

A flash of white and brown blighted over the rooftops Musutafu; stone cracked under heavy impacts as the flash bounded in sweeping arcs. This flash was no trick of the light or figment of smoke; it was Mirko the Rabbit Hero, hot on the trail of a wannabe big shot. Reports had been coming in of some oddly dressed woman harassing downtown with some odd quirk. Filling shopfronts with balloons so big that they forced customers against the walls, injuries were at a minimum, but that didn't mean she was harmless. It just so happened that today, Mirko was feeling a bit feisty; she had spent far too much time on the bench this week. Waiting for any "quirky" criminals to cause problems in her jurisdiction, but unfortunately, her reputation was a bit too fierce.

Mirko flashed a wide grin as the shopping mall came into view; another couple leaps and she'd be making touchdown. Coming to a halt, her momentum carrying her to the edge of the cement building, she took a second to assess the situation. Standing tall above the block, anyone could tell why Mirko's jurisdiction was absent of crime. Mirko was a fierce-looking woman with an attitude to match, cutting an imposing silhouette even at a distance. Her large rabbit-ears stood tall like horns atop her head, carpeted in white fur, occasionally twitching as sounds hit their large expanse. Red irises stared down at the streets, narrow with the excitement that she was about to invite upon herself. Platinum hair catching the wind, flowing behind her like a cape as she readied herself.

Clad in a white leotard that clung tightly to her body, cut off at the shoulders and thighs to show off her tanned muscles. Muscles that she had in spades, thickly wound biceps of iron muscle, wrought from decades of hard work. The winding pythons coiled around her arms, forming the defined horseshoe of bulging triceps and the curved diamond of a developed deltoid. Even in their relaxed state, her traps made hard slopes that wrapped around the back of her neck. Rock-hard abs and well-defined obliques were only small bonuses on her heroic physique.

Despite the defined nature of her body, Mirko still had some softness to her form, even if that softness was just cushion for steel masquerading as flesh. She sported a bust large enough to make men blush, or at least get distracted enough to take a knee to the face. Round oranges held in place by her cling-wrap uniform, just large enough to brush against her arms when she pumped them. Blending a bit of sex appeal with the raw power of her body, Mirko liked to leave her legs unrestricted at the hip. Exposed mounds of mixed muscle and fat bulged around the shrinking patch of spandex around her pelvis. Her generous cheeks stuck out from her back, firm and round, tight enough to bounce a quarter off of. That bare expanse of flesh carried on for a bit, just to the top of her thighs, enough for her enemies to see the rippling muscles. Thighs that bulged against her long purple leggings, the fabric stretched tight over the slabs of muscle on her thighs. Large enough to bury your head in and strong enough to crack it, they were legs meant for action, aiding her rooftop-spanning leaps. Equally muscular calves tapered down into digitigrade rabbit paws, covered in white fur with enormous paw pads at the bottom.

She crouched down, wrapping her gloved hands around the stone, tensing her legs like coiling springs. Storing up kinetic energy as she sized up her landing spot, finding a clear spot in

the panicking crowd at the shopping district. Seeing the gap forming at the back of the throng, observing the direction they were running, finding the perfect landing spot. Cement cracked under her fingertips as she tensed her body another time, ratcheting her hips back an inch further before launching herself. A burst of wind followed her, the tremendous force of her leap creating a shockwave as she soared forward. Air whipped around her cheeks, mouth curled into a maniacal grin as the exhilaration hit her. She felt bad for the enemy she was about to face; she'd been cooped up for too long and needed some activity.

