

A Swell Date

Jake couldn't believe his luck. Here was a beautiful woman, perhaps the best looking woman he had ever seen, inviting him back to her apartment after the first date. All the way to her place, Jake was looking her up and down, from her raven-black hair that reached down to her round ass, to the freckly cleavage she showed off. When finally they made it to her bedroom, Jake could barely contain his excitement.

"Everything off," she said commandingly.

Jake had never been told to do such a thing, but he was more than willing to oblige. He got out of his clothes so quickly he nearly tripped on his pants. He stood for a moment facing her, completely naked. Just as it seemed like she was about to kiss him, however, she pushed him hard onto the bed.

"Wait here," she ordered.

Not wanting to spoil his chances, Jake nodded, sitting cross-legged on the wide bed. He had no idea what he might be in for. Soon enough, the woman returned with two drinks in fine tumblers, each filled with a clear liquid.

"Drink this," she ordered again.

Jake was getting a little tired of her, but thought that what came next would be worth it. He downed the drink quickly, only to see the woman sipping hers. Jake could feel a burning sensation all the way down his throat. It was like vodka with a rather nasty after-taste. When he looked up at his date, however, he could already feel himself getting woozy.

"What was that...?" Jake asked, slurring his words.

The woman only laughed, leaving the room for a moment before wheeling something in. It looked to Jake like a vacuum cleaner, just with a much finer nozzle. Jake tried to get up, but the woman easily pushed over, laying him out flat on the bed.

"This should only be a little uncomfortable," she said ominously.

Jake could hardly react, barely able to lift his arms in protest. Then, he felt it, a pressure against his anus. Whatever she was doing, Jake thought, it wasn't at all what he signed up for. The woman flicked a switch, then the machine revved to life.

"Wha...?" was all that Jake could say as he felt air being pumped inside him.

Little by little, Jake's belly began to swell, much to the delight of the woman. It seemed to Jake as if someone was inflating a ball inside him as his skin became tighter and tighter. He looked to the woman in desperation, yet all he saw was her cruel smile and her eyes widening at the sight of him expanding. Jake was worried that she would not stop, for more and more he was blowing up. He had seen pregnant women with smaller bellies. Yet still she carried on, turning a knob on the machine and pushing it into overdrive. She was licking her lips with anticipation, and pawing at

herself under her skirt. This was her dream. She wouldn't stop until he popped. Jake was just beginning to realise as he felt a pain shooting across his taut belly.

“Sto...” Jake whispered.

He thought he might pass out. He could feel his air-filled tummy wobble. Surely he could not take anymore. After a while he couldn't feel his toes, even his face felt puffy. Then he heard it. Something burst, so loud that his ears were ringing. Too late did he realise that it was he that blew up, spotting the whole room with blood. The woman squealed with happiness. She had done it again, and this time to perfect. She took a moment to look in Jake's eyes as the life faded, and revelled in claiming yet another victim. All too easy, she thought, readying herself to go out again.