

Lola vs. Juri (Inflation, Popping, ARMS, Street Fighter)

The roar of the crowd rolled down the stands like an avalanche, colliding in the center of the area and burying the contestants alive. Not literally, but you know. You get the idea.

"Hello and welcome to the 1st ad hoc Juri Han vs. Lola Pop or whatever her nyame is I forgot tournyament, nya!" The announcer gripped her microphone, looking pleased with herself, as the contestants squared off.

"That's right!" said announcer no. 2. "We've snyatched these two from the farthest reaches of the multiverse and brainwashed them to think this is a nyormal tourney!"

Down in the arena, Juri Han and Lola Pop looked around, clearly confused as to what the announcers were talking about.

"Heh," said Yuri, raising her leg and readying herself to fight. "You really think you've got what it takes to beat me?"

"Let's just have a nice, clean fight!" cried Lola Pop. She leaned in, and her eyes tightened. "...I'm definitely going to win though."

"Anyway, enyough talking!" cried Announcer No. 1. "It's time to get to the good stuff! ...The part where these two beat the *crap* out of each other!"

"That's right, Ni! When the starter fires his pistol, the race to win this fight will begin! On your marks, get set... FOIGHT!"

The starter's pistol fired with a pop. The crowd roared.

In the area, Juri Han and Lola Pop squared up, their fists (and, in Juri's case, leg) raised and ready to strike.

Lola Pop made the first move. Drawing in a deep breath, she performed her signature move: blowing herself into a giant balloon. "Let's see if you can beat my defense!"

Juri snorted. "Let's see how you handle my stilettos," she said, rushing forward. Drawing back her leg, she aimed a series of sharp kicks at Lola's inflating stomach, sending the balloon woman flying back with the force of the impact. Striking the ropes, Lola bounced off it and straight back into Juri's foot, which promptly struck her with another devastating blow. She gasped as she struck the ropes again.

"Oooh!" said Ichi. "I don't care what galaxy nyou're from, that has gotta hurt!"

As she struck the ropes and bounced off it, Lola Pop gasped in surprise. What was going on?! Why wasn't her perfect defense working?

Juri Han's foot slammed into her again, sending her flying into the ropes over and over. Lola squealed as she bounced off them, pinging around the area like a giant human pinball.

"Woohoo!" cried Announcer 2. "Look at that blubber fly!"

Screwing up her eyes, Lola moaned as she bounced between Juri's foot and the wall, struggling to regain control over her body. *No! No, this isn't working! I need to deflate! Deflate!* No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't make herself—it was as if something were blocking her throat.

Finally, Juri gave her one last emphatic kick to the stomach, sending Lola flying into the corner of the ring, where she pinged between the two ropes before coming to a stop leaning against the post, still fat and round and unable to deflate herself.

"Perfect," said Juri, marching over with a grin. "I've got you right where I want you, you big, stupid balloon." Raising her leg, she drew back...

...and kicked and kicked and kicked, slamming her heel into Lola's stomach over and over and over.

"Nn~!" As her entire body rippled with the force of the impact, Lola screwed her eyes tight and moaned, unable to bear the sensation ripping through her. With every kick, she felt a little hotter, a little tauter, as if the gases filling her body were slowly heating up. Biting her lip, she blushed as the pleasure of it washed through her. Urgh, this was awful—how could it possibly feel so good?

"Oooh, she looks like she's enjoying it, Ni!" Announcer 1 sounded as if she were really enjoying the situation herself.

"Let's hope she doesn't enjoy it so much she bursts!" cried Announcer 2.

Juri grinned. "Oooh, excellent idea," she said, licking her lips. "Let's make it a reality." Drawing back her leg, she slammed her heel into Lola's stomach once again, making the clown scream in fresh delight as the shockwave rolled through her form, making every inch of her bloated body tremble.

"Sorry, clownie," said Juri. "But it's time to make like a balloon and—"

With one final kick, Lola reached her limit. As Juri's foot slammed into her stomach for one final time, she threw back her head in a wild scream of ecstasy—

—and burst like the balloon she resembled, blasting a giant hole in her side. Air rushed out, and Lola screamed, screamed with every second of it, as an overwhelming surge of pleasure rolled through her form and replaced the air leaving her. In seconds, her mind was so light she couldn't think.

"Oooh, looks like this match finished with a bang!" cried Ni.

Ichu looked at her. "Really? Nyou *had* to go there?"

"Don't act like nyou weren't tempted to!"

Slowly, Lola's body deflated, her hands sinking into her arms and her arms into her torso, while her head collapsed into her neck, and her legs fell flat and flimsy as streamers. Still moaning, she sunk to the floor in a pile of herself, all folded up and sad and empty, unable to project even the slightest amount of dignity. Groaning, she struggled to rise, but her punctured body made it impossible: the most she could achieve was rippling a little, rippling like a flag in the wind, and then with that she gave up and collapsed entirely, lying there and mewling as Juri Han approached, grin wide.

"Fufufu," said Juri Han, looming over her. "You're more a flag than a balloon now, aren't you, you stupid clown?" Grabbing her by the head, she snatched her up with a laugh. "Maybe, I'll hang you on my bedroom wall. You'll make an excellent decoration."

Eyes spinning, Lola moaned.