

## The blindfolded balloon

*Yep this is my first story going up on swell tales, a second person inflation story trying to use as little visual cues as possible to win a bet. my main goal was to try and nail down the feeling of horniness from inflation that I got from other writers. Depending on how things go I may or may not upload more stories and then start including actual named characters/ plotline, and please do critique this. I'm still experimenting on what makes inflation ... hot.*

You wake up, bound in your soft bed, with ropes and cuffs pinning your arms and legs to each corner, your hear thumps with nervousness as you open your eyes but you can only see the darkness as a soft velvet blindfold prevents you from seeing anything, you hear your bedroom door open as the thud of footsteps enter the room, with the muffled rumbling sound, like a heavy metal object being dragged on your bedroom carpet. you feel the body heat as you feel a warm arm snake across your chest. Your muscles tense as you instinctively guard yourself against the unknown, then relax as you hear a familiar voice from your partner whisper in your ear "relax my dear, you trusted me with your inflation kink, so I will make you the biggest balloon ever". the arms retreated away as you can hear your partner fiddling with the object. You hear a brief pneumatic hiss, then the squeaking sound of what you can only guess as a valve being screwed on, the warm welcoming presence returns as your partner lays on you, nuzzling their face on your exposed stomach as jolts of ticklish pleasure streak from your stomach. you writhe as you feel a long soft rubber hose lays on you, as if searching for which place to insert itself to deliver its gaseous gifts

"Open your mouth babe, "

you oblige her command, opening it as wide as you can as you feel the rubbery hose snake down your mouth. The whimper in your throat cut short as your lips sealed the tube tight.

"Someone is an eager balloon, oh don't worry, you will inflate soon, but first..."

Her voice trailed off as you feel her hands press against your soft waist, her strong arms exploring your body effortlessly as if casually kneading dough. Her fingers tease and massage up and down, sending waves of ticklish and pleasurable sensations resonating throughout your body, you gasp, inhaling instinctively under the pleasure. You hear the metallic squeak of a valve. Your lover capitalizing on your inhale to send a surge of gas into you. You squeak out another pathetic whimper, only to be forced to swallow it down your throat along several gallons of gas. Even with your eyes being blindfolded, you can still feel you belly ballooning. A warm pleasure blossoming as you feel the gas exploring your soft body from within. The sharp hiss of the tank piercing though the air as your skin stretched to accommodate the burgeoning gas.

"Hehe that was just a little snack for you..." her voice trails off as you feel the pressure halt, the piercing hiss ceasing. Her fingers fondle your bloated belly, caressing and squeezing it as if

playing with an underinflated balloon. You instinctively try to tuck in your tummy, to squirm away from the ominous, teasing pleasure, but no matter how much you try, your bulging belly is too big, too vulnerable of a target as her light teasing turn to persistent tickles, while you squeal and squirm under the relentless pleasure, your resistance buckling as you plead under her.

“My, my, does my balloon gal want a break?” her voice whispered close to your left ear as you shudder, her hands calming down as you feel a wave of goosebumps roll through you as you feel her lie on you, her warm, ample bosom squishing on yours like a warm hug, while her tummy squishes your belly down, the pressure squashing it down as you feel your boobs, butt, and thighs swell to accommodate the displaced gasses.

“Too bad for you, I’m just getting started, and you are going to be my air mattress before you get to be my blimp”. You hear the hiss of the air tank roar up again, and you feel your skin starting to stretch. The gas within you swelling you out evenly as you feel your boobs and belly spread against your lover’s, your sensitive skin stretching and swelling and rubbing against her as you feel the pressure within you rolling gently within, as if massaging you from the inside out as you feel more of your body start to envelop hers.

“Remember the times when you blew up a giant balloon up against your shirt?” her words pierced through the pleasure haze as your mind flashed to the numerous times you felt the rubber globe swell under your shirt. With each breath, you remember the rubber massaging you as it inflated bigger and bigger, the addictive pressure magnified the pleasure as you brought the shiny rubber globe closer and closer to its limits, its solid body squealing with pressure as it pushed harder against you, the tension stretching your shirt to its ripping point.

“mmmhgh, now you are the balloon underneath me, and it feels soo... good” her arms cuddled and squeezed your gargantuan belly. Judging by how wide her arms had to straddle your sensitive, inflated tummy, you estimated it was swelling bigger than a yoga ball. Your boobs squish and flatten out against your lover’s, like a pair of helium balloons being blown up against a part of soft pillows.

