

Heroes VS the Slobby Sensual Slime

The day should have been a momentous occasion in the fight to bring down the League of Villains. Months of investigation had led to a group of heroes finding a secret Nomu lab in the heart of a bustling city. Upon breaking into the facility to capture the villains, they confirmed the rumors that the experiments had been focused on mimicking the abilities of a criminal with a sludge-like body that had mysteriously disappeared from police custody. In the midst of the ensuing battle against the Nomus and villains, the heroes managed to get most of the test subjects under control and restrained. However, one managed to slip through the door and make its way out into the city streets.

Leaving the other heroes to take care of the leftover villains, two heroes made the sprint out the lab to chase the slime in the dead of night. At the front was Eraser Head, his black hair and the binding cloth around his neck blowing behind him as he followed the trail of pink sludge. Coming up behind him was Present Mic, his spiky blonde hair shaking alongside his well-groomed moustache as he tried to keep pace with his partner.

The two heroes came to a halt as the slime trail ended at the entrance to an alleyway. Bending down to examine the sludge, Eraser Head reached down to examine it. Upon his finger touching the substance, it moved on its own to slide back down the corridor.

“Should you really be touching that stuff?” Present Mic asked, tilting up his sunglasses to give Eraser Head a curious look.

“Just trying to figure out what we’re running into,” Eraser Head replied, wiping the residual goop on his black shirt and pants. “We didn’t have a chance to read over the intel on these things before all hell broke loose. As much as I hate going in blind, it’s not like we have much of a choice. The last thing we need is a civilian getting hurt because of the raid.”

“Guess we’ll cross that bridge when we get to it,” Present Mic answered, side stepping the sludge to avoid splashing it on his boots and leather jacket. “It’s not like we have anything to worry about anyway. It should be a cake walk for the two of us. After all, it’s just a sentient pile of gelatin.”

Eraser Head scratched at the scruff dotting his chin. “Don’t get cocky. No telling what that ‘thing’ has in store for us.”

On Eraser Head’s signal, the two of them entered the alley. Only a few feet in they paused as they spotted the creature pressed up against the solid wall of brick at the far end. It was a massive, gelatinous blob of bright pink slime. It’s outer surface quivered as it slunk around the cramped space, with a collection of tendrils reaching out of its body as if it were in search of something. Upon hearing the pair of heroes take a few more steps towards it, the creature heaved its mass towards them. Letting out an unsettling gurgling noise, the slime flung itself forward to meet them halfway.

The creature’s assault was cut short as Present Mic opened up his mouth wide. A loud screech came bursting from his lips to shove the living sludge back. As the creature recoiled from the attack, Present Mic stomped forward to continue pushing it further and further down the alley. Pinning the slime up against the wall, he finally shut his mouth.

“You’re turn,” Present Mic said, his voice raspy from the prolonged attack.

Taking the front position, Eraser Head kept his attention focused on the slime. Staring intently at the gelatinous mass, he activated his quirk in an attempt to neutralize its abilities. Though the slime still shuddered from the lingering effects of Present Mic’s scream, there didn’t seem to be any reaction from Eraser Head’s ability.

“Figures that wouldn’t work on it,” Eraser Head as he scratched the back of his neck. “But I hoped it would have least shrunk it down a bit. Now how are we going to contain this thing?”

“We could eat it.”

Eraser Head turned his head to glare at Present Mic. “Be serious, we’re on a mission.”

“Sorry,” Present Mic said with a shrug. “It’s the best I could come up with. I was forced to skip dinner for this mission. Not my fault it’s a dead ringer for strawberry gelatin. It might even taste good with whip cream or some cherries.”

