The sirens blared across Metroville as another criminal had been apprehended; the villain Tsunami had tried to break into the First Nation for a quick buck. Luckily for the people of the city, Elastigirl was there to save them. In quick order she had dispatched Tsunami, sucking in her water and leaving the woman completely unarmed. With her powers under lock and key, all it took was a swift gut shove from Elastigirl, and Tsunami was out cold. As the police cuffed and wheeled her away, Elastigirl escaped to the rooftops, her overloaded gut sloshing in the air. Out of sight, she collapsed onto her gut like a crimson waterbed, the massive orb wobbling beneath her.

"I really need a break." Elastigirl sighed as she let the water drain from her mouth.

Helen Parr, one of the heroes from the golden days, was the only hero currently working in Metroville. This wasn't by choice; due to some uneasy public sentiment, nobody else was permitted to do any type of hero work. Normally there wouldn't be much of an issue; muggers and punks were pretty easy to deal with, but a rash of supervillains had been cropping up. She couldn't tell if it was bad timing, but every villain was taking this chance to resurface, and it was running her ragged. She desperately needed a night off: pulling out her wrist communicator, she dialed the only person who knew where she could have a good break.

"Hey hun, how's it going?" Bob Parr, Mr. Incredible, appeared on the screen of Helen's communicator.

"Exhausting, I just took in Tsunami, and I think I'm retaining water." Helen rolled her eyes as she prodded her sloshing stomach.

"I saw the report on the news. How much did she put out, like a couple gallons?" Bob's question was interrupted by the chaos happening behind him.

"Closer to a kiddie pool's worth. Anyways, you think you can take care of the kids tonight?" Helen looked down at her gut again; she felt a growing fondness for it.

"Sure, you working late?" Bob barely managed to catch Jackjack before he walked off the counter behind him.

"No, but I really, really need a break. What was that bar you and Lucius used to hang out at? Thinking of getting some drinks." Helen laughed at the scene happening behind Bob.

"Oh…ummm. It was the Mask and Cowl. Great place. I think it's still in business." Bob beamed as memories of the place came flooding back.

"Great. I'm gonna make my way there, after I deal with this thing. Don't stay up too late; I'm gonna be home later." Helen blew a small kiss as she and Bob exchanged goodbyes.

"This is just what I needed." Helen muttered sloppily to herself as she sloshed her body across the dance floor.

The only thing she'd managed to do tonight was replace one liquid in her gut with another, having swapped water for alcohol. Mask and Cowl was about as nice as Bob had described it; over the years, it had become more of a club than a bar, which meant there was a dance floor. It had been so long since Helen had cut loose that she wanted to really get the full experience. Faceless heroes crowded the floor around her, looking in awe at such a big-name hero breaking it down on the floor. Either that, or they were mesmerized by such a big-name hero being a bloated balloon in front of them.

Elastigirl had been drinking since she got there, downing enough hard liquor to fill a swimming pool, and it showed dramatically. Still in her red and black outfit from work, she stretched the limits of the rubber outfit she wore. Turgid and tight, her swollen stomach protruded from her midriff. Large as a beach ball and just as firm, her body audibly sloshed as she rocked her body across the dance floor. Each shake and step made her belly bob up and down, a molded balloon kept firm by her suit. Anyone caught in its path felt the heavy impact and the remarkable softness of her body; the first who caught her gut felt themselves sink into it before being launched away. Her heavy breasts sat atop her massive stomach, filled with a little runoff from her overindulgence; they had only gained a few extra inches, the same couldn't be said for her lower body.

Helen was already blessed in the booty department; it was the hidden gift from childbirth, but the alcohol had settled down there and given her quite the bod. Her hips were already sized for childbirth, and now she could comfortably fill a chair. Flared curves that brushed against her hands as she swung her arms. Bloated and full, her thighs brushed against each other as she danced, trunks too thick to get your arms around. Their surfaces curled over each other, indenting her flesh before springing back into shape. Resting at the top of those mighty legs was a bubble butt that would make a dancer jealous. Huge and pert, rounded to perfect, they sat like two red basketballs on her backside. Her suit was pulled so tight that the black of her costume had been devoured by her inflated cheeks. She squatted down, ready to throw it back like nobody's business, but she didn't expect there to be a figure behind her when she did.

