

“Wait up!”

I jerk my head reflexively towards the owner of the voice, but I don't have to look up to know I want nothing to do with her. Someday I'll figure out what went wrong between us, what her problem with me is. She's so consistent, so tenacious, you'd think she was jealous of something. But I'm not the one riding an athletic scholarship and making all the guys—and a certain girl or two—drool every time I flip my hair. A weight drops into my stomach at the thought. A little tightness in my chest. If only she had a better personality.

I fix my eyes on the ground in front of me. My skirt swishes as I pick up the pace. But she's there before I can pass, blocking my way. I sidestep, swinging around to her other side, but she leans across and stretches her arm out against the wall.

“Hey,” she tries again.

I give in and glare up at her. I have to look up a bit because she's a couple inches taller than me. There's a smile on her face, pristine and gorgeous as ice on a frozen lake. And twice as treacherous. The same one she always gets before she does something terrible.

“Hey,” I say shortly, and make another move to slip past her, but she reads it and slides easily across the hallway to mirror her stance.

“Please, can we just talk?” she says.

I roll my eyes. “Can I just go home with all the notes I just re-copied because someone—”

“I'm sorry!”

I stop and stare and blink a moment. “I—you what?”

“I'm really sorry.” Her eyebrows are arched, eyes round and soft. Everything I know says she's playing me, but my gaze lingers on her lips, bent into a little frown.

“I just—I need to talk to you alone,” she says.

“You've got a phone,” I say, smoothing down my apprehension like a bad haircut.

“Face to face.” She brightens her own with that ice-white smile. “In private.”

She reaches out and touches my wrist, and somehow I don't tear myself away.

“And you really had to—”

“Shh,” she says, cutting me off, and rubs her hand up and down my arm.

"Hear me out, OK?"

She bites her lip and flicks her eyes around the hall as her cheeks go slightly pink. "It's just, well, you – think I'm cute, right?"

"I..." I start, but there are no words to finish with. She already knows the answer. It's written in a string of stinging memories, of bygones and ships already sailed. But it's also in the fire beneath my cheeks, in the curve of her breast, the cant of her hip, the line her skirt cuts across her thigh.

"I—I mean," I pause.

"I see," she says softly, stepping in closer to me.

"I hope I haven't ruined everything," she says. "Trying to hide something can make you do stupid stuff, you know?"

"Are you—"

"I am," she says, and steps in, dropping her bag off her shoulder and pulling me into a hug.

A little "oh!" escapes my mouth as she squeezes me tight against herself. I try at first to fight it, but my will to resist lasts all of a heartbeat. My spine tingles as she strokes her knuckles gently up and down. I breathe long and slow, and the tension in my shoulders melts away. My brow unfurls, the weight in my chest dissolves. My notebook slips from my fingers. I relax for the first time in her presence, and then I go a little further. My chin slides easily onto her shoulder. Her cheek is hot against mine, the scent of cinnamon thick in the air around her. She feels just like she does in my most shameful imaginings. Her body is warm and strong and soft in all the right places. I squirm just a little as our hips rub together, and I'm suddenly aware of how little separates our bodies, the thinness of my panties, the open bottom of my skirt, the layers of sliding fabric that fail to fully hide what lies beneath.

Cool air rushes in between us, a chasm of half a step gaping open as she breaks the embrace. I stumble backward and hit something solid and realize she's pressed me right up against the wall. Her eyes twinkle and she reaches down, twines her fingers in mine. She steps back in, lifting up my arms, pinning my hands out on either side of me so I'm in a little cage. She licks her lips in predatory fashion and looks me over from my forehead to my toes. I'm so secluded and yet so helplessly exposed. She breaks into the same old smile, and this time it's anticipation rather than dread that spikes through me.

Our breasts squish a little. She leans in and presses her forehead gently into mine. I can feel the rise and fall of her chest as she breathes in and out, the tiny vibrations as she begins to softly hum. I can't move an inch, but I don't want to.

She traces the tip of her nose over my cheek, leaves a burning lip-print behind. A breathless squeal leaps out of my throat. "Shh," she whispers over me, so close I feel her rebuke play over my skin, and then she plants her lips over mine.

My eyes go wide, but resisting is the last thing in my mind. Her lips are velvet, breath light and fresh with just a hint of mint. She holds it for a few seconds, breathing slowly in and out, in and out; then in and in and in. Her slender body expands as she inhales slowly, deeply, and then without warning she blows it all into me.

