

In the world of professional heroes, changes happen; people have shifts in their quirks or develop new ways to use their quirks. To the more fame-driven of the heroes, such developments could be forced, done for notoriety over any utility in crime-fighting. That was where Mt. Lady found herself as she looked at her falling numbers in the popularity poll. She'd always strove to be the biggest thing in the hero world; it only made sense with her powers. How could anyone ignore a woman that was taller than a skyscraper? Especially a woman clad in a skin-tight body suit, but it was happening nonetheless. She had analytics set up, her manager feeding her all the live data in the hero polls. First was occupied by All Might; even after his retirement, he took number one, and she was content with that. The issue came with her current spot, which was 6th in the polls, falling just under Midnight, the old hag who thought she could show her up.

It was hard to separate herself from her hero identity; born Yu Takeyama, she was always striving to be loved and adored. So seeing herself fall so low filled her with an indignant anger, a frustration. Alone in her darkened apartment, the only light was the light of her tablet; she kept scrolling. She looked for any angle she could take, any way she could get a leg up, without stooping to straight-up porn like Midnight did. Yu was growing frustrated as she dove into the comments; not a single one was about her hero aptitude. In fact, most of them were just lusting over her body, drooling freaks who'd been part of her fan base since day one. It wasn't until she scrolled to a particularly unpleasant picture that an idea started to form.

The picture was one of her in an embarrassing moment, tripping over some car and coming down towards the camera ass first. The fact that someone captured that photo and lived to tell the tale was remarkable enough, but what caught her interest were the comments.

*[Anyone else kinda digging that dump truck?]*

*[Yeah, who knew she was packing that much cake?]*

*[I've seen her in person, she's got a whole factory back there. Wonder why I never noticed.]*

*[Prolly because everything else about her is so huge.]*

That comment thread was mostly people lusting after and talking about Yu's ass, but their comments gave her an idea. What if there was an untapped crowd of ass fans out there? People who would enjoy seeing her massive butt?

"Hmm, I wonder?" Yu mused to herself as she sat the tablet down and getting up from her sofa.

***Hnnnggggg***

She clenched her fists, straining her muscles like she was trying to flex, her body trembling from the effort.

***Strtttcchhh***

"Perfect" Mt. Lady grinned to herself as she felt a change on her backside.

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***Bewwooooo***

Sirens wailed across Musutafu as the police chased down a free-swinging villain, some spider-themed woman with a large tote in her hands. It was Stray Widow, a mid-level crook who focused on theft over grander schemes. The red hair that flowed behind her was her most distinguishing feature, as the rest of her was completely cloaked in costume. She sported a fairly petite frame, modest bust, narrow hips, and all of it was poured into a skin-tight brown suit. With the chitinous legs that sprang from her, she gripped along the sides of buildings, shooting webs to propel herself forward. Police were struggling to keep up with her; every swing was pulling her further and further out of range. Her compound eyes were taking in information quicker than they could react; every attempt to circumvent her with helicopters and other pro heroes was met with easy avoidance. Then they got the call, one that filled them with hope.

"EVERYONE CLEAR THE WAY! MT. LADY IS ON HER WAY." one of the cops shouted an order over the megaphone as the cars started to slow down.

"Mt. Lady? Please, I can see that giant coming from a mile away." Widow mused to herself as she rounded the next corner, swinging into a street.

Her eyes were fixed on the horizon; Mt. Lady was strong, but she was far from stealthy. You could hear her coming and feel the vibrations in the air when she walked; there was no way for her to sneak up. As Widow looked about, she missed the lone figure standing in the street, the white-clad hero ready to stop her. On her next swing, Widow came low to the ground, flying just over the street lamps to a mysteriously vacant street. Then she saw Mt. Lady standing with her back turned.

"Can you see this?" Mt. Lady snickered, flashing a smile before bending down.

She bent down to her feet, wrapping her arms around her hips and squeezing so hard it made her muscles tremble. Her plush ass began to vibrate, shaking for a moment as she strained her muscles; her whole body looked like it was flexing. Widow was ready for any sudden height changes; she knew it took a few moments for Mt. Lady to get to full height, and those moments would be enough for her to escape. Her focus on Mt. Lady's size blinded her to

what was happening down below. Mt. Lady's muscles were coiling like a spring, condensing tighter and tighter. Her fat turned rock hard before suddenly surging out.

