

The Michelloon Pt3: The Inflation Café

A part 3 of the Michelloon series featuring Michel as a waiter at his usual lewd workplace the inflation Café, where he gets blown up according to the tips he receives. As always please let me know what you think about this piece, and more inflation stories are coming soon.

“Morning Michel, ready for today?”

The morning ray shone through the glass door window as Michel started his shift at the inflation café. It was a quaint chilly morning as he yawned, trying his best to unlock and open the door. His coworker Kane was already inside, sorting through the inventory as Michel walked through the door.

“Well, after what Jane did to me, I honestly feel... a lot more stretched out than usual.”

He patted his own flat stomach, feeling a ghostly twinge of soreness after last night when Jane used him as a human air mattress after a lewd puffy session, they entered the back of the café, chatting as they prepared the backrooms for the upcoming guests.

“of course, you are one of our bigger balloon boys, and what I have heard, there is a special guest that made an appointment just for you at the end of the day today.”

Michel blushed as he struggled to fit into the simple maid dress. There were only a handful of patrons that he knew that were willing to see just him, and he knew that every time they had their way with him, he would always be mercilessly filled up and rolled around like a huge beach ball at the end of his shift.

“Oh damm, uhh I guess I’ll need more of those helium canisters and weights then.”

He sighed as he clipped 4 small helium canisters on his exposed thighs, even though they each had the capacity to blow him up to the size of this building, he had a feeling his “workload” today might be more than usual. The cold metal chilled his skin as he tightened the straps, feeling the dense full canisters weighing his legs down as he walked.

“5 years working at this place, and it is still embarrassing.”

Michel muttered under his breath as he tightened and patted down his maid outfit, making sure there was no creases and dust on the uniform before his coworker gave him a smack on his rump.

“Here.” He handed Michel his empty tip jar, “strap it on your waist and let’s test it for today.”

He strapped the empty plastic can tight on his maid dress, but before he could say a word, he watched Kane drop a dollar bill into the bucket. As it fluttered into the bucket. The gas canister hissed for 1 second, puffing a pulse of helium straight up Michel’s bum as he yelped.

“Aww if you really didn’t like it then you would have quit within your first week. I think you just can’t get enough of being blown up into an immobile blimp, don’t you~”

“Shut y-your mouth!” Michel’s faced blushed a vibrant pink as he attempted to playfully smack his coworker back, but a sudden sensation shocked him and stopped him in his tracks as he felt the nozzle slam into his butt. Before he could scramble to fight back, he heard the familiar *HISSSSS* as his belly ballooned outwards. He yelped as he stumbled backwards, his surging belly catching off balance as his coworker’s hands glided on its stretched surface.

“You always have the cutest yelps, no wonder all of the guests love you.”

“SHUTTT IT!!!!”

Jane’s face blushed beet red from that comment as he stumbled back and forth, still trying to squirm away from the sudden inflation as his coworker caressed and played with his distended belly. The jingle of bells from the entrance opening interrupted them as they heard their first customer shuffle about the front of the café.

“Crap they are here already?” a whimper escaped his lips as he attempted to deflate himself to get ready. His hands pushed down on his balloon belly as he fumbled for the relief valve attached to his thigh. His coworker’s hands reached there first, teasing the valve as he slowly let the air out.

“Guess we gotta deflate you for now, don’t want you to overinflate and pop prematurely, don’t you?” His coworker’s fingers teased lip of the valve as the air hissed out. The vibrations tingling his sensitive rubbery skin as he shrank down to normal. His bulbous belly flattening down into its normal toned shape as Michel squirmed, regaining his mobility as he hurriedly dusted himself off.

“Good luck out there! I’ll be here prepping orders and make sure you can reform swiftly if you happen to go Overboard.”

“Hello welcome to the inflation cafe! How can I take your order today?”

