

Rllllll

Rooooouull

Grllll

The hospital floor was filled with the sounds of growling stomachs and uneasy bellies, their moaning howls echoing through the noisy center. The owners of said stomachs had just spent the past ten hours on an all-you-can-eat snack tour, hitting up all the trendiest cafes. Said owners were Miki and Himiko, a couple of overstuffed gyaru that had dedicated their entire lives to overeating and then eating some more. They had both been friends since their middle school days and would always spur each other on in their little eating competitions, which is why they were both as big as balloons.

Miki was the taller and larger of the two, her bouffant blonde hair done into loose curls that rested on her shoulders. Her hazel eyes were hidden under near an inch of makeup and spray tan; long lashes and glittering blush only hide those gemstones deeper. Not that many people had a chance to look at her face to admire them, as it was usually buried in some kind of snack or drink. Miki was a cow of a woman, fattened and plump to the rafters; her tits barely fit in her leopard print top, and her top had become a crop top around her massive boulder of a stomach. A pale and gelatinous mountain that seemed to be actively throbbing as she suckled down the soda in her sausage fingers. Her gelatinous backside barely fit in the jeans she was wearing and flowed into the back of her chair. Miki was a vapid glutton who ate for the sheer love of it, food was her hobby, her passion and her life.

Right next to her, in an equally tight chair and top, was Himiko, Miki's partner in crime. Sporting puffy pink hair and eyeliner so bright that she looked like a makeup store had exploded on someone's face. She was equally as fat, equally as dumb; with tits that looked more at home on a blow-up doll and a gut that flowed out to her knees, she was a real heifer. She'd at least taken the care to tan her stomach so when she busted out of her frilly, pink tops, her gut would match the rest of her look. Even then, smears of makeup ran across her turgid stomach, as it throbbed as unhappily as Miki's did. The only difference her build had from Miki's was her ass; it was monstrously huge, she'd likely carry that chair with her when she left. Overflowing from the pink skirt she wore, her hips flared out into Miki's. She mindlessly snacked, shoveling more food into her aching stomach before she had an idea. Himiko was as gluttonous as Miki, but she didn't eat just for the love of eating. Eating made her feel large, getting fat made her feel larger, and she ate for that feeling of growth.

"Hey Miks, check this out." In a moment of true brilliance, Himiko had placed her chip back into her cleavage.

Without a second thought she arched her back, sticking out her sore belly and lifting her tits. Miki looked in wonderment as the bag tilted towards her mouth, nestling between her lips and tilting the chips down her craw.

“No way, let me try it.” Miki placed her soda into her cleavage, sipping mindlessly on the straw.

Sqwwwwkk

Just as the two had performed their magic trick, their doctor had walked in with their chart in hand. Reviewing the notes before looking at the both of them in confusion and disgust, this was Dr. Hanegawa, the belly doctor. She specialized in overzealous gluttons, specifically, those on the edge of bursting. It was an odd thing to specialize in, but the advent of the buffet war was making it more prevalent.

“Where did you two get snacks?! Give me those.” Hanegawa fumed, swiping their snacks before the pigs had a chance to react.

“What’s the big deal?” Himiko shouted back at the doctor.

“Aww, I was drinking that.” Miki began to pout as she looked at the absent spot where the soda had been sitting.

“You are both so fucking stupid; do you know how close you came to exploding back there?” The doctor slammed the snacks down on her desk, pointing angrily at the duo.

“No.” “How close?” They finished each other’s sentences like they were sharing the single brain cell between them.

“A couple inches away. Seriously. If you two had eaten another case of candy bars, you’d be painting the walls of my ER.” Hanegawa made a splattering motion as she lectured the two.

“Wait, we have money; we don’t need to paint your office to pay the bill.” Himiko had clearly missed the gravity of her doctor’s words

“Mmmmm, chocolate sounds good ” Miki was practically drooling at the thought of more candy.

“Wanna get a couple boxes on the way home?” Himiko was bouncing in her chair at the prospect.

“Hey! Focus, you two! This should be your wake-up call. If you keep eating like you do, you are going to explode! Pop like a balloon!” Hanegawa gripped her head in frustration.

