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***The Ultimate Balloon* (Inflation, Popping, Danganronpa)**

Chihiro crept like a mouse through the dark corridors of Hope's Peak Academy, flicking his gaze left and right in search of traps and other students. Leaving the dorms behind him, he slipped through the school, passing through the boiler room and into the storehouse, wherein he found, hidden behind an enormous pile of crates, the objective of his quest: the emergency exit.

No one else seemed to know it existed, but Chihiro had searched the building's plans at some point prior to his arrival, and the image had remained clear in his head all through their first few days here. He didn't want to leave the others behind, but there was no way he could alert them all to what was happening without tipping off Monokuma. He had to take his chance now, before the opportunity passed him!

Taking a deep breath, he grabbed the door's bar and pushed it as hard as his tiny arms would allow him. Face red with exertion, veins popping on his brow, he tightened his grip and pulled harder and harder, straining until he was certain he'd pop a vein. It hadn't been blocked, had it?

Finally, with a terrible creaking, the door flew open. Chihiro stumbled back, sighing in relief—he'd done it!

When he went to step through, however, something glinted in the darkness. Chihiro hurried backward, one eyebrow raised in concern, but his caution wasn't enough. Something flew out of the darkness, aimed straight at his face—he screamed, and it took the chance to slip straight down his throat. "Mmmmpfh!"

As Chihiro fought to pull the pipe out of his mouth, he heard a familiar laughter from the speakers above. "Looks like someone tried to slip out the backdoor!" said Monokuma. "Kukukuku. Well, don't worry, everyone! Their time here's going to end with a *bang!* Kukukuku!"

As Chihiro's eyes flashed in fear, a pump started somewhere in the darkness, and a fat bulge of air flowed down the pipe's length, forcing his lips wide as it wormed its way inside him. Squirming, his eyes wide, Chihiro moaned as he struggled to swallow it. When it landed in his gut, his belly visibly bulged, straining his top wide. He moaned, voice muffled by the pipe.

Monokuma wasn't satisfied with just fattening him a little, however. Another fat ball of gas soon came flowing down the pipe and slammed straight through Chihiro's lips, making him squeal again as it dropped into his belly. His gut squeaked, round as a beachball, and straining his skirt and his top larger with the second.

The gas came faster now, bulge after bulge, one every other second, and Chihiro's body bloated fast. His skirt squeaked, straining to contain his swelling hips, while his top struggled to hold in the tremendous sphere of his giant torso. He still flapped at the pipe, more feebly with the second, though nothing he did could get it out of his mouth. And still the gas came, making him bigger and bigger with the second.

With a groan, Chihiro fell back onto his rear, with has swollen into a pair of fat balloons itself. His torso had become a perfect sphere the size of a small house, and his limbs were fat orbs themselves—even as he watched, his fingers popped into fullness one by one too.

Sitting there, he could only moan as the pressure in his gut grew more and more unbearable.

Monokuma's cackling resumed with gusto. "Look at that big balloon! I wonder if it can get any bigger?"

Trembling, Chihiro looked up and saw the cameras looking on him. Was—was Monokuma showing him to all the others? He moaned in horror. No, no—he didn't want them to see him like this! Not like this!

As he sniveled and squirmed, tears dripping from his eyes, the gas found itself to the last part of his body it had yet to fill. With a muffled gasp, Chihiro stopped fighting and watched, his eyes wide, as his cock rose from beneath his skirt, blown into a fat sausage the size of a log. A terrible blush spread across his face; he flicked a fearful glance at the cameras. *No! No! Please, please don't let them see me like this!*

Monokuma laughed. Chihiro squirmed even harder. With every second, the pressure in his belly and his balls and his cock grew a little worse, and soon he could bear it no more. Screwing up his eyes, he released a feeble moan.

And just like that, he popped like a balloon.

Scraps of rubbery flesh and cloth fell to the floor to the sound of Monokuma's laughter.

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OshiCard! (Inanimate TF, vTuber)

"Hey, everyone!" Shylily cried as she started her stream. "I've got something really interesting to show you all today!"

As chat filled with excited emojis, Shylily held up a simple piece of card. "I'm going to be a trading card!" She giggled. "That's right, they're making a trading card game about vtubers! It's called OshiCard!, and I'm going to be in it! Isn't it exciting?"

She suppressed a grin as chat filled with excited statements "Now," she continued, "there is one little condition I've got to fulfill before they make a card of me, but it's really simple. All they want is for me to hold up this blank card and say 'capture'. So, here I go!" She raised the card to the camera. "Capture! ...H-hey, what's going on?! What's-?!"

