

"Bitch, be careful with that dumptruck you're hauling, damn near knocked me out cold." Prism just barely dodged getting a faceful of latex-clad ass as she shouted at her oblivious assailant.

"Have to get her one of those backup beeper things, like the ones on actual dumptrucks...OH, wait, wait. I got it." Invisigal excitedly held her hands up to her mouth before letting out an annoyingly common jab. "*Beep beeeep beeeep*"

Invisigal let out a high-pitched beeping sound, mimicking the sound of a large truck in reverse; the rest of the Z-team laughed as she kept doing it. Every time Blonde Blazer moved about in the room, Invisigal made that annoying beep. Blazer felt the heat of embarrassment rush across her face, a blush creeping across her cheeks as she was made painfully self-conscious about her current weight. It wasn't out of the question for a person to stress eat in stressful situations, but Blazer had underestimated the effect it would have on her figure. Ever since the incident with Shroud, she'd been going full-throttle to manage the fallout. Villains were plaguing the city left and right; the remnants of his gang were using his uncontrolled tech to wreak havoc, and she dealt with that stress with trips to the buffet.

Said trips to the buffet had led to her gaining more than an unnoticeable amount of weight. In fact, the less than polite person would call her fat; Blonde Blazer was one of those people. She was always polite and professional to others, but she definitely had a bit of a mean streak when referring to herself. It wasn't untrue, though, as her gut was looking pretty hefty these days. She was glad that her uniform came with the necklace; otherwise she wouldn't have been able to cram the pillowy blob into spandex every day. It was a fluffy and oversized paunch that hung over her waist, sagging over her pelvis like a curtain. She'd gotten that little crescent curl that people got when the fat on their stomachs outpaced the actual size of their belly. There were two low-hanging sacs that wrapped around her waist and flopped over into pretty substantial lovehandles. Really, they were more of a spare tire, as only Golem could get a hand around them. The V design of her outfit only made her bulk more pronounced, as it perfectly highlighted the distension of her stomach. The contoured lines on her suit bulged out at all angles, making it look like she was a sack of potatoes crammed into a small sack.

Her outfit wasn't doing any favors for her ass either, as those pillowy bumps had bloated out into chair-filling mounds that left the room after she did. The blue leotard was doing less and less of a job to cover up her bouncing cheeks as they crept out around it. Jiggling and full cheeks of fat that looked like white-clad blobs of gelatin in her current suit; currently, they were doing their best to turn her leotard into a g-string. It didn't help that when combined with her hips, it made her look like some kind of ridiculous pear, making her wide enough to get caught in narrow doors. There were more than a few times where she'd accidentally knocked the door loose from the frame with an oblivious sway of her hips. Poor Robert was put in a hospital bed for a day after she backed up a bit too swiftly from a desk. He got a faceful of buns as hard as steel and almost got a black eye.

Shit. Maybe I do need to get a beeper.

Blazer curled her hand under her chin as she thought about it, becoming oblivious to the taunting of the Z-team. It wasn't until Sonar marched his way into the room that she was broken from her stupor; the half-bat was stumbling around the room like he couldn't see. In his confusion he bumped into her fatty funbags, being bounced away by the springy blobs. Having bigger tits was one thing she liked about the weight gain; going from apples to melons was certainly an upgrade, but they only added to her whole clumsy package.

"Can you **ugh** stop beeping. I can hear it all the way from upstairs." Sonar's voice sounded pained as he caught himself against the breakroom counter.

"You mean this beeping? **Beeeeeeeeeeep**" Invisigal smirked as she let out an even higher-pitched and louder beep, something that sounded almost robotic.

"Fuck! Yeah, stop. I'm walking blind here, pretty sure I bumped into a blow-up doll or something when I got in." Sonar grimaced, pulling his ears over themselves in an attempt to muffle Invisigal's noise.

Cough

Hack

"Fuck, shouldn't have done that. **Wheeze**" Invisigal began sputtering as her prolonged beep took a toll on her hampered lungs.

"Blow up doll? Only thing you touched was one of your boss's tits." Prism could barely contain her laughter as Sonar caught his bearings.

"Fuck, really? I'm sorry. But in my defense, those things have their own zoning permits...please don't fire me." Sonar stumbled over his words, realizing that calling your boss's tits huge might get you in trouble.

"It's...it's fine. Just don't do it again." Blazer paused, still trying to come to terms with the insults and her weight gain.

Beeeeep

Beeeeeeep

Beeeeeepp

"Fucking stop." Sonar's eyes twitched at another round of high-pitched beeps.

