

A year after the fall of the new Syndicate crime organization led by the twin siblings Mr. and Ms. Y, Wood Oak city had mostly returned to its normal state, with the heroes that fought the Syndicate no longer brawling throughout the streets, and the police force back under full control, or at least that's what they thought.

While the police force wasn't entirely under the Syndicate's influence, most members didn't trust the vigilantes nor the Syndicate thugs, and some members were even working directly for the crime organization itself. After the plan of mind controlling the population of the city via a special, powerful music broadcast had failed due to these vigilantes and some cops, the twins were eventually arrested, locked behind bars for good, and the city would no longer have to worry about them.

One of the special force officers who aided in this fight against the Syndicate, even if she opposed the heroic brawlers at first, was Estel Aguirre, a fierce, serious Swedish-Colombian woman with a strong sense of justice. She was just trying to do her job at first, but then realized at the right moment that the twin-led organization was not one to be taken lightly. Therefore, she allied with the rest to foil their plans and did so efficiently, even breaking the soundboxes that were going to play the mind control music by herself, with her potent flying kicks.

The slightly tanned, built woman, who had a single long blonde braid through all her hair and shaved sides got a call on her day off, while she was painting, something she very much enjoyed as a hobby. She still picked up the call, and was informed of a situation going on inside the department she worked for. While she was perhaps a bit naive a year ago, she had now learned that some of her colleagues intentions are not as bright and noble as her own, and as always, took her job quite seriously, deciding she'd just use these extra hours for a vacation on another time.

She drove to the police station as fast as she could. The matter was urgent, even if it wasn't something that was immediately solved. There were suspicions about an officer who was quickly rising up the ranks through 'strong leadership skills' and 'great character'. Not just that he was ascending the work ladder unjustly, but also that he was secretly planted by the Syndicate back when they were still wreaking havoc upon the city. He was mostly laying low and being inconspicuous until now. After the fall of the 'Y empire', he hatched a plan that seemed to involve gaining control of the city's police people. Though the high levels of distrust left behind after the rise and fall of the Y's made it difficult for him to do this stealthily. He was aware that the rest of the police force, especially people like Estel and others in similar positions to her, would probably catch on quickly and try to put an end to his schemes, or at the very least interrogate him to find out more about his true intentions and potentially villainous allegiances.

This meant that he'd have to bring together muscles and brains to fulfill his aim. Just a few days later, after Estel found out about him, the police would have a report about one of their highest ranking sheriffs being caught in a...less than respectable way.

This rigid woman was stuck to the ground with a bloated body, mostly a very inflated behind, her rear made for awkward (even if kind of comfortable) cushions for her to sit on and even lay her full back against. She had a bubble butt before but this was outrageous, surely she

was more ass than woman. That was thanks to a dark joke made by this sinister man, who put the powers he found out about to use, testing them on her. She had called him an ass, so he gave her one, the biggest one in the world, by far. It looked like it belonged on an animal like a hippopotamus, not a human... "What the hell happened here?" Estel asked, mostly in shock about the state she found her superior in. The mostly immobilized woman mentioned the man they suspected about, using something she called 'tainted star power' to affect her body and fill it with some kind of dark energy that caused...well, a very severe case of bloating.

The way she jiggled off her jello cake buttcheeks was distracting to be frank, and some of the officers that were with Estel really struggled to understand the situation, still flabbergasted at what they were seeing. Of course, the woman with the double decker dumptruck would feel embarrassed and even humiliated that her colleagues found her like this, blushing noticeably, but she'd still try to keep it professional...while really hoping they found some cure for her.

Estel mentioned that she was "sure the team would start talking to contacts from other places to treat her, uh, 'condition', but she wanted to stop this man before he could hurt others". After leaving the room with the elephantine-assed woman inside, Estel went back to her lockers in the department to regroup, refresh her mind, and try to think of the foundations for a plan she and the others could build upon.

Calling any of the contacts she made was out of question, this was an inside problem that she needed to take responsibility for herself, and wanted to keep private until it was solved, unless, of course, it got out of hand. The amazonian woman knew she had to be careful around this person or she could end up like her superior or worse, who knows what 'tainted star power' really meant, and what potential uses it had.

