

The candles flickered, casting long, dancing shadows across the cramped dorm room. Bella, a slight and slender girl with long brown hair pulled back into a ponytail, hunched over a dog-eared grimoire she'd bought at her favorite local hole-in-the-wall bookstore. She adjusted her glasses and reached out with the piece of chalk she'd borrowed from a professor to complete the final intricate sigil of the summoning circle she'd painstakingly replicated. Justice. Retribution. Vengeance. Or so they promised. But she was no witch, no expert in such matters. Just a girl who'd been pushed a bit too far.

The air, thick with the scent of cheap incense and desperation, seemed to crackle. Chalk lines became magma, glowing crimson. Candles flared, nearly blinding the bookish summoner with their radiance. A great plume of black smoke went up within the confines of the circle and coalesced into the shapely figure of a woman, her skin the color of deep twilight, her eyes glowing like embers. Two small, elegant horns curled from her forehead, and a tail tipped with a spade-like barb flicked lazily behind her. She was breathtaking, a creature of impossible beauty and palpable danger.

"A call for revenge," the succubus purred, her voice a melody of dark honey and sin. "How delicious. Tell me, little mortal, who has wronged you?"

"Caitlyn," Bella breathed, the name a poison on her lips. "Caitlyn Evans. Cheer captain. She... she made my life hell. Public humiliation, constant torment, turning everyone against me for no reason other than her own amusement. Completely sank my grade on the last group project. I want her to feel what it's like to be at someone else's mercy. To be helpless. To know true humiliation."

The succubus laughed, a sound like wind chimes in a graveyard. "Ah, a petty tyrant in a miniskirt. A classic. I believe I can oblige. Caitlyn Evans..." She tapped a finger to her chin, the fire in her eyes kindling as if she were watching a scene fly past unseen by Bella. "Ooh, yes," she continued after a moment. "A poetic comeuppance, I think. Revenge is an art, my dear. And you, my little avenger, shall be the instrument. A tool for her pleasure, a witness to her hubris, and the instrument of her undoing." The succubus stepped out of the circle, the crimson glow fading as she did, and knelt before Bella. "Worry not; I think you'll find this... empowering."

With that, she reached out and pressed one finger to Bella's chest. Before Bella could react, the world dissolved into a vortex of color and sensation. Her bones felt like they were melting, her skin oozing like warm taffy. She felt her limbs retract, her torso compress, her very essence being poured into a new, alien mold. The vertigo was staggering, a sickening lurch that ended as abruptly as it began.

Her new reality was a jumble of sensations. She was... cylindrical. Cold. Hard. Her proprioception was completely scrambled, nothing quite mapping out exactly where she expected it to be, distance or adjacency of her human parts be damned. She could feel a long, T-shaped handle protruded from the metal barrel that made up most of her body, anchored by some sort of internal plunger. Rubber feet protruded from her base, along with a black rubber hose ending in a nozzle that felt more or less like her mouth. She was a bicycle pump. A red, shiny, utterly mundane bicycle pump. She had no skin, but she could feel the cool hardness of the floor beneath her; no eyes, but she could see in a dizzying wide-angle panorama anchored near the top of her cylinder. The succubus's laughter echoed in her newly metallic mind, and then she was lifted, her world tilting as the succubus's hot fingers wrapped around her cool metal cylinder. Reality itself seemed to wink out for a moment, and then they emerged together into a new room.

It was a stereotypical queen bee's den. Pink and white everywhere, a vanity cluttered with expensive makeup, a full-length mirror facing the bed, and a closet door left slightly ajar to reveal a rainbow of spandex and short skirts. With a final, sensual chuckle that vibrated through Bella's very frame, the succubus knelt and slid her smoothly under the bed. She came to rest next to an identical-looking pump, which the succubus grabbed in turn and spirited away.

"Your revenge awaits," the succubus whispered, a final, fading echo in Bella's mind before she was gone, leaving Bella alone in the dusty darkness, a silent, inanimate observer.

The wait wasn't long. The click of a lock, the creak of a door, and then footsteps—light, confident, and athletic. Caitlyn. Bella watched through her strange, wide-angle lens as a pair of pristine white sneakers stepped into view, topped by the toned, tanned legs of a girl who clearly lived at the gym.

"Ugh, what a day," came Caitlyn's voice, clear and strong but laced with a petulant weariness. She peeled off her sneakers and left them by the door. "Coach is a slave driver. But the regionals are ours. No question."

She stepped across the carpet in her socks, humming a cheerleading chant. Bella heard the sounds of a zipper undone, the soft thud of a gym bag hitting the floor. Then, a few moments of silence, and the gentle hum of a laptop booting up.

"Time to unwind," Caitlyn murmured, her voice now closer to the floor.

She dropped to her hands and knees, her face peeking beneath the frame of her bed. Her makeup was still flawless, her black hair framing her face in a lush cascade. She was the picture of effortless perfection, and the sight sent a fresh wave of helpless rage through Bella's metal frame. This was the girl who'd

made her cry, who had turned her friends against her with a few carefully chosen, cruel words.

Caitlyn's eyes scanned the space under her bed. They landed on Bella. A slow, predatory smile spread across her lips.

"There you are, my little friend," she cooed, reaching for the pump.

Her fingers, warm and smooth, wrapped around Bella's cylinder. Again Bella found herself being lifted, her world tilting as Caitlyn pulled her out into the open.

The late afternoon sun streamed through the window, enlivening Bella's bright surface as Caitlyn held her up, admiring her glossy red finish. "Aren't you a beauty," she said, her voice a husky whisper. "Ready to help me relax after a long, hard practice?" She dropped Bella off on the foot of her bed, then flopped heavily onto the covers.

Caitlyn loved blowing girls up.

There was just something about seeing them expand—cute, helpless, always a mix of terrified and titillated—that Caitlyn just found so... addictive. Watching their captive feminine forms growing ever larger at her command, lovely faces flushed with pleasure and heat as she filled them forcibly to the brim and beyond, twisting in denial and shame as their delightful curves went terminally round and taut...it made her weak at the knees. God. It did things to her.

