

Make Me Your Balloon

“...You’re serious? This is a real thing? People do this?”

Miranda averted her eyes and felt her face growing hotter. An embarrassed nod sent strands of black hair falling into her face. They had only just started fooling around in the bedroom before her secret came out.

“You *literally* inflate yourself like a balloon. Like, *with air*.” Jacky raised an eyebrow and stared at her girlfriend’s petite waistline.

Miranda buried her face into her hands. “*Stoop! You’re making me regret telling you!!*”

“You don’t need to regret it! I’m just trying to understand!” Putting her arms around her, Jacky squeezed her bashful lover. Only a matching pair of a purple bra and panties concealed her alluring figure. “This is something you’ve tried before?”

A timid nod responded. “M-Mhm... Since high school... A few times a week...”

“*A few times a WEEK?? Since HIGH SCHOOL??*”

“*STOOOOP!!*” Miranda placed both hands protectively on her stomach. “I-It’s just something I discovered and I ended up really liking it, ok?”

Jacky threw her hands up. “Hey, I’m not judgin’! I’m the girl that asked to be hypnotized! I’m no kink shamer. I’m just surprised, is all... You’re so skinny! I never would have--”

Lowering her voice to a whisper, Miranda confessed, “*That’s half the fun... If you’re skinny, you can really see the difference all the air makes... You start to feel like a real balloon... And... I’ve always wanted to be a balloon at someone’s mercy...*”

“But--”

“*I know!! I know it’s weird!! I’m sorry! I shouldn’t have brought it up!! Just forget I said anything and we can have normal sex and--*”

“Ohhh no!! There’s no going back now, Balloon Girl!” Jacky teased and poked her stomach, but the joke was met with further withdrawal into regret. Jacky paused and tried to picture her girlfriend’s tiny abdomen inflated like a beach ball. “So... How does it work exactly? How do you--”

Her voice was even softer now. Hardly a squeak. “*There’s a hose attached to a pump... And the hose goes in...my...uh...*” Miranda motioned to her backside.

“Ah. Say no more.”

Awkward silence fell. After a moment of watching Miranda fidget and blush, Jacky knew she had to be the one to push the night forward.

“Alright, let’s give it a try.”

Sparkles nearly leaped from Miranda’s eyes when she shot her gaze upward. “*REALLY?? You’ll do it??*”

“I’ll try anything once! And if you enjoy this as much as you say you do, then I’ll enjoy it too.” Jacky kissed her, feeling hot breath already warming her mouth. “Where do we start? Do you bend over and I stick the hose--”

“*NO!!*” Miranda recoiled and jumped from the bed. “I-I’ll do that part!! Just... Wait right there, ok? It’s embarrassing. I’ll be right back!”

She sprang into the bathroom before Jacky could protest. There came a shuffling and what sounded like a box being removed from a shelf in the closet. Then silence.

“A-Ahh...!”

Jacky stared at the closed door and felt herself blush. “You good in there?”

“Yup! Just getting ready...”

She returned soon enough, slipping through the door with a beet-red face and appearing in a pink sleeveless leotard. It reminded Jacky of a cotton one-piece swimsuit. Snug and form-fitting, it showed off Miranda’s petite stature and accentuated the compressed slopes of the E-cups Jacky admired so dearly. The crotch hugged her groin close enough to reveal the gentle contours of her intimates. In one hand was a bulb pump with a hose leading behind Miranda’s back.

“Wow... Now there’s an outfit!”

Miranda inspected herself. “You like it?” Spinning around, she showed off a butt stuffed snugly into the outfit. The other end of the hose vanished under the fabric and between her cheeks.



“Like it? I *love* it!! Should have shown me that thing sooner! I’d do anything for you in that.”

Smiling, Miranda ran a finger under a seam tracing its way over her pelvis. “I like how tight it gets when I inflate really big...” She approached and sat on the bed, handing the pump to Jacky.

The situation suddenly felt very real. Staring at the black rubber bulb, Jacky traced the hose with her eyes until it vanished between her lover's rear and the mattress. "Wow. So the end of this hose is really inside of--"

"M-Mhm... *Your balloon is ready to blow up...*"

She was trembling. Shaking with excitement. Jacky could feel the lust radiating off Miranda. Already the crotch of the leotard was darkening from seeping moisture. She couldn't recall a time she'd ever seen Miranda so aroused.

