

“Shouldn’t this feel wrong? Why does it feel right?” Himeno stood in her bedroom admiring her own form in the mirror.

Himeno sat in her apartment, watching the lights of the city whiz by her shuttered windows; beams of white danced across her walls with the passing cars. Sitting deep in the shadows, her lights off as a part of some nightly routine, her mind wandering to the actions she’d taken over the past weeks. Cracking a beer to lull herself to sleep and looking at her changed body in the mirror.

To her, the changes felt gradual, but that’s why she kept a photo of herself next to the mirror. Looking at her head; her not much had changed, hair was still the same drooping black, cut still messy. Still lacking an eye, the only change to her face was a little bit of fullness in her cheeks. The real difference came about when you looked below her neckline, as she had foolishly worked for a form to match Makima. She looked over her immensely swollen body, how it jiggled when she breathed, she felt like a balloon. How her breasts sat upon her stomach, each one larger than a basketball, engorged with its own fat. Swollen balloons that rested upon an even larger blimp, a stomach so filled with that and food that she looked like she’d swallowed a beach ball. She couldn’t even get a stable seat these days; her round ass was so bloated that it lifted her off the bed.

As she ran a hand across her flank, she thought back to the incident that started all of this, the day Makima got handsy with Denji. Denji was part of her squad, a poor boy who knew nothing of the world and was thrown into its violence. All because a woman with a nice ass walked by and promised him something nice. The something nice wasn’t even anything special; it was a job and some food, just thinking about it frustrated Himeno. She couldn’t stand to see him taken advantage of, but Makima was her boss. The only way she could think of to pull Denji away was to lure him, prey on his desire for the kindness of a woman with a good figure. Good being relative to the beholder, as she was far from a lank woman at this point, but she had enough curves in other places to make up. Himeno gave her body another inspection before drowning her thoughts in dry beer. Bitter liquid flowed down her throat; every gulp was rhythmic and desperate. She was fighting against her own urge to breathe, suppressing it to empty the tall can in a single swig. Her rotund abdomen tightened slightly as she drank, filling with suds until the can was finished. Hollow metal crinkling filled the air as she emptied the last drops, sucking so hard that her inhales crushed the can.

Himeno tossed the loose scrap into the pile of others that had been gathering at the foot of her bed. Collapsing onto the mattress, cradling her own bloated gut like it was a lover, wrapping her knees around it as the dulling effects of the alcohol stifled her mind. Before her thoughts fully faded, she made a little vow to herself; she’d get Denji away from Makima. Slowly her eyes drifted away, her consciousness fading, ready for the sweet embrace of sleep to take her. Only for her lids to snap open as her cheeks puffed, a feeling of intense pressure in her chest shot her to a sitting position.

***Hhhuuuuurrrrrrrrrpp***

A thundering belch escaped her lips, shaking her apartment walls as she slammed back down onto her mattress. Falling immediately to sleep as the pressure left her bulbous gut.

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In the morning, Himeno had received a strange invitation; at her doorstep sat a letter with Makima's stationary, it was an invitation to go out and drink after work that day. She cocked her head at such an invite; Makima wasn't the one to arrange meetings and get together, unless something big had just happened. To the best of Himeno's knowledge, no big devils had been slain and no cases had broken, so this was completely out of nowhere. Social contracts meant she must attend; you can't deny a meeting to drink with the boss, but she wondered if this was a trap of sorts. A feeling that only grew stronger as she found herself sitting in the bar mentioned on the invite.

It was an old-school bar, bathed in soft orange lights with wooden furniture and fixtures all about. Drab paper lined the walls, markings to denote different prices and specials, all affixed to a rather plain-looking wall. At her front and back were white-paper dividers, backed with wooden frames to function to separate the different sections. Being in a private booth all on her own only made Himeno more nervous; with nobody else to join, it would just be her and Makima. Too frozen to order, she passed off the server's inquiries, only peeking out to eye the door whenever it slid open. One of those times would be Makima's entrance, and she didn't want to be blindsided. Waiting for another ten minutes, she heard the door slide open and saw her boss squeeze through the frame.