Oh, yes. Every girl was different, but they all ended up exactly the same: panting and creaking, naked skin stretched drum-tight against the growing force until they couldn't hold it back a second longer. One last, shuddering moan, and—

**BANG!**

Their overfull bodies exploded from the strain. Popped like a cheap balloon. Every girl had her limit, and Caitlyn loved nothing more than to find it, to bring them right to the brink and push them just that little bit beyond. The bigger the better, of course, but there was a certain thrill in humbling a haughty hottie who couldn't hold half as much as those she deemed beneath her as well. Rich or poor, cutie or beauty, they were all the same in the end. She lived for that moment when a girl just couldn't take it any longer. Always that identical look of wide-eyed incredulousness as they realized what was happening. The frantic panting, the deepening blushes in their puffed-up cheeks, the dawning disbelief and final desperation to fight off the inevitable as that final moment hit and they just blew the fuck up. Yes. Oh, fuck, yes. She could never tire of it in a million years.

Not that she lacked for variety. The very model of a college cheerleader—athletic yet girlish, strong and shapely and slender—she had ample access to the

cream of the crop both at home and on the road. And it rarely took much more than a twinkle of her emerald eyes or a flick of her raven hair to attract some new plaything, a swish of her red-and-black miniskirt to make a girl want to discard her own.

Sorority girls were fun enough, if a little predictable, but their enthusiasm and desire to impress more than made up for what they lacked in sophistication. It was always fun to see how audacious of a dare she could string them along with. How far she could turn their social ambitions against themselves, or, if she was feeling particularly adventurous, each other.

But they still paled in comparison with the opportunities provided by the collegiate sports teams. Watching those lean, tight bodies being filled up against their considerable efforts was a thrill and a half. A flat, toned midriff bared in confidence and anticipation going rapidly rounder and fuller in her betrayal was simply divine. She loved how much longer their well-honed physiques could hold out against the inevitable than the average sorority airhead's, the greater disparity of subjecting such perfect forms to their forceful pneumatic transformation, the competitiveness and pride that drove them to withstand ever-greater pressures that only made their eventual explosion all the more spectacular. Cute tennis players, lithe swimmers, flexible gymnasts, soccer players with their delicious thighs—Caitlyn found them all so much fun in their own special ways. And all the better if she could seduce a star player on the eve of their big game, removing a roadblock for her own team with a wink and a smile and a whole lot of pumping and creaking.

Best of all, of course, were her fellow cheerleaders. What better subject could you ask for than a girl so cute and confident, slim and strong, and trained in shouting her enthusiasm at the top of her lungs? Those tight little crop tops and short pleated skirts offering up splashes of vibrant color and a feast of smooth, bare skin for the enjoyment of the crowds—they drove her absolutely crazy. Especially when they were putting on a private show for her, creaking and gasping, blushing and moaning, silky limbs splayed and naked midriffs straining from the effort of holding in that grandest of finales... God. Talk about fireworks.

And there was always something new to try. Some novel method or remix to an old favorite. Pills, hand pumps, pressurized cylinders. Hoses and handcuffs and even the occasional magic spell. So many options and ideas, so many lovely girls to test them on. A new experiment for every occasion.

She lay back in her bed, clad in the slim red and black of her cheer uniform all done up with the ribbons in her hair, the matching ankle socks, stroking her bare stomach idly and admiring herself in her mirror as she thought of her recent

conquests.

That girl from spring break, what was her name? Summer, Winter? Something seasonal. A curvy little wonder in a cherry-red swimsuit accented by her tanned skin and sun-bleached hair. So eager to take someone home in daddy's Porsche, open-topped and slim and vibrant as her bikini. A couple fruity drinks, a couple little lies, and they'd diverted to some out-of-the-way service station to refill a tire that desperately needed it, trust me. Caitlyn had even gotten the girl to bend over right in front of her to check something or other, bikini bottom tight over that juicy little rear as she approached from behind with the compressor's hose in hand. It was almost too easy. But, oh, watching her wriggle and squirm with the nozzle stuck right up her ass had been an utter delight. Big blue eyes wide in shock as her midriff bloomed, nipples hardening at the apex of her ballooning tits, the drone of the pump mingling with the muffled hiss of rushing gas desecrating her slender form. One quarter Caitlyn fed into the coin-operated compressor, two, watching bronzed skin go ever tighter in the slanted summer sun. Poor little Autumn barely lasted ten seconds into the third before she burst like a dollar-store balloon, but the way she'd quivered and moaned on the way there had been absolutely glorious. God, it was so fun to turn a rich girl into a cheap thrill. The most satisfying quickie you could ask for.

Then there was that tennis player just the other day. A real stunner, that one. Tiffany, with her long legs and tight, compact frame, toned and taut from hours on the court. So proud of that athletic build of hers, so arrogant and competitive. Caitlyn loved a girl in uniform, and even better to burst her right out of it. That tight little skirt and tiny socks, the prim and sporty top...God. She was practically asking for it. Early as always to a big match, Caitlyn had intercepted her in the locker room with a wink and a proposition. Just a little fun to loosen up, to calm the nerves. One little kiss for good luck. A little more flirting, a little more cajoling, and Tiffany's back was against the lockers, hands pinned to either side, her lithe body arching into Caitlyn's embrace as Caitlyn made her real move: drawing in as big a breath as she could hold and blowing it all right through those warm, velvet lips. Tiffany's muffled moan of shock and something else had been absolutely delicious, and the sensation of that flat stomach and pert chest rounding out as Caitlyn forced another breath into her, and another? Positively divine. She loved the feeling of a girl expanding against her, pushing back with the power and volume of her own breath. And Tiffany didn't disappoint. She'd tried to resist it, squirming and straining and bringing her athletic body into direct competition with Caitlyn's own, but that had only made it all the sweeter, made the flame of Caitlyn's hunger and passion burn all the brighter.

And once she was good and full, taut and flushed and unable to fight back

any further, Caitlyn had finally broken away and brought out the big guns: the fuzzy cuffs went on, those tiny little panties came off, and the nozzle of her trusty hand pump went in. And oh, the way she'd writhed as the pressure mounted. That strong, athletic body trembling and groaning as it was forced to hold so much more than it was meant to, creaking and stretching as she was pushed further and further. And her face, oh, the look on her face, when she realized that this was a match she couldn't win. That was what Caitlyn lived for. The panic, the outrage, the utter humiliation of being defeated so thoroughly in such a private and personal way. The proud little thing had held out for ages, too. Caitlyn had been impressed. But everyone had a breaking point, and Tiffany's had come with a shudder and a squeal and a moan of helpless pleasure that gave way to one of the most spectacular blasts Caitlyn had ever seen, leaving her breathless with satisfaction. What a rush.