“Oh.” Himiko looked down, like she was trying to process things.

“Take these papers; I recommend you go on a fasting diet, no food for two days. Let your bodies process some of those snacks you just had.” Hanegawa calmed down a bit, realizing her words were finally penetrating the fat.

“Two days is a lot.” Miki pouted in sadness.

“It’s what you need.” Hanegawa gave them a reassuring smile as she handed over the rest of the paperwork.

When the girls waddled out of her office, she was sure it was the last time she’d need to see them. A dietary plan had been perfectly outlined in her handout; it wouldn’t get them thin, but it would at least prevent a rupture. Unfortunately, her confidence was misplaced, as she had overlooked one important factor: neither girl read more than a hundred characters a day. So as they left the hospital, their minds began to wander.

Bulky bodies baked in the Japanese sun, sweat staining their outfits as they waited for the bus to come by. Their makeup smeared as the heat caused their overpacked stomachs to churn.

Ooouurrpp

Ruuuuuppp

Roulurlulr

“Two whole days?! That’s impossible!” Miki shouted in frustration as if the doctor’s words finally processed in her mind.

“It’s gonna be tough, but after that we’re fine.” Himiko placed a hand on Miki’s shoulder as the bus rolled up.

“Huh?” Miki took a step forward, the bus bowing drastically as she made her way on.

“She said after two days, we can eat as much as we want. Shove'n'Stuff is having its grand reopening in a few days, it will be perfect.” Himiko pulled out her phone as the bus nearly tipped over.

Himiko nodded enthusiastically as they both found their places on the bus, having to squeeze their rock-hard guts past the people in their seats. Their oceans of flab smushed the unobservant against the walls as they struggled to find a seat. Both of them were excited at the prospect of a buffet binge.

Wreeoooooooo

Wreeoooooooooooo

Sirens blared, and workers rushed towards the receiving bay doors, all hands were on deck for the information they'd just gotten from dispatch. Hanegawa's clinic was always filled with bombs about to blow, but these ones sounded particularly dangerous. The dangers dispatch informed them about were made real when the ambulances pulled up. Through the back windows they could see turgid balloons of flesh pressing into the glass. When the vehicles came to a halt, everyone swarmed the twin trucks that pulled in, workers gingerly opening the doors.

Hoooooooouurrrrrrppp

Uuurrrrrrrppp

Bbhhoouuuuorororrrrrppp

Crkkkkkk

Rmbblblbb

Grglgglg

Rrlrlrl

Just getting close to the doors put everyone on edge; the sounds coming from them were monstrous and worrying. Belches so forceful that the ambulance walls bubbled out the air filtering from the seams was hot and wet. A mixture of gurgles and groans resonated from inside the metal vessels as the workers opened the doors. Greeting them were a pair of women they had seen before, Himiko and Miki, both stuffed to the rafters. Sporting stomachs so large that they brushed the ceiling and touched the metal walls. Their once fluffy surface had been pulled tight and red, hard as rocks and fragile as glass. Just removing the girls would be a challenge of its own; even the hospital strongmen were needed in force. When working with behemoths on the frequent, it was prudent to have burly workers on hand, people whose only job was to carefully lift heavy things. Even they struggled to maneuver the girls; ten men and women who could deadlift a weight rack were needed for each one, gingerly wheeling them out of the ambulance. Himiko was the first out; her fat ass flowed over the sides of the gurney, her flanks having burst through her jeans. Carefully, with a feather touch, they brought her to the ground. They had miscalculated on the force needed, and the back of the gurney hit the ground with a force no greater than a pin falling to the ground.

"I don't feel shoo **uurp** good." Himiko's hands rubbed helplessly at the surface of her stomach.

Groooooonnn

Rmbblblblblbb

Crkkkkkkkk

Himiko's stomach turned red, pulsing out and throbbing like an angry heart. Her red stretch marks deepened, spreading out as her gut rose into the air.

Pop

Rnnnnnnnnnnnnnnr

"Hit the deck, she's gonna blow!" One of the workers signalled to the others, leaping to the pavement.

Everyone took cover as Himiko's swollen stomach vibrated, her navel popping out like a bubble atop her fat mound. Her entire stomach turned a deep crimson as it rose higher than the ambulance roof.

