

Friday... that last hour of work on a Friday man. I wouldn't fully blame my boss if he just deducted this hour from my paycheck. No real work was ever accomplished in this period of time. If there was something that needed to be done by today, it was already done. Any other outstanding task could be accomplished next week.

'90s movies would have you believe everyone in the world hates office jobs. Me? I didn't mind a position that's always in the same place, at the same time, complete with my own little space. I'd lined my cubicle with a few movie posters, a decent power strip on the left wall, some photos of my family on the right, and a small mirror next to my computer monitor to see whoever was behind me. At the moment, there was nobody, and most people work remote on Friday anyways...

I smirked, figuring there was no reason I couldn't spend the hour of 4:00 to 5:00 indulging in my impossible fantasies. With a few clicks, a couple refreshes and a quick password, I connected to my phone's hotspot on my personal laptop. The IT guys like to get nosy with all our history, so I ought to keep all connections personal.

****bodyinflation.org****

I punched that into the address bar. With one last glance at the mirror to ensure none of the roughly 4 people in the office were popping into my cubicle, I hit enter.

Yeah, I have an inflation fetish. Might also have a popping one too. Sure it's unrealistic, and admitting I liked the idea of girls exploding forever, or being exploded forever myself, would make some people think I ought to be institutionalized. But they won't know! And what they don't know, can't hurt them.

Plus, it's not like I'd **actually** pop someone if given the chance...

I bounced between whether I wanted to read a story first or browse some images. A story might be less obvious if someone were to see my screen... but I did just spend the afternoon pouring over those new terms and conditions, so I didn't feel like any more words at the moment.

Oh what a mistake that was.

I licked my lips at the depiction of the shiny, ballooned babe on my screen.

It was a goth character, donning a black hoodie that rode up to expose her ballooned belly. She was breaking the fourth wall, winking directly at the audience. I looked for a moment before clicking "next."

Just what I'd hoped, a popping sequence. In the next panel, the goth girl was crossing her eyes in orgasmic bliss as her belly blew apart into flesh colored scraps. Of course, if this were real, it'd be a grizzly scene, it would disgust me. But this one's not real, just a drawing depicting a niche little fetish. One that no one would ever need to know I have...

Oh, did I mention it was my birthday?

“SURPRIIIIIIIIIIISE!”

I hadn't been looking into my mirror. I didn't get all the details, but from what I could ascertain, my boss and my work friends had put together plans for a surprise birthday party that would've likely been celebrated for the last hour of work for the day. Complete with cake, pizza, and dropping into my cubicle unannounced by pulling down the back wall.

All the while, a 4K Ultra HD Lenovo monitor depicted my deepest, darkest secret for everyone to see.

You ever heard of fight or flight instincts? Well, there's an oft forgotten third option known as "Freeze." Take a wild guess at which one I went to.

"What the fuck is that?" I heard my work crush say. I couldn't look back. My eyes were wide, my heart racing. My face hot. My heart *racing*. My head pounding. My HEART fucking RACING before-

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The sun was rising. I was standing. My body was suddenly calmer. The fear was still there, but oddly, none of the big symptoms of it. Soon enough, the fear melted away to confusion as I stared out at a gentle sunrise that was peaking over a distant mountain. 'Wait, what is this?' I asked myself.

I looked to the left. The lushest, greenest forest I've ever seen. A soft floor of fuzzy, brightly colored moss was crawling out from beneath trees, thicker with leaves than most heads of hair. I look to the right. A robust, homely looking village about a mile away, sounds of a bustling town life emanating all the way to me. I could see shapes of people moving from here to there across some sort of brick path.

...what the fuck?

I mean, this place is nice, but it's not my cushy high-rise office job in Downtown LA where I'm supposed to be. Was that one of those workplace embarrassment nightmares?

Was I going camping or something? I looked down. I'm still wearing my denim jeans and jet-black t-shirt. These were what I wore to work, casual Friday being pretty much every day. There was also no tent around. So... probably not camping.

