"Harley, what has gotten into you? You loved Ivy; why would you turn her into a toy like that?" Barbara was trying to put some reason back into Harley/s head.

"Nosy, if you must know, she was revving her Harley and caught a bit of the exhaust. Something like this." Harley chuckled on the phone before grunting.

Ppbbbbbbfffttttttttttttt

A fart so loud it sounded like a bomb rang through the city, the aftershock shaking the ground under Barbara's feet.

"Harley! Stop!" Barbara doubled her pace, flinging across the city, the whipping winds of Harley's expulsion swinging her around like a rag doll.

"Make me pint-size!" Before Barbara could respond, Harley cut off the communication.

Barbara could hear muffled laughter behind Harley's taunts, distant from her headset; her gas was already affecting the citizens. Barbara had to get there quickly, stop Harley's mad rampage before anyone else was affected. Furious winds snapped through the city, laced with green gas; Harley's rampage was only ramping up. More exploding farts tore through the night sky, followed by thundering belches so loud that it made Barbara's ears ring. As she got closer to the epicenter, she heard horrid gurgling and bubbling sounds, like a swamp had developed in central Gotham. Cataclysmic belches brought strong winds that forced Barbara down to the ground; Harley was ramping up something awful. When grounded, Barbara could finally see where she was heading, it was towards the theater district. A fashion show was happening downtown; it was likely packed with people shoulder to shoulder.

Bang

Barbara's heart skipped a beat as she heard something akin to a popping balloon around the corner, followed by another rush of gas. Her muscles burned, pumping as hard as they could go, sprinting towards the source of the noise. Around the corner, Barbara ran through

a cloud of tan confetti, green gas wafting between them and scraps of hair floating on their winds. It was another casualty of Harley's insane machinations, but she didn't get much time to let the horror sink in. Carried forwards by determination, she wound through another alley, hoping to take a shortcut to downtown, but her path was blocked. Lodged between the alley walls was a massive sphere of flesh, gas blistering from its backside, head cocked back in laughter. From this angle it looked to be a woman in her forties, her brown ponytail brushing against the expanse of her body as she cackled, her eyes glancing back at Barbara.

"Ouurrrppp Batgirl? hahahaha uuurrrp." The woman's voice choked out over laughter and gas.

Bang

In a flash she was gone, nothing more than confetti on the pavement, her body rupturing from the pressure as green fog thickened. She could feel the air stagnating in her rebreather, the harsh chemicals in the air burning her eyes and straining the filters. It was likely that she was getting a delayed dose of this virulent gas, but soon it would be too much. There was already an uncomfortable bubbling in her stomach as she rushed through the shattered remains of that woman. The alley wound and twisted, a maze of towering stone that would swallow anyone unfamiliar, but Barbara was driven. A single thought repeated over and over in her head as she entered the square. *I need to stop Harley.*

Bblblblblbl

Grglglglglg

Oouurrrppp

Grnnnnn

Barbara didn't know what to expect when she came face-to-face with Harley, but what she saw wasn't in the realm of her imagination. Looming over her were two grand blimps of flesh tied neatly in a red and black spandex package. Large enough to crush a car and brush against the ground, those grand swells of skin towered over Barbara. The small diamonds that usually dotted Harley's costume were wrapped into oblong curves by her expansive rear. It was so unreal that Barbara felt tempted to touch it, to see if her mind was sound, but the reverberating gas proved the reality. Harley's mammoth cheeks clapped as a deafening eruption of gas broke from her backside, buildings cracking from her street-filling ass. Barbara was blown back, tumbling across the ground like newspaper before catching onto a streetlight to weather the gale. Before the wind petered out, Barbara saw those mammoth orbs begin to shift, turning around like massive wrecking balls. Storefronts cracking apart under Harley's bulk as she took notice of her new friend.

“Glad you came to join in on the fun, Babs. It's gonna be a real gas.” Harley pointed a finger towards Barbara’s crumpled body.

Harley was absolutely massive, warped like some parodic parade balloon; her hindquarters sat propped on thick trunk-like legs that curved into her hips. Enormous hips that matched her rear in girth and width, but the whole base was supported by something grander. Harley’s stomach brushed against the ground, a swollen sphere resembling a hot air balloon, a rumbling red-clothed orb that dragged her torso down. She almost seemed vestigial to her own curves, hunched over by her stomach, forced forward by her expanded body; Harley didn’t seem real. Bubbling emanated from her core, the surface of her stomach rumbling as another burst of gas forced its way up her throat. Barbara could see the cartoonish swell travel up her body, bulging her cheeks before billowing past her lips.

Broouuuuuuurrpppppppppp

Harley’s lips rippled, her jaw going slack as a thundering belch tore out from her throat like a beast. Flowing green gas followed the noxious eruption, carried by the force like a beam; Barbara barely managed to jump out of the way. The stone behind Barbara was carved away by the gaseous expulsion as Harley’s belch tapered out.

“What. What did you do?” Barbara still couldn’t fathom what was happening.

