

You sit down on your bed, excited for your partner to show up with the tools. You had ordered a large bike pump a few weeks back after your partner found your “stash” and admitted that they enjoy the idea of pumping people full of air as well. You hear the clicking of heels in the hallway; your partner wanted to make sure you knew they were coming. The doorknob to your room turns as your partner walks in. They’re wearing a long-sleeve band crop top with black fishnets underneath, a pink short skirt, a pair of cat thigh-highs, and black heels. The most notable thing about them (at this moment) is the bike pump they’re holding: it stands around the height of your legs, and is as thick as your partner’s thighs.

“Are we ready to start?” your partner asks, leaning up to you.

You nod excitedly.

“Alrighty.”

Your partner sits on your lap, your legs slightly pushing into their fatty thighs, and gives you a passionate kiss on the lips before splitting your lips with the bike pump’s hose. They lift up on the pump’s handle with their right hand. They slowly push the handle down, their left hand on your stomach. You feel a little bit of pressure build up in your stomach.

“Having fun already?” your partner asks you. You guess you let out a moan.

They continue pumping until your belly is slightly poking out from under your shirt. Your stomach is groaning in protest.

“Do you need a little break?” your partner asks. “You’re sounding a little full.”

You shake your head. It’s just like a balloon, it resists a lot at first, but it stretches easier as you go. Your partner smiles back at you as they poke the hose back into your mouth. They go back to working on the pump.

*Up.*

*Down.*

*Up.*

*Down.*

*Bigger.*

*Larger.*

These are the only thoughts going through your head as your partner works on pumping you further. Your belly gets to be half-visible, then fully visible. You don’t even notice when your partner has to stand up because they ran out of room on your lap. You only know that you’ve been squeezing their thickest parts and nibbling on their arm occasionally. You don’t even notice when your stomach reaches your knees: not until your partner tells you, that is.

“You are at the very least taking a break now,” your partner states.

Your partner pulls the hose out of your mouth and starts rubbing your belly. While they work on that, you take off your shirt and unbutton your pants to give yourself more room. Your partner sits down beside you and leans in for a kiss. The two of you make out for a while. At some point you find yourself holding the hose and making puppy eyes at your partner. Maybe you’re thinking that too much air has escaped your stomach. Maybe you’re not capable of making complex thoughts like that right now.

“Alright, I’ll continue,” they tell you.

You let your partner slide the hose back into your mouth. You mindlessly let them go back to working the pump. You fail to notice when your belly goes halfway across the room, and when it starts to hurt. You just know that these factors make this even more enjoyable for you. Eventually, your belly even touches the wall. Your belly starts moving up, down, left, and right to compensate for the fact that it can’t

move forward anymore. Your partner has to pump with both hands now. Your stomach slowly starts growing red and makes a creaking sound.

“You’re sounding *really* full now,” your partner says. “Maybe we should stop while we’re ahead.”

“One -*OURRRP*- one more,” you manage to squeak out.

*It’s just like a balloon*, you tell yourself, *it’s just resisting before gaining elasticity again*. Your partner lets out a sigh before complying with your bargain.

They pull the handle up.

*CREEEAAK*

They push the handle down.

*SQUEEEAAL*

Your stomach makes a weird sound that you’ve never heard before. It shoots out violently in every direction (except forward). You keep involuntarily burping. It’s just like a balloon; when it runs out of elasticity...

*BLOOOOOSH*

It pops. Through the consequences of your actions, you send your partner (and many, many scraps of flesh) across the room. After witnessing the horror show you just created, everything goes black.

You wake up with a comical amount of bandages on your torso. Your partner stands above you.

“Let’s do this again,” they say. “But I get to be the inflatee.”