

"Okay, keep an eye on the base while we're gone. The mission should be a quick one." Ruby waved goodbye to Blake as she made her way out.

"I don't see why I'm the one who has to keep an eye on things. Shouldn't guard duty be more Yang's job?" Blake cocked an eye as she lay back against the couch cushions.

"Normally, but this is a water mission, and I know how you hate water." Ruby's comment was rather nonchalant as she tried to make for the door again.

"Just because I look like a cat doesn't mean I am a cat. I can do a mission on the water just fine." Blake's comment caught Ruby before she could fully exit with the other girls.

"Yeah, but I didn't want you to be uncomfortable. Besides, you need to rest." Ruby shot Blake an assuring glance, lingering a little too long on the threshold.

"Come on, Ruby! Get a move on! I don't want to get home in the middle of the night." Yang's loud shouts caught the girl's attention as she made her way out.

"I'll catch you later tonight. Also, feel free to grab some snacks; I stocked up." Ruby flashed a friendly smile before walking out of the door, sealing the hatch behind her.

"Tch, good riddance." Blake clicked her lips as she heard the conversing group get out of earshot.

Being stuck at their Atlas base wasn't exactly her idea of a good time; they'd been running from place to place, and it felt less like a home and more like a safehouse. The town was so far away that they couldn't make day trips there anymore; their only real source of entertainment was whatever games and media they brought with them, and those got old quickly. Blake lounged on the couch for a bit longer, staring up at the ceiling as she ruminated on Ruby's comment, surely her being a Faunas wasn't a factor in mission selection. Blake's more animalistic traits had never been a hindrance on missions before; in fact, it was a boon for most.

Blake looked at her reflection in the dull metal above her, taking note of her features, imagining how different things would really be if she weren't a Faunas. She had a pair of twitching black ears that cropped out from her shoulder-length hair of the same color; they blended in so well that she used to be able to wear a bow to conceal them. The rest of her was just a normal girl; cross-woven black top that covered her petite chest, white jacket that came down to her hips and left her midriff exposed. Her black pants were just the same as any other girl's, no tail in sight, yet it was enough to set her apart in most people's eyes. She lay there for a little while longer, thinking over her features until she tired of languishing.

"Screw this, I'm going to go get some of those snacks." Blake muttered to herself as she got up from the couch, the weary springs squeaking as she got up.

Their kitchen was as ramshackle as the rest of the place, a collection of scavenged goods and military remnants from other surrounding bases. The only new appliances in the whole place were the fridge and freezer; the freezer was what Blake had her eyes on today. Ruby said she could have any snacks she wanted, and the gang had just taken a trip and gotten all of their favorite ice creams. Due to the distance, they stocked up, filling the entire frigid coffin with tubs upon tubs of different flavors. Blake cracked open the top as Yang's favorite tub rolled to face her; it was a french vanilla concoction that matched her hair, the front of which had a smiling sun over the logo. Blake passed it by, digging deeper and pulling out different tubs, hunting for her particular flavor. She had removed almost every tub before she realized that the girls hadn't grabbed her any ice cream, Blake felt her fingers tense as a cloud of annoyance formed in her mind.

"They go through all the trouble to bring this ice cream, and they don't even bother to bring my favorite flavor? They didn't even ask." Blake was about to slam the freezer shut before she got an idea. "Well, If they didn't get anything specifically for me, then that means it's all for me. Right?"

Blake smiled with a cat-like grin as she pulled out Ruby's favorite flavor, the strawberry surprise, and then Yang's vanilla and Weiss's chocolate dream. Grabbing as large of a bowl as she could find, she popped the top off the tubs, depositing them each in the mixing bowl until they turned into the world's largest sundae. One container of each, two containers of each; she was being fueled by spite more than anything and had eyes bigger than her stomach. Blake kept going until she had a veritable mountain of ice cream in front of her, topping it with a towering peak of whipped cream and chocolate syrup; she sat the bowl down on the table. Frost collected on the outside of the bowl as she fished for a spoon, finding the largest scoop she could grab and digging in.