### ***Sproing***

Like a set of airbags, Mt. Lady's ass shot out, ballooning in size until they became two massive walls of flesh. Widow collided with them head on, crashing into the pillowy mounds with enough force to knock her from the air. The springy flesh was soft as pudding, but tight like rubber, Widow sank into its folds with relative ease before being launched back at lightning speed. Her body tumbled over itself, skidding across the road and grinding across the asphalt as she came to a stop in front of an office building.

***Thud***

***Thud***

Widow was still woozy from the impact, her blurry eyes looking up to see two towering cheeks wobbling towards her.

"I think it's time we made you stay put." Mt. Lady taunted the criminal as she flaunted her deflated curves.

Mt. Lady's ass was enormous, but it was evident that the sudden surge in size was temporary; now she sat somewhere close to the size of a small car. Each cheek wrapped lovingly by her suit, outlined perfectly like the towering globes they were. Jiggling like pudding given flesh, rippling with each breath she took as she turned around. Before Mt. Lady could bring her ass down on the offending criminal, she felt a rumble in her stomach.

"Oooo. I knew that natto was bad." She held her stomach in discomfort as she rolled back onto her enormous ass.

***Bibblbbb***

Mt. Lady's stomach continued to rumble as she felt a pressure creep lower into her gut, crawling lower until it made her clench. Looking back over her enormous backside, she saw that she'd managed to trap Widow face-first in her enormous cheeks, her head buried so deep that it was pressed into her crack. She didn't want some bad beans to be the focal point of her big debut, but she didn't have much choice at this point.

***Hnnnggggg***

***Fpppbbbbbttttttt***

Widow's cheeks puffed as a torrent of morning gas forced its way down her throat; vapor flew out her sinuses as the gas kept pouring out from Mt. Lady's ass. The fart was loud and thundering, befitting her enormous size; Mt. Lady's gas kept flowing, a rolling minute-long ripper that poured into Widow's body. Her brown-clad stomach inflating as the gas forced its way into her, inflating her larger and larger, until her stomach was a massive ball of gas. Wobbling back and forth like a tan balloon, so tight you could pop it with a pin.

"That feels better. Sorry about that. How ya feeling?" Mt. Lady called down to the villain below her ass, letting it shrink down so she could answer.

***Plop***

***Bbrwwaaaaaaaappp***

The moment Mt. Lady removed her enormous ass from Widow's face, the beleaguered villain let out an involuntary belch. Her overfilled stomach deflated as the gas forced itself out of her, making her lips ripple.

"Sounds about right. Feels like I'm kicking a dead horse, but I think I'll need to cuff you." Mt. Lady grimaced as she pulled out the cuffs, attaching them to Widow's arms.

Mt. Lady put her hands on her hips as the cops showed up to take Widow away. As she talked with the police to explain what happened, she made sure to look around. She hoped that there were reporters around the scene, people that would have caught her good side and showcased her new powers. From the corner of her eyes, she could see a woman in a suit gussying herself up, getting ready for an interview. She looked to be from FATV, a trashy little station, but one that seemed to follow her everywhere. They barely waited for the police to leave before rushing towards Mt. Lady, camera on shoulder and mic in hand.

"Wow! It's Mt. Lady! We saw the whole thing. Would you mind taking a few minutes to do an interview with us?" The woman practically shoved the microphone in Mt. Lady's face as she begged for her interview.

"I can spare a few minutes. A pro hero like me is pretty busy, you know?" Mt. Lady gave a wink to the camera as she nodded.

"It's not on yet. But thanks!" The woman adjusted her tie as she motioned for the camera to start rolling. "This is Kitty Hawk, here live on the scene with everyone's favorite hero Mt. Lady, who just unveiled a new power! Would you mind telling us a little bit about it?"

"Of course, anything for the adoring public." Mt. Lady winked to the camera, flipping her blonde hair out of her face as she gave a flirty pose.

