

Disgusting. Absolutely disgusting. They sit there making slobs of themselves, debasing their bodies for momentary satisfaction.

Blaze's thoughts seethed just looking at the bloated parodies her friends had made themselves into. A new chili dog stand had opened up in Emerald Hill, and everyone was flocking to it like it was the hottest thing on the planet. Blaze scoffed at the thought; she was obviously the hottest thing on the planet. This didn't stop her closest friends from making total pigs of themselves; they even had the gall to invite her to do the same. Blaze couldn't refuse an invitation; it would be unfit for someone of her standing, but she didn't enjoy it.

"Welcome to RoboChili, the greatest slop spot in the tri-town area." A robotic server greeted Blaze with the enthusiasm only a heartless machine could muster.

The air of the place made her purple fur bristle: the cloying grease of the deep fryers, and the way the oil-laden air stuck to her clothes. All of it made her yellow irises narrow in distaste, and made her tail curl up in disgust. Her ears twitched atop her head, perking up at the cacophonous conversations and tacky music. She zeroed in on her gracious hosts, traversing the black and red tiled floor to their booth. Her nose twitched as the smell of cheap beef and sickeningly tangy chili hit her nostrils. At her table were the overstuffed gluttons she once knew as Vanilla the rabbit and Rouge the bat. Overstuffed was an understatement; their table was littered with empty hotdog trays and stained with chili droplets.

"**Ommff** Blaze! I'm so happy you **urp** made it!" Vanilla continued eating while she spoke, stifling belches between words and chili dogs.

"Surprised **grrrl** you **onmph** came. **Pppbbbbfft**" Rouge's words were drowned out by the gurgling of her turbulent stomach and the gas that followed.

Blaze grimaced in disgust, just looking at her friend's bloated guts filled with some deep revilement. Her eyes wandered back and forth between them, drinking in their expanded forms and choosing her response carefully. Vanilla was usually a bit on the fluffier side of physiques, but her current state was larger than when she was pregnant with Cream. Her dress hugged the tight curve of her stomach; the bloated orb sat on her lap like a basketball. Her stomach wobbled in a cheery fashion as she shoved another chili dog down her craw; somehow she'd gained weight during this whole affair. Her normally tapered torso had gained noticeable love handles; her flanks bulged against a dress that had grown a size too small. Her thighs crept out over the hardwood of the seat, the soft folds pushing the threads of her dress. Even Vanilla's generous bosom had gained a bit of girth; she was like a blow-up doll someone had put too much air into.

Her eyes wandered over to Rouge and were greeted with a more exaggerated sight: Rouge's tight bodysuit did little to hide her bloated curves. Her generous bust flowed out from her top like a wave of dough, the brown hide jostled with fat, each breath sending waves rippling through her bosom. She was barely contained by her top; each tit was the size of her head and

kept decent by the barest slit of fabric. Tears had formed in the sides of her bodysuit, exposing fat flanks that curled into her rotund stomach. Her bloated belly was quivering with every greasy dog she shoveled down her throat; the surface was smooth and large enough to strain the fabric of her suit; the threads were stretched so thin that you could see the pale image of her stomach beneath it. Her gut was large, but it wasn't the most notable aspect of her warped form; her ass had gotten gigantic. The fat cheeks hung over the sides of the chair like gelatinous blobs; you could barely see the chair beneath her. Her thighs and hips had gotten equally exaggerated; Blaze couldn't believe Rouge, of all people, had let herself go like this.

"Hello? Blaze? Were you listening? Come sit down." Rouge beckoned Blaze to sit with a much cheerier tone than she normally sported; guess there was some truth to being fat and happy.

"I was just looking for a place to sit. The table seems...occupied." Blaze wasn't lying: the table was occupied with numerous discarded chili dog trays.

"There's a spot right here." Rouge smiled as she swept the empty containers off the table, leaving a chili-greased smear on the table plastic.

"Oh my, there's a little bit of a spot there. I'll fix it." Vanilla reached over the table, using her dress as a napkin and mopping up the grease.

