

From Beach Babe to Beach Ball  
By Mollycoddles

Henry padded across the beach, his flip-flops kicking up sand, dragging a wheeled canister along behind him. The sun beat down on him mercilessly. He wiped his arm across his forehead. Phew, it was hot! All around him, kids were building sand castles, surfers were waxing their boards, beach babes were sunbathing. He especially noticed the ladies.

It wasn't just that Henry was a normal red-blooded heterosexual adult male. Sure, he couldn't help but admire all those abundant curves. But for him, this was more of a professional interest. Ever since he had taken up work as a free-lance shelium salesman, he had developed a keen eye for recognizing the effects of the gas in people he passed on the street. And he had to say, there probably wasn't a single woman this beach who hadn't had at least one shelium treatment.

It was only a year or possibly two since shelium gas had been approved for human consumption, but already the gas was changing the world. Created as a low-risk alternative to traditional breast enhancement techniques, the gas was perfectly safe in low doses and could be easily pumped into the human body to enhance its natural curves. It made painful and expensive surgery a thing of the past, and, as an added bonus, the shelium injections induced a temporary but dizzying high. It started out as a popular body modification tool for aging heiresses and over-the-hill actresses, but as the prices continued to fall, it soon became affordable for the general population. Henry saw more and more women coming in for treatments – whether moms who wanted to firm up their curves after a couple pregnancies or young teens receiving the treatment to celebrate a sweet sixteen, it looked like shelium was here to stay.

That suited Henry fine. It meant that he always had a steady income, ever since he got his shelium license.

A thick, statue-esque black woman wearing a sling bikini, her eyes hidden behind sunglasses, strutted past without acknowledging Henry in the slightest. Her purposeful stride made her bountiful ebony breasts, barely held in check by the straps of her swimsuit bounce in rhythm to her walk. Her hips flared dramatically to her sides and Henry had to dodge to the left to avoid being knocked down by her swinging hips as she pushed past him. He pushed down his sunglasses to watch her as she continued her trek down toward the shoreline, noting how the thong of her sling-suit disappeared between the glistening orbs of her lotion-slathered butt cheeks. Hmm, yup, obvious shelium treatments going on there. It was difficult, nearly impossible, to grow buns that absurdly, pleasingly round without a little extra help. Most women concentrated their shelium treatments on the regions that gave them the most enticing womanly curves – breasts, buttocks, hips – but there were some who took their shelium consumption to a whole new level.

As Henry stepped aside, he nearly tripped over another woman lying in the sand, sunning herself. A pale slender young woman with frizzy red hair and a freckled Irish complexion, she pushed down her heart-shaped sunglasses on her nose and propped herself up on one elbow to fix Henry with an icy glare.

“Oops, sorry, ma’am!” he sputtered, “I didn’t see you... um... there.”

The young woman rolled her eyes and pushed her sunglasses back up before lying back down. She clearly didn’t believe him and Henry could see why. This wispy waif sported an absurdly ample chest, rising above her like twin mountain peaks and giving her lime green bikini top a run for its money. Shelium again, no doubt about it.

He wasn’t surprised that this Irish cutie wouldn’t give him the time of day... or that the amazon goddess earlier had ignored him. A short, chunky young man with thick glasses and white sunscreen slathered across his nose, he looked like a total geek. On a beach bustling with muscle men and charmingly scruffy surf rats, Henry looked completely out of place. But that didn’t matter to him. He wasn’t here to meet ladies. He was here on business.

He was on his way to the lifeguard tower.

With a grunt, Henry hoisted the shelium canister up onto his back and awkwardly climbed the wooden ladder until he was on the second tier platform right outside the lifeguard house. A placard on the door told him everything that he wanted to know: “Life guard on duty: Marissa.”

That’s right, Marissa Jacobs. Or good ol’ Helium Hooters as the other lifeguards called her behind her back.

He swallowed hard and rapped his knuckle against the door. “Marissa? You in there?”

