

“Oh goodness, my first real villain encounter! Madame Saturn, correct? And..and let's see, former registered vigilantes Frau Flame and Ion, currently.. minion status?”

The villainess actually came to a full, dumbfounded stop as she was lifting a duffel bag of money while she and her two most 'loyal' converts cleaned out a bank vault. Frau and Ion did what minions were *supposed* to do, they dropped into fighting stances and turned to face their accuser who looked like nothing special. At least, not on the surface he didn't. They resembled a.. well, Madame Saturn couldn't actually say for sure. The muzzle shape and ears mostly said 'canine' but they could be leaning on 'fox' too, and yet the mannerisms were in 'cat' territory and its vibrant indigo skin reflected light and looked vaguely moist in the fashion of frogs and geckos. It was like it was some kind of bizarre genetic melange. However..

“..You got the name right. Nobody *ever* does that. You've actually looked me up.”

That alone ought to be worrisome, and yet it was also so much of a refreshing change of pace that Madame Saturn was briefly disarmed by the gesture. At least, it felt like a gesture. They *were* gesturing, but that was different. That had to do with her minions getting into fighting stances and readying their weapons.

“Well, yes! Your gas intermix systems and delivery methods are top notch, I must say, and believe me I've seen a *whole lot* of them! Not just local ones either. I would **love** to discuss them after I have apprehended you! Oh, rudeness – silly me. I am Barry Blue!”

Watching her minions suddenly exchange glances in a distinctly un-ready fashion left Madame Saturn with an urge to smack them both, but if she had any luck at all the state would be mutual. She began to try subtly reaching for the controls of her suit, but only the newest systems.. the one she'd installed a mere week ago. If this one had studied what of her technology was known he could be far more dangerous than the odd, blue, hairless thing he looked to be. Certainly more than Frau Flame was giving him credit for.

“Wait.. you're just going by 'Barry' like.. What, like a Luke Cage thing?”

..And Ion really wasn't doing much better. The two minions looked prime to get into an argument right there in front of Madame Saturn whole holding the money and everything. It set her rolling her eyes and left her making a note to punish them later, when there was less at stake.

“I mean.. Luke Cage went by Power Man though? Not all the time, but he still had that going on. Is it a pun that I'm not getting? Apart from, you know, your skin color. That seems obvious.”

The interloper, wearing not much past a skin-tight suit with a crest on its chest that didn't have any clear meaning to Madame Saturn, seemed to still be far too amused and light-hearted about this whole thing. As if the matter were some kind of game. Madame Saturn hoped that was borne of overconfidence and not actual ability..

“A little of both! I mean – I'm blue, for starters. Right? Also alliterative names seem to be a tradition of sorts, if not a requirement, in this profession? Barry just sounded nice, rolls off the tongue well, and my *real name* isn't pronounceable with just one tongue.”

That last bit left Madame Saturn more alert still. More so when she saw her minions rush the 'hero' with intent to tackle him, old him down, and gas him – only to end up hanging off his body while their suit weaponry deployed. Pressurized hissing followed, translucent vapor after that, the dimwitted but loyal chuckling of her minions.. and then a matching belly laugh from this vigilante.

“Sorry! Jelatan physiology really isn't vulnerable to this. I mean, normally we're gas permeable and all that but your compounds mostly need to enter a bloodstream to work yeah? I ah.. I don't really have one of those in the usual sense. But-”

Shutting her eyes and rubbing the bridge of her nose, Madame Saturn watched as her two minions backed off and tried to regain their footing enough to look menacing again. It wasn't working very well – both of them had globs of what looked like Barry Blue's 'skin' on their faces and hands, and both of them were already starting to swell visibly while the rich blue substance sank in. Not that *they* had noticed, but it was hard to miss from behind them.

Madame Saturn looked at Barry, then at her minions as they began taking up exponentially more of the space in front of her.. the space between her and the exit – all she could do was roll her eyes and shake her head at the whole thing.

“..Would you two *please* get your asses out of the- *oomph*..”

Barry Blue was just.. smiling. Not a vindictive or smug smile, just.. pleased? It was almost worse for it. Frau Flame and Ion finally caught up with the situation as their hips bounced off one another and they found themselves forced back away from the doors by their own swelling, rounded out bodies.