Well... When you have eliminated all which is impossible, then whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.

Everything was looking pretty damn impossible in this moment except for two things. Either I somehow passed out, perhaps hitting my head or dropping in shock, and this is some sort of dream. Or, what was looking to be the more likely answer, my lifelong heart issues caught up to me in a time of extreme stress. I died.

“Shit.” I stamped my foot. I was like, two weeks away from a promotion.
“Daaaaaaaaaammit. Fuuuuuuuuuuuuck!”

I cursed to myself and threw some shadow punches at nothing in particular to get my anger out. After about two minutes, or maybe twenty, I huffed and crossed my arms like a petulant child. I grit my teeth and growled before deciding I may as well hobble over to that town and see what the hell is up with this whole afterlife deal.

And thus, I began my

****INFLATABLE ISEKAI****

My name is Alex Shields. My parents are decently well off bankers from Oregon. I moved to LA for college and graduated with a degree in sales with solid grades. I got decent job and a roommate that paid the rent. I went to the gym a normal amount and ate healthy every day, with a few milkshakes and French Fries with my friends every once in a blue moon.

I ruminated on these things as I crossed the soft grass, the soil below it like a firm pillow. I couldn't focus on the natural world right then however. I was too busy being cross with myself. All that, my health, my job, my social life. All gone, because of my STUPID, UNREALISTIC, DISTURBING inflation/popping fetish, that I could NEVER INDULGE IN FOR REAL-

As soon as I arrived in town, I saw gray skinned elf in a white tunic walking out of a small, medieval hotel with what I later learned was a succubus on his shoulder. The succubus also had light gray skin, though it was more of a cloudy shade than an ashy one. She sported a long tail, a lacy, black outfit and the biggest, bounciest boobs I've ever seen, all atop a balloon shaped belly.

They didn't see my mouth drop, but I must've looked ridiculous. At least, by their standards. As the sun rose, what sounded like church bells rang out and a town that did not seem very Christian soon fully awoke. A pitter patter of footsteps across the new-ish looking cobblestones gently grew. People of (no exaggeration) all shapes and sizes emerged from all the sturdy, wooden homes and inns that lined the square. A fantastical, half bull half man creature I identified as a Minotaur walked past me and casually took a seat at a merchant stand that seemed to be selling baked goods. I watched him as he unfurled a roll of parchment that I presumed to be some sort of medieval/fantasy newspaper or magazine and started reading.

There were humans here too, but not all of them looked “normal” to me.

Between the colorful skin tones, I spotted a brunette woman with a slim upper body covered by a normal, brown tunic, walking around with thighs thicker than two tree trunks and an ass with two cheeks bigger than yoga balls. Each leg squeaked with every step, though she somehow found a pair of brown pants that covered every inch of her comically large lower half.

That wasn't all. There were elves, busty and flat chested alike, pale skinned drows, blue scaled lamias, and plenty of fantasy peoples that I couldn't even identify.

And yes, every so often, an inflated belly. People filled up like balloons here. How, I wasn't quite sure, but they had to be getting air from somewhere.

Yeah, I had a huge boner, but I was also scared and confused! I took a hesitant step forward, then another, and soon I was just another face in the crowd.

The difference between me and everyone else was that I had nowhere to go. I was jostled and lightly shoved a few times. Once by a furry werewolf guy (or just a wolf guy?), once by a muscular orc-looking brute. At one point, a brown haired, round faced woman with cow ears, horns and a tail crashed her two massive milk trucks straight into my own chest. I heard a squirting sound come from down below, and when I looked, both of our chests were dripping wet. "Oh, I'm so sorry! I'm in such a hurry!" She said, before pushing past me, changing my life before she was never to be seen again.

I escaped the crowd by ducking into a small alleyway. I couldn't help but squeeze a bit of the milk out of my shirt into my finger and have a little taste. The droplet exploded in my mouth with a flavor that was somewhere between a cheesecake and a Cadbury Egg. "Damn..." I muttered. "...do they sell this anywhere?"