“Yeah, that you, Henry?” came a melodious voice from inside. “Come on in!”

Henry pushed the door open. The inside of the lifeguard station was little more than a single room with a few chairs, odd and ends, and one panoramic window that allowed the occupant to scan the horizon 360 degrees. Luckily, the height of the tower and the placement of the window made it difficult for anyone on the beach below to get a clear look at the tower occupant.

Luckily, because if they could see Marissa, every man on the beach would probably have a heart attack. And every woman would have a conniption.

Most other life guards still lugged around awkward bright orange floaties, but Marissa was one of the few who had adopted a much more convenient, if rather ostentatious, method. With a few pumps of shelium, she turned her own body into one big floatation device – or rather, if you were counting, two big floatation devices.

Henry remembered how Marissa used to look before she went on the shelium. She was a big, sturdy woman with muscular legs, a thick waist, and a pneumatic bust that always looked like it was one deep breath away from bursting out of her tight, form-fitting red swimsuit. With her long wavy blonde hair and imposing physique, she put him in mind of a Viking warrior or an Amazon princess. But now that she was on shelium, Marissa's curves were off the charts. Her breasts were enormous – What were they? Double E? F? Henry couldn't begin to guess at Marissa's cup size now. He could tell, just from ogling them whenever Marissa bent forward, that they must be the size of ripe, mature watermelons, but he had no idea what that translated to in sizing. That was a secret that only women knew.

Below her breasts, the rest of Marissa's body was also showing the impact of prolonged shelium use. Her belly curved outward like a pregnant matriarch, acting as a billowy bouncy shelf to help support her abundant assets. Her hips had spread, her thighs touched, her butt stuck out several feet to either side so that Henry could see it wobbling back and forth behind her when she walked.

“Hey, Henry, how's business?” she asked, a big welcoming smile on her lips, her green eyes twinkling. Of all the overinflated women that Henry met on his rounds, Marissa was his favorite. So many women turned to shelium because they were unhappy with themselves, disgusted by their sagging bodies and aging flesh. But not Marissa. She loved herself in a way that radiated outwards, that made her a joy to be around.

“It's been good!” replied Henry, “Business is booming!”

“Ooo I hope not!” chuckled Marissa, “considering what business you're in.” She giggled at her own joke, her over-sized bosom sloshing in response to her tinkling laughter.

“Oh not like that!” said Henry quickly. Marissa, of course, was referring to the constant rumors that certain unscrupulous shelium dealers didn't heed the government-imposed shelium limits, instead pumping their clients up beyond what was safe. Shelium inflation felt so good that some women got addicted to the euphoria of growth, insisting that they be filled up TOO much. There weren't any official reports of burstings yet, but rumors still persisted. That's why it was dangerous for any shelium dealer to actually listen to a client when she insisted “Please... just a little more.”

“Relax, Henry, I'm just messing with ya. I know you're on the level. I'm really glad you finally made it out here. My girls have been feeling a little droopy lately and I think they could use a little pump up. Maybe just three pumps today?”

Marissa leaned forward, and Henry couldn't help but glance down the buxom beauty's swimsuit. He could just see a sliver of pale white skin, an exciting contrast to her golden brown cleavage, where her swimsuit usually protected the lower part of her breasts from the unforgiving sun.

“Three? It’s only been a week since my last visit, Marissa. I think two is probably all you need. You wouldn’t want to become a statistic, would ya?”

Marissa batted her eyes and tried to look innocent.

Henry was firm. “I’ll give you two today.”

Marissa tried to look annoyed but she couldn’t keep up the charade. She laughed. “Okay, okay, you win, Mr. Hard Ass. Two it is! But you’re the one who’ll have to answer if I can’t perform rescues with underfilled floaties.”

She motioned at her gargantuan teats. Henry had never actually seen Marissa in action, though he could just imagine her bobbing on top of the waves, her unsinkable breasts keeping her afloat, as she paddled her way out to rescue some drowning bather. What a lucky person that bather would be! Henry could just picture it now: Some lucky slob clinging to Marissa’s pillowy bosom as she swam them both back to safety.

