

The Slobby Spirit in Titans Tower

Robin awoke from his slumber far after his daily routine typically began. Though he was left in a groggy state, he still managed to have enough coordination to reach out for his eye mask to put it on his face. Sitting up in bed and running his hand through his spiky, black hair, he took notice that something else was off as he felt his gloves slide across the strands. Turning his gaze downwards, he noticed that he was still dressed in the rest of his hero outfit, complete with his green pants and red shirt. It was upon flinging his black cape out of the way of his torso that he managed to notice the additions that had been made to his appearance over the course of the evening.

Getting out of bed and making his way over to his mirror, Robin was hit with an overwhelming sense of lethargy. Over the course of his glacial shuffle across the room, he swapped his gaze back and forth between two specific areas. The first was the sizable potbelly he was carrying around that peeked out from the hem of his shirt. The other was the necklace hanging around his neck that was attached to a bright red ruby.

Grasping at the somewhat familiar gem flooded Robin's head with images from the previous evening. In the dark of night, he had heard something messing around in the trophy room. When he arrived, it was just in time to see a strange woman with long, brown hair hovering over the necklace. The last memory he had was of her rushing towards him with a malicious grin on her face. Clutching his head as he tried to remember any other details from the event, he heard something begin to whisper in his mind.

“Blair.”

“What?” Robin asked, looking across his room for the source, only to see his own reflection.

“That’s my name,” the woman clarified. “You better learn it sooner rather than later since I’m going to be living in this body with you for the foreseeable future.”

“Fat chance,” Robin replied, trying his best to look intimidating, only for his battle pose to let his gut further stick out. “Whatever you are, I’m not about to let you run rampant in my tower and hurt my friends.”

“Hmm, true I don’t have very much control over your body at the moment. However, I know just the method to fix that issue and accelerate my master plan.”

“What are you talking about?”

A knock was heard at the door.

“Robin, are you feeling the unwell?” called out Starfire. “We were worried when you missed morning training. Is everything okay?”

“No. Star, grab the others and get help. I-BWOOOOOORRRRP!”

Reeling back from the sudden belch, Robin tried to speak again only to feel a shudder go through his body.

“I need help dealing with a bit of a tummy issue,” Blair spoke, her words coming out as Robin’s voice. “Could you help me UUURRRP out?”

The door opened up to reveal the bright green eyes and flowing red hair of Starfire. Dressed in her usual purple tank top and matching mini skirt, her bright attitude was fitting for her role as the emotional back bone of the team. However, there was something unsettling about the sight of her approaching that Robin couldn’t quite pin down. That was until his arm moved on its own to greet her.

“Hello, friend Robin,” Starfire greeted, her smile faltering a bit as she noticed his sizable potbelly. “Is this the problem you were having?” She let out a gasp. “Are you the pregnant? I thought that was only for human females.”

“No, nothing like that,” Robin replied, the words continuing to be pushed out by the spirit’s influence. “But I could use some help with my little belly bump. Would you mind rubbing it?”

Starfire tilted her head. “I am confused. What will this accomplish?”

“I’m from some indigestion from last night’s meal. A massage would really help to calm it down.”

Puzzled, but nonetheless willing to help out her friend, Starfire stepped up and placed her hand along his belly. “Like this?” she asked, slowly sliding her palm along the surface.

“Yes, just like that,” Blair said, the words being repeated by Robin’s own mouth. “Keep going. I can feel myself getting better already.”

As Starfire rubbed the bloated gut, Robin could feel something begin to stir inside. Taking a good guess as to what the gurling was, he desperately wanted to call out a warning. Try as he might, the words continued to remain stuck in his throat as she continued to massage his belly. Inevitably he did manage to say something, but it was carried along by an echoing BWOOOOOOOORRRRPPP from his lips.

“That was most unkind,” Starfire said, clenching her fingers around her nose and taking a step away from the smell. “Has Beast Boy put you up to one of his pranks? If so, I do not see the humor in exposing me to such noxious gas. Especially when it makes my head feel so cloudy.”

“Sorry about that,” Blair said through Robin’s voice. “Let me make it up to you.”