"That wasn't me; that was fatass's lunch." Invisigal smirked as she wrapped her arm over the back of the chair, staring Blazer in the eye.

"Yeah, sorry, just...let me squeeze by you." Blazer sheepishly walked to the microwave, reaching over Sonar.

The poor bat saw his life flash before his eyes as Blazer's massive gut came barreling into him, plastering him against the counter. He didn't know how something could be so soft and so hard at the same time, but it was. Her pillowy blob smothered him, nearly cracking his ribs as she grabbed her lunch from the microwave. It wouldn't be such a task if she didn't pile so many things in at once; she managed to fit fried chicken, macaroni and cheese, mashed potatoes, three slices of pizza, and a slice of lasagna on a single oversized plate. It was a surprise it even fit on a single plate without becoming mush and even more of one that it fit in the microwave, but she'd managed to do it. Pulling out her steaming hot meal, she freed Sonar from his belly prison, leaving him in a heap as he tried to catch his breath.

"And you wonder why you're getting fat. Girl, that's more food than I eat in a day on that plate." Prism had a particular cadence to her insults as she pointed at Blazer's choice of lunch.

"What? This? The powers give me a big metabolism; I have to eat a lot." Blazer knew that was a lie, but it was enough to throw them off as she hurried out of the break room.

"If that's a small meal, then I'd hate to be the buffet owner of the places she's been going to." Malevola gestured back to Blazer as she left the room. "What'd I miss?"

"Well, Visi over here was blinding me, and I accidentally touched Blazer boob." Sonar shook his head as he spoke, his words lazily trailing over themselves.

"Heh, nice...You sure it was Visi?" Malevola looked over to the table, seeing only Prism sitting there.

"You know she ducks out all the time; probably went off to go be a pain in someone else's ass." Prism spoke with enough emphasis that it made her multicolored bangs shake.

Blazer scurried out of the break room as quickly as she could without raising too much attention, holding her plate in two hands as she escorted it. The whole pile of food must have weighed as much as a toddler, but it was just so good; the fact that the buffet let her take home leftovers was insane. Prism wasn't wrong; her lunches were excessive, but she just couldn't resist so much free food. Only catching a few looks, she sequestered herself in her office, moving her paperwork out of the way so she could really enjoy things. Setting the plate down on

her desk, she made a quick rush to the door, double-checking the lock. With things secured, she could dig in.

Blazer's first target was the fried chicken, pulling the greasy meat from the bone, letting it fall against her lush lips with each bite. She hated to admit it, but not being on a diet was the best thing that could ever happen to her; all the foods she got to enjoy, all of the indulgence; if it didn't have such an effect on her waistline, she'd have started doing this earlier. There was a twinge of guilt every time she swallowed her greasy treat, like her inner thin girl was trying to remind her of Z-team's comments. Thinking of their jabs only made her bites more aggressive, more fervent. In the blink of an eye she was down a drumstick and moving to the side dishes. Stacking the pizza slices on top of each other, tearing off chunks of cheese-covered dough, picking up speed with each bite.

Biblibl

Blazer didn't care about it, but her gluttonous feast was having an effect on her stomach; the flood of fatty foods was upsetting her stomach. Her powers did many things to blunt the impact of her excess, but the one thing it didn't lessen was the gassy aftermath of her feasts. She's expected that she'd get used to it, but her stomach hadn't been playing along, so the end result of her feasts would always be the same. It would start with a light bubbling, a light percolation of gas that amplified with each bite. Gaseous fumes piled up inside her, pushing against the walls of her stomach and turning her soft midriff into a curving bloat. The folded pillows of fat rounded out, growing tighter as she shoveled food down her craw. Growing rounder and larger with each vapid bite, pushing against her plush thighs as she ate herself into a stupor.

Grooooo

She was at step two of her cycle, the point in the loop where her stomach started to become more vocal about its discontent. The inflating orb gyrated on her lap; the roiling fumes inside of her sent ripples down the surface of her stomach. Her gastric processes were enough to make them visible, making it look like she was actively sloshing her balloon of a gut. It crawled out onto her lap as she ate, filling with the next icon of her feast, the prized lasagna. It was a decadent slice of pasta she'd gotten from the buffet, coated in ricotta cheese, filled to bursting with beef and succulent tomatoes. A dish so rich that when she took her first bite it elicited another groan of protest from her stomach. Her slowly bloating pillow was looking oblong at this point, filled to the brim with her growing gas-baby and still growing. Her blubber had been pulled tight across her stomach, the flabby inches turning into supple slopes that led up to her abdomen. Her stomach quaked louder with each bite, pushing her closer to step three of her feasting cycle.