It almost made Henry want to take up swimming himself.

“I’m surprised none of the other life guards have caught on yet,” said Henry.

“Oh they know. They just don’t want to deal with the stares, so they all just stick to using the old fashioned floaties.” She waved at a pile of red plastic floaties stashed in the corner. “I don’t mind ‘em looking, though. If you were afraid of a few gawkers, why would you even become a lifeguard? It’s not like these red swimsuits leave much to the imagination, even if you don’t have my assets. But enough talk, Henry, let’s fill ‘er up.”

“Uh... right now? Right here? What if someone sees?”

Marissa chuckled. “Henry, you goober, no one can see up here. Trust me. Now c’mon, I need to plump these puppies up quick. I’ve got my whole shift ahead of me and I need to be ready for anything!”

Henry nodded. He felt stupid, but Marissa’s voluptuous body always left him at a loss for words. This is a purely business relationship, he reminded himself. It wasn’t easy to be professional when your client is a curvy blonde beach bunny with a gravity-defying bosom as big as twin zeppelins.

“I wish they’d let me switch to a bikini,” mumbled Marissa, “Then we wouldn’t have to deal with this awkwardness. Okay, I’m gonna disrobe, so don’t get weird on me, okay?”

“Hey! Have I ever gotten weird on you?”

Marissa grinned. “Yeah, like every time!”

“Well, this time it’ll be different.”

With a grunt of exertion, Marissa pulled her left shoulder strap down. Immediately, her bloated left breast sagged slightly as it lost the support of the tight swimsuit. The right breast followed suit as Marissa tugged off the right shoulder strap. Next, he peeled the red spandex material down, slowly exposing more and more of her giant boobs to the eye, until her rosy nipples popped over the edge of the material. She didn't stop until the swimsuit was down to her crotch, exposing her Buddah-like belly and, all important, the deep, dark belly button that would serve as the port to allow shelium input.

Henry gazed longingly at Marissa's pale boobs and belly. She was so pale under her swimsuit that her tummy and tits looked like they belonged to a different person than her face, shoulders, and cleavage.

"Okay, you ready, he –Marissa?"

"What was that?"

"Nothing. I said, you ready Marissa?"

"You almost said 'Helium Hooters,' didn't you?" Marissa grinned. "Fess up, I know what the other lifeguards say behind my back."

"I didn't mean..."

"It's fine, Henry, I'm just teasing. You think I don't know? It's not like it's a bad name. It's kind of appropriate given how I look these days. Heck, it's not any worse than some of the other names they call me."

"Er, what else do they call you?"

"Oh, lots of things. Beach Ball Boobs was one of my favorites. Speaking of which, you're wasting time, Henry! Now c'mon, let's turn this beach babe into a beach ball!"

"Okay, just hold still." Henry unwound the hose from the canister. Steeling himself for the task ahead, he took one last long glance at Marissa's deep navel, sandwiched between two thick slabs of doughy belly fat. Okay, enough gawking. Time to get the job done.

He jabbed the nozzle into her belly button. Henry didn't understand the science behind shelium at all; he sometimes doubted that even scientists did. Apparently it could be absorbed through the skin, so you didn't need to actually use a lady's belly button at all. But that little cave just made a natural in-put valve for a hose, so most vendors tended to use it as such. And who was Henry to buck tradition?

Some of his saucier clients occasionally asked Henry to attach the nozzle directly to their nipples, in hopes that might better encourage shelium to stay in their breasts instead of settling wherever the gas wanted within their bodies. Henry wasn't sure that made much

difference, honestly. As soon as he turned the wheel on the canister to allow the first gust of shelium into Marissa, he could see her already impossibly pert, round breasts plump up, pushing forwards and rising slightly higher.