Rolling the bulb pump in her hand, she started, "You really want me to just--"

"P-Pump me up. As fast or as slow as you want. I promise I can take it. If I think I'm getting too full, I-I'll say 'dolphin', ok?"

Jacky nodded and tightened her grip on the bulb. "Dolphin in the safe word. Got it."

Shaking even harder now, Miranda grasped the sheets. The anticipation was taking her breath away. "*Please blow me up like a balloon. M-Make me as big as you--*"

Shrrissh

"*Ahh!!*" The first burst of air rushed into her body. Miranda trembled, feeling it push and settle within her deepest reaches.

"Like that?" Jacky asked hotly, relaxing her fist around the bulb. An intense sense of dominating control came over her.

Swallowing to ease her racing heart, Miranda nodded. "*Mhmmmm... Just like that... More. Much more. Faster and--EEK!!!*"

Shrrissh

Shrrissh

Shrrissh

Shrrissh

Air surged into her when Jacky's hand pumped rapidly. Every squeeze made her heart race as she felt herself forcing another burst of air into her lover's abdomen. Her eyes were trained on Miranda's waistline, waiting for the moment her efforts became visible. It was difficult to know what was inflation due to her rapid breathing, and what was due to the building reservoir of air.

Shrrissh

Shrrissh

Jacky ogled and tried to visualize the amount of air she'd deposited. "And this doesn't hurt??"

Miranda shook her head and pursed her lips. "*My... A-Ahh! My body is...accustomed to it by now!*" Heavy eyes stared at her belly and she placed a hand over the gentle curve of pink cotton covering her stomach. The air was making itself known. Gentle but firm pressure shifted under her hand. This was only the beginning. "*Y-You won't believe how big I've trained myself to get.*"

"Mmm, then how about I find out?"

Shrrissh

Shrrissh

Shrrissh

Shrrissh

Shrrissh

“MNGHAAAHH!!” Miranda tensed and leaned against Jacky to lay her head on her shoulder. Gentle nestles betrayed her desire for more. “*Pump me up! Pump me up! God...! I’m... I’m your balloon!*” she begged again into Jacky’s ear. The mattress shifted when she began grinding her hips and thighs. “*Bigger... Please make me bigger...*” Boiling kisses fell upon Jacky’s neck. A stray hand crept to her chest, groping a petite C-cup mound resting in its bra cup. “*Stretch me out...*”

Shrrissh

Shrrissh

Jacky shivered at a rash of goosebumps prickling over her skin when Miranda bit her earlobe. “You really lose your mind with this stuff!” Looking down, she saw a distinct difference in Miranda’s belly. It was bulging slightly, rounding out the leotard’s front as if she were bloated from a heavy meal.

Shrrissh

Shrrissh

Shrrissh

“N-Nghh...! Jacky...! Can you...see it...?”



It was becoming more obvious. Every squeeze of the bulb added a tiny amount. Separately they didn’t have much power. But all combined, they were proving enough to

transform Miranda's waistline. Airy pressure pushed her belly to an unmistakable dome. Even as she breathed, it seemed to lower less and less.

Jacky dared to place a tempted hand on her curve, unsure if what she was seeing was real.

Tiny quakes erupted in Miranda at the touch. "*Mmmmm!!! You've already made me...so big!*"

"Wow..." Jacky awed at the changes.

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

She pumped faster. "You really are inflating!" Squeezing her hand gently before leading into a massage, she explored Miranda's abdomen. It had rounded out, but remained soft and pillowy. "All that air makes a difference, huh?"

"*M-Mhm!!*"

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

Her stomach pushed outward with air and a sharp gasp. Jacky felt her heart race. She'd been willing to entertain Miranda's desire, but she hadn't expected to enjoy it so much. Watching her love expand had ignited something.

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

"*You know...*" Jacky whispered, rubbing the dome, "*You almost look pregnant with that belly~*"

Miranda squirmed. "*Mnnghhhhh don't tease me like thaaaaat!!*"

"*Does my naughty swollen balloon want more~?*"

A whimper slipped free. "*M-Much more. I can take...so much more...!*"

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

"*MGGAAHHH!!!*"

A flurry of rapid pumps threw Miranda onto her back. She writhed, grabbing her belly as it slowly inflated and rose from her pelvis as if she'd swallowed a swelling party balloon. Reaching a height of six inches, Miranda's abdomen was taking on a heavily pregnant appearance. Contours pulled around her pelvis where the leotard exposed her bare skin, defining her hips and navel as it tried to accommodate her girth. Tingling was turning into more intense pushing and shoving within her body.