"Oye!" I lowered my head to the sound of a gravelly, male voice. A green guy standing just above my knee that I could only assume to be a goblin in a tunic was holding a knife pointed in my general direction. His bald head shined under the sun, and he seemed a great deal more muscley and square jawed than the average goblin. I might even say he was... sort of handsome. Not that I was attracted to the weird, hunched over creature at all, but by goblin standards he appeared to be a smokeshow. What was up with that? "Gimme your gold!" He said, still a goblin to the core. Though with that second line, it sounded more like he was putting on a character with the voice, as though he were trying to disguise his real speech pattern.

Right, nothing good ever happens in an alleyway in fantasy. Or in storytelling in general. I looked back to the way I came in. It was just a few feet to return to the crowd... "Uh, no." I said, simply walking away, ignoring the goblin shouting "Hey! Come back here!"

There had to be a more peaceful place to find my bearings in this city. Perhaps a library? Where I could read up on the sciences of this universe and perhaps figure out what happened to me? The buildings weren't as tall as they were in my home city, but they sure seemed more imposing. Perhaps it was the width, or the architectural prowess put into them. Every structure, whether of wood or marble, was distinct from the rest, yet put them all together and they felt distinctly coherent. The places with large pillars felt right at home next to the ones with wooden overhangs. Perhaps it was the slightly dark brown color scheme that they all bore. There wasn't a ton of contrast, but plenty of beauty all the same. Nothing, however, indicated to me where a library was or what it might look like. I needed help.

I scanned for a face that looked like it enjoyed a good book, eventually landing on

the first person with a pair of glasses. Did they have glasses in medieval times? Whatever, it's fantasy.

The girl was hovering around a stone pillar at the base of a tall building that sort of resembled a courthouse you'd see in a big city with some fascist-like inscriptions. In fact, the inscription in a very foreign language that sat above the wooden doors of the building may well have been something wildly authoritarian. The young woman appeared to be staring at those doors. A few people marched in and out of them with a sense of purpose, no one just strolled in. Everyone had a reason to be there. This was made all the more clear by the thirty or so steps that brought everyone up to the door. The girl only watched in mild amusement however. From my position, I could see she had a round face with a head of hair that was somewhere between silver and gray, with a bit of shine, like the solid metal of a generic automobile. As I got closer, I could see her hair was a similar shade to the frame of her square glasses.

I haven't yet mentioned anything about her body because I wasn't sure when it would be appropriate to talk about the elephant in the room, but fuckit, let's just rip the bandage off. She had huge breasts. You know, bigger than my head, probably about the size of a standard medicine ball. They weren't exposed however, but wrapped up in a purple robe that did nothing to highlight them but didn't exactly hide their existence either. The robe gave her a scholarly appearance, with its uniform buckles and hood hanging off the back. I wondered if it was some sort of school uniform. Her shoulders and breasts seemed to be the only parts that the robe held tightly, so I couldn't get a good idea of what her body might look like besides them. She seemed to be human like myself. No pointed ears, a slightly pale complexion that matched the average office worker's, fine posture.

So yeah, sure, she was beautiful, and I entertained ideas as to what she might look like under there. But I've talked to beautiful girls before. I wasn't some fuckin' loser. Just gotta go right up to them and say "hello" like any other human being.

"Excuse me." I had said to get her attention. She turned to me, and her expression grew ten times more curious and inquisitive than it had been when she was just idling. Her brown eyes were like a friendly dog's when they meet a new person. Wide, and perhaps a bit excited. I seem to have snapped her out of a bored trance.

"Hello! Can I help you?" That voice. It was the kind of genuine, lilting tone that made me replay it in my head. I guess I'm an auditory guy. The more I tend to listen to a beautiful voice, the more I fall in love with the speaker. It was on the deeper side of a feminine inflection, didn't scratch at your ear drums but merely slid across them like a drop of water.

"Uh, em, I..." Damn, it's always the voice that disables me, never the face.