Blaze was fixated on the movement of her bloated gut, the way it sloshed across the table like gel. Vanilla had managed to clean the grease, but her bloated stomach had sopped up so much chili refuse that her dress was stained an oily orange. Blaze grimaced before taking her seat against the wall; her chair was sticky with some ancient spilled soda, and she barely had enough room. She was stuck between the wall and Rouge's all-encompassing ass; the bulbous wall of blubber pushed against her own thighs. Blaze could feel the softness of her flesh, the springy jiggle caused by inches of well-formed fat; it made her shudder. She stomachached her disgust, trying to ignore that cavalcade of noise and clatter in the diner.

She tried to drown out the sights when she first entered, but when seated, she couldn't ignore it. The menu was bedazzled with blinding lights; they were stars of glowing neon that spelled out the only items on the menu. *Chili dogs, triple chili dog, the king dog, fries, root beer.* Blaze sighed as she read the items; nothing on it was the right fit for her sophisticated palate. She wasn't keen on greasy fast food or the heart-palpating salt that came with it and she had thought the same of her friends.

"Have you tried the king dog? It's so good." Vanilla smiled as she shoved a hotdog bigger than her hands into her mouth.

"Of course I have. Did you pour the chili on the fries? I can't believe they don't have that as a menu item." Rouge gushed about the food before digging her stained glove into her self-made chili fries.

Ppbbbbbbffttt

The girls' chatter was drowned out by a raucous fart from Rouge's backside; her gelatinous cheeks shook with the force of the gas. Blaze could feel the vibrations of Rouge's gas through her skin, it was violent enough to shake her whole body. The air around them started to get foggy; the humidity from her ass was making things stifling. Blaze struggled to stifle her distaste at it, such a crass display was not welcome in a public setting.

"That's impressive, but can you really call that gas?" Vanilla smiled as she scrunched up her face.

Ppbbbbbbbbbbbbbbffttt

Vanilla's dress fluttered as her own ass let out a trumpet to join in Rouge's orchestra, her powerful gust roaring louder than Rouge's. Blaze watched Vanilla's belly gradually deflate from her expulsion, her swollen middle softening as she evacuated gas from her system. Blaze could see her straining, her muscles clenching to push more gas from her body; the fart roared for a final blast before tapering off into a hiss. Vanilla stood panting in exhaustion, fanning her face from her self-generated heat.

"Where've you been hiding that one?" Rouge chuckled, fanning the air.

"Just a little thing I've been cooking up. Oh my, Blaze. We've been so rude. You don't even have a chili dog yet." Vanilla tried to remain humble before realizing she had been ignoring Blaze.

"No, really it's fine." Blaze tried to politely decline the prospect of a chili dog, maybe too politely.

"Nonsense. Imagine being us, inviting someone to a chili shack and not even getting them a chili dog." Rouge laughed before raising her hand in the air. "WAITER!"

Rouge stood up, fluttering her wings in an attempt to get some more air, something that was ultimately ineffective with her bulky form. Her call was heard, though, as a machine came whizzing out from behind the counter. An orange metal drone bolted their way through the crowd of bloated customers, a cardboard tray held in their hand. The drone was draped in a grease-covered apron and deflated chef's hat; their blue speaker was fashioned into a false smile.

"Gyoooood Afternoon ladies. I see you're enjoying one of our *SECRET MENU ITEMS!* I hope you are enjoying your chili fries. What can I get for you?" The drone pulled out a small notepad, a smaller hand popping from their wrist with a pen in hand.

“Oh, so this is a secret item. Well, could we get a triple chili dog for our friend here? She’s never been here before.” Vanilla made her request with a warm smile.

“A FIRST TIMER! Stop the presses. Of course I’ll get her a dog; it’ll be on the house!” The drone spun its head in shock before pulling off its apron.

The machine chassis opened up to reveal a row of slowly rotating hotdog rollers; grease-covered pork sausages rolled under medium-heat heating coils. The inside of the chassis was a glowing orange that billowed heat onto the girls. The machine opened up the tray just below their heater, revealing a tray of warming buns. With a deft maneuver, the drone plucked three dogs from the rollers and piled them inside of a single bun before placing the monstrosity in a carton. With the triple-decker hotdog nestled in its tray, the drone extended a hose from their back; the silver nozzle sputtered out a heap of steaming chili. The red-sauced meat filled the air with the blinding scent of heavy spices and cheap tomato; the dog was swimming in a lake of chili by the time the hose finished.