"I'm so happy to be the first one to hear about this. Tell me, how did you get a second quirk? Last I saw, gas expulsion wasn't something you specialized in and neither was body growth? Have you been holding out on us?" Kitty wiggled in place as she waited for Mt. Lady's response.

"Oh..well." Mt. Lady paused; she hadn't realized that they'd caught her little gas blast on air. "I didn't want to steal Midnight's thunder; knockout gas is about all she has going, but I've always been able to do it."

"I guess it would be rude to steal her gimmick. What about the whole...butt thing?" Kitty motioned towards Mt. Lady's backside.

"A little trick I'm working on, growing my parts to make it easier to fight crime. Giant fists to punch people." Mt. Lady looked pleased as punch as she motioned towards her ass.

The heavy lumps gradually began to inflate, growing from a bubble butt into hefty mounds of flesh. Rounded curves that blossomed from her hips like hills, sloping globes that expanded the longer she tensed. Growing into a handful of flesh that bloomed over her thighs into beach balls of wobbling flesh.

***ffrpppppttt***

She tensed a little too hard for her upset stomach, though, as a little tension was all it took for a light trumpet to escape her ass. The rolling fart was only intensified by the prodigious size of her ass.

"Amazing, we've got the real gas tank hero here." Kitty waved a hand in front of her face as she and the camera man wrapped up.

***Grrlrlrl***

As the interview ended and FATV left the scene, Mt. Lady was pleased as punch, ready to rush home and look at her popularity. Her excitement was undercut by light gurgling, something different than a simple upset stomach. It felt more substantial, but Mt. Lady paid it no heed, content that she'd managed to boost her numbers a little.

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Yu was back at home, draped in her most comfortable casual wear, drab sweatpants and a loose t-shirt. She'd been spending all of her time after her long day just scrolling; she wanted to see how her new powers were going over. She feverishly searched for the interview, looking for the video so she could gauge the comments below it. Her obsession with the comments and numbers had left her blind to the changes that had been happening throughout the day. She had

done a little bit of ass cushioning, a few more butt shots for the cameras, but her ass hadn't been fully deflating when she did. Each time she did her little airbag trick, her ass stayed a little bigger than it was when she first did it. Which led to her current situation, where her ass had become a cushioned chair for her to sit on, raising her a few inches off the seat as she scrolled through her tablet. The growth had extended to her thighs as well, making her spindly legs into luscious trunks. Each one was so round that you'd struggle to get both hands around it.

***brrpppppppppttttt***

She was somehow able to ignore all the farts that had been slipping out of her gigantic cheeks all day. Every time she did a rescue or was caught in a recording, she was ripping ass like crazy. At a certain point, it moved beyond a simple bad batch of natto; something was wrong with her quirk. She was too relaxed, too caught in her own hype cycle, to worry about a little upset stomach. Even when it rumbled beneath her grasp, she still focused on the comments on her most recent interview.

[Yoooo, that was wild. I don't think I've ever seen a hero inflate someone into a balloon like that.]

[I know, it's kinda hot, like...kinda crazy hot. Do you think she'll do that again?]

[Of course she will, that's her new signature move. All Might's got the Detroit Smash, well, she's got the Detroit ass.]

[Is that a pollution joke?]

The comments kept going about her gas, almost seeming disappointed by the fact she didn't inflate any of her other catches with her ass. It made her a bit worried that she was shifting her brand into something she didn't want it to be, but then she saw the numbers. She watched in real time as her congregated views surpassed Midnight, interactions went up, and she was getting way more headway. She watched the bars and numbers increase, her image surpassing Midnight's climbing higher until it settled at number three. Yu practically leapt out of her seat as she saw the numbers settle down. That was a placement she could only dream of, and all it took was a thick ass and some roaring gas.

"Wait, calm down, girl. You don't want this becoming your brand; you're the giant hero, not the fart hero." Yu calmed herself down as she got out of her chair, holding her temple in her hands. "Damn it, then why did I make that knockout gas comment? Should have just been honest about the natto."

Yu started pacing around her apartment, struggling over what to do about her new image as a gas bomb. Finally settling on trying to make a different part of her expand, maybe her breasts.

"Yeah, nobody's gonna remember a farting girl if she has huge tits." She smacked her hand down on her palm in excitement, running over to the mirror.