A lithe, almost stick-like, cloaked figure had been walking up behind Helen; they were poised to share some mysterious information, but Helen's dance had caught them off guard. Immediately she was caught between those rubbery balloons, enveloped by their softness, yet kept in place by their ballooned tautness. The figure was like a stripper's pole between a dancer's booty, buried completely in the depths of those inflated cheeks. Helen could feel the figure grabbing a handful of her massive ass, feel her kneading the surface between her fingertips. It continued for a second before the figure stopped, composing themselves and leaning in to whisper in Helen's ear.

"I know your real identity, and I know you've been aching to cut loose. Follow me and I'll show you your limits." The whisper in Helen's ear was breathy and feminine.

"Yeah? Sure, but first you're gonna have to wait out this dance. You're a bit stuck in there." Helen looked back with a snicker.

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Helen finished her dance at the club, using her massive ass to floss the figure before following them to a car. It was a fancy limousine, just big enough to fit Helen in her currently inflated state. Her massive stomach bulged around the doorframe as she got in; she was just cognizant enough to know they were heading to the docks. It could be a trap, but she was more than capable enough to handle any problems that could arise, but that could be the alcohol talking. By the time they came to a stop, all of the alcohol in Helen's body had settled in her lower body, giving her a door-hugging lower body by the time she got out. The door pinched her overfilled hips and ass as she pulled herself from the door; her heavy pear of a body turning her steps into a waddle as she made her way to the warehouse.

It was dark inside of the warehouse; heavy shadows filled the interior, a long ray of moonlight illuminated the center of it. The ray formed a circle of light in the middle of the room, making it look like a stage. Too drunk to pay it much mind, Helen waddled her way towards the center, booze-laden legs sloshing like waterbeds as she approached the center. Upon reaching the center, the cloaked figure reappeared, closing the sliding warehouse doors behind them. With the doors closed and locked, they revealed themselves, pulling off the cloak to unveil long silver hair and a wafer-thin body in a black dress; it was Mirage. The platinum vixen that had lured them into a trap, but she looked different this time. Her demeanor was not cold and calculated as it was before; it was shaky and heated. Her face was pink with blush and her breathing heavy.

"Elastigirl. I've…I've always been your biggest fan." Mirage stuttered as she spoke, her hands reaching out before she leapt into a full dive.

Helen was far too drunk to care; Mirage didn't look like she was about to stab her, and that's about all the danger sense she could muster. It surprised her when Mirage locked lips with her, running her hands over Helen's bloated curves. Cupping the heaving blimps of her ass before moving up to her tits, kneading the rubber-clad skin like they were toys. Passionately kissing and groping Helen, a feeling that Helen reciprocated as the two shared a sloppy makeout.

"I love when you get big like this. I've fantasized about it." Mirage pulled away from the kiss to look Helen in the eyes.

"Yeah?" Helen wasn't that confused by the revelation; she had a lot of more interesting fans.

"Yes, and I want to see how big you can get." Mirage smiled feverishly before pulling Helen into another kiss.

Ppfffffssshhhhhhh

Mirage's cheeks puffed, and then Helen's air was pulled in through her nose and pushed down Helen's throat. Blowing hard like an air pump, Mirage forced air into Helen's body, blowing her up like a balloon. It started small at first: Helen's breasts took the brunt of the growth; her modest bust began to gradually inflate. Healthy apples that grew into oranges and then into bloated melons, their fleshy heft was replaced by an airy roundness. Her breasts practically turned spherical as Mirage pumped air into them, expanding them into airy basketballs. Mirage buried herself in Helen's cleavage, letting those growing tits wrap around her body and smother her. Orbs that squeaked under Mirage's grip as she wrapped her arms around them, cinching them between her elbows, a move that made Helen moan. Mirage used that moment to break away, taking another deep breath before locking lips with Helen.

Fwwwwwwooosssssssshhhh

Another heavy breath was forced down Helen's throat; wind puffed her cheeks as her stretching bust billowed out. Helen had never felt so elated at her own growth; a thing she thought was shameful had suddenly become alluring. The budding feelings after her encounter with Tsunami had turned into full-blown obsession. She wanted to see how big she could get, how big she could inflate, and it started with her gut. As Mirage's breaths rushed past her tits, she could feel her stomach begin to round, growing like a bubble on her torso. Helen's rounding stomach bumped into Mirage's torso, forcing her to straddle the growing balloon as Helen began to resemble a more motherly figure. Growing out, lifting Mirage's feather body with only her stomach, she inflated to ridiculous sizes. Helen was looking like an overblown blowup doll by the time Mirage stopped; her weary body collapsed on Helen's bust.