Maybe it had to do with star moves? Once high leveled fighters had built up enough energy, they could unleash almighty special moves on their enemies. Sometimes said power was grabbed straight off the ground too - off of star shaped energy containers. Taking things from the floor was a fairly common practice in these streets. Whether they picked up knives, pipes, road signs, healing turkeys, apples or these star containers, many people certainly put their surrounding environment to good use in order to increase their chances in a fight.

Whatever it was, she needed to find this mysterious person's location first. Thankfully, they wouldn't make that work too troublesome for the rest of the police force working on the case.

Her crew members were being targeted by some pretty high level thugs who were attacking in large numbers. This was more than just the routine fighting training for Estel, and many of her teammates that she called for support weren't skilled enough to handle the situation. Even with her own flashbang grenades and powerful wheel kicks, the enemy group landed a few hits, nothing too severe. At least the other officers helped by being targets and lessening the pressure Estel had to face herself. Though in the heat of the moment, not wanting any more of her friends to go down, she picked up a star container from the floor and felt its energy flow through her. Special, blue rocket fire would be sent like meteors on the battlefield, dealing a lot of damage in the area and knocking many enemies away, allowing her crew to heal.

She finished off the last of the delinquents in this big crowd of fighters, and some of the hooligans who hadn't been completely knocked out yet were taken for questioning. Due to the light damage she took, the big blonde woman would use one of those healing apples to instantly recover. Though something felt strange about eating that apple. It seemed like... the power she gathered and used had been tainted, and feeding herself only accelerated the bad energy flow cycling inside her.

She always wore a strong kevlar-like vest and combat pants, along with a belt and an undershirt, all dark blue in color. Though her vest was especially feeling tighter than usual, which was very strange. She looked down and attempted to adjust it, but the amount of pressure on it was only beginning to increase.

Her combat pants were starting to look more form fitting as well, especially from behind, and that belt felt tighter around her. "Darn it. That filthy bastard infected me as well with whatever dark energy he's using. I must get to him fast..." Estel said to herself, gritting her teeth and closing her fists in anger, worried about what fate could befall her, she had already seen a colleague grow a giant ass from this disturbing energy, and feeling her clothes get tight meant that she was probably swelling herself, and it wasn't just the adrenaline after the fight...

The amazon actually avoided eating anything else for the time being, and she seemed to have a point. Her teammate, who had gotten a lead from interrogating a thug got a coffee and a burger for herself. She deserved a break, and not only was another Special Forces general next to the scene where the villain was likely located in, according to the info she gathered, but she knew that Estel would want to catch him too, so she didn't need to hurry. Though this break would show exactly why they needed to be careful still. The woman's uniform burst, snapping in half, buttons popping all at once as her huge, heavy melons wobbled freely, forcing her to improvise a hand-bra to cover herself in public! This was extremely embarrassing - she couldn't even make her way inside without almost falling tits first on the floor! Not used to how topheavy she had grown seemingly out of nowhere, it was obvious that now, more than ever, she needed a proper break... there was no way she was going to be useful fighting with breasts that big and heavy hampering her every movement. She could hardly walk with her sloshers, let alone throw a kick. The kick would probably strike her own chest on the way forward, and just thinking of that made her squirm in pain. She hid in a room and called someone to bring more...suitable clothes for her new size, though she'd never forget how embarrassing that day was.

Estel sighed and simply tried to focus on the task at hand, avoiding the worries and pressures that were building up on her mind AND body. At least her clothes were made with stronger fabric, and she had only eaten the apple so far, so things could definitely have been way worse right now.

The general who was on the scene had sent a distress call halfway through her trip. She finally arrived on the scene, but it might have been too late... What they found was an open ladder that seemed to lead to the sewers, but was instead connected to an underground, reinforced base, almost like a bunker, with several big rooms. Most of them were messy, having broken glass, toppled furniture, and a lot more of those star containers all over the floor. She was definitely getting closer. She carefully walked through the rooms, always on

guard, unsure about what backhand tactics this guy could use. However, she'd be drawn towards a specific room, as she heard a voice calling for help. A voice she recognized. "Can't...get up...Estel? Is that you...?" It seemed like she was recognized as well. It sounded like the general who sent the distress call, but she sounded weak, winded, breathing heavily... The door to the small room she was stuck in was locked. It was probably a storage room. Estel had no idea how her colleague had gotten in there, but she had to help, so, not having time to search for a key or for lockpicking, as she didn't know the state the woman was in, she sounded a warning. "Get away from the door, I'm barging in!" The general confirmed that she wasn't at the door, and so Estel hit a mean flying kick on the door, leaving her boot marked on the steel, and knocking the door down. Her fierce expression turned into one of shock and awe as she saw well, said 'state' that the strong but beautiful red headed general was in.

