

"I can't believe Melony's managed to dodge that prank for so long." Nessa cursed under her breath as she folded her hands over her bloated body.

The gym leaders of Galar had been pranking each other by adding a newly discovered fruit to each other's foods. The newly discovered fruit was grown in power spots, the places where dynamax energy sprouted from the ground. The fruit had a special quality; when eaten by a human, it would turn them into an enormous gassy blimp. A blimp of a person so large that they would fill their entire stadium. Raihan had fallen for it, Bea had fallen for it, and most recently, Nessa had fallen for it. Currently Nessa was trapped atop her enormous gut, the leviathan of flesh writhing below her as she vented tropical fumes from her backside. Her bloated cheeks, each so large that you'd mistake them for Drifblim. She muttered to herself, tapping her hands against her massive body while she flitted about her laptop.

Melony was the next one to be pranked, but none of Nessa's schemes seemed to work; she tried spiking her curry, her sandwiches, and her cakes, but it failed. Somehow, the middle-aged ice queen had skirted by every single attempt to make her eat it. She discarded the sandwich when she saw the glowing purple hue, she threw away the cake when it radiated energy, and she didn't eat curry. Nessa wracked her brain to figure out the best way to fulfill the prank cycle until she remembered a key factor. Melony always ate ice cream before a match; it was her pregame ritual. No matter what, no matter when, she would eat whatever ice cream was there.

"Time to make this girl an ice blimp." Nessa rubbed her hands together as she typed away at her computer.

Pppppbbbbbffftttt

Her body almost agreed with her devilish plan as a gout of blustering gas escaped her ballooned rear. Nessa was at least content that she wouldn't be the last blimp on the block.

There was a roar from the stands above as Melony rifled through the fridge for her pregame meal. She was frantically pulling out packages, looking for a single container of ice cream, but all the tubs were empty. Every single one had been picked clean, save for a lone container of ice cream from some manufacturer she didn't recognize. The package was purple with streaks of black and red along the rim, looking inside, the ice cream was the same shade. It smelled acidic, like a plum that had been steeped in vinegar, a smell that made her recoil. Melony looked at it and then to the ticking clock, she only had ten minutes before she was due on the field; there was no time for a store trip. Melony resolved herself to the tub, looking at the ice cream with determination as she sat it on the table.

Taking her seat only made her body wobble, making her painfully aware of the effect her pregame ritual was having on her figure. The blonde-haired beauty had successfully navigated a pregnancy or two and had taken on a motherly figure to boot. Sporting a stylish white fur coat with gray leggings that made her look like she was out of a classic magazine. Shining sapphire eyes that stared past her long outstretched bang, the only thing denoting her age was the large streak of gray hair through her hip-length locks. She looked like a model pulled from the television screen, save for her motherly figure. Melony sported a rather generous bust, large mounds of fat that bulged from the plane of her torso like hills. Her plush midriff poked out over her pants as she sat, adding to her motherly figure, along with her curved hips.

Melony looked over her generous bust and towards the ice cream, vowing to diet one day but knowing she'd never go through with it. Trepidatiously picking up scoops of the cream and slipping it past her lips, hoping the smell wouldn't deter her. When she took her first bite, though, she was hooked. The sweet treat was delicious, sweeter than she ever could have imagined and surprisingly energizing. She felt like she was perking up with each bite, taking scoop after scoop and sliding them down her throat. She ate until there was nothing left but the melted remnants of the purple cream; with her little ritual complete, Melony left towards the field with a satisfied grin.

Goouurrrlrl

Melony could feel her stomach rumble as she made her way outside, the subtle knot of incoming bloat. She always felt a bit heavy after indulging like that, but it never felt so tight before. Placing a hand on her midriff, she felt the swell of a full stomach, the tight bubble of indigestion making its presence known. Times like this made her glad she'd chosen such baggy attire as her gym outfit, made it easier to conceal any extra growth, unlike Nessa's. Melony made her way up the steps, each one only intensifying the feeling of fullness in her stomach as she reached the grounds. Ahead of her was the massive fields of Circhester gym, snow fell gently on the grass as wind blew her hair. Her heavy locks blew in the breeze as she looked out upon the cheering fans. Throngs of people littered the stands, gathered to watch her confront a challenger on their way to the Pokemon League. As one of the last rungs in the ladder, she had a reputation for her strength, something aided by her choice of Pokemon. Ice types could be devastatingly strong when used properly. The cheers grew louder as Melony made her way towards the center, pokeball in her hands. As she walked, she felt the strain inside her stomach intensify, the cream in her stomach churning about in a tempest.

Bubblbul

Melony's stomach let out a low bubbling, similar to a thick stew, as she made her way to the center field. She just hoped the challenge would be quick, but no challenger had arrived. Nobody had arrived to greet her in battle; the cheering of the crowd began to die down into an awkward silence as she looked over impatiently. While she waited, the bubbling in her stomach strengthened, adding a pressure to her insides that was familiar. Her hand moved back to her

stomach, feeling the surface and its tension; to her surprise, it had seemingly gotten larger in the moments since she set boot to grass.