“I guess this is my first time in the spotlight for a bit, so what the hey. I was wanting to get back into my old pants, indulge those violent urges, but I needed a gimmick. Nobody’s gonna see a blonde beating them to death with a bat as anything but a thug. So I got Red to help me with some stuff, we made a new batch of laughing toxin, something a lot more fun.” Harley motioned to a fashion model blimping up and down the street, gas erupting from both ends. “Wouldn’t it be funny if people turned into balloons and popped while laughing? They’d be literally busting a gut.”

Bang

Barbara’s hair blew back as the woman Harley had pointed out exploded behind her, scraps of her taxed skin getting tangled in her orange locks.

“But. How? How all this?” Barbara motioned to Harley’s prodigious girth.

“That’s the fun part; during some fun times with Red, I took a mouthful or two of some of her curry night gas. That gave me an idea. What if I was the gas factory? What if I was the big showpiece?” Harley gave her gut a few healthy pats as the rumbling balloon quaked in response. “Oops, bit too much time talking. Hope you make a great balloon, Batbreath.”

Grrrrllll

Ppbbfffftttttt

Whipping winds erupted from Harley's mammoth ass, each bloated cheek clapping in quaking smacks. Pavement cracked under her smacking ass, the reverberating impacts shaking the buildings to their foundation. Barbara barely had the time to act against the swirling gales; even at initial impact, she felt it starting to tear her from the ground. She acted, swinging her grapple hook around, latching it against an adjacent lamppost. Quickly she tied the attached rope around her waist, securing herself before her arms failed under the furious storm. Before the thundering fart, Barbara had noticed a small quirk to Harley as they spoke. In the scant moments between her pounding flatulence, Harley's belly had started to grow. Like she was constantly producing gas, more than she could easily handle; this gave Barbara an idea. Thinking back to the cork that had knocked her unconscious, it was likely how Selina had met her demise.

Grglgglgggl

Pbbbfffftttttt

Harley's ass was still farting; it had been going on for minutes, the green-laced gas flooded past Barbara in a veiling fog. The only thing louder than Harley's gas was her gurgling stomach, the massive mountain percolating like a heated beaker. Barbara could feel her mask starting to fail; a tension grew in her midriff as the filters wore through their last decontaminants. Her only salvation came in Harley's fart sputtering out; cataclysmic trumpets petered out into whispering whistles as Harley's pressure was lost. Neither combatant could see past the wall of flesh attached to Harley's body, something Barbara planned to use to her advantage. She riffled through her utility belt while Harley's reloaded her cannon, hunting for the cork and launcher she carried.

"Pretty quiet back there, Babs. How ya feeling? Would hate to see ya choked and blue before you bust a gut." Harley tried to crane her body around, barely able to maneuver her gas-laden belly.

Gnnnn

Grlllll

Rmbblbblbl

Barbara could see Harley's body starting to shake with pent-up fumes; her body was welling up like a pressure cooker as her gas sought an exit. This was the only time Barbara would have to strike; hurriedly, she pulled out her tool. Mounting the launcher on her wrist, she cut the cord that bound her and rolled across the pavement. Her bloated stomach bounced her away from the pavement, knocking her to an odd angle. In just a few moments, the discomfort

she felt in her stomach had turned into a full potbelly. Springy and loose, it made her movements unwieldy as she got in position, kneeling down and steadying her arm.

“Hahahahahah bbooooouurrrp hahahahahaha!” Barbara’s body started to shake, heavy and heaving laughs contorting her frame.

Muscles spasmed in convulsing laughter, her body doubling over on her own bloated stomach, a sight that made her laugh harder. She could feel accumulating gas pressing her torso out further, making her belly look pregnant. There was a twitching at her backside, a sign that the fart-baby she was gestating was ready to be birthed, but she steeled herself. Just for a moment, she needed to maintain focus and pick her target. In that last cacophonic gust, Barbara had spotted a weak point, something that could stop Harley.

Grgggglgg

Bibblblblblbl

“I heard that back there Batbelch; looks like you’re already down for the count. But what the hey, I’m the big villain now; I’ve gotta finish you off.” Harley’s boasting shouts barely registered over her own noisy stomach as she started to grow.

Barbara didn’t respond; it took all of her willpower to hold in her laughter, keeping her wrist steady just long enough. Her eyes focused on the epicenter of Harley’s ass, watching her swaying blimps for her target to appear. Just for a moment, she had seen Harley’s hole winking at her; a thought that grossed her out a little, but this wasn’t the time. She waited again, waited for the perfect moment to arrive; back and forth her cheeks swung, bulging against her tight suit. Nestled between those mammoth blimps of flesh was an exposed patch, a visible swath of flesh; her burning gas had torn a hole through her suit, leaving her weak point exposed to anyone with the will.

Grnnnn

She was cutting it close; Harley’s cheeks were groaning from the mountain pressure, the strain increasing as her hole twitched.

Grggglgglgg!

Another pass and it would be too late; Barbara could see Harley’s anus puckering, flexing out against the gassy torrent she was about to unleash.

