

"Hey Chandra, I've been wondering something," Arya said as she flopped back onto the bed. Her long, dark hair spread about her on the covers in her repose, her tight pink blouse riding up enough to expose a slice of bare midriff between its hem and the waist of her denim miniskirt.

"Yeah?" Chandra asked, looking up from her phone, her own hair cascading over her back in auburn waves as she sat cross-legged on the covers, dressed in a blue crop top and low-rise jeans. "What?"

The two girls were in Chandra's dorm room, hanging out as they usually did, relaxing on her double bed. It was just an ordinary weekend morning, but neither had much homework left and they weren't inclined to go anywhere, not when there was still a slight chill in the early springtime air outside. So they were having a lazy day, doing a little bit of chatting, a little bit of browsing on their phones, and generally enjoying each other's company.

"Do you think it takes more lung power to shout or to sing?" Arya asked idly, rolling onto her side, her hazel eyes fixed on Chandra's green.

Chandra cocked her head to the side. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, I remember when you were talking about holding your breath on the bus all the way across the Nine Valleys Bridge as a challenge," Arya replied. "That can't have been easy."

"Sure," Chandra replied with evident pride. "It takes pretty strong lungs to keep up with everyone on my squad."

"Well, it made me think about how when I'm singing opera I have to hold notes for ages. And we have to really project when we perform, too. Just because the sopranos are all the way in the back doesn't mean we don't want the audience to hear our part of the harmony!"

"So you're asking which would win in a battle of lung power, a cheerleader versus an opera singer?" Chandra asked. "The cheerleader, obviously," she said without waiting for a response, and gave her hair an imperious toss over one shoulder. "I've got amazing lungs."

"Spoken like someone who's never held a high C over a ninety-piece orchestra," Arya shot back, sitting upright now, crossing her legs and facing Chandra. "That has to be harder than shouting a few words."

"All the way through the fourth quarter?" Chandra asked skeptically. "Not a chance."

"It's not always all about power, though," Arya said. "It's about control, too."

"Yeah, that's called doing a flip or a lift during your chant," Chandra replied.

"Control yourself all you want, I could blow a choir singer up like a balloon," she taunted playfully, and giggled at the absurdity of her own boast.

"Oh yeah?" Arya said, a challenging gleam suddenly kindling in her eyes.

"Easy-peasy," Chandra insisted. "My lungs versus yours, I'd win every time. I could even fill you up until you explode! Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, boom!" she teased, cheeks flushing slightly pink as she pantomimed it with her hands and laughed again at the notion.

"Pffft, no you couldn't!" Arya replied hotly, folding her arms in defiance.

"Not that I ever would," Chandra said, "but I totally could, if I wanted."

"Not against someone with real technique," Arya countered. "You wouldn't last five minutes against a soprano going full blast!"

"Yeah, 'cause I'd only take two to turn you into confetti!" Chandra fired back. Silly as their argument was, her competitive streak had been kindled by it, and she wasn't one to concede any ground, theoretical or bizarre though it be, especially when it touched on something she considered her specialty.

"Oh yeah? Wanna bet?" Arya said with a sly smile, sensing her friend's determination building and egging her on.

"Bet?" Chandra repeated with eyebrows raised. "What do you have in mind?"

"Hmmm. Loser buys the winner pizza for dinner?" Arya offered.

"Ooh, make it a large from Antonio's and I'm down!" Chandra said eagerly.

"Done."

They sat in silence for a moment, banking their competitive flames, before Chandra spoke up again. "Soo... How are we actually gonna judge this?" she asked. "Time how long we can hold our breath, or see who can pop a balloon faster by blowing into it, or...?"

Arya's smile returned. "Well, there's one other way..."

"Yeah?" Chandra leaned forward slightly.

"I mean, you said it yourself. You said you could blow me up like a balloon, right?"

Chandra blushed slightly. "You don't really mean—?"