Reaching out Robin's hand, Blair pulled Starfire in close. Purposefully pressing the Tamaranian against his bloated belly managed to push down more gas bubbles. Fearing what would happen, Robin exerted what little control he had over his body to clamp his mouth shut. Unfortunately for him, that just forced the gas to come out in the form of a rippling PHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTT from his rear.

"Star, I'm so UUURRP sorry," Robin said, too caught up in the moment to wonder why Blair had given him an ounce of control. "There's this crazy woman in my head that's..."

Robin trailed off as he noticed the glazed look in Starfire's eyes. Before he could inquire what was going on, the gem around his neck flashed bright red. When his vision returned, it was to see that Starfire's outfit had been replaced with a grungy looking purple hoodie and grey sweatpants. The attire was ill-fitting in terms of both size and the various mystery stains littering the fabric.

"What is-UUURPPP!" Starfire shouted as her body began to shake. Stomping around the room, she pushed back her hair to clutch her forehead. "N-no! You can't...you can't..."

Starfire's words were lost as something began to leave through her chest. The spectral, green glob bared a vague resemblance to her as it floated through the air. The expression of terror on the essence's face became further distorted as the gem greedily sucked it up. As the very last of the Tamaranian's self was swallowed up, her leftover body began to go through a rapid change.

The once loose hoodie began to grow taut as Starfire developed a sizable potbelly that quickly outgrew Robins'. As her gut strained the grungy garb with its multiple stomach rolls, the zipper at the top was undone by her breasts engorging with a surplus of heft. The seat of the

sweatpants was sucked up by her ass crack as her butt went through a similar rapid weight gain to make it better match her definitively chunky form.

Robin reached out to check on Starfire, only to be repelled by the funk emanating from her body. The smell grew worse as a fart even more disgusting than his own burst out of her bubble butt unhindered. Though the smell was absolutely wretched, it seemed to bring some light back to Starfire's eyes. Any hope that she had come back to her senses was undone as she used her blubbery arm to shove him out of the way.

"Where is BWOOOORRRP it?" Starfire belched out, waddling her way over to Robin's bed.

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

"Ah! Here it is!"

Lifting up her arms and partially revealing her doughy underbelly, Starfire held aloft a comic book. On the cover was an illustration of Blair sitting in a throne in front of five, shadowy figures. Robin was understandably concerned, but Starfire was eager to show off her appreciation for the find through a series of squeaky farts slipping out of her anus and a wide grin that showed off her braces.

"I knew I left it in BWOOOOOORRRRPPPP here," Starfire said, tightly clutching the book up against her bosom. "Must have left it behind after we fucked last night."

"We what!?" Robin exclaimed, watching Starfire casually stomp her way back over to the door.

"I got a hurry and get this UUURRP thing back to its case," Starfire said, uncaring of his awestruck expression. "I'll catch you later for BWOOOOORRRP lunch and maybe a quickie after."

Left in stunned silence, Robin watched Starfire squeeze her wide hips through the door and make her way down the hall. The puffs of gas that escaped from Starfire's mouth and rear as she walked were quickly drowned out by a series of laughs echoing inside of Robin's head.

"Ah, what a perfect way to start," Blair commented. "I know it's a little cliché to turn a super hero into a comic book nerd, but I figured it be nice to start with something easy."

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh you'll find out," Blair replied, forcefully getting Robin to walk through the door. "First, let's get us some breakfast. We're going to need all the energy we can get for what's to come."

Guided by the spirit's power, Robin's body made an abrupt turn away from staring at Starfire's gassy rear to begin walking towards the kitchen. Though he was still unsure what her full plan was, he was certain that nothing good could come of it. As valiant as his efforts were to try and regain control, Blair kept him going as if his body was being pulled along by puppet strings.

In the midst of Robin's struggle, he took notice of further additions that had been made to his body. Each shake of resistance jiggled about his chubby gut to make it slip further out of his shirt to show off the budding hairs lining his belly button. The top portion of his clothes became strained thanks to the added pudge that had begun to form around his chest. Taking an abrupt turn around the corner shook his chunky butt cheeks within the confines of his pants and cursed him with the stench of another BRRRAAAAAPPPPP rippling out of his backside.