“Here you go, lady, one triple-decker chili dog with extra good stuff. I hope you enjoy” The drone slid the dog across the table, the chili spilling over the edges of the carton.

Blaze sat there with an awkward grimace; the pungent odor of the cheap meat pierced her nose and made her shudder. She looked at the dog like it was some kind of unknown insect, a mixture of curiosity and apprehension. She wanted to bat it away, to throw it in the garbage and pretend that she ate it, but everyone’s eyes were on her. She was sure that Vanilla and Rouge would go back to their slovenly eating, but no, they were fixated on her. Their pressuring gazes were enough to make even a princess like her crack. She held the carton gingerly between her hands, trying to inspect the dog for a way to eat it cleanly. There was no way to grip it without sullyng her gloves; she moved forward with the only solution she had: she put her lips to the carton. The spicy chili tickled her lips as she opened her mouth, just enough to take a small bite; the dog was overly salty, and the chili was greasy, salty, and absolutely abhorrent to her senses. She gagged; she wanted to suppress the urge, but the taste was too strong. Blaze spat the chili dog into an empty carton.

“I can’t. I’m sorry. It’s just disgusting.” Blaze pushed the tray away.

“That’s crazy. Must be a bad dog. How about you try the chili on its own?” Rouge waved the drone closer.

“Did someone order the direct line?!” The drone’s eyes lit up as they extended the hose from their back.

Blaze tried to voice her protest but was stopped by the hose forcing itself in her mouth; the sickly sweet taste of chili flooded her tongue. Blaze’s cheeks bulged with unswallowed chili; she was trying her best not to swallow the noxious concoction, but she was losing the battle. The deluge of chili won in the end; she buckled, swallowing the load against her will; the

stinging taste tickled her throat. Her stomach flooded with low-grade chili, the river of sludge filling every nook and cranny it could find. Blaze' stomach started to round out; her flat midriff was rounding out. It was a small curve against the white of her pants, a tiny bubble pushing against the fabric; every second she guzzled down the chili pushed the bubble further. The bottom of her jacket began to part, revealing the white-clad balloon that had become her stomach.

Grrlllll

Blaze's stomach whined in discomfort, the low, gassy whine created by an upset digestive tract handling a surplus of gas. The greasy food was something her sensitive stomach was not used to; she could feel her belly tumbling over on itself. The shifting mass of meat and tomato curled about in her stomach; bubbles of gas percolated to the surface like it was a fetid mire. The gas bubbles had no place to go, her mouth was completely blocked by the waterfall of chili, so the gas naturally crept lower. The constant influx of chili generated more gas that fought for her lower exit. She tensed her muscles; she knew what was coming, and to pass gas in such a public place was the biggest insult to her royal upbringing.

Bibblblbb

Her stomach bubbled in rebellion; the small curve was morphing into a distorted balloon; the bottom button of her jacket had snapped off, revealing the full orb. Her stomach had taken on a small egg shape; the barest bits of purple fur poked over the waistband of her pants. The surface was tightening from the gas; if someone laid a hand on it, they'd assume she was made of rubber. Blaze put her hands to the hose, struggling to remove the cursed nozzle before she did something she'd regret. Her struggle was an issue; the momentary shift in her position released the grip her muscles had on her tract.

Pffft

The tiniest bit of gas slipped from her backside, so quiet and so dainty that you couldn't even hear it. To Blaze, this smallest bit of release was damning, a cardinal sin greater than anything she had done in her life. She fumed with rage, the heat inside of her blazing; she summoned fire from her palms, the tiny ember burning the metal nozzle. She could feel the heat licking at her lips, transferring from metal to her, but she could endure. She raged; her flames burned hotter and hotter, reaching a point where she could melt the steel. With the nozzle in shambles, she was able to release the accursed object from her lips.

"You slovenly, bloated bimbos." Blaze's words were laced with rage.

"Are you talking to us?" Vanilla looked over to her friend in confusion.

"Hey pot, you should look in the mirror." Rouge's eye twitched with irritation.

