

Franziska's Karma (Inflation, Clown TF, Ace Attorney)

Gritting her teeth, Franziska von Karma fought to pull her wrists free of the shackles pinning her to the magician's dartboard. "Let me *go!*" she cried. "You won't get away with this!"

"Oh, I think I will, darling~." The magician in question, Maximillion Galactica, threw her a look of smug amusement. "You see I've got something of a bone to pick with you, my adorable little prosecutor, and unlike most of your would-be-victims, I have the means to enforce it." He pinched her cheek and gave it a sharp tug.

Franziska snarled. "What the hell are you talking about, you damned hick?"

Maximillion stopped smiling. "H-hick?! How dare you—" For an instant, he sounded like a country bumpkin. Coughing, he recollected himself. "You know, I had planned to show you a modicum of mercy, darling, but after that little remark, I think I'm going to go all out. Oh, I do hope you enjoy this."

For the first time, Franziska felt a brief flash of fear. "What are you planning to do?" she asked, a bead of sweat dripping from her brow.

Max laughed. "Darling, do you know how I perform my signature flying trick?"

Franziska snorted. "Wires, obviously. How else."

Max smiled and clapped his hands and with a little whoosh, rose from the ground. Floating over to her, he came to a stop upside down. "Wires, is it? Would you like to explain where you think those wires are and what they're attached to, darling? The roof of my dressing room, perhaps?"

Franziska couldn't believe what she was seeing. He was right—there was no way he could possibly be using wires in such cramped quarters. So how...?

"Would you like to know the answer, dear?" Max asked, grin wider than ever. "Let me whisper it in your ear." he leaned close, too close for comfort. "*Magic.*"

As Franziska blinked, Max snatched away and brought his hands together with a clap, forming a glowing magical circle between them. "Why don't you try a little of it yourself, darling?" With a smug grin, he raised his hand and breathed in her direction: sparkles of magical light flew from the circle in his palm and caught her in the face.

Gasping, Franziska screwed up her eyes and tried to hold her breath, but it was futile. The instant the fairy dust touched her skin, she felt it start to tingle and change, warping and twisting.

When she opened her eyes, Max had produced a mirror. She stared at her reflection, blinking in confusion. What was—?

“My,” said Max. “what a pretty little nose you have. Let’s fix that.” He tapped her reflection’s with a *boop*.

As Franziska watched in shock, her nose turned a deep shade of red and swelled into a fat tomato sitting in the center of her face. For a second, she could only stare at it, unable to comprehend what she was seeing. Then realization set in, and a scream escaped her lips. “What the hell have you done to me?”

“Why, I’ve simply given you a nose more fitting your true calling,” said Maximilian. “And I’m not finished yet.” He tapped her reflection’s cheeks, and her face turned as pale as flour, two bright red dimples appearing where he’d touched. She squeaked.

Now Max dragged a finger along her reflection’s hair, leaving Franziska to watch in horror as her own turned bright pink and blue and yellow and curly, puffing until it looked like the world’s most ridiculous wig. “Stop!”

“Tch, tch, such a professional outfit hardly fits a performer of your parameters. We want something... well, a little sillier.”

A few quick touches, and her entire outfit turned a bright white and speckled itself with polka-dots, her skirt puffing up while her ribbons vanished and her top morphed into a tight, cleavage-revealing corset.

“We’ll keep those puffy shoulders though,” said Max. “They’re very fitting.”

As her professional boots morphed into a pair of giant red shoes, Franziska finally found the composure to scream. “What are you doing to me?!”

“Why, I should think it’s obvious, darling. I’m making you into the clown you are inside.”

“A clown?!” Franziska wanted to scream in frustration. If she got her hands on this bastard, she was going to wring his...

“That’s right, darling. Do keep up. Now, are you ready for your first performance?”

“F-first performance?”

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In the seats, the crowd cheered as the magician spread her lips and forced the pipe deep between them. Franziska herself squirmed. “Mmmphf! Mmmphf!”

Stepping back, Maximilian bowed. “Ready, everyone? Then, on the count of three, let’s begin the performance.” With a chuckle, he grabbed the pump’s plunger. “One... two... three!” He thrust it down.

The crowd screamed its approval as a fat ball of gas swept down the pipe and into Franziska's mouth. She screamed as well as it forced its way down her throat, and with a gigantic *boing*, her stomach exploded, stretching her uniform taut. "Mmmphf! Mmmphf!"

The crowd roared with laughter.

Chuckling himself, Max raised the plunger and thrust it down again, sending bulge after bulge of gas down Franziska's throat. She screwed up her eyes and squealed, sweat rolling down her cheeks, as her stomach swelled till it was large as a small car. It lifted her boobs with its girth, raised her boobs and stretched apart her already stretched limbs. She felt the top of the sphere pressing against her chin and struggled to pull away, whimpering.

A few more pumps from Max, and the rest of her body started to fatten as well. Her thighs turned to fat spheres before her stomach stretched them wide and sucked them up. Her boobs became a pair of beachballs and continued to rise, raised by the tide of swelling flesh. Her upper arms soon joined her legs, and it wasn't long before her lower limbs were the only parts of them left. Soon, even these vanished into the sphere of her bloated belly, leaving only her hands and feet, blown fat and squished by her restraints. One by one, her fingers popped into little sausages.

All the while, the tension in Franziska's gut just kept growing, stronger and stronger, until she could bear it no more. The strain on her skin was impossible to bear. She felt as if she'd pop at any second.

"Ready, folks?" cried Maximillian, pausing in his plunging.

"POP HER! POP HER! POP HER!"

Max laughed. "As you wish." With a final chuckle, he depressed the plunger.

As that last bulge of gas flowed down the pipe towards her, Franziska screwed up her eyes and released a feeble moan. A second later, it entered her, and the strain on her skin became too much for it to bear. Throwing back her head, she released one last wild cry—

—and popped like the balloon she resembled.

As her scraps fluttered to the ground, Max shook his head sadly. "Oh no, now that will never do." He flexed his fingers, and with a flash, the scraps flew together and combined. Franziska found herself sitting in the dirt, whole and unblemished, if still dressed like a clown.

Max helped her to take. "Take a bow, my dear—the crowd loves you. We're going to be doing that performance every night from now on!" He slapped her butt.

Franziska struggled not to cry.