Marissa closed her eyes and sighed loudly, a slight smile playing across her full red lips. Henry again admired the smooth contours of the inflated lifeguard's cherubic face, the golden locks falling over her shoulders, the perfectly tanned skin... She was a goddess! What he would do for just a single night with her...

But no, he was a professional. He wasn't about to do anything stupid.

"That always feels soooo good, Henry," said Marissa dreamily, "You really should try it one of these days. It's like... it makes me feel so bubbly, ya know? It's like when you drink champagne and the bubbles tickle your nose, right?"

"Well, don't get too distracted, you've still got one more coming."

Marissa gasped out loud as Henry turned the knob to give the beautiful balloon babe a second blast of shelium. Her eyes flew open and she let out a distinctly... sexual moan. She leaned back, placing her palms against the bench behind her, and thrust out her growing chest, nearly poking Henry's eye out with her left nipple. Her breasts bobbed and wobbled, spilling forward like a pair of waterballoons attached to a water facet.

That was probably enough. Henry longed to just leave the hose in Marissa's navel and let her fill up to her limits, her incredible buoyant boobies blimping like ginormous zeppelins. But he couldn't risk an accident.

"I think that's enough for you, Marissa," said Henry as he moved to pull away the tube. "Any more and you won't be able to squeeze back into your swimsuit."

Marissa put a gentle but firm hand atop Henry's.

"C'mon, Henry. Just one more. Is two pumps all you can give me today?"

"I told you two."

Marissa grinned a cheeky little smile. "Yeah, but I want three. No one has to know, Henry. It can just be our little secret."

Henry sighed. He really shouldn't.

"You sure? You've already taken more than usual, Marissa. You don't want to bust a boob out there in front of your adoring public, do you?"

Marissa laughed and rolled her eyes. "Please, Henry, I'm not one of those shelium addicts you see down at the shops! I know my limits." She pressed dramatically on her

stomach as if to prove that she was still soft and squeezable despite her inflation. “I’m no where near full. Just give me one more pump for good luck.”

Henry plugged the hose into Marissa’s navel, shivering slightly as his hand accidentally brushed the warm flesh of her stomach. Marissa always looked shiny, a combination of sweat, sunscreen and the natural balloon-like sheen that a shelium fill always brought.

Marissa closed her eyes and cooed softly, clearly enjoying the experience. Henry couldn’t help but stare as he watched Marissa’s already massive bazoombas rise and swell with a gentle hissing sound. Henry bit his lip, listening carefully for the tell-tale rubbery stretching sound that would signal when Marissa had hit her safety limit.

“Damn, this feels goooood, Henry,” sighed Marissa, her hands rising to caress the sides of her newly expanded torpedoes.

“Shh, Marissa, please, I need quiet. I’m trying to hear... ah, there it is!” Henry moved to pull out the hose as Marissa’s quivering teats began to squeal shrilly.

“No...no, not yet. Just a little more,” said Marissa in that breathy, husky voice that made Henry’s knees shake. Without opening her eyes, she gently placed her soft hand atop Henry’s and moved it away from the nozzle. “Just a little more.. I really need... to be able to float. You wouldn’t want my... floatation devices to fail me in a pinch, would you?”

Henry gulped. He knew he needed to cut her off, but he was mesmerized by those two ballooning globes, excited to see how big they could get. Marissa was obviously going beyond the recommended dosage, because he could see that her overpumped tits were already directing excess shelium to other parts of her body. Her flaring hips began to spread out, stretching her swimsuit, and her chubby tummy began to push forward on her thighs.

But enough was enough. This was getting dangerous.

“Alright, Marissa. I need to cut you off now,” said Henry, quickly grabbing the nozzle and yanking it from its purchase in Marissa’s cavernous navel. The overpumped blonde blinked her eyes open, a momentary look of anger flashing across her face before she regained her composure.

“Right, right... of course, Henry. We wouldn’t want to... go overboard.” She looked down at herself and smirked. As ridiculously overblown as she was, she rather liked what she saw.