Makima had always been blessed in the lower half of her body, but something had changed over the past few months. She'd blow up dramatically, in time for Denji's recruitment and his current tenure. Coming straight from work, her red hair was tied in a tight ponytail, her gold eyes almost glowing from beneath her bangs. Her upper body was almost a stick, wrapped in a white button-up with firm-pressed edges, sporting a black tie; she was the model of office professionalism. That was until you looked past her waistline; once your eyes looked below Makima's belt, you'd see the change in her form that made her stand out. From the cinched waist of her hem, her hips flared out into exaggerated curves. Wobbling shelves of fat encased in black corduroy, too wide for most doorframes, as her current inconvenience was indicating. The bar doors were not built for women that had thighs wider than two men standing side by side. Gelatinous flesh wrapped around the wooden bars as Makima took steps forward, powerful strides that were belied by her frame. Cushioned flesh plucked itself from the frame without a crack or strain as Makima strutted towards the booth. Looking at her head-on, Himeno could appreciate just how grand her ass had become.

Rising and falling behind Makima were two massive globes of plush flesh, jostling mounds that shook with her gait. Each cheek must have been big enough to take up its own seat, perfectly round, an extension of her meaty haunches. Himeno felt a small twinge of self-consciousness, her own bloated frame feeling diminutive in comparison. It was as if

Makima's lower half could fit her entire body in it, something that got more apparent when she took the seat next to her.

"Apologies for the wait." Makima took a small bow before squeezing herself into the booth.

"It's no problem; I only just got here." Himeno tried to brush it off, hoping she could dodge whatever probe Makima was putting her way.

"Really? So you were late to our get-together?" Makima spoke plainly, but her tone had an undercurrent of malice.

"Guess my clock is running slow." Himeno hoped the cover was enough to pull Makima's suspicion away.

They sat in silence for a moment, Makima resting her chin on her hands as her gold eyes stared into Himeno's soul. Himeno could feel pressure on the back of her neck, an anxiety that crawled up her spine as she reciprocated Makima's stare.

"Don't be so serious. I'm just having a little fun." Makima returned to her sitting position, rocking back and forth on her gelatinous backside.

"Weight off my shoulders. What are we starting off with?" Himeno nudged the paper menu towards Makima.

"I'll start us off with some drinks." Makima smiled, flagging down a waiter.

When she said some drinks, that was a lie; Himeno could hear Makima place her order, she clearly said eight pitchers. An excessive amount of alcohol for only the two of them to be taking in, but the part that caught her was the mention to keep them coming. Himeno never knew Makima as a drunk, so to see her order so brazenly was quite a surprise. The server looked as surprised as Himeno did as she left to fill the order, closing the partition behind her. This left their little corner of the bar silent, the chatter muffled by thin padding. It was just the two of them, both drawn into Makima's little world.

"I hear you've taken a liking to Denji." Makima spoke up first, her words piercing Himeno's facade in a single strike.

"What makes you say that?" Her voice was calm, despite how rattled she was underneath.

"I can tell. I see how you look at me when I'm with him." Makima's calm response had such a menace to it.

“I didn’t know I had a noticeable expression. Maybe I got something in my eye.” Himeno was hoping a joke would diffuse the situation.

“I want to make a proposal, a little contest. If you can outdrink me tonight, I’ll leave Denji alone.” Makima didn’t even flinch at Himeno’s joke, barely missing a beat as she moved to her contest.

“What if I lose?” Himeno got serious for a moment, not able to shake her distrust.

“Come now. Winners shouldn’t worry themselves about the what-ifs.” Makima bent forward, reaching a hand to stroke Himeno’s face.

There was something so menacing about the way Makima touched her, like she was prodding her mind. Himeno didn’t know what Makima was going to do to her if she lost, but it must be cruel. Would she be forced to be her new chair? Would she be forced into some small cage and fed until her fat poked through the gaps in the bars? All sorts of horrid tortures ran through Himeno’s mind as she tried to calm her nerves. Makima moved back to her seat, almost in time for the partition to slide open. Their server returned with all the requested pitchers; each one was about as round as Makima’s waist.

“Thank you so much.” Makima flashed their server the most professional smile one could muster. “Now, bottoms up.”

As the server closed the partition, Makima grabbed a pitcher by the handle, wielding it like it was a stein. Holding the glass to her lips; she upended it, taking deep and heavy gulps. Himeno watched in amazement as the amber lake drained with ease. Sloshing suds filtered down her throat, splashing against her pristine lips, not a single drop spilled as she tilted the pitcher higher. Himeno hadn’t started drinking yet; she wanted to watch Makima’s body. With how her shirt was fit, it would be easy to see any changes in her physique from all that drink. To her horror, nothing; there was no change, not even when Makima drank the last drops. No cinched buttons, no exposed skin, just the same twiggy torso.

“Don’t be shy now; drink up, the boss is paying.” Makima nudged a pitcher towards Himeno, beckoning her to follow suit.