Brooooooooooooouuuuurrrrrrrrrrrrrpppppppppp

The loudest, nastiest belch escaped Himiko's lips. Freed gas erupted from her throat like a geyser, filling the air with a wet heat. The belch kept going, like she was some venting sewer grate. As the pent-up fumes escaped her lips, her belly began to shrink; the dangerous vibrations she had been emitting ceased. Her distended navel began to shrink until it receded back into her gut.

Bibblblblb

Rrkkkkkkkk

Strrrttccchhh

"Damn it, not her too." One of the workers moving Miki was struggling to get her safely off of the ambulance.

The shockwaves from Himiko's belch had shaken Miki's already upset stomach, causing her bloated hide to stretch while she was mid-move. Caught between the ambulance roof and doors, her bloated frame began to bubble. Not only was her gut inflating, but her fatty flanks seemed to be growing as well. Metal hugged her precarious tummy, the edges digging into her

hide as her skin started to redden. The receiving area was filled with the horrid sound of stretching skin and the creaking of metal.

Rllllllll

Uuuummbbbllblb

The ambulance started to shake as Miki's gut fought against the metal, her generous hips bowing out the metal of the doorway as her body reached an unhealthy stasis.

Hhrrroooouppp

Bbrruuuupp

Roouuupp

Roouuuuuurrrp

Like a machine gun, Miki let out belch after belch. A cavalcade of gastric emissions escaped her mouth as her gut started to shrink. Each burp was a little less tension in her form, a little less danger in her gut. When the assault was done, she was back to her previous precarious size.

The movers couldn't breathe a sigh of relief as both girls were still in a precarious state; a single prick or reckless turn and they were liable to explode. Workers ferried them through the hospital, moving swiftly and gingerly.

"Oooh, grape." Miki's eyes went wide as she stretched out a hand.

"No! Bad blimp!" One of the workers grabbed Miki's hand before it could reach her mouth.

Somehow, behind their backs, she had managed to grab a dixie cup of juice. A small thimbleful, but enough to set someone in her state off. They had just managed to avoid a mid-hall detonation as they listened for their room numbers. The halls had to be stripped ahead of them, sharp objects and pointy corners removed before the girls came in. Needles were never allowed in this wing of the hospital, but in their state, even a ballpoint pen could rupture them.

"Ohhh, my stomach is upset. Maybe this Alka-Seltzer will help." Himiko was about to pop to white tablets into her mouth.

"Nuh-uh, no way." One of the movers just barely managed to avert disaster.

Sticking her hand over Himiko's mouth to catch the tablets and pocket them, they did not need a sudsy mess in the room.

Hhooouurrrrrpppp

Grlglgglgl

Despite passing so many other patients in equally precarious situations, Miki and Himiko managed to be louder than all of them, their constant gurgles and belches drowning out all other noise. After a strenuous move, the girls were placed securely in their rooms, but the danger was far from over.

"Ooooooh, that...I feel bad." Miki's hands clenched as her face scrunched up in discomfort.

Rmbblbbblbb

Ooouurrrrrlllll

The trip down the halls had shaken the girls up a bit too much, and the gallons of soda they likely inhaled were not happy with them. Their stomachs had been rising in unison the entire traversal; by the time they were in the room, their mammoth bodies were touching the ceiling. Navels popped out and brushed the light enclosures, their stomachs red as a balloon.

"Everyone! Get hands on these guts and get the creams. We have a code black in room twelve!" one of the workers shouted over his walkie as Hanegawa walked in.

She barked orders, directing the nurses and staff like she was a general, stationing them at Himiko and Miki's flanks. Bathing their guts in relaxing creams that aided in elasticity, massaging the safest portions of their stomachs, working out the gas.

Burrrrrrrpp

Ooooooooouuuurrpp

Wrrrooooooooooooo

More belches exploded from the girls' lips as the staff did their best to get the girls stable. Working gas out of the solid mass of food, rubbing hands along their chest to facilitate better passage. It didn't seem to be working; something was trapped inside, something big was welling up inside of them. The deep stretch marks turned an angry red as the workers' hands were caught in the ridges. Their whole forms shuddered at the touch, groans and belches filled the air and the floor began to shake. Himiko and Miki were so massive that the throbbing

Shove n' Stuff, they said **shhrgrooulll ooourrrrpp** damnit. End of log. Emergency in bay five." Hanegawa clicked off her recorder as a horrendously wet gurgle echoed through the halls.