"Your garbs are unfamiliar, but your face isn't... have we met?" Her next sentence was long enough for me to get my bearings.

"Oh, no, no I don't believe so. Unless you've been around the financial districts of the west coast. I was just, uh looking for a..." What was I looking for again? "...A

library."

"A library?" She asked, a bit confused. Like I'd said something stupid. "You're looking for a library?"

Oh, I definitely said something stupid. "Uh... yes?"

She glanced back at the building behind her and chuckled an amused little laugh, without a hint of condescension. "Well congratulations Sir, you've reached your destination."

"Ohhhhhh... this place?" I smiled and laughed, pointing up the stairs.

She squinted a bit, still beaming, perhaps suspecting that I may have just wanted an excuse to talk to her. "That's why it says "library" written above the door."

Of course, I could not read the local scripture. They spoke the same as I for whatever reason (plot convenience perhaps) but the English alphabet was now just a memory (this could also very well be plot convenience).

"I happen to work here, just started yesterday. But don't worry, I've gotten loads of training in. Is there anything I can help you with once I've checked in?" She smiled and locked her fingers together, revealing a bit of her slender arms to me as her sleeves slid back. So she's a librarian. That explains the scholarly look.

"As a matter of fact..." I began.

The library was even more spectacular on the inside. It seemed that this society had invented the printing press. At least a dozen books for each person in the city, each isle spread so far apart you could drive two cars between them, side by side. I guessed that the width of the isles was in case a particularly massive patron comes through. The rows of books were all of different colors, but somehow, each shelf looked more like an abstract mosaic than a random assortment of hues.

The librarian, who I learned was named Ebbtide, guided me to the right, past rows of studious Elves and scholarly Tieflings alike, hunched over the sturdiest looking desks I've ever seen. We wound up at the science section, which stretched back further than my eye can even see and likely contained more knowledge and info than is on the entire world wide web. I was gonna need to be more specific if I wanted to get anywhere.

"Sorry, um, do you have any books on, like, parallel worlds?"

"I'm sorry?" Ebbtide raised a confused eyebrow.

"Like, alternate realities." I said with a shrug.

"Oh, sure." She reached into a robe pocket and pulled out what appeared to be a flat rock. She scrolled through it as though it had an iPhone screen however, before tapping it a couple times and speaking. "Alternate realities, sciences section."

I heard a low noise that I could only describe as being slightly similar to a wave crashing inside a cave. I looked down the isle from which it came. There I saw, randomly dotted throughout the shelves, about a dozen lone books glowing a bright blue, with magical sparkles floating around them. It was as though they'd been covered in glowstick juice, with little lighting bugs hovering around each.

"I see." I started. "Very convenient. I assume all the books I'm looking for will be highlighted in blue."

"Indeed." She nodded. "That's how a mana archive works."

"Mana archive... interesting." I turned back to the girl. "I've one more issue." My grin cocked.

"Can I help you with it?" She was grinning like a schoolchild. She wanted little more than to be the best library hostess she could be. It was so obviously her first week on this job.

"I can't read." I said.

Her smile dropped. She was alarmed. Perhaps illiteracy was uncommon in this world.

"Wait... really?" She said so in disbelief obviously, but it wasn't an ordinary incredulity. It was as though I'd just changed her whole reality, the same way mine had been changed. "This isn't some... elaborate fib? You really can't read? What did you say your name was?"

"Um, yeah, not a... fib. I can't read. Least not the way you read. And my name was, and still is, Alex. Alex Shields."

"Good Gods!" She said, a little louder than a librarian ought to speak. She covered her mouth, not just embarrassed, but seemingly a bit scared that someone might've heard her. She glanced around the room to see if anyone was looking, but they were all too wrapped up in whatever text they were pouring over. So she returned to me. "Alex Shields..." Ebbside began. "...may I ask ...how did you die?"

It was my turn to go white. After the requisite exclamations of disbelief, and the repetitions of the question, I gave her the answer. "I... I think I had a heart attack."