"*Jacky... J-Jacky... This--*" She had to catch her breath when she felt the suit's crotch pulling tight. "*I've wanted this for so long...*"

“I can tell~ Look at those nipples; you’re about to cut through the fabric. Why don’t you let me help with those.”

Jacky leaned over her reclining lover, pulling down the leotard’s neckline to expose Miranda’s plump weighty breasts. She took one in her mouth and massaged the other, while not forgetting the pump in her hand.

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

“Mmnggh!! More...”

Jacky pulled a nipple deep into her mouth until Miranda writhed. With such a soft, fleshy dome pushing against the side of her head, Miranda’s breasts felt all the bigger.

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

Jacky popped free of the nipple, leaving the nub flushed and engorged. Saliva made it shine with its sister areola. She caressed a hand down Miranda’s belly and over her navel, delivering a gentle squeeze. Her head followed and left a trail of kisses across the cotton-stretched curve.

“H-How big do you want me?”

Jacky paused at Miranda’s navel where the leotard dove between her thighs. “HMMMM, not suuuuure! You’re getting preeetty tight down here... I’m not sure you can hold any more air!”

Desperate squeaks came from over her chest and belly. *“I can! S-So much more!”*

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

“Oh yea~? Well you’re WAY too big for this leotard...” A finger wiggled under a seam and ran between it and Miranda’s lower navel. Hot, stretched skin rubbed tight against her fingertip. When it drew low enough, Miranda parted her thighs to urge her lover closer to her treasure.

“OH!!” Jacky gasped.

“W-What??”

She growled, staring at Miranda’s exposed crotch. *“You didn’t tell me these were crotch-buttoned... How DARE you. I think maybe we should just pop these open, and I can see just how big you’ve really--”*

“NO!!” Miranda protested, grabbing Jacky’s hand. Jacky passed a surprised expression and Miranda shared, *“I-I... I like when I get big enough that they pop open on their own...”*

Even Jacky’s face turned red. Her heart throbbed, trying to imagine what that meant. *“You can get that big...?”*

Holding a clenched hand to her mouth, Miranda nodded. The challenge had been set.

Jacky grinned. *“Heh... Prove it.”*

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

“M-MMNGHH!!! Ahh!! Aahhhhh!! Fuck, Jacky!!”

“Things are pretty tight down here!” Jacky teased, running a finger over the sopping fabric hugging Miranda’s lips. “If I didn’t know better, I would think I’m pumping up that cute little pussy of yours too! Never seen it soooo puffy and swollen.” She massaged her fingertip deep into the compressed, pillowy folds. “Like it’s ready to burst right out of this thing.”

“I-I’m close!! I-- I can feel--”

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

Miranda’s a navel grew taller. More stretched and distended. Watching with a growing desire, Jacky took in every inch of her girlfriend’s impressive basketball belly. Skin pulled at her hips with heightened firmness. Miranda’s navel rose bloated and round, pulling her pussy tight and tall. Holding so much air, the belly blocked Miranda’s face from sight.

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

Miranda whimpered, squirming as pressure shifted inside of her. The top of her belly was pressing against her breasts. “R-Rub it!! Rub my pumped-up clit!! I’m...I’m gonna blow!!”

Such a request could never be denied. Jacky could see the tiny bulb pressing against the leotard’s fabric. Sinking her fingertips into the mass of intimate flesh, she rubbed in tight circles.

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

“Ahhh! Mmnggh!! Jackyyy!”

The leotard pulled. Stress creases folded across the crotch, exposing the sides of Miranda’s pussy. Over her belly, the seams dug into her waist to deform what would otherwise have been a perfectly smooth dome of building air. Jacky could feel it tightening as air pushed from within. Both of Miranda’s thighs began trembling.

Shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh

Crreeaaaaaak

Miranda arched her back, grabbing the sides of her gut. Approaching orgasm blushed her cheeks. “Ahh!! AHHH!!! H-HERE IT--”

Shrrissh shrrissh

Crreeaaaaa--POP POP!!

“GAH!! HAAHHHH!!! MNNGGHHH!!!”



Hot fluid flung onto Miranda's face when the leotard's two buttons burst open. Like a pink balloon settling into its true form, her pussy sprang forth with a plump jiggle. Miranda cried out at the sensation, feeling the leotard snap across her navel and slap her gut. Orgasmic trembles left her clawing at the sheets as her belly rose out of the now-loose suit.

