

Less than a minute ago, the final fight of the tournament commenced yet already the spectators were screaming bloody murder. Cake the Cat, representing her best friend Fionna, stretched her elastic, furry arm across the other side of the arena, easily covering more than half the magmatic stage she stood on. Her fist extended well past her body before it landed into the wall hundreds of feet away, grazing her enemy's cheek momentarily. Until now, Cake and Susan Strong were able to withstand the outer layer of the ring roaring with the flames of everyone in the Fire Kingdom, thanks in no small part to Cake's many travels there before. Susan, however, staggered in place, having barely dodged her attack. Even with a cool blue hue to protect her masculine human body against the hellish heat, a temperature so high that anyone not born from the eternal inferno would erupt in flames, she was practically melting the louder her heartbeat rang in her ears, knowing every last move could be the end. Susan tugged on the edge of her cat cap until it tightened around her puny head when the stretchy arm beside her jiggled and bounced, stuck within the crater it created.

While Cake's figure was as voluptuous as they came, supporting hips wider than the doors and ample legs to help travel far, Susan towered above everyone at a walloping seven-feet, her body rippling down to her bulky calves; biceps curving to her waist perfectly, complemented by her impeccable forearms. She wasted no time as she grabbed Cake's arm within her bulky clutches before Susan sank her teeth deep into Cake's forearm. The crowd erupted in roars of applause with Cake's own screams joining them. By the time Cake jerked her arm away and shook off the bite, there were drool-soaked teeth marks in her wrist that were already vanishing by the second. As Cake shook her hand, she kept her breathing slow, knowing couldn't be too upset with Susan. The near seven-foot-tall human woman may as well have been an alien considering she spent her entire life living in a cave alongside a horde of mutants. Even without being in Ooo as long as her, Cake kept her paws gripped tight once Susan's legs stopped quaking. Her loincloth clung to her rugged body without an inch of flab anywhere to be found, a stark contrast to Cake, who could change her figure on a whim, yet kept all her fat below the waist to cushion herself.

The little marks where Susan's fangs left their imprint disappeared as the Amazonian woman herself charged ahead with one arm extended outward. Before she could swing for Cake's head, Cake split her legs apart in both directions and dropped to the ground, then rammed her skull into Susan's stomach with close precision. In an instant, the world spun around Cake as the wind inside Susan escaped as a harsh squeak. She sagged to her knees as the ground thudded, but Cake didn't jolt. She knew the bigger girls were, the harder they fell anyway.

Cake heaved herself up to her feet as Susan rubbed her stomach in small circles, gasping for air. She gave a weak moan that halted Cake momentarily. It always stung to have to use dirty tactics on someone who didn't deserve them. Okay, maybe Susan shouldn't have bitten her arm, but she didn't know better considering she spent her whole life under a rock. Nevertheless, the crowd was cheering Cake's name at last with Flame Princess waving to her atop her own massive

throne. Ever since she got past her bloating during the summer, her enormous ass grew wide enough to fill two entire couches at once, thanks in no small part to it being bolted to her body. Cake's eyes widened as embers leaked out from underneath where the princess sat. Surrendering now would mean her favor went to Susan's instead; a consequence Cake couldn't afford.

"Sorry Susie," Cake lamented, "but Fionna needs a lady who can set her up for life and I ain't letting nobody get in my way!"

Susan grit her teeth then arched her arm back and threw a fist at Cake. She froze midair as Cake caught her inches before she could leave a bruise on her puffy face. The muscles in Susan's arm bunched up from pushing forward. Her biceps strained yet Susan refused to put her wrath aside, already committed to her stance even if Cake smirked.

"S-Susan not doing this for herself," she said. "Susan doing this... for Princess!"

Without any warning, Susan kicked at Cake's knee only for the cat to lift her foot right as Susan grazed by the end of her heel. She stomped down on her calf and held Susan at bay, all the while jerking slightly whenever Susan squirmed beneath her large frame.