With another quick scan of the room, Ebbside turned back to me. "Come." She nodded towards the other end of the library. "What you seek is upstairs."

In an apparent attempt to be discreet, yet hasty, Ebbside had taken me by the arm and pulled me along at a slightly above average pace. As we rose the golden brown stairs made of a thick wood that managed not to creak in the slightest, I sort of distracted myself by watching her massive breasts jiggle. She didn't seem to notice or mind, just looking up towards each flight of stairs.

"You know to speak our language perfectly but not to read it? You wear clothes I've never seen in any shop or on any body? I can't believe it, on my first week as a senior librarian?"

Before I knew it, we'd gone up a dozen flights of stairs, give or take. Probably passed a lot of books on the way, though I wasn't really looking. I mean, with every step, her boobs leaped upwards like a frog, taking her robes with them. So, yeah, not looking.

She stopped me right in front of an unassuming door at the top of the steps, the supposed end of this staircase. She turned to face me. With both hands, she grabbed each side of my face like a pair of headphones and lifted my head to meet her gaze. "What you are about to see is only approved for viewing by senior librarians... and you, if you are who say you are. So are you?"

I stared into her eyes. They were beautiful, perhaps the most beautiful part about her. Soft like a doe's, intelligent like an ape's, determined like a wolf's. It is because I paused to consider her eyes, not her breasts, that I hesitated before saying "I am."

"Swear it."

"Hand over my heart." I said, resting my palm on my chest to feel my rising BPM.

She nodded. Then paused. I half expected her to kiss me. Unfortunately, she let go and turned to push open the door.

She just, pushed open the door. "Shouldn't this secret be under lock and key?"

"It is, just not for me." She said vaguely, leaving me just outside the doorway as she disappeared into the dark room.

I followed, and the room seemed to light up at about the rate my pupils adjusted to the darkness. I shut the door behind me, and it didn't get any darker, despite the lack of a visible light source. Other than the mysterious, gentle glow that bathed the walls, the room was unremarkable. Two wooden stools that looked like they had a few splinters to offer my fingers sat on either side of a similarly rickety table. Ebbtide was hunched over a simple desk, staring into its lone drawer.

"I should probably fetch another librarian but... the briefing is so fresh in my memory." She laughed a little, perhaps trying to ease her nerves. I watched her remove, predictably, a book. A common book, bound in what looked like leather, which I wouldn't give a second glance to on a normal day. I didn't see any text on the spine or face. "Sit, please." She indicated towards the table.

I stepped over and took a seat at the stool opposite of Ebbtide, somehow trusting that it wouldn't poke me with a splinter. Ebbtide sat down herself, opening the book to the first page.

She had to slide the text about halfway across the table just to read the thing over

her massive chest. I'll give you the truncated version of what she and I talked about.

"It is said, that a man without any capacity for inflation, will be the one to save all of our abilities to inflate."

"Wow... Right, so everyone can do that here? Inflate?"

She held my gaze for a pregnant second, perhaps fascinated by what I'd said. She then nodded, turning the page to an illustration that could've come right out of the weird corners of Deviantart. Crude, medieval style drawings of inflated figures, of various colors, little heads with faces that belonged on stick figures, plus tiny nubs for hands, sticking out of each ball. No sense of depth or dimension, even I wouldn't be able to jerk off to it. Still, I stared for a moment. This was just reality here.

"Who means to take your inflation?" I asked.

"We don't know his or her face. Nor any name or race. We only know that someone known as The Great Enslaver will soon reveal themselves. It is your task, to defeat this evil, with the words of this book."

She turned the book around once more and showed me what I could only describe as a bunch of gibberish, at least at the time. At this, I scowled. They were letters that existed in the English alphabet, the first I'd seen in this world, but they spelled out nothing but half legible words that were quite unlike any language I know. "Pfft. Great, I'm a chosen one, and all I've got to save your precious inflation is a bunch of mumbo jumbo."