"My my~ *You really do burst out of it, don't you?*" Jacky said, wiping her face. A finger ran up the exposed pink before sinking deep between both lips, slick and hot. "*I think I heard your stomach echo! Like a naughty, tight balloon getting slapped.*"

Miranda's pleading eyes looked over her cleavage when she saw Jacky rise to her feet. "*Wait! Don't stop pumping!! I-I can still take more!*"

"Oh I know."

Jacky grabbed her hands.

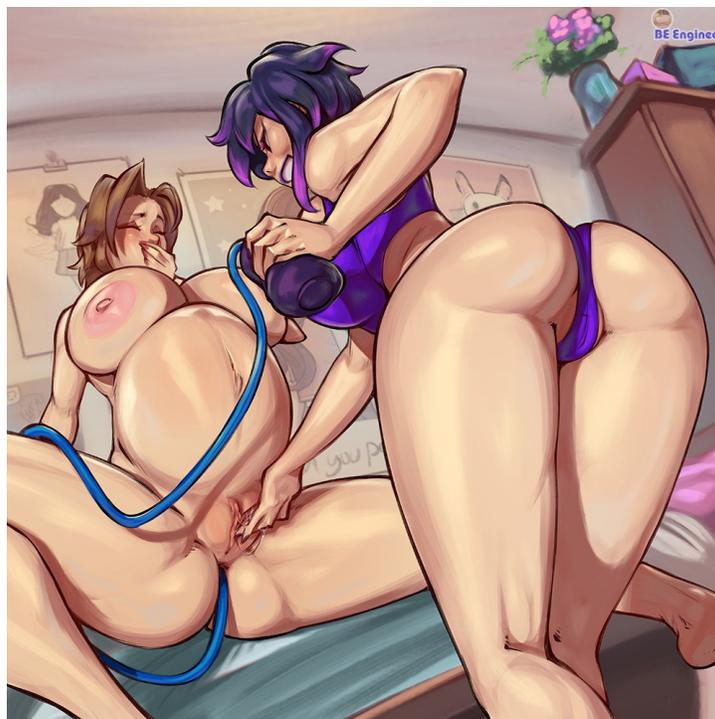
"*Whoa!*"

Whisked upward, Miranda was pulled into a sitting position on the edge of the bed. The air-filled orb rested between her hands. Miranda could feel its pressures fighting against her thighs and skin as she sat. Such a pronounced size was meant to be enjoyed on one's back, where the body wouldn't put pressure on it. "*What are we--Mph!*"

Jacky kissed her. Pulling the leotard up and over her belly, she removed it from Miranda's breasts and head before tossing it to the side. She sat naked and bloated before her lover, endowed chest resting full atop her belly.

Bearing down, Jacky leaned over Miranda. Tantalizing cleavage bulged from her bra with heavy breaths. Fingers slipped between her thighs and curled into her folds.

"*A-Ah!*"



Jacky watched her squirm and squeak. “If I’m going to make my balloon any bigger, I think I need to keep her from floating away.” Jacky kissed her again before grabbing a chair from the corner of the room. “Sit down.”

Eyes unable to focus due to anticipation, Miranda waddled to the chair with belly in hand. Though light, it carried a size she didn’t dare test. With a hose extending from her cheeks like a tail, she sat in the chair as Jacky found their usual leather restraints.

Arms and legs were tied within moments. Miranda sat there, prisoner, as her girlfriend stood over her holding the pump in hand. Trembling breaths shook her body and chair. Sweat poured down her chest and face.

“Jacky... J-Jacky... I’m...so wet...” she squeaked.

“I noticed. *You were dripping on the way to that chair.*” Placing a hand on her belly, Jacky whispered, “*I didn’t know I was inflating a water balloon.*”

“*W-W-Water is actually a nice--MMMMGH!!!*”

Something round and hard parted her thighs. Looking down, Miranda saw their magic wand vibrator wedged under her pelvis. Its bulbous head mashed against her pussy, not a fold spared. Her clit throbbed with a dense ache.

Jacky’s eyes flashed as she fingered a switch. “*I want to hear my balloon scream.*”

Click

BZZZZZZ

“*AAUUGHH!!*”

Miranda threw her head back when vibrations assaulted her belly. Fire ignited in the back of her head and her core burned, tensing around two gallons of air stuffed inside of her.

