

Pass or Pop!, Part 1 (Inflation, Various Series)

The crowd roared. The cameras whirled. With a click, light illuminated the stage.

In the center, a catgirl in a suit and tie raised her mic to her mouth and twirled. “Hello, everyone! I’m Fusen, and this is the first ever episode of *Pass or Pop!* The brand nyew game show where nyou pass... or nyou pop!”

Someone off-stage popped a balloon with a bang. Fusen giggled. “Let’s introduce our contestants, nya!” She snapped her fingers.

With a click, one of the stage’s podiums lit up, revealing a short, pink-haired woman in a marching band uniform. “What’s going on?!” she cried, looking furious.

“Nonon Jakuzure!” cried Fusen.

With a second click, light illuminated the second of the stands. This one contained a blue-haired young woman in a frilly pink dress. Tightening her eyes, she studied the catgirls in the crowd, her face set.

“Erika Furudo!”

Another click, another light, another contestant: a salmon-haired woman in goggles. “Wow! It’s great to here, folks!” Clambering onto the podium, she waved at the crowd. This earned significantly fewer cheers than she might have expected.

“Haruko Haruhara!”

One last snap of a switch being flicked, and the last of the podiums lit up, revealing a blonde-haired girl with twintails and dumplings. Shying back, she looked like she might break into tears.

“Usagi Tsukino!”

As the crowd roared its approval, Fusen turned to the contestants with a look of amusement. “Nyice to meet nyou all, folks! Welcome to the show! Anything nyou’d like to say for nyourselves?”

Nonon opened her mouth to answer, but Fusen didn’t let her get a word out. “Great, I’ll explain the rules then!” Snapping her fingers, she directed the players’ attention to the ceiling of the theater, which opened to reveal a gigantic pointer-turret, already swiveling to face them. “The rules are *very* simple, nya. I’m going to ask nyou all a bunch of questions, and if nyou get them wrong... Well, let’s just give nyou a little taster.” She snapped again.

The tip of the giant pointer crackled like a thunderstorm, and a beam of pink lightning shot into the players, who screamed as it coursed through their bodies.

With four simultaneous *boings!*, their bellies burst into gravid fullness, stretching their clothes tight around them. The four squealed in shock and groped them—all except Haruko, who seemed to be enjoying herself more than anything. “Wow! Who put a baby in there without me noticing?”

“Get the idea?” said Fusen, giggling. She didn’t wait for an answer. “Try nyot to get too many questions wrong or, well...” Off-stage, someone popped another balloon. “Aaaand if nyou win... I don’t know, we’ll grant nyou a wish or something.” She shrugged.

“Anyway, let’s start the show!” As the crowd cheered, Fusen produced a deck of cards. The contestants’ lights started to snap on and off in sequence, till only Nonon’s remained lit.

“Nonon!” cried Fusen. “Nyour question is: the ancient Chinese concept of harmonious design, which was created to introduce a balance between humans and their environment, is called what?”

“Ehhhhh?!” Nonon blinked. “What does that mean?!”

“Oooo, sorry, but I’m afraid the correct answer is Feng Shui,” said Fusen, shaking her head sadly. “I’m afraid I’ve got to give nyou a penalty, nya.” She snapped.

Nonon’s face twisted in fury. “How could I possibly be expected to know that?!”

Fusen giggled. “Ooops, sorry, nya, but I forgot to mention: nyou’re only allowed to speak when asked a question! If nyou interrupt, I’ll have to give nyou *another* penalty. Sorry, Nonon, but that’s two at once for nyou!”

With a zap and a flash, lightning struck Nonon’s stomach. She screamed as it swelled, tearing straight through her marching band costume and out into the open, a fat, jiggling sphere, hyper-buoyant. Squealing, she struggled to cover it.

Fusen giggled. “Nyow, nyext question...” Nonon’s light snapped off, and Erika’s snapped on. “Erika! Which bird has the largest wingspan of any living bird?”

Erika grit her teeth, looking like she wanted to throw something at her. “What kind of ridiculous question is that?”

“Ooo, I’m sorry, but that’s the nyot the answer! The correct answer is the wandering albatross!”

Erika grit her teeth, but she managed to restrain herself. At least until the pointer whipped her with its lightning, at which point she unleashed a scream even louder than Nonon’s. “Nnn~! Ah! Ah!” Her dress tore as her belly strained to escape it.

Fusen giggled. “Haruko!”

One by one she went through each of them in turn, and when they inevitably failed to get a question right, she zapped them, blowing up their bodies like party balloons. Soon, all four of

them were sporting fat guts, thick thighs and bloated boobs. Their clothing strained to hold in their taut new flesh, or failed outright and let it spill into the open. Hugging themselves, they moaned, faces red with embarrassment.

Finally, it was Nonon's turn again. "Nonon!" cried Fusen. "What is the airspeed velocity of an unladen swallow?"

"What?! How would I ever know that?" cried Nonon.

"Ooo, sorry, but that's—!"

"Screw you!" cried the little marching band leader, slamming her fists against the podium. Her pudgy new body made this a little less effective than she might have liked.

Fusen's mouth twisted into a malicious little smile. "Ooo, sorry, Nonon, but I'm going to have to give you two penalties for that—"

"I don't care, you big, balloonmaking bitch!"

"Or three. Four. Five?"

Overhead, the pointer turned to Nonon slowly, crackling with all the pent-up tension of a thundercloud about to break. The crowd licked their lips. The other contestants watched fearfully.

Finally, with a great crack, the storm broke, and a gigantic beam of lightning crashed into Nonon's body. With a scream, she stopped her protests and started to swell, bloating faster than the contestants could even believe. One moment, she was a pot-bellied young woman with fat boobs and a big butt, the next she was a balloon of flesh the size of a car, her clothing stretched tight around her.

But the beam didn't fade, nor did Nonon's body stop growing. Like a balloon on the tap, she continued growing, becoming plumper and plumper, rounder and rounder, fatter and fatter, her skin squeaking with the strain of holding in all the air. She moaned and whined all the while, though this grew considerably quieter as her neck puffed up, all but sucking her head inside it.

Finally, her fingers and toes popped into little spheres too, and for several seconds she sat there behind her stand, a ball of flesh the size of a small house, with a tiny head and little wiggling hands. Her clothing and skin alike squeaked; the other contestants shied away from her.

And then, with one last little *zzip* from the beam, Nonon popped with a tremendous bang. The other contestants flew back, squealing. Scraps of rubbery flesh rained all over the stage.

Picking one up, Fusen stretched it with a smirk. "Wow, that's our first contestant out already! Time to move on to Round 2, everyone! But first, a quick commeeeeerical break! See you soon!"