"You're, ergh, doing this for Flame Princess?" Cake asked with a groan.

Susan simply nodded her head as she tensed her neck and the pressure reached her at a fever pitch the muscle bound woman understood far too well. The walls were caving in too quickly so if she wanted to win Susan needed to quit stalling *now*.

"Susan n-needs red flowers! Red flowers make everything stronger!" Susan spat out. "Without them, Susan and everyone she loves are nothing!"

"So you gotta get frisky with the princess just to do that?"

"Yes!"

Cake cocked her brow and tilted her head to the side. In the few days since she met Susan, she didn't exactly come off as the type to want to impress girls, let alone those far out of social circle like a princess. The fire blistering behind her eyes however exploded when Susan writhed her hand and leg free, then lifted her back off the ground, clutching the hard stone floor around her. For Susan, this would be her last stand. For Cake however, it was time to help her friend embrace a defeat most foul.

Before Susan could rise up again, Cake juttred her chest forward as her breasts swelled well past their once ample size, now extending out like they were twisted fists filled with dough. They smacked Susan back on her ass then drooped against Cake's thighs where they dangled in-between small thrusts. She needed to breathe not from the impact, rather the thrill coursing through her even while Susan stayed limp. Fionna always said Cake needed to use every part of her body well, but squeezing a girl with her boobs never sat right compared to her glorious glutes. Using them as literal punching bags however never hurt.

Cake remained hunched over until her boobs quickly shrank to their humble size of natural flesh and blood. As Cake regained her footing, it felt as though her still large thighs would never stop shaking, Susan refused to get up. In spite of the obvious cushioning Cake possessed, her entire back kept aching after landing on the gritted surface the fire people dwelled in. Susan twitched her fingers and groaned when a shadow fell over, blanketing whatever light begged her to keep fighting. Then Cake's sapphire eyes met Susan's and her entire throat went dry.

"I can't take any more chances and let you win, hon," lamented Cake, "So if you thought I got real big up front, wait 'till you see how much sugar I've been sitting on to get sweet in the back!"

Right on cue, Cake leaned forward as her ass grew out six inches behind her, perfectly extending out from her back, curving along the shape of her chubby belly (most guys liked bigger girls these days!). Her spine bent inward to accentuate her form. The laws of physics were tossed aside while Cake stretched her hips two feet wide yet stood her ground amidst the trembling giant. It helped everything below the waist grew in size to complement her figure, otherwise Cake would no doubt have joined Susan on the floor once her ass could be seen from her front. Now she simply needed to waddle around a circle without falling victim to the extra weight, all the while reeling from the bubbles churning in her stomach.

Tremors shook the ring as Cake turned on her heel then presented her now massive butt to Susan. Her paws dove to her hips and sank up to her wrists as she flashed a playful smile. Each of her ass cheeks were wiggling in small ups-and-downs, completely controlled by her own inner muscles, to the audience's delight while Susan remained drenched underneath Cake's shadow. The hairs on Cake's furry neck turned to needles as she lifted her ass to the sky, clenched her cheeks tight and dropped the hammer on Susan. Then a warm set of hands gripped her from behind and stopped Cake before her ass met Susan's face, stalling her just at the tip of her nose.

Susan heaved against Cake's ass only for the cheeks to her quivering lips. Within seconds, the gaps in her fingers were oozing with fur while Cake yawned and lazily fanned her mouth. Her own stomach gurgled profusely as the fifty-ton weight she dreaded before dislodged through her body, threatening to tear Cake apart the longer Susan resisted.

“Ooooh, baby, you do *not* want to try that on me...” Cake gnawed her lip before a guttural roar had her ears standing tall. Time to release another one of her ‘stinkier’ dirty tricks.

PPRRRRRRMMMMMMBBBBBBBLLLLLTTTT!!

