

Ami stepped out of the bedroom of the beach house, long dark hair falling over her back and a slim purple bikini hugging her hips and chest in all the right ways, accentuating the curves of her toned body. She gave a little spin for the sole occupant of the small living room.

What do you think?"

Looks great!" Chloe said, and scanned Ami over from head to toe before hopping up off the couch where she'd been lounging. "That purple really suits you."

Ami smiled back and looked her friend over in turn. Blonde-haired and blue-eyed, she wore her own skimpy swimsuit the color of a cloudless sky. Ami could hardly keep her eyes off those long, smooth legs, that tight stomach, those breasts curving out a bit more than seemed fair. And the most maddening—and most enticing—part of it all was that Chloe hardly seemed to notice. She was so easygoing and relaxed, so friendly and kind and eager to please. Always quick to hug and cuddle and even plant a peck on a girlfriend's cheek, and totally oblivious what she was doing to a person by using that beautiful, perfect body against theirs. So trusting and innocent, so ripe and ready for someone to take that unbridled affection and sweep her along, to play with her in just the right way.

In short, the perfect mark.

True to form, Chloe stepped forward, her face lighting up. Ami knew what was coming, and wasn't disappointed. Chloe wrapped her arms around her and squeezed, and Ami felt her scantily-covered curves press against her own, their bodies tight against each other, warm and soft and slender. A wonderful little teaser of what delights she had left to offer.

"Ready to go?" Chloe asked as she broke the embrace and stood at arm's length, and Ami snapped back to reality.

"Yeah," Ami said, and paused. "Unless..."

They were all alone for the moment, and for quite a few moments after. A short drive from their hometown, they were spending a week here together in the little bungalow at the beach, a week of swimming and relaxing and partying. Some friends would be joining them later, but the two of them had the first three days together. Just them. A few days of relaxation and fun. A chance to get away from it all. And, for Ami more than a couple chances to try something else...

"What is it?" Chloe said.

"You look good today," Ami said, smiling.

"Oh," Chloe said. "Thanks!"

Ami took a step closer. "Like, really good. That's a great color on you." She let her eyes drift over her friend's body. "It fits you so well, too."

"Oh, yeah!" Chloe said, "I just picked it up the other day. I thought it was super cute." She looked down at herself, tugging on the straps of her bikini, seemingly unaware of the impact of the show she was putting on.

"I'm glad you did." Ami said, and let a moment pass before continuing. "It's a good thing we're the only ones here right now."

"Hm?"

"Can you imagine how much attention you'd be getting out there? All the guys. And half the girls, I'd bet. I might even get a little jealous."

"Oh!" Chloe said, blushing. "Yeah... maybe. I didn't think of it that way. I just thought it was cute."

"But it would be fun to make them jealous in return," Ami said, eyes alight.

"Oh? How?"

Ami laughed and stepped in to pull Chloe in against herself, the embrace even tighter and closer this time. Chloe returned it enthusiastically, and Ami reveled in feel of Chloe's soft body against herself, that bikini-clad form offered up to her so casually. The squish of her breasts, the press of her midriff, that expanse of bare skin stretching all the way down to her hips.

A moment passed and Chloe patted Ami on the back and started to pull away, but Ami held tight, savoring the feeling. And after a second's hesitation, so did Chloe. Ami nestled in, breathed deep, took in the heat of Chloe's skin against hers, the little noise of contentment close in her ear. Felt an even hotter satisfaction burning within her chest at how easily she'd drawn out Chloe's better nature to use against her, at finding the key for a very special sort of lock. Her lips twitched, those soft cheeks hardly an inch away...

After another long moment she finally pulled back and broke the embrace, and the two of them stood facing each other, but not so far apart as before.

"That felt really nice," Ami said.

"It did," Chloe agreed.

"I'm so glad we could do this trip together," Ami pushed on, "and, you know, be alone..."

Chloe smiled back, the first hints of a blush on her cheeks and something more than casual friendliness stirring in her wide blue eyes at Ami's pronouncement. "Yeah," she said, "it's just the two of us, isn't it?"

"Almost like a date," Ami offered.

