

The beat coming from the stage has you *thoroughly* into it. Head bobbing up and down, gyrating amid the rest of the fans who've gathered here with you for the show. All of you were *a little* fried this late into the set, Rude Sirocco was *thundering* through your *bones* and everyone else was *right there* with you. By the time it finishes you can feel the tension and energy in the room waning, but it wasn't *quite* over yet.. The band weren't packing up, mostly for the reason you could just *feel* coming. The shouts of 'encore' that started popping up.

You watch the lead singer look back at his band mates and share a moment, then turn back to the microphone with a weary smile on his face.

“Alright, alright you maniacs. One m- *Hwurrphhbb*- more. Oof, where'd that come from? Anyway. Time for, ah-”

There's more than a little laughter that bubbles up from everyone, yourself included, over that one. You savor the broken tension of it while you watch the band get themselves ready and a stage hand in a gaudy pink flame motif costume go about resetting some of the machines for the encore. You find yourself looking forward to the fresh air outside of the venue, but it was worth sticking around in the humid press of all these bodies for one more song..

Having two of the band members, drummer and keyboard both, burst out into their own wild eruptions while the stage hand was doing her thing got the crowd giggling again, and left the singer and the guitarist looking back with their own grins on their faces.. at least at first. The signs started out kind of subtle, if one can call an absolute cacophony of farting and belching into a well orchestrated sound system subtle. The sudden shuddering barrage of *Bfrwwrrrrphhhbts* paired with thunderous *BWURRRAAPHHBTs* nonetheless paled in comparison to the way the whole band started to swell.

All four of them were changing, right before the eyes of everyone in the crowd. You can't help staring in rapt fascination as the lead singer, a vixen in a wild swirling black, gold, and purple body suit started to bloat out into a vaguely sphere-shaped bulbous caricature of herself. She dropped the mic almost immediately and that ensured the only sound it picked up was the creaking of her body growing and stretching her clothing, popping seams, letting ferocious waves of pressure out into the air while she whimpered and fought her futile struggle. None of them were going anywhere, by the time they figured out there was a problem you could see every one of the band was too swollen and round to walk.

It isn't until you're watching the whole band wobble helplessly in place, venting fumes and whimpering under the stage lights, that you hear someone say the words. Gas Giantess. Your eyes go wide, the villainess *did* tend to do exactly this kind of thing. Mostly as a getaway tactic as you understood it, but that didn't mean it wasn't serious..

All around you hear furtive muttering. Rumors abounded about her methods, and about how long it could take to get deflated after an incident. There were always stories about people having bad reactions to the substances she used, too. People floating away. People bursting. People who just never went back down to a normal size again and spent the rest of their lives as mostly round gas bags that had to be waited on for every need. You look back at that stage hand again. Just as you think you maybe kind of recognize the profile of their face in a mask as a missing heroine, Frau Flame, you see her smile dimly as she plugs two cables together. Thinking as fast as you can manage at this point in the night you peel your shirt off and ball its sweaty bulk up against your nose and mouth. It's not a perfect seal or a pleasant feeling, but you hope it helps..

The fog machines turning on starts the panic up for real. The whole crowd turns into a grinding mess of bodies and the thundering sounds of the band's asses and desperate belch-laden please are drowned out by chaos. You start fighting the tide as the vapor begins wafting down and the ditzy looking curvy 'stage hand' in the pink flame motif costume starts a practiced villain laugh.

Which isn't *nearly* as terrifying as realizing the wave of people you're moving with breaks against the venue doors like water on a stone. They ought to have opened with ease, push bars giving way to freedom, but there's no such luck. Worse yet, nowhere near the doors yourself, you realize the vapor from the fog machine is already doing its work. Behind you someone lets out a belch like they'd just won a beer drinking contest, you turn to look at it and a soft body lurches against you and presses you against another body – two people already starting to inflate with terrifying speed – two bulbous, soft asses that press against you and pour steady, sputtering *Phwwurrphhbhbtt-* torrents out adding to the tainted atmosphere in the room.

“I wonder how much of this city I'll have to turn into helpless, wiggling balls of gas and juice or heaps of blubber before you all respect that I go by Madame Saturn, not 'Gas Giantess'. I feel like probably more than just you lot, but who knows.”

The sound system really was immaculate tonight. You hear the villainess loud and clear despite the utter maelstrom of flatulence and screams surrounding you. Still feeling *mostly* in

control of yourself, you start trying to think of what to do. Apart from holding your breath the only thing you can think of is getting back stage, with the main doors locked that *had* to be it.. and the doors back stage were small. Too small for the majority of the already inflating crowd. The problem was, despite your relative lack of debilitating roundness, you find yourself on the opposite side of the crowd from the doors you need to get to. The ones you see the former heroine 'stage hand' vanish into. But with no other ideas, good or bad, you press through.