The ground rumbled as Cake’s jaw went slack, her tongue falling to her chin and rolling in circles, wetting her entire mouth. It wasn’t long until the world pulled away and she fell atop Susan, who only coughed once before flailing her bulky arms nonstop. She kicked the air the stronger the beefy smell lingered, her bones continuing to jitter even after the fart ended. Sweat stained Cake’s seat in the form of drops that welled overtime. Susan gasped for air then coughed at the acrid smell that awaited her, filling her lungs with a scent she never knew until after she learned how to bathe.

Another sputtering ripper hit Susan point-blank as Cake dragged her tongue down to her chin. She must have been holding back on her gas since the tournament began, so didn’t hesitate to hike her leg up when her ass jiggled furiously from the impact. As Cake’s ass roared again, she shuddered from the sudden... chills? Running down her back? Her arms jittered once the soft flourish of heat in the cavern turned to frost, and she clenched her teeth shut. Though the denizens continued to cheer, Cake nonetheless found nothing beside her in the near empty pit other than Susan’s now limp arms splayed to the sides. Cake’s neck cricked as even her tail stood tall, but when she dared to turn to the crowd, the fizzling waves were no different than before. Only the croaks of a bullfrog met Cake as she curled her toes and released another death-defying blast.

BBRRRRUUUUUMMMMMBBBBTTTT!! POOOOOORRRRRRBBBBTTTT!!

Or rather, blast in her case.

Cake hissed through her teeth when a faint fog fizzled through the air. It dissipated as it reached her face yet the steam from the boiling lava, differentiated by the warped hue it took on, didn’t stop. Now she was certain she went crazy. She shifted her glutes back in Susan’s face to force out another fart, but as Cake’s stomach loosened at last, the ground pulled away from her feet and her ass hung in the air. Susan’s bug-eyed stare met Cake’s gaze the higher she rose. She swung her paws to no avail with the crowd going quiet, not a single peep to be heard. A cacophony of jiggling and clapping courtesy of Cake’s massive butt rang in her ears the higher she ascended.

“Woah now!” she yelled. “Hey, hey, hey, hey! What in the hell is happening?!”

The ice in Cake’s chest took hold before the fiery hue of the Flame Kingdom softened and blurred. Susan didn’t budge from where she laid, instead she rapidly shrunk along with the rest

of the arena itself. Cake wouldn't stop squirming until the lush colors of the outside world returned and she glanced up with eyes wide open. The charred rubble faded to a grassy field surrounded by trees that stretched to the skies above - *actual* skies, and not simply smoky voids that crackled with thunder. They were bluer than the endless sea; hummingbirds storming through the occasional clouds into the unknown. Sunlight played in Cake's face as she gasped on the clean air free from the smog that infested her moments prior. Even the chilly waves that swept her dissipated towards a sense of heat rather than any other overwhelming extreme.

Before Cake could get her brain to stop stalling, the force taking hold of her vanished and she was thrown back onto her cushiony ass without a second thought. She rolled on her side when a thin ring leading down to the Fire Kingdom closed up ahead. Any trace of those who watched her battle vanished along with the princess herself. Rising to her feet, Cake gave a huff as she brought one paw to her brow and squinted hard. The sun pierced past the array of treetops spewing leaves onto Cake, showering her in a stream of golden lights. She rubbed her aching hip then shook her head and butt together, offering a pouting twerk to the gods that ripped her away from battle. It wouldn't have been the first time a fight to the death had been interrupted, but now couldn't be a worse time. Every second spent in the middle of nowhere only gave Susan more of an opportunity to take the princess for herself.