Everything Makima did had this air of malice to it; Himeno couldn’t shake the feeling of unease as she reached for the glass. It was cool to the touch, so chilly that her fingers went numb holding it for too long. She was hesitant; it was a lot to take in at once, but she could feel the burn of Makima’s eyes on her. Lifting the glass to her lips, she chugged, guzzling down as much beer as she could. So cold it burned, her throat tried to rebel against the sudden shock, but she muscled through. Gulping rhythmically, forgoing breath to take in as much as possible. As she drank, her stomach began to bloat; her already ill-fitting uniform started to strain against the swell. Her beachball of a belly bloated outward, pressing against the forking in her clothes.

Buttons strained as she filled the tank, the alcohol already getting to her head. She mistakenly had forgotten to eat before coming, so her stomach was becoming a sloshing pond of beer.

***Gulp***

***Gulp***

She pushed harder, forcing more down in an attempt to match Makima's feat, but it was hard. Beer splashed around in her stomach, waves of ale crashing against her insides as she guzzled, fighting to swallow down those last gulps. Further and further her belly stretched, blowing up like a balloon as she downed the last bits. With the pitcher empty she slammed it down with a loud exhale, her face red from how long she held her breath. Panting and heaving, her belly sloshing with her heavy breathing as she struggled to keep her composure. From just a single pitcher she was far more of a wreck than Makima; the sloshing in her stomach riled up the bubbles within.

***Urlulr***

Himeno's cheeks bulged; a welling of pressure crawled its way up her throat, billowing the spindle like a balloon. A great storm rose up her chest as her stomach continued bloating; rippling gas pushed her stomach into the edge of the table as she started to shake. She couldn't let this happen, not in front of her boss, but she was too weak to fight it.

***Oouuhhhrrrrppppp***

Himeno's lips rippled as a loud belch tore its way up her throat, sending a blustery gale into the room. Strong winds blew Makima's hair as Himeno's stomach deflated, the pressure inside leaving as the ear-shattering belch died out.

"Shit! I'm sho shorry." Himeno was already slurring her words, the glut of alcohol muddling her speech.

"It's to be expected. Looks like it's my turn." Makima smiled, adjusting a mussed bang out of her eyes.

Himeno watched in drunken horror as Makima did it again, draining a pitcher without a single spill or change. One pitcher might be believable, but two? That was more than enough beer to fill a basin, and Makima's torso wasn't nearly that large. She watched in amazement as Makima drained it down to the last drop, licking a ring of foam from her lips as she motioned for Himeno to drink.

Himeno couldn't deny an offer, but she was already feeling fuller than was comfortable so early in the night. On a good night, she could drain half a pitcher on her own, but a whole one was pushing it. She obliged, though, lifting that frosted glass to her lips again. Her vision was

already blurring as she started draining the decanter, the carbonation pricking against her insides as she forced it down. What was once pleasurable was becoming torturous; that feeling of exhilaration became grating as she muscled more down. Her bloated stomach kept crawling out across her lap, a massive balloon that wrapped around the table. Expanding with each drop, filled to the brim with beer, she could hear it sloshing inside of her. Not even halfway done, and she could already feel the gas inside of her raging around, fighting for an exit, but there was no exit up. Her determination to drain it in a single gulp meant the gas only had one escape route, and that was down.

***Ubbblblb***

***Urglrgjl***

Her belly quivered, jostling from the uncomfortable actions taking place inside, popping bubbles coursed their way through her system. Letting out a set of disconcerting gurgles, her belly tensed, popping the outermost button as her exposed gut surged out. Deep and cavernous, her belly button stared back at Makima like a yawning cavern. Himeno's tummy kept bloating, inflating with her gas-inducing indulgence; at this point, you couldn't call it a beach ball anymore, it was somewhere beyond. A cream-colored keg of sudsy alcohol attached to her torso, defying all aspects of logic as it continued growing. With the growing tension, Himeno felt a new tension; at her backdoor, there was a surging rush of pressure, she could feel the airy payload fighting through her digestive tract. There was little chance to resist; her attempts to hold it in only intensified the air that was gathering. The best she could do was lean to accommodate an easy exit.

***Pppffrrrrrttt***

Out of her ass trumpeted a gusting fart, an eruption of improper gas that made Himeno's face go red with embarrassment. To do this in front of Makima was mortifying, to become such a mess while her boss remained so composed, but she couldn't stop it now.

***Frrrttttt***

***Bbpppppttt***

***Prrrrrrrrrrpppppprppp***

Fart after fart rolled out of her bloated cheeks as alcohol displaced it; she felt like a pig, an absolute slob of a woman. Her gas didn't even stop when she finished her drink; in fact, the lack of a blockade only meant that more of her holes were occupied.