Her bubbling belly had pooched out just a few seconds, turning her soft paunch into a rigid swell. There was an airy pressure to her gut, close to a ball or a balloon, an inflated hill that grew under her fingertips. She could feel it expanding, moving from an overstuffed swell into a swollen pot belly. Her jacket curled around the growing gut, her undergut slowly creeping out as her jacket pulled away from her body. Melony could feel a pressure knocking at her back door, a twitching feeling that pierced her pelvis and then went lower. The sharp pain of an influx of gas struck her form, snapping both of her hands to her gut and buckling her over. She hinged at the hip, leaning over her swelling stomach as the fullness and discomfort turned into pain. Her lip trembled; she needed to alleviate this feeling, and there was only one reprieve.

Ffrrrrttttt

To her surprise, a small and cold burst of gas escaped from her backside, a trumpet of icy air that froze her cheeks. Melony looked out in embarrassment as the loud expulsion echoed through the stadium; with the crowd's impatient silence, it could be heard by everyone. Melony wanted to care, but the feeling of relief was too great; her cheeks blushed an icy blue as she let another one loose.

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Bbbbrrrrrtttt

She unleashed increasingly strong blasts of icy gas from her generous cheeks, her thick thighs wobbling with the force of her own gas. Despite the intense amounts of gas she was expelling from her body, she hadn't stopped growing. Somehow, the gas only made her stomach's growth accelerate. The bubbling globe merged from the growing gap in her jacket like a sunrise. Peering out from the matte covering and revealing the glossy surface, a slicked and inflated expanse of flesh that rumbled from her upset stomach. A purple glow began to emanate from her gut, a luminescent aura that lit up the ground beneath her and enveloped her form. Her constant gas flow was making her stomach leap out in lurches, surging out by the inch and then the foot. She moved past the size she'd reached in her pregnancy and to a size that made her look closer to homing triplets in her gut. The roiling and bubbling of her stomach soon spread to the rest of her body, the rippling surface of her skin pushed out against her constricting clothes.

Riiiiipp

Her leggings split down the center as jiggling expanses of fatty flesh bulged through the jagged creases. Bloating out and out, pushing apart the threads as gelatinous flesh made its way through the opening. Her thighs were growing thick as a Stunfisk's body, wide trunks of fat that infected her cheeks with their growth. Her backside billowed out, snapping through her overstretched leggings like hills from the earth. Growing larger, rounding with a pert size she

had lacked for the past decade. Her ass was tight enough to bounce a quarter off of, despite the fact that it was filled with pure fat. The generous hills grew larger, falling past her highs and getting propped up by her bulging calf fat. Gas still roared from her backside at an alarming rate, her body rising higher into the air as she collapsed on her gut.

Frrrtt

Bppppt

Hooooourrrrpp

Blue clouds of icy gas erupted from her voluminous cheeks, the bloated orbs slapping against each other with each forceful burst. While gas poured from her cheeks, her gut was expanding into an absolute blimp of fat and gas. Soft curls of fat bunched around the bottom curve of her fat stomach. The tight balloon within became buried by layers of blubber as she grew larger and rounder. She was larger than an Electrode and still growing, a perfectly round blimp of a stomach that lifted her atop it. Ascending like she was hooked to a crane, perched on her mammoth stomach as it billowed out underneath her. The constant icy gales froze the stands and caking them in a creeping frost. As she rose into the air, she realized the crowd around her were all plants, Hulbury Gym employees. Those who weren't frozen in place by Melony's icy gales were laughing like they'd heard the funniest joke ever or patting her blubbery stomach as it rose over the rim of the guardrails. Melony's growth accelerated, pushing her higher into the air as she flowed over the stadium levels, her constant eruptions leaving a rime of frost around the bleachers. The underside of her stomach was icing over like a northern dock, caking in increasingly thick frost as her cake kept growing.

Bubbbbbeell

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Fwwwpppppoooooottt

By the time her growth leveled out, she was enormous, larger than a whale lord, a whale of a woman covered in ice and blubber. She was larger than her own Gigantamax Lapras, maybe larger than any Pokemon or human could ever get. So large that she was at eye level with the screen on the opposite side of the stadium. Her bubbling gut was starting to settle; the constant icy outbursts were tapering down to a low gust as her voluminous cheeks stopped growing. She was an enormous iceberg of a woman, ass bloated to all hell, gut larger than the stadium and her breasts having just broken the Voltorb range. Her cheeks were a blushing blue; the feeling over her own gas and growth was working her up something fierce. She was so absorbed in her own expansion that she didn't notice the stadium screen flick on in front of her.

"Ha, got you! I finally got you!" Nessa cheered, sloshing atop her own swollen body like a waterbed.

"You **hhrrrrooop** got me?" Melony let out a curious belch as she questioned Nessa's intentions.

"Yes! I got you. I had my people trick you into eating that dynamax fruit and now you're as big as I am." Nessa slapped her stomach in excitement.

On the other side of the screen, you could see the tan mountain of her stomach curving out behind her, her legs splayed atop it like it was a mount. Her petite bust had barely bulged over her top as she gloated at Melony.

"Huh? So you did this?" Melony trailed off as she put two and two together. "Do you think you could get me some more?"

Bbblblbb

Uuuuullllrrrrpppp

Bbrrrrraaaaaaaaaap

Melony signaled her satisfaction with a series of bubbling expulsions that blasted her stadium in a thick layer of ice. She loved the feeling of growth so much that she wanted more, more size, and more gas. She'd become the biggest trainer on the planet if she had her way.