Now would be a good time to put her other skills to use. Cake reached for the sky and stretched her torso like a piece of taffy as she rose to the towering treetops above. She could keep stretching forever until her body gave out for all she cared. Her elastic chest reached six times Susan's own height when the faint shadows faded and pure light played against Cake's milky white and orange fur. With her brow pinched shut, she kept her tongue hung over her chin only for the bushy treetops to extend beyond the horizon. Blue gave way to greens, browns and even the rare pinks, but not a single building awaited Cake, let alone a puff of smoke. Forests looked the same anywhere she went, she supposed she couldn't be mad there. Her arms and legs were warped well past the length of an average human's until they matched her torso in height and litheness, her quaking being as full as ever aimed squarely at the trees behind her shoulder, when a deep gurgle had Cake biting her lip on pure instinct. She bucked her still massive butt away as the weight in her stomach dissolved through her system.

"Alright, I don't know what's happenin'," Cake muttered under her breath, "but I know what my butt's trying to say right now. Hnngh..."

*BLLRRRPPTT-FRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPRRRRRRBBBBBBBBPPPPPPRRRRR
PPPPPTTTTT!!!*

Cake curled her lips into an o-shape as the surrounding trees behind her were pushed back by her foul winds with a swathe of leaves flying everywhere. Every passing second uprooted them out

of the ground and tossed them aside. They fell upon one another and sizzled from the rising gas overwhelming the oaky air that those who lived outside knew. Once the smell of charred rubble caught her, Cake brought her hand to her puny nostrils and gagged, suddenly reminded of the horrors she unleashed at the Fire Kingdom. The shuttering crashes joined her ass' beefy mating call after a few seconds passed, echoing for well after she stopped far.

Stepping around in a circle saw a clean straight path constructed out of fallen debris that *still* led to an emerald coast ahead. Raw fumes crept through Cake's plugged nose as she coughed up her own foul brew. She brought her other paw forward then stalled in place, knowing fully well of the horrors she would have to brave if she continued, so she swiped at the air until Cake could trust that it was safe to breathe. She rattled each of her toe beans when she blinked once and the trees she knocked down were placed up again, her hand caught on the branches before she stopped fanning. Cake jolted one step back then tugged on the twigs and snapped them off in a frantic panic. Then she sniffed the air and groaned at the cleanliness that met her once again.

If I ain't dreaming, she thought, I'm going cuckoo crazy...

Cake cautiously turned her ass to the now straightened set of trees and marched backwards where she once faced. If she were lucky, maybe even still in the same land that she and Fionna were taken to, she could find the old treehouse that the old blonde man lived in. Her feet twitched as she stepped across the grass and weaved past the seemingly immortal guardians of the forest around her. Cake gingerly weaved by the crunchy tufts of the world around her when a prick ran up her neck—

BRRMPT-FRRAAABBT-BLLPPTT!!

Leading to a trio of raucous rippers that aired against the top of her head, with grounded coffee bruning by her nose. Cake pinched an eye shut as she shook her neck before another round of bubbly farts followed suit. They couldn't have escaped her own ass if they were so close and especially so ripe compared to her usual diet. Cake gagged at once when a small matted tail swung between her eyes and she froze in place; a pair of pure white eyes accompanied by a wicked smile hanging upside down before her.

The color beige took up her world as the figure on the bridge of her nose slid to the very tip and shook its fat ass in her face. Each cheek alone must have been the size of Cake's regular head, yet she nonetheless jumped from how far it stretched back to her. A deluge of fur stretched down to the creature's legs, contained by a blue skirt that tightened around their swollen hips. A pair of pointed ears no different than spikes rested on their head. That evil grin never simmered.

“You tried to fart so hard that you gave yourself away, I see.”

PPPPLLLLLLBBBBRRRTTT!!

Cake opened her mouth briefly when the rodent blasted a juicy fart that stained the back of her throat then leapt onto her wrist as she fanned her face. Now sitting on the back of her hand, being close to the same size, Cake blinked away tears as the creature sharpened before her very eyes. The rest of her navy suit was tattered below, the top being neatly buttoned together with a white collar underneath. A set of dark bags swelled underneath the creature's eyes with a darker peachy stripe running down her forehead.

