

Katarina stalked the halls of the Pi Sigma Iota sorority house in the early dawn hours, that thin slice of true silence that marked the brief periodic lull between the activities of the late-night partiers and the rise-and-shine grinders where all was still and peaceful.

For now.

Strolling along an upper floor where the sun's nascent rays provided a dim, slanted illumination, she came to a stop where two doors sat opposed on either side of the hallway. Two choices, utterly arbitrary and so deliciously consequential. She dug into her pocket and fished out a coin, then tossed it high in the air and caught it on its descent. "Tails it is, then," she muttered to herself, stowing it away, and pushed through the door on the left.

The bedroom beyond had clearly never had an occupant who paid it the slightest bit of care. Even in the dim light, the room displayed the careless chaos typical of any student habitation: clothes strewn across the carpet, papers and textbooks littering every possible surface, a miniskirt in university colors draped over the back of a chair. And, slumbering peacefully on her side, the occupant promised by the decorative letters on the door: HARPER GRAHAM.

She crept across the carpet with silent footfalls and placed a small object on a shelf with a good view of the room; square and compact, a tiny light indicating its status beside one glassy, mechanical eye. She blew it a kiss and winked knowingly before turning back to the slender shape slumbering away on the bed. The soft black sheet wrapped around her rose and fell with the slow rhythm of her breathing, her long auburn hair spilling over her pillow. Just an innocent girl dreaming away the early hours, oblivious to her infiltrator.

Katarina grinned and crossed the room in several steps to stand at the bedside at Harper's back and tugged away the sheets covering her body. A simple white shirt and bright pink panties greeted her, and slender naked legs. Excitement rising, she leaned in and pulled from a bag slung over one shoulder the morning's weapon of choice; a thick, metallic buttplug like a shining silver nozzle, well-lubricated with a flared base and small holes in both ends. Heart racing, she reached out to the thin pink fabric pulling snug over her quarry's shapely rear. With one finger she hooked enough aside to expose those pale, toned cheeks, then slid the tip of the plug in between and pushed it all the way in. A slight moan escaped from between pursed lips as it slipped inside. Then there was no sound but the disjointed rhythm of their breathing.

She'd be doing a lot more than that in a few minutes, Katarina thought, her mind's eye witness already to the way the girl would thrash and writhe and squeal in complete helplessness against the device stuck fast inside her. With a broad

smile, she took out her phone and tapped away at it. There was a faint beeping from the plug, and then a soft muffled whirring as the miniature compressor inside it sprang to life, drawing in air and shooting it right up her victim's rear.

Harper still didn't wake. Wiggling a little in her slumber, she rolled onto her back with legs slightly spread and an arm draped over her stomach. Already Katarina could see the effects of her little toy, a slim crescent of pale skin rising beneath her quarry's fingertips. She held back a laugh at the sight before her, her sleeping victim looking all too serene and angelic for a girl with a high-tech buttplug blasting air deep into her ass.

Soon enough, soft moans began to issue from the girl's lips as the fluttering sensation of inflation tickled its way up her core. Katarina bit down hard on her own lip as she watched Harper's gentle stirring, her smooth thighs rubbing against each other and her nipples sharpening visibly through her plain white shirt. A scene already incredibly enticing. And the best was yet to come.

Slowly but surely, as Harper slept in blissful ignorance, her body continued to swell; first her bare midriff, going from flat and toned to a gentle curve rising steadily between the hem of her shirt and the waistband of her panties; then her breasts, growing round and plump, well on their way to doubling in size; then her ass, buoying her up on its bulging mass; and her thighs, thickening out to positively juicy proportions. Katarina almost couldn't believe how quietly Harper was taking it, her satisfied sighs growing into breathless gasps without ever breaching the realm of conscious awareness, too absorbed in her dreams to realize what was happening to her body. A delightful display that made Katarina's heart race the longer she got away with it, the more her victim filled, the greater the surprise that awaited her when she finally awoke.

At long last Harper let out a moan loud enough that her eyes fluttered open and then widened at the unbelievable sight before her, of her belly bulging like a beach ball beneath her raised shirt, her nipples poking through the cotton, of even her naked thighs spread with a new weightless mass and stiffness. She blinked away at the fog of slumber, struggling to piece together the unfamiliar curve of her body, the smooth fullness creeping out beneath her skin. That tickling rush deep inside, working its way in from...

"Oh!" she cried with sudden realization, eyes round and alert at the feeling of something thick and hard inside her. There was a plug in her ass, filling her with air, pumping her up like a balloon! Her cheeks went hot at the thought of being so violated as she slept, without her knowledge or consent. But hotter still was the sensation of it spreading inside her, the creeping tickle of pressure rolling out from her core. That horrible, deep-seated streak of unmistakable arousal.