She bolted off, leaving Himiko and Miki to their own devices, almost unsupervised. Their bloated forms were still turgid, still tight, filled with fat so drastically compacted that it stretched their skin. While the substance itself may have been gelatinous and malleable, it was pulled so tight under their skin that there was no jiggle, not that anyone wanted to test it. The two bimbo bombs had managed to avoid a near-detonation, a mess of epic proportions, and it didn't even phase them. Once the pain was gone, they barely even registered how fragile of a state they were in; they were too occupied with their own hunger.

They lay in their beds like mountains of gluttony, the supports too shaky to put them at any elevation other than ground level; they lay on their backs like beached whales. So large that their stomachs nearly filled the bay, so large that their asses flowed over the retracted railings, brushing against the cold floor. Miki's overinflated tits hung down in her face, threatening to smother her if a nurse hadn't had the foresight to put a strip of tape across her bed. Every so often those massive mountains would shake from the angry growls of her own stomach or from an unnecessary bump from Himiko's ass. Both of them had been growing gradually as time passed, their stretched skin cracking the foundation of their spray tans and makeup. They had been left naked on the beds, only curtains to keep them decent as they sat impatiently.

"Aren't hospitals **huff** supposed to have food or something? God, I'm starving." Miki tried to rub her gut to soothe its ache, but her own blimped tits prevented her.

"I know; we should have gotten some of those juice cups at some point. Like, damn. What shitty service. Can't they **hooouurrrp** hear me wasting away in here?" Himiko rolled her eyes defiantly as her stomach growled.

Sppouulrrll

Blorp

Crkkkk

The sounds she mistook for hunger pains were the sounds of a stomach protesting, the sound of an organ on its last legs. Her belly's growls and howls fell on deaf ears, not only to herself, but to those outside. For her stomach's cries were not unique or special; both of them were merely a voice in the symphony of bubbling stomachs and rubbery creaks of the world around them. Everyone was in a state as dire as they were, kept apart by walls of reinforced plastic.

Ooourrrrpp

Bhurrraaapp

When their mouths weren't open for protest, they were forced open by the evacuating fumes within them. The fermenting digestion of their meals was finally starting to process; gasses percolated and coursed up their throats. There was simply not enough room to grow, the weight of the fat on their sternums pressed down into them. A position that was by design, Hanegawa knew that the weight of a patient's stomach was enough to force their gas out and keep them in some kind of equilibrium. That equilibrium would only last as long as the afflicted didn't eat anything, which was becoming harder with Miki. The girl had somehow found a cherry buried in her cleavage; the last round of stomach churns knocked it loose. A little red gem that slowly slid down her bloated chest, tumbling up the mountain of her neck fat and triple chins.

"Himiko. Himiko! I found a snack! Shake your tits! There might be something in there." Miki lapped her tongue against her lips, desperately trying to get that ruby morsel.

"I don't have tits. You know that." Himiko huffed angrily, crossing her arms over her smaller chest.

"Oh, right. Wanna split this cherry once I get it?" Miki was getting closer; the cherry was right at her lips.

"Sure." Himiko's anger turned to excitement at the prospect of a little morsel.

Just before the cherry could pass over the threshold of her lips, a nurse made her way into the room, folded sheets piled in her arms. She had the look of someone who hadn't slept in two days, but even she was prescient enough to know that putting a lit match in a powder keg was bad. She rushed across the room, dropping the sheets and putting her hand in front of Miki's mouth, catching the cherry just before it fell into the pits below. The bubbling gurgles and shifting air from Miki's gut tickled the back of her hand, the heat steaming it as Miki was vacantly licking for the cherry.

"Are you serious? I can't believe you butterballs still want to eat after what happened to you. Can't keep my eyes off you for a second." The nurse sighed as she unfolded the sheets.

