

Mirko sank her teeth into her chocolate bar as she walked circles around Tsuyu. Her younger 'co-ed' (Mirko hadn't been to college in years, but she didn't mind returning home every so often) was wearing nothing besides a puny tank-top and bikini cut panties that disappeared the higher they went up her massive butt. Her hips alone forced Mirko to keep at least six feet away from Tsuyu, otherwise she risked being thrust back on her ass without warning should Tsuyu so much as sneeze. Even with Mirko stomping her feet every step she took, Tsuyu simply scratched her shelf of an ass, going so far as to stick her hand between the cheeks to the point of no return.

Should Mirko be so angry at Tsuyu for something she couldn't control like how her genetics built her? Probably not. Whenever the two weren't in college, Tsuyu typically kept to herself, only occasionally venturing to the library or the gym so that her humble chubby belly might slim down, allowing the abs beneath her gut to match Mirko's in terms of raw grit. The problems however extended well beyond Tsuyu's huge ass and to her thighs, which stretched like rivers when she turned her head down. Each of them alone must have been wider than her hips, which again, went up to Tsuyu's belly button in terms of length. Obviously there were people out there who suffered more than Tsuyu if steatopygia happened to be the least of her problems, but if Mirko had to fall on her own bony butt again because the ground shook whenever Tsuyu took a step, she was going to stuff the frog in a pot of boiling water for good.

Okay, maybe murder might be too far, though nevertheless, Mirko had other options in mind. A quick turn to the west drew a sigh of relief as the metal doors to the gym were locked, ensuring nobody could get out and most importantly couldn't get in. She flashed a devilish smirk at Tsuyu before sashaying to the nearby boombox situated at the center of the stage where an empty set of bleachers awaited both girls on all sides. With a click of the play button, Mirko curled her toes and tossed aside her candy wrapper, readying herself for the oncoming storm.

"Uh, wow, Mirko, kero! You have a really nice butt!"

Mirko's eyes widened as the golden boombox's hue reflected against her pink cheeks. The softness in Tsuyu's voice betrayed the otherwise heavy stack of bullshit Mirko knew Tsuyu was dripping with. Without another thought, Mirko snatched the candy bar on top of the boombox and narrowed her brow before Tsuyu. She wouldn't even know what was coming to her.

"Thanks cutie," Mirko grumbled. "You always know what to say,"

"Oh, you're just saying that," Tsuyu rubbed the back of her head when Mirko snapped her head back toward her. Not a single emotion flickered across Mirko's face.

"No, I mean it," Mirko nodded. "I only wish... I could be as big as you,"

“Nnnno you don’t.”

“Don’t I?”

Tsuyu shook her head, hoping the obvious meekness might put her friend at ease. But when Mirko squatted down and ripped off the cellophane wrapper to her next chocolate bar, quickly stuffing the snack in her mouth before bringing her hands to her legs, she couldn’t help bringing one arm behind her back and giving her ass a squeeze. A fine field of firmly filtered fat awaited her at first touch. It grew lost to the rugged muscular feel of her otherwise toned body. Mirko kneaded her skin between her fingers with a shake of her head. If she auditioned to be an Amazon, she could win no problem. What good would it do for her though if she couldn’t get a guy off from twer-

“OHHHHHHHHHHH, YOU GONNA TAKE ME HOME TONIGHT!!”

*PPPVVVVBBBBTT!!*

Mirko straightened her posture and stood tall for a second, her ears erect as The Barenaked Ladies’ smooth, manly voices blared behind her. Though before she could resume her position, a bitter smell lingered around her that she quickly fanned away with a shake of her hand. By the time she did squat again, she devoured her chocolate in quick bites while snapping her fingers at Tsuyu, bringing her froggy frenemy to her knees before the Ladies could sing the next verse.

“G-geesh, Mirko!” Tsuyu chuckled, “Maybe you shouldn’t have played such a loud song if you’re gonna get so scared, kero,”

“I did not get scared!” Mirko barked.

“It’s okay if you did! I still get scared all the time whenever I—”

“Shaddup and circle those hips already!”

The foul gas fizzled away before it could reach Tsuyu’s nostrils thankfully, but nevertheless, Mirko pulled another candy bar from her ass and unwrapped it when she swerved her body side-to-side, hurriedly peeling off the wrinkly shell. If she were going to dance sexily to a song, it better be one she actually liked.