"Almost, huh?" Chloe said, and gave a playful little laugh.

"But there's one thing weird about it."

"Yeah?"

"I mean, if we were dating, we'd be kissing right now, wouldn't we?" Ami said, and stepped even closer.

"I think we would, yeah," Chloe said, and flashed a mischievous little grin before raising herself up on her toes to plant a quick kiss on Ami's cheek that sent the warmth in her chest oozing down well below her beltline. She pulled back for one brief moment to meet Ami's eyes before sliding an arm around her head and pulling her into a deep, passionate kiss.

Aloof as she may have been, even oblivious at times, neither was Chloe reserved or shy in the slightest. Eager and giving and full of affection, she offered herself up with a fervor that surprised even Ami, a boldness as if she'd been the one holding herself back all along. Her lips were so soft, her tongue so agile, the feeling of her nearly-naked body entrusted to Ami so intoxicating. Ami met every twist and turn of Chloe's half-teasing advance with permission and invitation, encouraging and rewarding her for making it so much more. She pulled herself in even closer and slid her arms around Chloe's slender form, wandering freely over her shoulders, down the curve of her back, along the ties of her bikini bottom stretched across her hips.

All too quickly they broke apart again, panting and blushing. Ami shivered with arousal and delight, and she stared at Chloe with genuine wonder at the sudden turn of events. "Wow," she said, and Chloe giggled. "I didn't know you were so good at that."

"You never really asked before," Chloe said, and laughed again. She gave Ami a smile, playful and inviting.

"So," Ami said, "do you want to try it again, or...?"

"Or what?"

"Oh, you know," Ami said with a calculated, noncommittal shrug, "we could stay inside together a little longer."

"Oh," Chloe said, blue eyes wide, "you mean, do I want to...?"

"Yeah," Ami said, and leaned in to plant another kiss on Chloe's cheek.

"We're here to have a good time, aren't we?"

"I think we are," Chloe said, and the glimmer in her eyes suggested an even

more enthusiastic yes.

"Come on already then," Ami said and laughed, and grabbed Ami by the arm and pulled her toward the bedroom.

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The bed creaked slightly as Chloe bounced onto the mattress and lay back with her arms raised above her head, her blonde hair fanning out around her and her bikini-clad body stretched out on full display, her hips angled and her legs spread. Ami gazed down at her, taking in every inch of the view, and Chloe smiled back at her in offer. The sight of Chloe like this, so gorgeous and so willing, was everything Ami was hoping for and more.

"So," Chloe said, "Do you have anything in mind?"

Ami did have something in mind, in fact. Oh, did she ever. Something she'd been imagining even before they first stepped through the door together, a scenario she'd played over in her head a dozen different ways. A fantasy that had only grown more grand once she'd seen Chloe in that skimpy swimsuit. She could already see exactly how Chloe would look, hear exactly how she'd sound. The squirming and the bucking and the inexorable swelling, the gasping and the hissing and the creaking. And the closer she came to achieving it, the tighter the knot of arousal twisted in the depths of her belly.

"I do, actually," Ami said, and bit her lip in evident anticipation. It took all she had not to launch right into it. "A bit of a surprise that's gonna drive you wild. But first..."

She couldn't resist the sight any longer. She pounced onto Chloe's waiting body and pressed herself against her, arms sliding, hands searching, legs tangling together. They rolled around, wrestling for dominance, Chloe letting out playful giggles in her inevitable defeat as Ami pinned her to the bed with the full weight of her body, Ami's arousal soaring ever higher in the act of playful domination. Ami felt Chloe's thighs wrap around her, pulling her in tight, squeezing and grinding their hips together.

"God, you feel so good," Ami whispered. Chloe just smiled up at her and leaned in to receive another hot, passionate kiss. Their bodies writhed, twisting against each other over the soft spread of the bed, and Ami felt that greater need growing within her. A hunger, an appetite, a craving to do oh so much more than that. Chloe was so willing to please, so eager to be taken. So receptive, Ami knew, to even this most bizarre of requests. They kissed and kissed again, stoking up that delightful yearning within Ami, the excitement and arousal and pure anticipation.