“You heard me. I am bloated not of my own choice, but of the choices of my so-called friends. Friends who decided to debase themselves and devolve into gluttonous debauchery. You stuff yourselves like pigs, fart like cows, and belch like a factory belches smog. You are fat and a disgrace to yourselves and your friends.” Blaze’s temper was running too hot; her rage had boiled over in a scathing rant.

Pbbbbfft

Blaze’s anger caused another bubble of gas to escape from her rear, slightly louder this time; a simple hiss amongst the myriad disturbances around her. The gas was making her unhinged; she could feel that fetid heat creep past her cheeks, the bubble forming and popping. Another expulsion to shatter her mental state; she finally looked down at her stomach, staring down the bulging teardrop. Her belly was engorged; it quivered with action, churning to try and process the slop she had been forced to indulge. She looked positively pregnant, fecund with a food baby she didn’t want. She looked at the orb with simmering rage, placing her hands against her abdomen with a tense grip. She pushed; she pushed her hand in a vain attempt to make her gut go away, but she couldn’t alter reality. The only thing her force managed to do was force more gas out of her rear.

Pppbbbbfft

“Looks like someone is more of a bloated **hog** than she’d like to admit.” Rouge put emphasis on the hog part, poking Blaze’s bloated stomach.

“Do you really think I’m a slob? I’m allowed to have a cheat day.” Vanilla looked more heart-broken than angry.

Blaze took pause; the flames of her anger were doused by the way her friends reacted to her. Not all infernos go out with a splash, though. She looked again at her stomach and realized that adopting their attitude is what led them to this state. She couldn’t let this place overtake her senses; she was ready to burn it to the ground. More flames formed in the palms of her hand, aimed at the walls; she would burn this hall of sin to ashes. Before she could loose her fury, she found her flames quenched; oven mitts had been fastened to her hands.

“Patrons are not allowed to cook. If you would like to take up a position as a chef, then applications are open.” The drone’s robotic voice chirped up as their extending arms retracted from Blaze’s.

“What’s the meaning of this?” Blaze bit at the gloves, trying to tear them from her hands.

“They’re trying to stop you from killing everyone.” Rouge motioned to the fearful patrons who had listened to Blaze’s tirade.

“All the methane would make this place a bomb.” Vanilla’s mood lightened a bit when she realized how much gas she’d been dispensing.

“Fine then, let me leave. I don’t want to breathe in any more of this malodorous air.” Blaze started to make towards the door, but she felt a hand on her shoulder.

“You can’t just leave. You said things you can’t take back.” Rouge had an evil smile on her face.

“Yeah, she’s right. You can’t let someone say things without punishment. It sets a bad example.” Vanilla rose from her seat.

“She’s right, though; our gas is making kind of a scene. If only there was a way to keep enjoying our chili without putting all those nasty farts in the air.” Rouge pushed Blaze to the ground with a strength she didn’t know she had.

Blaze impacted against the hard tile, the air leaving her lungs as she struggled to orient herself. Her belly sloshed back and forth from the fall, the surface jiggling under her straining pants. Her vision was blurry and dark, her eyes slowly reorienting to reveal the source of the darkness; it was Rouge’s ass. The wide bat had poised her body over Blaze’s face, her hands pulled at her bulbous cheeks. Blaze was too woozy to escape; her muscles felt like they were made of jelly, she couldn’t kick away from what was about to happen. Blaze looked on in disgust as Rouge’s ass fell on her like two meteors; the wobbling fat cheeks wrapped around her head like gelatin. She felt her snoot dive deep into the crevice of Rouge’s ass, the bat grinding down to force Blaze deeper. Blaze felt something against her lips; though her vision was dark, she could feel twitching flesh. Her lips had come in contact with the soft flesh of Rouge’s ass; she was now lip-to-anus with the enormous woman.

Rmbibbbbl

Grrglgggl

Blaze’s eyes widened as she felt the grumbling of Rouge’s stomach from the inside; everything around her was vibrating with the incoming storm. She pounded against Rouge’s flanks, but her blows bounced off her blubbery hide. The mountainous blobs she called an ass were too resilient, too padded; everything she did was futile. She felt the twitch against her lips; Rouge’s puckering ass flexed, ready to unleash hell.