"Aww, but I hungry." Miki pouted, flashing puppy-dog eyes at the unflinching nurse.

"I bet you are, but if we give you any food, you are literally going to explode." The nurse chided them as she flipped the sheets out. "Sorry about the whole, nude, thing. Didn't have anything big enough to fit you.

They fluttered over the girls like giant tarps, the nurse taking time to conceal each of them, struggling to get the makeshift gown over their looming stomachs. The sheets made them look like checkered hot air balloons, the periwinkle wraps just barely keeping them decent. With her job done, the nurse shuffled out of the room, rubbing her tired eyes.

"What a week. First these two blubber blimps and then the chili fiasco. And all that is on top of the buffet overdoses. We take in any more bloated guts and we're going to burst." The nurse muttered groggily to herself as she rounded the corner.

In her sleep-addle state, she had missed a key detail, a seemingly innocuous lump within the sheets she grabbed. Someone had stowed a cookie in them. It was a completely innocuous thing, a little wafer from a leftover banana pudding, a disc no bigger than an eye. As that disc rolled towards Miki's oblivious mouth, it was like a destructive missile, spiraling through her mountainous tits and settling just above her lips.

"Oh, sweet! A cookie!" Miki exclaimed so loudly that she managed to overcome the sounds of her own tumultuous body.

As if in slow motion, everything in the hospital came to a halt; doctors and nurses stopped to inspect their patients, seeing if it was one of them. Only a few recognized the voice, and they went running, bolting back around the corner in time to see Miki chewing happily, swallowing before anyone could stop her.

"That *uuurp* | *huuup* I feel...not good." Miki's satisfaction was cut short by a stream of belches and angry roils from her stomach.

Underneath her tarp, an earthquake was happening. Her overstuffed stomach was billowing out like crazy, rising higher and wider. Miki's fat-filled tits began to bounce against the tarp, growing outward as the blimps expanded.

Gloouuurrrllshh

Blloouuppprr

Ooourrrpp

Hhoouuuurrrrrpp

"Get that sheet off of her; we need to see what's going on!" One of the doctors shouted as the nurses fought with the sheet.

As it slid off, it revealed the bubbling blimp of flesh that Miki called a stomach; it writhed and undulated from the pressure inside. Something inside of her had snapped, her metabolism kicking into overdrive to process the lake of food within. It was too fast, too much; there was no way her body could handle such a strain. At an alarming rate, she puffed out; fat cells deep in her core began to bloat and grow, gorging themselves on stored energy. Her body's own survival technique was about to be its undoing: her stomach rose higher into the air, her overflowing hips brushed against Himiko's own.

"Are you **bruuuuuuup** touching my butt?" Miki still didn't realize how close she was to bursting.

She puffed out like she was hooked to a hose, growing in jolts as fat strained her already thin skin grew thinner. The uneven nature of her folds turned tight, her flanks curved, her thighs tightened. Every bit of her was turning taut and turgid as fat rushed into every nook and cranny. Her overflowing chins ballooned out into a single balloon of fat that made her look like a frog as her cheeks puffed out. The room filled with the chaotic sounds of her insides. Wet and sickly groans emanated from deep in her core, combined with the thundering quakes of her belches; the room was a disaster zone.

Rrreeeaaaaakkkk

Chrrrn

"I'm **urp** feeling kind of **oof** tight. Does anyone have an antacid?" Miki's voice was barely audible over the raging sound of her own stomach.

Grnnnnn

Rmbblbblblb

At the tip of Miki's navel, the place where her belly met tile, a tiny red spot appeared. A red spot that spread across her white stretch marks, dyeing those carved canyons an ominous crimson. Her body was overflowing; every inch of her was encroaching onto Himiko's side of the room. The slow-motion explosion of her growth kept them all frozen, unsure how to react; the best they could do was inch Himiko away from Miki's growing body. They desperately wanted to avoid two bombs going off in the same room, so they gingerly moved Himiko away, Miki's blubbery body pressing against their backs. They could feel the vibration in her skin, the tension in her surface; she was so close to popping that they didn't know what to do. They formed a wall around Himiko, hoping to shield her from the ensuing shockwave. Miki's gut punched through the ceiling tiles, breaching like a whale from the depths, pulsing like a throbbing heart. A single inch more and she'd blow, but then, she stopped.