Rlggglglgl

"Fuck. That smarts a little." Blazer curled her lips in discomfort as she felt a palpable rumble form in her gut.

The pang of gas was making itself known; the pressure that had built up from her feast was finally ready to make its presence known. Blazer dropped her fork, letting it clatter on the plate as she braced against her stomach. She curled her knees into it as she strained her muscles, bearing down on her body with the particular type of force needed to unleash her payload. Her belly wobbled again, her fingers pressing into the blubbery expanse as she braced herself for the storm.

Fppbbbt

A moment of relief, a tiny trumpet of gas that broke from her voluminous backside.

Bbrraaaaapp

Another one, a bassy wind that reverberated off her leather chair and sent hot air crawling up her crack.

Frrpppt

This was the third step of her cycle, the constant and never-ending march of gas that erupted from her ass cheeks. Each one lessened the tension in her stomach, turning the taut gut slack, but it wouldn't end. Now that she was letting herself turn into a slovenly hog, she could continue to eat, and the cycle was on repeat now. It was eat, fart, belch, over and over, like some cow in human flesh. Blazer kept going, stuffing more down her face, piling big spoonfuls of the macaroni and cheese into her mouth. She was taking so much in that she wasn't even swallowing, just piling more into the mash that was already there. Blazer continued her gluttonous feast, going as hard as she could, oblivious to the fact that she had a visitor.

Invisigal had followed her into the office, sneaking in at the start of the feast to get some more ammo for her mockery. Seeing Blazer in a compromising position would really take the cake, but she never expected the girl to go full hog. She was unloading like a pig, her fat chin rolling against her neck as she bent close to the plate. Invisigal could see the occasional puff of Blazer's cheeks, like she was trying to belch, but swallowed it so she could shovel more down her craw. Courtney did her best not to laugh at her; watching her bloat up and then fart out all that gas was an image you'd never see from a paragon like Blonde Blazer; it was bad enough that she wanted to take out her phone and record. Instead, she just drank it in, watching the fallen hero pig out on more food than a person could eat in a day, farting up a storm.

Rrrrrpppppppppt

Fffbbbbbpppppppppt

Times like this made Invisigal glad she had to hold her breath to use her powers, as the room was getting incredibly hot and humid. All of Blazer's gas was fogging up her window, filling the place with a low-hanging haze. Courtney watched in amazement as Blazer scarfed down the whole feast, cramming the last of the pizza slices down her throat and chasing it with the remaining breasts of fried chicken. The gas pouring from her blubbery ass only got longer, stronger; Courtney could feel the breeze coming off Blazer's buns as she let it rip. Long and trumpeting farts that blew the curtains and ruffled her hair. It was amazing that nobody outside could hear it, this must be something she did every day, and not a single rumor had made it to her ears.

Rloouuuullll

Hooouurrrrrppp

Brupppp

Invisigal watched in amazement as Blazer fired off belches that could set off car alarms, loud and explosive gusts that rippled her lips. Her blue eyes widened as her cocked lips rippled from the force. She looked almost elastic as she belted out belch after belch, each one making her lips quiver and her jaw hang slack. The whole display was making Blazer look particularly unhinged, her mouth curled in a half-smile, her hands clenching her gut with a sensitive touch. A small splash of blush was starting to creep its way across her face, not from embarrassment, but from some growing arousal. Invisigal could feel the forceful wind pushing against her, making her muscles strain to even keep her crouched foothold. It was at that unfortunate time that she felt her lungs starting to burn, the familiar feeling of her breath running out. She cursed her asthma as sweat started to form on her brow; Blazer was busy being a hog, but there was no way she'd let a perfectly visible intruder escape her gaze. Invisigal just had to wait it out, wait for some opportunity.

Brrooooouuuppp

Ffffppppppbbbt

"Fuck, that feels better." Blazer let out another pair of raucous expulsions as she got up from her desk. "I'd light a match, but at this point, it'd probably just be setting off a bomb."

Invisigal watched as Blazer rounded the corner of her desk, her gas-filled stomach jutting out from her blubbery form like a balloon. It bobbed up and down like a buoy as she made her way to the window, the place Invisigal was hiding. Her corner office gave her perfect view of the parking lot and a bit more natural light than most, but for what she had planned, she didn't need it. Waddling over with all the grace of a parade float, Blazer leant in to close the blinds, having to bend over her own bloated stomach as she did. Invisigal was both lucky and unlucky, as Blazer hadn't noticed her being pressed into her stomach, but it also meant she had to bear the full

brunt of that mammoth gut. Her face was pushed into the wall, head completely smothered by the fatty blimp, the soft and cushioned exterior giving way to the tense middle beneath. It pushed against her, washing over her so completely that her head was enveloped; Invisigal felt herself being battered by the latex-clad bump as Blazer struggled over her own bulk to close the blinds. She had to adjust and readjust herself to twist the rod for the blinds, each adjustment only smacking Invisigal's head into the wall as the room darkened.

