

Trivia Swell Part 1

“Let us go, you monster!”

“You won’t get away with this!”

“You’ll be hearing from my lawyer!”

An audience of angry women sat in front of a hijacked talk show. Tied into their seats, they had no choice but to take part in the villainess’ plot. Many struggled against their bonds while others screamed for help. Flashing lights, buzzers, and a single podium stood front and center on a stage.

Waiting amid the chaos was Limelight; the most renowned gameshow host-themed super villainess in all of Seattle. Heroes trembled at her elaborate plans of domination and trickery. A sparkling suit fluttered around her. Had Limelight not chosen a life of evil, a city of adoring fans would have taken her as the most attractive weather person on record.

“Keep those collars coming!” Limelight instructed her henchwomen. A cane swung across the waiting audience. “Our special guest will be arriving any minute! We can’t have anyone missing out on all the fun!”

Henchwomen dressed as sultry magician’s assistance roamed the all-female audience. Each unwilling audience member found a leather collar clasped around their neck. On it flashed a green light, indicating its preparedness to deliver Limelight’s will.

“D-Don’t! Please stop this!” one woman begged.

“Not worry, my dear!” Limelight raced to her side and caressed the side of her face. Ample cleavage fell out of her skewed shirt from so much struggling. “Gymnastica is sure to save you!”

Limelight ran a hand down the woman’s torso to cup a large breast. She then added, “She may even save your shirt, if she’s smart!”

“W-What??”

The villainess was about to respond when a rumble shook the building.

Several assistants ran to the source of the commotion in the far corner of the room.

“She’s here!! Limelight, Gymnastica is here!!”

Seconds later, the roof cracked open and debris peppered the floor. A thin, lithe woman floated through the hole to land with light-footed grace. Determination sat upon her face when she saw the scene through coils of blonde hair. A golden leotard looked painted on her petite body.

“Limelight...” she growled. “I should have known.”

“Gymnastica!! Help!! We’re tied up!! She’s put collars on--”

“Quiet!!” Limelight shouted. She left the audience to join her nemesis on the floor. “I was wondering when you might show up! So happy you could fit us into your busy schedule!”

Standing proud, Gymnastica announced, “My schedule is as flexible as I am! Now, let these women go! They were promised a talk show! Not your evil babbling!”

The heroine sprinted towards Limelight but a dastardly remote was held aloft.

“Uh-uh! I wouldn’t if I were you!”

Gasps ran throughout the crowd at what looked like a detonator.

“*She’s going to blow us up!!*”

“*THESE MUST BE BOMBS ON OUR NECKS!!*”

Limelight chuckled. “Oh no no no, nothing so gruesome!” She grinned. “Although the ‘blow up’ is rather intriguing.”

“What do you want, Limelight?” Gymnastica glared at the villainess. Regardless of what the villain claimed, Gymnastica wasn’t about to take the remote lightly. She stepped forward.

“*Not another step!*”

Gymnastica paused.

“I just want to play a game with my favorite nemesis!”

“I don’t play games with evil. I--”

“*Tsk tsk tsk...*” Limelight shook her head. “So quick to refuse given the situation!” She raised the remote.

“*Wait!*”

CLICK!

“*Aaahhhmmmgghhh!!!*”

The audience cried out in unison and squirmed in their seats as their collars blinked. Tingling sensations traveled through their bodies.

“*M-My breast!!!*”

“*MY BOOBS ARE GROWING!!*”

“*MY THIGH GAP!!!*”

Gymnastica stared in horror as every woman’s curves swelled. Several inches were added to their hips and thighs, with a matching boost pouring into their bras. Like magic, the audience became buxom and voluptuous. Those already well-endowed stared on in horror at their extreme bust.

“We’re going to play some trivia!” Limelight declared. “For every question you answer correctly, Gymnastica, your curves shall enhance! For every incorrect answer, however, the audience will be going home a little bigger. If I leave this room or let go of my remote, their collars will activate at full power!”

Gymnastica shifted her weight. Her lack of curves was one of the sources of her power. Had puberty cursed her with an ample figure, she never could have won the Olympic gold twenty years running, nor protected Seattle with such death-defying acrobatics. “And if I refuse to play your game...?”