Chloe let out a soft, low moan as Ami finally dismounted to lay beside her, panting. "I'm glad I came here with you," she said with a charming little smile.

"Mm, I'm sure you will," Ami said, and leaned in to give her another kiss on the cheek. "Over and over."

"Ooh, I'll hold you to that," Chloe said, a teasing lilt to her voice. "So..." she ventured, "what was that surprise?"

Ami bit her lip despite herself. The moment of truth, the promised reveal. The next and greatest stage of her plan. "It's a little unusual," she said, "just so you know."

Chloe's bright expression didn't waver in the least. "Come on. Try me." She arched her back and stretched, making her bikini tighten over her body again. "What is it?"

"Let me just show you," Ami said, and pushed herself reluctantly off the bed and away from Chloe's inviting form. She opened the closet and knelt to rummage in her bag for the secret she'd brought to the beach house, the surprise that she'd been looking forward to trying out all this time.

It was a simple hand pump, like one might use to inflate a pool toy or an inflatable mattress. The cylinder of it was shining red, the rubber hose snaking out from the base a glossy black. Ami set it on the covers at the foot of the bed and dumped out another item she'd pulled from her bag: a thick, soft plug with a flared base. She screwed it onto the end of the hose as Chloe watched curiously, and then spread a thin sheen of lubricant over it from a little bottle she'd retrieved along with it. Absurd as it was, it couldn't be more obvious what she intended to do with it.

"So," Chloe said, "You want to stick that in me and... inflate me? Like a balloon?" She giggled, as if the whole thing were a joke.

Ami's nodded. "Exactly."

"Oh," Chloe said. "Oh, wow! Can you really... blow me up like that?" She stared at the pump, but she didn't sound repulsed or offended at the prospect. She sounded curious. Intrigued. Excited, even.

"Yeah," Ami said, heart soaring at Chloe's apparent interest, at the knowledge that she really had picked the perfect target, that she'd successfully turned Chloe's innocence and eagerness against her. "Like a helpless little pool toy."

Chloe gave another giggle and a smile. "Wow, that sounds kinda hot, actually. Ooh, It's so kinky! I wonder how it feels to get all blown up!" She looked

down at herself, at the flat tummy laid bare between the bright blue cups of her bikini top and the matching bottom stretched tight across her hips. As she did so, she ran her hands over the toned, tanned midsection that Ami was aching to fill, clearly lost in her own imaginings of exactly what the pump was going to do to her.

Ami felt another surge of anticipation. "Think so?"

Chloe laughed again. "Yeah. It sounds fun! So, how big am I gonna get?"

"As big as you want," Ami said. "So big you can't even move. Or maybe a little more."

"That sounds amazing!" Chloe said, eyes wide with wonder. She stretched and wriggled and spread her thighs a little more. She was so casual about it yet so committed, her eagerness unmistakable. Of all the reactions Ami had planned for, this was beyond perfection.

"Let's do it already!"

Ami didn't need to be told again. She slid onto the foot of the bed and knelt between Chloe's widespread legs. Chloe was so intoxicatingly inviting, splayed out in waiting like that. So trusting and vulnerable, eyes alight as she looked up at Ami as if granting this absurd and more than slightly intimate fantasy was as casual and enjoyable as their planned day at the beach.

Ami reached out, tracing her fingertips in a wandering path from Chloe's navel to her hips, leaned in to plant a kiss right above her bikini bottoms, but her attempt at teasing her target was nothing less than unbearable for herself. Her patience ended and she dug her fingers into the ties of Chloe's bikini bottom and opened her up like a present. Her proffered gift laid bare, Chloe hummed and bit her lip with an excitement clearly not just for Ami's sake but for her own as well.

Chloe looked down with interest as Ami picked up the hose in one hand and regarded Chloe's offer, that glistening flower waiting to be plucked.

But not until she made it bloom even brighter.

Ami raised the plug to her lips, granting Chloe one last view of her pneumatic penetrator, then kissed the tip of it and slid it in between Chloe's toned asscheeks. Chloe gave a little shiver as Ami pressed it up against her hidden entrance, then gasped sharply as she pushed it up inside.