Still ignorant of her bloated backside, the gassy spheres attached above her thighs, she looked at herself in the mirror. Focused on her breasts, thinking busty thoughts, she started to strain. Tensing her muscles in an attempt to replicate the growth she'd attain earlier.

***Frrrtttttt***

She went bright red as all her focus did was force more gas from her backside, the rippling orbs undulating from the force of her trumpet. The gas wasn't the only thing to startle her, as her ass had expanded with the expulsion. Only a couple extra inches, but enough to make her notice. In fact, she was becoming painfully aware of her swollen backside, her creamy basketballs poking over the waist of her pants. Shining seas of cream-colored flesh that rippled with her breathing.

"Yeah, that wasn't it." Yu shook her head, trying to shake the gassy thoughts from her head.

***Hnnnngggg***

***Bbbppppppbbbbtttt***

All her focus did this time was force an even loud eruption from her backside, one fierce enough to make her whole body shake. Her gelatinous mounds seemed to billow out with her gas, expanding for every second the gale forced itself from her backside. It went from an oversized bubble butt to something beyond human; it looked like two lumps on her legs. Wobbling mounds that could easily eat a chair if she sat on it wrong.

"Nope, no. Done with that." Yu swung her hands out as she stopped tensing her body. "Maybe this is a tomorrow problem? Like I'll just shrink down and figure this out in the morning."

Yu did her best to think skinny thoughts, to try and slim down the way she did every day, but she was fighting a losing battle. Deep down, she didn't want to be smaller or be less gassy. All the fame and adulation she got from being a big-bootied gas balloon was infectious and addictive. It fulfilled a deep-seated desire, one that she didn't fully realize, so when she tried to shrink her ass, it refused. Instead, it began to rumble and undulate; pent-up fumes started to roil at her backside.

***Brrrrppppppbbbbfftttttt***

This roar of gas was louder than the last, forceful enough to make the seat of her pants pooch out like a tent. Her gray fabric tightening and digging into her crack as her backside billowed out. Curving into perfect spheres that strained the seams of her pants, wobbling with

her trumpeting blast. Waves of flesh crashed upon themselves until the trumpet finally died down and Yu was stuck with an ass that couldn't fit in a chair.

"That...is...a problem." Yu paused as she looked at her enormous ass and the papers her gas had sent flying across the room. "I should probably see someone, get this checked out."

Before Yu could fully formulate the thought, she saw a comment on one of her photos; it was Midnight.

[Are you serious? I could have been farting up a storm this whole time? Can't believe I tried to keep some dignity.]

Seeing that comment made it all worth it; getting under Midnight's skin like that was a real treat.

"Maybe I'll keep this going a little longer." Yu chuckled to herself as she waltzed over to the fridge.

***Ppbbbbtttttt***

***Bbrwwwpppppppp***

She didn't need restraint or manners anymore; she was about to begin her quest to become the gassiest hero in the city, and the first step was a beer.

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Mt. Lady didn't want to admit it, but she was getting turned on by her gas, she was starting to love the sheer force of it when she cut loose in public. Though she played the bashful idol in appearances, her internals craved those blustering bombs and craved the attention they got her. She'd been rocketing up the polls, closing the gap between third and second place. While it was still a wide gulf, she was getting closer; the times she appeared to fight a crime were almost completely dominated by her gassy antics. Each time she did, she left the scene a little larger than the last time, a little more bloated.

It seemed that every time she let her ass cut loose, it grew in size, like the combined effort and desire were inflating it. Either that, or the comments she saw online were true and farts were in fact stored in the ass. The times she brought in some fart-laden blimp she'd just taken down, she'd almost be as large as they were. Her massive, globular ass had gotten absurd in the preceding weeks, so large she couldn't fit on the sidewalk. Bloated orbs the size of weather balloons, crammed into a white suit that dug deep into her crack. Perfectly round, but also soft, curling over the ground as she walked and getting caught on cracks in the sidewalk. Everybody watched to see if her suit would tear away, but it never did; the cracks only sent her massive ass jiggling.