A heavenly aroma pierced through the veil of noxious fumes to momentarily stun Robin. Overwhelmed by the smell and accompanying growl from his stomach, he ceased trying to fight against Blair as they marched forward. Upon entering the dining area and seeing the massive

amount of food spread along the table, he couldn't stop himself from letting a drop of drool slide down his chin. Any chance he had to hold himself back was ended the moment Blair spoke:

“Eat.”

Rushing towards the table, Robin helped himself to anything he could get his hands on. Whether it was a link of sausage or sugary pastry, all would be pushed down his gullet with reckless abandon. Uncaring of the syrup that clung to his thick fingers, he ignored utensils in favor of devouring a plate of pancakes as fast as possible. Through this mess of sticky sweets and savory meats, he caught glimpses of his teeth turning a dingy yellow as he continued to stuff himself.

When every last crumb had been scarfed down, Robin leaned against the table to reorient himself. Contently rubbing his belly, he got a chance to re-taste the meal through an echoing belch. Repeated massages of his stuffed gut resulted in yet another fart rippling out of his rear to further strain his pants. Just as the fumes began to make his vision go blurry, he was brought back to reality as he spotted Cyborg staring at him from across the table.

“Um, dude, are you okay?” the half-robot man asked, using his single, red eye to scan Robin for any obvious causes for his strange behavior.

“More than okay,” Blair spoke for Robin. “Compliments to the UUUURRRP chef.”

“Thanks,” Cyborg said, using a robotic limb to scratch at the human-half of his scalp, “but that was supposed to be for everyone.”

“What can I say? I’m a growing BWOOOOOORRRP boy,” Blair teased.

“I think that’s putting it lightly,” Cyborg replied, shaking his head as he approached to get a closer look at his companion’s sorry state. “You better lay off the snacks for a while. Don’t know how well you’ll do in the fight when we have to move you around with a forklift.”

“Are you volunteering for the position, big guy?” Blair asked, an embarrassed shudder shutting down any attempts for Robin to resist. “Those arms do look pretty strong, if a little hard.”

“Okay, something’s definitely wrong with you,” Cyborg said, placing his hand on Robin shoulder. “Let’s get you back to your room and I’ll call up a doctor to-“

In the blink of an eye, Blair moved Robin’s overstuffed body far faster than it had any right to. Unable to escape in time, Cyborg became restrained as Blair locked their lips together. Just before the true confusion of the kiss could take over, the spirit broke it apart by letting a guttural belch erupt down the mechanical man’s throat.

“What was that for?” Cyborg said, trying and failing to spit out the taste of the rancid belch. “Have you gone completely insane?”

“No,” Blair replied, sliding Robin’s tongue along their lips. “Just giving you a little push to let your wild side out.”

Swinging around Robin’s hips, Blair let loose with another BRRRAAAAAAAPP that split a tear down the back of his pants. In the wake of the reverberating fart, Robin looked over his shoulder to see the same hazy look overtake Cyborg’s body. A modicum of clarity returned to his body as the robotics making it up began to be replaced with flesh and blood. Returned to a human state, he didn’t know whether or not to thank Blair.

Cyborg’s answer became clear as his six-pack abs distorted to become a pudgy, beer belly to hang between his thickened legs. A light moan left his lips as the gut slid across his manhood, the effects made more evident by the softer features of his cheeks and the doughy consistency of his man boobs. Amidst trying to put together everything that was going on, he had little hope of enduring the gas bomb that came pouring out of his anus.

“N-no,” Cyborg said, his flab erratically jiggling about. “You can’t BWOOOORRRP control me.”

“True,” Blair said as the amulet began to glow under its own power. “But this thing can. Especially when you’ve been properly prepared to receive its blessing.”

Another spark of energy shot out from the gem to begin dragging out Cyborg’s cyan-colored essence. Despite his earlier elation, the specter that leaked out still held onto his mechanical features. Only able to watch as Cyborg’s very being was sucked into the gem for safe keeping, Robin kept his eyes trained on the leftover husk to see what would become of it.