"Yeah. Mouth to mouth. Just like you said. Whoever can puff the other up bigger wins."

Chandra laughed incredulously. "For real?"

Arya nodded. "Mm-hmm. Think about it. How else can we test your power

against my technique?"

"You know that sounds totally crazy, right?"

"And fun, don't you think?" Arya said with a suggestive grin. "Don't tell me you're not just a little bit curious to see if you can really do it. I mean, I sure am." She batted her eyelashes at her friend.

Chandra flushed slightly deeper. As silly as the whole idea was, it was certainly more intriguing than more doomscrolling. "I didn't really mean—"

"Ooh, scared?" Arya cut in. "Guess that means I'll be ordering whatever I want from Antonio's tonight? I'm feeling a little like the vegetarian special, personally."

"What? No! I can totally blow you up. You've got no chance against me!" Chandra retorted, her flaring ego burning the fog of her uncertainty. And, despite herself, she couldn't deny sharing part of Arya's curiosity. What it would be like to kiss Arya, to feel her inflating against her... Her stomach fluttered a little and she flushed a shade deeper. "But how do we call when someone wins?"

"Simple," Arya said. "Whoever gives up and pulls away first loses."

"And if neither of us give up, and keep going and going until—"

"Until someone explodes?" Arya finished for her. "Well... you'll stop before that happens, won't you?"

"I mean, of course I would," Chandra shot back, "but would you?"

Arya shrugged. "Depends."

"On what?"

"On how much fun I was having." Arya gave a wink and a grin, then broke into a giggle. "So? We got ourselves a contest?"

"If you think you can handle me," Chandra said. A squirming low in her belly accompanied the fire in her chest at Arya's casual insinuations, but she wasn't going to be cowed by a little bit of trash talk. On the contrary, it only served to make her inevitable victory that much sweeter.

"You know it," Arya said, and fished her phone from her pocket. "Let's make this official, then. Video evidence, just so there's no arguing about who won later." She rolled off the bed and propped her phone up on Chandra's desk with the camera framing the whole scene, then hit record. "Plus, we're playing Mythbusters," she added mischievously. "Gotta get it on record that choir beats cheer!"

"Myth-blowers, more like," Chandra joked. "Go ahead, if you really want to

see yourself lose that bad."

"I don't know, watching you get out-puffed by a soprano while I eat my pizza does have its appeal, too," Arya said, and sauntered back over to the bed. She climbed onto the covers and into a kneeling position facing Chandra. Chandra rose onto her knees to match her, and they both sized each other up. Arya was cute and slender, almost willowy in her figure, but far stronger than she looked, Chandra knew. Warmth kindled in Chandra's own belly as her eyes roved that little slice of midriff between her tight pink blouse and snug denim miniskirt, the nexus of her slim strength about to work with all its might to try and blow her up. And about to fail, she thought, to be stretched and strained and grow against her will as Chandra puffed her up like a hot-air balloon and left her nearly-nude and panting on the bed.

A thrill of anticipation ran through Chandra as she raised her gaze to meet Arya's, and found that that same mixture of admiration and determination reflected back at her.

"Ready?" Arya said, scooting closer, almost knee to knee, close enough to smell the scent of citrus hanging close about her.

Chandra nodded, feeling her pulse quicken. "Whenever you are."

"Alright, then," Arya said, her voice dropping a little as she leaned in, "Let's do this. From three, then?"

"Go for it."

"Three... Two... One..."

"Go!" they said in chorus, but neither struck forward, not wanting to risk being the one who made the first overeager mistake. They stared each other down instead, drawing in great lungfuls of air, swelling their chests out like robins in the spring and rising up fractionally higher on their knees. For a long moment they remained like that, poised at the precipice, each waiting for the other to make the first move, savoring the charged potential hanging between them. And then Chandra reached forward at last, the competitive surge in her gut too strong to ignore any longer, and hooked her fingers around Arya's jaw and pulled her in for the kiss.