"Oh!" Chloe said, blue eyes wide. "It's so big!"

"And it's gonna make you even bigger," Ami said. She drew up the handle of the pump and paused. "Now lie back and make the cutest little noises you can, alright?"

"Deal."

Ami brought the handle down and Chloe gave a little gasp as the promised rush of air burst into her and slithered deep into her rear. It tickled and rubbed from within, a sensation like no other she'd ever felt, a cool summer breeze blowing through her insides. She wriggled and hummed, warmth creeping into her cheeks. "It's so—"

"—Aaah!"

Ami pumped again, harder this time. Chloe arched her back and clenched around the plug, curling her toes and digging her fingers into the covers at the second blast of air pushing in even deeper, slick and smooth in violating her further still. It blossomed out within her core, a subtle tightness, a feeling of fullness, a sensation satisfying and alien and sensual. A fluttering in her stomach that had nothing to do with the fluttering of her heart. Already she could see the effects on her body, her slender midriff softening with a shallow bulge, her navel rising slightly at the apex. The barest hint of what was to come.

"Mmm," Chloe hummed, "It feels so strange, but... nice. I think I like it. Like, a lot."

"I can tell," Ami said, and worked the handle again. This time she didn't give Chloe time to catch her breath or comment on the growing tightness in her belly, but followed it up with another stroke, and then another, and yet another. Chloe let out her promised gasps and giggles, wriggling on the covers to the rhythm of the rushing air. Her belly swelled before Ami's hungry gaze, firming and rounding out, her skin beginning to stretch around the growing mass within. She looked down at herself, nearly as captivated as Ami, running her fingers over her swelling midriff and pressing in against the growing firmness, exploring her own expanding dimensions as Ami looked on in jealousy.

"Oh God," she said as Ami paused again, "You're really doing it. I'm actually inflating!" She lifted her gaze to catch Ami's. "Ooh, give me more!"

Ami fired off another volley and Chloe moaned in response. She leaned her head back into the pillow and closed her eyes, thighs quivering as she lost herself to the sensation. She didn't need to see herself to feel every iota of her expansion, the growing tightness, the deep-seated tickling, all so new and strange and wonderful. More and more and more, each gasp and squeal rewarded with an ever-greater bounty as she kindled Ami's excitement in return. And no matter how hard she flexed her muscles against it, no matter how hard she clenched around the plug, she couldn't hold it back. It rushed in heedless of her playful resistance, the tickling and the rush only intensifying with each blast of invading air. It swirled and built within her, pushing out her belly as if she'd

swallowed a beach ball and beyond, engorging her breasts like ever-ripening cantaloupes in a bright blue top growing even tighter as Ami pumped and pumped and pumped.

Ami halted yet again, a brief respite that drew out a long, satisfied groan from Chloe as her eyes fluttered open. "How does it feel?" she asked.

"It's... it's incredible," Chloe breathed. She spread her arms and stretched out, arching her back again, her navel straining upward. Keen as she'd felt it all with eyes shut in focus, the sight of herself so swollen and distended was a shock and a delight. So big, yet she knew she could get so much bigger. "Being blown up... it feels so good... so tight and full in the best way. And that pressure inside me... God, it's so weird and hot! Ooh, I want to get so huge!"

Ami was nearly beside herself in delight and burning arousal. She resumed pumping, picking up the pace, watching Chloe's perfect body pulse outward and upward, listening to her cries growing more frequent and more fervent. It was everything she'd dared to imagine and more. Chloe looked so adorable, so sexy, her body quivering, skin flushed and glistening, reacting animatedly to each pump in more ways than one. And hottest of all was the knowledge of exactly where she was headed, of the inevitable outcome awaiting her all-too-willing body as she grew bigger and bigger in service to Ami's greatest and most secret fantasy of all. She was so gorgeous, so uninhibited, so eager in her desire for more. So shameless and joyful as she took it all in. But Ami could make her even sexier. She pumped and pumped and pumped, watching Chloe's midsection round and widen until she was half as wide as she was tall, her clenching thighs beginning to thicken, her breasts growing into spear-tipped orbs bigger than her head.