Rbmbblblblbl

Fwing

Shwoomp

Barbara took her chance, loosing her cork, the silver bullet sailing through the air, just barely dodging the swaying cliffsides. Shooting through at lightning speed, the cork lodged itself firmly in Harley's hole, her flesh wrapping around it.

Rmbblbblbblb

Frrttttt

Brrtttt

Blblblbl

Crkkkk

"That ain't good." Harley's grin melted into a frustrated frown as she strained against her own gas.

Muffled farts reverberated from inside of her body, each muffled expulsion causing her belly to shoot out in size. Gradual growth exploded into something exponential as her body bubbled in chaos. Every bit of her was shaking from the blocked pressure; skin tore through leather, her pale cheeks sitting exposed to the world. Under the stretching flesh, Barbara could see swirls of green. Just like Selina, she was nearing her limit, but she was far larger and far more unstable. In the moments it took Barbara to process thought, Harley's body was already towering over the both of them. Once blimp-sized, they now filled the streets, blocking her from turning completely. Her massive ass was wedged between two buildings, trapped by its own expanding bulk as her stomach grew. Harley's belly tore through her suit, propping her high in the air, pushing her into her own turgid flesh.

Oouuurrrrrpppp

Grglglgglglg

Bbrrtttt

Frrtttt

Gnnnnn

Crkkkkk

Barbara could hear Harley's flesh starting to strain, the muffled distress only growing louder by the second. Each passing moment was another few feet on Harley's circumference,

her body pulsing and throbbing as her pent-up farts swirled within her. Barbara took her own attitude, prodding her beach ball stomach as she did, gas swirling inside of her like a cement mixer. The tension in her stomach sank as the gas inside of her shifted, evacuating itself from her body.

Ppbbbbrrrrrtttt

Bbrrrrrrrtttttttttt

While liters of gas erupted from Barbara's rear, she watched Harley loom and billow above her. A churning typhoon of gas whirling about inside of her, belches erupting from her lips as the storm inside of her fought for an exit. Harley's skin was stretched far beyond any reasonable limit; her entire body rose high into the air, propped up by her own expansive bulk. While Barbara's toxins vented, a horrific thought hit her mind: if Harley exploded now, she'd engulf the entire city in her toxin. Barbara didn't have time to rest on her victory; her battle wasn't over yet; through strained motions, she launched another hook on an opposing building. Swinging through the air, a cloud of antidotal gas trailing behind her as she hung off her new perch. Teetering back and forth over Harley's bullying body, barely able to see her face in the bloating prison of flesh. Barbara descended, lowering herself into the expansive epicenter of Harley. The lower she got, the louder her surroundings; on her flanks, mountains of expanding flesh creaked and groaned, each shift in those mammoth peaks giving Barbara the illusion of being in the earth's core.

Grnnnnnn

Rmb|b|bb|b|

Brrttt

Brrroppppp

At the deepest reach of Harley's tumultuous body sat her bloated head, pulled tight against her expanded form. Bulging cheeks overflowing with gas, her eyes rolled back in her head from the pressure. Belches ripping past her lips in continuous gales, her body no longer expanding, simply pulsing. In and out, like it was breathing on its own; Harley's flesh was a stretching sea of tightened flesh. Barbara could feel the walls closing in on her as she gripped the antidote in her hand. Looking down with anxiety in her heart, unsure if it would be enough to end this all.

Grnnnn

Crkkkkkkkk

B|b|bb|l|bb|

Barbara snapped the topper, uncorking it and tossing it down Harley's throat; there was no chance this would solve the problem of Harley's detonation, but it might morph her into something less catastrophic. She barely had time to escape, pulling herself up at speeds able to tear her arms from the socket, only aided by her adrenaline. Harley's pulsing body wrapped around her head, bulging out in all directions as the whirling winds inside of her amplified. Harley's body rose high against the adjacent buildings; tight flesh cracking windows and breaking loose concrete as she reached her limit.

For a moment she had become an overblown parade balloon, every inch of her flesh wrapped and warped around the city streets. Flooding across it like an ooze as her thinning skin grew paler, the swirling gas inside morphing in color as more muffled farts echoed from her body. Her stomach gnawed at itself like some ravenous beast, tearing apart in an attempt to get some kind of relief. The cork lodged in her backside, wobbling at its prison, the knocking pressure becoming too much as it launched from her rear, sailing into the upper atmosphere. It was too little too late, as hurricanes of gas tore past her cheeks; the pressure caused a failure.

Pbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbfffffftttt

Kerfwoooooooooosshh

With one last devastating fart, Harley's body tore apart, flinging her loose scraps of skin across the city. Buildings at the epicenter sat leveled, crumbling under the explosive force of her eruption. Barbara was sent flying, hurtling across the rooftops and landing with an unceremonious thud. Barely able to keep conscious as she watched gas flood through the city, her only hope being the belief that the gas was the antidote to Harley's toxin. Her body too sore to move, she just lay on her back, gas still sputtering from her cheeks as her stomach deflated. Watching that purple pillow shrink, she just rested; whatever problem wait for her, it would have to wait until she could move again.