Glorp

Glunk

Biblblb

Courtney was forced to listen to all of the commotion going on in Blazer's gut, the heavy bubbling, the constant churning. She could hear the farts revving up in the fatasse's gut as she fiddled with the blinds. There was a mixture of gentle cooing and hollow bubbling, a chaotic culmination of noises that Invisigal could feel through the layer of blubber on Blazer's hanging curve. Though the experience was torturous, Invisigal managed to endure, her breath held out in spite of having dozens of pounds of food pressed into her. Seeing Blazer finally finish her task was only a short relief, as now she was stuck with those massive buns in her face.

She'd poked fun at Blazer's ass in the break room, but she'd never had to look it dead in the fat. Even with Blazer a gut's length away from the wall, those buns of lard were still uncomfortably close to her face. White-clad mounds that were each larger than Visi's head; hell, if she fell forward, she'd probably get trapped between them. They were gelatinous and soft blobs that would be more than a handful for anyone; if Robert was into big women, then he was hitting the jackpot with Blazer. She stood there for a moment, as if she were fixing something in her outfit; that's when Invisigal realized it. She'd been hearing that gas rev up in Blazer's gut and now the girl was hog was standing still.

Don't do it, just, fucking.....

Bbbrrrrppppffftttttt

Visi was hit facefirst with heated wind, her hair bristling as the ventilating fumes washed over her face. Even with her eyes closed, the warmth and force of it were still making them water. The blustering gale continued for a solid minute, the fumes invading and searing Invisigal's sinuses as they forced their way into her body. She wanted to hack and wheeze, choke out a gasp of air in an attempt to get rid of the taste as it passed from sinus to throat. Her salvation was that Blazer had started moving, walking her way over to the desk while keeping her back turned.

"Damn, glad I soundproofed this place. People are gonna think I'm keeping frogs in here." Blazer chuckled to herself as she pulled a thumb under her collar. "At least nobody can see in here, now..."

Blazer spoke to herself in a casual manner, like she was convincing herself the next step was the right thing to do. She ran her thumb under her collar, pulling it out to stretch the fabric as she reached around to the back. Lifting her blind hair, she reached under her cape and caught the zipper of her suit, pushing it down a little as it came undone. The suit slipped off surprisingly well for how much Blazer was crammed into it, falling from her body like a plastic glove. What Courtney didn't expect was for the room to get even more humid as Blazer undid her suit. Blazer's bulky body had been putting off a fair amount of heat, making her practically glisten with sweat as she slipped out of her suit. Pulling it all the way down to her bloated stomach, letting it fall over her swollen bump as she fought with the latex. Blazer wiggled her hips back and forth, letting the outfit hug her luscious backside as she did; it was like she was putting on a show.

Huuuuuuueeeh

Blazer stopped her tease, looking around to try and catch the source of the sudden noise. This was Visi's only chance to catch her breath; if she didn't now, then she'd never have a chance to. She only flashed into existence for a moment, and her gasp for air was only a small one, but it was enough to get Blazer suspicious. She turned around, staring at the source of the sound, looking at the place Visi had been standing with a leery eye. Her massive stomach swayed back and forth with the bulky load inside, sweat trickling down the surface of the blimp. She stood for a while longer, her body soaked in sweat from her heavy meal, steaming like a fresh dish. Invisigal managed to move, stay hidden and quiet enough that Blazer shrugged her suspicion off.

What she did next wasn't something she expected from Blazer, a little secret that she seemed to keep from everybody. Reaching down below her desk, flipping open one of the doors, there was a sudden blast of cold air. Blazer had a mini-fridge hidden under her desk, a mini-freezer, and it contained a special treat for her. It was a gallon of chocolate ice cream, a bucket of frozen dairy that was larger than Visi's head. Without losing a beat, Blazer cracked open the top, pulling an ice cream scoop from her drawer. Rolling the scoop along the top, Blazer formed an enormous scoop of ice cream that seemed too large for her mouth. She marveled at the scoop before forcing it past her lips, shaping the scoop with her tongue so she could fit it all in.

