

Tsuyu Asui Explodes (Inflation, Popping, My Hero Academia)

Cups clattered against saucers. Cutlery scraped against plates. A pair of friends chatted happily, enjoying their tea and biscuits and cake. Every few seconds, a car passed the café, the screech of their wheels briefly smothering the conversation.

"Tsuyu? Tsuyu? Tsuyu, are you feeling okay?"

"H-huh?" In her chair, Tsuyu snapped out of her daydream. "H-huh? Oh, oh. Yeah."

Ochako stared at her in concern, smiling weakly. "Are you sure?" she asked. "That villain's Quirk really did a number on you."

Tsuyu shivered at the memory. The villain they'd fought was a clown with a Quirk called Inflate, which let him turn anything he touched into a balloon, similar to Gentle Criminal's Elasticity Quirk, only with, well, balloons. That would have been fine, except *unlike* Gentle Criminal's Quirk, it worked on humans too, as the villain had demonstrated by sending a small crowd into the sky.

In the course of taking him down, he'd also managed to tag Tsuyu, though Ochako had knocked him out, turning his Quirk off, before it could take effect. Or so she'd thought, anyway – all of a sudden, she was starting to feel *really* lightheaded.

"I'm fine," she replied. "In fact, I feel–"

It happened all at once, so fast Tsuyu barely had time to realize what was happening. One moment she was reaching for her drink, and the next–

Bwumph!

Just like that, Tsuyu exploded, blown instantly from a normal if somewhat amphibian human being into a gigantic ball of taut, creaking flesh, the size of a small house and almost perfectly spherical. Only her hands and feet and head, poking out of the folds in her flesh, broke the effect. Oh, and her boobs.

With a scream, Ochako and a number of the café's other customers flew backward, flung – table and chairs and meals and all – by the suddenness of Tsuyu's growth. Cups and plates struck the floor and shattered, while horrified diners struggled to wipe their meals from their faces. Inside the café, a waitress dropped her tray to stare, and Tsuyu couldn't blame her.

"Tsu-Tsuyu?!" cried Ochako, sitting there on the ground with her eyes wide in shock.

"Nnn~! O-Ochako...!" Tsuyu struggled to speak. It felt as if her body had been pumped full of helium, pumped almost to bursting: not only did she feel lightheaded, her skin was squeaking with the strain of holding in its contents as her entire body fought to float into the sky. Fortunately, she was being held in place by the café's veranda roof—if not, she'd been heading skyward at the moment. "Ochako, help...! Please!"

Ochako struggled to clamber back to her feet. “J-just hang in there, Tsuyu! I’ll do what I can!” That there was probably very little she *could* do went unsaid. Was she meant to find the villain and force him to turn her back? The guy was probably already in Tartarus by now!

Someone to Tsuyu’s rear leaned on her, planting their hands on the taut, squeaking skin of her backside and forcing them deep into the flesh. Another squeak escaped Tsuyu’s mouth: her skin, stretched so tight, felt more erogenous than it had even been in her life, and as if this wasn’t enough, whoever was leaning on her was only inches from her sex. He might as well have been rubbing her labia. “St-stop!”

“Only once you – urgh! – get off me!” came the reply. To her horror, Tsuyu realized she must be practically sitting on him. Her body had grown so large people were actually trapped beneath her!

“Ochako, please!” she cried, tears forming in her eyes.

“I’m trying!” called Ochako, helping one of the waiters back to their feet.

In the same instant, the man trapped under Tsuyu’s butt gave her another push, and this time he actually succeeded in rolling her forward. “H-hey!”

Ochako and the waiter had an instant to squeal in shock before Tsuyu’s swollen boobs, each of which had been blown into a giant, fleshy exercise ball, crashed into their bodies and flattened them beneath her.

“Nnn~!” As the two of them pressed into the hyper-erogenous mass of her chest, Tsuyu whimpered and whined, flapping her arms and her legs in a feeble attempt to push herself back. It didn’t work, naturally.

“Tsu-Tsuyu!” cried Ochako, struggling to pull herself out from under her. In the process, she grabbed and squeezed Tsuyu’s nipple, making her scream like a whore who’d just landed on a cock.

“Nnnnnah! Ochako—!” Red-faced, Tsuyu struggled to breathe. It was hard enough being pumped full of gas without being turned on as well!

By now, people were starting to gather. Cars were stopping in the road and people were poking their heads out, taking pictures with their phones. Tsuyu flushed at the thought of where those images would be uploaded. Was she going to go viral too?! As the fat, stupid frog balloon who’d crushed an entire café?! *Nnn~!* How could this be happening?! How could it possibly get any worse?!

“Oh my gosh, is that you, Tsuyu?!”

At the sound of this squeaky, high-pitched, demonic little voice, Tsuyu’s eyes snapped to the road. And who should she find there than Minoru Mineta, a camera in his hands and a big

grin on his face? “Oh my gosh! You look so sexy like this, Tsuyu! Just look how big your boobs are now! Do you mind if I touch them? You don’t mind, do you?”

K-kill me, thought Tsuyu. *Kill me!* With fresh energy, she started to squirm, hoping that she could at least rotate her face away from Mineta’s camera.

She didn’t notice the fork until it was too late. It had been knocked to the floor during her initial inflation, and now it lay there at an unfortunate angle, prongs aimed perfectly at her breast, so that when she turned—

A sudden stabbing pain in her boob. A hiss of escaping gas. Tsuyu had just enough time to realize what had happened before— “Oh no.”

With a gigantic *bang*, Tsuyu exploded in a slightly more dramatic sense. Scraps of rubbery flesh rained down on the café.

“Jeez,” said Mineta. “You only had to say no.”