The split second Eraser Head turned away to give a deadpan stare to his partner was just enough time for the slime creature to lunge at him once more. Present Mic had managed to see the attack coming in time to leap out of the way, but Eraser Head wasn’t so fortunate. Wrapped up in the creature’s tendrils, he was slammed up against the wall. Still reeling from the attack, he opened up his eyes to watch at the goop tried to encompass his entire body. A good portion of the slime began to focus on his face in an attempt to surround his lips. Though he tried to wriggle free, that didn’t stop the creature from prying his mouth open and beginning to pour down his throat.

Eraser Head’s ability to struggle waned as the slime continued to fill him up. A low buzzing noise made it hard for him to think, as if his very thoughts were being pushed out of him by the sludge. Lazily bringing his gaze downwards, he watched as his flat mid-section began to bulge out into a sizable potbelly. As alarming as the sight of his growing gut was, there was a strange, simplistic bliss that was spreading through his mind to deaden his concern. Just as his belly began to peek out from beneath his shirt, a shudder of bizarre pleasure spread through his body to put an idiotic smile on his face.

A loud screech blasting into Eraser Head's ears quickly brought him back to reality. The force of the scream had the added effect of freeing him from the sludge creature's clutches as it was once more pressed up against the back of the alley. Crumpling to the ground, he coughed out a wad of the slime in an attempt to rid himself of his growth. Though he still swung about his prominent gut, the act did give him a chance to watch as the dislodged goop sped off down the alley to rejoin the main body. Glancing down at his lingering potbelly, he turned to face a concerned looking Present Mic.

"Are you okay?" Present Mic asked, grabbing his partner's hand to help him back to his feet.

"Yeah, I think I'm BWOOOOORRRPP!"

The belch sent the pair of heroes stumbling away from one another. As gnarly as the burp sounded, it left behind a sweet scent akin to strawberries that momentarily brought back the feeling of lightheadedness to Eraser Head. Shaking off the effects, he stomped over to Present Mic with one hand keeping a hold of his jiggling gut.

"We need to UUUURRRPPP stop that thing before it gets to anyone else," Eraser Head said, stifling his outburst with his elbow.

"Yeah, but how?" Present Mic asked back. "I can't keep screaming at it all night."

"Well we can't have it going on a rampage through town BOOOOUUURRRP either," Eraser Head replied, his hands occupied between balancing his gut and blocking more of his outbursts. "If only there was something we could do to contain it before it could UUURRP get to anyone else."

Present Mic hazarded to show off a mischievous grin. “I think we already figured out a way,” he said, poking his finger into his partner’s potbelly to push out a small burp. “You just need swallow up the rest of it and we’ll be in the clear.”

“It’s not going to be that BWOOOOORRRP simple,” Eraser Head replied. “When that thing was inside me, it was trying to do something with my head. I didn’t feel like myself.”

“Did it hurt?”

“No. It was more like it was draining me of my intelligence. Honestly it felt kind of UUUUUURRP pleasurable.”

Present Mic raised an eyebrow. “Why in the world would someone make a creature that could do that? I know we live in a society full of all different types of folks, but I can’t even begin to imagine the kind of person that gets off on-“

Present Mic was cut off as the slime creature charged towards them once more. Unlike last time, he did not have a chance to get out of the way before he and Eraser Head were ensnared by the slime’s tentacles. Knowing what the creature was going to try to do, Eraser Head managed to wrap binding cloth around his face. The fabric seemed to do the trick in keeping the slime at bay. However, there was little he could do to prevent the sludge from turning its attention towards his partner.

Present Mic’s loud mouth ended up being his undoing as the slime forced itself past his lips and down his throat. In no time at all he developed a similarly swollen gut that rivaled Eraser Head’s own. Surpassing his fellow hero’s belly bulge within a matter of seconds, Present Mic continued to guzzle down the sludge with a glazed over look in his eyes. It was if the slime was pushing his very intelligence out to make way for more of the sticky substance.