Cyborg’s bald head sprouted up with luscious, black locks that cradled his pudgy cheeks. His obese body was further accentuated by a see through, black fishnet top that did little to obscure the wide nipples of his sagging man tits. A pair of ripped, black jeans tightly hugged his love handles and further emphasized his chunky rear. As the last few bits of chained jewelry appeared along his pudgy wrists to complete his goth, femboy look, his look of confusion turned to one of annoyance as he looked over the table of empty platter.

“Ugh, of course a fat ass like BWOOOOOORRRPP you would take all the food,” Cyborg replied, helping himself to one of the few crumbs left on the table. “This is exactly why I built my UUURRRP helpers. Less likely to be a selfish pig.”

With a snap of his fingers, Cyborg summoned a small squadron of drones weighed down with packages of food. Snatching up a burger from the mechanical clutches, he proceeded to scarf down the greasy sandwich in a few bites. Voicing his approval by sucking the grease from his fingers and unleashing a torrent of flatulence, he turned back towards Robin.

“Just for that, I’m banning you from using my babies until further UUUURRRPPP notice,” Cyborg said, waddling off with his entourage in tow. “I’ll consider letting you use them

again IF you satisfy me tonight. This not so little goth BWOOOOORRRRP twink needs a good dicking from daddy.”

Sauntering his way out of the room, Cyborg left Robin with a puff of flatulence and an overwhelming sense of strange urges.

“Hmm, didn’t realize the process would turn your friends so kinky,” Blair commented. “Ah well. Guess I’ll call it a happy accident.”

“We’ll call it something you should stop right BWOOOOORRRPP now,” Robin said, his fight against Blair’s influence leaving his bubble butt and chubby man tits to jiggle within the confines of his tight clothes.

“Don’t be such a prude. You might call yourself the ‘Teen’ Titans, but you’re all in your early twenties.”

“I meant changing them like that,” Robin clarified, wincing as another fart rumbled out.

“What? You’re not curious about what I’ll do to the rest of your friends?”

Forced to wait until one of his belches petered off, he answered. “I don’t know what you are or what you’re planning, but I’m not going to let you hurt my friends anymore.”

Blair let out a feigned gasp. “Hurt? I’m doing no such thing. Just look at what I did for your friend there. I gave him the body he wanted back and more. If anything, I’m giving them a chance to let loose and really enjoy themselves. In fact, by the looks of your memories-“

“My what!?”

“-there’s one person in particular that could use a dose of my magic more than anyone.”

Setting Robin’s body off into a lumbering sprint, Blair made a beeline towards the living room. The trek had the added side effect of ripping various holes in his costume thanks to the extra fat layered on over the course of the feast. His top was becoming sucked up by his

developing belly rolls, with a deep rip down the center to leave room for his man tits. While the tear in the back of his pants gave plenty of room for his cheeks to wobble about, there was still just enough fabric around the front to comfortably cradle the extra girth the spirit had gifted to his manhood.

Before Robin could even comprehend what he was supposed to do with his enhanced equipment, he waddled his way into the living room. Waiting for him there was a woman with purple hair and grey skin, draped in a navy blue cloak. With her eyes shut, she continued to utter a chant to channel magic through the diamond in her forehead as her body floated several feet off the ground. This peaceful session of meditation came to an abrupt end thanks to a loud BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP slapping its way out of Robin's rear.

Raven let out an exhausted sigh. "Beast Boy is that you?" she asked, setting her feet on the floor as she turned around. "I've told you before that if you try to use that whoopee cushion again I'll..."

Raven trailed off as she looked over the pudgy form of Robin. Her worry grew with each patch of body hair she saw along his belly button and sticking out from his armpits. Catching a whiff of the smell emanating from his body, her first instinct was to pinch her nose and back away. However, her disgust was replaced with outright aggression as she spotted the amulet around his neck.

"Who are you and what have you done to Robin?" Raven called out, holding out her hands to cast a spell at a moment's notice.

"I am UUUURRRRP Robin," Blair replied, her added giggle not doing much to calm Raven down.