And her latest conquest, a rival cheerleader on the eve of their competition. She always went the extra mile on those. Brianna, tall and slender in vibrant blue and yellow, her silken moans still fresh in Caitlyn's ears. Early to rise in preparation for their contest, to shower and dress in her tiny little uniform. She hadn't noticed that one of the pills she threw back as breakfast had been swapped out until her midriff began to swell during her predawn stretches. Caitlyn's timing had been perfect, strolling in with a pushcart and a stolen maid outfit to watch and reassure and stall the girl until the concoction's effects took hold, bloating her up to immobility and lifting her ballooned-up body off the ground with a flood of compressed helium. But not enough to pop her.

Oh, no, that would spoil the fun. For that, Caitlyn brought out the equipment secreted in her cart; a shiny cylinder marked with an "He" and a yellow diamond, a length of rubber hose. She'd fitted the hose onto the cylinder and hopped up on top of the cart, high enough between Brittany's helplessly splayed thighs to tug aside the tight-stretched yellow fabric of her panties and slide the business end of the hose right into her pumped-up pussy. Brianna had gasped sharply at the intrusion, but that was nothing compared to her reaction when Caitlyn hopped down and opened the valve of the tank plugged into her. It was everything Caitlyn could have imagined and more, filling up her rival inch by glorious inch, flushed and gasping and utterly at her mercy, squirming at the rising pressure beneath her stretching skin, moaning at the slick thrust of invading helium penetrating her to her core. Clenching, gasping, panting until her body gave that magical shudder, eyes going wide in realization and desperation just before the blast, that last, quavering gasp before the eruption, the explosion that was music to Caitlyn's ears. Oh, yes. Caitlyn savored that moment, the look on her face, the sound of her voice, the way her body spasmed and contorted in

the throes of ecstasy and agony. There was simply no better feeling.

But all good things must come to an end, and Caitlyn could only watch and reminisce for so long. She had an appetite to feed, after all, and her memories could only do so much to satisfy it. She ran her fingers down her bare stomach, her eyes drawn once again to the mirror, to her reflection. That lean, athletic body, the shapely curve of her thighs, her toned midriff and tight, perky breasts, all wrapped in the red and black of her team. A body to admire, and, as her fingertips traced the outline of her navel, to imagine becoming so much more. Oh, yes. She was in the mood for some of her own medicine.

With a soft, anticipatory giggle, she reached down, fingers finding the hem of her pleated miniskirt and diving beneath, hooking into her bright red panties and tugging them down her toned legs to kick off and cast aside with a flourish. She basked in that moment, feeling the cool air of the room against her freshly bared territory, warm and slick and private. Then she rose to her knees, the mattress dipping and creaking softly beneath her, and reached for Bella. The warmth of her grip cradled Bella's cylinder again and she set her upright before her.

"Let's see how much you can hold, you haughty little pump slut," she taunted her reflected counterpart as she took up Bella's hose in one hand. "You're in for a real treat tonight."

*Oh, God.* Bella's non-existent stomach twisted as she recalled the succubus's words. *A tool of her pleasure.* The implication hit her like a physical blow. But—no, surely not. There was no way she was really going to—?

Caitlyn brought the nozzle to her lips and gave it a playful kiss, a sensation mapped as mouth-to-mouth by Bella's strange, scrambled proprioception. Then, with a mischievous glint in her eye and a little wiggle of her hips, she traced the tip of the nozzle down her front, over the crisp fabric of her crop top, across the smooth, taut skin of her bared midriff, and down below the pleats of her miniskirt. And then, up and in.

Caitlyn guided the nozzle into herself with a practiced ease, a soft gasp escaping her lips as the cool tip nestled inside her. Her eyes fluttered shut for a moment, a look of pure bliss on her face. "That's it," she whispered, her voice husky with desire. "Right where you belong." Bella felt the warmth, the wetness, the soft pressure as Caitlyn's velvety walls clamped around her nozzle. It was profoundly intimate, profoundly violating, profoundly strange, this kiss of sorts against her tormentor's own lower lips, this perverted union of her own transformed body with that of her hated enemy's. She wanted to scream, to thrash, to somehow resist, but all she could do was sit there between the girl's

widespread thighs, a spectator to her own supposed revenge.

Chewing her lip in anticipation, Caitlyn grabbed Bella's handle with both hands and drew it up to the top of its travel. It was a bizarre sensation for Bella, her entire body like one giant lung as the internal plunger rose through her, creating a great suction that drew in the surrounding atmosphere and filled her to the top with air.

Then, with a slow, deliberate motion, Caitlyn pushed down.

Bella's body contracted, that same internal plunger reversing course and forcing its way down her length. The air filling her up from rubber base to cylinder peak compressed against the stroke, spiking the pressure inside her metal shell, and surged out through the only exit. It traveled down the length of the hose like a great, forced exhalation, a stream of breath pushed out from her all-encompassing lungs and through her lips—and into Caitlyn.

Caitlyn gasped, her back arching sharply and her nethers clenching as the air rushed into her. "Oh, fuck yes," she breathed, her eyes fluttering shut a moment before falling open again to gaze hungrily at herself in the mirror. Bella, too, found herself staring at Caitlyn's subtly distended stomach, still lithe and slender but with a gentle curve between her hips and her ribcage as if she'd enjoyed an especially large lunch. It was subtle, a mere hint of the transformation to come, but it was there, and the sight of it made Caitlyn grin.

"You like that, don't you?" she taunted, her fingers trailing over her gently swollen stomach. "Getting all pumped up like a helpless little toy. You're going to get so big for me tonight. So full and tight and round. All the way until you pop."

She giggled and raised the handle to its apex again, repeating that strange process of refilling Bella's own metallic body. Then she pushed down, harder this time, a second, stronger gush of air that surged through Bella's inanimate lips and into her eager entrance. Caitlyn's belly bloomed out a little further, the curve of it more defined, her abs softening into a smooth, tight dome. She gave a shuddering gasp of delight, grinding her hips against the air as her nipples hardened visibly beneath the red and black spandex of her top.