Mirko landed like a hammer, impacting the sidewalk with a tremor, the cement cracking under her paws as she landed. A shockwave followed her impact, toppling some of the straggling crowd as they ran. Shop lights blinked weakly, the flickering signs fading in and out as the dying electricity ebbed. The store insides were completely obscured, blocked by massive walls of rubber, the aforementioned balloons that had been mentioned. Finding the source of the balloons wasn't hard, as she was standing a few yards away from Mirko. Standing at the center of the plaza was a mousey-looking woman; her expression underlined by massive bags of poor sleep. Dark shadows that sat in pits below her eyes, formed by a few too many nights on the online forums. Her blue eyes focused on the ground, her body trembling like it was the middle of winter. She looked ready to fall over, thin as a rail and draped in a long blue dress that stretched down to her legs. Mirko's grin faded; this wasn't going to be some epic rumble; this situation might need a more diplomatic touch.

"Hey." Mirko's voice echoed through the plaza, cutting through the panic of the crowd.

"H...Hi." The waifish girl's response was as shaky as the leaves on the tree, her whisper barely caught by Mirko's ear.

"Do you mind telling me what went on here?" Mirko kept her distance, not approaching until she saw what the perpetrator would do.

"They kept bumping me..." Her voice trailed off, eyes looking to the side, the quiver behind her words slowly stealing.

"And? What's that mean?" Mirko noticed the girl's body language tensing, like she was under attack.

"It's just...my quirk doesn't react well to people bumping me. Especially rude people. Very rude people. I..." She lifted her eyes, meeting Mirko's gaze, a hint of light crackling across them.

"Uhh, huh. What happens when people bump you?" Mirko took a step closer, her bicep twitching as her excitement rose.

"They get big. Like balloons." She peered over towards one of the big purple walls in the shop.

ppbbbbfftttt

Mirko's attention was drawn to a sputtering trumpet that came from the enormous wall of flesh inside of the shop. Following that trumpet was a breeze, a warm air that ruffled Mirko's hair. It didn't take long for her to put two and two together; that was no slab of rubber inside of the shop. Something about the woman's quirk caused the woman to inflate into a store-filling blimp that seemed to be overflowing with air. Another long trumpet blew through the air as more pressure vented from the woman's body.

"If she gets any bigger, she'll pop, and then you'll be a bit more than a public disturbance." Mirko tensed her thighs, ready to leap into action, calculating just how quickly she would intervene.

"Guess that makes you pretty rude, forgetting to introduce yourself. Not as rude as this one, she shoved me out of line and took the plushie from my hand. Tragic, but guess that's just the way of things. I'll make sure this girl isn't rude again." Balloona's voice had a confidence she hadn't been displaying since their meeting, like a switch had flipped inside of her.

Thoom

Mirko launched herself from her spot, legs exploding with force as she hurtled through the air. A single knee extended aimed squarely for Balloona's hand; time seemingly slowed as Mirko sailed through the air. Both she and Balloona were slow to react; Balloona was too slow to turn, her eyes barely able to track the speed at which Mirko moved. In an instant, time sped back up, their perceptions returned to normal.

"The name's Mirko!" Mirko's voice was boisterous and menacing, filled with her pent-up glee.

Mirko's knee planted squarely in the center of Balloona's wrist, shattering the bones like they were made of glass. She kept traveling, sailing past her foe, careening forward a good distance before coming to a skidding halt. Balloona's broken hand fluttered limply, falling just short of her intended target, inches away from the rude woman in the shop. Her expression was one of confusion, unable to process what had just happened, but her body seemingly acted on instinct. Balloona's other hand was outstretched, seemingly guarding her body, but as Mirko would soon find out, it was outstretched in attack.

Gglglglgl

"**Oooff** Feels like I just hit the buffet." Mirko muttered to herself as she stood back up; she had felt the touch upon her midriff.

Not daring to rip her focus from her enemy, not even to look down at the results of the attack, Mirko could feel it. That growing tension in her middle, the feeling of fullness, like there

was an air bubble trapped under her skin. Balloona's power was already taking effect, and Mirko didn't know how exactly it worked, or what the parameters were. All she knew is the feeling of tension wasn't dissipating as she circled around her enemy, trying to goad her away from the balloon women.