“Whoever or whatever you are, I think it’s time for you to leave. Azarath Metrion Zinthos!”

Black energy shot out from Raven’s hands to hold onto Robin’s body. Like many enemies before, her magic managed to restrain her corrupted comrade by lifting him into the air. As humiliating as Robin felt at having his obese form spun through the air, he took solace in the fact that the spirit’s shenanigans were about to come to an end.

Just as Raven was about to cast another spell to try and remove Blair from her friend, the energy around Robin’s body began to fluctuate. Wicked, red tendrils spread out from the amulet to forcefully pry off the magic keeping him restrained. Flicking off the remnants of the magic with a flash, the gem brought Blair’s commandeered body crashing to the ground. Quickly recovering thanks to the wealth of blubber surrounding Robin, the spirit began to stomp her way over towards Raven.

“I’ll admit, you’re probably the first person here to give me and my little buddy any kind of trouble,” Blair spoke as the gem thrummed under its own power. “All the more reason for me to make you palatable to it as fast as possible.”

Too focused on trying to block an arcing shot from the gem, Raven left herself wide open to suck up the resulting PHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTTTT that rippled out of Robin’s rear. Crumpling to the ground as the horrendous fart burned her nostrils, she was left defenseless as Blair waddled forward to add to her torment with a bellowing belch. Even after Raven’s body began to fatten up, the spirit continued to bombard her with gas to ensure there was no chance of escape.

The horrific onslaught Robin was unleashing on his friend brought with it a strange, otherworldly tingle with each release. Even the sight of Raven’s leotard getting sucked up by her fattening butt cheeks could not diminish the pleasure he felt. The rancid odor momentarily

blinded him to the sight of her belly folds popping apart the rest of her outfit to let it act as a shelf for her drooping tits. Before he realized what he was doing, he was freely letting the fumes blow out to fatten up Raven's limbs. By the time he could sense the throbbing taking over the thing nestled between his thickened thighs, his friend was already too far gone to avoid the finishing blow.

"W-what is BWOOOORRRP this?" Raven asked, watching as her essence was dragged out of her chest.

"A little makeover," Blair replied, the sight of Raven's very being sinking into the gem via a mass of purple energy getting Robin back to moderate level of awareness. "And I think I know just the form for a shut-in like yourself. One that will ensure you won't be getting in my way once my plan comes to fruition."

As the very tip of Raven's essence slipped out of her, the pudgy, pale flesh of her body was covered up by a raggedy, black top that left her belly on full display. Compared to the others, her chest was relatively small, but that still left the imprint of her nipples to show through it. The majority of her mass had been centered around her lower body, making it quite the task for a pair of green, checker-patterned pajama pants to stretch across them. As the transformation completed, Robin noticed something written across the seat of the pants.

"What is BWOOOOORRRP Blockmaker?" Robin asked, having to get close to Raven to read the text distorted by her chunky rear.

"It's my favorite video game!" Raven announced, voicing her excitement with a squeaky fart slipping out from between her fatty cheeks. Waiting until Robin backed up from the noxious fumes, she shuffled up to him to bump her belly into his. Noticing the bewildered look on his

pudgy face, she was quick to cover up the bags under eyes with her greasy locks of brown and green hair. “T-that is if you want to UUUURRRP join me.”

“Um, sure,” Robin replied, seeing a slight tint of red momentarily appear on her plump cheeks. “Maybe later.”

“Okay,” Raven quickly said, waddling her way out. “I’ll try and get everything setup for you BWOOOOOORRRRP beforehand. We can play all night, eat junk food, and... maybe... do a little more?”

Not waiting for Robin to respond, Raven gave into her new sense of meekness to run away. The lingering gas cloud she left in her wake brought Robin back into a dazed state that threatened to take over his mind once more. Having witnessed three of his teammates already give in to the spirit’s scheme, he gritted his yellowed teeth to cling to the last bit of control he still had left. His conviction, while impressive, went ignored by his captor.

“Three down, one left to go,” Blair commented, already moving him towards their final target.