Pbbfffffffffftttt

A gale of methane broke from Rouge's backside; a thundering, torrential fart, borne from hours of condensed chili feasts. Blaze’s cheeks immediately bulged with the flood of gas; the seal was too perfect, and now she was inhaling Rouge’s farts. She tried to fight against the flood, refusing to let the gas travel down her throat, but her cheeks could only exert so much

force. Blaze's strength gave out, and the torrent of gas rushed down her throat; her body rumbled with the sounds of muffled farts. Her belly immediately shot out in size, rising like a balloon on her torso; the pregnant curve billowed out into a beach ball of gas. The seemingly endless stream tore through her throat like fire; her stomach billowed out, popping the button of her pants and letting her purple-furred orb free.

Grglgglgl

Blaze' stomach bubbled, the churning gas voicing its protest over the rapidly shrinking space. She could feel the gas coursing lower; her anus twitched again in that same agonizingly familiar feeling. She felt the dread coming; she was going to fart again, not that she could be in a more humiliating state than she currently was. Blaze felt the gas rushing towards her lower end, ready to burst forth like a noxious deluge; then she felt something different. She felt her pants being ripped from her legs and a metal hose being shoved up her sphincter. The cold metal made her shiver; her body relaxed, and she could feel the gas pouring from her ass, but it was stopped.

Pbbbbfftt

There was another muffled fart from the tube; her own gas was being forced down by another caustic force. She could feel her own farts pushing back up her intestine, along with the wind of another. Her lower body began to bloat, her hips being pushed apart by a growing balloon in her pelvis. She could feel the undercarriage of her body curving as she was assaulted by gas on both ends. Her belly grew in turn with her pelvis, the two curves slowly converging into a singular sphere. The slender form of her torso had faded into a swelling, balloon-like curve; the definition of her body was rapidly fading. She could feel her chest start to swell, the tiny bumps she called breasts swelling from beneath Rouge's pendulous ass. She could feel her swelling mounds poking into the avalanche of flesh currently smothering her face. These feelings weren't the only ones; she was starting to run out of air; her lungs were burning, and her vision was fading. Blaze was feeling woozy from the fumes and from the lack of air; she was so lightheaded she was ready to pass out. Then she was given reprieve; the colossal weight of Rouge's ass lifted from her face, granting her fresh air.

"Huff Puff Pant. oouurp." Blaze was struggling for breath, taking in haggard air before the gas in her throat evacuated her system.

"Look at the little gas princess. So big and round, but we can't have any of that gas escaping. It would be rude and **unbefitting of royalty**." Rouge had a malicious tone in her voice.

That's right. It would be unladylike to fart in such a public place. That's why I got my hose." Vanilla swung the hose in her hand while talking.

Blaze could only partially see Vanilla past her bloated body, but she could see what the woman was swinging. There was a thick rubber hose connected from her ass directly into Blaze's; Blaze realized what was forcing gas up her ass. Even now she could feel Vanilla's gas pouring up her ass, filling out her bloating body. Blaze's eyes snapped back to Rouge. The fat-assed bat was pulling down the waist of her black leggings; her voluminous cheeks wobbled in her hands as she dug in her crack. She snaked the hose deeper into the vast canyon of her ass, exploring until she found her hole; she used her fingers to widen her pucker before shoving the hose inside. She shuddered at the feeling of the cold metal snaking its way up her ass; she pushed further and further until it was snugly secure.

"There we go. All set. So how about we let loose Vanilla?" Rouge smiled as she tensed her body.

Pfft

Both Rouge and Vanilla looked in surprise as only a tiny hiss of gas escaped their asses; their tanks had been completely emptied. They felt their stomachs and realized their bloated spheres were bereft of gas; the chili inside of them had been completely digested, and their gas stocks had emptied. The girls looked from themselves over to Blaze and seemed disappointed by the cat's current size. She flopped about on her expanded torso like her body was a yoga ball, gradually growing from her own gasses. Her sides quivered as she tried to expel the churning fumes inside of her, but the ladies wouldn't let that happen. They clenched their booties, causing the hoses to bulge with Blaze's pent-up fumes. They couldn't clench forever; they needed to refuel. That's when Vanilla had the idea.

"Oh, Dogbot! Would you mind hooking us up with the direct line?" Vanilla waved to the drone that had left their table.