And Chloe, for her part, was truly enjoying every second of her inflation and her exhibition. She kicked and writhed atop the covers as if trying to escape, but made no effort to remove the plug or to stop Ami from pumping away. Her moans were not entirely without a note of deliberate invitation, her spirited squirming only partly calculated in its sensuality. Her own uninhibited glee was all she really needed to drive Ami crazy, and it was intensified in turn by the knowledge of how much she was turning her on, how irresistible she was that Ami couldn't help herself from desecrating her wriggling form, from pumping her up more and more and more.

She reveled in the tickling beneath her skin, strange and novel and intense, the endless blasts of air being pumped so profanely up her ass. And, of course, the simple thrill of being blown up like a beach toy. Stretching and swelling and pulling ever tighter around a core of air bloating her belly out to the size of a taut, tan yoga ball, pumping up her tits, plumping out her wide-spread thighs and even



forcing its way out between them. The sheer depravity of the act, the kinkiness and the absurdity. She never would have imagined such a thing, never in a million years, but she was loving it. Loving being the kind of girl who loved it.

And the pleasure. Oh, God, the pleasure. Her skin was alive to the swirling of air pressing out against it. Every pump of the cylinder was another tickling rush, another surge of pressure, another ripple of delight that spread to every corner of her body. Her bikini top snapped off at last and she wasted no time in reaching up to pinch and tease the hardened tips of her own looming mounds. They were so sensitive, her skin so tight and tender, that the slightest touch sent violent shudders through her. She couldn't stop herself from playing with them, from rubbing her swollen belly, from running her fingers over every inch of herself that she could reach. Her moans were almost constant now, her hips bucking, her thighs quivering, an ache building between her legs. The pressure in her core was pushing out even to that most tender spot, rubbing and stimulating, teasing her from within. Growing more and more intense with each new injection of air. Building, building...

She let out a cry of desire and frustration as Ami stopped to admire her work, leaving her quivering on the brink. She was so, so close... She reached down in desperate effort to give herself a hand, but she couldn't even get her fingers past the apex of her own mountainous form. She was simply too round, too firm, too full of air. All she could do was squirm and writhe and buck her hips, begging for an ounce of friction against herself. She looked up at Ami with pleading, desperate eyes, and Ami returned her gaze with an expression torn between hunger and mirth.

"God, you're so hot like this," Ami said in a voice squeezed to breathlessness. She ran gentle fingers over the drum-tight dome of Chloe's belly, eliciting another round of twitches and groans. Chloe was so gloriously plump and turgid, so adorably helpless in her desire. So tantalizing that she couldn't keep up her own teasing for long. She disconnected the hose from Chloe but left the plug inside to hold back its accumulated bounty and leaned in to plant a kiss on her belly. Chloe shuddered again at the touch of her lips, the soft warmth against her skin. Ami fixed her with a meaningful look and sent one hand snaking down her front toward the purple bikini bottom strung low and taut across her own hips, then kissed a little lower. She made her way down, planting a trail of kisses over Chloe's smooth expanse until she hovered over the apex of her thighs. Her very breath nearly set Chloe off, the fingers of her free hand tracing patterns over the insides of her legs.

"Oooh, please," Chloe gasped, and Ami answered. The caress of her lips, the flick of her tongue was all it took for Chloe's building arousal to erupt. She

screamed, she thrashed, she squeezed her thighs around Ami's head as she came harder than she ever had before. Ami's mouth was slick, warm heaven against that most sensitive spot, the tightness and the pressure beneath multiplying every little touch a dozenfold. She arched her back and bucked against her delightful tormentor, fingers and toes curling, clenching her thighs even harder as Ami moaned into her, spiking her ecstasy with the knowledge that she was so desirable, so sexy, so downright irresistible that the act of granting her release was enough to set Ami off as well. She couldn't contain it, couldn't control it, couldn't so much as squirm away from the relentless stimulation.

Chloe was still shuddering and gasping for breath when Ami pulled away to loom before her again. Her eyes were bright, her face flushed, her lips glistening. She looked so hot when she was so turned on like that. The mere sight of her was enough to send another shiver through Chloe.