This bitch is still eating?

Visi couldn't help her shock as Blazer dropped scoop after scoop in her waiting maw, bits of chocolate drizzled down her bare breasts as she ate sloppily. Strands of cream mixed with her sweat, forming a viscous trail that dripped all the way down to her gut. Her eyes were rolled back in excitement as she piled more into her mouth. Her stomach billowed out with each bite,

gradually growing, bumping against the desk and pushing it away. The peachy surface rippled in the dark, the rivers of cream collecting in her folds as she stuffed herself. Every bite she took was another few inches on her waistline, her sloshing blob rolling like the ocean as the gas inside percolated.

Fppbbbtttt

Brrpppppttt

Pppbbbbbbbbffttt

She was like a hog, farting between each bite, letting out humid gas that fogged up the room and made it unbearable. The chugging AC did little to aid in the room's growing heat, as it struggled to filter out all of her gathered fumes. She spewed out enough methane to choke a cow, merrily humming to herself as she plowed through the creamy treat. Her stomach was engorged, swollen with gas to the point that she looked more than pregnant; she looked inflated. Her gas-filled gut was growing as large as a beach ball; every bite she took added more girth to the slicked surface of her abdomen.

Invisigal shuddered as the gas flowing from Blazer's cheeks squeaked against her chair, her sweaty ass brushing up and down the leather as she let them loose. Her plush thighs rubbed against the leather, each movement eliciting another squeak as the sweat dripped from her body. Steam and perspiration gathered around the sullied surface as she ground her ass against it, adjusting her seat when she had to let another fart out. Watching her eat like this felt wrong; this wasn't simple overeating, this felt like a kind of hedonism. Visi watched as Blazer packed the entire tub of ice cream away, letting the scoop clatter in the empty tub as she massaged her swollen stomach. Her blubbery curves jiggled as she ran her hands down it, testing the turgid expanse as she massaged out any loose pockets of gas.

Groooooulll

Fppbbbttt

Urglglglglg

Brraaaapppt

It was like watching an overfed animal be nursed back into health; the constant whining of her gut was followed by another raucous blast. It rumbled and gurgled like a fetid swamp; heavy bubbles of dairy-fueled gas popped in the sludge that rolled around inside of her. Even from a distance, Visi could hear the feculent bubbling of her overstuffed stomach, hear the churning of the contents. She'd had enough; she was going to leave.

Visi hoped to wait out the whole thing, but with Blazer as she was, there was no way this was going to be done anytime soon. Slowly, Invisigal tip-toed towards the door, doing her best not to let her footsteps be heard on the soft carpet. The darkness made it tough to see where she was going, and that was about to spell doom for the poor girl, as she found herself tripping over a loose cable. It wasn't a catastrophic fall, but the momentary flicker of power was enough to wake up Blazer's printer and snap her out of her post-binge stupor.

"Come out, now." Blazer stood up from her desk, lifting into the air like a great dirigible, her voice was level, but the tone was menacing.

Visi stayed still, hoping she could ride out the suspicion a little longer, but she didn't get a chance.

"That was your only warning." Blazer's eyes began to glow a gold as energy gathered in her clenched fist.

"Wait, wait. It's just me." Invisigal finally made her presence known, holding up her hands in surrender.

"Invisigal? How long have you been watching?" Blazer seemed shocked at Invisigal's presence, at least enough to give her pause.

"Oh, you know, just long enough to see you make a pig of yourself. That tub of ice cream rolling around in your fat blimp's probably not doing much for your figure." Visi smiled, her mind racing with a couple jokes. "You know, after today, we could probably call you the Blonde Brapper. Blonde fatass? Blonde Blimp?"

Invisigal kept rolling off insults, thinking of as many ways as she could to make fun of Blazer's weight and gluttony. What she didn't know is that Blazer was starting to reach her breaking point, and trying to think up her own way to get back at the pink-clad tomboy. Visi had been a thorn in her side since starting, but maybe Blazer had just found a way to remove that thorn.

"I think I can handle being the Blond Fatass, but only if you like being Invisiblimp." Blazer smiled a mischievous smile as she stared down at Visi.

"The fuck are you talking about...oh shit!" Invisigal stood dumbfounded for a moment before Blazer came at her like a comet.