The first spoonful was a rush of mixing flavors, a strawberry-heavy serving; cream and sugar all mingled together in a delectable richness that she savored, rolling it across her tongue before swallowing. Each of her servings was large enough to make her lips stretch as the spoon was slightly too large for her mouth. She wrapped her mouth around the next spoonful, letting the heap of chocolate and vanilla mingle in her mouth before letting it fall down like the other. It was all so tasty; she just couldn't help but take another spoonful, and then another.

Biblib

Blake was too lost in flavor to feel it, but each spoonful that fell into her stomach was having a noticeable impact. Her belly was bubbling with discontent as it had to contest with the ever-increasing load of sweetened cream. Her meal rolled around on itself, pushing out more air as the ice cream was given its last churn. As the deluge of sweets flooded in and tumbled within her rumbling stomach, the trim trunk began to bloat. It was slight at first, a little pouch of flesh that poked out from her abdomen, stretched the waist of her pants, but her persistence only made it grow. The tiny pouch of flesh began to round out, started to grow with every bite she

took, morphing into a creamy hill that rested atop her trunk. Stiffly defined hills rolled down from below her rib cage, stretching down into the growing swell as it pulled at her skin and settled above her pelvis. The miniscule amount of body fat on her body meant that her growing gut was only more apparent; the hard lines here bloat met skin only rounded with each bite she took.

Groouirlll

Her stomach let out a low cry, a hopeful signal to its master that what she was doing was both painful and ill-advised, but it fell on proverbial deaf ears. Blake's sensitive hearing was picking up the sounds of her whining stomach, but her mind wasn't processing it; she was too fueled by spite and flavor. She pushed through what modicum of discomfort she felt, pushing another unctuous spoonful past her lips. A crust of melted chocolate was starting to form around her lips, the spillover from the spoon as she plowed it past her lips. Blake could feel a headache coming on; the massive deluge of chilly fluid was starting to have an adverse effect on her nerves. He felt the shiver run up her spine, the tensing sensation that crawled higher and higher until it struck gold.

"Ahhh Brain freeze, brain freeze!" Blake held her head, letting the spoon clatter into the half-empty bowl as she rocked back and forth.

Urlllgglg

As she rocked back and forth, she finally felt the pressure of something new on her stomach, an airy balloon that fought her rocking advances. Looking down, she was finally forced to come to terms with the aftermath of her gluttony, a tiny balloon of flesh that protruded from her abdomen. It was a swell that looked like she'd swallowed a basketball or a melon, a round curve that was too large to get her hands around. Pushing her finger into it, she felt a twinge of pang that shot low into her pelvis, making the orb rumble and quiver in displeasure. Her flesh was springy and resilient, like rubber; out of curiosity, she gave her gut a few more prods. Every time she pressed, she was met with another sharp pain and another wet gurgle; it felt like bubbles were popping on her insides. Her presses were creating a mounting pressure in her lower depths, a wall of airy pain that she couldn't quite place, not until she heard it make its exit.

Frrppptt

Blake's face went bright red after her next press, her finger sinking deep into her skin as a small trumpet sounded. It was a tiny hiss of gas, a sputtering expulsion that wouldn't register to most, but she definitely felt it. The sensation had made her brainfreeze evaporate, but now she had something new to explore. Blake took both her hands, wrapping them around the growing circumference of her tum, and pressed in.

Bbbrrrrppppppptt

As Blake pressed into her stomach, another longer noise escaped her rear. She felt like she was deflating a balloon as she kept pressing into her stomach. It was almost addictive, a fun little toy to play with; her belly was a little whoopee cushion to play with. She didn't want to admit it, but she was starting to enjoy the feeling of letting loose like that; her springy gut was also a fun addition. She liked seeing such a round ball on her stomach; it made her feel more complete than she wanted to admit. She tugged and played with her skin, poking and prodding her gas-filled guts as she blasted more gas from her rear.

Fpppprrrtttt

Brrrrrrrrffffff

brrrrraaaaaaapppttt

What Blake didn't know, or was too distracted to notice, was that her constant eruptions were making her grow. Her stomach was still producing gas; the fermenting ocean of cream inside hadn't stopped disagreeing with her, but it was being forced out. Pressing into her stomach only forced that roiling gas lower into her body and into her petite backside. Her cheeks were ballooning into pert globes, a wobbling bubble butt that made her rise in her seat. Her hips were rounding out as well, filling into airy curves that seeped over the sides of her chair. Blake's stick-like figure was rapidly devolving into a swollen mass of curves that pushed her out from the chair. She practically floated on her own flesh, rocking back on her air mattress of a body as she let more farts rip than she'd ever had her entire life. The room was filled with the cacophonous symphony of jumbled and unladylike expulsions.