“That’s three pumps. And that third one was especially long. I hope that’s enough for you. Listen, Marissa, just promise me that you’ll be careful out there. Remember, you are a little, er, overfull. I’m not supposed to fill you past your limit.”

“Of course, Henry, you know me. I’m always very cautious. Now give me a hand tucking these puppies back in.”

“Er... sure..”

“Don’t be afraid to really grab a handful, cuz you better believe these monsters are gonna put up a real fight. Remember, you promised not to get weird on me!” She fixed Henry with a stern glare, but there was a mischievous twinkle in her eye. She might have been all duty as a lifeguard, but this vixen really knew how to wrap a man around her little finger.

Forcing himself not to blush, Henry gingerly hefted Marissa’s swollen chest as the inflated lifeguard shimmied her swimsuit back up her torso and yanked the straps over her shoulders.

Marissa struggled to stuff herself back into her swimsuit. The stitches complained, creaking and whining, but they held. After a fair amount of yanking and tugging, Marissa was decent again, although even more seriously stacked that she had been this morning.

“See? And you were worried I wouldn’t fit back into my swimsuit! Guess you just didn’t count on the miracle of spandex!” She grinned as she patted the top of her bosom affectionately. Henry wanted to say something as he noticed that Marissa’s cork-sized nipples bulged obscenely through the fabric.

“I guess...”

Marissa threw open the door, letting the bright sunshine fill the room. She bounced outside, her overfull bosom jiggling and sloshing wildly. “Now I’m off to patrol the beach and keep the public safe. You take care of yourself, Henry, and I’ll see you same time next week, okay?”

“Sure, sure. And Marissa?”

“Hmm?” Marissa pulled out a pair of sunglasses and balanced them across her button nose.

“You take care of yourself too?”

She grinned. “I always do, Henry.”

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What possible danger could one little extra pump of shelium be? Marissa chuckled to herself as she walked down the beach, an extra swing in her purposeful stride. Henry was such a worrywart! The poor guy had probably watched too many scare PSAs about the dangers of shelium addiction and now he was paranoid. She clucked her tongue in

sympathy. That was a shame, but it was kind of cute how Henry worried. He was such a dear.

But right now, Marissa had other things to worry about. She had to make sure that the beach was safe. Luckily, just her presence was usually enough to distract everyone from any sort of dangerous activities. That was another advantage she had discovered ever since she started enhancing her figure.

Who wouldn't stare at this bronzed beach goddess? Even on a shoreline filled with helium-enhanced honeys, Marissa's jaw-dropping curves stood out. Maybe it was because her natural voluptuousness shone through. Some women concentrated on growing outlandish balloon tits, but Marissa's outsized rack was matched by equally outsized hips, thighs, buttocks, and, difficult to see under the shadow of her bosom, a cutely rounded potbelly. Everything about her was full, round, and bouncy.

"Hey kids, you playing nice?" she said, smiling as she passed a gaggle of young children building a sand castle. The boys gawked back, barely able to comprehend the extreme hyper-babe talking to them.

If Henry thought Marissa looked stunning while she was cooped up in the lifeguard tower, he would have had an aneurysm if he could see her in her full splendor in her natural environment. Her tall form dominated the beach, her waves of golden blonde hair cascading down her shoulders and blowing in the sea breeze, her cherry-red one piece swimsuit straining against her gigantic curves, her radiant smile shining through. Whenever Marissa inhaled, her swimsuit contracted ever so slightly against her curves, revealing small patches of pale, untanned skin around the edges: a little bit of pink around the edges where her breasts welled up from her neckline, thin slivers of pink near her inner thighs and crotch. Her bronzed skin glistened with sweat and sun screen in the noon day sun, adding to her allure. It was nearly impossible not to cheer whenever a droplet of sweat finally grew too big to continue clinging to the top shelf of her magnificent bosom and suddenly trickled down into her cleavage in a tiny rivulet.

"Yeah... we're...uh...making a cand sastle....I mean a sand castle..." said one boy, sweat beading on his forehead. It wasn't clear if he was sweating because of the sun or because of the sight before him.