She had just managed to duck Blazer's wrecking ball of a belly as it passed over head, the swaying blimp just grazing the top of her hair. Visi wasn't fast enough to dodge Blazer's real attack though, as she found herself coming face to face with bare ass. In a move so crass and unbecoming that Visi would have expected it from Z-team, Blazer planted her ass square on Visi's face. Forcing her to the ground with titanic force, Blazer ground her ass on Visi's face,

burying the brunette in increasingly humid expanses of ass. Blazer forced her down so hard that she felt Visi's lips touch against her asshole; that was the signal. The moment the seal was made, Blazer touched down, dropping it so low that she had to pull her thick thighs apart. Her massive trunks pushed into her calves as she spread herself wide, bracing her hands on her knees.

Grllllll

She could feel Visi shaking her head in refusal from under her ass, shouting some kind of muffled swear that shook her insides. Blazer bit her lip as her growling stomach rumbled, the growl from inside turning into a slight vibration as her lower hole twitched. Putting more of her weight down, pressing Visi's head into the carpet, Blazer braced herself to unleash hell.

Ppppprrrrrrbbbbbbtttttt

The first noxious onslaught was a trumpeting blast of gas that flooded Visi's body like she was a cartoon character. Her eyes went wide as her cheeks puffed out, filling with gallons of flowing methane. She couldn't control it; Blazer's ass was too strong to resist: the unerring flow forced its way down her throat, pushing its way into her stomach as Blazer cut loose. Visi's trim tummy began to swell, bubbling up with the gas flowing inside of her. Slowly rounding out into a little hill of flesh that poked out from the waistband of her leggings. The black lycra did well to highlight her growing curve, making it rise up like a black balloon on her torso. It grew with the thundering force of Blazer's fart as the hero's ripper trailed on for over a minute. Each second felt like torture, Visi's throat burned with the heat of Blazer's monstrous gas. Just when she felt ready to pass out, she found relief, Blazer had lifted her massive cheeks.

Hackk

Cough

Brrooooouuupp

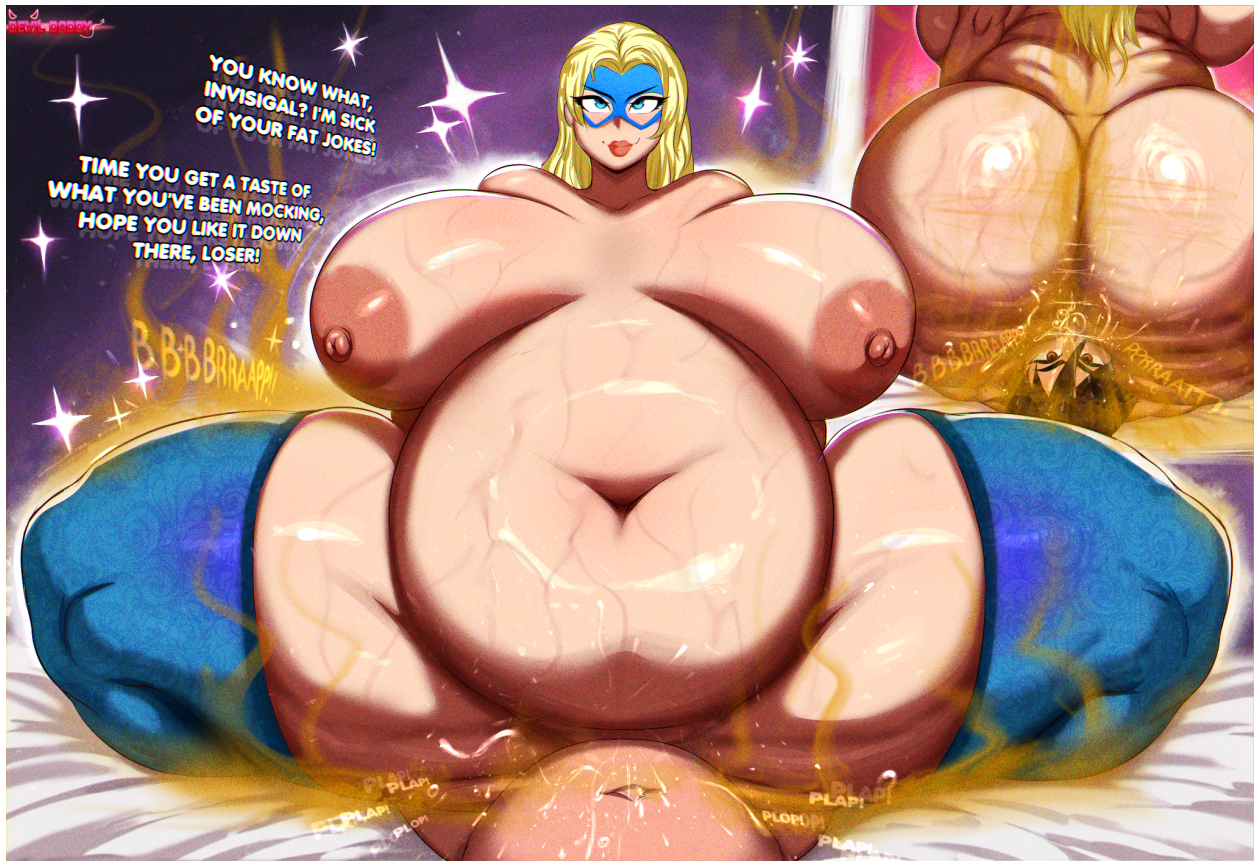
Visi choked and sputtered; each cough was filled with the backwash of Blazer's hot gas, she could feel it burning on the way out. Her invisibility flickered on and off with each sputter, her air being cut off by the rapid expulsion of gas as belches shook her body. She wasn't given much time to take a breather, as the moment she caught her breath, Blazer was down on her again. Her lips were pressed to that quivering patch of muscle, a firm seal created by the strength of Blazer's hole. Visi tried to fight against it, turning her head back and forth to free herself, but Blazer met those turns with greater force. She slammed harder, knocking Visi so hard into the floor that she thought she was going to lose consciousness. Then came the familiar twitch of muscle, the vacuous pressure of air.