Arya's lips were warm and soft, sending an electric thrill through Chandra despite the competitive context, and their owner more than ready to meet her; her hands slid around the nape of Chandra's neck, fingers sliding through her auburn locks, and she immediately let loose with a breath of her own, blowing forcefully into Chandra's open mouth before Chandra could even begin her own attack.

"Mmmmp!" Chandra squeaked with surprise at the influx of Arya's hot, sweet breath. It pushed its way into her, puffing out her cheeks and pouring down her throat to fill her already-full chest, making it rise slightly beneath her snug blue top. Pressure bloomed within her, strange but not unpleasant, as her lungs filled past capacity, and for a moment she could only sit there, stunned by the sensations and the suddenness of Arya's assault.

Before she could recover, Arya drew in another quick breath and blew again, exploiting her initiative, her hands now firmly clasped behind Chandra's neck to pull her close against herself as she exhaled with all of her strength. The core of air within Chandra's body swelled further as the pressure within her built, her crop top pulling slightly tighter across her blossoming chest and her flat, naked midriff beginning to curve slightly outward, her low-rise jeans hugging her hips just a little tighter. *God*, she thought, it was really happening. She was being blown up. Like a balloon. She couldn't help but moan a little into Arya's mouth at the feeling of her body bloating like a tick as she was pumped full of air, the sensation of being filled with another girl's breath, the bizarre humiliation of being blown up against her will. Her blush deepened at the strangeness, the force and the sensuality of it. It was crazy. It was weirdly compelling. It was also completely unacceptable that she was losing.

Determination surged within her. She hadn't been defeated yet, not by a mile. A cheerleader like her would never. She had every intention of turning the tables, of stuffing Arya like a Thanksgiving turkey. She sucked in her own breath on top of the air already filling her as Arya's exhalation flagged, and in the space between her opponent's attacks, she blew back hard. It was Arya's turn to give a muffled yelp of surprise as Chandra's breath invaded her, her eyes widening and her cheeks puffing out like a chipmunk's. Chandra leaned into the kiss, pressing her advantage, forcing her breath down Arya's throat and feeling a stirring below her beltline that was something more than the simple thrill of victory. Arya's chest, already perky and pert in her tight pink blouse, swelled outward, pulling the fabric taut against her breasts. Her willowy midsection, thin and slender just moments before, began to curve outward, that slim crescent of exposed skin between her blouse and her skirt waxing like the moon as she was force-fed Chandra's breath.

Arya fought back valiantly, her hold on Chandra's neck tightening, drawing them tighter together as she blew back hard. But Chandra was ready for her this time. With a mighty push, she overwhelmed Arya's counterattack and drove another full breath down her throat. A low groan of complaint vibrated between their lips as Arya's body bloated further, breasts and belly both making contact with her opponent's lithe, muscled frame. Chandra reveled at the feeling of skin

on swelling skin, the knowledge that she was forcibly pumping her friend and rival up with her own air, the thrill of dominating her in this most bizarre and intimate of contests. Her breaths came deeper, faster, as the excitement of their duel took hold.

The sounds of heavy breathing and muffled groaning filled the room atop the chorus of creaking bedsprings as their pneumatic combat continued. Though they still traded blows back and forth, building up the volume of air they passed between themselves with each inhalation, the game was favoring Chandra, who swelled only slightly on Arya's counterattacks before issuing periodic blasts from lungs that could carry a cheer over the din of a marching band. Chandra's gut stirred with the heat of her effort with each breath she pushed into Arya, the pleasure of control, the delicious sensation of her friend inflating against her. And each time Arya pushed back, the building pressure within her would ignite a different kind of fire, a heady mixture of resistance and humiliation that only served to further stoke the flames of her determination, her desire to pay it back tenfold. The vision of a free large pizza danced in her head, but it was joined by a more primal sort of hunger, a desire to make Arya bigger, rounder, fuller, to feel her skin stretching tight and warm against her own, to hear her moans of protest and something else besides.