"Morning, sleepyhead," A voice called from one corner of the room. Harper started and turned toward it; she'd been so distracted by her unexpected inflation that she hadn't even noticed the girl standing watch beside the bed. Katarina, she was pretty sure, cute enough but unremarkable, a recent sight around the house whom everyone assumed was someone else's guest. And now, in the waxing light of her bedroom, drinking in the sight of Harper's bulging body.

"I was afraid you were going to sleep through the fun part," she continued with a smile.

"Fun part? Did you...?" Harper's voice was thick with indignation. The predicament Katarina had, presumably, put her in was humiliating enough, but the way she watched so eagerly was downright mortifying.

"Maybe," Katarina said, and betrayed herself with a cascade of giggling. "Though you did seem awfully keen on cooperating." She laughed again at the pained look on her victim's face.

Harper wasn't sure which was worse in that moment; Katarina's mocking voyeurism, or the relentless whirring of the plug inside her, sucking in more and more air and forcing it up her ass, pumping her up even as they spoke. She reached down to remove it, finding unexpected difficulty in navigating her new pneumatic curves. When her fingers did finally meet that slick circle of smooth metal, she discovered with some alarm that it was too wide within her, too deeply embedded for the tenuous grip she managed on the base to pull it free. She bit back a wash of shame at the thought of how something so large had slipped inside her beneath her notice and gave it another tug, just as fruitless. "Get this thing out of me!" she cried.

"Hmm," Katarina hummed, tapping a finger theatrically against her chin, "No. Not when you're having so much fun. You should have seen yourself. Rubbing your thighs together in your sleep, making the most adorable noises. Ohhh..." She gave a mocking little imitation moan to twist the blade of her cutting tease.

Harper's cheeks blazed at the betrayal of her own unconscious body. She didn't doubt the truth of Katarina's account, given the...interesting dream she'd been having, the manner in which she'd awoken, the thick wedge and the tickling rush that were undeniably more than a little pleasurable. But it wasn't something she was about to admit to the intruder standing over her, so delighted at her defilement, taking apparent glee from both her arousal and her humiliation. She kept squirming, trying in vain to loosen the plug.

"Tickles, doesn't it?" Katarina's smile turned derisive. "So thick and slippery, working its way up through you, spreading out and stretching you from the inside. Such a thrill to feel yourself expand, unable to do a thing but wriggle and

gasp." She licked her lips, her evident amusement sending another hot flare through Harper's cheeks. "Knowing there's nothing you can do to stop it from blowing you up until you burst."

"B-burst!?" Harper's eyes went wide and she stared down at the quivering summit of her engorged belly, at the twin peaks of her breasts aching to tear free with nipples so hard they nearly stung. And still growing, surging, straining before her eyes.

Katarina's eyes sparkled with mirth and wicked delight. "Of course. You can feel it, can't you? All that air rushing up inside you, filling every nook and cranny of your body, not even slowing in the slightest. That pressure building beneath your skin, trying to find a way out, tighter and tighter until you creak and groan and finally... Pow!" The girl let out a quiet, thrilled giggle. "You can't stop it, no matter how hard you try. Even if you wanted to. And honestly," she said, eyes fixing on a small spot of darker pink blooming at the front of Harper's panties, "I'm not sure you do."

Harper shivered. She could feel that promised tightness spreading through her, the growing tension of her skin, that flicker of excitement unquenchable no matter how deep she tried to bury it. The idea of her body bursting like an overfull balloon, so surreal just minutes ago, was now real and palpable, inevitable as it was impossible. The extent to which she'd swelled over the course of their conversation was both absurd and terrifying, and she was already so massive that it was difficult to imagine herself enduring a second helping, finding the strength to double in size again. There was certainly no remaining hope of reaching the plug herself. Her shirt had ridden up so far that it barely covered her burgeoning breasts and stretched nearly as tight as her skin as they ached to tear free. You could bounce a quarter off the taut horizon of her bloated belly, naked and pale and round as the full moon, dominating her field of view. And down below, she could feel her panties cutting ever lower across her hips, snug and increasingly damp against the sensitive curves between thighs thickened and spread by the pressure within.

"K-Katarina, please..."

"Please what?" Katarina asked, laughter on her tongue. "Don't stop? Turn it up a little more?"

"I don't want to explode!" Harper squealed, a fresh wave of humiliation crashing through her at the directness of her plea, that forced acknowledgment of her looming fate, at Katarina's penetrating words dredging up the pleasure she denied and putting it right in the spotlight, making her entire body flush and tingle with each cutting tease.

"Really? You could win an Oscar." Katarina drew close and reached out, running a finger just above the shockingly low waistband of her panties. Harper shuddered at the gentle touch, so tight and sensitive she couldn't help but to squirm in its grasp. And as she did, she could feel every little motion of overstretched pink fabric sliding against her in vivid detail...