Charging them seemed like the only way to get through, even if there was a hero right on the other side. She'd deal with that when she got to it.. At least, that was the intention. Bouncing off her underlings' asses like a pair of pillowy drums. Worse yet, the *both* of them shuddered as soon as she

impacted them, collapsing forward and moaning as they landed on their own rapidly swelling bellies. The pressure of their own weight was all it took to dislodge a pair of gurgling *Grrlpgh-Fwurrprhhbb- FWRRRAPPHHHB-* outbursts into the vault and leave Madame Saturn backpedaling, only to end up right up against the vault wall with the hazy blue cloud washing over her. It did smell pleasant enough at least, but she knew more than just about anyone about what it probably did. Countermeasures were in order – she could already feel a *juicy* sensation in her gut.

“Oh wow you two are really into this! Not your first time, is it? I- oh, what've you got there?”

There was another quiet hiss in the room and it wasn't *just* the encroaching enormity of her minions' asses. Madame Saturn's countermeasure was a potent cocktail, it left her light-headed to use it and wasn't safe to administer too often, but in a pinch? She felt the swelling inside her stop almost as soon as it started.. mostly. Enough that she still had her mobility three seconds later when she was able to muster the focus for another rush at the door. This time she tried to go over the two growing orbs, by now all blue everywhere that their costumes didn't cover.

It wasn't the *most* graceful of jumps. Madame Saturn wasn't a proper athlete. She did make it onto the top of Ion's ass though, and was primed to climb over him and get one step closer to free. At least, it would have been, had Barry Blue not been waiting *right there* and having the sense to keep an eye on this and not celebrate too early. Madame Saturn made a note to remember that for when she got revenge later as the Jelatan casually pushed her just enough that she slipped down into the space between her swelling minions. Worse yet, she could feel the sample of himself that had been left on her cheek sinking into her and working against her countermeasure. That thick, juicy feeling was starting again.. Weaker than it would be, but present. All while she felt her minions' asses crushing against her from both sides with enough pressure to keep her from being able to move her legs and one of her arms.

The one she *could* move was mostly just in a position to flail about and slap at Frau Flame's ass since it couldn't reach much else at the moment.

“D-dammit! Alright.. well-played.. t- *Bwurphhb-* this time..”

The struggling wasn't helping matters. Madame Saturn's growth was slow but her minions were bloating more by the second. Frau Flame and Ion had mostly pressed themselves into loosely fruit-shaped heaps against the walls for lack of more space and their limbs were too thick to bend properly. With herself tucked snugly between their asses and too round to slip free one way or the

other Madame Saturn's wriggling just left her assaulted by the two berry victims' attempt to turn the vault into a fruity sauna. It turned out to work nicely as an echo chamber too, Madame Saturn felt like she was in a wind tunnel of berry vapor, nothing but a hurricane of *Fuwrrpb- VUWURMPHT Fwrrrrphh-frrr-VWRRRAPPHHB-*

“D-dammit... F-fine, m'impressed.. b- *Bwurphhbb-* but, you should know, inspiring me is *risky business.*”

With the two around her still growing – and her own body still slowly swelling – Madame Saturn felt her only free limb slowly swallowed up by her own gently plumping frame and by the inexorably growing horizons of purple ass surrounding her. She kept the struggling going though, she had to, her minions *did* have some of her antidotes in their suits.. watered down versions.

Enough that they stopped short of completely burying Madame Saturn's face in their rumps before the growth finally eased off, but she was good and hopelessly pinned with the three of them taking up *most* of the empty space in the vault now. The sweet vaporous farting hadn't slowed down at all either. Even as she heard sirens growing nearer and the sounds of a bank manager talking to officers all of it was just lost behind the *constant* flatulence, and she was starting to feel bloated as well. The notion that all her intense antidote had done was slow this down was becoming increasingly likely. This damned *hero-*

“Ooh! I think they need me for a.. a statement? Yes, something like that. I -think- I'm safe for that at this point. You're comfy, yes? Everyone can breathe? Ooh, right- breathing! I need to go warn them not to come too close or-”

..Really quite an awful lot of flatulence, actually. It took Madame Saturn a minute to realize that at least some of it was coming from outside of the vault. There'd been so much of the stuff *inside* that the gas had been leaking into the main building. It was, for the most part, lighter than air and with how she understood gas and fluid dynamics..

Madame Saturn started laughing to herself despite her own body wedging the three of them even harder into the vault.

“Oh you're in fo- *Hwurphhbb-* for it now.. b- *BURPHHBB-* erry-boy.. Just you wait-”

Watching Barry Blue rush off to try and help left Madame Saturn grinning despite her current predicament. A powerful hero, either likely to be a hard counter to her.. or an asset, and with his apparent inexperience? She had no doubt which of the two he'd end up as.