Swept up in her competitive fervor, she drove bodily forward, pushing Arya backward until they toppled over together, lips still locked, and landed with a soft thump on the bedspread. They scrambled briefly for control, but Chandra, lithe and powerful, kept her friend-turned-competitor securely beneath her, grabbing her wrists and pinning them down against the covers on either side of her head. Now fully in command, she went to work, drawing in one great breath after another and forcing them down Arya's throat with ruthless efficiency. Arya's body ballooned beneath her, filling out like a human air mattress as Chandra pumped and pumped, her turgid breasts testing the fabric of her top and her billowing belly lifting her competitor up ever higher, the waist of her miniskirt pulling lower and lower and straining in its own battle against her expanding ass. The cute little slice of midriff that Chandra had admired before became the promised smooth, taut expanse of a burgeoning balloon, warm and firm against her own bare belly.

"Mmmph! Mmph! Mmmmmnnph!" Arya moaned into Chandra's mouth, squirming beneath her, her struggles only adding to Chandra's excitement as she continued her assault. With her wrists secured, all Arya could do was kick and wriggle in a way that drove Chandra wild. It was intoxicating, the feeling of being so completely in control, of feeling Arya swell and stretch beneath her, helpless to resist the inexorable influx of air. Again and again she hammered her exhalations home, and again and again she felt the delicious expansion of her rival's form.

Threads began to snap, adding to the symphony of groaning flesh and creaking bedsprings, the low whoosh of rushing air. Chandra redoubled her efforts, working overtime—

A sharp ripping sound cut through the air as Arya's blouse tore open down the front, unable to contain her swelling chest any longer. Her breasts surged outward and upward, testing the integrity of her bra in turn. Arya gave a muffled yelp at the sudden exposure, her cheeks flushing bright red as the cool air of the room washed over her naked skin. Chandra felt a jolt of surprise and delight at how far their competition had gone, how much she'd pushed her friend, and a surge of competitive pride in her own prowess.

They both knew what came next, but Arya didn't surrender, didn't give up the fight. Indeed, she only stepped up in her resistance, making each new exhalation more hard-fought, but she could only delay the inevitable. Chandra gathered her breaths in great swells and envisioned herself shouting over a packed stadium, the roar of the crowd eager for her triumph. The denim of Arya's skirt groaned in protest as her hips widened, the button at her waist popping open with a soft snap. Chandra's heart pounded in her chest with the thrill of the contest, pushing herself like a sprinter entering the home stretch. There was a gasp, a groan, another deep ripping noise as Arya's skirt finally tore, popping off her swelling thighs and falling away in tatters.

Glory bloomed in Chandra's chest as she imagined the duo from the point of view of Arya's phone camera on the desk, recording every moment for posterity. She, the lithe and powerful cheerleader, perched triumphantly atop her nearly-naked, helplessly inflating rival, whose body was now a bloated parody of its former self, clad only in the bra straining against her turgid tits, the panties stretched tight across her massive ass, the socks on her kicking feet. Did she prefer pink for her undies to match her tattered blouse? Stripes? Cute little hearts? A lacy, matching pair? And would that be her final condition, or would she wait until her disrobement was total to finally throw in the towel? The thought of it all made her dizzy with glee. She could almost taste her victory, and it tasted like pepperoni and extra cheese.

But so caught up was she in her fantasy of domination that she'd left herself momentarily vulnerable. And Arya had not given up, not yet. The soprano was made of sterner stuff than that. As Chandra paused for one too many seconds to savor her impending victory, Arya seized the opening and with a mighty heave of her own diaphragm, she unleashed a full-force exhalation that caught Chandra completely off guard.

