

Erza's Purple Puffs

Like any hard work week for the Fairy Tail guild's girls, they were eager to find a way to let off some steam. Their usual meeting place, the guild hall, was a little too noisy thanks to Natsu yet again getting into a fight with Grey. Rather than try to relax amidst the chaotic scene, Lucy had come up with an idea to have a more laid back night at her apartment with the other girls. Save for the few that had to stay behind to deal with the chaos, everyone was on board with the plan at first. However, as the evening came and people started to gather, there was an obvious absence from their get together.

"Hmm," Lucy pondered, her side ponytail of blonde hair draped over her shoulder and partially obscuring her blue and white outfit. "I wonder what's taking Erza so long."

"You're right," Levy added, her unease expressed by her fingers messing with her orange dress while the other hand adjusting the yellow headband keeping her blue hair in place. "She usually on time."

"Juvia doesn't think we should be worried," Juvia spoke up; using the extra time to fix up the belt around her waist to better fit the blue robe that matched the lighter shade of her locks. "Erza has more than enough skills to take care of any problems."

"I'm still a bit concerned," Levy replied. "The last anyone saw her, she was on her way to take down a dark wizard."

"How is that any different than our usual quests?" Lucy pointed out.

"Yes, Juvia feels like we run into an evil wizard every time we undergo a mission," Juvia added.

"This one was different," Levy replied, unwilling to fully speak about the man's strange magic. "Rumor has it that he has a... unique way of taking down his enemies."

“What are you-“

Lucy was interrupted by a series of heavy thuds at her door. Able to pick up the sound of metal hitting the wood, she breathed a sense of relief. Walking over to the entrance, she was eased by the sight of Erza’s long, red hair and silver armor. Aside from the fact that her guildmate was still equipped for battle rather than a night of relaxation, there was something else that felt off. Before Lucy could see the slight purple tint to her friend’s eye, she was pushed back by Erza letting herself in.

“Sorry I’m late,” Erza said, taking her place on one of the chairs opposite of Juvia and Levy’s couch. “I had to take care of something before coming here.”

“I’m glad to see you safe and sound,” Levy replied. “Especially knowing the kind of freak you went to go fight.”

“He wasn’t a freak,” Erza was a little too fast to reply.

Juvia raised an eyebrow. “Then what was he?”

“Excuse me,” Erza said, forcing out a cough that created a whisp of purple from her lips. “What I mean to say was, that he was a formidable foe. It took all of my focus and strength to take him down.”

“What happened to him?” Lucy asked, taking her place in one of the last chairs.

“He’s currently in custody,” Erza answered. “The authorities will deal with him in due time. For now though, I believe we were here to BWOOOOOORRRPPP.”

A silence went through the room in the wake of the belch. Though the girls swore they saw purple smoke leaving Erza’s lips, it was quickly written off as an illusion as she waved about her hand. Clearing her throat once more, the red head tried to ease her friend’s fears with a warm smile.

“Without any further delay,” Erza said, trying and failing to hide a puff from her backside by wiggling in her seat, “I believe we should begin girl’s night properly.”

“What do you mean?” Lucy asked.

Erza’s smile grew wider as she held out her hand. “Allow me to demonstrate a little trick I picked up while fighting that astoundingly powerful spellcaster.”

Lucy and the others were well aware of Erza’s re-equip magic. However, the typical stance seemed off as her fingers started to glow with a strange, purple aura. Before anyone could ask about the unusual casting, they were momentarily blinded by a flash of the lavender light. When their vision returned to them, it was to gaze upon multiple trays of food. Too enamored with the allure of the various burritos, tacos, and a platter of greasy nachos, they seemed to ignore the strange, purple fumes wafting off of the meals in order to glance towards Erza. This gave the redhead the perfect position to see the slight, purple hue that took over her companions’ eyes.

“Where did you get all of this?” Lucy asked

“I made it,” Erza simply replied, picking up a burrito and taking a bite. “The magic is pretty UUUUURRPP, excuse me, impressive. Try it for yourself and you’ll see what I mean.”

Taking the lead, Levy picked up a taco and took a bite. “Woah, this is really good.”

Helping herself to one of the heavy-laden nacho chips, Juvia let out a hum of approval as she took a bite. “Juvia agrees. This is exquisite.”