"I ***huff*** didn't expect to be so out of breath so soon. You are a tough girl." Mirage blushed as she looked Helen in the eyes, panting from exhaustion.

"Tougher than you know." Helen smirked, giving Mirage a peck on the cheeks as she enjoyed her inflated body.

"Luckily, I planned for this." Mirage slid off Helen's body, slinking around the corner.

For a moment, Helen was allowed to just stand there and appreciate her own size, drink in her own expansive form. She was large enough that every sensation was amplified; touching her breasts felt like ecstasy. Running a hand over her inflated gut was akin to foreplay, and kneading her ass felt like sex. Helen was panting as hard as Mirage by the time she reappeared, an air tank clinking against the ground as she approached. A thin hose squirted air in her hands as she reached between Helen's massive cheeks, pulling the mounds apart to find

the right spot. Sticking the hose in with gusto, Mirage wedged it deep inside of Helen before running over to the air tank. Twisting the knob and letting the air flow freely, immediately it had an effect; Helen's assets began to blimp.

The massive pear that was her lower body blimped outward, cheeks expanding like balloons as they rounded out. Perfectly taut and squeaking balloons, growing larger as the air flowed into them, red balloons of pressurized air. Billowing larger and larger, displacing the alcohol inside of her and flowing into her hips. The air puffed her up bigger, making her hips flare past her shoulders and her thighs burgeon, smooshing into each other like warring rubber. Mirage stood in wonder, watching the growth, her obsessive pleasure spurring her to go further: it wasn't fast enough. She needed Helen to grow more, grow faster; in a fugue, Mirage grabbed more hoses and hooked them to the tank. Pulling out the multiple leads and dragging them to Helen's body, only to realize the difficulty her suit added. Mirage had to wedge the leads deeply into her skin, pushing past the sealed rubber and into Helen's flesh.

Helen willingly accepted, too intoxicated by her own inflation; she took the first hose into her mouth. The second one went lower, piercing the seal of her lower lips and burying deep into her cooch. Muffled moans crept from Helen's mouth as pleasure seeped past the seal of the hose, moans that only intensified as Mirage worked. She dug deep into Helen's nipple, thumbing the skin wide and shoving the hose in before repeating with the other. Mirage's heart skipped a beat as she ran over to the air tank, twisting the knob open to full blast, letting all of the air rush into Helen.

Fffsssshhhhhhhh

There was a deafening rush of air as pressurized wind flowed into Helen's holes, inflating her assets larger. It was an explosive wave of growth, her body immediately shooting out in all directions. Her gut brushed against the floor, her backside ballooned into beach balls of flesh, and her tits surged out so dramatically that they pressed into her face. Helen's cheeks puffed as her eyes rolled back into her head; the sensation of growing large like that was better than anything she had ever felt. Pressure pushed against her insides, stimulating every nerve and tickling every sensitive bit. As air flowed into her system, the blossoming bubble that was her stomach started to billow outwards, encroaching upon the rest of her flesh. The swooping curve carried over to her flanks, rounding out her trunk and turning it into more of a bubble. Gradually it took over more of her body, forcing her feminine curves into a rounded shape that swallowed the rest of her body.

Growth started at her torso and continued lower, her hips and waist enlarging to accommodate the air and joining her stomach in its curvature. The swelling carried upward as well, the bubbling swell of her torso crawling towards her inflated breasts. Helen's body began to broaden, rounding out into a barreled chest that became balloon-like. Air continued pumping into her, filling her out more and more as she lost definition until she was a sphere. Burgeoning flesh consumed her feminine curves, flowing over them at a gradual tick. The emblem on her chest distorted, warping until the dot of the I became an oval. Helen wrung her hands in

pleasure, clenching her toes in and out as her stance widened to accommodate her burgeoning form. Air forced itself into her nooks and crannies, stretching her skin as it crawled lower.