Put her on stage with Cake and she certainly wouldn't be a bad choice for a back-up girl thanks to her own 'hot tomatoes', but the lingering smell would certainly repel any fans not nasally deaf. Cake carefully lifted her paw to her head when Fenneko leapt to her neck and heaved, leaving another raw fart right as Cake whiffed the fox's tail.

BLOOOORRRBBBTTT!!

"Aye!" Cake coughed twice while the fox cackled. As Cake blew the gas away, her foul foe slipped underneath her wrist then sat between her ears and let loose a slew of stinkers no shorter than a second. Fire licked up Cake's nostrils while the fox wiggled her feet with glee.

"You must not be used to fighting someone your own size," the fox teased. "All that size and yet you're letting someone smaller than your chest stink you up? Hahahahahahaha!!"

BLRRRRRMBBPPT-PPPPPLLLLLLPPPPTTT!!

Two wet farts followed suit as the fox's devilish, yet oddly monotonous, cackling rang in Cake's throbbing head. She bent her neck high then brought it to her chin yet the fox refused to fall, content to let her bulging bubble butt boil with reckless abandon.

"Who do you think you are to be ripping that booty on me?" asked Cake. "I got enough problems as is!"

"Assuming we don't *all* have problems?" the fennec fox snarled.

"Don't give me any of that backtalk now!" Cake snapped. "I eat little craps like you for breakfast!"

“Are you saying you eat crap?” the fox asked with a grin. It only took Cake a heartbeat as she stumbled over her words as a rare cherry hue sprouted across her face. Then the fox spun in a circle, her ass now facing Cake’s back, before gradually sliding down the bridge of her nose.

“Don’t be hard on yourself,” continued the fox. “Insecurities are often hard to iron out. I should know better than most, hahahahahaha.”

Cake’s ears were burning the longer she listened to that little shit speak. Sure, she met her fair share of fennec foxes during her trips to the farmer’s market every so often, though she hardly knew any that worked at the office, let alone any of them quick to tease her so quickly. She would have blown her off with a single puff when the fennec fox reared her ass around and pressed it squarely at Cake’s face, stuffing it between the fox’s blistering cheeks.

From then on, Cake would be the first to smell exactly how rotten a were-skunk’s farts could be through the bowels of Fenneko herself.

URM-BRRRUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMPPPPPLLLLPPPPPTTTT!!!

A million coffee beans were crunched up then set ablaze as they traveled through Cake’s nostrils and reached her sore, throbbing skull. The vibrato that Fenneko released lasted a few seconds before another ear-splitting fart escaped her with a cackle. It had Cake’s back legs shaking as she stumbled away from the putrid puny pest while the world around her (or rather, what little Fenneko didn’t obscure) blurred. One of Cake’s knees slumped to the ground before Fenneko gnawed her lip and tightened her thighs around her enemy’s head.

Cake staggered in place, pinned by the shockingly girthy weight of her enemy. Each subsequent sulfurous ripper lasted maybe a second but her eyelids were growing heavier between blasts. She jerked her head to the sky like a bull shaking off its rider only for Fenneko’s rump to release a fluttering flash...

FRAAAMMBPPTTT-BRRPPPTT!!

PRPPRRPPRRBBBT!! BLBPT-PFFT-PPTT-BBTT-BRPT-BPT-PPTT!!

That fizzled out in favor of Cake’s own noisy ass stretching around the corner towards Fenneko.

Bubbling groans and squeaky blasts rose in volume the closer Cake inched her cheeks to her face. Her farts were silenced by Fenneko’s boisterous butt, the smell adding to the rotten atmosphere taking hold. If Cake held any control over her bowels maybe she wouldn’t have

shaken so much once her rancid farts reached her, though nevertheless, she used the last of her strength to curl her backside around a full loop, weaving past the trees if need be.