"Mmmph!" Chandra's eyes shot wide as Arya's air surged into her, the

sudden pressure making her head swim. She felt herself puffing out again, just as she had before in their preliminary struggles, her crop top pulling taut against her swelling breasts and her low-rise jeans digging into her waist as her belly distended. Arya's breath brought with it that same hot mixture of pleasure and shame and burning determination she'd felt before, the incomparable feeling of her body filling and stretching, the humiliation of her opponent winning ground against her in such a bizarre and intimate fashion, the fiery indignation that made her want nothing less to return it tenfold. And return it she did.

Chandra sucked in a deep breath and blew, forcing Arya's air back where it came from in a satisfying rush. But she couldn't fully empty herself before hitting the wall of Arya's resistance. Couldn't gain ground in her assault, but merely cut her losses. As her exhalation flagged, Arya fired back, strong as ever, pumping her up to the greatest extent of her growth and then further still. Chandra groaned into the kiss as her tits tented and her ass broadened, as she rose up not on the dome of her defeated foe but on the deepening curve of her own swelling stomach.

It was a momentary setback, she told herself, a brief overextension in her race to strip her opponent of her cute little outfit. Winded from her cloth-tearing sprint, she merely needed to regroup for her final push. But Arya was giving her precious little time to recover. The soprano blew right back, not with the staccato force of a cheerleader's chant, but with the sustained, controlled pressure of a singer holding a high note that filled all the space between. They pushed and pulled, swelling and deflating in turn like a pair of human bellows, but the momentum was shifting, and Chandra's brief moments of brute dominance began to fall further and further behind against the volume forced into her by Arya's steady, calculated stream.

The pneumatic tug-of-war continued, and Chandra's stomach fluttered with something other than the influx of air as the tide of their battle shifted. She was losing, and the realization was a jolt of pure adrenaline, a shot of panic laced with a heady dose of humiliation. Victory had been within her grasp, yet it was slipping further and further away by the moment, replaced with the image of herself being blown up to fantastic proportions, her clothes tearing, her defeat recorded for posterity on Arya's phone.

*No!*

She was a cheerleader, a competitor, a winner, and the thought of being the loser in this, the one to be puffed up like a party balloon until she couldn't take any more, made her blood run hot. With all her strength and indefatigable determination she fired back, pushing Arya to new heights and deflating herself to



within a stone's throw of lithe normality. But Arya hung on, keeping her composure and meeting her on the counterstroke, unleashing a captive gale that erased all of Chandra's gains and then some. Chandra felt herself refill rapidly, clothes pulling ever tighter, expanding against her will. And this time, when she tried to take her turn, to wedge her breath in between her rival's lips, she found herself unable to breach the wall, incapable of reversing the flow at all.

Chandra kicked and flailed as her body began to swell in earnest, rounding out further and further against Arya's nearly-naked form like twin moons on a collision course. Arya slid her wrists from Chandra's faltering grip and wrapped her arms around the back of her opponent's head, pulling her closer, deepening their kiss. She was in her element now, her body a vessel for her powerful, trained lungs, her breaths a steady, unstoppable tide. She was a maestro of air, a conductor of pressure, and Chandra was her instrument. And with every note she played, Chandra's body sang its response, swelling and bloating in time with her rival's symphony. She hummed through their connection in the pleasure of her triumph, but Chandra refused to give up, refused to be the one to pull away, even as her crop top constricted like a corset and the fashionable rips in her jeans began to spread. The pizza from Antonio's was at stake, but it was about far more than that now. It was about pride, about dominance, about proving herself as superior. And one way or another, she was going to come out on top.

But Arya was relentless. With a series of deep, measured exhalations she pumped Chandra up, spiking the pressure beneath her skin as the threads of her overstretched outfit snapped and her entire form pulsed and throbbed and billowed inexorably outward. There came a sudden, loud POP, and Chandra felt a sudden release of pressure around her hips; her belt had given up the ghost, unable to contain her expanding girth. A breath later, the button on her jeans followed suit, her fly coming undone and the zipper sliding down, exposing the bright yellow panties she wore beneath. A grunt of effort, one forced inhalation and then another, and the stochastic crescendo of tearing fabric culminated in a series of short, sharp rips as her jeans gave way entirely, splitting down the sides and falling away in tattered scraps, leaving her nearly as exposed as Arya.