Even if Mirko didn't want to look at it, Balloona's powers were taking effect on her midriff; the muscular divots of her abs were slowly being stretched out. Hard bubbles of muscle bloated outward, stretching around the growing curve under her leotard. Already tight fabric being pulled tighter over her expanding swell, her defined middle creating hard lines of growth. A narrow triangle formed just under her cleavage as her belly expanded, bloating with every breath she took in. Rounding by the second, her lower stomach jutted out from her pelvis, creating another hard curve. Despite her growth, she wasn't deterred, still focused on dispatching the enemy in front of her.

Glass broke under Balloona's heels as she followed Mirko's steps, too intent on solving this rude woman's attitude. She barely even registered her useless hand, the loose bone rattling under her skin as she tried to flex her fingers. Balloona could see her powers starting to take effect as she followed Mirko towards the main thoroughfare. The fountain erupted behind her as wind blew across the street. Their wordless exchange morphed into a palpable silence as they waited for one of them to make the first move.

Thooom

Mirko launched herself again, aiming her knee at Balloon like a spear to her chest, the shockwaves from her assault shaking the ground. Balloona braced for impact, adjusting her body to dodge the incoming knee, but it was a feint. Mirko twisted her body, using the momentum to kick her leg back and come sailing in with a powerful left hook. Her fist collided with Balloona's face in a reeling attack, but it was an equivalent exchange.

Grglgglggl

Balloona had made contact, her broken hand brushing against Mirko's thigh while her free hand laid a smack against Mirko's rear. Mirko was surprised such a frail woman could land hits on her in such quick succession. Watching her foe tumble to the ground, Mirko felt the pressure in her gut propagate in her lower half. Bracing her hands against her leg after landing proved her immediate suspicion true; her leg felt bigger in her hand. Flesh oozed out around her thumbhold, springy and rubbery like a loose balloon. A similar sensation spread to her rear, but she wasn't about to inspect her own ass in public, even for damage assessment. Instead she focused her attention back on Balloona, the waifish woman tumbling along the ground like a ragdoll.

Pshhhhh

A muffled hissing echoed from inside Mirko's flesh, something akin to a bike pump flexing up and down. The hollow sound of air preceded her form filling out with increased pressure. Her already generous ass was billowing out behind her, round brown buns bloating out like basketballs, surging with increasing pressure. Gradually rounding out with some invisible air source, flowing out like balloons. Mirko's tight ass grew tighter, her leotard vanishing rapidly inside of her crack as pressure increased. In the span of a few seconds, her booty had inflated from perfect cheeks into basketball-sized mounds. Shiny and round, they caught the lingering afternoon light as Mikro expanded. The same level of growth that was inflicting itself upon her thighs.

Just standing there, she could feel the squeaking flesh of her thighs brushing into each other. Muscle evaporating under the airy assault going on inside of her, her toned thighs grew smooth and shiny. Billowing out into massive juicy hams that brushed against each other with every movement. So full of air that her adjustments were difficult, her movements getting clumsy, her limbs springing back into shape when she tried to move. Along with her ass and stomach, Mirko was starting to feel like a real balloon, big and yet weak.

Bibblblblblb

Rrrlrrlgglglg

ppppfffttttttt

Mirko blushed as a rather vaporous spurt of gas erupted from her plump cheeks, her ripe cheeks smacking against themselves as a forceful gust broke from her behind. It did little to alleviate her pressure; in fact, it seemed to compound it, adding to the increasing level of discomfort inside of her. Mirko's ears perked up as she heard a similar expulsion pushing its way through her system. Forceful air knocked against her back door, making her hole quiver and flex, trying to contain the force before another gust ripped through her rear.

"Looks like you are a rude woman. Making such noises in public." Balloona had a level of haughtiness in her voice as she approached Mirko.

"You're bit obsessed, huh?" Mirko cocked her eyebrow, not wavering for a second under her opponent's assault.

Mirko could see how woozy Balloon was, how that hit made her starstruck; normally only a few of Mirko's hits would be enough to bring down an average person. Balloona's quirk must give her some level of increased durability, but Mirko couldn't figure out why. She had to make this fight quick, finish it before she got too big to move. Something that was becoming a reality with each moment she lingered to assess the situation.