“It is pretty tasty,” Lucy said, helping herself to a burrito. “Definitely takes the edge off of this week. I really needed this.”

“Oh?” Erza asked, leaning in her seat as she took another bite. “What do you mean?”

“Ugh,” Lucy replied, drowning some of her grief as she took another bite. “Just a lot of chaos in the guild thanks to Natsu.”

“Juvia is aware of this,” Juvia replied, pausing for a moment to help herself to a taco. “Grey was there to try and keep things civil.”

“That’s not what I remember,” Levy added, taking a moment to suck up the grease and melted cheese clinging to her fingers. “I’m pretty sure that he was part of the reason why Natsu was acting up.”

Swallowing up a burrito, Juvia wiped her face clean and leaned back in her seat. “That’s just because you don’t know Grey like Juvia does. Her beloved would never cause such chaos.”

“You say that,” Lucy began, taking a moment to collect as much cheese, meat, and beans on her chip as possible before eating it. “But I’ve lost count of how many times we’ve gotten in trouble during missions because Grey can’t keep his shirt on.”

“It is a bit of an issue,” Levy brought up, scooping up what was left of her taco with one of the grease-soaked chips. “The guild has had multiple complaints because of it.”

Absolutely fuming, Juvia swallowed a mouthful of meat and cheese as she leaned forward in her seat. “As Juvia said, only she is aware of the brilliance of her beloved Grey’s BWOOOOOOORRRRPPPP.”

The out of place belch quickly dissipated any anger that had welled up inside of Juvia. During the few moments of silence that followed the awkward outburst, the group became aware of gurgling noises emanating from the room. In search of the sound, they collectively discovered that at some point they had managed to finish off the entire meal. Still trying to figure out how such a thing was possible left them vulnerable to the squeaky PHHHHRRRRRTTTTs that managed to slip out of Lucy and Levy’s rears.

“Sorry,” Levy said, waving away the foul air as she watched Juvia’s nose crinkle in disgust.

“It only makes sense,” Erza said while Lucy used one of the empty platters to dismiss her fart. “Bickering like that while eating such delicious food can only lead to issues,” slightly undermining her own point as a small BRRAAAAPPP vibrated out of her backside. “We should be using this time to BOOUUURRPPP relax and enjoy each other's company.”

“You’re UUUURPP right,” Lucy replied, she and the others getting back to their seats.

“Juvia is sorry for being so impolite,” she added, trying to seem humble even as her own puff of flatulence managed to slip out.

“Shame we ate through the food so fast,” Levy added. “It was all really BWOOOORRRPPP good.”

Erza’s disappointment disappeared as she smirked. “Then allow me to give you some more.” With another wave of her hand and a flash of purple light, she managed to create a spread of burgers, fries, and milkshakes in replacement of the grease-covered platters.

“We really shouldn’t,” Lucy replied. “Especially not after eating so much already.”

“It’s not a problem,” Erza said, pushing a burger closer to Lucy. “I can make as much as we want. Give it a taste at least.”

Sharing glances with Juvia and Levy, Lucy reached out towards the burger. In an effort not to spit in Erza’s generosity, she began to bite into the greasy sandwich. Watching Juvia and Levy reach out for their own, the red headed woman gave an approving nod. Both at the peaceful scene of friends enjoying a meal together, as well as the chubby bellies the girls had failed to notice.

“How did your missions BWOOOOORRRP go?” Erza asked, helping herself to a handful of fries.

“It was alright,” Lucy said, seeming not to notice the belch or the puff of flatulence that followed. Unwilling to break the casual nature of the evening, she took a moment to help herself to a swig of soda. “There was a bit of a UUUURPP hurdle when they started using some strange magic, but it was nothing I couldn’t-“

Clutching a burger, Lucy winced as a fart ripped out of her backside with a thunderous BRRRAAAAAAPPPP.

“-handle,” she finished; the odor of her outburst and the purple fumes it created ignored by the group.

“Juvia encountered something similar on her BOOUUUUUURRRRRPP mission,” the water wizard added between bites of fries. “My only regret,” she began, having to pause to lean over and release another pungent gas cloud, “was that Grey wasn’t around to witness it.”