"That was... amazing..." Chloe gasped as she lay back, letting the pressure within have its way with her, sprawling out in awe at the dimensions of her own colossal frame. Ami made her way around the bed and bent down to give Chloe a very wet kiss on the lips, then straightened up with a smile, the evidence of her own arousal a patch of darker purple. Her eyes scanned over Chloe's body, taking in every endless inch of her, drinking her in with an unmistakable desire that rekindled the fire in Chloe's core. She was still so helpless, so vulnerable, so ripe for the taking.

"Was?" Ami said, and reached out to run her fingertips over her from the her breasts to her navel. "Over and over again, remember?"

"But I'm so full already!" Chloe groaned, a tease and an invitation. She ran her hands over herself, her fingers pressing against the tightness of her skin, the pressure and fullness of her swollen body, imagination running wild, desires growing even stronger. She looked and felt like a tick about to pop but so hungry she couldn't help herself.

"And you can hold a little more, can't you?" Ami said in agreement with Chloe's silent appraisal, and licked her lips. "Or maybe a lot more." She stepped back around toward the foot of the bed and picked up the pump. In the corner of Chloe's vision she watched Ami thread the free end of the thick, glossy hose down the back of her bikini bottom and out the front along the inside of one thigh, held tight against herself by the snug fit of the tiny garment. An experimental pump made Ami's breath catch and her knees bow as the hose jumped with the passage of air and she bit her lip and bent to retrieve something before mounting the covers again.

There she busied herself with something Chloe couldn't see around herself.

Something that wasn't the plug already stuck inside her. Chloe hardly had time for realization to set in before Ami pressed the tip of it against her quivering lower lips. Thick and smooth and soft, the new attachment sent shivers through her at its gentle touch, at the promise of what was to come. At the knowledge that she was utterly helpless to stop it and the shame of knowing she wouldn't have it any other way.

Ami pushed it in.

"Ahhh!" Chloe cried out, her eyes rolling back at the sensation of it sliding into her, filling up her passage pumped to a turgid tightness and then some, rubbing against her inner walls as it pushed its way through. She squirmed at the intrusion and clenched hungrily around it, drawing it in deeper, body begging for more of the instrument of her defilement.

"First one there loses," Ami said, then pushed the handle of the pump down once more.

Chloe screamed. The rush of air was like nothing she'd ever felt. Like nothing she could have ever imagined, even as she lay in the afterglow of the pumping she'd just received. The touch of Ami's tongue had been pleasurable, the plug stuck up her rear direct, but this was something else altogether. A far more intimate way to fill her up, to violate her. To pump her up to the size of a parade balloon.

"Yes! Ohh, yes!" she cried as Ami pumped again and then again, bliss exploding between her legs. She couldn't hold back another climax, couldn't stifle the squeal of ecstasy that tore from her lips or stop herself from thrashing and groaning in the throes of a shuddering pleasure that rocked her frame and left her dizzy and weak. Her cheeks burned at the power of it, at the shame of losing their duel already, at cumming so quickly from something so surpassingly kinky.

"False start," Ami chided and paused in her pumping, "That one doesn't count." She looked down at Chloe with an expression of amusement wreathed in lust. Chloe's spirited thrashing calmed and she groaned in longing as the peak of her climax ebbed away all too soon. The withholding of those hissing bursts was a torture to her. She wanted to be driven on and on, faster harder, stoked up to unbearable heights while her body was pushed to its ultimate limit. The tease of her release only whetted her appetite for more.

Without further ado, Ami drew up the pump handle once more and slammed it back down. Chloe yelped and squirmed anew at the fresh blast of air rushing between her legs, and now she was joined by Ami's shivering gasps and satisfied hums as the hose that fed into Chloe jumped and jerked beneath her with each stroke, vibrating with the pressure of each payload against her own sensitive

folds. This time she didn't pause, didn't wait for Chloe to catch her breath. Something more than simple desire colored her face as she picked up the pace, her cheeks flushed a brilliant red, breath coming in short gasps. Each stroke of the pump was a burst of bliss for them both, and Ami was just as entranced by it as Chloe was. She was relentless, merciless, and Chloe was only too glad for it.