Michel pranced around in his maid outfit at the inflation café, his bubbly attitude radiating as he came over to his customer. A towering, rugged patron, waiting patiently at the end of the table. As he took in the order of a small coffee with croissants, he saw the patron flash a mischievous grin as 15 \$ landed in his tip jar. Before he could react, the air canister hissed on his waist, dumping its contents into his belly as he jerked at the sudden inflation. His belly swelled again like a party balloon on a pump as a whimper escaped his lips. His skin

straining against the fabric of the maid outfit as he stumbled, trying his best to steady himself as his customer ogled his bloated size. After 15 seconds, the hiss of air ceased, as his beachball of a belly jiggled in front. The tight maid dress stretched and creaked under the strain as the buttons fought for dear life.

“Well how about that, we got ourselves a nice balloon boy here, those buttons probably can’t take much more huh.”

“Eeek sir.... Thanks for the... t-tip, a-and.... I’m not sure why the boss insists, on us wearing such t-tight clothes.”

Michel stammered out as he felt his dress creak under the strain, feeling the soft, flimsy cotton fabric strain tight against his sensitive skin as he wobbled around, much to the amusement of his guest.

“Good luck with that massive potbelly of yours, hope your belly can take all of that. blimp~”

Over the course of the day, Michel’s tummy only swelled bigger as his tip jar filled up. Usually lugging around such a big belly would be cumbersome and heavy, but the helium within him did its trick, sometimes too good as he would sometime start floating in the middle of the room when the guests tipped him too much. His engorged belly often suspending the rest of his body in the middle of the room as he flailed his arms and legs around helplessly. His coworkers would then gently leash him to the back and gently deflate him fully, letting him take a break from being so full and taut, his poor belly going through several cycles of being inflated full and taut, and then deflated flat and soft again. By the end of the workday, his poor belly was getting sore, as if it has been through a massive tiring workout. The evening sun shone through the window as Michel was cleaning after his last guest, trying his best to lean over and wipe the table as his beachball belly squished under him, the buttons on his maid dress long since popped off the tortured fabric. The main entrance rang out with another pleasant bell chime as a tall figure strolled into the café. Michel turned, stood up as best as he could to greet the guest but froze as he realized who he was.

“Heyyy Michel... how is my favorite blimp boy doing?”

Jane, in his classic black outfit, stood imposingly in front of Michel, his smile widened at the sight of the protruding beach ball belly as Michel tried desperately to cover up using his hands and the server platter. Before he could utter another word, Jane leaned in and kissed him on the lips, smooching his beachball belly against his own toned strong torso. His sphere of a belly yielded easily, softened by the constant stretching and releasing inflation exercise he had today.

“My, my, you are a lot softer than expected, I wonder how big we can blow you up for tonight.”

Jane’s grin widened as his hands reached down to caress the soft balloon belly, gently caressing and tickling it as Michel felt the pleasure blossom within him once more. His hands cradled

his belly again as he leaned into Jane, the pent-up pleasure over the day finally reaching a breaking point as he growled and smothered Jane against the wall.

“Ack.... You have pent up soo much for tonight huh, aww poor thing.”

Jane’s hands wandered down to Michel’s crotch, teasing his turgid cock through the thin dress fabric as he moaned under the light teasing sensation.

“I figured you were working hard all day and needed some relief for tonight, so I booked the private session just for you. I already talked to your boss, and lucky for you, I get to blow you up as big as want and clock you out for the evening, soooo..”

Before Michel realized what was happening, he felt an intense jabbing sensation spike from his crotch, Jane grinned wickedly as his hands slithered around his throbbing shaft, grabbing a hose from another helium canister strapped on Michel’s thigh and pushing it onto his turgid dick, letting the soft rubber wrap around his tip like a tight condom.

“You ready to get blown from both places at once?”