"A direct line? I'm sorry, but I have customers to serve. Stationing myself at your table would prevent serving others." The drone's eyes lit up as they handed a chili dog to a pregnant looking Amy.

"Can't you do something, hun? We're ever so hungry." Rouge laid her charm on as thick as she could.

"Hmm. I can make a compromise." The drone bustled away from the table, darting back to the kitchen.

All three of the bloated ladies watched as silverware and dishes flew out from the chaos of the kitchen. The tornado of action came to a halt as the drone buzzed out from the background, two large metal tubs in their hands. Steam was pouring from the valves on the top of the tubs; the connectors looked to have a hose attachment. The drone dropped the containers in front of the girls with a flourish.

“There we go, two industrial tubs of chili with hose attachments. Enough to keep any chili lover satisfied until they explode. [*Exploding is not covered under this restaurant's insurance policy.*] Please don't explode.” The drone's explanation was cut off by an automatic interjection.

“Thanks. You're the best.” Rouge gave the drone a little wink before hefting a tub over to Vanilla.

Both women gave each other knowing looks before shoving the hoses in their mouths, flipping the nozzles on with synchronized motions. Rouge and Vanilla's cheeks bulged as the sweet ambrosia of cheap spices funneled into their throats. Their bellies immediately filled with sweet chili and noxious fumes, expanding as they guzzled down the greasy sludge. Their stomachs curved out, rapidly surpassing the size of pregnancy and approaching something closer to a beach ball. The grease and the spices swirled and tumbled in their stomach, their sloppy dance generating an excess of fumes. Gas bubbles formed and popped under the lakes of sludge that were forming in their guts. The swirling fumes were forced lower by the constant streams of chili; gas snaked its way through Vanilla and Rouge's bodies, while the girls unclenched their booties.

Grlllll

Pbbbfffttt

Their asses erupted with gas; the sound of muffled farts echoed through the hollow tubes, finding a new home in Blaze's body. Blaze's eyes watered as the fetid fumes filtered in from both ends, her body rapidly ballooned outward. Her demure breasts bloated out on her chest, pumping up to basketballs of churning gas. Her purple jacket strained against the ever-expanding balloons of her bosom. Her cleavage was getting deeper, her bulbous breasts pushing out and stretching the fabric tight. This cleavage didn't last long, as soon her body followed suit with the growth. Her torso rounded out, encompassing more and more of her body; Blaze's limbs were rapidly shortening, being drawn in by her ballooning flesh. Her flanks curved out into a perfect sphere; her torso had turned into one uniform curve. She inflated out like a great balloon, climbing in height and girth; her body was now larger than Vanilla and Rouge.

Bibbbbl

Blaze felt a bubbling deep inside the pit of her stomach; the small pond of chili in the bottom of her belly was reacting with the gas. Her body quivered as the gas she was being pumped with mixed with her own churning fumes. Her body's growth increased at an exponential rate; her rotund form billowed up and out. The table was being pushed away as her bulk rose higher; her body was pushing into the walls of their cramped corner. The endless torrents of gas filtered down her throat, turning her from gas-balloon to fart blimp. The hoses were being drawn tight as she rose higher into the air; her ballooned tits were forced into the floor by her own size. Her limbs were slowly being drawn into her torso as it encroached further

along her form. Blaze's hands flapped helplessly against her taut flesh, her sides giving off a hollow thumping sound as her mitts hit them.

Ppbbbbbbfftt

Blaze wasn't given any sort of quarter or reprieve; Vanilla and Rouge were getting drunk on their own control and power. Their gassy onslaughts were being fueled by their own gluttony; they guzzled down chilly like it was water, the kegs were halfway empty, and their bellies were half full. The swollen orbs of chili pressed into the ground, breaking through the confines of their clothes. Rouge's bodysuit had torn, the tan balloon of her stomach sloshed free against the cold tile of the; Vanilla's gut had shorn the sides of her white dress, the cream-colored orb flopping out and resting between her legs. Both women were expanding with their hedonistic indulgence; they had completely forgotten that they were punishing Blaze; they were just enjoying the feeling of filling her. Their stomachs bubbled and churned, pumping liters of gas into Blaze's holes.