She wondered if her hero career was devolving into something far more shameful and objectifying. Mt. Lady could count on her hand the last time she rose to her full height, and that time was a disaster. The city had given her a warning for pollution because of it; the solitary time she'd become her namesake, her ass grew with her, staying proportionately large. With that increased girth came fierce winds, her gas being amplified by her immense size. A single burst of gas from her backside was enough to carve a line in the asphalt and peel paint from cars. So, internally, she deemed giant size to be a special occasion kind of power. Not that it impacted her brand at all, people couldn't get enough of her farting butt, no matter the size. Even today, she found herself doing things she'd never imagined she'd do.

"Come on, everyone, come see your two favorite ladies in one place." Mt. Lady wiggled her hips in place, using them to gesture to the hero planted between her cheeks.

"That's right, Mt. Lady and Midnight are doing a one-time collaboration. So...come watch the big balloon." Midnight sounded anything but enthusiastic about this little arrangement.

She had completely fallen off the popularity polls since Mt. Lady overshadowed not only her, but every sexy hero in the polls. Mt. Lady's ass was like a black hole, sucking in all of the fans it could and then shooting them out in one of her windy gusts. So, Midnight debased herself and decided to get a gut full of gas. As Mt. Lady played to the crowd, she could see the massive blimps lowering on her, the heavy weights enveloping her face. They were cushy at least, their soft curves wrapping around Midnight's head and drawing her close, drawing her into the epicenter.

"Looks like she's snug in there, everyone. So let's get a countdown!" Mt. Lady amped up the crowd as she shook her hips.

*"ONE!"*

***Bblblblblblbl***

*"TWO!"*

***Grlglgglglg***

*"THREE!"*

***Pppppppfffffbbbbbbbbbtttttppppfffttt***

Mt. Lady made sure to grind her hips into the ground as she let out the loudest fart anyone had ever heard; the gas flowed from her hole and into the receptacle between her cheeks. Midnight's cheeks puffed out, billowing like balloons as the powerful gust flowed down her throat, landing in her stomach. Her gut began to puff out, inflating with the long ripper as she bulged from those massive mounds like a bubble. Mt. Lady's bulging cheeks began to part,

warping around the growing curve of Midnight as she turned into a balloon. Almost completely spherical, her body bobbing on the pavement as the gas kept pouring in. The heat of it, the force of it, it was all so much that she knew why people were hot for this ass. That long blast must have lasted ten minutes, as Midnight had become an absolute blimp in that time. Her body was almost as large as one of Mt. Lady's cheeks, a tight and turgid orb. Hands flapped uselessly against her trembling body as she turned into a parade float of gas.

***Plop***

With an unceremonious shake, Mt. Lady dislodged Midnight from her ass, letting her roll down the sidewalk. Only the faintest traces of her gas still bubbled out of her rear, tiny trumpets that didn't register with the crowd's excitement. While everyone focused on Midnight and her gaseous belches, nobody noticed what had happened to Mt. Lady's ass. Those gelatinous mounds had grown, inflating like balloons as she passed gas. They gradually surged out, adding only a few inches to her mass, but inches add up. Mt. Lady looked back to her little guest, seeing her woozy from the gas put a smile on her face as she gauged the crowd's excitement.

"Let's hear it for her folks. What a trooper. Do you have anything to tell the crowd, Midnight?" Mt. Lady's question was laced with venom and a capricious tone; she got a certain satisfaction in seeing her rival that helplessly bloated.

***Bbwwwwoooourrrrrpp***

Midnight couldn't give any substantial answer; the best she could muster was an airy belch of Mt. Lady's own gas. Her cheeks puffing out before the gales erupted from her lips and making them ripple from the force. Her eyes rolled back in her head as her orb-body started to roll away. Her body suit sat tight on her curves as her assistants slowly rolled her away, the crowd taking the chance to get more photos.

While Mt. Lady celebrated her little publicity stunt, posing for the cameras, letting out excited farts for the audio recordings, trouble was brewing downtown. Stray Widow had just broken out of jail, managing to steal her suit and make way for Mt. Lady's location. Ever since the botched heist, Widow had been trapped in the infirmary as a swollen blimp. So filled with farts that she couldn't move, constantly expelling gas in every waking moment. It made her the laughing stock of the prison and the biggest clown in the villain community. During her time in jail, she'd watched Mt. Lady's fame rise, fame built on her humiliation. The thought of it made her blood boil, and she could finally do something about it.