Without waiting for Michel’s reply, he shoved down 2 100-dollar bills into his tip jar. Michel’s eyes widened in fear as he heard the hiss rev up like a jet engine as the helium slammed into both his butt and cock. The flowing air building up at the lip of the hoses as the Michel instinctively clenched under the sudden jolt of invasive pleasure. As he felt the pressure bulge and cram within the hoses, pressing harder and harder to enter his already ballooned body, he felt Jane’s face suddenly press onto his own, his lips lunging into his gasping mouth as he felt Jane’s cheeks puff up. As they lunged into a passionate kiss, he felt Jane’s lips purse and the air rush down his throat. He whimpered in pleasure as he felt he grip loosen down below, and the helium streamed into his butt and cock like an unending stream, swelling him helplessly.

Michel’s body was paralyzed in waves of pulsing pleasure as he felt his delicate balloon body surged past weather balloon sized, his chest, arms and legs also puffing up to accommodate the seemingly unending tide of helium gushing into his fragile body. His mind fought in a civil war as thoughts of him bursting into tiny shards of rubber flashed in between his greedy desire to take all the swelling pleasure. As if sensing his conflict, Jane lover leaned in close to Michel’s ears as he whispered

“Aww, you look cute when your mind gets overwhelmed, so scared of popping, but you just cant help but want more huh you greedy slut.”

“Sta..... stawwppp it”

Michel meekly muttered out as his mind crumbled under the tendrils of pleasure, his taut skin humming with sensitive delight as each touch, each nibble, and each tickle Jane inflicted on

him forced him to squeal and whimper in response. not unlike a castle gate creaking for mercy under each bash of a battering ram.

As the canisters continued to gush its gas into the Michels hollow body, he squinted his eyes as he realized he could see jane, and the rest of the café, thorough his transparent skin. he moaned helplessly as he felt the potent cocktail mix of humiliation, pleasure, fear, and anticipation scald within his chest as he felt his fragile thin skin bump against the tables and walls, feeling like a overextend gum bubble being pressed tight against its surrounding as he could even feel the ceiling pressing down on him. The orgasm roaring and churning in Michel's bloated balls as his skin overloaded with strain and bliss. The pleasure daze chipping away at his willpower and mind as his body wobbled and trembled under the onslaught of pressure, pulsing under the pressure as the helium within him searched for anymore available space to fill. The twin hoses gushed relentlessly into Michel, apathetic to that fact that he was stretching closer and closer to his bursting point.

“I wonder which will eventually hold out longer. The helium in your tanks? Or you? guess we will find out soon enough.”

Jane's taunting words were but a whisper in Michel's ears as the droning, relentless hiss as gas entering his overblown body finally broke his mind in overwhelming pleasure. Michel' mind bucked as millions upon millions of neurons lit up in overwhelming bliss, the pleasure rushing across his huge expanse like a tidal wave as he felt the immense orgasmic pleasure rise to the brink on his crotch. He panted and begged as he felt pre squirt out of his tip as his skin spasmed in its desperate effort to contain it all. His gravid 30-foot sphere of a body squished into an oval by the floor and ceiling as the squeezing sensation was just daring him to give up and pop like the overblown soap bubble he is. The pleasure rising unbearably as Michel howled, His dick pulsing to release its pressurized load as he desperately tried to resist, to hang on, but to no avail as his mind finally collapsed from the overwhelming sensation of pleasure. Michel's head jerked and spasmed in its small divot in his massive, taught body as the pleasure ravaging though him, trampling his pathetic resistance as his balloon cock gushed the pressurized helium and cum back out into the hose.

“POP”

the hose finally popped out of his dick from the backup pressure as the canisters ran empty. His cum spluttered like a water sprinkler as he yelped from the sensations. As his whimpers and moans quieted down, all he heard was the groaning and creaking of his tortured, overstretched skin, and the subtle pleasure and relief as his dick vented the excess gas.

“I see you lasted longer than the gas canisters, very impressive for a greedy balloon like you. once you deflate, I can reward you by helping you clean up this place and clock out for

tonight, along with some cuddles after we get home, but for now, I have this massive balloon to play with for tonight. Cuddle up dear~”