Grlll

Crkkkk

Mirko's stomach had distended, pulling the fabric of her leotard hard against her body; expanding slivers of flesh were getting larger as her gut expanded. The gap where her suit connected to her legs was growing, being stretched out by her bloating stomach. Those hard lines had blended into a uniform curve along her torso, billowing out into a swelling bloat. Her stomach was closer to a beach ball at this point, round and firm, the ridges of her abdominal muscles drawn so thin that they were invisible. Hard lines of muscles had melted into a smooth curve, so large that she struggled to get her hands around it. Her uniform dug so tightly into her crack and nethers that it made her grit her teeth; Mirko could barely focus. That lapse in focus was detrimental, as Balloona was quicker than she expected.

Balloona had taken the opening Mirko's distraction had given her, her good hand stretched out, reaching for Mirko's chest. Her body contorted in an odd lunge, twisted in an unorthodox shape, just inches from Mirko's chest. Just a bit too slow, at least that's what Mirko thought, her powerful legs launching her out of Balloona's grip. Yet, despite her estimation, Balloona's hand brushed the underside of Mirko's breast. Fingers tracing a line along the healthy oranges, Mirko's bosom immediately surging out.

"What?" Mirko couldn't help but be shocked, unable to stifle her surprise as she tumbled back.

Looking at Balloona's arm, Mirko could see that it had stretched, extending out like it was made of rubber. Her chest started to throb, pulsing in and out, fighting against the strained fabric of her top as her breasts started to swell. Filled with the same stifled hiss, her bosom heaved, swelling with invisible pressure, bulging out from the gaps in her outfit. Springy flesh oozed from her confining top, the fabric being pushed to the limit from the combined swell. Mirko could hear that restrictive fabric start to tear; constricting fabric meant to keep her body from bouncing around when in action, now acting as a prison. Digging into her breasts, pushing her lungs down, making her breathing difficult. With quick thinking, Mirko dug a thumb down the center of her top, her prolific strength tearing her suit down the middle.

Thriipp

The cream-colored uniform split, a jagged sliver of tan showing from underneath, growing with the seconds as the suit lost its strength. Until Mirko's thumb reached all the way down to her crotch, snapping the last threads of fabric and revealing her burgeoning body. Curves sprang in all directions, flinging away the ruined scraps of her clothing as her bloated body released in full glory. Spherical breasts bounced against her bounding stomach, swollen balloons slapping against one another, each one having grown to the size of melons. Fully unbound, her stomach was able to reach its full size; it flopped out over her pelvis, concealing her sensitive bits with a gut the size of a yoga ball. A massive lurching orb, perfectly shining in the daytime sun.

When her leotard snapped up, her bloated cheeks bounced outward, eclipsing her hips and thighs in sheer size. An ass that could crush a man; each individual cheek had blown into a beach ball of tense air. With her body free, Mirko was finally able to move; her only restriction was the shrinking legging around her thighs, but those two were thinking. She just needed to come up with a plan of action; how Balloona had stretched her arms, it wasn't some oddity to her quirk. The arm Balloona had stretched was the one with the broken wrist, which meant her powers worked on herself. While she thought of a plan, Mirko launched herself back into action, swinging her body like a bloated wrecking ball at Balloona.

Grglgglglg

Throoom

Grlll

pppbbbftttt

oourrrrp

During Mirko's flurry of blows, her body was singing a symphony of intestinal noises; bubbling gas flowed through her system, air pushing around as she moved. Her heavy impacts were causing gas to rush from her exits. A trumpeting fart shook her rotund cheeks as a thunderous belch nearly knocked her on them. Her blows may have been impacting her, but they were having a grander effect on Balloona. The diminutive woman was being thrown around like a rag doll, battered so quickly that she couldn't react. Yet, each time she rose back up, springing into place like she was pneumatic. Mirko wanted to end this early, but the girl was proving too resilient.