She crashed through the prison walls, breaking down the bars as she swung through the city. Mt. Lady would be easy to spot; the walking weather balloon stood out like a sore thumb, and she always showed her location. Widow swung through the streets, her webs stretching as they caught the edge of buildings, swinging her particularly low. She hadn't fully recovered from

Mt. Lady's attack and still sported a gas-filled gut that made her look pregnant, but it was enough for her to move around in.

***Ffrtttttt***

***Bbbppppppttt***

***Pppppffpppplltttt***

The only thing she hated was how gas sputtered out of her ass when her knees dug into her gut. Her suit was billowing, inflating with her own gas before it slipped from the cracks in great gusts. Like a clumsy balloon, she soared through the air, her chitinous legs aiding her turns as she blazed through the city. Buildings whizzed by with every turn she made until she saw her target, two large and swollen lumps sat idly on the sidewalk. Bumps as large as cars, big enough to hide Fatgum in, bumps that belonged to Mt. Lady. Widow furrowed her brow as she got in range, her spider legs launching her into the air before dropping down like a spear.

"Time to burst those balloons!" Widow shouted at the top of her lungs as her extra legs curled into a point.

"Who the **oooooffff**" Mt. Lady's cry was cut off by the sound of the wind being knocked out of her.

Widow's dagger-like legs had landed squarely on the top of Mt. Lady's oversized ass, the great blimp buckling under the weight. She sank lower and lower, coming down on that booty with the force of a meteor. Widow grinned, assuming she'd won, assuming her sneak attack was successful as Mt. Lady stood frozen. The bloated behemoth began to quiver, a loud rumbling coming from the core of her blimp of an ass, a rumbling that kept growing.

"Too bad for you, you're in my range." Mt. Lady snickered as she felt Widow's claws begin to lose force.

***Hnnnggggg***

***Bbrrrrroooooooooopppttttt***

***Fffppppppbbbbbbbbtttttttttttttttttt***

A hurricane of gas blew from her ass, a whipping gale that caught Widow in its blast before launching her away. Mt. Lady's ass was fine, more than fine; the great mounds were completely unscathed by Widow's attack. They simply jiggled on the rebound, knocking Widow away before she was caught by the bassy squall. She tumbled head over heels, careening towards the building behind her, her bloated gut smacking her in the face as she soared. She endured the blustering winds, orienting herself enough to get her legs in place, bracing for

impact. She plunged her claws into the building, sinking deep into the edifice and coming to a halt on her perch. Winds still blew against her as Mt. Lady's fart roared, the storming winds washing over her, weakening as the gas petered out.

"There's no way she has anything left in the tank; she just let loose inside of Midnight. It's the perfect time." Widow amped herself up for another attack, leaping as far and as fast as she could.

Coiled like a spring, she sailed into Mt. Lady's ass, her claws aiming for her head.

"Bit of a miscalculation there." Mt. Lady grinned as she clenched her jaw.

***Bawoong***

With little effort, Mt. Lady's ass sprang out, surging to a size that seemed impossible; in a mere fraction of a second, her ass went from a weather balloon to stadium-filling cheeks. Widow didn't get a chance to react as the great mountains formed around her; too confused to change her angle, she careened forward, lodging herself inside of Mt. Lady.

"Just in time for a show." Mt. Lady sneered as she continued straining.

***Frrrt***

***Bppppbbfftttt***

***Bbbbbbbrrraaaaaaaaaaft***

***Pppppppppppffffffffffbbbbbbppffffff***

Widow was right about Mt. Lady's tank being empty, but she could reload it pretty quickly; all it took was a little effort. A strain that started with a low-force gale that ramped up, getting louder and stronger the longer Mt. Lady flexed. She stressed so hard that she was getting red in the face, but she was being rewarded. Blast after blast flooded Widow's mouth, puffing her cheeks and making her eyes roll back in her head. Excess gas was being forced through her sinuses as her throat couldn't accommodate it all. She kept growing and growing, filling with Mt. Lady's farts until her body was as swollen as a balloon. Her bloated body parted Mt. Lady's mounds, growing round like a bubble as the torrents of gas kept coming. More and more, it was endless; it seared her brain, fried her senses.