Oh goodness, was this really that freak's plan? He couldn't defeat anyone so he would just incapacitate them like... like this? Was this really just the way that the corrupted star energy worked, or was this some wild, lewd *modus operandi* this guy just happened to follow? "Laura, what the...what the hell happened?" Estel didn't know how to react to the bloated mess that Laura had become.

Laura was laid down across the floor, shoulders against the wall behind her, arms splayed out to each side, hands open, legs slightly apart too, just a position of overall defeat. Said arms and legs were thicker for sure, but what stood out the most was the gigantic belly facing the ceiling that covered a lot of Laura's body. The distance between her arms and her torso was filled by that humongous, round gut, and her thighs and knees were out of view, as her belly was on top of them. Her breasts, barely bigger, were pushed up towards her chin and if she wasn't half sat-up with her shoulders to the wall, they'd probably cover her face. All of this because of how much presence that colossal, soft mountain of a gut had become. It was hard for Estel to react to someone with a body as big as this, and with that particular shape too, but seeing Laura in this condition was what really drove home the point that she was very deep in a rabbit hole of madness that was more than just an investigation into a corrupt cop who wanted power.

This is the third girl from the special forces that had grown in some way. The first one, having that gigantic, wobbly booty that served as a personal couch if it weren't so unwieldy. The second, having wardrobe malfunctions due to sudden expansion in the chest department, her breasts going up and beyond macromastia levels in such a short period of time. Finally, the third, having most of the expansion be directed to the belly that immobilized her body almost completely, and clearly made her unable to stand up, let alone fight. She was likely the heaviest of the three and most affected. Heavier than any big man of the fire breathing group of thugs that roamed the streets a year before.

Estel asked what had happened, and of course, as expected, Laura had a confrontation with the cause of all this, the one using all this negative energy to get people out of his way. He's been successful so far, so much so that Laura let out a chuckle that felt devoid of any emotion but humiliation and dejection. "I don't know what we can do to stop him. At this rate, we already have so much chaos just in our own department. We were too reckless in approaching this issue and look at us now... Sigh... We're lost." Estel set eyes on Laura with a serious, rough expression, even more fierce than usual. "Where is this guy? Is he still in

this...bunker place?" She asked, and the bloated girl simply responded he might be here indeed... but before Estel could leave to search for him, she made an ominous question. "Aren't you feeling a little bloated too, Estel?" The blonde amazonian woman did not answer, a bit of sweat running down the side of her face towards her neck, as she broke eye contact and stood up, turning away. "Mm..." Laura understood this as a 'yes', and didn't say any more words. Despite the tightness of her own vest and clothes, Estel felt like she was the last person who could defeat this strange man once and for all.

She left Laura laying there, wandering through some broken rooms before stumbling across one with a figure, seemingly planning a weapon that shared similarities with the star energy containers, but this one was shaped more like a rocket or missile, could it be ammunition for a devastating weapon that he'd unleash after the culmination of this takeover of the police?

"You! Identify yourself!" Estel yelled at him, who turned with his hands raised up, as if to signal surrender, but a wicked grin was already on his face. It wasn't going to be that easy. Yet, Estel only felt more determination. Like a fire that was burning inside her, one different from the hotness she was feeling from the increased amount of curves in such a tight outfit...

"Haha...I don't think I need to. You'll end up just like the others, and then you'll...!!" As he lowered his arms to reach for a police baton (that he probably stole from Laura), he had to stop mid-sentence to dodge a powerful flying kick from Estel, that hit the wall behind him so hard that it left a boot mark on it. He then throws a bunch of vials down on the floor, that seem to be poison. Estel jumps to avoid the puddles, but they were more of a distraction as he hits her mid air with a wave of dark energy that seems to even stick around to her body. It felt like she was surrounded by a high gravity-like force similar to TV static. This effect only lasted a few seconds, but it was enough for her body to start feeling different again. Her body felt weaker, because that wave definitely caused leftover fatigue and pain. Though at the same time, she also felt...bigger, and this was noted by the slow tearing on the sides of her pants, revealing the tan colored thighs of the tall woman, jiggling with every step she took. Her body was quite literally churning audibly with fat, her ass threatening to burst out of her clothes next. Her vest felt much more uncomfortable, and Estel had to take it off - letting her overgrown watermelon tits bounce more freely without such a heavy constraint compressing them. Her dark shirt underneath was still holding on, but not for long. As she threw the vest directly at his face, he tried grabbing it but ended up just slapping it away, grimacing as he fired another one of those dark waves of energy that further infected her inner star power... though instead of trying to fight around these issues, Estel had a different strategy.