“You can’t BWOOOOOORRRRP do this,” Robin belched, finding his ability to even speak in his own mind tiresome in the wake of his body’s continued degradation.

“Hmm, I think you’re right,” Blair replied, bringing their body to a halt. “It’s becoming quite tiresome having to seek out your teammates. I don’t want to lose of all this fragrant, plush flab by having to run through this tower all day looking for him. Why don’t’ we try bringing your last little friend to us?”

Hovering Robin’s sausage-like fingers above the gem, Blair seeped out some of its power. As the amulet began to glow, Robin saw a momentary vision of Raven’s figure appear in

the crystal's reflection. A portion of this essence floated towards his face and down his throat to lodge itself within his thick neck.

"BEAST BOY!" Blair called out, the words coming from Robin's mouth, but sounding exactly like Raven. "GET IN HERE NOW! WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY!"

Managing to get off the shout just before another belch rolled up Robin's throat, the spirit watched and waited. As the last of the burp petered off in the distance, the sound of something running fast through the halls could be heard. The rapid steps ensured that the green furred cheetah made its way into the living room in record time. Upon seeing Robin's chunky form, the animal quickly reshaped itself into a more familiar image.

Retaining the green skin of his animal form, Beast Boy returned to a humanoid figure. Though he was still far from normal with his pointed ears and dark green hair, he looked absolutely mundane in comparison to Robin. Clad in his purple and black jumpsuit, Blair's didn't even try to hide her desire to see his skinny form plumped up like the rest. Considering he was, for lack of a kinder term, the slowest of the group when it came to putting things together, even he could tell that something was off.

"Robin, what happened to you?" Beast Boy asked, casually strolling up to the slobby man. "Did Cyborg get you with those weird drone things?"

"BWOOOORRRP no, I-"

"Was it Star? I passed her by in the hall and her entire body was covered in crumbs."

"No, it was-"

Yet again, Robin was interrupted by a blast of flatulence from this thick rear.

“Must be something to do with Raven then,” Beast Boy continued, stopping his approach as his nose wrinkled at the lingering odor around Robin’s body. “Like a weird, cursed pair of underwear or something. Have you seen her? I came running when I heard-“

“ENOUGH!” Blair shouted, giving up all pretenses of subtlety as she waddled towards Beast Boy. “I can’t take it anymore. Not when I have such a tempting target in front of me. Come here. We have the perfect form in mind for you.”

Before Beast Boy could have a chance to run away, a beam shot out of the gem to hoist him into the air. His attempts to transform and break out of the hold were suppressed by the energy encasing his form. Slowly, the green coloring of his skin faded away to resemble a more tanned tone. Given normal looking, black hair in exchange for the pointed tips of his ears, finally let it sink in that he was being changed into a regular human. While that was true, it was far from the final form that Blair had in mind.

A twist of Robin’s fingers brought Beast Boy falling down before his knees. The slightest of nudges from Blair was enough to get Robin to lean forward to bury his comrade in a bellowing BWOOOOOORRRRRPPPP. Still reeling from the gassy belch, Beast Boy had no hope of scrambling away as Robin waddled over to him. Pulled along by the spirit’s influence, Robin didn’t even flinch as he let loose a billowing BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPP from his rear to enshroud Beast Boy and seal his fate.

Crawling along the round, Beast Boy was slowed down as his belly fattened up like the others beforehand. Left to drag the sizable gut along the floor, he was slowed down further by his developing man tits. Each shuffle shook around the pair of meaty ass cheeks he had developed, sending ripples that reached all the way to his pudgy face. Though he managed to get close

enough to reach out towards the exit with his plump fingers, his chances of escape were dashed as Robin waddled in front of him.

“Robin, you’ve got to BWOOOOOOORRRRPPPP stop this,” Beast Boy belched out.
“Think about the others. We need to save them.”

“They’ve already been saved,” Robin said, no longer able to resist Blair’s influence.
“Now it’s your turn.”