The room went quiet; the guttural and angry groans of displeasure inside of her body stopped. Nobody knew what to do: Miki was like an overinflated parade balloon; a single misplaced breath could blow her to kingdom come. Like a guardian angel, Hanegawa descended upon the room, rushing in with a bottle full of lotion and an ultrasound machine.

"Idiot's not gonna last through the night at this rate." She muttered under her breath as she pulled her assistant into the room. "We need to double-time people. Rub the lotion on both of them and use the machines to break up big collections of fat."

Hanegawa got to work, working to push Miki back into a semblance of stability.

Another hour had passed, and a near crisis averted, Hanegawa had worked her magic to get Miki into a stable state. The overloaded blonde's gut had settled, shrinking down to a size below room-filling, and was now breathing normally. Her heaving gut rising and falling with her heavy breaths, each inhale brushed against the ceiling as a belch. She was a mammoth blob of a woman, but one that was no longer about to explode; her immense stomach was caked in layers of lotion that were absorbing into her skin. The tightness of imminent detonation had devolved into the pillowy softness of flab.

"Finally, we've got her stable. Just...keep an eye on the big one and apply these lotions every hour." Hanegawa breathed a sigh of relief, wiping sweat from her brow.

[Hanegawa to Ward Five. Code pink.]

"Skinny girl won a hotdog eating contest." Hanegawa mouthed the code to herself as she removed her gloves, leaving the girls to their devices.

The nurses were quick to follow, all rushing after Hanegawa to see a rare sight and avert a potential disaster. Skinny girls were always the biggest wildcards when it came to the belly clinic, as they could flip either way. While they rushed out, they had made the mistake of leaving the girls alone again. This time there were at least precautions; anything sharp had been removed from the room, they had been washed down, inspected for crumbs, and no food was allowed within ten feet of them. This left the girls fairly alone, kept company by each other and the bubbling of their own stomachs.

Miki was still absent-mindedly humming to herself, clumsily reciting a tune she'd heard on the radio. She was so pleasantly oblivious to the world around her that you'd wonder if she knew where she was. While Miki was pleasantly humming to herself, though, Himiko was fuming internally. Himiko had body image issues, but almost in reverse; she hated being the smallest in the room. Usually that wasn't an issue, as she was as big as a whale, but Miki still brought those feelings of inadequacy back. When it was just her tits, it was manageable; her jealousy could be kept in check. In their current situation, with Miki as big as a mountain and still growing, all of that venom was coming back. The venom was enough to blind her to her own body and the fact that it was growing as well.

The burgeoning blobs were bulging into each other's bodies, curling fat wrapping around itself like rolling dough. Belly folds merged with hip fat, and asses broke upon each other in jiggling waves. Vast stretches of their flesh mingled, their immense weight keeping them stationary as their bodies melded. Like all great forces, the larger one often enveloped the smaller one, and that's what was happening with Miki and Himiko. Miki's bulging body was

falling over itself, cascading around Miki's blimping stomach as she continued growing. Her heavy swell, meeting the soft plane of Himiko's gut and smothering it until it found her hard core.

Hoooouuuuurrrpp

Brruuuuupp

"Get off me, you cow. You're making me burp." Himiko raised a fatty arm, jabbing her nail into Miki's fat.

"Ow! Hey! That hurt! Careful; they said I'm in a *delicate situation*. Keep those sharp nails away." Miki yelped in pain before her own belch cut her off.

"That just means you're about to blow." Himiko jabbed again, pressing her nail into the closest fold of Himiko's fat.

"Huh? Do you want me to pop?" Miki looked distraught, as tears rolled down her flabby cheeks.

Brrooooouuuupp

Miki didn't answer, her own belch cutting her off as her body continued bulging out, but internally, she wondered if that's what she wanted. Himiko popping would make things so much easier; she'd be the largest there was; nobody could challenge her in size. With a devilish grin and total obliviousness to her own delicate state, she started to shake. Gyrating her hips with as much force as she could muster. Fat collided with fat as her heaving body bumped into Miki's.