Already you find the noise around you changing. Not getting quieter, it was just becoming a bit less of a maddened panic as people succumbed to the gas. Less people had the spare wind and fear to scream, which meant more of them were busy filling the acoustically magnificent venue with the sounds of dozens and dozens of erupting asses and the moans and burps of their owners. It also means you find yourself struggling with an awful lot of very large obstacles between you and freedom, all while your visibility starts to suffer from the fog and the fumes and people starting to get *huge* and stack on each other. Inflated or not everyone here still had a least a person of weight to them. You find yourself shouldering up against the ass of a wolf you'd been head banging with not fifteen minutes ago and heaving them atop the increasingly ball-pit looking crowd just to get past them and move a foot or two closer to your goal.

*"I mean, come on. It's been years and we're still doing this. I will admit this feels petty for a villainess of my reputation, hitting a venue, but it's owned by some shitty people so whatever. The band will still get paid and I'll send my message – mostly because if my chemistry is correct on this one **none of you** are **ever** going to deflate past fifty percent or so. Enjoy the round, windy life!"*

A chill runs through your skin. You swear you feel *something* wrong inside.. a foggy sensation in your head, but thus far you don't feel any bigger than you were before. Maybe a little bloated, but that could just be the burritos from dinner, or the sheer existential terror permeating the room as all the inflated bulbous orbs that had been normal people a couple of minutes ago start a fresh rush of wriggling, squirming, and whining about what you'd all just heard.

It's not like you can blame them. While you're shoving your way through two swollen bodies and needing to get increasingly forceful about it you can tell your pressing on the girl in front of you's tits to get past is making her gas problems worse, you can see her trying to wriggle her fingers and say *something* but all she can do is belch up a vaguely pinkish vapor. The fox whose ass you're pushing back against isn't doing any better either, with the resulting *VWURUPHHBBT* bathing

your back in its humid wind storm. But you're close – after what feels like at least ten minutes of huffing your own T-shirt and squirming through swollen victims you see the 'back stage' sign over the black door at the back of the venue.

Of course, that door is also blocked by a cluster of people that look more like a pile of furry and fleshy gumballs. You end up having to duck down and crawl under them in the thickest part of the mist, to get up to the door itself. From there you're still wedged snug against it and stuck fighting to get the door handle to move while the weight of six or seven people push against you, *gigantic* swollen bellies and ass cheeks that you have to try and fight against with just one shoulder, both of your hands otherwise occupied. And then..? You slip.

All that sweat was what did it. Your grip on the door handle slips, you nearly fall over, and when you reach out to catch yourself on someone's hilariously distended breast you drop your shirt. The gasp of surprise that follows is completely saturated with a sweet, floral vapor among all the concert funk. As the first real, intense moments of freaking out begin you get the door open and spill haphazardly into the back stage area, then kick the door shut and begin scuttling away from it as quickly as you can.

Freaking out, sweating and shirtless, you wait for something.. anything to happen. Apart from the panic dying down and the odd, pleasant buzzing returning to your head nothing does.. At least, not anything you see coming. The voice behind you doesn't qualify for that, it catches you off guard and gets you twisting around in a fresh rush of surprise and dread.

“Easy with this one, Bimbo Blaze. One shot for now-”

By the time you get turned around and try to stand you feel a pinch in your arm. A small feathered dart is poking out of your skin with something pinkish inside it. If you weren't just shot you'd have blamed the exhaustion that followed, the weakness in your limbs, on being wiped out. While you start to shake and collapse you catch sight of the woman herself, an *immensely* curvy frame wrapped in black latex with patterns of planetary bodies on it. Madame Saturn.

You can scarcely move when she leans in over you and takes a breath, then exhales something that looks remarkably like the mist that had pervaded the venue. Just.. denser, thicker. There's nothing you can do about breathing it in.

And yet.. you don't feel yourself start growing. There's just a strange, numb placidity that sinks into your thoughts as you finish going limp and look around in your own kind of helplessness

as the villainess and her minion stand over you. After a moment she taps Bimbo Blaze on the shoulder and motions toward the doors to the back alley you had hoped to escape to.

“Bring the muscle in, Bimbo. We're taking this one with us. Natural immunity.. that's an *interesting* find..”

You watch with a pit of dread growing in your stomach as the villainess smiles down at you, tapping her chin and starting to look excited.

“By the time I figure out what makes you shake off my best concoctions they'll never deflate anyone I blow up ever again – *starting* with you of course. Don't worry darling, I'm not the *worst* kind of villain.”

As the woman leans down and puts a smooth, gloved hand to your cheek you barely manage a terrified squeak in response.

“Since this is going to set the tone for the rest of your life I promise-”

Only for her to move the hand right between your legs, giving your sluggish mind a fresh bout of confusion to wrestle with as she squeezes there gently.

“-I'll make sure it's fun for you~”