The muffled cry doesn't make it out of my throat. My cheeks bulge out big and round, and the air overfills my mouth and pushes down into my throat. Before I know what's happening a second breath comes streaming in, pouring into my lungs and filling out my chest. She breathes deep again and then I groan as the third exhalation enters me. There's nowhere for it to go. My lungs are full already. So it makes its own room. Pressure ramps up inside me, and my whole body seems to stretch. Not very much. But more than enough. I swell with her sweet breath, and my skin feels almost like rubber.

Rhythmically she inflates me, forcing my body out in all directions. I feel each breath before it enters me, gathering inside her. A teaser of things to come. Then she squeezes it, compresses and packages it, works her muscles smoothly, powerfully, overcoming all resistance to blow me up like a cheap balloon.

There's a gap between my shirt and my skirt now where my stomach bulges out between them. I feel so big and round, but I know it's nothing compared to what's in store. She shows no signs of stopping. And I realize, with a strange giddy thrill, that I couldn't make her if I wanted to. I'm helpless as she huffs and puffs and blows me up according to her whim. A toy with no say how long playtime lasts. My shirt rides up further as my belly stretches outwards. My belt pops and slides. She has to take a step back to accommodate my growth, but she keeps on going, filling me up until she's standing on her tiptoes to lean in over my bulk.

Finally she pulls away and I groan long and low until she drapes a finger over my lips. My arms flop down as she releases my fingers, jutting out stiffly over the curve of my body. Wordlessly she bends and reaches for something I can't quite see. There's a short zip, the rustling of her bag, something hitting the floor. Over the horizon of my belly I catch a glimpse of a short hose, a footpump slowly filling out like a bellows. Butterflies flap madly in the cavern of my stomach as she reaches up beneath my skirt. "Say when," she teases, and pushes the nozzle up inside me.

Pleasure explodes between my legs as she steps on the pump and clamps a

hand over my mouth to hold the scream inside my cheeks. Pressure, too, blossoms in my belly, and a low whoosh echoes beneath my skin as my head lolls to either side. Her thigh slides soft and silky over mine, bouncing up and down as she works the pump. She stares into my eyes as her hands explore my blimping body, squeezing my breasts and massaging here, tickling there, pinning my lips together every time I moan in dizzy pleasure.

I can hardly stand it. I feel so massive, so tight-packed, nearly as wide as I'm tall. The air inside me is trying so desperately to be free. My body is aching, yearning for release. A rubbery, stretching noise accompanies the rushing of every pump, but she doesn't slow down at all. I begin to pant, to moan more and more loudly beneath her fingers. I'm soaking wet beneath my skirt, and I know I can't hold off the finish much longer.

Her eyes twinkle and she pumps harder, faster, exertion coloring her cheeks as the nozzle between my legs gushes like a fire hydrant. The pressure inside me is unspeakable now. My belly isn't just stretching now but throbbing, groaning, protesting every little injection of air. It's all I can do to hold myself together, but I'm already past a different point of no return. I gasp for breath, feel myself clench involuntarily around the hose. The burst of pleasure rumbles up from deep inside me, throbbing in the pit of my stomach. I can't hold it back.

My eyes screw up tight, my head rolls back, and I try to scream, but the overload of sensation squeezes it into a groan. I quake and gasp as she keeps on pumping, even in my throes of ecstasy, even as my muscles clench so tight I think I might explode right there. My knees go out, but she presses her hands into my shoulders, holds me up against the wall as I throb and spasm and squeal. As I tremble. She forces more and more air up between my legs, but there's no more room inside me. My entire body is pulsing, vibrating from the strain. I don't know how much longer I can keep it all in. Gradually she slows, but every puff of air threatens to set me off like a bomb.

"P—please..." I groan between dizzying spikes of ecstasy.

She licks her lips and stares into my eyes, and pumps me up again.

"I'm gon—" I start, but she cuts me off with another deliberate blast between my legs. My arms and legs are stiff and straight, my belly tighter than a drum.

"I—I'm—" I try again, but I barely open my mouth before she packs me even tighter. One more pump, and then another, stealing away my words while my body creaks like a wooden floor. It's too much. I can't take any more. Her thigh slides up once more, and I hear the pump taking in air.

She pauses. I know it's the last one.

"I'm gonna burst!" I manage to cry out.

"I know," she says, and smiles, and brings her foot down on the pump.