Booourrrpp

Blake had fully pushed in her stomach, the entire orb having compressed into her bloated backside, the last bits of which pushed out in a thundering belch. There was still a sloshing pool in her stomach, a tiny little bloat to contest with, but that was all cream. Blake looked down at her stomach as she slapped the surface, watching it wobble like pudding. Her flesh's rippling finally brought her back to the ice cream feast; in her distracted state, she'd let the bowl melt. Now she was left with a soupy mixture with bergs of frozen cream floating atop, but that gave Blake another idea. She took her spoon, digging it into the lake and stirring the concoction, whipping her hand about, mixing it until it became a thick solid, a milkshake. She did this until the whole thing was a consistent, if not thick, liquid.

"Why don't I get these more often? Milkshakes always seemed so good." Blake smiled as she put the bowl to her lips.

Arching her whole body back, she tilted the bowl and let the rich shake flow down her throat, the sweet flavor rolling over her tongue in a river. It passed over her tongue and down her throat in a constant waterfall of thick cream, the freezing drink tingling her throat as it went down. Her little tincture was raging a war in her stomach, and her stomach was losing; every

gulp, every splash only added to the growing commotion. She could feel the airy pressure returning to her stomach with a vengeance.

Merely a few gulps and she was already back to her previous size; the typhoon of gas roiling inside of her only caused her stomach to tense. With a few more gulps, she was breaking past her size and looking like she was pregnant. Her stomach pushed against the confines of her pants, the buttoned waist pressing into her gut and cinching it around the center. A rubbery overhang was starting to form, hanging over her tightening waistband as her bloated belly stuck out. Her button strained, pulling tighter against the fabric as her belly pushed against it. Already strained by her inflating backside, her pants were growing thinner by the second. The textured threads were being pulled thinner with each passing second, becoming more visible as her body fought against its prison. Her zipper was coming undone, being forcefully lowered by her expanding lower stomach, unveiling tiny canyons of creamy flesh from beneath the staggered teeth. Unzipping with each gulp of her self-made shake, pulling the button of her pants tighter and tighter, going until something gave.

Ping

With a resounding ping, Blake's pant button flew off, sailing across the room like a bullet and embedding into the opposite wall, puncturing the steel. Now free from its confines, her gut flowed out across her lap like a creeping wave, sloshing with the waves of cream she guzzled. Spittles of melted ice cream were trailing from the corners of her mouth as she continued indulging, drinking greedily, filling her or of a stomach. Without the pants to keep it contained, her belly lurched out like a blimp, a massive beach ball of flesh that quivered on her growing lap.

Mppphhhh

Uuuhhh

Oooohhh

Blake was starting to moan in pleasure; the feeling of mounting tension in her gut and backside was sending her into an unknown world of pleasure. There were only a few more drinks of her milkshake, but they were arduous ones. Her singular gulps were followed by intense moans that made her nethers quake. She didn't know that drinking something could be so pleasurable, be so exhilarating. As the gas and cream bore down on her pelvis, the sensation carried through to her lower lips, making her quiver with pleasure. The sensation only intensified as she finished the last gulp, struggling through it with all of the might she could muster.

Bbrrrrpppppffffttt

The moment the last drop of cream hit her gut, she felt her backside roar in complaint, the over-filled lumps were quaking with gas. The massive lumps pushed against her pants, her

crack trying to eat the crease of her pants as it dug between her cheeks. As wind blustered through her crowded canyon, she realized just how large her ass had become. The mounds were a chair-crushing collective, each cheek as large as her head. Massive and rippling balloons filled to the brim with brewing fumes. This was the first time Blake had caught sight of her growing orbs, finally realizing where all her gas had been going.

"That's...that's a bit new." Blake got up from the chair to appreciate her full grandeur.