Less and less of her legs were visible; her curved undercarriage sank lower, swallowing her limbs past the knees. Her body didn't stop, though; it kept going until her legs were nothing more than divots on her globular body. Balanced on her crotch as pumping winds carried upward, proliferating through her frame and trapping her arms as well. No more than useless flaps, her hands clapped against her ballooned skin, tapping the hollow surface with glee. Every rap, every tap filled the room with a hollow and rubbery note, something close to smacking an overfilled balloon. She was a balloon, a blimp in fact. As her body had been swallowing itself, her expansion had not stopped. She billowed out, larger and rounder; Helen's spherical surface encroached upon the surroundings like a wall. Growing larger and taller, she was soon double her previous size, a weather balloon of a woman and still going.

Mirage was fascinated; watching someone grow so large and so round was a fantasy of hers. She took a step closer, reaching a hand out to feel Helen's skin; she was tight, she was firm; when Mirage pressed into her, there was barely any yield: Helen was stretched close to her limit. Just standing in front of her was like being next to a mountain, a towering balloon that looked like it belonged in a parade. Mirage was so entranced by Helen's growth that she didn't notice she was lifting into the air. Unbeknownst to Mirage, she had grabbed a tank of helium, not air. With the lighter-than-air gas coursing into Helen's body, it began to overcome physics, lifting her looming form. Mirage was so distracted, so focused on Helen's form, that she didn't notice her lift until it was too late. Helen shot upwards, springing into the air and taking the tank with it as she continued inflating. Bouncing off of the warehouse ceiling, she smacked up and down, her expansive backside pressing into the rafters. There was an impossible amount of gas in that tank, more than should be possible; it kept hissing away, filling Helen with as much as she could handle and more.

Crkkkkkk

The warehouse echoed with a rubbery creak as Helen's body pressed into the ceiling rafters. She was as large as a hot air balloon, blotting out the moonlight like an eclipsing moon; she billowed out of control. Helen had a steamy grin on her face as the pressure scratched against her brain, her head being buried in a prison of her own flesh. The hose poking out of her mouth was the only indication that she was more than a wall of rubber. She was growing larger by the second; her flesh began to consume the warehouse around her, flowing out like a wave. Steel supports gripped her body, divoting her stretching skin and then being enveloped in a sea of red. Her looming body inflated out of control, growing and growing, descending lower from the sheer size.

Mirage did little to fight against the wave; she wanted to experience this once-in-a-lifetime feeling instead of fighting it. As Helen's burgeoning flesh cascaded downward, Mirage lay before it, letting it smother and consume her. Immense pressure weighed down on her body; rubber sealed her to the floor and overshadowed her body completely. Helen's

billowing body consumed her, smothered her in tensing flesh that flowed around her lithe frame. To be so entirely enveloped, to have every inch compressed from all angles, it was like sex ; her nerves were alight with sensation as she tried to reach between her legs, but it was impossible. The only thing she could do was arch her back, pressing her pelvis against Helen's expansive form.

Grnnnnn

A low groan emanated from within Helen's core, a sound akin to a settling ship, the sound of strain. That groan was echoed by the warehouse around them as Helen's body pressed into the walls, straining against the structure. Helen's inflating body filled the ridges in the metal, pressed into the corners of the room; nothing was left that wasn't her. She grew until there was nowhere left to grow, and her body began to tremble. Her taxed skin strained against the atmospheres of pressure within, fighting to hold together against the overwhelming force.

Ooooooohhhh

As Helen's body trembled, muffled moans of pleasure rang out over the creaking of her own body. A concert of pleasured moans that came from pursed lips, moans blocked by the hose she refused to spit from her mouth. Her world had gone dark, her vision consumed by her own form as her head sank lower into her body. The airy pressure around Helen assaulted her from all angles, pressing into her cheeks and against her head, overwhelming her senses. Everything around her was tight and growing tighter, shoving against itself in a shrinking cell as she kept guzzling down air. She could feel the trembling of her own body, the vibrations of swirling air inside of her. The coursing whirlwinds passed over her insides and whipping against her skin.