As Shylily's chat watched in shock, the card flashed, and Shylily's hair flew towards its empty picture as if it were a black hole warping her body with its mass. The orcat squealed and struggled to pull away, but she couldn't even leave her chair before the card caught her: her hair vanished into the black space of the picture, and with a scream the rest of her head shot into it as well. For a second, she lay halfway between the two-dimensional world and the 3D one, her boobs squished against the boundary of the card's picture and struggling to fit through it. Several seconds passed as the card sucked away, and at last, with a loud pop, her boobs slipped through; she slipped in up to her thighs and stuck there as well, kicking her legs and squealing as the card drew them inside it.

Finally, with another pop, her hips passed the boundary, and the rest of her body shot through with speed. As her feet disappeared into the darkness, the card's picture shimmered and changed: when it stopped, it showed not utter blackness but Shylily herself, her body naked and posed as if for an erotic magazine. Bending over, she cupped a boob with one hand and fingered herself with the other, visibly moaning. At a glance, she looked like she was enjoying herself, but the closer you looked, the more terrified her expression became.

Fluttering out of the air, the card landed face-up on her desk. For several seconds, Chat was filled with nothing more than shocked emojis, but it wasn't long before someone said what everyone else was thinking.

"How much do I have to pay?"

—

Galaxy Condoms (Inanimate TF, Omnipotence)

Melissa giggled as she and Andrew stumbled into the bedroom, arms entangled with each other's bodies. As he fondled her asscheeks, she slipped her hands down his pants and stroked his shaft, pumping her arm hard even as she used the other to support herself.

At last, they reached the bed. Throwing herself onto it, Melissa wasted no time pulling down her panties and spreading her legs to give Andrew a good luck at his prize. With a grin, he dropped his own underwear and approached, ready to take hold of her. His cock throbbed as he guided it towards her pussy.

"Er, wait, hang on a second," said Melissa. "Aren't you going to put on a condom?"

“H-huh? Oh, you don’t really want to me to do that, do you?”

“Er, if you’re planning to stick that thing inside me, I do!”

Andrew huffed. “Look, I left them in my coat pocket. Can’t we skip it just this—?”

Ignoring him, Melissa opened her bedside cabinet and pulled out a simple black square, peppered with stars. “Here,” she said, tossing it to him. “Try this.”

Andrew raised the packet to his eyes. “Galaxy Condoms?” he asked, frown deepening. “What the hell is a Galaxy Condom? I’ve never even heard of this brand.”

Melissa’s lips curled into a smile. “Oh, it’s a special one,” she said. “Try it. I bet you’ll love it.”

He snorted. “I doubt that.” Ripping open the packet, he tossed aside the wrapper and raised the condom itself, which was just as black and starry. Still frowning, he lowered it to his shaft and spread the sheet of plastic over it. As it slid down his length, his expression twisted slightly. Melissa wasn’t wrong—there was definitely something special about this condom. It didn’t feel anything like rubber. In fact, it felt like he was wearing nothing at all.

Biting his lip, he continued to pull the rubber down his shaft and released it with a snap. He shivered as how natural it felt. No, it was better than wearing nothing at all—it felt like a part of his body.

Shivering, he looked back to Melissa, who gave him a brief nod. Taking a deep breath, he guided his shaft to her pussy, pulled back and—

As he fucked her, his face red and his cock harder than it had ever been, Andrew’s skin poured with excited sweat. He couldn’t believe what was happening—normally condom sex sucked, but this was amazing. He’d never felt so good fucking someone—it was like he was fucking a million different girls at once.

Naturally, this meant he couldn’t hold it in for long. Thirty seconds in, Andrew gave a grunt and screwed up his eyes as he came.

As he pulled out, the condom dangling from the end of his cock like a water balloon, Melissa looked at him and shook her head sadly.

Urgh, she thought, *not even a minute*.

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Aztec Graffiti (Inanimate TF, Flattening, Dragon Maid)

Lucoa's impressive bust bounced as she strolled through the streets of the city Dragon Maid takes place in. Passing an alley, she caught a strange scent on the air and came to a sudden stop, sniffing. "Oh? What's that? Is that magic?" Turning back, she poked her head into the alley.

Sure enough, she found a magic circle scrawled in invisible ink on the back wall of the alley. A normal human would never have noticed it, but to a dragon like her, it was as obvious as day.