And she was swelling. God, was she swelling. Even through the haze of pleasure she was acutely aware of the rhythmic rise of her belly, the tightening of her skin, her body's increasing reluctance to grow any further. But the building pressure in her core knew no mercy. Every part of her pulsed out again and again and didn't recede. She was pumped up beyond all reasonable limits, her drum-tight body beginning to creak in protest, but she could only find that distant tease all the more thrilling as she ballooned out as wide as she was tall. Her muscles strained to no avail. She could hardly move an inch. Could barely see Ami any more over the summit of her overstretched stomach, and that only through the valley running between tits like twin beach balls. She was so huge, so taut, so sensitive and tight.

"Fuck, that's hot," Ami gasped, her voice shuddering and breaking as she forced the handle down over and over again. "You're so huge and helpless, so tight and ready to pop..." She kept on pumping, eyes unfocused, lips working soundlessly, clearly nearing the finish line herself. Yet every pump she made, every little stroke and tickle she brought upon herself was paid tenfold into Chloe as she lay quivering and writhing, unable to escape it, blown up beyond recognition as a mere byproduct of Ami's own pleasure. Teased with the prospect of being discarded in such a humiliating way, the all-too-willing victim of Ami's lust. Ami was getting so close, and Chloe reveled in the knowledge that she would be the one to set her off, that Ami was about to cum again at the sight of her so swollen and utterly full. The thought of it ensnared her mind, pushed her right to the brink.

The next burst of air was the last she needed, the last she could handle. Chloe let out a shriek of ecstasy as she crashed through that final barrier, orgasm ripping through her as Ami continued to pump and pump and pump. She screamed at the intensity of it, the sheer volume of air crammed into her, the stimulation strange and novel and powerful beyond her wildest imaginings. The bliss of being used as the world's kinkiest toy. On and on it went, driven ever higher by the unceasing bursts of pressurized pleasure that made her that made her groan and thrash and creak even louder against the strain.

Ami watched on, transfixed at the sight, at the thought of what awaited her just over the horizon of Chloe's turgid, drum-tight belly. Something so depraved, so transgressive, so gloriously perverse that the mere inkling of its approach was

a thrill greater than any she'd ever felt. A conclusion Chloe so willingly invited upon herself, a payoff that Ami was all too eager to grant her. She tried to contain herself, to cover as much ground as she could before the final sprint. But the sight, the sounds, the writhing stimulation of her aching folds were too much to hold back for long.

"Oh, fuck," Ami finally gasped, biting her lip and screwing her eyes shut. "I'm... I'm gonna..."

She came with a scream, clenching her thighs, arching her back, hands a blur as she worked the pump handle in a frantic flurry. Beyond all restraint, beyond all reason, every twitch and shudder of her orgasmic glee was channeled into the singular purpose of prosecuting her assault against the growing reluctance of Chloe's straining body to stretch any further. Chloe squealed louder and louder still at the sudden bombardment, creaking and shuddering, thrashing and quivering against the pressure pushing her right to her limit.

Ami matched her exultations with her own moans, feeding back into each other in a chorus that rose between them in time with the swelling of Chloe's overfull belly. The louder Chloe cried, the harder Ami pumped, the closer Chloe got to that grandest of finales she couldn't now escape. It was so exhilarating, so sexy, so unbelievably hot. Ami didn't let up, didn't slow down. It was everything she'd dreamed of and more. All of Chloe's moaning and writhing, every bit of her delight, was fuel to her burning lust, granting her the strength to push her even further, even faster in pursuit of her ultimate goal, that glorious conclusion, the fulfillment of her greatest and most secret fantasy.

And still Chloe couldn't get enough. She loved it, loved being the star of the show, the object of Ami's unstoppable desires and the source of her screaming delight. She reveled in her imaginings of herself from Ami's perspective, swollen to her limit, belly the size of a parade balloon with tits to match, skin pulled tight and taut. The sight that drove her absolutely wild. She could hear the ominous creaking of her overtaxed form, feel every last wisp of air rushing in through her pumped-up pussy and pushing out inside her core where there was nearly no room left. But she needed more, more, more. Every last bit of air Ami could force into her, every little inch of growth she could coax out of her quaking frame. The relentless assault she'd dreamed of, the ultimate defiling of her willing body.