“I’m pretty sure he knows all about your UUUURRPPP abilities by now,” Levy added, trying to follow the others lead as she fell into ignorant bliss of her own gas. “Maybe it’s time you try something different,” she continued, a rumbling PHHHHRRRRRTTTT from her rear momentarily creating a plume of purple smoke. “Something a bit less BWOOOOORRRPP direct?”

While Erza followed along with the discussion, her eyes seemed to move on their own under the influence of a strange force. The purple sheen across her irises directed her towards the mid-sections of her companions. A strange shudder spread across her body each time she saw more fat get piled onto their bellies. As the group continued to eat through the meal, each of them were forced to show off more of their distended guts as their clothing strained to keep them in

place. While Lucy and Levy were able to relieve the pressure by having rips form in the fabric, Juvia wasn't so lucky.

Just as Juvia was eating up the last few bites of a burger, she was forced to stop by a discomfort in her mid-section. Staring down, she managed to see the belt around her waist trying in vain to keep her added fat in place. With a shaky hand, she reached down in an effort to both calm herself down and relieve the pressure. However, a single tap of her finger was enough to pop the belt asunder and leave her belly to plop between her legs.

For less than a second, Juvia managed to notice the added fat that had afflicted the group. This moment of clarity was ruined as the leftover tremors spread through her belly by her broken belt stirred up her gas. Before she could inquire if anything seemed off the other girls, she was interrupted by one of her own belches rolling up her throat.

Clamping her mouth down on fumes of purple smoke seemed to ease any worries the belt's destruction might have caused. Any lingering concern seemed to vanish as a plume of purple smoke rippled out to the tune of a PHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT she freely pushed out of her rear. Whether conscious of it or not, a smile formed on her face as she took a deep inhale of the tainted air.

"Wait," Lucy said, absentmindedly scratching at her exposed, pudgy belly button while Juvia wallowed in her own gas cloud. "Something seems UUUUURRPPP off."

"Yeah," Levy added, feeling a hint of the added heft around her thighs as she let out a quick puff of flatulence. "I feel it too."

"Juvia proposes that it may be because we are out of BOOOUUUURRRPPP food," she suggested, uncaring of her own gut freely hanging out. Leaning forward and paying little mind to

the way her breasts nearly popped out of her clothes in the process, she held up an empty, grease-soaked wrapper. “Erza, would you be so kind to UUUUUURPPPPP make some more?”

“It would be my pleasure,” Erza replied, waving her hands to create the next course of their feast.

As boxes of pizza were piled up on the table, Erza lost the view of her companions. However, she could still see their bellies peeking out further and further as they gradually made their way through the greasy feast. Though they attempted to keep up their conversations, there was little they could do in the wake of their loud chewing noises and even louder gas expulsions.

When the pile was finally brought down low enough, a shudder of excitement spread through Erza’s body as she beheld the effects of the feast. Every single woman was sporting a gut that had drooped between their thickened legs. For Levy and Juvia, their eating was occasionally slowed down by having to adjust to their hips starting to press against each other. While Lucy could easily ignore the way her breasts were ripping apart her top and the grease along her chin, she could do little against the influx of noise brought about by Levy and Juvia getting into yet another heated argument.

“What did you say to BWOOOOOOORRRRPP Juvia?” Juvia asked, the belch coming with a fog of purple smoke emanating from her lips.

“You already had plenty of slices,” Levy replied, absent mindedly scratching at her gut. Leaning to the side, she relieved pressure in the form of a brunt BRRRAAAAAAAPP PPPP that just so happened to be blown in Juvia’s face. “Save that one for UUUUUURRRRPPPP me.”

Returning with a similar fog of flatulence, Juvia pushed back. “And what gives you more right to it than BOOOUUUUUURRRRRPPPP Juvia?”

“Because it’s my favorite UUUUUURRPPP topping,” Levy shot back, in her frustration further tearing open her top as her bosom swayed about.

“You obviously have no taste then,” Juvia replied, sinking back into her seat to the tune of another PHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTT bursting forth from her rear. “Bacon is superior to ham in the same way Juvia’s beloved Grey is greater than any other man.”

Unknowingly adding more, purple-colored flatulence in the process, Lucy leaned forward in her seat. “Come BWOOOOOOOORRRRPP on,” she pleaded with the feuding, fattening women. “Erza went to the trouble of bringing us all of this delicious UUUUUURRPPP food,” she added, Erza nodding both in agreement and approval of the blonde’s shorts tearing at the seams from her enlarged, gas spewing derriere. “Just enjoy the meal and each other’s BOOUUUUURRRRPPP company.”