You feel your skin soften and thinning against the building pressure, each inch you grow bigger brings more mind-numbing pleasure ricocheting within your hollow body, but as the pleasure grows within you, you notice a new sensation, a feeling of... lightness, the restraints that pinned you to the bed are now pulling you down as you feel your body pull skyward tummy first.

“ohh, my good balloon girl is floating now...” her nails gently scratch your gossamer thin skin, tracing a line down from your bloated navel down to your swollen labia. The teasing sensation was too much for you to bear as you burst out whimpering. Your mind racing as it was getting stuffed with pleasure.

You feel the downward pressure ease as she gets off you, the divots on your body let by her smoothing out immediately as your internal pressure spreads out as much as your body can hold. With a yelp you find yourself rocketing into the air belly first, only to be jolted back by the restraints on

your wrist and ankles, bouncing up and down in the air as your buoyant body finally settled on its new equilibrium ....

“There we go, just a little more helium in you, and you will be my new balloon, those restraints do look a bit tight on you though...”

With her words you notice an uncomfortable tightness emanating from your restraints. Your swelling arms and leg bulging around the cuffs, squeaking with every movement as they sink underneath your tightening skin.

You feel her hands pressing down on your ankles, and with a small \*pop\*, you hear the cuffs thump back to the bed. Freed from your restraints, you feel yourself rise and bounce against the ceiling with a hollow “thump”. Your skin squeaking with tension and pressure as you feel yourself wobble. You grunt and whimper, the pressure packing any available space within you as the pleasure becomes overwhelming. Your skin inched further as it approached its limit, trying desperately to contain the helium surging and rioting within you.

“just a little bit more, you can handle that can’t you? her voice teased you from below, although you can barely hear it over your involuntary yelps and moans leaking out of your mouth, You feel so swollen, so tight, that despite your body’s heroic effort, you hear small streams of helium leaks out of you nipples and pussy like the whistles off a boiling kettle. The pleasure swelling within you with each shallow breath you take. Your other senses going haywire with pleasure as your eyes darted behind the tight blindfold, panicking, and bracing for your inevitable conclusion. With each shallow inhale you feel your tight skin creaking as it struggles to hold in each breath, the ebb and flow of pressure teasing you from the inside out, pulsing you ever closer to the edge of an explosive orgasm as your mind slowly loses its fight against the pleasure. The hiss of the hose relentlessly feeding you more and more helium like a pump having its way with a helpless tight balloon about to pop.

“Gosh you are so full now...” you hear the hiss of the air tank die down, then sounds of a chain clinking below as you feel a force pull you down neck first.

“Such a nice balloon should be kept on a good leash now...” her voice whispers right in front of your bloated face. Your body tensing as you feel your collar being playfully tugged by her hands as she hugs and cuddles with your gravid, round form. Her strong body squeezing and playing with your wide, tight circumference. Her hands caress your swollen thighs, playing with your divots of arms and legs, then circle inwards to grope your flattened, full breasts and butt as you feel her head dig into your tight belly, nuzzling and purring against the tight thin skin, setting delightful fires of sensation burning in the wake of her touch. In desperation you try your best to hold back the tide, loud moans escaping your swollen lips as you feel your mind cornered by the pleasure like a helpless prey. You try to squirm away, but only managed to wobble like a balloon in a light breeze as her fingers flick your leaking nipples, sending spearpoints of pleasure straight onto your most vulnerable parts as you cry out incoherently.

“N—Nwo please, I... I can't take much more!!”

Your bloated lips muffled out as she continued play with you, building you to the edge of an orgasm as your hips buck and jiggle. Just as you were sure you couldn't hold it in anymore, you feel the sensations stop, your skin aching with overstimulation as you gasp to catch your breath. Your body pulsing with each inhale and exhale. The silence dragging on as you hover there, floating right on the edge. Her voice finally breaking the calm as she teases you one more time.

“You can handle one more puff, right? that little itsy bitsy bit of air shouldn't be too much for a big strong greedy balloon like you?”

Before you can reply you feel her lips embrace yours, the moment frozen in time as you share this intimate kiss. Then you hear it, her mouth inhaling a monstrous breath as you feel her stomach pressing against yours, you brace the best you can, but it was futile as her mouth blows into you. That straining puff finally sending you over the edge as the overwhelming pleasure finally bursts the dam of your meager resistance. Your crotch drenched as the orgasm surging you bigger with each pulse. Your body engorging to its absolute limit as you cry out. your mind breaks and shatters underneath the absolute pleasure of overwhelming pressure.....