

Bouncing Bear vs the Sinister Swell

By: IndigoRho

Friendly chatter and the splashing of a fountain filled the Lucky Yeen Bakery as happy customers enjoyed some of the best pastries in town. One visitor in particular—a midnight-blue cheetah concealed by a large coat—seemed far more interested in everything *besides* the food, though. He kept a close eye on the line and the employee behind the counter, until finally the mysterious feline was satisfied.

The cheetah grinned and began swaying his fingers like a conductor would their baton. Five watery tendrils rose from the fountain, each darting towards a different person in the bakery. All at once there was a series of gargled gasps as the employee and four customers found water rushing down their throats. They flailed and swung at the tendrils in vain, splashing a little water but not disrupting the aggressive flow in any meaningful way. Their bellies were ballooning outward in unison, buttons straining and seams creaking as five outfits were swiftly outgrown.

As the obvious source of the strange attack, the cheetah was free to chuckle at his handiwork in progress, admiring the wonderfully swelling middles. Every popped button and burst belt buckle brought him joy, sloshing beach ball guts getting exposed left and right. He watched a pair of identical salamanders nervously wobble away from each other so they wouldn't knock one another over, and the already-hefty hyena behind the counter visibly grumbling as he gradually became wedged in his small work place. Clothing was shredded piece-by-piece until only piles of scraps remained.

Though the fountain itself was mostly drained the water from its pipes was more than enough for the cheetah's scheme. His targets were too heavy to move, their chests and thighs swelling as their bodies became more and more spherical. Limbs bloated with water and cheeks rounded out and soon there were five sloshy spheres in the bakery. They wobbled and creaked, the intense internal pressure making it hard for any to concentrate. The tendrils that'd been filling them detached from the fountain and wrapped around the snouts of the captives, preventing them from calling for help, like liquid gags.

Thoroughly satisfied, the large cheetah stood from his seat, his own round middle sloshing faintly as he did. He manipulated the water within himself until it formed a hollow sphere, then ordered it to expand. Just like the unfortunate bystanders the cheetah began expanding. The buttons and belt of his coat strained almost immediately, showing hints of something bright blue beneath, and tears started to form on the seams. Within a minute the coat tore apart all at once, revealing a stretchy spandex bodysuit without sleeves. A mask disguised the top half of his face and reflective black boots covered his feet, giving him the distinct look of a pro-wrestler.

At that point everyone in the room knew who the cheetah was: the infamous supervillain Sinister Swell. The villain allowed his belly to deflate a little as he waddled over to his captives, cackling and chirping maniacally. “Hope you all enjoy being taut water balloons, cause it'll be quite a while before any of you are drained!” He shoved one of the salamanders hard enough to roll him onto his back, ignoring his muffled yelp of terror.

The jingling of the front door and the arrival of a new customer made the villainous cheetah spin around, paw already twitching in anticipation of getting to swell someone else up. His smile swiftly faded once he actually saw the newcomer. Standing in the bakery with a look of confusion on his face was a rather large bear with a middle almost too wide for the entrance. He was dressed in a blue-and-black spandex suit and black gloves, a cowl and yellow visor covering most of his face. A slicked up tuft of brown hair finished off the signature look of a superhero everyone in the city knew by heart.

“Bouncing Bear, what are you doing here!” the Sinister Swell sneered. “I should've known you'd try and foil me!”

Confusion lingered on the bear's face for a moment longer before he put on a confident grin. “Evil doers can't escape my sharp gaze, Sinister Swell! Your scheme never had a chance!” he boldly

said, laughing. Truthfully, though, the hero had simply wandered by to purchase a box or six of fresh donuts, and was as surprised to see the villain as the villain was him.

“We'll see about that!” the cheetah declared. “I wonder how well you bounce when you're full of water!”

Another tendril of water erupted from the fountain and raced towards Bouncing Bear, aiming to fill him up just like the citizens earlier. However, the bear was well aware of Sinister Swell's modus operandi thanks to previous battles and reacted accordingly. He took in a long, deep breath, and in an instant his belly began to swell up like a balloon. By the time the tendril reached him it bounced right off his bloated body. Additional attempts failed to reach the inflated hero's muzzle, simply deflected by his increased girth.

With his first plan foiled, the Sinister Swell called the tendril back, causing the water to swirl around his paws like liquid boxing gloves. He barreled towards the blimpy do-gooder and landed a hard blow directly into the bear's middle, only to have his water-covered fist sink right into the elastic hide of Bouncing Bear. Sinister Swell stumbled back as his fist was ejected, his foe not moving an inch from the strike. Two more punches proved just as useless, Bouncing Bear chuckling triumphantly as his belly rang like a hollow drum.

“By now you should know silly punches like that won't do a thing to me!” Bouncing Bear gave his own belly a slap for emphasis.

“Well then I guess a little sumo match is in order!” the Sinister Swell growled.

The water surrounding Sinister Swell's fists dove into the feline's open mouth, along with a fresh tendril from the fountain. His belly started to swell again, loud splashes echoing from within. He swiftly filled himself with water until he matched Bouncing Bear in size, adjusting his stance and preparing to wrestle.