Letting a out a mix of knowing sighs and belches, Levy and Juvia returned to their seats.

“I’m BWOOOOOORRRPP sorry,” Levy said, handing Juvia the last slice.

Ripping a PHHHHHHHHRRTTTTTT as she tore the slice in half, Juvia handed the other piece back to Levy. “Juvia accepts your UUUUUURPPP apology.”

“That’s BWOOOOOORRRPPP better,” Lucy said as she settled back down, equally ignorant to the ensuing blast of flatulence and the creaks from her chair. Reaching towards the boxes, she let out a disappointed sigh as she collected the leftover topping to shove into her mouth. “Erza, could you please-“

Before Lucy could even finish the sentence, the boxes of greasy pizza were banished with a wave of the redhead’s fingers. A moment later, three pots of chili appeared on the table. Lifting off the lids, Erza allowed a lavender colored steam to waft out and fill the room. Peeking into the pots, each of her companions was given a clear view of the strange, purple morsels mixed in with

the thick brew of meat and beans. That didn't stop them from pulling the pots over to themselves to start drinking up.

Conversation for the group became impossible as the trio ate up every drop of the chili. Even if they could speak, their words would be drowned out by the constant BRRRAAAAPPPPPs from their backsides and BOOOUUUUURRRPPPs from their mouth. They paid little mind to the fact that they were eating without utensils. All that mattered was satiating the unnatural hunger that had overtaken their trance-like states.

Putting their pots down with a loud clang proved to be the final push needed for Juvia's gut to fully destroy her top. Following up with a belch, Levy's tits became freed up to sway about in the ensuing, purple fog. Breaking her pants down the middle with a well-placed PHHHHHHRRRRTTTTT from her chunky rear, Lucy wiped the lingering beans and sauce from her lips. Before they could even ask for more, Erza was quick to wave her hand again to create three additional pots of chili to continue the feast.

"Well done, my servant," echoed the voice in the back of Erza's head, barely audible over the sounds of the others eating. "They will be ready to assist in my grand plan shortly. However, don't forget about yourself. You'll need to achieve the perfect figure before our goals can be realized."

"As you wish," Erza spoke aloud, her friends too enamored with their own feasting to notice her speaking out loud to herself.

Summoning up a pot twice as large as the others, Erza followed her master's bidding as she held it up to her mouth. Under the deluge of the meaty meal, the armor that had been keeping her growing weight in check finally started to buckle. The metal pieces that she had used to treasure were ripped asunder for the sake of letting her belly bulge outwards. More of the forged

steel was rendered useless as her bosom surged forth to try and match the girth of her companions. Too busy reveling in the feeling of her hips spreading out on the chair, she failed to notice the increasing number of creaks coming from below her until it was too late.

A thunderous BRRRAAAAAAAPP PP filled the room as Erza's rotund form came crashing down to the ground. Though she was momentarily stunned by the landing, she was re-invigorated by the resulting plume of purple smoke she emitted. Finding the strength to heave her over 500 pounds of fat up from the wreckage, she got ready to resume the feast. That was until she heard the creaking noises fill the room once more.

One by one, each of the girls' sitting area became a scene of destruction as their bodies became too much for the furniture. The inevitable crash of their hefty forms onto the floor came with a cacophony of BWOOOOOORRRRRPPPPs and PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTTs from their mouths and rears. While Erza wanted to revel in the resulting purple fog, something felt off. She found the reason why when she looked at her friends' faces to see that their ignorant bliss was completely gone. Instead, what she witnessed were looks of horrific realization devoid of the hypnotic, purple trances.

"What UUUUUUUURRRPPPP happened to us!?" Lucy shouted out as she grasped her doughy, rotund belly.

"Juvia thinks we BWOOOOOOOORRRPPPP ate too much food," Juvia answered, wincing as a follow up PHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT came bursting out of her rear.