"Aww, isn't that adorable?" cooed Marissa, leaning forward and placing her hands on her knees so that the boys all had an unobstructed view of her canyinous cleavage. The whistle around her neck normally sat on the vast shelf created by her bulbous boobs, but now it dangled free, its swinging only serving to draw additional attention to her chest.

The lone girl in the group scowled, unconsciously folding her arms across her prepubescent chest. Marissa chuckled to herself at the sight.

"Well you kids have fun," said Marissa, straightening up again and tossing her hair over her shoulders.

“Er.. you don’t have to go? You can stay and... uh... watch! We don’t mind!” said the boy eagerly.

Marissa laughed again. These kids were too much! “That’s sweet, kid, but I’m afraid I’ve got a whole beach to patrol. Besides, it looks like you’ve already got a girlfriend there.”

The boy blushed. The girl’s scowl only deepened. She probably didn’t actually have any interest in this tit-obsessed twerp at all; she was probably just feeling a little inadequate to have Marissa standing there.

“Hey, don’t worry, honey,” Marissa said to the girl, winking. “I’m sure in a year or two you’ll have boys all over you. Believe me, I didn’t always look like this. And, hey, if you don’t like what Mother Nature gives you, you can always help her out a little bit.”

The girl caught on quickly. “Those... those are shelium?”

Marissa smiled. “You better believe it honey. So remember, you never have to be satisfied if nature cheats you.”

The girl looked Marissa up and down, her arms still across her chest. Marissa could guess what this girl would be asking her parents for her sweet sixteen!

“In fact, I...”

Marissa trailed off. Quite suddenly, she felt a little light-headed. She blinked and shook her head. It must be the heat, she hadn’t been hydrating like she should and.... No, wait! It was something else entirely!

Marissa’s eyes went wide as she noticed that the whistle in her cleavage was rising toward her face, buoyed by the two plumping pillows of her breasts. Her breasts were growing!

The kids noticed it too.

“Is that what shelium does?” said the boy, “Whoooooo!”

“I’ve never seen it do that before,” said the girl. “Is... is that supposed to happen?”

“Um, yeah,” muttered Marissa, “I, uh, I have to go. You kids stay safe!”

Immediately, Marissa took off back toward the lifeguard tower at a brisk walk, pumping her arms at her sides. This wasn’t supposed to happen! What could be causing this? Oh shit, it must be the heat!

“Oh crap, I wasn’t expecting this,” mumbled Marissa as she teetered her way back toward the lifeguard station. Something was wrong! The shelium was reacting with the sun’s intense heat, swelling up inside her.

“Henry! Henry!” she hissed, scanning the beach for any sign of her friend. “Come help me! I’m blowing up!”

But Henry was nowhere to be found! He had continued on his rounds, leaving Marissa alone on the crowded beach. Alone with her rapidly ballooning tits.

If only she had listened to Henry’s warnings! If only she hadn’t insisted on that third shot of shelium!

Her breasts felt tingly.. that bubbly sensation she remembered from when she was being inflated was back. But now it was moving through her entire body! The shelium was going crazy! It wasn’t just Marissa’s breasts that were growing... she was expanding all over!

Pow! The left strap of her red swimsuit blew off, flipping forward over her monumental chest and increasing the pressure on the right strap. Marissa’s cork-sized nipples bulged obscenely through the stretchy red material, threatening to burst through if the swimsuit didn’t simply explode first. Marissa felt her body growing bigger and bigger, but also lighter and lighter! She was having trouble keeping her feet on the ground! It felt like she was walking on the moon, and every step she took was less and less encumbered by gravity.

She needed to get inside the lifeguard shack before she got too light and floated away! Once she was airborne, there was no telling what would happen! If she floated high enough... well, as the air pressure around her began to fall, she would only grow bigger and bigger until.... Marissa didn’t want to think about the dire possibilities. At least if she was inside, she could just bob along the ceiling until she naturally deflated. Ohhh she was going to give Henry such an earful when she saw him next week!