Grlll

Blaze's body let out a whine; her ballooning frame was starting to tighten; her arms and legs had become mere divots on her bloated frame. She loomed over her friends like a shadow, her body rising higher into the air. Her back pressed into the ceiling of the rapidly shrinking diner, her body creaked against the hard tile and steel. Her body burgeoned out with funneled farts, her flanks pushed across the diner floor. Tables and chairs tumbled away from the incoming wall of flesh, bouncing off of her tight skin. Every small impact let out a hollow and rubbery thwack; she was more balloon than cat. Blaze could feel her skin losing elasticity as the hurricane of farts flowed into her holes; body was getting progressively rounder. The small bits of give were losing the battle against the atmospheres of pressure she contained.

Crkkkkk

Blaze's body let out a rubbery creak; her skin was taut, drawn tight like a drum, the pressure inside of her only ramping up. Her growth was slowing down as she approached her limits; she was at a size greater than any weather balloon. She was a fart blimp given sentience, helpless to fight the storm inside of her. Her girth was so immense that she barely fit in the diner; the ceilings and walls cracked against her body. Patrons were slowly filtering out of the diner, leaving the three to their vices. Rouge and Vanilla inched gradually forward, maneuvering away from the overwhelming balloon that was Blaze. Their chili tubs were sputtering on empty, their greasy treasure completely drained, but the storms in their stomachs were still brewing. Rouge was the first one to pop the hose from her mouth, her smile curled in a mischievous grin.

"Hey, Vanilla. You out of chili too?" Rouge placed a hand on her bulbous gut.

"Yeah. Just ran out. Why?" Vanilla plucked the hose from her mouth.

“So the gas we have in the tank is all we have left. How about we get a real one brewing?” Rouge flexed her cheeks, shutting her ass tight.

“Oh? So we’re going to hold it in? Give this princess one final push?” Vanilla smiled, flexing her glutes.

“Yeah, how’s that sound, Blaze? Think you can handle some more?” Rouge snickered, looking back to the blimp behind her.

Mmmphphm

Mmphmhpnh

Blaze shook her head violently in disagreement; she was beyond full; there was no way she could stomach any more gas. The girls weren’t really looking for an answer, though; they were more informing Blaze about what would happen next.

“That sounds like agreement. Okay, Vanilla, it’s a race. See how much we can hold in.” Rouge smiled, doubling over on her bloated stomach.

“You’re on.” Vanilla cracked a wide smile as she cradled her stomach.

Grrglglglg

Rouge and Vanilla’s bellies began to bloat, their stopped-up gas frothing anger at the sudden lack of an exit. Their stomachs swelled rapidly, growing from their yoga ball size to something grander. Their abdomens expanded and grew, filling like they were hooked to a hose; their inflating girth started to lift them off the ground. The surface of their stomachs quivered, like some creature moving beneath the water’s surface. The noxious fumes rippled through their swelling spheres, swirling inside them like a hurricane. The onslaught of gas didn’t stop; it bubbled and roiled inside of them, exponentially increasing the pressure inside. Red streaks of strain began to creep their way across the girl’s stomachs. Their fingers clutched at the growing spheres, trying to soothe the angry orbs in a sense of competition.

Crkkkk

Both women’s guts gave off a rubbery creak, their malleable surface gaining a taut sheen as they approached their limit. Both women’s bellies approached the size of a weather balloon; they were grand blimps filled with farts and chili. They shuddered in pleasure, the feeling of fullness overwhelming their senses. They bit their lower lip in anticipation; the sensation of a storm at their backdoor was getting overwhelming. Their muscles shook, the tension they’d been holding giving out as their focus lapsed. Their guts stopped growing, their pressure welled inside of them, only moments before they unleashed themselves.

Ppbbbbbfiffitttt

Pbbbbbbbttttt

A twin gale of torrential farts broke the dam Vanilla and Rouge had been constructing; their behemoth cheeks went lax. The hoses in their asses bulged, the gassy load straining the rubber past its approved limit. The hoses went tight, turning into thick tubes that led straight into the room-sized blimp that was Blaze. The hoses quivered, the bands inside of them snapping as the rubber bulged in odd places. Blaze's cheeks bulged, the pressure inside of her fighting a losing battle against the storm of farts. She wasn't sure if there was any room left in her; if she took in any more gas, she'd surely pop. She was about to learn just how much room she had left as the taste of chili-laced gas hit her tongue.