Perhaps the lack of adaptability, trying to dodge the inevitable growing and failing to control the bodies they were given were the main culprits in giving such (literally) heavy defeats to her colleagues on their fights against this common foe. Overwhelmed by their size, shocked by their expansion, unable to move around as well, they'd find themselves pinned by their body sooner rather than later, and he'd get away without as much as a bruise.

So what did Estel do? She did the exact opposite, almost 'embracing' the expansion and trying to use it in her favor. Her height and muscle mass were certainly beneficial traits that conferred her an advantage in dealing with this sudden increase in body fat. Even if said muscles were now not visible, as her arms, legs and even abs seemed much softer, all that

had happened was a layer of plush fat had deposited over her muscles. They were still there, just hidden away, underneath the chub. Just like with the other girls, the damage to her arms was small and her face stayed the same, but her legs were certainly thickening. That could be a problem for a woman who liked kicking her opponents down, but maybe the extra mass could confer some more strength to her kicks? Or at least compensate for the lack of momentum.

“Ready to give in?! You’re just like the others, I expected more from you!” He’d ask, before getting a very much improvised answer in the form of an uppercut to the chin... well, sort of! Estel’s tits had finally pushed beyond the limits of her undershirt and exploded its front into shreds, bursting out from it, bouncing wildly. Instead of giving in like he asked, she instead yelled and swung her tits right against his chin, their size made sure he got hit and fell down, stunned. While Estel obviously didn’t like that she had to use a move like that, it still proved effective, as despite their jiggly, sloshing softness, they were VERY heavy, imagine getting hit in the face by a huge sand bag. Except these were TWO massive milkbags smashing against his chin simultaneously. They didn’t even look like they were done growing, Estel using her left arm to try to hold this armful of boobage, though they were spilling over and under her arm, becoming too voluminous to contain once again.

She couldn’t afford to slow down though, not while he was still standing back up after her breast attack. The now hourglass shaped, very voluptuous amazonian woman was ready to risk it all, and decided to use her star move - it might cause even more growth, but it would be a necessary gamble to make. “You’re finished - calling in support!” Estel exclaimed and used her star move, a huge barrage of blue rocket like meteors of flaming energy being blasted against the walls and floor right where he was standing. He had to recover quickly to dodge, but the area of effect was too big, and he still got caught, rolling on the floor and collapsing momentarily, struggling to stand up. He didn’t think he had lost yet though, as Estel was now undergoing quite a heavy load of growth - further accelerated by the fact she had to snap up one of those healing chicken and eat it, to heal up all the weakness and damage caused by his attacks earlier. Yet another gamble, as her body started churning once again, vibrating even the half broken walls of the room, threatening to make it collapse from the sound of the multiplying fat cells alone! This time, it wasn’t just the usual tits and ass getting bigger for her, but her belly, that was a bit chubby, started expanding faster than the rest - most likely due to the chicken she ate. It went from being covered by her enormous boobs to serving as a ‘platform’ for them to lay on, bulging out as far as they did. If Estel entered a room, surely her boobs and belly would be seen seconds before her head made it. Now she couldn’t hide anything with her chubby but still powerful arms, since reaching out, extending her arms as far as she could, wouldn’t be enough to even reach her nipples or navel with her hand, let alone cover them! It was becoming a bit hard to see in front of her without bending down. She had to be careful not to bend forward too much, or the shift in weight could make her fall on top of her titanic front weight. It’d be a soft landing, but it’d be very hard to stand back up from that kind of position. Plus, if she looked behind her, her vision wouldn’t be doing THAT much better, as the lower fourth of her field of view was covered by the bulging ass cheeks that paired up perfectly with her doorway destroyer hips, and extremely thick, tanky thighs that weren’t adept for kicking anymore, but could certainly still hold her weight. She felt like a dinosaur with how bulky and heavy she was now.