"Yes... ooh, so good," she panted, her cheeks flushed at the nascent pressure inside her, the sensation of her growth, the feeling of being filled up. There was absolutely nothing like it. But it was just the beginning, the promise of something so much greater. She needed more.

She worked the handle again, and then again, each blast of air a lover's thrust between her legs that accumulated in her core, a growing pressure that brought a fresh flush of heat to her skin, a series of moans to her lips. Her

stomach pulsed out visibly with each push, her midsection widening and rounding with the running tally of her debauchery. And it didn't stop there. Her top, already skintight against her curves, went even tauter against her expanding chest, failing entirely to hide her tented arousal, and her miniskirt began to ride up her bulging thighs, the pleats fanning out across her enormous ass with the swelling of her frame.

"Fuck, yes," Caitlyn moaned, one hand leaving Bella's handle to explore her expanding form. She ran her fingers over the smooth, rounded skin of her belly, teased the bowing hemline of her miniskirt, pinched one spear-tipped nipple and forced out a little cry.

She returned her hand to the handle and redoubled her efforts, watching her reflection's progress like a hawk as she inflated herself in earnest, pumping herself up with a passionate fury. She was a balloon. She was a slut. She was a balloon slut, fucking herself with the pump, inflating herself like she had done to so many girls before her in service of her own sadistic pleasure. And she loved it. Loved every second of it. She loved the hiss of air through her sensitive folds, loved way her body swelled, the way the fabric of her uniform stretched and strained, the way her reflection in the mirror grew rounder, fuller, more comically, erotically taut with each pump. The greatest spectacle a girl could ask for, and her own body offered up as the star attraction.

Bella's world became a dizzying cycle of fullness and release, of breath pushed out and drawn back in, each ascent and descent of Caitlyn's tireless arms a whirlwind of sensation. The gaping emptiness that drew air in to fill her up, the heady rush of compression as it was all forced back out. The clamping of Caitlyn's hungry lower lips around her nozzle as she was made to exhale against her will into the swelling form of her tormentor. The wordless song of Caitlyn's ecstasy, the sight of her thighs quivering with effort and arousal. Up and down. In and out. Hiss and squeal and moan.

The pumping accelerated, Caitlyn's movements becoming more forceful and frantic, her breath coming in ragged pants. Her body was becoming truly enormous as she worked to scratch that ultimate itch, a cartoon caricature of a person, a parody of the svelte athlete she'd been just minutes before. Her belly bulged like a smooth, pale exercise ball between slashes of vibrant color, pushing down the waistline of the miniskirt that stretched across her wide-spread thighs with pleats pulled taut and lifting the breasts that ripened like twin melons beneath the straining spandex of her top. She was growing rounder, fuller, a blooming balloon of a girl, shivering and groaning as she imbibed every bit of air through the gushing, hissing nozzle buried so deeply, intimately, inside her.

"Oh, God," she gasped, "Oh, fuck, I'm getting so big." Her arms became a blur, Bella's handle slamming up and down with a ferocity that bordered on violence. The sensation of her body stretching, of the pressure inside her growing ever more insistent, of the nozzle erupting inside her with every stroke, made her head spin and her loins ache with the need to keep going, keep expanding, to keep pumping and pumping and pumping until she couldn't hold it back any more. Her very skin began to faintly creak, a music she knew all too well, but hearing it from her own body was a thrill beyond words. It was the first sign of a girl's impending destruction, her inevitable explosion, the sweet, siren song of a limit being reached. The soundtrack of her utter domination over a girl as she fucked her with the pump until she burst, the ultimate indignity delivered with a passionate pneumatic kiss.

And now it was her turn. She was the girl getting fucked. She was the one being used, inflated, degraded. And the thought was so hot, so overwhelmingly arousing, she could barely think straight. She pumped herself harder, faster, lost in a haze of pressure and pleasure, pushing herself toward that magnificent precipice with feverish abandon. She could feel her climax building, a pressure within her that had nothing to do with the air crammed so tightly inside her. A storm gathering, a tension coiling, a spring winding tighter and tighter with each thrust of the handle, each gush of air, each delicious, creaking stretch of her skin.

She bit her lip, her eyes rolling back and her cheeks burning as she pushed herself ever closer, each surge of air a building wave of sensation, a growing thunderhead of ecstasy. She could feel it coming, the tingling that started in her toes and spread up her legs, the tightening in her belly, the fluttering in her chest. She was close, so close, and the anticipation was almost too much to bear.

"Oh, God... I'm... I'm gonna..." she gasped, her words catching in her throat. And then, with a final, shuddering pump, she went over the edge.

Her back arched and her vision swam, a wordless cry tearing from her lips as her orgasm ripped through her, a tidal wave of pleasure that crashed home and rocked her to her core. Her body spasmed, her slick inner walls clamping down on Bella's nozzle like a vise, a wave of heat washing over her as she came with a force that left her panting and trembling. But she didn't stop pumping. Frantically she worked the handle, her hips bucking to the carnal rhythm as she force-fed herself ever more pressurized air, her thighs shivering and clenching as she drove herself to new heights of ecstasy. Wave after wave crashed through her, bolts of bliss forking like lightning as she pumped herself ever larger, ever fuller, ever tantalizingly tighter with a pent-up pressure pushing out beneath every inch of her singing skin. The sheer, transgressive thrill of it all, the forbidden delight of violating her own body so thoroughly, of filling herself up so

completely, subjecting herself to the same treatment she'd so gleefully inflicted upon so many others, made her head spin and her body sing in hissing, groaning, rapturous humiliation.

Then, at last, with a final, shuddering moan, she released Bella's handle and collapsed backward onto the bed, her breath coming in ragged, shuddering gasps.

*Fuck, that was good,* she thought as she lay back, arms and legs outstretched, a massive, bloated balloon of a girl. Her body was a taut, quivering mountain range of hemispherical flesh and fabric, the hose still nestled deep inside her like a lover's final kiss. The pressure inside her was immense, a dull, persistent ache that was both warning and aphrodisiac. She felt like she'd been fucked by a firehose, like she was a parade balloon that had been filled to the brim and then some, like a cream puff overstuffed and ready to vent its delicious filling at the slightest nibble.