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

“Gahh! Haaahhh, J-Jacky!! I-- MMMM!!! MMMMMM!!!!”

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

“What was that? Couldn’t hear you.” Jacky’s hand worked the pump like a stress ball that owed her money. Air flew into Miranda’s abdomen faster than ever.

BZZZZZZ!!

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

“Hhaaahhhhhhhh oohhhhh GOD!! I-I’m gonna BLOW!! God I’m gonna blow!! Pump me!! Pump meee!” Miranda whined. She stared down, able to watch her belly visibly inflate from the rapid pumps. It was rare she could stand to stretch so fast, but under such an extreme amount of arousal, her body felt capable of taking on anything. The heat of Jacky’s breasts on her neck was giving her goosebumps.

“You better not blow~ I’m not ready for my balloon to pop just yet.” Moving behind her, Jacky squeezed and massaged the distending mound. Taut skin rubbed over the tops of Miranda’s thighs.

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

“Mmm!! Nnnghhhh!!”

Her breasts lifted slightly, rising atop their shelf. Deep dimples formed on the top and bottom of her belly to the sides. Firming into a tense oval shape, her abdomen jutted forward in a well-defined mass. Miranda leaned back, not daring to compress it between her torso and thighs. Pressure sparked and tingled through her entire core as muscle and flesh ached.

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

BZZZZZZZZ!!!

“Mmmnghhh!! O-Oohh God! I’m...getting tight!!!”

“I’ll say...”



Smack!!

“EEP!!! Jacky!! B-Be... Be careful!!”

Leaning over, Jacky ran a hand over her lover’s naked body. Grabbing breast and belly alike, she teased every erogenous inch available. A red handprint stung on the right side of Miranda’s stomach. *“Where do you put it all in that tiny body??”*

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

BBZZZZZZZZ

“Nngh! I--” Miranda gasped for air. Her mind spun as pressure pushed to unbearable levels but pleasure fought back. She’d only reached this size a handful of times before, and it never lasted for very long.

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Miranda winced. *“I’m... J...Jacky...! I’m--”*

“It’s like I have my own personal moaning beach ball... Tiiiight and round...” Jacky moved around and knelt in front of the taut globe. A belly button, usually an innie, was flattening to the surface. She kissed and rubbed around the tiny dimple, marveling at the sheer girth her lover had attained. Meeting Miranda’s eyes, Jacky kissed her belly again before holding both sides and saying, *“Maybe you really are a balloon... That skinny belly of yours is stretched so tight I can barely squeeze it! Like you’re made of latex...”*

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Miranda panted in rapid, short bursts. She wanted more. Much more. Her heart ached to keep the experience going and the pleasure in her core demanded more. But the air swirling inside of her demanded attention. She was starting to ache. Her hand twitched, wanting to massage her stomach, but they remained tied. Air felt like it was massaging the back of her pussy as her navel distended and pulled.

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

“M-Mmm!! Slow... S-Slow down! I’m gonna--”

Thump!!

“Nngh! O-Oh God!”

A finger flicked the side of her, producing a hollow thud like the side of a watermelon. Jacky snickered. “Either you’re overdue with twins, or my balloon is just about ready to pop. *Maybe I should get the air compressor. I bet THAT would fill you up so fast you would--*”

“MMMMM!!!! GGAAAHHHH!!!!”

It all became too much in an avalanche of pleasure. The vibrations... The pressure... The teasing... The touching... The dense, internal ache of stretching to her utmost limit...

“MNGGAAHHH!!! FUUUUCK!!!”

Miranda came with a triumphant scream, squirting over the wand as her body bucked in the chair. Her body arched back, stretching her belly into a curved oval as it followed her spine.

It wasn’t until her vision returned that she realized the wand had been turned off. Jacky stood behind her, holding her close and gently rubbing her chest. Miranda doubled over as far as she dared, sweating and gasping for air. A belly shoved her breasts into her collarbones. It felt as though a beach ball had truly been inflated within her abdomen, stretching her to the limit. She’d never seen dimples so deep.

“How was that?” Jacky asked, kissing her neck. The bulb itched in her hand, her arousal daring her to squeeze again.