A groan of pleasure tore from her lips, making Katarina grin.

"See? You're enjoying it too much to stop now," she said. "And you're not the only one. But we can do even better, can't we?" She raised her phone before her and tapped at something on the screen.

"Oh—OHHHHH!" Harper gave a cry of shock that melted into a moan as the plug inside her ramped up in ferocity, whirring and vibrating with fresh intensity and causing a new surge of growth that didn't slow or abate. The cool fingers of air it shot up inside her were no longer gentle, insistent flutters but unceasing blasts of power, pumping her up as fast as if she had a firehose stuck up her ass. She bucked and squirmed at the rush of sensation, at the onslaught of pressure rippling through her, flailing her stiffening arms and pumping her balloon thighs as if to escape it. But it was no use. There was no respite, no retreat from the miniature compressor sitting snug between her swollen cheeks. No escaping that pleasurable rush working its way into her core, tickling and tormenting and flooding out to fill her up from her forehead down to her clenching toes.

Katarina grinned, the lustful gleam in her eye growing as she watched Harper wriggle and pant in desperation edged with arousal. "Oh, and one more thing," she said, fiddling with her phone again. "Look," she said, holding the screen before Harper.

She stared up at it, struggling through the haze of strain and bliss. Her eyes widened at the image on the screen; a massively inflated shape in the form of a girl laying spread-eagle on her bed, her white T-shirt and bright pink panties nearly bursting at the seams as she continued ballooning out visibly, dangerously, a second girl leaning over her and a flashing icon in the corner labeled "Live." At the bottom of the screen, a fluttering digital counter went up by one, then another. Comments flooded in:

*"sooo glad I woke up for this <3"*

*"Cute underwear!"*

*"OMG she's so big :3"*

*"Fuckin hell this girls pumped! That ass :0"*

*"i need to buy one of those plugs for my GFahaha"*

*"omg that body tho! i hope the pink panties can take it o.o"*

*"those panties are lastin longer than mine lol"*

*"i wanna be her soooo bad ;;"*

*"ngl this is extra hot bc shes so cute but shes enjoying it a little TOO MUCH"*

*"wen is she gonna pop?????? XD"*

A weight dropped into Harper's cavernous belly, her cheeks flaring at the utter humiliation. It was a livestream. Every word, every breath, every twitch and gasp and squirming moan broadcast for all the world to see, and doubtless recorded to be shared ever after. She was being pumped up like a one-use condom in front of hundreds, thousands of anonymous onlookers gathered to judge and jeer and cheer her on as the ramping pressure inside her ticked down to that inevitable, unthinkable finale. They could see the proof of her arousal trickling down her bare thighs and soaking through her panties in high definition, measure every endless inch she swelled, take in her gasps and her wails, her heaving chest, her blushing cheeks, her helpless bucking and writhing and the ominous straining of her skin.

Some of them mocked her. Others admired her. One or two wanted to trade places with her. A few wondered if they could convince their girlfriends to do the same. There was endless speculation about how long she could last, bets on whether she'd cum or explode first, lurid suggestions for Katarina to try and crude fantasies in even cruder formatting. The greater part simply expressed their excitement at the sight of a gorgeous girl expanding against her will. And all of them were egging Katarina on, urging her not to stop.

"Any words for your fans?" Katarina said, turning the screen back toward herself. "Looks like you've got quite a lot of them."

"I—" Harper squeezed out, and was interrupted by a sudden peal of snapping fabric. She looked down in time to see her shirt reach the limit of its elasticity and tear apart with a sharp ripping sound, her swollen breasts springing free and jutting out into the open air. With great effort she brought her hands up to clap over her hot, puffed-up nipples to shield them from the collective gaze of her avid observers, but she succeeded only in forcing out a shocked moan from her own lips at the fantastic sensitivity of the rock-hard peaks. She bucked her hips in a spasm of stimulation at her own caress, eliciting a cry of bliss as her panties pulled tight against the ridged landscape between her legs in a final tease before they, too, popped free and sprung off her burgeoning body.

"Ooh, what a showoff," Katarina cooed as Harper lay groaning in the aftermath, totally exposed, visible in her full naked glory for all the world to see.

And still swelling, surging, pulsing with the ever-rising pressure. "A girl like you must be begging for more, huh?" She continued, watching Harper try to string two syllables together amidst her helpless panting. "And besides, I've got a bet to win," she cut in, and tapped at the screen of her phone before Harper could respond.