Mirko whittled the dark nougat down to the last chunk when a hearty belch escaped her lips. She swerved her bubble butt back as it grazed Tsuyu’s enormous rump; heat blistering off the other’s

body before the guitars kicked in and shredded the bass to bits. The moment the hairs on her neck turned to needles, Mirko quickly thrust her ass back and collided with Tsuyu, sending ripples down to her thighs, shaking her meaty calves until her entire body jiggled like jello. Only then did Mirko pause to hike her gym shorts up her swelling ass crack and brandish yet *another* piece of chocolate hidden in her back pockets.

The bitter taste more than made up for the wedgie that left her breath stalling between bites. Mirko groaned as her white sports bra clung to her ample cleavage, itself spilling from her top whenever she swallowed her food. Bronzed breasts bounced in the light of the gym and never went still for a second. The air in Mirko's lungs thickened with her gasps turning to wheezes the further her top sank into her chest. Keeping her legs arched left her body aching, but Mirko would be damned if she stopped now.

*Brpppt-ppllppt-FFRRPPTT!!*

And neither would her ass for that matter.

*Goddamn...* Mirko thought. For a brief moment, when the air soured and her ass rippled from the unmistakable force, Mirko craned her head over her shoulder while continuing to twerk and slowed her movement. She squinted her eyes as tears beaded at the corners (damn humid fumes always made Mirko gassy) when the blurry visage of tawny cheeks cleared and stopped Mirko's heart. She blinked rapidly until she met Tsuyu's gaze and turned back to the boombox at once, but Mirko couldn't shake the small glance she found from behind when reality settled.

Much like Mirko, Tsuyu took her tremendous twerk a step back, content to wiggle her inner thighs to send ripples to her ass. Yet as her cheeks swayed and wobbled like water balloons plopping against one another, she couldn't help but wonder why Mirko's face looked fuller than before. The rancid farts Tsuyu could forgive as coming out of her as well, though with every shake, Mirko's breasts were swelling even with her back towards Tsuyu, as if they were growing in real time. Trailing further down revealed the thin layer of fabric wedged up her crack with ass cheeks widening in real time. Tsuyu swallowed hard and leapt a step ahead when splinters popped beneath Mirko now that she resumed full squatting mode.

Admittedly, Tsuyu never kept track of many of her fellow classmates and their bodies unless their powers played a hand in the fact. Mirko must have been a decade older than her so any chances Tsuyu could study her glutes were slimmer than her waist, so why the bunny's butt doubled in size a minute after they started twerking was beyond Tsuyu. Mirko's stomach bloated outward and pushed her bra up when Tsuyu stumbled where she laid. In turn, Tsuyu growled and dropped her ass to the fine linoleum, meeting Mirko at ground level once again.

Tsuyu brought her hands to the back of her head when Mirko slipped her paws into her cleavage and fished a doughy golden snack that laid in her creeping cleavage. Americans called them ‘Twinkies’, but Mirko preferred the term ‘Ass Ahoy’. Whenever her friend Uwabami ate one, she never stopped whining about how fat they made her and that alone eased Mirko’s nerves enough to sneak a few in herself. She gagged on the creamy filling and cocked her head to the roof when her bouncing belly fell to her crotch; thighs wobbling as she choked down her meal.

A boisterous “URROOORRRPPP!!” tore through Mirko’s mouth as she let her jaw go slack. She flicked her tongue to the invisible audience when plumes of dust exhumed above her. Not that Mirko bothered to even whimper. The lights were flickering between on and off, yet she licked her lips clean of the sweet flavor then flared her nostrils, ready to dislodge the fifty-ton weight churning through her intestines.

*BRRRUUUUUUUUMMMBBBBPPPPRRRRPPPTTT!!*

“HOO!! I’m cooking now!” Mirko bobbed her head as her ass jiggled nonstop and swamped Tsuyu’s back with a mind-bending miasma of retched smells. In the blink of an eye, her inky black bangs were flailing in all directions until the wind storm ended. Tsuyu retched from the taste of bitter coffee that infested her lungs and especially her taste buds, forcing her to swallow her tongue while holding her breath.

Sweat drizzled off her forehead and fell to her shaky feet. Surely, Tsuyu would wake up by now. That was the only explanation for why Mirko kept getting bigger and especially why she wouldn’t stop farting so suddenly. Her legs were inching closer to the ground with a few degrees keeping her from outright collapsing. Shotgun blasts were less deadly than whatever escaped Mirko. They had the courtesy of usually killing their targets on impact.

The linoleum beneath Tsuyu’s feet cracked and splintered apart as Mirko stomped her feet with a grin that stretched across her entire face. That terrible twerking sound of large hands clapping at her from behind was simmering before Mirko even hopped to her feet. She pumped her arms in the air and jumped off the ground again and again, allowing her own wobbling cheeks to ripple nonstop. What few puffs slipped free didn’t matter. Even when Mirko’s entire body jiggled up to her swollen cleavage, she couldn’t stop smiling. It was the most freeing she felt in some time.