Shaking his body around, Eraser Head tried to stop the slurry from filling up his partner. His constant squirming had the adverse effect of pushing out a series of squeaky farts from his lower body that bubbled up to the surface of the sludge. As the odor hit his nose, he was overtaken by the aroma of strawberries again. Though the scent was pleasant, it came with the same feeling of lightheadedness he had experienced before. Gritting his teeth to fight the sludge's influence, he managed to free one of his binding cloths and swing it around to momentarily free Present Mic's head.

"Don't let it in your UUURRRP mouth," Eraser Head spouted out, quickly shouting out the words before the sludge could get a chance to slip in-between the small gap in his binding cloth.

Shaking off his altered state of mind, Present Mic turned towards the other hero. "Then what else do we BOOOOUUURRRP do?" He paused, letting out a shrill scream to momentarily back off the sludge from him and Eraser Head's throats. "We let this thing go and it will just attack the first person it UUURRRP sees."

"Dammit," Eraser Head said, watching the slime quickly recover from Present Mic's attack. "What else is BWOOOOORRRP there? There has to be something we can do."

Looking between the mass of the creature and his already engorged gut, Present Mic let out a sigh. "Well if it wants to stuff us, then we might as well give it what UUURRRP it wants."

"What in the hell are you-"

Eraser Head clamped his mouth shut as the slime surged around his lower chin once more. Turning his gaze to the side, he watched as Present Mic willingly allowed the sludge to crawl down his throat again. Finding an eager volunteer, the slime encasing Eraser Head's body

thinned out to focus on his partner. While this weakened his restraints, he was still incapable of breaking free or stopping the creature from further distorting his partner's visage.

Slime resumed pouring into Present Mic's mouth to further engorge his body to suit its desires. This harsh pushing forced out a series of reverberating farts from his rear that burst out of the sludge to fill the alley with its fragrant stench. Trying to push his way through the intoxicating aroma to avoid falling into a trance again, Eraser Head watched as Present Mic freely became victim to the slime's influence as his body continued to swell.

Spreading out from the large globe that was Present Mic's gut, the creature moved upwards to begin filling out his chest. His leather jacket began to strain as he developed a pair of swollen man boobs that would put even Midnight's bosom to shame. Even with the thick nature of his coat, it didn't take long for his fattened up moobs to show off the impression of his plumped up nipples through the material.

A similar growth led to Present Mic's backside thickening up to push him further away from the brick wall behind him. Going far past the limits of a sizable bubble butt, his ass cheeks filled the alley with more spurts of gas. Each fart further strained the tight material of his pants, with the added sound of fabric tearing accompanying each jiggle of the plumped up posterior.

Through all of these growths, Eraser Head was assaulted by the cacophony of noises created from his partner's clothes being strained and gas seeping out of both ends. However, there was one sound in particular that demanded the most of his attention. Between swallowing mouthfuls of slime and belching out gas bubbles, Present Mic was overcome with a series of pleasurable moans. These euphoric cries came in unison with the way the slime creature jostled around his body. If he looked hard enough, Eraser Head could make out the sight of tendrils moving across the helpless hero's body to squeeze his growing assets. These provocations further

led to Present Mic's eyes glazing over with ignorant bliss, looking as if he was reaching ever closer to a new level of pleasure. This culminated in a mix of a moan and a belch leaving Present Mic's mouth as the bulge in his pants jostled forward.

Awestruck by the fact that he had just witnessed his partner orgasm thanks to the influence of this creature, Eraser Head momentarily let his binding cloth loosen up. These few seconds were all that was needed for the slime to slip past his lips to give him another helping of its goo. Though he eventually managed to push it back with some thrashing, that wasn't before it left its mark in the form of his new set of sagging pecs and a thickened rear. Wincing at the smell that erupted out as a cloud of flatulence sprung from his heavier bottom, he tried to resist the slime's influence for fear of falling into the same trap as Present Mic.