"So rude, so nasty. I don't think a woman like you should be walking the streets free." Balloona grabbed at her chest, gripping it tightly as her breath turned haggard.

Thriipp

Balloona gripped so tightly at her chest that she tore a hole through her dress, hands digging in as she shed the billowy garment. Letting it float away in the breeze, revealing nothing beneath, Balloona was completely nude. She wasn't hiding some trump card or ultimate plan under there, instead, she was just naked as a jaybird. Her body was fairly unimpressive to boot, a rail-thin woman with tiny molehill breasts and a concave ass. Despite the audacity of her maneuver, nothing had changed save her attitude; she lowered herself into a pseudo-combat stance, acting like she knew how to fight.

Bibblblb

The bubbling pressure inside of Mirko's stomach told her there wasn't much time to deal with this. She needed to flatten Balloona before she herself got too big to move. Mirko bent back again, placing weight on her off foot as she readied to launch another assault. Her body squeaked against itself, thighs pushed against each other as she tried to tense her muscles. Mirko's limbs were rapidly becoming useless; even her last attack was proving to be more difficult and exhausting to manage. She figured she probably had one more in her before her body got too bloated to move. Mirko's swollen midriff was still growing as she thought; in the few seconds of combat, it had grown large enough to brush against her legs. A massive yoga ball of air, a storm constantly swirling about under her skin, whirling about in a furious whip to try and break free. Sometimes it did, producing more embarrassing sounds from her mammoth ass cheeks. When combined with the gurgling balloons in the shop fronts, the whole plaza was alight with the sound of erupting methane.

pbbbfftttt

brrrrttttt

"Last chance, Balloona, give up and we can solve this quietly." Mirko's bargain was earnest, just like the confidence in her voice.

"I don't think there's going to be anything quiet about you today." Balloona snapped back in a mocking tone before taking a step forward.

"Fine. We'll do this the hard way." Mirko muttered her reply under her breath, immediately following it up with a powerful blow.

Like a whip, Mirko's body snapped through the air, knee hurtling into Balloona with enough force to shatter concrete. Every hit sent ripples through the air as she worked the girl over like a heavy bag. Mirko's hits were hard enough to leave dents in her enemy's body, hard divots and imprints of her foot and knees. Even a few belly smacks and ass bumps for good measure. An endless flurry of blows that cracked through the plaza like thunder, but Balloona wasn't going down. She weathered the blows like they were nothing, limply flailing in place, taking all of the force without a reaction. Mirko held off, ending her assault early before Balloona could counterattack: something felt off.

Grglglglgl

Blblblblblbb

Crkkkkkk

brrrrtttttt

Something rumbled deep inside Mirko's core, her body growling like a wounded beast as she recoiled from Balloona. Balloona hadn't landed a single attack, didn't even try to, and yet Mirko was feeling the effects. Her belly surged out in size, bloating into a tan weather balloon of air. Bubbling under her grip, lurching in odd directions, Mirko's stomach rapidly grew out, reaching down past her knees and brushing the ground like some swollen wrecking ball. Perfectly round, it looked more like a moon than a belly, her shining orb taking on small hints of red as she grew to a massive size. Her ass and breasts followed suit as the air pumped fiercely within her.

A breeze picked up, carrying the grand circumference of her stomach and sending her ass-first to the ground. Her bountiful ass bouncing off the cement and sending her sailing onto her back. Large, smooth spheres of flesh, tight with air, quivering with each movement, and expanding just as fast as the rest of her. Mirko's massive mounds were huge, larger enough to fit a person comfortably between them and have room for more. Rubbery curves of shiny flesh that creaked like the rest of her did, getting large by the second. Her impact only shook more pent-up gas out of her rear, each bounce sending another airy gust.

"Rude girls aren't the smartest, are they?" Balloona had a cackle in her voice as she strode closer to Mirko, swaying her non-existent hips back and forth. "I bet you thought you were close to winning too."