Crash

Fffffbbrrrrpppppttt

Getting up was a task that she should have given a bit more care, as the moment she stood up, her blimped stomach caught the underside of the table, flipping it legs over slab. The rebounding force gave her such a start that she collapsed back into the wall, her overinflated backside bouncing against the metal and sending another roar of gas ripping from her backside. This was the first time she'd stood up since she'd started eating and the whole thing was a surreal experience. She felt like she was trapped in her own body, her flesh sloshing and rolling about her like an air mattress. Blake stumbled through the kitchen, her massive ass winging like wrecking balls behind her. Those oversized blimps were rocking back and forth with each step, the constant blare of gas only making them grow faster as they knocked into the loose furniture. Pots and pans came tumbling down, bouncing off of her rumbling backside and clattering to the ground.

Brrffffff

Ppppfflllllttt

Brroouuppp

Rip

Blake was caught off guard by her swaying ass; each fart that rolled out of her cheeks was cut off by her clapping cheeks. The long trumpeting gale turned into miniature thunderblasts that made the room into a clatter of noises. Her farts were getting fierce enough that her pants were starting to fail. With the combined strain of her ass and gas, the seat of Blake's pants was beginning to billow out like a sail. Blustering gas caught the stretching threads, pulling them tighter as they snapped and frayed until the seam of her pants burst with a loud rip. The rest of her pants stood little chance against the growing blimps as they burst the waist of her pants and erupted like twin airbags. Without fabric to shape or confine them, her bubbling backside bounced up and down, expanding with each rip of Blake's ass. Their eruption was so forceful that it shook her stomach, sending out a rumbling belch from her lips.

"That didn't sound good. At least the girls aren't going to be home anytime soon. I wouldn't want them catching me like this." Blake muttered to herself as she tried to stumble out of the kitchen.

Groouhhgllgl

Her stomach let out a thick gurgle as she tried to push through the exit, only to be met with surprising resistance. Blocking her like a deployed airbag, her stomach was bouncing off of the restrictive frame. Its gassy contents roiled with every attempt they made to force through the entrance. Her skin curled over itself with each impact, pursing around the frame as she tried to force herself through.

Fffffppppptttttttt

She leant her whole body weight into her gut, pushing against herself in hopes that her bloating stomach would deflate. Out from her bubbling rear came another roaring trumpet, intensifying the already evacuating stream into a powerful roar that sounded like a revving engine. The motor in her ass was turning over, tumbling on itself as more exhaust poured out of her; just like she'd hoped, her gut was starting to deflate. It was far less substantial than before, but it was enough to get her through the door, her gut sliding out with only minor difficulty, but it wasn't her gut she had to worry about. The moment she passed the precipice and her stomach was through, she felt another great barrier. In her haste, she'd forgotten just how massive her backside was, and just how much she'd grown with that gas. Her expanded hips caught the frame, their curvature blocking her from taking a single step past the exit, and her massive backside only added to that difficulty. Her massive cheeks shook back and forth, their hollow frame squeaking like rubber, bouncing off of each other as gas blew past them.

It didn't take much measuring to realize she wasn't going to fit through that door, but her retreat was met with a barrier she'd forgotten. Blake had only just managed to fit through the doorframe and the moments she'd spent focusing on her ass gave her gut room to grow. Now she was trapped, pinched between a rock and a hard place; imprisoned by her own flesh, she was helpless, trapped by unyielding structure. With nothing to focus on but her own size, Blake realized just how quickly she was expanding. It was exponential growth; her stomach was flaring out with gas, pushing against the floor as it pushed its way across the floor. She could feel it dragging across the metal, pushing its way into the living room, bulldozing the couch as it grew. Her awkward position left her trapped with uneven growth, the door's proximity to the wall pushing more of her growing flesh against the wall.

Glunk

Glorp

Brom

The noises coming from her stomach were an unholy mixture of storming winds and crashing waves, the sweet cream inside tumbling like a washing machine. There wasn't a free second of quiet; her stomach was constantly churning, cooing, bubbling, letting out so many unhappy noises that she thought it had come alive. The noises could also be coming from her ass, as those unholy globes were percolating with their own fumes.

