

SLAM

The door to Shannon's room flew open, rebounding against the wall with a loud report. She started, phone slipping through her fingers, and looked up from where she lounged on her bed. She was tall and slender, hair long and blonde, wearing a snug blue crop top with fashionably ripped jeans clinging to her hips and tight white socks on her feet.

"Don't you ever knock?" she said, staring at the girl standing in the doorway, shorter and dark-haired and grinning like an idiot.

"I've got something to show you!" Kelsey said and stepped forward into the room. Shannon started again as if she'd touched a hot stove, flipping her phone over so it lay face-down on her covers.

"...who you texting?" Kelsey said.

"Doesn't matter," Shannon replied shortly, and quickly circled the topic back around. "I suppose you're going to say this thing really truly works for real this time, huh?"

She always did. Kelsey didn't fit the typical stereotype of an occult nerd, but was no less stalwart in her beliefs for it. She'd claim credit for every storm, every stroke of good fortune or bad, every falling leaf if you let her. Kelsey loved to assert that the sort of people you usually thought of—images of tattoos and tarot cards, skulls and long dresses came to mind—were nothing more than posers. Shannon, in return, loved to assert that Kelsey was an embarrassment of a roommate and that half a dozen bracelets and way too much eyeliner did not, in fact, constitute fashion.

"How did you know?" Kelsey said, smiling and sliding onto the foot of Shannon's bed where she sat crosslegged. She shook out her hair—a habit of hers, making sure her bangs fell coyly over one eye—and then pulled out a limp white balloon. Shannon pushed herself up to a sitting position, all the better to fix Kelsey with a questioning glare, which she of course ignored.

"Give me this," Kelsey said, and leaned in to yank a single hair from Shannon's head.

"Hey!" Shannon cried at the pinprick pain, but didn't say more. Sometimes the only way to dissuade the stubborn girl, she'd learned, was to simply go with the flow and steer her gently away rather than trying to swim against the current. Rolling her eyes, she watched Kelsey thread the hair carefully down the neck of the balloon. And then—she blinked and squinted—blots of bright blue appeared on its surface, spreading out until there was no trace of the old dingy white left.

"What *is* that?" she said, as Kelsey raised it up to her face.

"It's you!" Kelsey replied happily, and put it to her lips and blew.

The balloon rounded out and then swelled reluctantly, almost imperceptibly, despite the full lungful of air Kelsey heaved into it. And as it did, Shannon felt a rushing sensation in her chest, a deep-seated swirling that pushed into her breasts and seemed to fill them out. She gasped and looked down at herself, eyes going wide. That odd sensation hadn't been a mere feeling; her normally A-cup breasts—very cute and compact and well-shaped, that you very much—were now swollen at least another couple cup sizes.

"What are you... *how?*"

Kelsey grinned. "Magic, duh. I just give you a little blow—" she demonstrated, filling the balloon to the size of a clenched fist while Shannon experienced another surge of growth, digging her bra strap into her back and lifting the hem of her top so that it hung barely clear of her ribcage. "—And tadaa!"

Another time and Shannon might have fallen back on her specialty of pointed, incredulous stares, but at the moment she found it hard to keep her eyes away from herself. Her breasts were cartoonishly large and impossibly perky now, defying any categorization she could come up with. Her nipples felt ready to pop outward within their fabric prisons, but from the pressure or something else entirely she wasn't quite sure.

"That feels kind of—"

"—good, doesn't it?" Kelsey nodded and gave the balloon another lungful, and then another. Shannon's breasts bulged like overripe cantaloupes, stretching the fabric of her top with a chorus of snapping threads that culminated in a loud rip as it tore right down the middle, exposing a lacy bra exactly the color of the balloon and pushed to its limit by her swollen chest.

"Wow," Kelsey said breathily, then squinted at the sight of Shannon's lingerie. "Huh, you got someone special tonight? I thought you were high and dry these days."

"You know," Shannon said, heat rising in her cheeks as Kelsey took a deep breath. "That's not really—wait, don't!"

Shannon's breasts echoed the stretching sound of the filling balloon as they swelled to basketball size, billowing out around the edges of her bra until the clasp failed with a soft snap. It shot off and hit Kelsey right across the face. Blushing furiously, Shannon clapped her hands over herself, biting her lip at the unexpected edge of sensitivity in her swollen assets. She stared at Kelsey, breathing heavily, an unmistakable tightness to her breasts despite their

newfound freedom.

"Whoops," Kelsey said, peeling off the impromptu blindfold. "I meant to give you uhh..."

She trailed off her explanation in favor of simply blowing into the balloon again. This time, Shannon felt a sudden surging in her seat, air rushing into her buttocks and thickening her upper thighs. Her legs splayed from the force of it and she rose where she sat, gaining an inch of height over her roommate.

"Stop that!" she cried, and tried to get her legs beneath her to dissuade the dark-haired girl by force if need be.

"Oh." Kelsey considered her for a second. "Why?"