"It's more than UUUUUUUURRRPPPPPP that," Levy belched out as she shuddered from the smoke of Juvia's fart. Looking between the purple smoke she blew onto her ample bosom and the lingering, purple droplets in the pot, she was easily able to piece together the puzzle. "We've been cursed by-"

With another BRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP rippling out of Levy's backside to drown her out, Erza seized her opportunity. Waddling towards the trio, she waved about her hair to ensure that they could all see the purple hue in her eyes. "You're not UUUUUURRRRPPPP cursed," she belched out, purposefully blowing the air towards her companions. "This is a blessing from my master."

"What in the world are BOOOUUUUUUURRRRPPPP talking about?" Lucy called out, only to be shut down by her rear releasing a pungent PHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTT.

"My master was hoping that you would be more understanding of his BWOOOORRRRRPPPP vision once you broke free of the trance," Erza said as she lifted up a flabby arm. "No matter. The plan will still proceed as UUUUUURRRRPPPP intended."

"Erza you have to stop BOOOOOUUUUUUURRRRRRPPPP this," Lucy pleaded. "Come to your senses before you do something you regret."

"There will be no regrets," Erza replied, holding aloft both of her hands as her hair was flung about by another BRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPP. "Only UUUUUUUURRRPPPP gaseous gluttony."

Finding it unnecessary to hide her influence any longer, Erza unleashed her full power as she blinded the group with a bright flash of purple light. As the fattened up trio's visions began to return, they looked towards the table to see what indulgent meal awaited them. They were caught off guard as they saw a small, finely decorated strawberry shortcake. At a glance, they could instantly tell the devious nature of the dessert thanks to the purple coloring on the fruit adorning its top that matched the thick, white and lavender icing covering it. Their worries only increased as Erza cut into the cake to let more of the purple fumes seep out.

“You did an excellent job preparing your BWOOOOOOOORRRPPPP bodies,” Erza said, waddling towards Lucy with a slice of cake in hand. “They’re perfect for the next phase of the master’s UUUUURRRPPPP plan. You just need one, last, PHHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTT push.”

Lucy’s attempt to keep her mouth shut was undone by her lips being pried open by one of her belches. Seizing the opportunity, Erza shoved the cake in and let Lucy’s hunger-driven body take over the rest. The sweet taste that greeted Lucy’s taste buds was of little comfort as she wondered what the confection would do to her. Forced to swallow thanks to the lingering control of the dark wizard, she tried to hold steady as she felt the cake hit her stomach.

A series of tremors began to affect Lucy’s body, sending her various flab rolls into a jiggling fit. Straining to try and keep the gas bubbles inside at bay, she nearly missed the moment where her stomach rolls began to disappear. Rather than receive the mercy of having her extra weight be shaved off, the loss of her flab was caused by her belly starting to become rounder and taut. Unable to hold herself back as her breasts followed suit to resemble a set of balloons, she finally lost control as she spurted out a rumbling BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPP from her rear.

The sheer force of Lucy’s fart managed to lift her feet off of the ground. Try as she might to go back down, her inflating form continued to rise her higher and higher. Bumping into the ceiling, she shook off the remnants of her clothes with a bellowing BOOOOOUUURRRRRRPP. Straining to see through the fog of purple gas, she watched as Erza shuffled towards the ruined couch to feed the same, tainted cake to Juvia and Levy.

Knowing what the dessert would do to their bodies did little to assist the blue haired wizards. Forced to eat down the accursed sweets, their bodies began to bloat up as well. Any differences they had in figure or weight distribution disappeared as they grew closer to

resembling a pair of orbs. Feeling their forms begin to lift off the ground, they used their thickened up arms to try and hold onto one another. Their plan was proven useless as they were forced apart by their balloon-like bellies bouncing into each other.

“What do we do BWOOOOOOOORRRPPP now?” Levy called out as she spun through the air.

“Juvia doesn’t want her precious Grey to see her like this,” Juvia shouted out, wincing as a wayward BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP from her rear sent her flying across the room.

“Hold on, we can UUUUUURRRRPPP fix this,” Lucy belched out. “Erza, please,” she pleaded, forced to pause to let a PHHHRRRTTTTTTTT rumbling out of her ballooned up buttocks. “Remember who you are.”

Ignoring Lucy’s request, Erza shuffled forward to get into the optimum viewing position. Watching the trio continue to convert their hearty meal into a near endless supply of gas, she carefully grasped at the final slice of cake. Waiting until the group’s useless flailing created a cacophony of belches, she shoved the dessert past her lips.