Fffrrrrppppppppffftttt

Brrrrprprpppprr

Brrrrruuuuuuuuuutt

Visi wasn't given time to breathe or rest with this assault; Blazer slammed her hard with a mixture of rolling thunder. Fart after fart erupted from her ass, her chocolatey gas forcing its way down Visi's throat, bloating her stomach further with each expulsion. In a short time, she'd gone from a small bloat to a pregnant swell. It was a tanned balloon of flesh that grew larger with each explosive fart, stretching so high that it was in Blazer's reach. The rounding swell seeped over the edges of her frame, the heavy gas sagging down over her flanks as the balloon kept filling.



"Wow, look at you. You're really starting to blow up down there." Blazer smiled, placing her hands on Visi's growing stomach.

Biblbiblb

Fppppptttttt

The growing pressure in Visi's gut was a bit too much for her sensitive body to handle, and soon an eruption of gas came from her toned cheeks. The meaty buns clapped as torrents of gas escaped her gut in an embarrassing display. Her long-lasting outburst was making her tense stomach deflate, her gut becoming merely a temporary storage tank for Blazer's gas.

"Come on girl, squeeze those cheeks. We can't have you letting out all the good stuff." Blazer taunted Visi, giving her inflating stomach a little slap.

Blazer could feel another storm brewing in her gut, another hurricane of gas that was probably the last one she had cooking for the day. She looked at how much Visi's gut was swelling, watching the little brushes of red hue that traced the sides of her growing gut. She wondered if the girl could take much more, physically. Visi wasn't exactly a practiced glutton, so she didn't have the biggest capacity, it seemed. Watching her gut grow red from the strain of holding in all of that Blazer gas was certainly a sign that she was approaching her limit. By the time Invisigal had reached the size of a beach ball, with her gut pressing into Blazer's, that's when Blazer considered stopping, but then she remembered all the taunting. All of Visi's comments in the break room and the others behind her back, she deserved all that was coming to her.

Blazer stopped for a moment, pausing to really ruminate on things. Would anyone notice if Invisigal vanished? She was always pretty flakey, moving in and out without a second thought. Being invisible meant you could never really tell if she was actually there or not, and maybe that was the excuse? What would happen if she blew her to scraps? The question rolled around in Blazer's head as she thought back to all of the taunts that Visi had thrown at her, all of the trouble she'd caused during her time at Dispatch. Thinking back on it only gave her wicked thoughts as she decided to cut loose.

"You're looking pretty loose down there. What do you think about a little top-off?" Blazer teased Visi, running a finger over her swelling gut.

Mmpphhh

mmpphhh

Her desperate protests were muffled by layers upon layers of thick Blazer ass, her shouts reverberating against the gelatinous blobs. She couldn't take anymore; she felt ready to blow at a moment's notice: she was sure of it, another gout from Blazer's fat ass and her stomach would blow to smithereens. Visi's gut rumbled as Blazer traced her finger across it, testing the surface to see just how much she'd need to blow the blimp up.

"I'm glad you agree." Blazer smiled, her eyes glowing a wicked yellow as she gritted her teeth.