Fresh heat washed through Chandra, her bulging cheeks flushing crimson at the thought of what she must look like on the camera recording it all, her breasts like twin watermelons straining against her top, her vivid yellow panties stealing the show as they stretched tight across her massive, turgid ass, her belly buoying her up as if she'd swallowed a life raft. All while being helplessly inflated again and again, trying with all her might and failing to stop herself from growing ever more enormous as her rival dominated her completely. The humiliation was exquisite, but it only fanned the flames of her defiance, her desperate need to

turn the tide.

But the next breath didn't herald her victory in the making, nor the next. There was only the swirling of air in her belly, the stretching of her skin, the sounds of her crop top strained to the limit and then beyond, seams splitting, fabric tearing, until the blue cloth finally ripped in two across her chest. Her breasts surged outward, kept in check only by the matching yellow confinement of her bra. She was almost fully nude now, fully at Arya's mercy, just her bra and her panties and her socks clinging to the growing, globular mass in between. Her body was puffed up as big as Arya had been on the verge of her defeat, bigger, growing by the breath. She was a balloon, a living, breathing, swelling balloon, and Arya was the pump.

She could feel the strain now, the tightness in her skin, the increasing sense of pressure that was becoming more ominous than pleasurable, more alarming than exciting. But she still refused to yield, refused to be the one to pull away. She pushed back against Arya's exhalations with a pure hard-headed determination, but it was like trying to hold back the rising tide. The air kept coming, filling her, stretching her, swelling her to a size she'd never imagined possible. She could feel her bra digging into her back, her panties constricting her hips and her crotch, her entire body aching with the strain. And still Arya kept pumping, her own competitive fervor stoked by her rival's helplessness. The thought of her triumphant grin, of the smug satisfaction on her face as she ordered her pizza from Antonio's, was more than Chandra could bear. She had to win. She had to.

Just one breath, and she'd turn it all around. Make Arya take everything she'd been forcibly filled with. If she could even withstand it all. The competitive fire rekindled to its utmost in the depths of her belly at that thought, even as she was forced to take in another breath, and then another, as her bra and her panties and her very skin began to sound their complaints in echo of the now-shredded outfits scattered about the two combatants. She gathered her strength as she was pumped up again, and then again, as the groaning of her overstretched body increased, waiting for the moment...

Another deluge of breaths, and Chandra felt herself quiver, her skin reluctant to stretch a fraction further, as if she were backed up against a wall. Arya paused for a beat, perhaps out of mercy or concern, perhaps to offer Chandra the opportunity to concede, to surrender, to admit defeat. And in that moment of stillness, that instant of reprieve, Chandra struck. She gathered every last ounce of her will, every scrap of her desperation, and blew with all her might. It was the breath of a champion, of a victor, of a cheerleader proving once and for all that her lungs were the mightiest. Arya's eyes widened in surprise, her body tensing

as Chandra's breath filled her again, her nearly-naked form succumbing once more to the indignity of forced expansion.

But she was not so easily defeated. She hadn't staged such a comeback just to be undone by the same opening she'd exploited to come so far. She braced against the surge with a grunt of effort, bringing the competition to a standstill, and worked her lungs like never before, forcing Chandra's breath back where it came from. Chandra's eyes widened as she was inundated with pressurized air and her body began to creep outward again, Arya's soprano stamina and technique claiming dominance over her cheerleader strength and spirit. But she wouldn't, couldn't, pull away. Even as the pressure inside her built to a near-unbearable intensity, even as her vision began to swim with the sheer force of it, she held on, her lips locked with Arya's, her body a taut, straining, overinflated sphere of flesh and vibrant fabric.

