

Mother's Day Balloons (Inflation)

Yuri stared at the card shop window with a scowl. Mother's Day! Mother's Day?! What did you *mean*, Mother's Day?!

When she'd first heard of the celebration, she'd made the logical assumption: there was only *one* Mommy who mattered: their own beautiful goddess, Nyanlathotep, Queen of Queens, Empress of Empresses. So, naturally, this festival had to be for *her*.

But it wasn't! It was just for those dumb human moms! How could you call yourself a mother when you hadn't even had a hundred babies?! It was crazy! Someone should do something about it!

Her ears twitched; she turned. A group of chubby women in sweaters and jeans were making their way up the street, talking and laughing as they walked.

"You've got to pick your son up from school? But how will you have time for yoga class?"

"The doctor says I should really stop drinking. Hah! As if anyone could stop drinking after an hour with *my* kids!"

"I think my husband is cheating on me with the maid! I caught him taking her to hospital after I beat her for touching the silverware!"

Yuri cocked her head and watched them pass, their asses jiggling in their tight, lycra sweatpants. With her ninja-field up, she was free to look as intensely as she liked and even touch them if she wanted, which she did: she grabbed their chubby guts and groped their swollen breasts and wrapped her hands around their big fat thighs, sinking her hands into their endless, squishy flesh.

Finally, she stepped back. It occurred to her that mothers – human or otherwise – could actually be quite sexy. Maybe there was something to this whole Mother's Day thing after all...

Keeping pace with the gaggle of moms, she squinted. As sexy as they were, there was something missing though.

She slammed her fist into her palm. Of course! They were missing the belly! A big pregnant belly! How could you call yourself a mother without a giant, gravid gut?

Of course, that was easy for *her* to solve.

Her smile drooped. Or was it? Between her pointer and her plants, she could do lots of things, but she couldn't actually make someone pregnant. (She could stuff them full of *seed*, sure, just not the right kind.)

She strolled on for a few meters, tapping her chin as she walked. Her targets were talking about yogurt now...

"I enjoy it, but I always feel so bloated afterward..."

Yuri's fist smacked into her palm for a second time. "Of course!" Giggling, she rubbed her hands together, and with a little sparkling of juice from her fingertips...

The sidewalk rumbled, cracked, and finally, in a great shower of dust, disgorged something resembling a palm-tree. It burst from the ground, spread its leaves, and instantly sprouted several fat, balloon-like fruit.

Giggling now, Yuri snatched them all up and shot after the gaggle of mothers, who by this point had reached the corner and were on the verge of escaping her. "Enjoy, nya~." And one by one, she stuffed the fruit into their mouths. "Gulp!"

Even with her ninja-field on max, it was a heavy ask for the mothers to overlook this. As they swallowed they froze, looking around like they'd heard something.

"Did any of you just...?" The woman who'd spoken cut off, shaking her head. "Never mind, I must have imagined it."

"Wait," said one of the others. "I felt something too! It's like I swallowed something."

"Probably a fly," said another. "The way you keep walking around with your mouth open."

"Karen!"

"I-I don't think it was a fly," said the first mother, as her gut started to rumble. Looking down, she rubbed her belly and gasped, shivering as it gurgled and groaned and— "Ooo, I knew I shouldn't have eaten that yogurt!" Her friends copied her, claspings their bellies and moaning on the spot. The other pedestrians stopped walking to stare at them.

The first milf doubled over, her eyes screwed tightly shut, and just as Yuri thought nothing was going to happen—

Boing! Her belly exploded into a fat, gravid gut. She stared at it, eyes wide and shaking. "M-my belly!"

Boing! Boing! Boing! Boing! One by one, her friends' stomachs burst to egregious fullness too. As they stood there claspings them and moaning, Yuri clapped her hands at a job well done. Now they were *purrfect!* She made to leave.

"Ooo...!"

A high-pitched moan dragged her attention back to the moms: one of their bellies seemed even larger than the rest, and it was still growing. Finally, her jumper tore with a *rrrip*, and

out into the open spilled a stomach so fat and round that 'gravid' didn't do it justice – she looked like she'd swallowed a beachball. "Nnn~! H-help!"

Unfortunately, her friends couldn't help, because the same was happening to them.

"Oops," said Yuri. "Maybe I shouldn't have fed them the *whole* fruit, nya..."

Groaning, the gaggle of mommies continued to swell, gaining inches with the second. As their guts reached a couple of meters in diameter, the fruit-flavored gas currently pumping up their figures found other places to fill too: with a *rrrip*, their breasts tore free of their jumpers, fat and juicy as fruit themselves, and a moment later their buttcheeks burst through their jeans as well, jiggling and wobbling in the open.

One by one, they started to rise from the ground.

Even as the rest of their bodies started inflating as well, their guts continued to grow, swelling till you could have fit *hundreds* of babies in them. Soon they were so large it deformed the rest of their forms around them, spreading their arms and legs wide before sucking them inside, till all that remained of their limbs were their stubby hands and feet, pumped just as full and fat as the rest of their bloated bodies. And still they continued growing. "Nnn~! H-heeeeeelp! Help...!"

Their jumpers and their jeans, already split, creaked in protest a few final times and tore outright, revealing the underwear drawn taut beneath them. *This* lasted only a few seconds longer before giving in with a series of loud snaps, exposing their fattened nipples and pussies to everyone who was looking.

Which was quite a lot, at this point. Almost everyone on the street had heard the commotion and rushed over to see what was going on.

"Help us!" cried the moms, flapping their stubby hands and feet, their bus-sized bodies squeaking as they bounced off one another. "Heeeeeelp!"

Back on the ground, Yuri suppressed a giggle. Maybe Mother's Day wasn't too bad after all.