Cake's shapely seat was twenty feet apart from Fenneko when it gave a whimpering fart that sent a jolt up Fenneko's back. Her legs flailed about until her eyes widened at the impending end blowing farts against her. She couldn't help but laugh. Pity it wasn't clever enough as she loosened her glutes' hold then dropped to the ground below.

Fenneko hit the ground running and sprinted into the forest, never daring to look back. The raspy giggles that escaped her ass were steadying her heart until Cake's ass swallowed her snout whole. Her paws slammed against the grass and threw Fenneko several feet through the air only for her to land on her fat ass, ready to continue sprinting without a moment's notice. Then the rest of Cake's body slumped down when a rising pitch louder than drums shocked the forest and Fenneko to their cores.

FFFFFFRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPP PPPPPBBBBBBBPPPPPPPPVVVVVVVVTTTTT!!
!

Cake's head landed first before her chest, belly, and screaming ass collapsed behind in perfect order. Even as Fenneko jolted ahead of Cake, free to avoid taking a point-blank shot from the fetid winds on the other side, the once brisk temperature rose to a boiling high until sweat glistened across her shiny forehead. Her throat went dry with the world swaying side-to-side every step she took. She shuddered at the snapping sound of branches flying from trees, the cracks from the earth as chunks of dirt were unearthed in the once pristine forest. In due time it would be restored, same as when Fenneko herself last dropped a bomb of her own, but she wouldn't stop shaking until the earth stilled alongside her.

When the volatility of the gas simmered to a blubbing wail, Cake laid completely flat on the surface of the forest, her legs twitching ever so slightly while the rest of her body didn't dare move. There were pebbles of dirt strewn at her feet besides broken twigs forming a perfect path to nowhere, same as before, yet her mind pulled back to the foul end that refused to detach from her snout. Cake was sniffing her ass nonstop as if it were brimming with fresh herbs rather than burning rubber. By her account as someone who's sniffed plenty of farts, hers and Fionna's included, it couldn't have been any more rotten, but she nonetheless huffed up the scent as she went limp, wondering where that little gremlin could have gone.

Fenneko went from running on all fours to her legs when the air softened and foul turned to fresh. The clean winds were caught in her mouth when she snickered under her breath. Her big butt kept squirming from the tiny farts still spilling out of her before a cold flame erupted in her

chest. Quickly, she clutched her breast then fell to her knees and screamed. By the time she opened her mouth, the fire spread to Fenneko's head, and her eyes cascaded to a familiar black hue once more.

The matter strings of fur that sprouted across her body settled; fangs shrinking to a dulled point, her heartbeat easing until it hardly reached a patter. One by one, Fenneko's claws receded into her paws breathing in the fresh oaky autumn land. She could see it now: the memories of her youth, the constant chill the Midwest provided. She always hated it, but dammit, Fenneko couldn't complain. Another deep mouthful and the damp flames ceased to exist at last, her nerves settling to the recesses of her stomach.

A lick of her lips had Fenneko's tail shooting outward as she stretched her arms well over her head. She peered behind her shoulder and groaned as Cake remained stagnant. The stupid cat even left her big fat butt in her face to skunk herself out. No matter that Fenneko could have crushed her even if size weren't a problem when the enemies could handle themselves. She gave her ass a firm spank (thankfully it also stayed as huge as ever) then rolled her eyes when a gurgle bellowed through her pointed ears and out the other end.

PLOOORRRBBBPPTTT!!

“Ah! God, smelled worse than Retsuko's,” Fenneko muttered. “Whatever Ms. Thorn's feeding me is gonna make me super fat if I ever get home. Or... maybe that's the plan if her looking at her own ass in the mirror is any sign, hahahahahaha.”

Fenneko didn't bother fanning her rump before strutting away from the wreckage, her hands extended at her hips as if there were cameras around her. The sound of her robotic, condescending laughter carried itself to Cake as she yanked her ass out of her face, scowling at the shifting foxy cheeks that disappeared amongst the foliage ahead.