My eyes scrolled to the top word on the page, which happened to be highlighted in a faint red droplet. "What does "Schoppodiddo" even mean?"

Purple.

The next color I saw was purple, the next noise I heard a gasp, as a royal colored light the size of a glowstick materialized right before me and dropped, seemingly in the direction of Ebbtide's stomach. It disappeared right as she dropped the book on the table in shock. I shook my head in confusion.

"So you can read those words after all." She said, a small smile slowly tugging at the corners of her lips. "It's all true..."

"What was that?" I asked, glancing down to the book, the barely legible text still sitting before me.

"It was a spell, silly." She giggled a little bit, casually resting a hand on her stomach area.

"Oh come the fuck on, don't tell me *that* goofy ass word was an incantation." I shook my head again, incredulously this time.

"I shouldn't have shown you that so quickly... now I've got limited time... and oh, I believe that spell has limited uses too..." her tone had a hint of sensuality to it. Actually, it wasn't a hint, it was just straight up a sexual tone.

"Limited time?" I gave her a side eye. "Why? What was that spell?"

She nodded, still smiling. "If I'm correct, I shall now inflate until I burst."

My heart leaped from one side of my body and back to the other. "Burst? Like... pop?!? You're gonna explode?!"

"Me and perhaps everyone else in this library. Look, it started the moment you spoke." She patted at her belly, which I could now see was finally revealing its form from beneath her robe. She looked pregnant now, but I knew from all the inflation content I consumed back home that there was no baby. I was scared and horny, once again. The fear won out for the moment.

I stood up. "It can't be stopped?!"

She shook her head. "Not this one." She said, setting her hand on mine reassuringly. "But don't look so frightened dear. I know the world you came from is different than ours, but here, bursting is not a bad thing. It is natural. Everyone expects for it to happen."

I just stared in disbelief. Apparently I also looked guilty.

"Neither of us have anything to be ashamed of." She continued, her belly still swelling, and I think her breasts too. "All you have done is opened the floodgates inside of me, which were meant to be opened one day anyhow. The mana that I have been imbued with since the age of eighteen is spreading throughout my whole body, and will soon release itself to spread across the world. Like the seeds of a flower, drifting away." Her words were so soothing, I didn't even notice that I had gone to sit back down. By this point, it was clear that it was a full body inflation deal, as she was looking more like a ball with each passing second.

"Now let me continue with my job before I retire to the scrap bins."

I watched her expand as I listened to her monologue, paying closer attention than I've ever contributed to anything before.

"Turn the book back to the fifth page." She instructed, her burgeoning body sitting in the way of her arms, making it too awkward to reach for the tome herself.

I quickly flip back to find a six silhouetted figures drawings stretching across the two pages. "You will meet five heroic adventurers to help you on your quest."

Oh, good, I'll get a party.

"Most, perhaps all, will have burst by the time you have completed it."

Oh.

"While you must use the time they spend in one piece wisely, each of their spectacular explosions will imbue you with their mana, transforming you, and making you more powerful. But to do that, they must all unlock their full potential, so that they may bestow it upon you. Once you have grown to your own most powerful state, only then, may you be able to defeat The Great Enslaver and go home."

"This is... a lot." I said, staring at the silhouettes, tracing every one of their outlines with my eyesight. I assumed the average-shaped one in the center must be me.

"If you have any questions... I'd ask them now."

I looked up from the book. Ebttide had expanded sideways and upwards. Her head now sat several feet above me, and her arms were reduced to little nubs sticking out each direction. Her robe had ridden up, spreading out like an umbrella and leaving her lower half exposed. Her massive breasts complimented her spherical figure, as they laid flat against her rounded stomach like a couple water balloons, absorbed by her burgeoning body, so she took on a more spherical shape. It soon hit me... my greatest dream was sitting right in front of me. A beautiful woman. Inflating like a balloon. Ready to burst. Why did it feel so weird then?

Well, because it was. And I still had questions.

"Why does the Great Enslaver wanna take your inflation from you?"