"I'm so ***hhuuurrrp*** shorry, I ***brrrruuuuupp*** don't know what's wrong with me." Himeno could barely speak; so many belches ripped past her lips that words were difficult.

“Think nothing of it, but it looks like you’ve fallen behind.” Makima motioned towards another empty pitcher on her side of the table.

Himeno thought it was a trick of her eye, but somehow, Makima had drained an entire pitcher without her notice. She was too drunk to really question the logistics; she let herself be driven by her instincts. Faulty instincts that told her drinking more was the way to save Denji from that temptress’s clutches. Without a second thought, Himeno picked up her pitcher, draining it as best she could. Not even bothering to stop between pitchers, drinking them as quickly as she could, despite the effects they were having.

***Bibblblb***

***Frrrtttt***

***Fweeeetttt***

***Brrrrrrtpppt***

Every drink forced more thundering farts from her cheeks as she started to bloat and grow. Low rolling gas that clapped her cheeks and squeaked across the wood of the seats, amplifying her already rude sounds. All decorum had been lost as Himeno’s growth spread from more than just her belly. She felt like rubber, more a container than a woman; as her belly filled, the overflow of suds began to accumulate in her breasts and ass. Her already sizable bust had blown through two cup sizes with her last pitcher. Now as large as her stomach was at the start of the night, those sloshing balloons strained against her underwire. Heaving balloons of beer that fizzed when she moved and sloshed when she breathed. The button of her top had snapped open, embedding in the wall behind Makima as her bosom freed itself. Between her drinks, her drunken self thought to reach under her bra, tweak her nipples for fun. Much to her surprise, she was as close to a keg as a woman could be; her nipples sprayed beer when she tweaked them.

Alongside her breasts, Himeno’s ass was also growing; her thighs filled with sloshing suds, brushing against each other like a waterbed. Ale flowed down her form, cooling her from the inside as her legs pushed out. Turgid trunks that popped the threads of her work pants, pushing against the tightening fabric and curving into her hips. If she could stand, she feared her whole lower body would look like an exaggerated pear. A fear that was more fact than feeling, as her rotund ass could attest to. Lager had taken up residence inside her already bloated ass, pushing her upwards as those heaving mounds surged out. When she looked back, she could see black panties digging into her crack. A huge canyon that stared back at her, large enough to conceal a chair or two. Just thinking it was sacrilege, but she might have a bigger ass than Makima did. All of it was accompanied by a gut that could make a weather balloon blush.

Resting on the table was a massive sloshing blimp of suds encased in flesh; Himeno's belly had popped every button on her shirt. Sitting larger than herself, every drink made it slosh and wobble. Servers looked at it with concern as they brought more beer into the booth, having trouble finding a place to set it. So much of the table was occupied by her massive frothing gut that it boggled the mind.

***Bruuuuuuuuup***

Himeno let out another quaking belch; the vibrations reverberated through her body, shaking her belly and amplifying the gas inside.

***Oooooorrrpp***

***Pbbbbfffftttt***

She was a true gasbag, too drunk to care or notice just how much gas was blowing from her holes. Her torso had stretched to accommodate her massive bloat, raising her high into the air as she peered down her expansive form. With her one good eye, she looked at the wreckage of her binge. So many emptied pitchers lay at the sides of her gut, and just as many in front of Makima.

"H..*uurrp* How? How drink sho many?" Himeno stumbled over her words, barely able to piece them together into a sentence.

"Maybe I'm just a better drinker." Makima closed her eyes, resting her head against her chin, a conniving smile plastered on her face.

Bloated and sloshing, rocking back and forth in her own form as the liquid settled, she stared back at Makima. Watching her stand up, stepping across the table as her sloshing body rocked behind her. Himeno finally caught it; she noticed where all of Makima's alcohol was going; it was in her ass. The redhead's bloated behind had tripled in size since they started, sloshing beds of bubbling alcohol. Even when she stopped moving to rest on Himeno's belly, they kept rocking back and forth. Two heaving mountains barely contained in her pants, bulging curves bisected by her pockets and stitches. Himeno was envious, envious that someone could have such a perfect nature to their body. Her jealousy turned to curiosity when she felt Makima lay her head against Himeno's stomach, pressing her ear against her belly, like she was listening for something.

"Looks like you lose." Makima smiled as she pulled out a little white bead from her pocket.

"No *urp* way. I can shtill drink plenty." Himeno protested Makima's assertion as her boss climbed her body.