She shivered with another delicious aftershock of pure, electric pleasure and looked down at her own colossal bulk with a strange mixture of pride and longing. She was bigger than some girls ever got, a testament to her own resilience and strength. But there were others who'd taken so much more, who'd held out longer, who'd grown to such titanic proportions only to burst with an even more spectacular bang. Part of her, a deep, dark part of her, ached to measure herself against them. To show her true superiority even in her ultimate debasement, to know that privileged feeling of holding the absolute maximum she possibly could. To know the sheer, unbridled ecstasy of that final, fateful moment. But she was always the one in control, the one who held the pump, the one who taunted and teased. And to be on the receiving end of her merciless ministrations even in such a measured way, to feel that pressure building inside, to be so dangerously, obscenely large, even knowing she'd stop short of that final threshold... it was still the hottest thing she'd ever felt. A satisfaction far beyond the most heated, passionate rubbing and thrusting. And for now, she was content to bask in the glorious afterglow of what she'd done to herself.

Bella, too, lay motionless on the bed, her body discarded but her nozzle still impaled deep within Caitlyn's depths, a silent witness to the aftermath of the cheerleader's private debauchery. The succubus's words echoed in her mind: *Revenge is an art. And you, my little avenger, shall be the instrument.* She'd been used. Acted as the tool of Caitlyn's pleasure. But where was the rest? What was there for her to do besides watching that monster use her own body to get off? How was this supposed to be empowering? Had she offended the apparition? Was this her karmic punishment, thinking she could extract what she wanted from a demon?

But Caitlyn wasn't done, not just yet. Even as her breathing slowed and her body relaxed, she felt a rising hunger within herself, a nagging emptiness yet to be sated. Her mind began to wander, drifting back to the memories that had fueled her pleasure, the faces of the girls she'd inflated, the sounds of their moans and cries, the sight of their bodies swelling and stretching and finally bursting. The memory of it all was so deliciously arousing, a heady cocktail of power and depravity that made her heart race and her skin tingle. And, well, she didn't go to such lengths just to turn her efforts into a one-and-done. Filling herself up was only half the fun.

Oh, yes. She needed more. Not just the memories, but the sights and sounds, the explicit spectacle of it all. With a grunt of effort, she reached one arm out to her nightstand, where her laptop lay open. She fumbled with the trackpad, eyes scanning the screen until she found what she was looking for: a folder labeled "Memories." She clicked it open, and a grid of thumbnails appeared, each a frozen moment of a girl's transformation, a snapshot of her journey from flesh to firecracker. She clicked on one.

Bella watched on from her vantage between Caitlyn's swollen thighs, spread enough for her to see the angled screen fill with the image of a girl she recognized from campus, a sweet-faced sophomore with curly brown hair and a shy smile. Here she was lying on her back, her wrists tied to the posts of her bed, a rubber hose snaking up the hem of her skirt, her face a mask of pleasure and disbelief as a hissing noise issued from the speakers. She was clearly enjoying herself, her hips bucking, her legs kicking, her breathy moans mixing with that ever-present hiss, but Bella couldn't help but feel an unaccountable sense of unease as she watched her body swell, as the soft curve of her stomach grew rounder with each passing second and her breasts engorged with rushing air. Caitlyn's voice cooed from off-camera, encouraging the girl, pushing her further, teasing her as her clothes strained at the seams and burst off of her. The poor girl looked like she was in heaven, lost in the blissful pleasure of it all, but that made no less ominous her continued growth, the strain in her moans, the way her skin began to tighten like an overripe fruit. The girl's skin began to creak, her moans of pleasure giving way to short, sharp pants of effort, Caitlyn's teasing turning to outright taunting, and then—Bella's metaphorical breath caught in her nonexistent throat—the squeak of a valve turning heralded a redoubling of the hissing noise.

*Oh my God, Bella thought, a cold dread seeping through her metallic frame. She's not just inflating her... she's going to... going to...*

The girl's body pulsed and throbbed on the laptop screen, her skin singing with the sound of her impending doom as she realized too late that Caitlyn had no

intentions of stopping. She squealed in panic and clamped her feet over the hose and tried uselessly to tug it out, to pinch it off, to do anything at all to stop the flow, but it was no use. The camera zoomed in on the girl's face, capturing the wide-eyed realization that sent a fresh wave of horror through Bella, the dawning comprehension, the final, shuddering gasp as her body reached its limit and—

BANG!

The laptop speakers peaked with the sound of the girl exploding, a deafening roar that shook Bella to her very core. Caitlyn sighed and hummed, a look of pure satisfaction on her face. "God, that was a good one," she murmured, her fingers tracing the curve of her own swollen belly. "If only she'd lasted a little longer." Bella watched on, mute, unmoving, as the final moments replayed themselves in her mind. The girl had... popped. Exploded. Caitlyn had filled her up all the way until she burst. And she had it all on film. She had recordings. A whole library of them. And she was watching them, enjoying them, clearly getting off to them.

Caitlyn's touch descended further, her fingers playing with the overstretched waistband of her miniskirt. She could just about reach herself around the curve of her own body, thank God. But not just yet. Not until she'd finished her stroll down memory lane. She clicked another video.

A girl in a bright red bikini, her skin tanned and tight, the sun painting the sky in its descent. A gas station setting. The roar of a powerful compressor, the nozzle stuck right up the girl's perky ass as she squirmed and squealed, her body swelling with a speed that made Bella feel dizzy. Caitlyn's own laughter could be heard from off-screen, a light, airy counterpoint to the girl's desperate moans. Bella watched, transfixed, as the girl's midriff bloated, her breasts swelling to preposterous proportions, the strings of her bikini digging into her flesh as she was pumped ever fuller. The girl's moans grew higher, more frantic, her body a taut, quivering sphere of bronzed flesh and skimpy red fabric. The camera danced around her, taking in the throes of her terminal expansion from all angles before zooming in on her face, capturing the perfect, terrified O of her mouth a split second before—

BANG!

"Mmm, a classic," Caitlyn purred, her fingers still tracing lazy circles on her own inflated belly. "Sometimes a quick blow is just what you need."