She gave the balloon another blow and Shannon's belt became unbearably tight, the rips in her jeans gaping open and flaring out at the corners like runs in a pair of tights. The next breath came with a soft snap and a strained gasp as Shannon's belt buckle tore through to the next notch. Shannon leaned in and swatted clumsily at the balloon hanging from Kelsey's mouth, but found her effort impeded almost comically by her own twin balloons.

"I think that's enough," she said, panting.

"Do you?" Kelsey replied with a sudden flatness to her voice like the cracking of ice on a frozen lake. She fixed Shannon with a piercing gaze and took a deep, purposeful breath. Shannon lurched forward again, more determined, and Kelsey responded by giving the balloon a flick with one finger. With that, Shannon found her momentum suddenly reversed, sending her sprawling back over her covers.

Kelsey slid back, standing up at the foot of the bed, and blew hard. Spiderweb tears sliced through Shannon's distressed denim and the vicegrip tightened around her hips until her belt finally burst off of her, buckle ricocheting off the ceiling. Her fly tore open with the loss of that constraint and the fabric of her jeans peeled off her thighs, exposing her tight blue panties, lacy and low-cut to match her bra and buoyed up by her massive ass to point directly at Kelsey's face. Shannon tried to rise but managed only to prop herself up on her elbows, nearly naked with her fantastically exaggerated hourglass figure, as Kelsey giggled down at her.

"What are you doing?" Shannon spat.

"We're making you a more complete woman," Kelsey said, bubblyness returning to her bearing in a way that somehow seemed more threatening than its unexpected absence. "David's an ass man, after all."

"...David?" the name sent a sixteen-ton weight dropping into her slender

belly. Had she really—

"Yup," Kelsey said. "Or was. We had a lot of fun today." She grinned and fished a pair of panties from her pocket, small and pink-and-white striped with a tiny bow on the waistband.

"Hey, those are—" Shannon stopped herself suddenly, face flushing crimson, heart hammering within her massive chest.

"Yeah. Funny thing to find under your boyfriend's bed, isn't it?" Kelsey's broad smile didn't quite reach her eyes. "You really thought you were sneaky, huh? Is this the point where I say you're just a little too full of yourself?"

Shannon had no response, and Kelsey gave her no time for one. She put the balloon to her lips and blew again, sending the rushing gale into Shannon's belly, swirling into being at a point just below her navel. Through the narrow crevice between her balloon breasts Shannon could see her slender midriff curving out, rising with the motion of a single, uninterrupted breath. Not that she needed that view to know exactly what was going on; she could feel every bit of growth as her stomach began to stretch, hear herself crooning a creaking duet with the steadily-growing balloon. Swiftly she swelled, widening and plumping and progressing in appearance from curvy to gravid to unmistakably pumped up, her stomach soaring upward until it was just as tight, just as taut and round as her ass and her tits. And it didn't stop there.

Kelsey poured another breath into the balloon, and then another, and Shannon was well past the point of being able to do anything about it. She could only lay back helplessly, feel the expanding force within her roll out to every nook and cranny of her body. It trickled out into her arms, seeped from her thighs to her calves, tore the remnants of her jeans into denim fishnets. Her entire body pulsed and throbbed with each exhalation now, everywhere the sensation of slippery air flowing beneath tight-stretched skin, pushing out farther than she'd ever dared imagine. It even welled up into her cheeks, puffing them out in search of an escape she couldn't grant; as much as she groaned and moaned and gasped, an invisible barrier seemed to stretch over her mouth, keeping the reservoir of air securely inside her. She filled as the balloon did, no more, and certainly no less.

A particular tightness began to bite into her hips, and though she was far too swollen and immobile to see over herself, she knew exactly what was happening. Kelsey slowed her exhalations, pushing in just a little here, a little there. There was a crescendo of snapping threads and her overstretched panties finally ripped off her straining body, inviting the touch of cool air against her. Kelsey applauded and Shannon's cheeks burned. There was no hiding the results; she was forced

spread-eagle by the pressure now, too tight to even bring her thighs together.

"There we go," Kelsey said brightly, and lowered the balloon, now a taut blue orb. Pinching the neck between two fingers, she drummed absentmindedly on the surface. Shannon squirmed at the sympathetic vibrations echoing through her, and Kelsey perked up, eyes glinting. "You would be enjoying this, wouldn't you?" she said. "You're absolutely shameless, you know that?"

Shannon floundered in place, trying and failing to muster her balloon body into doing something useful. "Don't—Ooh!"

Kelsey slid a finger deliberately over the surface of the balloon. A wave of localized pressure rolled over Shannon's skin, catching and sliding as it went. It tickled madly, as if her nerves were multiplied in density by the same factor she'd stretched. Even as it traveled over her stomach the giant invisible finger caused her to bite her lip, kindled a little flame deep between her legs. But that was just the beginning. Kelsey pressed harder, circling the balloon with her touch, making Shannon buck and squirm. A gentle dusting of her fingertip and Shannon bit back a moan, spearpoint nipples trusting skyward, inflamed by the tickling phantom touch. Kelsey drew another line over the balloon and the incorporeal massage visited the inside of Shannon's thighs, stoking the nascent flame and forcing a gasp from her mouth. She panted, dizzy with sensation, as Kelsey raised the balloon...