Crkkkkkk

Grnnnn

The unified creaks and groans of the warehouse and her own body joined each other in concert; the building began to billow outward. Metal bowed out against Helen's ballooning form, windows cracked as her bulging body popped them from their frames. Bubbles of red appeared on the outside as Helen seeped through the cracks between the joists. Bare bits of skin crept out from the sea of red as tears formed in her suit, tears that widened with her form. Helen's skin was thinning, straining to hold together as it stretched beyond her limit. Expanses of peachy skin turned translucent, showing the storming tempest inside. Soon those peachy expanses turned flush, red marks of strain crept across her flesh, growing redder until they matched the shade of her suit.

Rmbblblbblblbbl

Below Helen, Mirage felt the rumbling quake of Helen's body, the tense vibration that signaled an imminent failure. In the back of her mind, Mirage had concern, but that concern was buried under waves of overwhelming ecstasy. The wall of shaking flesh before her stimulated her nethers, pressing against them like her toys for a lonely night. Mirage braced against the floor, putting all of her strength into trying to get a better angle, trying to get that little bit to push her further. Her own moans of pleasure mingled with Helen's as the pair cried in a growing wave of climax.

Crkkkkkk

Grnnnn

Rmblbblblb

Everything began to shake; Helen's body, the warehouse, everything. A cacophony of quaking groans and rumbles filled the air as the scraping pressure overwhelmed Helen's body. The air inside of her had reached an uneasy equilibrium; her growth had stopped, and all that was left was pressure. Pressure that mounted and grew, pressing against her from the inside, atmospheres of air that sought escape. Helen's body began to throb, billowing in and out as the pressure inside of her grew. Every breath she took left her slightly larger, slightly bigger than before; the pulsing of her form intensified, heaving in and out as she struggled to hold together. Each pulse, each throb, it added to Helen's pleasure; erogenous moans rose from her sealed lips, primal cries that echoed from her core. The air inside of crowded, compacting itself tighter and tighter, compressing until they were hard as a solid. Her body trembled faster, a grating vibration that shook screws from the structure and bent metal, then nothing.

There was silence, a moment of uneasy quiet that carried through the night. All the violence, all of the chaos, had simmered down into a whimper. The only sounds to be heard were Helen and Mirage's own cries of ecstasy. It was like being in the eye of the storm, an eerie calm before catastrophe.

Rrrrrrrrrrrrr

Catastrophe came swiftly; the eye of the storm was broken by the last puff of air from the tank. That single puff, that single hiss, it was all that it took for Helen's body to give up. All pretenses of structure melted away in a wave of consuming growth. Her cheeks puffed out, her eyes rolled back into her head as she felt a wave of release inside. Tension melted away as her body billowed out a final time, breaking the door off its hinges as a flood of red erupted from inside. Trembling bubbles of red-coated rubber stuck out from the doorways before Helen's body finally gave out.

Fwooooooosssssshh

In a hurricane gale, her body erupted. Air and rubber were scattered to the wind as the contained breeze blew across the coast. Care alarms in the distance went off as the air pressure immediately changed. Waves rose from the shores, clashing against the incoming tide as the air finally settled.

Mirage lay at the epicenter of the explosion, her face curled into a drunken smile as she savored her own satisfaction. Unaware of anything around her as she twitched in climax, only when a piece of red rubber smacked her in the face did she have any semblance of a thought.

"Elastigirl?! Elastigirl!" Mirage bolted up, eyes frantically looking around the room.

Mirage was frightened, worried that she had popped her object of desire, blown her sky high, but her worries were unfounded. Lying spread eagle in the center of the room was Helen, remarkably intact and remarkably nude. She was back to her normal self, no signs of growth or expansion to be seen. Her orifices still bulged, the hoses protruding from them like feasting lamprey. Mirage rushed over to her, running so fast that her heel snapped and she was sent tumbling down, landing on Helen's tender flesh.

"Ow. Ow. Watch it, that spot's tender." Helen spat the hose from her mouth, exclaiming in pain as she massaged her sore flesh.

"You're alright!" Mirage was ecstatic, her worry turning into jubilation.

"Alright is subjective. Pretty sore, but alright." Helen ran a hand through Mirage's hair as the woman buried her head in Helen's stomach.

"That was wonderful. We should do it again." Mirage met Helen's gaze with an exhausted smile.

"Yeah, but next time, you're the one who's gonna grow." Helen collapsed onto her back, letting exhaustion take her.