Mirko's eyes went wide as she saw Balloona's body spring back into shape, returning to normal like she hadn't been touched at all. Under the commotion of her own body, Mirko barely caught it, but there was a sound of hissing air in her. It was all falling into place, just how exactly Balloona's powers worked. She must be able to turn things into rubber and control the air; that was the only explanation for how exactly her powers worked.

"You can say that. How about you give me an explanation?" Mirko still had defiance in her voice, unwilling to admit defeat.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you? But I'm not going to let the cat out of the bag, or the balloon out of the bunny." Balloona cocked her hips, almost crossing her arms before stopping herself.

That small motion, that tiny conscious effort to stop her hands from touching her skin, that's all Mirko needed to see. Mirko thought about the exchange of blows, how Balloona stood when she had removed her clothes. Not a part of her body was touching itself, which meant her powers could affect herself. Mirko smiled; if that was true, then this would be a game of endurance, and Mirko knew she could go all night long.

Grllll

Her growling stomach sounded like a revving engine, her body coiling up for one last charge. This was her do-or-die gambit, the only chance she had to take down the perp and

bring these people some peace. Another growl roared from her stomach as the air pushed out; her tits were so inflated that she couldn't even see past them anymore. Swollen blimps that obscured all but the tiniest sliver of her view, but that was all she needed. Twisting a single foot under her bloated thigh, she blitzed forward, hurtling towards her opponent like a meteor. Mirko didn't bother to estimate any changes in position or dodges; she assumed Balloona would take the hit, and she was proven right. As Mirko's skin made contact with Balloona's, she had only had a few milliseconds to act.

Mirko's colossal gut had barreled over the diminutive woman, flooring her like a bowling ball, but this time she wouldn't snap back up. Mirko was wise to Balloona's games and had the perfect way to keep the girl grounded. Sailing past her body, Mirko's trajectory was just enough for her mammoth rear to land on Balloona's face. Balloona's face embedded itself deep inside of Mirko's crack, diving deeper as Mirko's body spread out. The impact splayed her cheeks apart and sank Mirko lower to the ground until she felt her hole make contact with Balloona's mouth. A perfect seal formed between woman and sphincter, leaving Balloona at the mercy of Mirko's bubbling air.

Pbbbbffrrrttt

Frrrttttt

Gglglglg

Brrrttttttt

If Balloona was going to call Mirko a rude and crass woman, then she may as well act the part. Flexing her abdominal muscles as hard as she could, Mirko forced out airy blasts from her rear. Powerful gusts that could knock a person from their feet, all of it flowing down Balloona's throat like a river. Liters of gas roared from her hole, long trumpeting blasts that lasted for minutes on end as Mirko evacuated the air she'd been holding in. Seemingly endless, only stopping when Mirko had to relax, sweat pouring from her brow as her muscles relaxed.

Grglglglg

Bbbblblbb

That outburst did little to alleviate Mirko's bloat; in fact, being in contact with Balloona's skin was only accelerating her growth. After that raucous expulsion, her body had grown out exponentially, her belly billowing out like a tan blimp. Swelling like a massive bubble, her inside churning with accumulating air, a continuous stream of it flowing throughout her body. Growing larger, rounder, her belly grew large enough to overshadow her to the point that she became vestigial. A turgid blimp that grew tighter by the second, patches of red were creeping up along her shiny surface, areas of stress that denoted the strain she was under. Not that she could see those patches, as her tits had blown completely out of proportion.

Turning into parodic blimps that you'd only see on a blow-up doll, Mirko's breasts had surged into massive blimps of air. Person-sized balloons that grew with her belly and rear, her bosom didn't even heave anymore. Unyieldingly tight blimps that sat on her bloated stomach like boulders, pushing up into her face and obscuring her vision. The pressure in her chest was so great that her body was forced to arch backwards, letting her ears brush against her bloating ass. Behind her, Mirko's ass was going through the same revolutionary change as the rest of her.