Hrrnnnnnggg

Rmbblbblbblb

Blazer's gut began to swell, inflating with storming gas as she forcefully made the fumes swirl about within her. Her own bump pressed into Visi's compressing the swell under a mountain of girth and almost burying it as Blazer forced herself. Her stomach shook from the pressure as she held it back, her asshole twitching against Visi's lips as she braced for the storm. She held for so long that she was worried she'd burst herself, but she knew she was made of sterner stuff. Bracing her hands against Visi's bubbling gut, feeling it deflate as farts ripped from her balloons ass; the time had come.

Fffffffppppppbbbbbbrrrrrrtttttttttt

Visi's cheeks bloated wide enough to look like a chipmunk's as a deluge of powerful wind flooded down her throat. Her already overpacked gut began to swell, inflating with Blazer's hurricane of gas. Just being at the brunt of that gale was like being pounded by a freight train, Visi could feel the floor cracking under her head as she was forced into it. Gallons upon gallons of dairy gas flooded down her throat, making it bulge as Blazer continued to cut loose. It flowed into her bloated stomach as the mammoth gut grew larger. Rising up on her torso like a blimp, it outpaced the scale of a beach ball and was pushing closer to a yoga ball. Visi could feel her stretching flesh brushing against Blazer's gut, pushing into the blubbery shelf as she vented her pressure.

Crkkkkkkk

That was her natural limit; now her skin was stretching, pushing past its own limits to try and make room for all of that Blazer gas. It was an endless onslaught, a never-ending blast of gas that made Blazer sweat. Her cheeks were going flush as trickles of pleasure escaped her lower lips, trickling down Visi's chin. The feeling of letting loose like this was turning Blazer on, making her feel something she'd hadn't in a while. She began to rock back and forth, smothering Visi in her twitching asshole as more gas poured from her backside. The poor blimp thought her neck was going to snap from how much force Blazer was grinding into her with. Small spurts of gas escaped her lips as Blazer broke and reformed the seal.

Grnnnnnn

Visi's blimp had grown large enough that it rose past Blazer's head, lifting above her like a great mountain. It was as wide as Visi was, probably wider, and still growing. The surface of Visi's stomach was changing, turning from a subtle tan to a peachy, red hue. Marks of strain were cropping up all over her torso as Blazer kept pumping gas down her throat.

Bbbbrrrrrfppppppptttt

Visi's ass erupted with a fierce gale, her pressure valve having been opened as her gut was reaching its limit. The massive globe was past its limit, stretched paper thin, so tight that a mere pin could pop it. There was nothing left of Visi, her mind had gone blank under the noxious assault; she lay limply on the floor, waiting for the inevitable.

Rmbllbllbllbb

"You are a resilient one, we should have scoped you out for stretching powers. But it's about time we finish this, my lunch break is almost over." Blazer gave Visi's gut an affectionate pat as it quaked.

Visi's gut was shaking as the storm inside of her scrambled for an exit; all of the fumes pouring down her throat were desperate for escape. No matter how much she farted, she couldn't compete with the sheer quantity Blazer was pumping down her throat. Her skin felt itchy, her nerves were firing at random in an attempt to keep her whole, but it wasn't enough. One of her abs snapped, and then the others did as well, setting off a domino reaction that consumed her whole torso. Her gut billowed out of control as her stomach popped, the flood of gas filling her skin as if it were a balloon. A blimp of tanned flesh rushed out, surrounding Blazer before it too reached its limit.

Blam

Visi's stomach exploded, raining down a shower of tan scraps over Blazer's body and splattering the room in a clear mucus. Nothing remained of Visi, save for her fluid-laden clothes and the sticky scraps of skin. Blazer had never popped anyone before, but she expected more blood and guts, less balloon.

"Well. That was exciting. A girl could get used to that." Blazer smiled to herself as she looked at the wreckage, a small hint of satisfaction creeping across her face.

Blazer vanished from Dispatch HQ that day, leaving the mess that was Visi to be found for the cleanup crew. There was a period of mourning, but soon rolled back into a new routine, it wasn't until months after that Blazer was found again, but not as Blazer. Villains had been bursting all across the city, crime rates had been plummeting as people reported a golden flash blazing into hideouts and letting loose some unholy fumes. Blazer had rid the city of crime, but also shed her identity. She wasn't Mandy or Blonde Blazer; she had fully embraced her slovenly lifestyle and become the Blonde burster. A massive blimp of fat that looked like an airship in the sky, and with enough gas to match. Nobody could escape the clutches of her oversized ass as she unleashed her hurricane of gas inside of them. The city trembled under her reign, but she only did it for the kicks. The first taste of popping someone had ignited her spark, and now she was chasing that high all over again.