Marissa sighed. “Now now, admit it, Marissa, you got yourself into this mess. No sense in blaming poor Henry, he tried to warn us. But let’s worry about that later when we’re not in danger of becoming the next Goodyear blimp!” muttered Marissa to herself, glancing down at her swelling cleavage as it threatened to overwhelm her face. She felt like she was going to smother in her own boobs if she wasn’t careful!

“Mommy, that woman is blowing up! Is she gonna pop?” cried a little girl.

“No, no, Mary, it’s fine,” said the girl’s mother, but nonetheless hustled the child away quickly as if she was afraid that she might be injured in the blast when Marissa really DID explode.

The pneumatic lifeguard was swelling up like a balloon, her stomach and tits bulging out further and further in front of her like a trio of overinflated beach balls. But even though the inflation seemed to favor her front, the rest of her was growing too. If this kept up, it didn't matter where the helium went – eventually she would just turn into one big, overinflated ball.

Bang! The right strap blew loose and the top of her swimsuit fell loose, exposing her naked breasts to the stares of the crowd. Meanwhile the stitches up and down her sides were rapidly unraveling under the strain of her blimping body.

“Ohhhh no! No! No! NO!” shouted Marissa, flapping her hands and feet in useless terror as she rose into the air.

All Marissa's confidence evaporated as the rotund balloon woman bobbed, head over heels, in the air like a helium balloon.

“Someone get me down!” cried Marissa, “Get Henry! He'll know what to do! Help!”

People were whipping out mobile phones, some to call for emergency services, but many just to snap photos of this amusing sight. Even in her state of panic, Marissa groaned at the thought that Facebook would soon be flooded with photographs of her gigantic inflated ass. Great. That's just what she needed! If she thought it was bad when the other lifeguards called her 'Helium Hooters' or 'Beach Ball Boobs,' she didn't want to think what they would call her when pictures of her increasing blimpitude went viral.

“Marissa? Marissa? Is that you?”

It was Henry! Marissa strained her neck to see her friend below, but, in her current position, all she could see was acres and acres of her own distended flesh.

“Henry! Thank God it's you! Quick, do something! I'm...”

“You're blowing up!? What did you do, Marissa? I told you to be careful!”

“I didn't do anything! It just... happened! I just started blowing up like a balloon for no reason!”

“Don't panic!” Henry's voice was receding into the distance as Marissa's expanding form continued to rise. “I'll call dispatch! Don't worry, we'll get you down! Just stay calm!”

That was the last that Marissa heard before she was so high that all the sounds of the crowd below blended into a single murmur.

“Well, Henry, I hope you're right,” said Marissa to herself. “Otherwise, it's curtains for me! Well... at least the view is nice.”

Beach-goers crowded below, pointing and shouting, but there was little that they could do as the swelling blimp that used to be their lifeguard receded into the distance.

And Marissa was still growing! How much could this shelium expand? Marissa felt her body swelling up around her until her head began to sink into the perfect sphere of her overinflated roundness. Ohhhh this was just the worst thing!

At the very least, the air was cooler up here, so if the heat was really to blame for her inflation she would probably still blimping pretty soon. Thank Goodness for small miracles, she thought.

“Well, nothing to do now but wait,” muttered Marissa, gritting her teeth. By now, Henry had probably called dispatch to send help. She would just have to hope that they got to her before it was too late.

If she got out of this, she was definitely going swear off the shelium for life! Well, at least for a month. Maybe a week.

A couple days. Definitely a couple days at least.

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Back down on the beach, the sand castle kids stared after Marissa as she disappeared into the sky. The girl looked at the space where, moments ago, an absurdly big, round blimp of a lifeguard had been floating through the stratosphere. Then she looked down at her own chest.

“Maybe I won’t get shelium treatments after all,” she said.

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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Best wishes,

Molly Coddles