

Futanari's Garden (Inflation, Futanari)

Kawakami stood on the edge of an endless sea of greenery: hot and heady as tropical rainforest, so humid the air felt like a wet rag to the face. Flies buzzed overhead – every few seconds, she had to slap one away.

She grimaced. Of all the places Mistress Futanari could assign her, the garden was worse than all of them save the bedroom.

Grabbing a sack of plant feed, she poured it into a watering can – the stuff looked like glue, but its scent was strangely salty– and with a sigh of defeat, set off through the garden's paths, careful to avoid the snapping woman-traps and the lascivious lips of the succulants.

Half an hour of sprinkling sticky white stuff on the foliage later, she came to a plant that stopped her in her tracks. “Uh, what?” she said, leaning close. “I don't remember seeing you before...”

The plant, which sat all alone in its own little corner of the garden, looked less like the normal flora and more like a mushroom. Only, instead of the typical stalk and cap, it was a single fat sphere, closer to a balloon than any fungus she'd ever seen. Kawakami had the strangest feeling it would pop if she pricked it.

For several seconds, she simply knelt there and studied it. Finally, she shrugged: Futanari hadn't given her any special instructions, so she had to assume this plant was the same as all the others, at least as far as watering it went. Raising the can, she started to pour, allowing Futa's thick, sticky plant feed to trickle out of the spout in globs. The plant (or fungus, or whatever the hell it was) shivered as the stuff slid down its surface to the soil, shaking a little harder with each fresh glob, until–

Kawakami frowned. It almost looked like it was going to–

–with an enormous *puff!*, the thing *sneezed* at her, blasting her in the face with a thick cloud of spores. Dropping the can, Kawakami leapt back, squealing and pawing at her eyes in an attempt to get the stuff out of them.

As it happened, it was her lungs she should have been concerned about. In seconds, she was doubled over, coughing and spluttering, in a desperate attempt to get the stuff out of her. She felt as if she'd inhaled a cloud of cotton candy.

Slowly, the spores faded away, and fresh air returned to Kawakami's lungs. Leaning on a nearby peenapple tree for support, she managed to stand upright again. *What the hell?* she thought, brushing spores from her chest and her shoulders. *Why didn't that stupid catgirl warn me?!*

In retrospect, she probably didn't need to ask that.

Grabbing the can, she tried to resume her work, but as she left the fungus behind, her stomach tingled intensely, as if she'd eaten something that didn't agree with her. Coming to a stop, she rubbed her belly with a grimace. What now? Those spores better not have done anything weird to—

With a *bowoing*, Kawakami's belly exploded.

Screaming, she dropped the can and gasped her bloated belly. "Wh-wh-what?!" It had swollen so large she looked several months pregnant.

Even as she squeezed it, it squirmed and it swelled larger, bloating so fast she could do little to contain it. In a panic, she clasped it and squeezed, digging even hands deep into the flesh, but it simply squeaked and grew larger, forcing her arms apart. The pressure in her gut couldn't have been stronger – she felt as if she'd swallowed a whole tank of helium.

With a *rrrrrip*, her uniform tore, and her bloated butt spilled out into the open, leaving her squealing as she struggled to push it back in. By now the gas, or whatever the hell was doing this to her, had spread to her chest and her hips, and she felt two different tensions in each: the pressure inside forcing her out, and the pressure outside of her lingerie straining to contain her swelling body. Together, they made her squeal – she would have dropped to her knees, panting, if she didn't suddenly feel so light.

Her lingerie put up a good fight, but it couldn't hold her bloating body in it for longer. At last, her bra's straps gave with a *snap*, and her panties followed them not a second later. Her curves, freed of their restraints, sprang to their new size in an instant, bursting through her bodice and out from under her skirt, leaving her an absurdly gravid, hourglass figure. She squealed, cupping them and whimpering, but things were only going to get worse:

Her belly, dissatisfied with looking like she was merely holding octuplets, continued to grow, larger and rounder with the second, lifting her boobs atop it, and spreading her arms and her legs wide. Panting, she struggled in the direction of the door, hoping to find... if not help, then at least *something*, but with every step she took, walking became that little bit harder. Finally, she took a step, and instead of striking the ground like she'd expected, her foot came to a stop in midair, treading on nothing. Squealing, she realized she was floating, and with every second, she grew a little fatter and a little higher.

A meter or more off the ground already, she could only whine as her swelling gut stretched her arms and her legs wide, leaving her with little power to do anything but flap her arms feebly and kick, and even that didn't last for long: soon, her upper limbs puffed into thick, perfect spheres, then her lower limbs followed them, and finally, the curve of her growing gut simply swallowed them all outright. Her hands and feet remained sticking out, just as plump, and one by one her digits popped into sausage-balloons as well. Her shoes and socks flew apart and dropped to the floor in tatters.

Finally, with one last awful *rrrrrip*, her planet of a stomach tore through her uniform, which fell back to the ground as black and white scraps. She was at least ten meters in the air now, a sphere of human flesh the size of a small house, her skin so taut with the pressure she felt

she'd burst at any second. All she could do was pant and whine, and even that could barely be heard over the sound of her squeaking.

"Hmm," said a familiar voice, "where is she...? Hmm... Ah! There nyou are, nya!" Looking up at her, Futanari giggled. "I forgot to warn nyou about the Fuwa Fuwa Fungus, nya! ...I guess nyou already found it though."

Leaping high, she grabbed her by the plump, swollen clit, and dragged her screaming back down to the ground again. "Hehe, don't worry, nya. I'll get nyou back to nyormal again... But first..." She tweaked a giant nipple. "Why don't the two of us have some fun?"

Kawakami swallowed as Futa dragged her to the bedroom.