Cocking her head, Lucoa approached with a frown. Who would have ever drawn such an intricate magic circle on a random alley wall like this? And for what purpose? Leaning close, she opened her eyes and squinted, struggling to decipher its signs. It looked like some kind of sealing spell...

Just as she thought she'd cracked it, the circle flashed, and its runes began to spin. With a gasp, Lucoa leapt back, but not fast enough—with a whiplike crack, four tendrils of magical energy flew from the circle and wrapped around her limbs. She gasped as they spun her like a doll and dragged her towards the wall.

Lucoa squirmed in their grip. "R-release me—Ooooh~!" Before she could finish speaking, one of the tendrils coiled around her breast and squeezed, tight. Another slipped into her short shorts and straight between her legs. She threw back her head and moaned as it delved deep inside her.

One of the tentacles coiled around her ankles. Another pair grabbed her horns like a motorcycle's handles—together, they drew her like a bow, bending her till her spine creaked. Her boobs, thrust forward, bounced as the tendrils popped them out of her top.

In this state, they carried her slowly into the wall. Lucoa could only moan as her feet and her horns disappeared into the stone as if it were soft as mud, leaving only paint in their place. Inch by inch, she slipped into the brickwork, until at last the only thing that remained out were her enormous boobs, still bouncing in the tentacles' grip. Giving them one last giant squeeze, they vanished back into their home, leaving Lucoa's boobs to bounce several times before they stilled.

At the end of the alley, in the place of the circle and the dragon, someone had painted a curvaceous woman, her legs spread, and her eyes rolled back in ecstasy. Only her boobs remained in 3D, fat and meaty and begging to be touch.

It wasn't long before someone came along and obliged them.

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Abducted (Inanimate TF, Inflation)

Amelia had just left the supermarket when the saucers dropped out of the heavens. Squealing in surprise, she dropped her bags and made to run back inside, but she barely made it three feet before one of the spaceships' awful tentacles wrapped around her waist and squeezed tight, holding her firm as it hauled her into the air.

"No! No, put me down!" She thrashed as it dragged her up through its hatch and plopped her on a conveyor. Sitting there, sweat dripping from her face, she struggled to get back to her feet and escape, but the belt clung to her like gum, refusing to release her.

"L-let me go!" she cried, struggling to pull free. "Let me go!"

The belt jerked on, ignoring her.

As another woman dropped onto the conveyor behind her, Amelia found herself carried between a pair of arcing pylons. She had an instant to raise her hand and shield her face before the lightning struck her, vaporizing her clothes in a flash of bright pink flame. Exposed, her skin shone, slick and sweaty, as the conveyor carried her on to the next machine on the line.

This turned out to be something like a pump. Mechanical arms grabbed her wrists and wrenched her onto her back, while a long, thick pipe forced its way into her pussy. She gasped, struggling not to cum, as it came to a stop and the first bulge of gas flowed down its length to fill her. "Ah! Nnn~!"

With a *boing!*, her stomach exploded, blown as thick and gravid. As she stared in horror, it continued to grow, larger and rounder with every passing second, till she was afraid that any more and she'd explode.

Instead, it got faster. Like a balloon on the pump, her body swelled, her bloated sphere of a stomach lifting her fattening breasts and making her scream at the internal pressure. *Nnn~!* She felt like she was going to burst.

As her belly expanded, it started to absorb the rest of her. Before she knew it, her boobs and her thighs had been stretched out, subsumed by the black hole of her belly. She moaned and thrashed harder, struggling in a futile attempt to escape her fate.

Meanwhile, more arms descended from above, each carrying a canister. With a hiss, they went to work, spraying her all over, and Amelia moaned even louder as her skin started to tingle even more. Between this and the squeaking of the pressure in her gut, she wanted nothing more than to get her fingers between her legs and cum. *Nnn~! It feels so good!*

Slowly, her skin turned a bright shade of pink.

With every second that passed, Amelia's stomach grew bigger, until its bulk subsumed her humanity almost entirely, leaving only her face and her digits protruding from the fat pink sphere of her gut. These remained with only a second longer, and with that they vanished into the orb with a pop.

The pipe pulled out of her pussy with a *schlup*, and Amelia hissed as she deflated, collapsing to the conveyor as an empty sack of rubberized flesh, greatly stretched. With a flash and a zap, she compacted, folding in on herself till all that remained was a thin circle of rubber, and another arm fitted her with a tight, square-shaped wrapper.

Their job done, the arms retracted, and the conveyor carried the new condom away to be packaged.