She clicked again. A new video. A tall, slender girl in a white tennis uniform, backed against a row of lockers as Caitlyn flirted and cajoled and finally kissed her. Her cheeks went wide as Caitlyn began to huff and puff, her slender frame swelling visibly with each exhalation from the cheer captain. Then the handcuffs

came out, the panties came off, and Bella watched as Caitlyn brought in an all-too-familiar-looking red hand pump and went to town. The girl's body swelled, her muscles straining to hold the pressure, her face a contortion of shock, shame, and a reluctant, creeping pleasure that she couldn't deny. Her groans of effort filled the room as Caitlyn worked the handle, her own face a mask of intense concentration and sadistic delight. The video went on for what felt like an eternity, the girl's body growing to an impossible size, her skin creaking and groaning under the strain, her clothes tearing away and leaving her in nothing but her socks. She held out for so long, her body trembling with effort as she fought to hold it all in, to resist the inevitable, to deny Caitlyn the satisfaction of seeing her burst. But in the end, she was no match for the relentless pressure, the tireless pumping. Her eyes went wide, her body gave a final, shuddering spasm, and—

BANG!

"Ooh, she fought so hard," Caitlyn sighed, her lips curling into a self-satisfied smile. "You almost feel bad for her. Almost." She clicked to the next one.

Another girl, another explosion. A firehose shoved into her mouth, her cheeks bulging like a chipmunk's as she was force-fed a torrent of water, nipples gushing before—

BANG! Another triumphant laugh from Caitlyn. Bella watched, her metallic mind reeling, as the library of horrors unfolded before her. As Caitlyn toyed with herself, growing more and more aroused with each new girl, each new situation.

"Mmm," the cheer captain hummed idly, fingertips skating beneath the hem of her skirt, "I wonder who's next. There's that cute little barista from the coffee shop. Always winking at me. I bet she'd love some attention. Or, ooh, Whatsername from the group project. Bella? God, she was so uptight about the grade. I'd love to take her down a peg or two. Make her sing a different tune with a hose up her ass." She giggled. "Bet she'd make a real cute bang. All prim and proper until she's not."

Bella's non-existent blood ran cold. Caitlyn was talking about her. Thinking about her. About inflating her. About popping her. Just like all the girls in the videos. So casual the way she'd said it, the way she'd tossed her name out as just another potential victim, another notch on the bedpost.

But then it clicked. Suddenly, she knew what the succubus expected of her. Placing her here, forcing her to act as a tool for Caitlyn's pleasure, to watch the parade of her past conquests, wasn't a trick or a punishment. It was an opportunity. She was a weapon, smuggled in to the heart of her enemy's weakness and left in the perfect position. This wasn't about being used. This was about being the one in control. To make her know what it was like to be at

someone's mercy. To take revenge in the most poetic, most intimate way possible.

A cold, hard resolve settled over Bella's metal frame. The fear was still there, a low, thrumming hum of panic beneath the surface, a trepidation at the sheer madness of what she was contemplating. But it was joined by something else. Something colder. Something harder. Something that felt a lot like justice. Caitlyn, lost in her reverie, was totally unguarded, her legs spread wide, the nozzle of Bella's own hose still nestled deep inside her. She was vulnerable. Exposed. And she was so, so full already.

Bella focused all of her will, all of her rage, all of her terror, into a single, desperate command: Move. It was a strange, impossible thought, a plea to a body that wasn't hers, a command to an inanimate object. But she could feel it now, like a phantom limb with sinews still intact, an extension of her will. She pictured the handle rising, imagined the feel of the plunger sliding through the cylindrical hollow of her body, filling her with a draught of air.

The handle rose.

Caitlyn, lost in her reverie, her fingers still tracing the curve of her own inflated belly, didn't notice the righting of the pump's posture, the rising of the handle again to its apex of its own accord. She was too busy enjoying the memory of her past conquests, too busy fantasizing about her future ones. Too busy basking in her own power.

But she noticed the next part.

The handle fell.

"Oh!" Caitlyn cried out, a sharp, surprised gasp as a blast of air surged into her through her puffed-up, sensitive nethers. Her back arched, her toes curled, her thighs quivered at the unexpected thrust, at the jolt of unbidden pleasure and the ripple of pressure beneath her drum-tight skin. "What the—"

Her eyes widened as she looked down over the swell of her breasts and belly to see the handle of the pump rising again all on its own, a slow, deliberate movement that was both mesmerizing and mystifying. She watched, transfixed, as it reached the top of its stroke and paused there for a moment, as if to taunt her. And then it slammed down again, harder this time, shooting a second, even more powerful gush of air through her velvet folds that made her back arch and her toes curl, her skin groaning in protest. A choked cry escaped her lips, equal parts surprise and pleasure, as her body was forced to accommodate yet another rush of air, her curves swelling just that little bit more.

"Oh God..." she moaned as the pump worked itself again, "Oh, yes..." Her

cheeks burned at her own reaction, a fresh wave of heat washing over her at the sheer, transgressive thrill of it. She had no idea how this was happening, no explanation for the pump's sudden autonomy. It should have terrified her. Unsettled her at the very least. But instead, she found the violation of her agency utterly intoxicating. The pump, her trusted instrument of domination, was fucking her without her consent. Inflating her without her say-so. Filling her up against her will. And it was hot. So hot. She was the girl at the mercy of the pump. The helpless plaything. The victim. The fantasy she'd roleplayed but never truly experienced, the depths of surrender she'd only ever dreamed of. To be truly at the mercy of another, even if that other was an inanimate object with no explanation for its newfound initiative, was a thrill so much more potent, so much more intense than she'd ever imagined. And the sensations, oh, the sensations... Each thrust of the pump's handle was a lover's kiss, deep and intimate and invasive, every rush of air a promise and a threat, building the pressure inside her to ever more dizzying heights.

She let out a shuddering breath, a low, shivering moan as the pump's handle rose and fell again, her body stretching, straining, swelling. Her hips bucked to meet the invisible thrust as she let her arms fall to her sides, her eyes caressing the vast expanse of her own bloated body in their stead, and just... surrendered. She let it happen, let the pump have its way with her, let it work its magic as she was filled, as she was fucked, as she was inflated. Each autonomous pump sent a shiver of delight through her, each blast of air a thrust that pushed her closer to the edge. Her body swelled, her skin stretched, her uniform strained, her moans grew louder and more desperate. She was a balloon. A helpless, inflated toy. And the pump was in charge.