-----pop ending-----

Grllll

Blaze's body whined in displeasure from the copious gas being forced into her holes, the bulging hoses stretching them wide. Her throat and ass were gaped wide by the stretched hoses; the gas filtering through her was increasing the pressure inside of her. She had little room for growth, her body barely budging an inch from the gassy onslaught. The air pressure inside her compounded by atmospheres; each liter of gas condensed the last. Her skin drew tight over her ballooning stomach, the surface gaining a rubbery sheen. She couldn't stomach any more of this; she desperately needed to push this gas out but couldn't. Despite this situation, despite her impending detonation, she couldn't break that mental block. The glass around her decency was too thick to break, so she was doomed to suck down the gas.

Crkkkk

Her body let out a rubbery-sounding creak, her back squeaking against the ceiling as the pressure inside her mounted. Bits of tiles began to fall from the cracking ceiling; the dark crevasses carved their way up the building walls. Blaze's skin was so thin that she could feel the misty grease in the air, the way it hit against her hide like rain. Her body started to throb, pulsing in and out like a bomb. Her purple form started to turn red, the apex of her stomach gaining an angry crimson sheen. She was scared to breathe, scared to do anything other than exist; any single shift in pressure was enough to set her off. She could only watch as Rouge and Vanilla emptied their payload into her.

Vanilla and Rouge's gut has shrunk significantly since the ordeal started, the turgid weather balloons shrinking down to yoga balls. Their stomachs weren't done; gas still swirled within them, but there was a pressure problem. Blaze was so full, so absolutely tight, that the gas simply wouldn't flow. Vanilla and Rouge had to strain, tightening their abdomens and flexing

their sphincters as hard as they could. The gas inside of them wasn't budging, not without some assistance.

"Hey, Vanilla. You thinking what I'm thinking?" Rouge faced her wrecking ball of a stomach in Vanilla's direction.

"I think I can pick up what you're putting down... That's how the kids say it? Right?" Vanilla turned her turgid stomach in Rouge's direction.

Both women grinned as they braced their legs, their bodies springing into action as they ran to each other. They dashed into each other, guts first, like two blimps on a high-speed collision course. Their bloated stomachs impacted like airbags; with the assistance of their muscles, the crash forced gas out of their stomachs. Their bellies deflating in an instant as the excess of gas rushed down the hoses.

Rmblblblb

Blaze's body quaked with the venting gas that was filling her form; her body throbbed as the last of the farts filtered into her holes. She couldn't handle anymore, her hide creaked and quaked; her skin was drawn tight as a drum. She throbbed once, twice, straining to try and hold together. Her toes curled back as the last poots of gas flowed into her, Rouge and Vanilla's bellies now completely flat.

Grnnnnn

Rlllll

Crkkkkk

Something inside of Blaze broke, something important; in an instant, the shaky equilibrium she had cultivated broke. Her body howled in anger, rumbling like a thunderhead as she shot out with a final surge of growth. Her body had given up holding together; bit by bit the threads inside of her were snipped. Her skin turned from an angry crimson to slightly clear as she was pushed past the boundaries of her size. Blaze's eyes rolled back in her head as the storm of pressure overtook her. Her body swallowed her head, leaving her in a dark prison of her own flesh; the only thing she could hear was the thundering of her imminent detonation.

Maybe I should have farted.

Kerfwoooooosh

In her hurricane of noxious fumes, Blaze exploded like a bomb, sending scraps of purple fur and cloth in all directions. The restaurant was thick with gassy haze, the air thick and

unbreathable. Standing at the center of the disaster were Rouge and Vanilla, still caressing their bodies from the crash.

“I think that taught her a lesson.” Rouge grabbed ahold of the hose still sticking out of her ass.

“Yeah... Hey. Are you thinking what I'm thinking?” Vanilla grabbed the end of Rouge's hose.

“Another round of chili?” Rouge held up her hand as Vanilla grabbed the hose.

“Better make it a double.” Vanilla smiled as she shoved the hose down her throat.

The evening was far from over for these two.