Rlllllll

Buullblbl

Their bodies began to growl and complain at the sudden jostling motion, the digesting food in their stomachs bubbling from the motion. Gas was percolating within their swelling bodies, their metabolisms finally kicking in and loading their tight forms with fat, but they were low on room. Even if their stomachs were no longer fit to burst, their bodies were still in a precarious state.

"Stop it! That hurts!" Miki rubbed her side tenderly, or at least as much of it as she could reach.

Hoooouuurrrppp

"Not until you pop." Himiko growled between belches as she kept knocking her flank into Miki's.

Ruuuppp

Uuuuuooooorrrllp

"Why?" Miki got no answer, so she reciprocated, swinging her hip into Miki's.

"Bec***wooooougggh*** I'm tired of you always being bigger than me." Miki's powerful sway knocked gas loose, causing a low and guttural belch to interrupt her protest.

"I wasn't trying to." Miki was distraught as she felt Himiko's ass smash into her gut.

"And that's the problem! Being fat is easy for you!" Miki slammed her body again, trying to ignore the rising pressure in her stomach.

Fat bounced off of fat as their bodies started to billow and expand; Miki's clumsy thrusts were enough to knock Himiko back through sheer heft. Blobby bergs collided with each other as their fat bodies seeped over the beds. Himiko's small body began to billow as her overblown ass, the only part of her that was larger than Miki, began to expand. Waterfalls of taut skin crept over her bed and down onto the floor, tensing as the fat cells under her skin engorged. Sloshing and empty collections of blubber became like tight shelves under her skin, her meaty haunches pushing fruitlessly against Miki's bloating body. Miki was too large, too all-consuming; despite her growth, Himiko felt Miki's immense weight hammering down on her body. Her rising stomach tightened against the blossoming boulder, fat bubbling under her skin and piling on in quick fashion. More and more fat filled her form, pulling her skin taut and making the wrinkles and folds vanish. Cellulite craters filled, pocketed bulbs of fat bloomed under her arms, and her thighs were being forced apart. Her feet squeaked against the cold floor as fat forced them out, blubber filling her legs like they were a balloon. Her massive legs were each as large as tree trunks, massive columns of hardened adipose that barely jiggled as they filled.

Crkkkkk

Ooooouuurrrrrppoooouuurrrrrlllllp

Long and rolling belches echoed through the room and out into the hall, billowing the empty curtains around them as Himiko could feel her body start to creak. The surface of her skin taking on a reddish hue as her gut fought for space. Miki's billowing gut was more than enough to overshadow her, even with the added bulk. Her tight stomach was bowing under the growing blob as Miki's fat fell over Himiko like a blanket. This didn't stop Himiko from fighting, from agitating them both like the fizzy bombs that they were. Their insides started to bubble more furiously as her skin started to take on a rubbery sheen. A tight and unhealthy sheen that made her look like a balloon, just a balloon of fat.

Grnnnn

Biblbibb

Hhoooooooouuuuurroroooouuuuuupp

Miki's belch was far louder, far more furious than Himiko's; her tempestuous eructations blew the tables around them. Wheels skittered across linoleum as her gales blew down the halls; the lights around them dimmed as her massive stomach flowed into the ceiling lights. Her ass assisted, as the blubbery mounds blew out from beneath her, lifting her higher into the air. Miki didn't even need to move to try and pop Himiko; her sheer immensity was putting more strain on the insecure gyaru. Each impact of Himiko's thigh, each poke of her finger, only sent another wobbling avalanche onto the diminutive firebrand. Deep inside of her stomach, the bubbling was turning into a boil, the groaning of her body was becoming more evident as she struggled for room.

Crkkkkk

Rmbblblblbb

As their fat forms broke the curtain barrier of their room and seeped into the next, Himiko's body began to rumble. Shaking violently as the red hue on her gut began to stretch down her form. Her makeup was cracking from the size, revealing more bits of strained skin; streaks of angry pressure crept their way up her body as she strained to hold together. The pressure within and the pressure without were too much to handle. Her body was starting to bulge out, her fat stomach distorting under the added weight from Miki's body. Down below, the vast curves of her body were pressing into the floor, flowing like weighted balloons. Flesh rolled across the tile, crawling outward, pressing onto itself as Miki's body enveloped it. Himiko's world was darkness, blotted completely by Miki's body as she felt the weight fall on her stomach.