She was so big. So taut. So sensitive and stuffed. Every pump was a little climax unto itself, sending crashing waves of pleasure through her even as she quivered at the edge of her capacity. And still Ami pushed her onward, ever onward, as if her only goal was to pump and pump and pump her up until she burst. To force her to the brink and blast right past it, to act out the ultimate

humiliating betrayal of her trust in service to her own satisfaction. Chloe only clenched and squealed and thrashed all the harder as she imagined it. A fantasy that made her writhe and squirm in obscene delight. Just as Ami had said, she was so huge and helpless, so tight and...

Ami cast her gaze over Chloe's quivering form, then met her eyes with an expression of pure hunger and bit her lip and smiled.

"Yess!" Ami cried as another shuddering thrill ran through her and she slammed the handle down again on its wild strength. Each stroke was a spike of bliss, a surge of anticipation. Her lips worked in an endless stream of silent screams and gasps. She was lost in the throes of her ecstasy, drinking in the sight of Chloe's body reaching the absolute limits of its elasticity, the sound of mingled moans and rubbery keening, the aching of her own leaden arms, the quaking of her body as she stoked the pleasure within herself to a white-hot blaze. She reveled in the consummation of her plans, the rush of her final triumph. The thrill of using her own orgasm as fuel to pump Chloe up until she burst.

Chloe's arms flailed, her belly groaned, her thighs quaked at the feeling of the soft, firm nozzle buried in between them and the pressurized payload it delivered. She couldn't grow a single inch more. Her body went tighter rather than larger with the next pump, and then the next. A final molten rush of traitorous delight surged through her at the utter indignity of letting such a cute girl blow her up to bursting through her most secret, sensitive spot and knowing she could do absolutely nothing to stop it. At getting off so hard on being so helplessly used and discarded, at knowing Ami wasn't just careless of the consequences but actively pursuing the inevitable end of taking it too far. Something even greater loomed beyond it all, the horizon itself cresting and ready to crash. Every moment was a razor's edge of anticipation, every pump a potential tipping point. She was so huge, so overinflated, so far past her limit. She was taut, she was quivering, she was creaking, she was about to...

Chloe's wide blue eyes went even wider as Ami let out one last orgasmic shriek and forced the pump handle down one last time. Pressure spiked beneath every inch of skin and her entire body pulsed out in all directions as she cried out in concert, swelling beyond her capacity for one endless moment before it all gave way and she exploded at last with a blast that shook the tiny beach house to its foundations.

Ami let out a groan from the corner she'd been flung to, a shivering gasp, a hearty moan. She kicked her legs, arched her back, ground her hips against the empty air. "Fuck," she whispered, eyes rolling back and bikini bottom splashed

with darker purple at its apex. Her thighs clenched tight against each other again, her toned midriff flexed, yet another moan escaped her mouth. Her climax was almost painful in its intensity and she rode it out a minute or more, still reliving the sight of Chloe's overinflated body bursting like the world's largest and most obscene pool toy, the ever-louder creaking and ever-more-spirited squirming in prelude to her grand finale, the sound of her last ecstatic squeal cut short. She came and came again at the sheer depravity of blowing such a cheery, innocent girl to smithereens in service to her own lusts, at the fact that she was cumming her brains out at the thought of it. Of using Chloe so utterly and completely and, best of all, doing so at her more than enthusiastic invitation.

She could hardly breathe, could barely think, could only lie back and tremble with ecstasy until the moment finally passed, trying to catch her breath in the afterglow of indescribable satisfaction. She sat up and quivered and lay back again, awestruck and helpless as Chloe had been. Still panting in the aftershocks, she disentangled the hose from herself, forcing out another little cry as it slid slick and smooth through her clenching folds, then curled her fingers around the pump handle and played with the tip of it along the trim of her bikini bottom strung between her hips.

*Over and over again*, she thought, and smiled.