*BRMMPT! PPPT! BBLT-PRT-PT-FFRRBBT!!*

And her bowels couldn’t agree more! A bassy barrage of boisterous butt blasts bellowed to a bugged beat, not helped by each fart escaping Mirko when she landed. The room swerved before her while it spun around Tsuyu, who clamped her meaty hands over her mouth as the fetid fumes stalled her in place. She couldn’t so much as breathe without the taste of chocolate and bacon

assaulting her taste buds. They brought the froggy femme fatale to her knees when Mirko stopped jumping and bucked her now bigger butt towards Tsuyu, easily overshadowing her ass underneath her golden, globulous glutes.

“How’s *that* for a nice butt, huh?!” Mirko reached one arm to her ass and gave it a firm smack; heat sizzling off her palm at the touch. The impact drove a bubble up her throat as Mirko clamped her mouth shut, but her aching neck wouldn’t allow it. Another clap later and both of her ends were singing at the same time.

“Uoorrp!”

*FRAAAAABBBBBPPPPBBBBTTTT!!*

In six seconds, Mirko forced Tsuyu down to her stomach with her face buried against the splintered glossy ground below. She could taste everything now: the earth, the wax, Mirko’s poor excuse of a diet. Tears beaded at the corners of her eyes when the rock music ended on one last shred, bringing Mirko to a merciful stop.

There were streams of sweat that glistened across her rounded body that warped in messy lines when they reached to her now bloated waist and back. With a single step, Mirko’s belly jiggled as if somebody slapped her on the stomach. She heaved it to her second chin growing underneath the first before releasing her belly only for it to sag at her crotch. Another pat later and Tsuyu rose to her feet with her jaw agape.

“Impressive, isn’t it?” Mirko flexed her flabby arms then bent them close together with her fangs glowing. “I think I’m even more buff than when I had muscles! And that’s before we get to what’s under the waist.”

Tsuyu waddled backwards as Mirko wiggled her ass side-to-side. In spite of the obvious girth eliminating any natural curvature her body might have had, Mirko sported hips twice as large as Tsuyu’s with thighs plump enough to pop her skull off if Mirko decided to put her in a hold. She reached the door handle when she dared to blink, leading Mirko to teleporting beside Tsuyu, sending the tired hero screaming against the wall.

“You don’t have to run off, ya know,” Mirko said.

“Wh-what’s the point of sticking around, kero?” Tsuyu groaned. “You already kicked my big, fat butt. Just leave me alone...”

Mirko pushed open the right side door and rolled her when Tsuyu lazily followed suit with the left. Millennials always need to play the victim these days.

“You’ll get over it once you pick up a couple candy bars for yourself,” Mirko snorted as she stepped through the doorframe. “But hey, all’s fair in love and war, or however that saying goes, huh?”

Tsuyu shook her head with one foot already outside. “I guess s— ergh?!”

Tsuyu’s leg hovered mid-air with Mirko’s only a few feet away. Neither of the girls made another move. It wasn’t until Tsuyu heard Mirko belch and whimper that the nerves in Tsuyu’s own belly were spurred awake and she dared to turn her head over her shoulder where her worst fears awaited her.

Four large thighs ranging from white to brown were squeezing along the puny white frame of the doorway that couldn’t even stretch past two hundred inches to accompany them. Should only Tsuyu or Mirko left with the other following behind, maybe they could have been okay, but combined together, they were left squirming at the seams, pushing along the sides without slipping free. Tsuyu thrust her head forward when Mirko slammed her fist on the door and said what the girls were thinking out loud.

*BOORRTT!!*

Mirko’s mouth stayed open briefly before the taste of cheese got lost in her mouth and she retched on instinct. “Gah! Tsuyu, what the hell?!”

“I-I’m sorry!” Tsuyu blabbered. “My butt’s gotta speak up to, ya know, kero!”

“Well tell your butt to shut the f-”

*URM-BBBBBLLLLLLLLPPPPPTTTT!!*

“Aghhh!”

Tsuyu moaned as her ass vibrated at once. “Oh gosh, that felt a little wet...”

Mirko pounded on her chest while Tsuyu fanned her loud, meaty butt and continued to heave with no such luck. Her cramping stomach growled in retort. They were going to be stuck for some time, so Tsuyu might as well make it comfortable as long as she could.

Well, for herself at least.