Managing to roll herself around through the hesitant use of one of her farts, Lucy was able to see the moment Erza’s globular form rose up to meet them. Unable to move more than a few inches under her own control, Lucy could only float there as the bloated woman bounced into them. The impact sent the four, inflated woman ricocheting off of the walls at erratic speeds. Each bump or bounce forced the collective bubbles inside of their forms to burst out. Even as their constant burps and farts created a thick miasma of the purple smoke, it wasn’t nearly enough to keep them from growing.

The women’s bodies came to a halt as their continued swelling took up the remaining space in the apartment. Feeling their forms spread across the ceiling and pressing against the

walls, their thoughts turned to the worst. Hearing the constant squeaking and stretching sounds emanate from their bodies, they tried in desperation to call out to Erza to make it all stop.

“There’s not need to BWOOOOOOORRRPPP panic,” Erza said, nuzzling up to the trio’s bloated bodies. “Not when you’re so close to experiencing the entirety of my master’s gift.”

Lucy was the first to lose control, with her entire, globular body quivering under the release of a rippling PHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTT. She had little time to reflect on the euphoric-laced moan that left her lips before her attention was drawn to a similar sound coming alongside one of Juvia’s belches. By the time Levy’s BWOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRPPP was drowned out by the other pair’s moans, it became evident that they had fallen into the trap.

Erza led the group in creating as much of the purple fog as possible by letting out all of the bubbles they had. Each moment spent spurting out fumes from either side gifted the balloon women with a sense of ecstasy unparalleled to anything else. Even if they were no longer under the trance of the wizard, the sheer enjoyment they got of having their bodies rumble out from the constant deluge of BOOOOOOUUUUUURRRRRRPPPPs and BRRRRRAAAAAAPPPPPs was enough to make them ignore the sound of the walls straining against their expanding forms.

Outside of the apartment, the purple fumes seeping out of the windows had captured the attention of the people on the street. Included with the group of onlookers was another member of the Fairy Tail guild with long, silver hair and a red dress. Stepping forward from the crowd, she began to wonder what her guildmates had been up to. Feeling anxious, Mirajane started to step forward only to be stopped by a whiff of something horrid leaking out of the building.

At that moment, the walls of the apartment burst apart to allow the four, inflated women to drift into the air. While the rest of the crowd ran off to avoid the debris, Mirajane managed to successfully dodge the bricks. In-between avoiding the debris, she spent her time gawking at the

inflated women that were floating into the sky. Too busy wondering how this could have happened, she couldn't stop herself from breathing in the purple fumes that drifted down to her.

Before Mirajane could attempt to wrangle up her friends with her magic, she was halted by a sudden tightness in her dress. The uncomfortableness of the garment was swiftly relieved as her belly rapidly inflated with the gas. Waddling back and forth as the expansion rounded out her bosom and buttocks, there was little she could do as she was lifted off the ground.

"What's going BWOOOOOORRRRRPPP on?" Mirajane called out as the remnants of her clothes fell off to leave her completely nude. "What is that purple gas?"

"It's a UUUUUURRRPPPP gift," Lucy belched out.

"From Juvia's master," Juvia added, punctuating with a PHHHHHRRRRRRTTTT.

"Come and BWOOOOOORRRRRPPP join us," Levy added.

"You'll feel so much UUUUUURRRPPPP better," Erza finished, adding to the miasma with a BRRRRRAAAAPPPPP of her own.

Mirajane was silenced by a bevy of farts bombarding her on all sides. As she breathed in the purple flatulence, her own body reacted by creating a rude PHHHHHHHHHRRRRTTTTTT of its own. Sucking in more of her tainted fumes, her concerned expression gradually turned to one of complete bliss. Scrunching her face, she joined the others with a powerful

BRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPP blasting out of her backside.

"Feels so BWOOOOOORRRRRRRRRPPP good," Mirajane burped out, as she eagerly released a bombardment of flatulence to drift along with the others to follow after Erza.

"Soon, my UUUUUUUUURRRRRPPP master," Erza called out as the group of balloon women flew off towards his prison cell. "Once we free BWOOOOOORRRRRPPP you, all of the world will know of your astounding BOOOOUUUUURRRP power."