“Then I have pulse bombs spread throughout Seattle rigged to detonate and send every woman into a frenzy of immobilizing growth!”

“Curse you, Limelight!”

“You’ve met your match, Gymnastica! Play my game and lose your precious figure at the cost of the audience’s own modesty, or doom Seattle to a sea of tits and ass!! The choice is yours!!” Limelight spun around to a camera. “And it’s all happening live, on national television!!”

Gymnastica was trapped. There was no immediate escape from this plan. She needed to buy time. “Fine, I’ll play your game.”

“Wonderful! My assistants will show you to your mark.”

Two henchwomen took Gymnastica by the arms and led her to center stage behind a podium. Once there, they wrapped a collar around her neck to seal her fate.

“Wonderful!” Limelight cheered. “You look lovely! Don’t you think, audience??”

“Don’t let her make us any bigger, Gymnastica!!”

“You can do it!!”

“I actually wouldn’t mind another round...!”

The audience’s, and possibly all of Seattle’s, hope rested on her shoulders. Whatever fate her body may incur from the evildoer’s wrath, she would find a way to fix it. “Start your game, Limelight,” Gymnastica growled.

Limelight’s eyes glowed and she directed her attention to the cameras. “It’s time to play....*TRIVIA SWELL!!* Our guest tonight is Gymnastica: reigning world gymnastics champion, master of acrobatics, infamous goody two-shoes, and general all-around lack of curves!” She leaned forward to squeeze her E-cup breasts between her arms. “How about we add a few *assets* to her portfolio?”

Lights flashed around Gymnastica then when the cameras focused on her.

“Remember, hero; answer correctly and your body will swell and grow! Answer incorrect and these poor women will put their bras to the test!”

“Ask your question.”

A stack of notecards came from Limelight’s jacket. “What is your name??”

“Gymnastica.”

“Correct!”

CLICK!

“M-Mmmngh!!!” Her arms raced to hug her flat front. The points of two erect nipples stood against the shiny leotard like spotlights.

The camera focused tightened on her chest.

Shivering, Gymnastica felt her body shifting. Spandex tightened around her hips and bust as curves came to life. Following every pair of eyes in the audience, she looked down to see two small mounds rising from her chest. They pushed into her leotard with unstoppable force. As they passed B-cups with enough mass to define them from across the room, she watched as they continued to grow. Weight pulled her neckline lower to reveal bulging cleavage coming together like soft mountains.

“Limelight, you fiend!” Gymnastica growled, feeling them push into her forearms.
“T-They’re GROWING!!”

“Uh oh, and that’s not all!” Limelight teased. “I’m not sure a cameltoe is rated for family viewing!”

Color rushed to Gymnastica’s cheeks when her leotard tightened against her crotch. Looking over her shoulder, she could see two cameras pointing at her rear. Ample mass filled her cheeks to bloat them like melons. Stuffed into a leotard designed for maximum tightness, the outfit dug into her billowing hips. Each thigh plumped until her twiggy legs met in the middle to compress her crotch.

Finally, as she came to sport a figure enough to make a pornstar jealous, Gymnastica’s swelling ceased.

“Now those are the boobs of a heroine!” Limelight laughed, pointing her cane at Gymnastica’s bulging cleavage.

“Ask the next question,” the heroine demanded. Knowing such excessive femininity was overflowing her costume on live TV made her want to hide under a blanket.

“Don’t mind if I do!” Shuffling the cards, Limelight boomed. “What is your favorite color??”

“Red.”

CLICK!

“Auuuughhh!!”

“It’s happening again!!”

“Oh GOD, YES!!”

The audience erupted into sexual moans. Rows of cleavage and breasts bloated into their shirts. Between every armrest, hips bulged into the chair frames to wedge them in place. Several seams burst along extra-thick thighs where garments were unable to handle the increased girth.

“M-My bra!!! MY BRA IS GOING TO BURST!!”

“Emma!!! Emma, you’re getting HUGE!!”

In several places, the sound of heavy sprayed pattered against the backs of chairs. Several new mothers stared in horror. *“I-It’s affecting my lactation!!! My chest can’t handle this much!!!”*

“I can’t hold all the milk this is making me produce!!!”

“Make it stooop!! I was big enough already!!!”

“My ass is stuck!!”