"Huh? Is everyone getting shorter?" Mt. Lady opened her eyes for a moment, only to see the landscape shrinking before her.

***Brrrruuuoooppptttt***

**Fffffbbsbbbbb**

She couldn't control herself now; she couldn't stop farting after the stop valve had been broken, and she was facing the consequences. All around her, her ass was continuing to billow out; the soft mounds were growing out of control. Expanding around her like growing prisons, she wanted to believe it was Widow's own body doing the work, but as the bulk crept down to her thighs, she knew that was a lie. The vast expanses pressed into her from both sides, squeezing her shoulders and threatening to squeeze the life out of her. In a panic, she had started to grow, trying to outgrow her ass. The act was instinctual, without thought, but such a thoughtless act only created more problems. Her gas intensified, growing so loud that it cracked the ground beneath her. Her mountainous backside grew out while she grew up, breaking through the buildings and encroaching into the opposite block. She was far too large for the city at this point; with an ass that could be seen from the other side of town, she was practically immobile.

"This isn't going well." Mt. Lady muttered to herself as she looked about, staring at all the evacuating people.

**Bbrrrrroooooopppppppptttt**

A terrible foghorn rang out through the city as Mt. Lady's gas signaled its growth, an endless expulsion that was spewing more fumes than a factory. Her gelatinous cheeks shook from the motion, rippling like water as the outburst continued. She could feel something rumbling in her ass, the muscles twitching in an odd way that she couldn't put her finger on.

**Frrttttt**

**Pppppbbbtttt**

Then the long-winded fart ended, tapering down into two sputtering expulsions that clapped her ass. She could feel the meaty mounds vibrating around her, encircling her shoulders like giant cushions. Each of her clapping farts echoed across the landscape, shaking buildings from their foundation and toppling the less stable fixtures. Each one of her shorter bursts made her ass grow, made it expand like it was hooked to a pump. Surging out in great leaps that crashed through the city. Mt. Lady was getting further trapped by her own expanding ass, a feeling she didn't particularly enjoy. She could feel her skin getting thinner by the second; she was running out of room quickly. She didn't know how, but she needed to find a way to deflate. Looking around her, she saw her adoring fans, the way they looked at her with worry.

*Damn, they came here for a show, not to see their hero explode. What should I do?*

That's when it hit her; she didn't need to relax and let things happen, she needed to take control of the situation. She didn't have much she could control, but it was her gas and how much she could put out. With a cocky grin, she got down on her hands, bending forward so the

hillside she called an ass lifted into the air. Rubble fell from the vast cheeks as they lifted up, the occasional spurt of gas stopping as they started to tremble.

"Everyone get ready! I'm about to show you what it means to go Plus Ultra." She smiled a grand smile before she tensed her abdominal muscles.

Those who hadn't abandoned their hero looked on in awe as her ass rose into the air, the massive tankers of flesh looming over the city like great ships. They began to wobble and stretched, trembling as she tensed her body. There was a moment of silence as the gas petered out; sweat poured down Mt. Lady's brow as her fingers dug into the pavement below.

***Rmbblblbbblb***

The vibrations from her ass began to ripple through her form, shaking her being to the core. Tremors carried through her hands into the ground as she sank lower into the ground, falling into the caved-in tunnels below her. Between her massive cheeks, Widow was still coming to, dazed from the winds she inhaled, her bloated form still trapped in the tightening cheeks. She could barely see, barely hear, but one thing did break through her haze.

"Yellowstone Clap!" Mt. Lady made up her attack name on the spot, if you could call it an attack.

***Bbbbbbbffffrrrrrrppppppppppfffooooppppppprrt***

It was an eruption as loud as a volcano; the air rippled from the heat coming from her ass as she vented as much pressure as she could. A roaring fart sent shockwaves through the air, broke glass across the city, and knocked away people standing too close. It was a pounding rocket of gas that blew from her ass in a hurricane of gas. The winds were fierce enough to catch Stray Widow in their grasp. Gently and gradually dislodging the overlaid maiden from Mt. Lady's growling cheeks. The fart wasn't ending; it kept going, venting so much gas that it was parting the clouds above her. Temperatures rose over the island as her fumes punched into the atmosphere.