Bouncing Bear wasn't intimidated in the slightest. “Just getting a little wider isn't gonna be enough to defeat me!” he said, accepting the challenge.

Without delay the hero and villain charged one another, paws locking and bellies colliding. They proved evenly matched, neither giving more than a couple inches as they struggled for dominance. The Sinister Swell growled at the resilience of his opponent and decided to give up on the brief fair fight, expanding more with the water bubble he'd used to burst free of his coat earlier. Slowly the swelling cheetah gained the upper hand on his ursine foe, though of course he wasn't the only one capable of growing.

Bouncing Bear happily took in more air himself, ballooning even bigger than Sinister Swell. The cheetah responded in kind, and the sumo match rapidly escalated into an inflation duel of sorts. Rounder and rounder they grew, spandex stretching and hide creaking, chairs being pushed away as the pair wobbled about. Even their limbs were starting to puff up from inflating excessively.

In an attempt to overwhelm the villainous feline once and for all Bouncing Bear took in a huge influx of air...before realizing in surprise he couldn't stop. As the bear flailed his round body blimped up out of control, enveloping his arms and legs and making movement impossible. He frantically tried to halt the flow of air, but unfortunately his own powers had gotten away from him, transforming from his greatest strength to a glaring weakness in a matter of seconds.

Sinister Swell watched the superhero turn into a massive ball with glee, unable to believe his good luck. By the time Bouncing Bear halted his inflation he was far too late, ominous creaks coming from his taut body as he wobbled in place. His cheeks were puffed up and his head was sunk a bit into his body, the same true of his paws; he was now no better off than the sloshing water balloon citizens he'd been trying to save.

“You fell right into my trap!” the Sinister Swell lied, nearly toppling over as he cackled.

The cheetah deflated himself just enough to be able to waddle over to the helpless hero. He poked and teased Bouncing Bear's elastic sides, delighting in the nervousness apparent on the ursine's face. As far as he was concerned there was nothing better than having a pesky superhero at your mercy.

“Hmm, I'm sure you'll find *some* way to deflate after I make away with all the loot, and having to worry about you bouncing in pursuit would be a hassle,” Sinister Swell mused aloud. “However, it'd be a tad bit impossible for a pile of confetti to come after me...”

With a flick of his wrist Sinister Swell unsheathed his claws, revealing their well-sharpened points. He raised a paw up, grinning as Bouncing Bear's eyes widened at their sight. The bear shook his head wildly as a single claw was pressed very, very slowly against his horribly taut hide, the marginal increase in pressure making him wince. Sinister Swell didn't press *too* hard, though, eager to bask in his apparent victory for as long as possible. The cheetah carefully ran his claws across the surface of his overinflated adversary, not granting him a second's relief from the tension. To Bouncing Bear even the tiniest prod made him feel like he was going to pop, and he knew it wouldn't take any effort at all for the villain to turn him to confetti.

The Sinister Swell spun around to face the other hostages, eager to revel in their distress. “I can just see the headlines now: *Bouncing Bear Bursts in Bakery!* Though considering how huge the blimp is it might be better to say he's going to burst *apart* the Bakery!”

While the cheetah gleefully laughed at his own evil schemes Bouncing Bear was thinking of a way to remain in one piece. Despite his immense size he managed to rock back-and-forth, gradually gaining momentum. Rocking turned to small bounces, which rapidly gained strength thanks to his innate powers. With Sinister Swell's loud laughs and sloshes drowning out all other noise he remained unaware of Bouncing Bear's plan until it was too late.

The spherical hero hurled himself at the cheetah's wide open back, striking him dead-on. Sinister Swell chirped in surprise as he was thrown forwards, landing face-down in the fountain with his mouth over one of the nozzles. Right away water began to pump into him, causing the already-round cheetah to swell up further. He'd been dazed in the fall, completely oblivious to the fact he was growing wider and wider by the second. When he finally came to his senses the sheer weight of his waterlogged body prevented him from escaping the nozzle.

The cheetah thrashed in fury, the water within him crashing about like a storm. His limbs grew rigid and turned into domes atop his spherical body, his flailing tail the only part of him not puffed up. As he grew tauter his wobbling decreased, Sinister Swell now worried *he* would be the one going boom in the bakery if he made a wrong move. Long groans echoed from within the feline, his hide straining under the pressure. He closed his eyes, convinced he was about to become a tidal wave.

Bouncing Bear had managed to deflate himself back to a much more reasonable—albeit clearly rotund—size as the villain swelled, and he wasn't about to let him get away so easily. A stern push rolled Sinister Swell free of the fountain nozzle, the cheetah gargling as he wobbled about and breathed a huge sigh of relief. Within seconds an elastic band restraint was wrapped around the cheetah's muzzle to prevent him from draining himself, turning him into a mostly harmless and irritated water balloon.

“Alright you oversized gusher, I think there's an extra wide cell with your name on it downtown,” Bouncing Bear smiled. “Hope you don't mind being rolled the whole way!”

Sinister Swell let out a muffled grumble, pouting and blushing about his humiliation. Another diabolical plot ruined thanks to rotund protector of the innocent: Bouncing Bear!