So focused on trying to stop the sludge from entering his mouth, Eraser Head could barely afford to look over at his partner. When he did catch a passing glance, it was usually met with the sight of more of his fellow hero's flesh peeking out of widening holes across his costume. No longer able to take the strain, Present Mic's jacket ripped down the center to let his globular gut sink between his legs to rub against his chubby thighs. As the mass of pudge grew large enough to plop onto the ground, it sent ripples through the spherical orb to push out yet another guttural belch.

The undershirt keeping Present Mic's sagging pecs at bay didn't last for much longer. Another echoing belch bursting forth from his mouth was the last push needed to get the swollen spheres to punch through the fabric. The massive mounds of blubber celebrate their newfound freedom by jiggling against his gut. Each shake of the plush orbs served to show off his meaty teats that helped in making his pecs resemble a pair of over engorged cow udders.

It was through the spreading of mass across Present Mic's sizable rear that Eraser Head got to witness the destruction of the tight leather pants. For just a moment the hero's underwear managed to cling to his widening hips, sinking into his waistline to create the image of an overflowing muffin top. The inevitable destruction of his undergarment was foretold by the ominous groaning coming from his gut. Too enamored with the way the slime continuously pumped his cock, Present Mic showed no restraint as he let loose a loud PHHHHRRRRRTTT to tear apart his underwear and further flood the alley with the smell of his strawberry scented flatulence.

Pushing through the lingering aroma, Eraser Head attempted to see what the creature was trying to accomplish. With nothing left in its way, the slime was able to tightly squeeze Present Mic's buttocks to give them the same attention it had given to his heaving chest. As it groped and pinched at the doughy hindquarters, it waved a tentacle along the expanse of his ass crack as if in search of something. It eventually found its mark as it dove into his anus to the sound of a squeaky fart leaking out to coincide with another cry of euphoria.

Given access to two different ways to enter Present Mic, the creature wasted little time further pumping up its host. With each surge that shoved itself into his figure, the disgraced hero would release a guttural moan that sent shivers through his blubbery body. The constant filling made his figure swell at a much faster pace, quickly outsizing his former self five times over. Though his spherical shape managed to mostly cover up his rigid member, it could not prevent Eraser Head from watching his partner go through another climax as a load of cum spilled onto the ground.

As disturbing as the display was, it served as a warning to remind Eraser Head that he wasn't far from facing a similar fate. Already feeling the slime coating his body begin to shift, he

tried in vain to prevent it from reaching his lower body. Arms pinned to his sides by the slime, his useless squirming could not prevent the creature from forcibly tearing apart his pants. Popping off his strained underwear with a snap, the tentacles dove inside of his asshole to give him another helping of goo.

Try as he might to resist the sludge's influence, Eraser Head couldn't prevent a moan from parting his lips as the tendril moved around inside of him. Amidst the feeling of his gut swelling to rip open his clothes, he had to fight against the waves of pleasure affecting his brain as the creature wriggled inside of him. Gritting his teeth as his belly looked about ready to give birth, he could only watch as the slime made its impact known across his entire body.

The back and forth struggle between Eraser Head and the creature caused a cacophony of gas to spill from both ends. The intoxicating aroma engulfed him in its embrace, joining in with the tendrils to keep him in the slime's clutches. Waving about his head to try and rid himself of the stench had the unintended effect of assisting his sagging pecs in breaking free of his outfit. A single smack of the drooping mounds against his belly was enough to push out a prolonged BRRRAAAAAPPPPPP that momentarily left his mind blank in its wake.

Too busy dealing with the haze afflicting his mind, Eraser Head paid little attention to the moment his thickening legs tore through what little remained of his pants and underwear. His squirming was momentarily halted as the sludge gave a number of hearty smacks to his pillowy backside to make it wildly jiggle. Feeling a number of tendrils latch on to his cock to try and coerce him, he clenched his fingers as he fought against the creature's physical and mental attempts to take control of him. Just as he felt as if he was on the very edge of losing the fight, the slime began to weaken around him.

