

Asuka's Third Impact (Inflation, Popping, Evangelion)

The Angel hovered in the air maybe half a kilometer from her position, its leviathan body coiling across the horizon. It looked a lot like a giant penis, but Asuka was trying not to notice that.

As she rushed her EVA towards it, kicking aside cars, smashing through trains, and leaping over buildings, the Angel turned in the air to face a nearby block of flats. Its length pulsed, veiny—its tip flashed a brilliant white. Searing light filled the sky, forcing Asuka to shield her eyes, even with the EVA's sensors sparing her the worst of the glare. The block of flats flickered with flames and melted, instantly reduced to a pile of burning slag.

"Asuka, you need to hurry!"

Asuka grit her teeth. "I'm working on it!" She forced the EVA's controls as far forward as they would go, making the entire cockpit shake with the force of its speed. With an enormous boom, they broke the sound barrier, shattering every window in this district of Tokyo-3. The Angel filled her sight now, grown so large she could barely see anything else. Ugh, it was even more disgusting up close.

Slamming the brakes, she snatched her EVA's prog-knife from its sheath, gripped it tight, and leapt, intended to bring it down on the monster's ugly, mushroom-like head.

Instead, she found herself frozen in the air.

"E-eh?" In the cockpit of EVA 2, Asuka looked around, blinking in surprise. Why had she stopped? She couldn't see anything on the screens.

"Asuka!" cried Ritsuko. "The AT-field!"

Asuka blinked. "The AT-field?" She looked, and gasped at what she found: the Angel's AT-field surrounded her EVA like an octopus's tentacles, coiling around its arms and legs like it wanted to pull her apart. She could feel the pressure on her ankles and wrists as it squeezed. "Nnn~! Let. Go!" She fought to seize the controls.

The Angel didn't release her. But it didn't rip her apart either. Instead, it simply aimed that awful, fungus-looking tip of its straight at the EVA—no, at *her*—and—

Asuka flinched at a sudden pressure in her gut. It was like she'd had too much to eat and was suffering from bloating. Had the Angel done something to the EVA's stomach area? Was this the biofeedback she was feeling?

Instead of an answer, she got a sudden increase in the pressure. Gasping, she released the EVA's controls and doubled over, claspng her gut as it threatened to burst. "Nnn~! What's happening to me?"

"Asuka, are you alright?"

“No, I’m not alright!” cried Asuka, struggling even to get the words out. “It feels like it’s trying to— Nnn~! Ah!”

With a deafening *bowoing*, her stomach exploded into a fat, melon-sized sphere that stretched her plugsuit tight around it. Eyes snapping open, Asuka stared at it in horror. “B-b-b-”

Outside, the Angel pulsated, its thick, veiny form throbbing violently. With another loud *bo-woing*, Asuka’s stomach doubled in size again, filling her seat with its fat red bulk and squishing tight against the sides. Eyes wide, she rubbed it in horror. It felt as if it were full of something, something thick. She could practically hear it sloshing around inside her.

Even as she stared, her swollen gut continued to grow, spilling over the sides of her seat and pressing her down into the cushion, buried beneath it. Stuck there beneath it, she could do little more than watch as it rose and rose, growing till it subsumed her thighs and chest, and pumped her once petite breasts into a pair of fat sacks atop it. Her heart pounded; she struggled to breathe. The weight on her body was impossible to escape.

“Asuka!” cried Misato’s voice, increasingly shrill. “What’s going on there? Your readings are—”

“Help me!” cried Asuka, struggling even to speak now. Screwing up her eyes, she pressed her hands into her belly, fingers squeaking against the plugsuit as she struggled to force the fat red orb away from her face. “Help me!” It sloshed as she released it.

“Asuka! What’s—!” Ritsuko’s voice cut out with a crackle as Asuka’s belly smothered the controls. A second later, she felt them give way beneath it, crushing the entire panel with a crack of shattering glass and a crunch of twisting metal. The pressure on her front made her want to scream in pain, but the pressure from inside made her want to scream in something entirely different.

With another *bowoing*, her gut expanded against, pressing hard against the roof and the sides of the cockpit. Asuka squealed, but she could barely even move now, let alone fight back. Whatever awful substance filled her had spread down her arms and legs, pumping them into fat balls like her belly, which wasted no time in sucking them into its growing girth. Her plugsuit squeaked as it struggled to contain it.

And still her stomach continued to grow, grow until at last it reached the limits of the cockpit, and with a great groaning of tortured metal, her EVA finally—

With a scream and a torrential burst of LCL, Asuka burst from her EVA’s belly like a child from the womb. As the robot crumpled beneath her, she landed atop it, an enormous red sphere, like a giant model of Mars. Eyes wide, wiggling her fingers and toes futilely, she moaned as the Angel throbbed again, and with another *bowoing*, doubled in size once more, large holes appeared in the sides of her plugsuit as the material finally reached its limits.

The strain on her body was even worse. She felt as if every nerve in her form had been drawn taut and plucked like a bowstring. She wanted to scream, especially when she looked down and saw the red mountain of her swollen body beneath her.

By now, the pressure had become almost unbearable. The squeaking and straining of her bloated body was clearly audible, deafening, and all Asuka could do was screw up her eyes and moan. "Nnn~! Help me!" she cried, flapping her fat fingers uselessly. "Misato! Ritsuko! ...Shinji! ...Help!"

No one answered. The Angel throbbed one more time.

As her mountainous body swelled again, tearing her plugsuit to scraps in the process, Asuka tightened her eyes and released one final, orgasmic moan. She wanted to— She wanted to— To— "Nnnn~!"

The fat globe of flesh that had once been Asuka Langley rippled one final time and burst with a deafening bang, spraying a flood of thick, white fluid over the buildings and streets of Tokyo-3.