Gymnastica watched in horror as every woman ballooned. Creaking came from all directions as fabric strained. It wouldn’t take much more before stitches and clasps started to blow. Several buttons had already shot across the room. With a camera trained on them, the internet was sure to have a field day.

“Limelight!!” Gymnastica roared, “I answered your question correctly!! *Make me grow!!*”

Limelight shrugged. “I don’t know what your favorite color is! How am I supposed to know if your answer was right?? Better to play it safe!”

Gymnastica ground her teeth in frustration. She should have known Limelight would play dirty but there was no way to counteract.

“For those of you watching at home, the air is alive with the sound of aching bras, stretching thongs, and bursting denim! I don’t know if these women could take another round of growth!”

“Aaaaughhh!!”

Another woman’s milk erupted through her shirt like a fountain to douse those sitting in front of her.

Limelight laughed. “Can we get some towels to section C, please??”

“Limelight, this is enough!” Gymnastica insisted. “Let these women go! You can do what you want to me, but let them go! They’re innocent!”

“Oh but that wouldn’t be any fun!” Limelight frowned.

“Why are you doing this?? Their bodies aren’t yours to change!”

“Isn’t it obvious?? It’s because every woman deserves to fill her costume to the bursting point!” She pointed the remote at Gymnastica. “And I intend to push *your* costume to its very limits.”

“But this isn’t--”

“Next question!” Limelight spoke over the heroine. “What is the average number of miles from the earth to the moon?”

“Two hundred thirty-eight thousand, eight hundred fifty-five.”

Limelight paused before crumpling her flashcard and growling, “Lucky guess...”

CLICK!

“Enjoy your melons, Gymnastica.”

“N-Nnghmmmm!!!”

The heroine grabbed the podium when stimulation raced through her once more. After the first round, her curves were more susceptible to the collar’s effects. Flesh filled into her leotard at such a rate her mind couldn’t keep up.

“O-Ohh my... Nnnghhh make it stop!! T-These are too big!”

Gymnastica moaned and groped her breasts. Pulled so tight, her uniform threatened to expose her nipples over her neckline. Her tits weighed like watermelons in her grasp. Hot and soft, flesh bulged between her fingers. She thanked her toned back muscles for the support they provided with her excessive top-heaviness.

CCRREEEEAAAAAK

Limelight put her hand to her ear. “Uh oh! Is that the sound of a leotard stretching too far??”

Spandex flossed its way between Gymnastica’s crotch. Wider than her shoulders, her hips and thighs had turned her lower body into an upside-down teardrop. Fabric pulled between her

beach ball ass cheeks to create a wedgie of unheard-of proportions. It was all Gymnastica could do to keep herself from righting the fabric.

“A-Ahhh!! Lime...light...! Enough...!!”

Her breasts ballooned full and swollen. Nipples as thick as her thumb throbbed against her palms. If she let go, everything would be on display.

To her relief, the collar turned off to leave her standing as an over-proportioned hourglass.

“You can do it, Gymnastica...” one of the audience members whispered.

Swaying on her feet, she glared at the villainess. “How many...*nnnghh*...more questions are there?”

Limelight looked hurt. “Dying to leave already?? We’re just getting started! This is the warm-up round!! I haven’t even given you a double-or-nothing question yet!”

Gymnastica cursed under her breath. At this rate, she wasn’t going to be able to walk out of the studio.

“Keep an eye on her costume, folks! It looks ready to blow at any second! You wouldn’t want to blink and miss those luscious tits popping out!” Limelight stepped forward and ran her cane along Gymnastica’s belly.

SHRIIP!!

A small snag was enough to tear through the over-taxed spandex and create a gaping hole to show the heroine’s abdomen.

“*Ahh!!*” Gymnastica rushed to stop the hole from spreading but was unable to do so without sacrificing what little modesty she had left.

“*Whoops! Clumsy me!* Looks like that tight little costume is a little tighter than it looks, huh, Gymnastica?” Running a finger inside the tear, she sank a digit into the bottom of Gymnastica’s breast. “Better be careful that hole doesn’t spread! You’ve already got some serious underboob on display!”

Limelight laughed and posed next to the distressed woman. “Don’t go anywhere folks! There’s a lot more in store for Gymnastica and her new curves! Right after a word from our sponsors!”

TO BE CONTINUED