Eraser Head's resistance against the slime became easier as he watched the majority of the mass focus on his more accepting companion. Fully enamored by the influence of the sludge in and around his body, Present Mic greedily swallowed up every mouthful served to him. The creature rewarded his willingness with constant attention to his fattening form to ensure that his moans equaled the number of burps and farts that escaped his body.

Seemingly with each load of semen shot out of his cock, Present Mic reached a new stage of size and corruption. The rapid growth left Eraser Head to linger in his partner's shadow, unable to stop the spherical blob from pushing up against his body. Looking between his partner's massive form and the still sizable amount of slime left to be consumed, a genuine fear entered Eraser Head's mind that his partner's body couldn't take much more. With no way to know how long until help arrived or if Present Mic would be able to contain the entirety of the creature, Eraser Head steeled his nerves.

"Come on you BWOOOORRRRP monster!" Eraser Head shouted out to be heard over the sound of another one of Present Mic's farts. "I'm right here! Ready and willing!"

Immediately Eraser Head felt the slime's influence try to seep into his thoughts. As much as he hated the idea of being reduced to a blubbery, horny idiot, it was the only way to get the creature to avoid overgrowing his fellow hero. Allowing the hazy feeling to finally take over his thoughts put him in the right state of mind to accept the pleasure that came along with his body's modifications.

A mix of a belch and a moan bubbled their way through the pink slime as a direct result of Eraser Head's belly lunging forward to sink between his legs and smack against the ground. Though this prevented him from seeing his member, he could certainly feel a collection of tentacles once more reach out to grasp his shaft. For just a moment the creature lingered there, as

if it were waiting for something. Surprised that the slime had a semblance of consent, what little logic remained in his brain ordered the creature to proceed, both to save his friend and indulge in this newfound pleasure.

The creature's tendrils quickly set to work pumping his cock. While the lower appendages focused on his undercarriage, more reached out to remove the few scraps of fabric that still clung to his chest. Tossing aside the binding cloth hung around his thick neck allowed the sludge full access to his set of massive man boobs. Giving ample attention to the sagging mounds brought him ever closer to his release.

As the degraded hero was pushed nearer to his orgasm, the slime ensured that not a single part of him was left unattended. More tendrils emerged to jiggle around his buttocks. The constant shaking allowed a number of thunderous farts to seep through the slime filling his anus to surround him in the stench of strawberries. No longer able to handle the bombardment of stimulation, he eventually lost the last bit of his cognition as he climaxed to the sound of a muffled moan and a rippling fart.

Waiting for a prolonged PHHHHHHHHRRRRRTTT to burst out of Eraser Head's anus, the creature increased its efforts to fill him up from both ends. While his holes were being stuffed by the corruptive goo, he freely allowed himself to give into the strange euphoria that came with becoming the slime's new home. Feeling his rising ecstasy, the creature was more than happy to oblige in grasping his erect cock once more to let him experience a countless number of orgasms. This constant stimulation led to an overabundance of cum that seeped on to the alleyway to mix with the leftover semen of the slime's other plaything.

No longer feeling any resistance from its victims, the slime contently continued to fill them up with its mass. Though Present Mic had a sizable head start, the sheer eagerness

expressed through Eraser Head's bouts of gas and moans were more than enough to quicken his pace. With each new threshold of weight passed, Eraser Head was treated to another collection of tendrils to tease and squeeze his blobby body. Any notion that this had been a sacrifice to protect his friend had long been tossed aside in favor of a new desire to become a being of pure indulgence.

As the blobby pair's size and stimulation increased, the already cramped alley became nearly devoid of any free space. All across the ground were mixed splatters of the men's cum and the creature's slime. The lingering odor of their climaxes was covered by the fragrant aroma of the noxious fumes that leaked out between servings of the delectable, pink liquid. The spherical blobs were tightly squeezed up against one another as they rapidly grew to fill up every last possible inch of the alleyway. Despite Eraser Head's willingness to become a second vessel for the creature, even him and Present Mic becoming the size of trucks didn't seem to be enough to completely contain the slime. The worrying thought about their imminent demise was something that was far away from their simplified minds all thanks to the constant stimulation their captor was more than happy to give out.