As Beast Boy’s dark green essence was dragged into the amulet, his human-like body began to regain some bestial features. It started off with a bushy, wolf tail appearing above his buttocks to wave around the resulting fart that spurted out. As the noxious fumes surrounded him, his triangular, black furred ears perked up to hear the last of the rude expulsion peter off. Heaving himself into a standing position, he used the claws on the ends of his pudgy fingers to pull at the thin, purple tube top keeping his moobs in place. Hoisting up the pair of ripped jean shorts that looked glued onto his hips, he waddled up to Robin to bump him back with his belly.

“Hey there BWOOOOOOORRRRPPPP hot stuff,” Beast Boy belched, the horrific breath blowing past his pair of fangs. “You’re looking and smelling ripe today.”

Rather than fear or confusion, Robin met the wolf boy’s interested grin with a small smile. “Thank UUUUURRRRRPPPP you,” he said, sauntering forward to press their guts together. The low impact collision was all that it took to push out a pair of farts from the equally obese pair’s rears. “Want to get a closer BOOOUUUUURRRRRPPPP look in my room?”

“Well, I was gonna hang out with UUURRP Raven to eat her out while she played some new game, but I can use a little warm up,” the wolf boy said, reaching around to tightly clutch Robin’s exposed, gassy rear.

“Oooh, this turned out better than I could have ever hoped,” Blair said, only having to sit and watch as the two of them waddled off back to Robin’s bedroom under their own volition. “Just make sure you two don’t push yourselves too hard. Things are just getting started and I still have my master plan to enact.”

A massive tremor coming from the center of the city was quick to gain the attention of the citizens. It was only due to their jaded attitude towards villain attacks that they were able to approach the source of the vibrations. While each of them had seen their fair share of people in strange costumes, they found the five in front of them to stand out from the rest in terms of both appearance and stench.

There was a chunky woman with a purple hoodie that spent her time either keeping her head between the pages of her comic book or picking out crumbs clinging to her sweatpants. Flanking her was an equally large man with dark black hair that kept snapping his fingers to order his machines to supply snack to him and his comrades. A pear-shaped woman dressed in a grungy gaming t-shirt tried to keep herself steady, even as her trembling form sent ripples through her pudge. The shaking woman was directly contrasted by the plump wolf boy who grinned at the onlookers as he unleashed a pungent fart to jiggle his tail and thick rear.

Winced from the rancid odor surrounding the group, the civilians gradually turned their teary eyes towards the person in the center. At first glance, the drooping chest, long red hair, and skimpy, purple tube top made them appear like an obese woman. That image was shattered as the individual unleashed an earth-shaking belch that was tinted with a deep, masculine voice. Wiping his face clean of drool with the help of his furry, green gorilla arms, the man stomped towards

them with the aid of his bulky, cybernetic legs. Pausing to grab at the sizable bulge barely hidden by his purple miniskirt, he flourished the navy blue cloak that hung over his broad shoulders. Pushing back the hood to reveal his black eye mask on his chubby face and the red gem atop his forehead, the man began to speak.

“Hello puny BWOOOOOOORRRPPP mortals,” Robin said, beating his fists against his meaty man boobs, the furry limbs enhancing his stench of his body odor. “The day has come for us to take over UUUUUUUUURRRRP the city. Surrender BOOOOUUUUURRRRPPP now.”

When the people merely stared in disbelief, Robin snapped his pudgy fingers. In unison with him, the rest of the corrupted titans began to vigorously shake around their guts. The frantic jiggling resulted in the five of them unleashing a fog of flatulence upon the group. As the civilians were overcome by the effects of the horrid gas, sparks would fly out from the amulet hugging Robin’s thick neck to begin siphoning off their essences.

As each victim was hit by the gem’s power, their bodies fattened up and morphed to match the visage of their attackers. Converted into their sloppy states, the people would spread out like a stampede of obese elephants to expose others to the curse. As the former heroes went out to further spread the chaos, Blair sat comfortably within the confines of Robin’s body. Over the sound of the cacophony of belches and farts, her maniacal laughter echoed through his mind. Rather than disdain or hatred towards the spirit, he merely responded by pushing himself further to sink other people into his world of gassy indulgence. Inevitably, they would become the perfect heralds for the fearsome villains known as the Teen Tremors.