*Just...have to...hold on a little longer.*

The gas was more than she expected; the force of her ripper was pushing her into the ground, each second her booty belched vapor was another crack in the ground. She kept sinking, digging herself deeper into the pit that she'd braced in, her ass rumbling behind her like a volcano. Her abs were so tense that they burned; she felt ready to pass out, going red in the face as she gave herself a small pep talk.

"Plus....**ULTRA AAAA!**" she shouted at the top of her lungs, practically screaming as she broke some barrier inside of herself.

***Ffppppppppbbbbttttbbbrwooooooooooooooooooooooppppppppt***

She bit her lip in ecstasy as her eyes rolled back in her head, her grand fart cutting across the city in a massive boom. Her ass had broken the sound barrier with the force of her expulsion, but she had finally achieved her goal; she was shrinking. Whatever was preventing her from shrinking before had loosened and now was working in tandem with her gas. She couldn't tell if it was a mental block, but her drive to evacuate as much of her gas as possible was finally doing something. Now she was shrinking.

The moment Mt. Lady's mountains erupted, a third orb was seen emerging from her ass, a brown-clad blimp. Stray Widow was catching most of the wind, the farts so fierce that they ripped her mouth wide and forced the gales down her throat. Her ballooning body kept growing, growing large enough to overshadow Mt. Lady herself, but she was slipping. Fierce winds caught her blustering body like a sail and expelled her from Mt. Lady's ass like a loose balloon. Widow's own belches propelled her away, sending her far over the horizon as Mt. Lady continued to shrink.

It was going to take a while, but she was likely going to be alright.

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"Well, I can't believe you did it. You actually managed to fart so hard that they had to evacuate the city." Midnight rested atop the blubbery mounds of Mt. Lady's ass.

"Yeah, well...I can't believe you're still doing this for money." Mt. Lady was at a bit of a loss for a retort.

Since her little incident, Musutafu had to be evacuated; her heavy fumes had settled into the city, and it had been deemed a hazard. Widow was deemed financially responsible for the damages, since it was a villain attack, but she was unable to be found. The last anybody saw of her was a massive barge bobbing across the Pacific waves. Unfortunately for both Mt. Lady and Midnight, this meant they were out of work for the time being. So they had to do fan shoots for money.

"It pays the bills, so are you ready? The studio wants it to look like I'm pumping you up with this." Midnight held up a bike pump, letting the hose tangle down between Mt. Lady's cheeks.

"Just shove it in there and actually pump. I think I need loosened up from that breakfast today." Mt. Lady rubbed her stomach as Midnight took a dive.

In the months since the incident, Mt. Lady had managed to get some parts of her quirk under control. She couldn't make her ass shrink any smaller than the size of a pickup truck, but at least she could make sure it wouldn't get any bigger without her control. In truth, she was

starting to like having a big and gassy ass like this. She at least got a lot of leeway when she went to movies and never had to deal with crowded streets. The only major downside to such a massive backside was how sensitive it was; any little thing could set it off.

"Wait! Not that deep!" Mt. Lady tried to warn Midnight as she haphazardly shoved the hose into her hole, but it was too late.

***Fffrrrrrrrrrrllllllllllttttttt***

Gusting air blasted from her backside as she let out a bassy and rumbling fart, one so strong that it shook the building. Midnight hacked and sputtered as the crew around them backed away; this was the second time she'd done something like this.

"Cut! Cut! Take five and turn off the lights. Don't need another gas explosion." The director called a cut in frustration.

"Oops, sorry." Mt. Lady blushed as her ass kept venting fumes. "It should be over in a minute."

She didn't want to admit it, but she'd fallen in love with her gas; she loved the feeling of it roaring through her body and how much attention it demanded. It wasn't a replacement for the hero popularity polls, but it was a good substitute. One that she was going to have to get used to, as the cleanup of Musutafu was going to take a year at least.