Grglgglggl

Frrrttttt

Bloated mounds that surged out in size, each one as big as a weather balloon and still growing. Quivering, rippling spheres of flesh that undulated from the forces of her gas; every swallowed expulsion sent rippling quakes through her booty. Her constant eruptions only caused her cheeks to surge out, swelling like receptacles for her gas. The only thing that could distort her cheek's growth was the rising mound of Balloona's stomach.

Frrrttttt

Gnnnnn

All of that airy gas had to go somewhere, and Balloona's seal was too perfect to let it escape, so all that gas flowed into her gut. Her pale stomach rising higher like a bubble, her cheeks bulging under Mirko's assault as more gas forced itself down her throat. From pregnant to beachball to yoga ball, her belly blew past barriers of size she had never experienced. The influx of air was so great that she couldn't stop the small spurts of gas that escaped her own ass. Balloona was getting a taste of her own medicine, swelling out of control like a balloon at the pump.

Crkkkkk

Gnnnnn

Mirko winced in pain as a flash of heat shot across her massive stomach, her skin letting out a discomforting creak as the strain started to become palpable. Inside of her stomach a low and hollow groan reverberated out from her core. Sounding like the dying cries of a sinking ship, Mirko could feel herself running out of room. The only hope she had was her endurance; she knew she had the training to deal with this kind of exertion, but how long could Balloona last? All Mirko needed to do was last a bit longer than the woman herself, enough to get her to deactivate her quirk. Unfortunately for Mirko, her target had long since passed out.

Mirko's ears stood on end, her body reflexively tensing as she felt a shockwave hit her form. She was ready to believe that a part of her exploded, but it was Balloona; the woman had given up the ghost. Her belly exploded like a small bomb, all of the air inside of her flooding the plaza and smattering her ruptured shards along Mirko's crack. Without a receptacle, Mirko's gas flowed freely, a gusting hurricane that blistered the ground beneath her. Roaring louder than any siren, the wind from her rear was a portent to a different kind of windy disaster.

Rmbblbbbl

Grllllll

Ooourrrrpp

Grrnnnnn

Ppbbbbbbffftttt

A terrible wind blew from Mirko's rear, followed by the thundering quake of her own body as Balloona's shockwave reverberated through her. Her body started to creak and growl in discomfort, the pressure inside of her mounting as threads inside of her snapped. Bit by bit she bulged out, odd shapes growing against her ballooned form. Tits rising up into the air like hot air balloons, air escaping from her nipples as the pressure reached a fever pitch. Her cheeks surged out from the condensed air, cracking cement as they forced themselves over the rooftops. Her belly stood like a great hillside on the horizon, visible from towns over as her air gusts blew down the streets. Even at a distance, people were blown from their feet by her powerful winds. Her body was a volcano ready to erupt, every hole on fire as the pressure mounted into a terrible disaster.

Kerbooom

Her breasts were the first to go, massive rockets that exploded from her chest, rending into fluttering scraps on the breeze.

Pppbbffrrttt

Fwoooooooooom

The shockwave of her rupture forced a final powerful fart from her ass, a gust too powerful for anything to endure. Her own body split apart from the force as heated air exploded from her massive cheeks. Shards of rock and stone were flung into the air, mixing with the mingle confetti of her own flesh as her ass exploded.

Bwoooooooooooooom

In a final glorious explosion, Mirko's stomach, and by extension, the rest of her body, ruptured like an overfilled balloon. Flooding the city and surrounding regions with a rush of air so great that the breeze could be seen in the trees. Winds carried the scraps of the Rabbit Hero on the air, scattering them to the furthest reaches of the country. The shockwave of her explosion was so great that the inflated women stuck in the storefronts couldn't handle it, popping like balloons just like their savior.

Eventually the news would tell the story of Mirko's defeat, trying to leave out the details of her farting hard enough to make her body explode, but those there would know the tale. It was an embarrassing defeat for the hero and a total mission failure.