Bigger and bigger the pair grew, their flesh beginning to spill out onto the sidewalk. Their glazed over vision could barely see their huge girth. Even if they could see the full extent of their predicament, they were more focused on sucking up slime and rubbing against one another to increase their pleasure. The exponential growth of the living blobs began to make the brick walls around them creak with the threat that they would break through at a moment's notice.

Just before the couple hit their breaking point, something comparatively much smaller to them leapt from the rooftop to land atop their bodies. Tearing open a part of her outfit, the heroine released a mist that seemed to momentarily put the slime to sleep. The tendrils that had

been stuffing the heroes became limp as they slipped their way out of their bodies. No longer distracted by their liquid feast, the heroes were able to identify the woman with long black hair and a dominatrix style costume as their comrade, Midnight.

“What happened to you two?” Midnight asked, carefully walking across the blobby pairs’ bodies with her high heeled boots. “And why do you smell like strawberries?”

“Slime feel BWOOOOOORRRRPPPP good,” Present Mic replied.

“It UUUURRRP feed and fuck us,” Eraser Head added, showing little restraint as he punctuated his point with a blast of flatulence from his rear.

“Well, at least you don’t look like you’re in any pain,” Midnight said, keeping her fan close to her face to avoid breathing in the tainted air. Looking over the sorry state of her comrades, her mind became concerned about how the press would react to seeing the formerly proud heroes reduced to this. “Where is the rest of it?”

“In here,” Present Mic answered, flailing about his chubby arm to slap his gut and push out another burst of flatulence. “We swallow to trap and BOOOOUUUURRRPP feel good.”

“It’s definitely unorthodox,” Midnight began, looking between the heroes’ bodies and idiotic expressions, “but it looks like the plan worked. Let me see if I can contact someone to get you out of here. Then we can work on a way to turn you back to normal.”

“Friend Midnight want feel UUUURRRP good too?” Eraser Head asked.

Midnight winced at the suggestion. “No thank you. As much fun as it seems the two of you had, I don’t think I’ll join you.”

“It really BOOOOUUUURRRRPPPP good,” Present Mic echoed. “You eat and become gassy and UUUURRRP horny too.”

“I’ll have to politely decline,” she said, backing away from the pair’s mouths to try and escape the noxious fumes. “Besides, by the look of things, you already swallowed up most of the-“

The heroine was cut off midsentence by a single tendril of slime emerging from betwixt the folds of the blobby boys to slide down her throat. Grasping the appendage with her fingers, Midnight tried in vain to pull it out. Unable to fully get a hold of the slimy substance, she had to assume that this is what led to Present Mic and Eraser Head’s sorry states. To some extent she was able to push back the sludge from entering her throat, but that didn’t last long. An involuntary gasp leaving her mouth at the sight of dozens of more tentacles rising up through the gaps of her comrades was all the creature needed to begin her transformation.

Unlike its last two victims, the slime decided to be a bit more creative with how it filled up Midnight’s body. Her attempts to push the creature away were halted by a combination of awe and pleasure as her breasts began to swell. Though her chest was already sizable, the surge of slime creeping down her throat quickly swelled up her boobs to make them tear apart her top. The heaving mammaries quickly outsized a set of overinflated beachballs, making it difficult to remain standing atop the already unstable ground of the blobby heroes. It was both a blessing and a curse that she would be quickly given aid by the creature to remedy this issue.