"To enslave us of course. With no inflation, there is no release from this life. With no release, there is no escape from enslavement."

"And how will he... or she do this?"

"We do not know."

I shook my head. "Someone's gotta. Because, like, how do you know any of this? How do *I* know any of this? All you have is a book without sources or authors."

"The prophecy will unfold naturally. You will soon see with your own eyes that this is all real. As for me... well, I may have got to know the prophecy, but it's all kept under such tight- nnggh..." She clenched her teeth and moaned a bit at the word "tight." "...security... I don't even know the whole story. Only senior librarians and select royal officials know of these forecasts. Presumably to keep knowledge of it away from the Great Enslaver."

I nodded. I don't why. The answer wasn't particularly satisfactory.

"Is there anything else?" She let out another moan, low, soft and lilting, just like her voice. "Most questions can probably be answered by the book."

"Well... in that case, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Well..." Suddenly, a mischievous expression, one I never saw her wear before, crept over her face. "...if I'm to be the first woman you burst, I think I deserve a little going away present.

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I shot into a standing position faster than before, throwing the table to the side. It tipped over and hit ground with a knock that made her ballooning body rattle and the book clamber.

She was supporting herself atop the stool with the table. With it tossed aside, the beautiful blimp rolled towards me like a flesh colored boulder. I spread my arms, shutting my eyes as her belly approached. It wrapped around me just like a balloon with plenty of give. I held my breath as I buried my face into her rubbery form, squeezing as best I could, my rock hard tent-pole pressing into about where her belly button would have been. She still felt like soft, jiggly flesh for the most part, but she had the texture and friction of rubber, and made a squeaking noise when I rubbed her with each hand. Oh, and she moaned as well. Loudly.

"Ohhh, Shields... it seems you have experienced a balloon before..."

I huffed, my hands pushing upwards against her one at a time. I was searching for the hole in this inflatable, so that I could plug it. I found it when my fingers met its warmth with a wet *schlick* and another loud moan from Ebbside. "Yes... take your balloon chosen one!" She called out.

I obliged. My pants hit the floor with force. Gritting my teeth, I entered her ballooned sex with one quick thrust, lavishing in its airy tightness, like having it wrapped in a vibrating pool float. I could feel her ballooning form pancaking against the opposite wall. Worried that the tiniest speck of wood could penetrate her and blow her up right in my face, I quickly got to thrusting. I pressed the slope that was once her back into the drawer and wall behind her with each stroke. It was unlike any sexual experience I ever had before, down to the sensations at my groin. Her lower lips kissed me every time I moved in, sending a brisk, cooling sensation through my body with each forward bound. Her moans were graceful, yet sounded unrehearsed. I wasn't sure who was enjoying themselves more.

With time, my hands that supported myself against her did not seem to sink in quite as deep. They rose from the depths as her skin became less and less taut. I don't know how I managed to last so long. I didn't feel myself ready to finish until the quivering began. The air, or whatever was filling her, had no other place left to fill. Her belly and breasts were touching the ceiling, her head having disappeared from my sight long ago. What I wouldn't have given to see her face in that moment.

At least, I heard her voice. With one massive moan/sigh, she spoke. "My hero~"

****BAAAANGGGGGGGG****

The sound echoed in my head longer than it echoed in the room. Perhaps it was ebbed on by the sounds of other distant bangs with an echoey quality coming from elsewhere in the library, but to this day, I can still hear that explosion when I shut my eyes.

My poor genitals were too confused from all the new passionate sensations that they'd just experienced, they didn't even know what to do at first. Hard as steel, my rod pointed straight out, looking longer than it ever had before. It was only when one of the many rubbery scraps fluttering from the sky had gently rested upon the shaft did I finally climax. My ropes shot out with such force, it nearly knocked me on my bare ass. A pattering sounded off as my semen mixed with the wooden floors and Ebbside's falling scraps.

I just smiled. The most beautiful girl I'd ever met was gone, and I couldn't be happier.