"OHH!" She screamed at the new gush of air, hot and slick and powerful, as if an invisible giantess had planted her lips securely between her legs and was blowing with all her might. There was no concealing the perverse thrill of it, of the forced injection that drove all from her mind but the rush, the rapture, the feeling of her body stretching and groaning and falling behind in the race to contain it all. She moaned loudly and Kelsey blew her up again, redoubling the feeling and stuffing it back inside her. Again and again she swelled, creeping ever more slowly outward, skin straining ever louder, hurtling toward the twin climaxes of her involuntary exhibition. Kelsey gave her one last full breath and then teased her with a trickle, pulling back just enough to keep her from going over the edge she was so precariously perched on.

"Not even finished yet," Kelsey said, shaking her head and walking around the side of the bed to loom over her gasping, shuddering roommate. She gave the now ominously pear-shaped balloon a stroke that forced a cry out of Shannon and threatened to instantly put lie to her tease. "You're such a hard girl to satisfy. You always want just a little too much, don't you?"

Shannon watched her raise the balloon to her lips in slow motion, panic cutting through the haze of dizzy glee. "Wait!" she squealed, "I'm sorry! Don't

make me..."

"Make you what?" Kelsey said innocently.

"Don't make me..." The word stuck her her throat. "...burst!"

"Burst?" Kelsey replied with a shocked tone, as if she'd only just considered the possibility. She smiled and dug her fingernails into the tight-stretched latex. Sharp ridges of pressure distorted Shannon's inflated body and she gasped in panic, the sudden spike of novel sensation nearly setting her off.

"Do you really think I'd do such a thing?"

Shannon made no response but to whimper pitifully, feeling every minuscule tremor of the girl's hand.

"Well I won't," she said finally, releasing her claw grip and lowering the balloon. Relief rolled through Shannon like a tidal wave. "I know when I've gone far enough."

"But *you*, on the other hand..."

She bent down and pushed the neck of the balloon between Shannon's lips. The open end slid right through and then stuck as if superglued. Shannon tried to open her mouth to release it and found that her lips were now bound together, leaving only one path for any exhalation. Cheeks still bulging with internal pressure, she knew now that there was nothing stopping her from letting it all flow disastrously free. She shook her head, putting muffled voice to her dissent with a strained "Hmm-mmnn!"

"Aw," Kelsey said. "But you were having so much fun!" She stalked back around the bed and leaned in over Shannon's spherical belly. "Now what was that thing you always said you loved?"

She leaned in further, close enough for Shannon to feel her breath playing across her spectacularly sensitive skin. Shannon's eyes widened, blushing and squirming at the barest suggestion of contact. Kelsey grinned.

"Ah, right." She planted her soft lips at the apex of Shannon's bloated body and blew a loud raspberry against her creaking frame.

Wild laughter built in Shannon's cheeks. She thrashed, trembled, and gave a tiny squeak.

That miniscule puff of air rebounded as a rush between her legs that may as well have been a firehose plugged into her for all the effect it had. Her eyes rolled back as it slid into her, her toes clenched, her thighs quivered, and she moaned loudly in response. That new exultation erupted as a torrent between her legs, slippery and sublime, and shook free the last of her control. She no longer

teetered on the edge of anything but plunged headlong into the storm of pressure, of pleasure, of shameful burning ecstasy.

Towers of sensation, so carefully crafted, crashed down around her and she came harder than she thought possible, pouring ever-louder and shriller shrieks and moans into the balloon linked so intimately with her own body. The pressure she'd tenuously corralled inside herself broke free, rushing out into the balloon and then gushing back in a hundredfold between her legs, multiplying itself in a feedback loop that was impossible to stop, impossible to withstand. With every throb of orgasmic elation her body pulled thinner, tighter, against a mass of air that reduced all else to a thin skin around it. The balloon went transparent before her eyes, and through it she could see Kelsey watching awestruck, covering her ears but not ducking, waiting for the moment when she...

When she...

A sharp crack and a rolling boom sounded together as the balloon, and Shannon, finally exploded.

"Fuck," Kelsey whispered, picking herself off the floor in the aftermath and stepping through the wreckage. Furniture upturned, papers torn and still flying about, scraps of various colors swirling in the eddies. Here and there was a bit she recognized; a tuft of ripped-up denim, a shred of bright blue lace. She climbed onto the bed and stretched out on the torn-up covers, picking up a scrap of smooth blue fabric and turning it between her fingers. For a long moment she simply lay back, chewing her lip and looking around at the churning evidence of what had occurred. Eventually she pulled another balloon from her pocket, fiddled with it for a second, smiled as it went bright yellow. Then she raised it to her mouth, slipping a hand beneath her beltline as she began to blow.