"More... oh, fuck, more," she gasped. A fire lit in her belly, that hungry, desperate desire to be pumped up past what she could accomplish on her own. A competitive need to show all those girls who'd surpassed her in size on their way to their explosive finales just how much she could take. Who the true alpha balloon slut was. She could be bigger. She could take more. There was plenty of room left in her yet. She'd prove it.

And Bella gave her more. She felt a surge of power, a heady rush of vengeful satisfaction at Caitlyn's reactions. This was her revenge. To give the sadistic cheerleader exactly what she wanted, only more so. To make her moan at her karmic retribution, beg for her own undoing. Each pump was a declaration of her newfound power, a testament to her will, a step closer to the vengeance she craved. She could feel the resistance of Caitlyn's body, the growing pressure that made each pump a little more difficult, a little more satisfying. Hear her moans growing higher, more desperate, each time she clenched around the nozzle. And

she could see her growing, the summit of her belly packing on the inches, her breasts torturing her spandex top ever more, her skirt hiding less and less each time she pulsed outward on Bella's payload. Her body was a masterpiece in the making, and Bella was the artist, wielding her brush with a vengeful, passionate fury.

"Yesss, that's it," Caitlyn moaned in her submission. "Make me bigger. Make me... more..." She spread her legs in invitation, a willing victim to the pump's relentless assault as her body swelled to proportions she'd never dared attempt before. She was a goddess, a sacrifice laid out upon her own altar to be pumped and pumped and pumped until she popped. And she was loving every second of it. The sound of her creaking skin. The feeling of being filled, of being stretched, of being so close to bursting. Of diving toward oblivion for her own gratification. The humiliation of her pneumatic transformation, turning her into a squirming, moaning mockery of the lithe, athletic girl she'd been just minutes ago. The carnal thrill of jet after jet of compressed air shooting into her right through her hungry, clenching pussy.

"Yes... fill me up..." she gasped, voice rising with arousal and strain. Heat knotted between her legs, a pressure building that had nothing to do with the air filling her to the brim. She was so close, so close to the edge, teetering on the brink of a climax that threatened to dwarf even the staggering heights of her last. Her nipples were hard as diamonds against the straining spandex of her top, her clit a throbbing nexus of pure sensation at the apex of her thighs, puffed up like a ping-pong ball and pulsing in time with the pump's rhythmic thrusts. Her fingers clutched at the bedsheets, her knuckles white with effort as she tried to hold back the tide, to savor the feeling of being so full, so tight, so close. Her breath came in ragged, shallow pants, her vision swimming, her mind a haze of pleasure and pressure. She was a bomb about to go off, a firecracker waiting for a match. And she was ready. So ready.

She couldn't stand it any longer. She reached down to give herself a hand, to light her own fuse, but found only the smooth, taut curve of her own belly blocking the way to her desperate pulsing clit. She tried again, taking a new angle, stretching her fingers forth for all she was worth, but it was no use. She was too big. Too round. Too full. She'd been so lost in the pleasure, so consumed by the thrill of her own transformation, that she'd failed to notice how truly massive she'd become. There was no way she could reach around herself any more to give herself the attention she craved.

Or to remove the hose.

The realization hit her like a bucket of ice water, a chilling shock that cut

through the fog of her arousal. This wasn't part of the fantasy. Even in her competitive frenzy, even in her willing surrender to the autonomy of the pump, she'd always thought to be the one in control, the one who truly decided if her pneumatic debasement would continue apace. That she would be the one to make the final call, to stop it all at the last moment, to experience the thrill of hurtling toward the brink without slipping over the edge. But now... she had no such recourse. No emergency exit. The swell of her own body was an insurmountable barrier, leaving her utterly at the whims of the pump.

"Wait..." she gasped, her breath catching in her throat at another rise and fall of the handle, another gush of air surging into her, another twitch of her swollen, aching lower lips, another creak of her overstretched skin. "Stop! I... I can't reach..."

But the pump didn't stop. If anything, it seemed to quicken, as if her predicament was the very thing that spurred it on. Her eyes widened as true panic set in, the pleasure and the pressure intertwined with a dawning horror as she well and truly understood the situation. She was trapped. Trapped by her own body in a prison of her own desires, her own overindulgence. A victim of her own hubris. She was the girl on her laptop screen now, the one writhing and moaning, the one whose body was being pushed to its limit, the one who was about to—

"No..." she panted between high-pitched groans of strain and bliss, her voice a reedy echo of its former arrogance, "I can't... I'm too... too big..." And to her horror, a fresh wave of heat washed over her, a surge of arousal that was as intense as it was unwelcome. The transgressive titillation of her deepest, darkest fantasies come true. The thought of being so completely, thoroughly dominated, of being inflated beyond her control, of being pumped up through her clenching pussy until she exploded, knowing there was absolutely nothing she could do about it, sent a fresh jolt of electricity through her system, a spasm of delight that made her thighs quiver and her toes curl. The heat between her legs kindled to a blaze at her utter helplessness, her utter degradation, a fire of forbidden delight that burned all the brighter for its traitorous nature. She was getting off on her own explosive fate, her own destruction, and that was the most humiliating, most exhilarating thing of all.

"Please..." Caitlyn gasped as she hurtled toward the brink, trying to hold it all back, her fingers digging into the covers, "I'm gonna... gonna—"

Her plea was lost to a scream of pure, unadulterated ecstasy as the dam broke and she came harder than she ever had, harder than she'd thought possible. A release so powerful it bordered on painful. A crashing wave of bliss that roared through her, a supernova of sensation that rocked her to her core and

made her see stars. Her back arched, her vision swam, her thighs shuddering uncontrollably at the heat and pleasure that erupted between them so powerfully she thought she might explode then and there. And through it all, the pump kept working, kept forcing more and more air into her already overloaded body through her most defenseless, sensitive entrance. She bucked and writhed as it continued its relentless assault, each autonomous thrust fanning the flames of her climax, prolonging it, intensifying it, stretching it out into an eternity of blissful agony. Her overfull body creaked and groaned, her skin singing ever louder with the strain, the pressure inside her building to a crescendo that promised an even more cataclysmic release.