A shriek tore from Harper's lips as the plug revved inside her like a jet engine, building to a shuddering roar that echoed off the walls and sucking a veritable hurricane of cool air straight up her ass, filling her up faster than she ever thought possible. Every far-flung inch of her drum-tight skin creaked and trembled, every nerve in her body alight with the throb of pressure and sensation in her helpless battle against the thick shaft of air ramming endlessly up her rear. Molten heat coursed through her, knotting in her cavernous belly and the aching spires of her breasts like twin volcanoes, surging southward in a tingling deluge to coil beneath the glistening nexus of her pleasure between her bulging thighs.

"Nngggh!" she moaned, ramming her hips upward as much as the stiffness of her overstretched body would allow, unable to hold back the tide of sensation, to hide her own moans and squeals of mindless bliss, to deny her audience a single instant of the show they demanded of her. She felt that most secret, sensitive spot being blown up like a tiny balloon between her widespread legs, rubbing and sliding and engorging for all to see. The deep-seated massage of the plug rumbling inside her reached up to caress it like a lover's tongue, building her up to unspeakable heights, threatening every moment to hurl her over the edge.

*"omg that face!!!!1"*

*"how has she not burst yet lmaoo"*

*"she looks soo close lolol"*

*"Kat pls do that to me"*

*"It must feel so amaaaazzzing"*

Harper's eyes squeezed shut. It was too much, too intense, too overwhelming to hold back a second longer. A scream of ecstasy tore from her throat as she finally came, thrashing and bucking helplessly against the tidal wave of rapture crashing through her. Everything she'd held back, every feeling she'd tried to contain came surging back tenfold, flooding out to every extremity, erupting ever hotter between her legs.

And still it wasn't over. The plug stuck deep inside her pumped away mercilessly, driving her swelling body onward through the peak of her orgasm and beyond, never slowing, never easing up. She shuddered and gasped at the pangs of tightness forking through her between the waves of searing pleasure.

"Ohhh!" she gasped, then shrieked aloud as another massive shiver tore through her overfull body. "Ohhh!" she cried again, louder, higher with the strain. Every part of her, from the burning peaks of her spearpoint nipples to the smooth expanses of her clenching thighs, was so sensitive and saturated she could feel every little whisper of air against her glistening, naked skin. Each one promising ever-greater heights of bliss. To set her off like a bomb. And the detonator still stuck inside her, cramming its payload unceasingly up her rear, forcing it in where there was absolutely no room left. She quivered in the face of the oncoming conclusion, of Katarina's gleeful prophecy made true. Knew she couldn't stop it, even with every fiber of her being. She let out one long, unending moan of rapture and tortured anticipation, building to a crescendo as the endless ramping pressure and returning waves of sinful pleasure battled for dominance, as Katarina covered her ears and stepped back...

Harper's eyes went wide as she reached the point of no return, leaving one last impression for her ravenous audience in the instant she expanded beyond her limits and finally exploded with a thunderous blast that shattered windows, kicked the dust from hardwood floors, and shook the very building to its foundation.

"Whoa," Katarina breathed, rising to her feet amidst the settling shower of debris, of shredded sheets and bits of clothing, neatly-lettered scraps of paper and raining flecks of paint from the ceiling, all swirling like confetti in celebration of Harper's grand performance. She giggled fondly at the scene of utter destruction, at the thought of that gorgeous girl packed to the rafters until she burst with such marvelous force. At the plug still whistling away like a shining silver bullet as it rammed itself into a corner with the force of its discharge. She knelt to retrieve it, tapped once at her phone and pocketed it as it went silent. Then she tracked down the camera she'd placed from the image on her phone and smiled into it.

"I think that might be a new record! What do you guys think?" She glanced back down at her phone's screen and her streaming audience's glowing feedback, the cheering, heart emojis, and endless 'XD' faces.

*"that was the hottest thing ive ever seen"*

*"yasss that little O face she made is the best!!!"*

*"Any other girls lyin in bed hoping Katarina visits u next?"*

*"holy fk i didn't expect her to get so big before she blew"*

*"Is she ok?"*

*"awww... harper was kinda cute xD"*

*"Katarina is even cuter when she's standing all triumphant like that! <3"*



*"broo i just lost like a gallon"*

*"O.o she really went the extra mile on this girl lol"*

*"id give my soul to get that plug shoved up me..."*

*"This is my new absolute favorite! :3"*

She grinned wickedly, heart soaring at their eagerness and approval. Then she lifted her camera from its resting place and struck a practiced pose as the sounds of the house coming reluctantly to life like an overturned anthill began to filter in.

"Thanks for tuning in everyone," she said. "I think we're gonna do a donation drive for next month's stream. Got a cheating girlfriend? A rival who needs a reality check? A cute girl you'd like to make even cuter? Send in a picture and a bid and I might just pay her a visit!" She winked at the camera, then snatched up a scrap of sodden pink for a souvenir and made her exit out the newly-empty window frame.