Unsatisfied with Midnight’s progress, the creature reached out a tendril to tear off the lower part of her outfit to slide itself into her anus. A muffled moan left her lips as she shivered from the strange pleasure of the thing wriggling around in her lower intestine. The side effects of the intrusion were that her body evened out into that of an hourglass figure as her butt cheeks rapidly swelled. It was only a matter of time before her fat ass equaled the girth of her bosom and drove her towards indulging in the urges that began to push aside any of her rational thoughts.

Leaving behind any semblance of trying to fight back, Midnight reached out with her hands to grope and squeeze her expanded assets. In addition to increasing her pleasure, the constant movement let the slime wreak havoc throughout her digestive tract. This intense stimulation led to her releasing bouts of gas that shared the same heavenly scent that surrounded her teammates. By now she had become completely enamored by the smell, taste, and touch of the creature, leaving behind absolutely no willpower to stop it from doing whatever it wanted to her body. It wasn't surprising that upon seeing an extraordinarily thick tendril approach her crotch did she reach past her engorged tits to tear apart what little cloth stopped the slime from giving her the pleasure she sought.

Jamming itself inside of Midnight, the slime got to work filling up her flat midsection to match the rest of her body's heftier curves. By the time she grew a gut large enough to resemble an overripe watermelon, she had already experienced her first orgasm from the thing squirming inside of her womanhood. Still reeling from her experience, she was more than content to sit back and let the slime continue to swell her belly past the size of a bean bag chair and beyond.

Falling back on her thickened hindquarters, Midnight let her thickening arms go limp to allow the slime creature to have free reign over her body. What little remained of her costume was gradually popped apart as she swelled up to resemble the spherical shape of her fellow, fallen heroes. Her reward for completely giving in to her indulgence of idiotic pleasure was the slime treating her to more orgasms as she went further and further past the point of no return. In little time at all her fattening form was able to become a massive blob only distinguishable from the slime's other victims thanks to her more pronounced breasts and the red eye mask that still clung to her chubby cheeks. That wasn't to say that her comrades weren't being given their own attention.

Though Present Mic and Eraser Head were no longer being filled up by the creature, the sludge lingering inside of their bodies was sure to keep them engaged with constant stimulation. The sound and smell of the two men's releases of moans, gas, and cum rose their way up to add to Midnight's own pleasure. Precariously balanced upon the pair of sloppy orbs below her, she rolled herself back and forth to increase their stimulation. The sight of the jiggling, gargantuan belly managed to crest over the top of the nearest building to be seen for miles.

Just as the trio reached sizes that would be a struggle for even Mt. Lady to lift, the last bits of the creature managed to seep its way into Midnight's body. The combination of their massive size and cacophony of burps, farts, and moans was more than enough to draw attention. Gradually people began to gather in front of the alley to watch the trio revel in the slime's pleasure. The lucky onlookers got the opportunity to witness the few remaining drops of sludge creep into Midnight through her various orifices.

The last little bit of growth given to the heroine's body turned out to be the breaking point for the cramped alleyway. No longer able to contain the massive amount of pudgy flesh, the nearby buildings crumbled. Freed from the tight space, the heroes began to roll towards the civilians. While the onlookers were able to get out of the way to avoid any injuries, the main damage of their release was felt the moment they plopped out onto the street.

No longer obscured by their corridor, Midnight, Eraser Head, and Present Mic's bodies were put on full display. Unable to feel shame for their condition, they continued to wobble about their immobile forms in an attempt to convince their slimy passenger to continue stimulating their overactive libidos. The only saving grace was that the aroma of their various burps and farts kept the onlookers in a similarly hazy state that left them to wordlessly gawk at the trio with their mouth's wide open.

It wouldn't take long for footage of the heroes' sorry states to spread throughout the news and internet. To call it a PR disaster for them was an understatement, but at the very least they had managed to contain the sludge. Perhaps somewhere within their simplified minds they could enjoy the satisfaction of being able to protect people. Then again, it was probably overridden soon after as the slime sent them through another series of orgasms as a form of congratulations on their new statuses of sloppy blobs of pure pleasure.