Arya pressed on, her hums turning to a full-throated moan as Chandra met that final wall again, the absolute limit of her elasticity. This time she didn't bounce back, but remained there, quivering on the brink, her skin tight as a drum, creaking in chorus with Arya's exultations and the groaning of the bedsprings. Her whole body throbbed, her mind a swirl of humiliation and exhilaration and a desperate, desperate need to win. To win. To win!

Somehow, she found it in herself to blow back even harder. And so did Arya.

Chandra's heart hammered as air continued to trickle in through her lips, pressing her ever tighter against that final barrier. Every muscle in her overstretched body tensed in an effort to fight back, to reverse the flow. To hold herself together. She was so close. Arya's exhalation was a single, pure note backed by all her training, overpowering her by inches. Just a little more. The pressure within her crested like a wave, the tension hitting a fever pitch as she imagined herself at the center of a packed stadium, the crowd roaring in her ears, ready to cheer on her comeback or revel in her defeat. And herself about to drown out them all. The creaking of her body hit a crescendo, the keening of her overstretched skin rising in pitch as she projected every scrap of her lungpower in her real, final effort to win back control, to reverse the flow, to seize the sweet victory brushing her fingertips. Arya's breath kept on coming, creeping in where there was absolutely no room left for it, but it was slowing, faltering, almost nothing at all. Chandra could hold it. She could win. One last push, and—

A great, percussive *BOOM* shook the foundations of the dorm room as Chandra exploded, and a hurricane of hot, sweet air blasted outwards in all directions, shattering the windows in their frames and rattling the walls. A shower of shredded fabric, the remnants of Chandra's crop top and jeans, her bright

yellow bra and panties, of Arya's own tattered pink blouse and denim skirt, rode the swirling vortex and rained down upon the covers in the confetti of Chandra's spectacular defeat. A single sock, white and low-cut and trimmed in university colors, landed by Arya's head, a memento of its owner's hubris. And at the center of it all, where a moment before there had been a swelling, straining sphere of a cheerleader, there was now only empty air.

Arya stared, her eyes wide, her mouth agape, her ears ringing, at the space where her friend had been. For a moment she could only lie there, panting, her own nearly-naked body heaving from the exertion. And then, a slow, wide grin spread across her face. She had won. She had really, truly won. The choir singer had beaten the cheerleader. The soprano had out-puffed the preppy pom-pom girl. She'd blown Chandra up all the way until she burst. A half-delirious little giggle escaped her lips as she considered it, the absurdity, the exhilaration, the sheer, unadulterated thrill of victory. The room was a wreck, the windows broken, the side table bowled over, fragments of fabric scattered like autumn leaves, but there was one thing that interested her above all else.

She rolled off the bed, her body still buzzing with the adrenaline of the contest and the afterglow of her own inflation, and padded over to the desk. Her phone was still there, knocked over onto its side, but still recording. She picked it up and tapped the screen to stop the recording, her fingers trembling slightly. And then, biting her lip in anticipation, she hit play, watching the whole thing over again, the whole absurd, intimate, exhilarating competition from the first tentative kiss to the final, explosive conclusion. Her heart pounded in her chest as she watched her own body balloon, pumped near to bursting with Chandra's breath, her own clothes tearing and falling away. A blush crept up her cheeks at the turning of tables, the reversal of fortunes, her own steady, measured exhalations. Heat knotted deep in her belly at the sight of Chandra swelling, her clothes ripping, her skin stretching tighter and tighter, her body creaking in protest, refusing to give up, refusing to concede even as she was pushed to her absolute limit. And then, the final, glorious moment, the culmination of their contest, Chandra's body quivering on the brink before erupting in a spectacular blast of air and pulverized fabric. A shiver ran through her, a thrill of power and pleasure and pride.

She saved the video, giggling again to herself as she titled it "Mythblowers - Episode 1: Choir vs. Cheer," and sent it to her cloud storage for safekeeping. Then she opened her contacts and scrolled through the list.

She was starving, and she knew just the place.