"Too much... too much... oh, God, I can't... can't take it..." she managed to gasp out between waves of orgasmic glee. But her protests were useless, her pleas for mercy only emboldening her pneumatic tormentor. Bella felt a surge of triumph, a wave of vengeful satisfaction so potent it was almost dizzying. This was it. This was her revenge. Not just to watch, but to be the instigator of Caitlyn's downfall, the instrument of her undoing. To hear her desperate cry for clemency, and to be the one who said, 'No.' The succubus had been right; this was empowering. So she gave her another. And another. A feeling like a surge of adrenaline shot through her cold metallic frame at the mounting pressure, the creaking of overstretched skin, the panicked, breathless protests of a girl who knew she was about to go out with a bang. The final chance to pull back, the ultimate question if nerdy, mild-mannered Bella had it in her to face the visceral finality of her plan and see it through to the end. And the resounding clarity of her answer:

*Pop for me, you bitch,* Bella thought, and pumped.

"Please... no... I'm... I'm gonna..."

The rubbery keening of Caitlyn's body reached a fever pitch. She was bigger than any of the girls from her videos, bigger than she'd imagined a girl could get, arms and legs splayed uselessly from a core that stretched out to fill the entire bed, a great, pale moon panting and moaning, trembling and groaning with the tension and the pleasure. But as the handle of the pump rose and fell again, she grew tighter rather than larger, pushing against the absolute limits of her elasticity, testing the bounds of her endurance. She pulsed and throbbed from head to clenching toe, her fuse lit, her timer ticking. Every muscle in her body tensed, every nerve ending screamed, her entire being focused on holding out for one more second, one more pump.

"I'm... I'm gonna—"

The handle of the pump rose before her one last time, slowly but surely,

pausing at the precipice just long enough to let her bask in her total helplessness, to hang like the Sword of Damocles over her drum-tight skin, to let the reality of her explosive fate truly sink in. And then, it fell.

The gush of air surged down the hose, a last, triumphant torrent that was the final straw, the final push over the edge. A wave of pressure she could no longer contain. Her eyes widened as it rushed into her, her cheeks flushed, her mouth the perfect O of realization she'd seen so many times before. And then—

**BANG!**

With a sound like a thunderclap, Caitlyn exploded.

The sudden, violent release of pressure was a shockwave that rocked the room, a concussive blast made the floorboards shudder and the window shatter in its frame. Bella's world upended as she was flung from the force of it, tumbling end over end and bouncing off the far wall, coming to rest on the carpet next to what she recognized as Caitlyn's fire-engine red panties, discarded in gleeful anticipation of their session and still intact, unlike their owner. The rest of the room was a disaster, books and papers and the contents of her closet scattered as if by a hurricane, the bedspread torn, the nightstand toppled over, her laptop cracked on the floor. Shreds of black and red fabric swirled in the eddies, fluttering down like vibrant, oversized snowflakes.

And then Bella felt her world dissolving again, her inanimate form melting and flowing outward. Bones solidified, limbs regained their shapes, the hose and the handle retracted into her body as she was cast like molten iron into a great mold. In just moments, she was herself again, a human being with real eyes and real arms, curled and panting on the carpet amidst a silence that rang as loud as the cheer captain's ultimate, explosive finale. She was all there, nothing broken or hurting from where she'd impacted the wall. Her heart hammered with the dizzying afterglow of her efforts as she sat up, with the rush of what she'd just accomplished, the raw, unbridled power of it all. She'd really done it. She'd won. She'd really pumped Caitlyn up until she exploded. She'd—

"Aaand, cut!"

That familiar voice. That familiar giggle. Windchimes in a graveyard. The succubus flashed into being, sitting with her legs crossed in midair, eyes glowing and barbed tail flicking idly behind her, holding Bella's phone out before her. She tapped the screen and the light of the camera winked off, and she tossed it gently down to land in Bella's lap.

"Bravo, my little avenger," the demoness said, giving Bella a slow clap that echoed in the ringing silence of the room, "Absolutely stellar performance. The

pleasure, the panic, the righteous indignation... and, ooh, that finish! The look on her face when she realized she couldn't reach? That little pause, right at the end? Poetry. Pure, unadulterated poetry. What a natural. Are you sure you've never blown a girl up before?"

Bella shivered, a coldness running through her veins. The succubus's adoration was as much accusation as praise, a reminder of the part she'd played, the role she had so eagerly embraced. The power. The control. The sweet, savory taste of revenge.

"I—"

"Don't be ashamed, my dear," the succubus purred, her tail swishing behind her like a cat's. "It's only natural to enjoy a little power now and then. Especially when it's so well-deserved. Caitlyn got what was coming to her. A taste of her own medicine. A dose of her own poison. And you, my little artist, were the one to administer it. You should be proud."

Bella looked down at her hands, at the flesh that had so recently been molded rubber and slick metal. She recalled the feel of growing resistance, the pressure building, the creaking of Caitlyn's skin, the sound of her moans, the look in her eyes as she realized she was about to—she shivered. It was too much. Too much to process, too much to comprehend. But the succubus was right. A part of her, a dark, hungry part, was proud. And why shouldn't she be?

"She... she deserved it," Bella said, her voice tentative, weak.

"Oh, she deserved it, alright," the succubus agreed, a wicked glint in her eye. "As so many girls do. The world is full of them. Little queens and tyrants, all thinking they're on top of the world. All thinking they can get away with anything. And maybe they can. For a little while. But everyone has a breaking point. Everyone has a limit. And it's so, so fun to find it. Especially when one has such talent for it. Wouldn't you agree?"

Bella shifted on the carpet, the fingers of one hand coming to rest on that small, slim slice of tangled red beside her. The panties of the girl she'd fucked to bursting just moments ago. The fabric was soft, still faintly warm, still damp with the ghost of the excitement that had driven her to her explosive end. She shivered again. And then she remembered the phone in her lap. She picked it up, the screen lighting up to display a new video titled "Caitlyn." Her thumb brushed the thumbnail of the final, wide-eyed moment before the bang, knowing exactly what lay just a couple taps away. Her souvenir. Her triumph. Her masterpiece. She looked back up at the demoness, at her glowing eyes and wicked, expectant smile.

And she nodded.