"You ***brrooooo***loated cow. Stop growing. I think my stomach is starting to hurt." Himiko was given her first instance of doubt.

Rruuuuuuuulllllll

Rmbblblblbb

Rooooooooooon

Himiko didn't realize it, but that feeling of pain was the last warning sign she was going to get of her own impending detonation. Her dulled nerves, ones deadened by years of excess and general low IQ, were suddenly firing. The pressure inside of her was too great; her belches were getting too strong, wailing like sirens as they rent her mouth open. Her fat cheeks rippled from the winds as her body began to quake, shaking violently enough that Miki could feel it. The angry red of her stomach spread all the way to her face as fat accumulated there. Chins were

melting into each other, bulging like pouches as her cheeks puffed out. Then, she grew too fat, and her mouth was sealed shut. Lips clamped by her fat cheeks, by her bulging chins, her head being angled further upwards as the pressure inside of her mounted. Gas swirled about her insides a final time before everything inside of her gave out.

Blooossshhh

Himiko ruptured, her over-taxed flesh splitting apart as the bubbling fat and digesting food contained within spilled out. It was a sequential rupture, her stomach exploding and sending the flood of food and gas across the room; then came the waves of bubbling fat that followed. Her breasts and ass exploded in an instant with a loud enough rupture to alert the nurses down the hall. The ones who were busy monitoring the wing as a whole, they rushed down the moment they heard the explosion. Their footsteps splashed through the wave of fat as they came upon the immense blob in the room.

"Call Hanegawa, tell her the situation!" one of the nurses shouted as she watched the towering blob in front of her.

Without a roommate to block her, Miki was bloating out of control; Himiko's explosive fate had only served to agitate her body further. Her stomach curled around the rims of the ceiling, punching through the loose tiles as her fat ass blimped underneath her. Flowing over the bed like two balloons, the soft expanse began to tighten as she filled the entire bay. Brushing into the walls, knocking down curtains and crashing down like an unstoppable avalanche.

Rooouurrrrl

Hhhuuuuuuooooooooorrggghg

Uuuuummbrrrrrlllll

As she bloated without support or restriction, her stomach began to churn, rumbling like a volcano about to erupt. Her insides bubbled, gas poured from her mouth, torrential belches ripped from her lips as she still hummed innocently. She hadn't realized that Himiko had popped; she believed she'd simply moved. The only thing she realized was that there was a bubble growing in her stomach, in her mind, a little bit of indigestion that wasn't going to cause any problems. That bubble was her stomach, and it was growing, rising higher and higher like a looming blimp. A mountain of pale flesh that was turning increasingly red, beginning to vibrate as the pressure inside of her rose. From the outside, it was impossible to tell which of her assets were which; they were all tight, blubber-laden balloons. The nurses stood frozen, looking for the lotion that Hanegawa had applied earlier, but it was buried. Then a nurse came in with Hanegawa on the phone.

"Run." Hanegawa's voice was stern, laced with a tinge of worry.

They left Miki to her endless expansion as her body rolled over itself, tight lumps that curled and fought each for room. Crowding her face as her belches suddenly petered out, her body was getting so compressed that her gas had been forced completely out of her.

"I...I feel funny." Miki let out a sheepish and tragically understated remark as she felt her own stomach lurch.

Kerblooooshhh

Miki's mammoth body exploded with a thundering force, her taut skin breaking like an overstretched balloon as a flood of fat and food washed into the halls. The snapping shockwave carried down the halls, sending just enough force to reach another perilous patient.

Kerpop

Splorttch

Fwoosh

Hanegawa could hear the chain reactions of explosions as they dominoed their way towards the front bays. Machines were blaring; everything was beeping and deafening as she could see splattered food flying from each bay.

"Thos stupid girls." She sighed in exasperation, realizing that Himiko and Miko had exploded.

The bloated gyarus had both exploded and likely taken the entire population of overstuffed women with them. An incident that would appear on the news and put the two in the history books as the dumbest blimps that had ever lived.