Estel must have had Laura and the other two beat in every department, boobs, belly and ass, it wouldn't be a silly guess to say she was at LEAST as heavy as those three colleagues combined, it was just hard to account for all the extra weight, especially due to her height. Wobbling, sloshing everywhere, Estel slowly made her way towards her enemy, he was hurt, not as cocky anymore, perhaps even hints of fear expressing on his face as the gigantic woman approached him. He couldn't even see her face! Only when he managed to stand back up with the help from the wall behind him was he actually capable of seeing her eyes, even if barely. The height difference wasn't the only explanation, she was taller, sure, but the sheer amount of bosom (and belly lifting it up) really got in the way. "What do you think you're doing?" She asked him, knowing she had him exactly where she wanted him... with no place to run, too weak to even dodge despite her being much slower than before, Estel simply charged, belly and boobs first against the wall, pinning him against it, locking him in place as no matter how much he tried to push her away, he'd never be able to power out of a predicament like this. Even if he was at full strength, he'd never be able to escape the crushing weight of her gigantic breasts and belly. His feet no longer touched the ground, as she was lifting him off it with that 'hold'.

If she wasn't so incredibly fat and soft, he'd be a goner. Her belly and boobs were plump enough to the point his hands would sink in, but instead of being flabby and blobby, her body was still bloated and firm enough to hold him in place. He got smashed against the wall so hard it cratered slightly behind him, despite being a bunker room wall... if it had been a boulder or a tank instead of Estel's fat body, he'd be in worse state than a pancake.

"Can you hear me? Yes. It's Estel. I got the guy. Not in the most...comfortable way, but he's captured. Yes, get here soon. Estel out." She had told her team that it was safe to get in. She really didn't want to be seen like this, but there was no other way... plus, the fact that it had happened not just to her, but to so many members of her squad, with various degrees of intensity, made her feel a bit better. The ones that'd enter the room and help Estel, some of them slightly bloated themselves, didn't even bat an eye at her size, as surprising as it was, they would probably be MORE shocked if she had faced this weird guy without having any side effects happen to her.

He couldn't even have used his powers, his arms were stuck, and even if he tried, there was a fat chance of it working in his favor, pun intended. The energy would likely focus on Estel again, and building up even more fat on her body would run the risk of her literally crushing him with even more weight. So he had to let his rage go, furiously getting taken away by the other officers as Estel stepped back to release the pressure she was putting on his body with her own. She had to do it with small steps, not because she was slower now, but to avoid falling backwards on her enormous, soft, jiggly dumptruck. Her ass was probably the unsung hero of this capture, as it served as an effective enough counterweight to her tits and ass, even if it wasn't as heavy as those other two bodily features of hers, the support it gave her body and center of gravity was just about enough.

The weapon he was building was also taken away and disarmed promptly, and Estel could exit the room. Without even noticing, she had wrecked the doorway with her curves - she didn't get stuck, and the doorway offered no resistance - she was just THAT much bigger than it. It just gave up and crumbled. Estel blushed a bit once she noticed, though no one could really see the tall, strongfat woman's face. She walked over to the room where Laura

still was, though she was now standing with the help of several colleagues. "You did it...I'm amazed, Estel." She said with a smile, before adding some very important information. "My husband, he's a monk who trained under Shiva...I'm going to ask him if he can purify the dark energies in all of our bodies. Though I won't promise anything, I hope he or another monk can do it." Estel's eyes lit up and she nodded. "Yeah, I hope so too...for all of our sakes."

Despite everything, Estel was still very proud of herself, for being able to adapt to the situation and fight off an opponent in such different, peculiar conditions. Admittedly, he was quite weak except for his strange powers, as he stood no chance in actual combat, but those powers were being effective enough to stop everyone he faced, until Estel was finally able to stop him.

While they waited to know if there was a chance to regain their old bodies by purification, Estel thought of all the other ways she could have used it in the fight. She could probably suffocate an enemy until they're unconscious quite easily, with either her tits, ass, or belly, or even a combination. Her legs were thick enough that if she managed to put those giant tree trunk strongfat thunder thighs to use, she could deliver some destructive kicks. After snapping out of those thoughts, Estel sighed deeply, her body having been (barely) covered by bedsheets, temporarily, as she'd need some custom tailored clothes to fit her body, unless they found a way to permanently get rid of all, or at least most, of this tainted star energy that made them fatten and expand so vastly. The usually serious woman then said to herself:

"Hmm... I think I have earned a promotion...one as big as this body, heh..."