“Good... God, so...fucking...good...” Miranda whimpered and tried to shift her position in the chair. Her belly’s size made it difficult to find comfort. She could feel it bloating between her thighs, bloating her navel and pulling on her crotch like a rope. *“I’m...SO big... There’s so much air... I’ve never... I’ve never managed to get this big...”*

Jacky’s hands explored, rubbing and squeezing across the ten-month-pregnant dome. *“Doing alright? You got way bigger than I thought you would.”*

Hesitation. Feeling her heart flutter, Miranda nodded weakly after a second. *“I...I-I’m good I think... My body just...needs a minute to adjust... God, this pressure...”* She laughed nervously. *“I-I really thought I might burst when you slapped me.”*

“Oh I would never let my new favorite balloon pop~!” Jacky kissed her and squeezed a swollen breast. *“Should I take the hose out?”*

“No!! Not yet...! I want to feel the air...for a bit longer” She nuzzled Jacky. Confidence sparkled in her eyes as lust returned. *“A-And maybe we can go a little bigger after a break...?”*

“Mmm, I like the sound of that. But if we go much bigger...” She rubbed her breasts, “*All that air might have to start finding other places to inflate.*”

Miranda’s pussy tingled. She’d often imagined the same scene: her belly becoming so full that her breasts were forced to take on some of the air as it was pumped into her without end. A tremble ran through her and she felt ready for more. “*I’m willing to see what happens. A bigger pair of tits to match this belly wouldn’t be so bad...*” She swallowed, dizzy from her previous orgasm. “But... Could I have some water first maybe?”

Jacky winked. “You got it. Rest up and I’ll be back to abuse that pump again.”

A rummaging came from the kitchen. Miranda sat restrained, her belly resting atop her lap like a taut pale balloon of flesh. Staring at it left Miranda stunned.

“*I can’t believe I got so big...*” Her hands tried to reach but stopped an inch away. Blushing breasts wobbled on top, displaced and rounded with the bloated shelf. “*I-I can take more. Just a little more... I’ll know when to--*”

“Ok, open up.”

Miranda turned her head, ready to receive a drink. “*I--Mph!!*”

Something slipped deep into her mouth. Eyes wide, she looked up to see a thick hose leading to a funnel. There was no time to react before Jacky poured a bottle into the cone.

“*M-Mmmph!!*”

Cold fluid struck her tongue. Her body acted purely on instinct.

Gulp...

Gulp...

Gulp...

It was fizzy. Whining and leaning her head back, Miranda opened her throat to a flood of seltzer water.

“Drink up~! Gotta stay nice and hydrated...” Jacky mused.

Gulp...

Gulp...

Miranda clenched her eyes as they started to water. There was no end to the carbonated drink as it funneled down her gullet. It settled deep in her core, rumbling behind a puffy wall of flesh and air. Fluid pushed her waistline forward as her body was forced to find more room swallow after swallow.

Gulp!

Gulp!

“*Nngh!!*” she whimpered, hands closing into fists. Her belly stretched against the flood of contents.



“Almost there!”

Her lungs screamed for air. Stamping her feet, she opened her eyes to see Jacky tilting the last bit of seltzer into the funnel. It ran through the hose to Miranda, who struggled to swallow the final gulp. The hose was removed, thrown aside with an empty two-liter bottle of carbonated water.

She gasped for air. *“Gaahhh!! A-Ack!! Jacky!!”*

“Theeerrree we go...! All done!”

Miranda coughed, water dripping from her lips to her cleavage and belly below. *“That... Ack!! That was seltzer!”*

Another snicker of amusement. *“Oh I know.”*

“But why would you--”

Guuurrrrrgle

A tremble shook Miranda when her belly protested. Anxiety rose within her as she listened to her distended globe rumble. Tight and wobbling with each breath as a single, firm mass. Pressure was shifting deep within her. Bubbles tickled and popped with fizz far too energetic for her comfort.

“Uhh...” Miranda gulped and pulled at the restraints, wishing she could hold her gut. *“Jacky... Maybe we should--”*

Jacky moved in front of her and leaned on the chair’s armrests. Devilish desire shone in her eyes. *“Is my balloon ready for round two?”*

“I-I like your creativity, but--”

Jacky fingered the vibrator's switch. Miranda's eyes turned to fearful saucers.

"W-WAIT!! DON'T--"

Click

BZZZZZZZ

"A-Ahh!! MMNGH!!"

Fssshhhhhhhh

The effect was immediate. Tension jumped within Miranda's abdomen, pushing her belly outward with visible speed. Carbonation hissed in anger. At the whim of the vibrating, rising bubbles, Miranda's body started to truly balloon.