Bbbbbfffftttt

The gas that blew from her cheeks was becoming white noise to her, a distant roar that she could filter out. This gave her enough time to focus on her growth, hear the tables crape across the ground as her butt knocked them away. Inside of her thinning flesh came the sounds of airy winds, breezes rebounding against rubber. She sounded like she was an inflating basketball, wind rushing into a hollow and stiff space. It swirled about her as she felt the hills of her cheeks press into her back, push her into her own gut. Looking back, the oversized buns completely blocked her view, filling her vision with nothing but pert ass. The faintest hint of the world outside of her own body was only delivered by the breaking of her wind. Her blustering gales were parting her cheeks ever so slightly, making them open and close as she could see the canyon of flesh growing.

Brroooouppp

Grlllllglg

At the same time she felt her cheeks press into the opposite wall of the kitchen; her gut had finally hit a stop. Her billowing stomach had finally met the opposite wall and was rolling over itself, bulging upward and outward in an attempt to find room for itself. It curved high into the ceiling, the roof of her gut brushing against the actual roof as she filled every available nook and cranny. Her backside was doing much the same; her fart-filled balloons pressed into the fridge, crashed into the shelves. Not even the freezer was safe from her creeping flesh, the metal coffin having embedded itself between her bloated cheeks, heating up the growing blimps. She felt like an actual tanker of gas, some kind of factory that's only purpose was to spew out as much methane as possible, and she was kind of digging it. Being so huge was intoxicating, with her skin stretched as thin as paper and her nerves with it. She could feel every tingle of the air, every tickle of the breeze, even something as subtle as a door opening in the distance wasn't beyond her.

The opening door was not as distant as she had hoped, as her comrades had arrived back from their mission quite a bit earlier. Their muffled chatter came in full force as the hatch unsealed.

"And then I pounded that guy so hard I think he bounced off the ground." Yang pumped her fists in excitement miming the punch.

"Yeah, you got an impressive amount of hang time off of it. Someone could have filmed it and put it on one of those Atlas beatdown compilations." Ruby matched Yang's energy as she dropped her scythe at the outside door.

Bwoomp

Grlllll

Their conversation was cut remarkably short as they were rebuffed from entry, blockaded by a great wall of squeaking rubber. They inspected the surface, pressing their hands into the massive bump, their touches being met with gurgles and growls from inside of it.

"Blake, are you in there? There's a balloon or something blocking the way." Ruby pressed a bit harder into the wall, trying to peer around it and into the rest of the living room.

"Screw this, I'm hungry for ice cream." Yang growled as she cocked her fist.

Rearing up in a great punch, she swung into the massive wall, cocking her hip like a spring as she landed a blow on Blake's gut. Her fist sank deeply into blob, sinking up to her elbow as the gassy flesh protested.

"Careful! That area's a bit. ***Hooooouuurrrp***" Blake's protest was cut off by a thundering belch that shook the base.

The girls had to cover their ears as the dairy-fueled belch rippled over Blake's towering stomach. Her front-facing gas was reciprocated by another blustering evacuation from her backside, a distant foghorn that shook the walls of their base.

"Blake, is that you?" Weiss looked on in concern, placing her hand on Blake's stomach.

"Maybe." Blake realized how compromising her position was; she was a giant gas balloon in front of her comrades.

"Blake?! How?! How did you?! What even happened?" Ruby was at a total loss for words, unable to come up with a suitable question to even start with.

"Well. You guys all got ice cream and didn't pick any up for me. So I ate some of yours." Blake had a superiority to her voice as she explained her stance.

"What? Since when do you like ice cream?" Yang's exclamation spurred a thought in Blake's mind.

Wait, do I like ice cream?

"How much did you eat? Did you eat all of it? You surely look like you did." Weiss spoke with smugness as she touched a hand against Blake's gut.

"Okay, next time, we'll be sure to get you your favorite flavor. What is it by the way?" Ruby put her hands in her head, trying to shake off the audacity of the situation.

"I...I think I'm lactose intolerant." Was all Blake could blurt out as she realized she'd never had ice cream in her life.

The girls all threw up their hands in disbelief as they tried to squeeze into the living room, moving around the growing Blake balloon. It was going to take a while for the girl to deflate, and they weren't going to be out in the cold while she did it.