“No. You lost from the start.” Makima rose up the hill of Himeno’s cleavage, her smile full of malice.

“Wha?” Himeno didn’t get a chance to finish; Makima had grabbed her by the chin.

A crushing, vise-like grip held Himeno’s mouth in place. With her free hand, Makima took that little bead, pressing it against Himeno’s lips. It tasted refreshing, sort of minty; Himeno felt the taste linger in her mouth as Makima dropped it in. Refusing to let her chew, Makima moved her other hand to Himeno’s throat. Massaging her muscles and forcing her to swallow the bead whole.

***Riblblbrlllb***

As soon as it splashed down into the ocean of beer inside of her, Himeno’s gut raged; a choppy sea of suds crashed over itself as foam filtered up through her throat. Bubbles flowed into her mouth, her body started to throb and convulse as a great storm raged inside of her. She was losing control of everything.

***Brrrrtttt***

***Ffpppppppttt***

***Bbbpppppppttttt***

***Hooourrrrrpppp***

Loud and louder eruptions burst from both her exits as gas flowed inside of Himeno, her entire form starting to billow outward. She could feel her torso starting to stretch, widening as her enormous stomach merged into it. Makima’s immense weight seemed like a feather against her tensing skin as she grew outward. Her waistline expanded, the gap between belly and pelvis becoming less noticeable by the second. Foaming belches slipped past her lips; gaseous bubbles flowed over her lips as her body warped. Alcohol wasn’t enough to deaden the immense and searing pain she was experiencing, but she couldn’t cry out. Her eye darted over to Makima as she moved close to her ear.

“You’ll never take him from me.” Makima’s whisper was low and menacing.

Himeno felt the weight descend down her tensing body, watching as Makima parted the divider doors. Swiftly closing them before leaving, she left Himeno to her ballooning fate. Her body’s size increased exponentially, every curve on her body merging into a singular expanse. Large and tighter, every second was another inch; pulsing and throbbing as bubbles foamed within.

***Crkkkkkkkk***

***Ffffffftttttttttttt***

***Grrnnnnnn***

***Rlllllll***

***Brrrrrttt***

Himeno couldn't feel her body anymore; pain had given way to an intense numbness, like everything was losing its grip on reality. Skin tense as gas tore through her ass, making her rubbery skin creak from the increased strain. Wedged against between the table and booth, Himeno's body bulged over the wood. Trapped by her own gut, she felt her legs begin to shrink; hands and feet were being drawn into themselves as the walls of flesh closed in. She had become completely spherical; the only features still left to define her former self were her massive tits. Two mountains atop a cresting hill, bloated and turgid, large enough to reach the other side of the booth. Foam and fizz sputtered from her nipples as the pressure reached its breaking point.

***“shgglrlrlrlr”*** Himeno tried to scream for help again, but she couldn't; nothing but foam sprang from her lips.

A heaping collection of yeasty suds poured out from her mouth, dripping down her body like rainfall. Clouds of viscous white gathered and sank, flowing down her taught body like rivers. The pressure inside of her was at such a point that foam was forcing itself out of her nipples as well as her mouth.

***Rmbblblbbl***

***Rnnnnnn***

Himeno's body started to vibrate, rumbling in a struggle to hold together, fighting against a rising tide. Deep within her form, a low and hollow groan rang out from her body, resonating against her thinning skin. She was strained, barely holding together, and tight as a drum. The remains of her clothes slipped off her body when her hands were fully drawn into her form. Her head sank low into her body; bubbles and foam gathered at the exit. She felt so fragile, like a single pinprick would be enough to end her existence. Mentally, there was an attempt to call on her contract, but she was too drunk. Alcohol drowned her mind, and she couldn't even form the thoughts to call out.

***Ppffffffrrrrrrrrrrrrrtttttt***

***Crkkkkkkkkkk***

Pressure mounted, her skin turned red, and her body started to rock. Wobbling outward, stretching to the limit as the gas inside of her roared. Tearing gales swirled about her, wrapping around her form like an airy blanket. Everything about her body was a raging storm, pressing her further and further. Pressing until her last boundary was broken, a single thread snapped, and it all came rushing out.

***Kersploooooosssshhh***

Himeno ruptured like a balloon, torn apart by her own gas and drink. A flood of amber waves came rushing out from the booth, as what was once inside became out. Nothing remained of Himeno, save for scraps of skin and an eyepatch.

Makima would list her disappearance as desertion, and nobody would know what happened between the two. All of it was to Makima's design; Denji was hers to play with and no others.