"H-Hhaaah!! Fuck!! Mmmghh, J-Jacky!!!" she whined, hands clenched into fists.

"Look at you go! Or should I say...blow?" She rubbed the stretching front of the overblown beach ball sphere. *"Soooo tight! I can barely--"*

BZZZZZ

Fssshhhhhhhh!!

The bubbles expanded faster. Fizzing and popping within her, Miranda felt her belly rapidly inflating where there was no space. *"Ahh!! AAhhuugh!! I-It's too much!!"* She leaned back, forced to arch her spine as her belly grew tall and oval. Rolls formed around her back where her abdomen pulled harder. *"Jacky...!! I-I--NNGH!!"*

"Now THAT'S a balloon!!" Jacky ogled the outlandish belly as her lover appeared overladen with triplets. Taking both sides, she jostled it back and forth.

Fsshhh!!

FSSHHHHH!!!!

Loud hissing rose from the pale globe, Miranda's skin tightening under her hands.

"Ahhh!! D-Don't do that!! You're making the soda--"

"Looook how inflated you are!! God, I'm loving this... I didn't think you would get so tight... You weren't kidding that you could get big!"

Whimpering as she felt her belly pushing her breasts up, Miranda could barely dare to look.

The pressure was monumental. But the pleasure...*was divine*. Everything felt on the verge of popping. Sweat ran down her neck. Between her shaking thighs, the vibrator quaked without mercy. The seltzer was orgasmic torture. There was nothing she could do as it forced her larger. Never had she felt so helplessly turned on. Nectar dripped over the chair's edges from her lust.

BZZZZZ

Fssshhhhhhhh--

Pomph!!

"W-W-WHAT WAS THAT?!" she cried out when her belly jolted. She realized she'd been holding her breath.

“Mmmm, someone’s innie just became an outie!” Jacky giggled, tracing a finger over a grape-sized protruding belly button. “I wish you could see yourself! Miranda... YOU’RE SO FUCKING HUGE!! God I wonder what it’s like to be on top of you... I had no idea that--”

BZZZZZZ

Fssssshhhhhhhh

“J-Jacky!! Jacky!!” Squirms tensed her arms against their bindings. Tingles spread over her belly as skin stretched. “Nnnnngh, I think this is too much!! It’s--”

“Oh? What’s the matter?” She grabbed the pump.

Miranda’s eyes widened in fright. Frantic flutters raced through her heart and she whimpered.

BZZZZZZ

Fssssshhhhhh

“You don’t think you can stretch any bigger for me? I thought I could pump my balloon as big as I wanted!”

The tingling grew stronger. Miranda felt hardly capable of filling her lungs as she arched her back further. Seeing Miranda’s hand tighten around the bulb sent a wave of terror when a soft, stretching sound came from her body.

Creeeeaaaaa--

“D-DON’T--”

Shrrissh shrrissh shrrissh

Several bursts of air entered her. Miranda’s face grimaced, feeling pressures fighting.

BZZZZZZZZ

Fssssshhhhhh!!

Creeaaaaa--Pomph!!

A sudden burst clapped in front of her, a releasing force jolting Miranda’s abdomen like a tiny slap. Jacky’s eyes stared.

“GAHH!! WHAT WAS THAT?! OH MY GOD WHAT WAS THAT?!”

“Uhhhh...” She stared closer at Miranda’s belly button. A pink streak shot from it and down her navel. “I-I think it’s a stretch mark?”

“W-WHAT?!”

BZZZZZZZZ

Fssssshhhhhhhh

The tingles grew stronger.

Creeeeeeaaaaa--Pomph!!

Pomph!!

Her belly jolted twice more. A pair of pink lightning bolts raced over her tensing dome. Yet the tingling only grew worse.

CREEEEEAAAAA--

Panic settled in. “*T-Turn it off!! Turn off the vibrator!!*” Writhing and trying to free herself, Miranda leaned back as if to escape her own body.

Sqqqueaaaaak!

Hearing her sides wedge against the armrests with a wicked squeak was the final push.



“Dolphin!!! DOLPHIN DOLPHIN DOLPHIN!!!!!!”

“SHIT! SHIT SHIT!! HANG ON!!”

Jacky dropped her act and sprang into action. The vibrator flung from Miranda’s thighs with a trail of dripping fluid and was left abandoned on the floor.

Fssshhhhh!!!

“Auugh!! I-It’s still...expanding!!” Miranda squeaked with minimal air. Her nails dug into the chair. An expanse of blushing skin inflated like an oversized beach ball angrily pushed her breasts into her neck.

CREEEAAAAA--POMPH!!

Another stretch mark. Squeezed in the armrest vice, her belly began deforming to bulge around the chair. *“AHH!! AAHHHH TOO...TIGHT!!”*

“What do I do?!”

“U-Untie me!! Untie me!!”

Jacky’s hands flew at her wrists. Straps fell away and Miranda’s hands flung to her waist in a flash.

There was no give. Her skin trembled beneath her fingertips like the surface of a blimp about to explode.

Fssshhhhh!!

“Haahhh!! Haaahhhh ooooOOHH GOD!!” It inflated in her grasp. There was no more arch to give in her back, yet the yoga ball belly demanded it. *“AHHH I FEEL READY TO POP!! I’M GONNA POP!!”*

Carbonation growled louder. Hissing within the overstretched girl, its bubbles echoed and popped for all to hear.

“What do I do?!”

“I don’t know!! I DON’T KNOW!!”

CREEEEA AAAA--POMPH!!

“M-Mmnng!!! I-I can’t...take it, Jacky!! You--MMM!!” Miranda tensed when her navel inflated between her thighs. Her pussy screamed as if it had just doubled in size. *“Y-You need to take out the hose!”*

“But you told me not to take it out!”

“WELL I’M TELL YOU TO NOW!!”

“Ok ok ok!!” She took hold of the tube. *“Ready??”*

FSSSSH HHHH!!

CREEEA AAAAAAAAAAK!!

“YES!!”

A gentle tug produced only a cry from Miranda. A firmer pull did the same.

“It won’t come out!! Relax a little!! Stop clenching!!”

CREEAA--POMPH!!!

“AHH!! You try relaxing when your belly is the size OF A FUCKING WEATHER BALLOON!! I--”

HSSSSSSS!!!

It ballooned loud enough to stun them both. Miranda’s eyes bulged upon seeing herself swell inches within seconds. The chair creaked around her in protest.

“OH SHIT!!” Jacky gawked.

CREEEA AAAAAAAAAAK!!

“NNGH!! J...Jackyyyyyy!!” Miranda moaned, her breasts in her face. *“I-I don’t think...I can--”*

HSSSSSSS!!

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!

“I don’t think I can...TAKE MUCH MORE!! I’m too big!! I’m--”

HSSSSSSSSSSS!!!

She closed her eyes and turned her head. *“MNNNGHH!!! I-I CAN’T STRETCH ANY--”*

POP!!!!

“AHH!!!”

Hiiiiisssssssssss...

Miranda dared not breathe or look. The pop had been too loud to be anything else. Yet as she sat there hugging her belly, she could feel the monumental pressure releasing.

Hiiiiisssssssssss...

It was going down. Skin softening under her hands, she slowly opened her eyes to see the horizon of blushing skin retracting.

“*W...What...happened??*”

Jacky stood by her holding the hose. The pump was gone, ripped from the tube in an act of desperation. Tears sat in her eyes ready to flow. “It was the only thing I could think to do...”

A sigh filled the room. Miranda collapsed in the chair under a mile of relief. Slowly her belly deflated. The carbonation still raged, but without the added air from the pump, it wasn't nearly as tormenting.

“*Hoooooly shit...*” she groaned, massaging a mound the size of a pumpkin. “*I can't believe...this feels SMALL to me now...*”

“Y-You're ok, right? I...” Jacky sniffled. “*I went too far...*”

“*No...! No no... Come here...*” Miranda motioned for her lover and embraced her head against her chest as Jacky started to cry. “*I should have said the safe word earlier... I told you to make me as big as you wanted.*” Miranda giggled, relief hitting her like a drug. The laugh made Jacky's head bounce on her chest. “I didn't think that meant turning me into an exercise ball!”

“N-Neither did I...” Jacky wiped her eyes and looked at the protruding belly beneath her girlfriend's chest. The deflation had slowed. “But, you're ok, right?”

Miranda nodded. “I'll be fine. Just... Very, *very* tired... I've never felt so... So... *Used up...*”

“...Are you still my balloon?”

They kissed. “*Of course.* But...”

Anxiety rose in Jacky's eyes. “But...?”

A sly smile crossed Miranda's cheeks. Brimming excitement laced her breath. “What if we try inflating *you* next time...?”