

The Woods (inflation, Pop)

Contains Inflation, Popping, Floating, Scary Fungi

"Stupid tourists" Clair mumbled to herself as she trudged through the thick brush. It had been nearly three days since they had gotten a missing persons report back at the park ranger station. Some city girl had gone off trail and gotten herself lost, and now it was up to Clair to find her.

When Clair accepted the ranger's job, she never thought she'd actually have to do any ranging. Most of her job consisted of picking litter up from the park trails or fining bikers that rode to fast. She figured it would be easy money dressing up in a cute ranger outfit with short-shorts, tight tank-top, and unbuttoned green jacket, parading around the grounds while enjoying the view. Not today. Today someone was actually in trouble, and Clair had to actually do her job.

"I am so fining this bitch" she muttered again.

Clair had been hiking for miles searching for the tourist, but hadn't spotted anything. Hiking deeper into the untamed parts of the park, Clair kept listening for her phone to ping, with a message "tourist found, false alarm". It never came.

Rounding a large tree, Clair spotted something. A pink piece of cloth draped over a branch in the trees. A clue? She pulled it off the tree to get a better look. It seemed to be part of a pink sweater, torn up considerably.

"Uh oh" she muttered, thinking a wild animal must have gotten the girl. However, there was no blood on the garment. Odd.

Clair scanned the area, looking for other clues. At the base of the tree she saw more ripped clothing, but no signs of a struggle. She looked up, thinking maybe there was something in the Canopy. Nothing. The Canopy was so thick you could barely see the sky, no way she'd climb through there.

"Bitch must have gotten snagged up in a bush" She thought, imagining the poor girl trudging through the woods in her underwear, her clothes all torn off from thorn bushes. She smirked at the thought. "There will be pictures, and they will be going on the Internet for all the trouble this girl is causing me."

Clair trudged on, looking and listening for any signs. Rounding another tree she saw another curious sight. A Long blue mushroom, one unlike anything she had before, was growing out of the tree roots. It hilariously looked a bit phallic, yet didn't look native. Clair took a mental note of the mushroom and proceeded. "Maybe I can get someone to come back and exterminate this thing."

As she trudged further in, she saw more and more Mushrooms, each growing out of the base of a tree. Some were longer than others, some wider. A few had a round section at the tip, almost like a fruit. All of them looked like they had come from some adult store. Rounding another tree, she accidentally stepped on one of the round ones.

POOOOFFFFffff....

The tip of the mushroom exploded, emitting a cloud of blue gas. Startled, Clair accidentally inhaled a good chunk of it before coughing and running out of the haze. The gas smelled and tasted sweet.

"The hell was that!?" she blurted between coughs, leaning on a nearby tree. She started to feel a bit light headed. "That's it, I'm-" She was about to call it quits when she noticed something next to her feet. A phone.

A Phone!? The tourist must have left it, which means Clair was on the right track. Maybe it contained a clue. Clair picked it up and tried to unlock it. The battery was low, but it didn't have an unlock pattern set. "Dumb bitch" Clair muttered as she unlocked it and navigated to the recent photos.

As Clair swiped through the phone, she couldn't shake the light feeling she was having. She felt tingly and warm, especially around her breasts. She resolved to get herself checked out later.

There were three pictures taken around the time the girl went missing, as well as a video. The first was a selfie of the girl walking off the trail, captioned "Going on an adventure!"

"Of fucking course!" Clair muttered to herself, annoyed at how typical this city brat was. Clair stared at the picture a bit. It was angled down to have the girl's chest in frame, her pink sweater zipped to reveal her cleavage. Her nipples poking against the fabric. Clair felt a faint familiar urge between her legs. The girl was pretty hot, but since when was she attracted to girls? Clair was aware of own nipples on the fabric of her tank-top. She realized she was still feeling the tingling, with her nipples feeling sensitive against the soft garment. She also felt her shorts rub on her sensitive crotch a bit.

Clair looked up and scanned the area. She was out in the middle of the woods. Nobody could see her. Or hear her. She unbuttoned her shorts and slid her hand down, massaging her clit. She wouldn't normally do this, but what the hell.

Moaning a bit, she swiped to the next picture as she pleased herself. It was another selfie, this time with blue fog behind the girl, captioned "freaky fog, gonna check it out!" The fog looked eerily similar to the stuff the mushroom blasted on Clair earlier. For some reason, the thought made her tingle more. She rocked her hips a bit as she masturbated, not caring about how bizarre it was that she was turned on by this.

She swiped to the last picture. "Helo butiful" Read the caption, miss-spelled. The picture was of one of the phallic mushrooms erecting out of the ground. It was probably eight inches tall, and thickly engorged.

Clair bit her lip. She imagined riding one of the mushrooms. How good it would feel. Tickling herself more, she could feel her libido reaching a climax.

"HHHHHHGGGG!" Clair moaned as she creamed herself, flexing her breasts and butt out. The zipper of her shorts rode down as she did, exposing her hand rubbing on her pink panties. Her tank-top grew tight, as if it were three sizes too small for her instead of two.

"Haahhh... that was good" Clair panted, coming down from her pleasure. She felt different, physically, but couldn't put a finger on why. Gathering her wits, she swiped to the last video taken on the phone. "Still got a job to do."

Clair's professionalism didn't last long. The video began as a naked selfie of the tourist on her knees, with the phallic mushroom between her legs, riding up the outside of her stomach to her belly button. She had a distant look on her face, smiling and panting for the camera. Her bust seemed much bigger than the previous pictures, and her hips and legs looking thicker too. The girl lifted herself over the mushroom, positioning it between her folds, and dropped. She wiggled and bucked her hips on the mushroom, moaning loudly.

Clair's libido instantly returned. She felt butterflies all over. Her crotch was on fire. She dropped to her knees, too horny to stand. How is that possible?

One of the mushrooms happened to be in front of her, probably ten inches tall. Clair crawled to it, the lustful moans from the phone sending her need into overdrive. She wanted this. She needed this!

Still clutching the phone, Clair pulled down her shorts a bit, positioned herself over the mushroom, much like the girl, and dropped. It was like fireworks. Claire bounced on her new toy to the moans of the girl in the video, moaning in concert.

Still rocking on the mushroom, Clair brought the phone back up to see what was happening in the video. What she saw made her pause. The girl's breasts were massive, much bigger than they were at the beginning of the video. Her belly was extended, as if she were pregnant. Her thighs were much thicker too. The girl kept riding the mushroom and moaning, oblivious to her changes. As she rode the mushroom, the tourist girl dropped her phone, leaving the camera pointed at nothing but grass, the audio of her sex still ringing through. The moaning continued for a few seconds before the girl audibly climaxed. And then,

BANG

A loud pop could be heard as the video ended. Clair, paused with the mushroom still inside her, felt a bit of dread. What happened to the girl? Did she explode? Explode...the thought made her even hornier for some reason. The idea of her skin stretching to the limit before an orgasmic burst caused Clair to begin rocking her hips again. She dropped the phone and cupped her breasts, which felt oddly big in her hands. She squeezed and squirmed as another climax began to build up.

Arching her back, Clair threw her head back and screamed. "AAAAAAUUUUUUUGGHHH!!!...." Her body trembled violently as sextacular juices squirted out of her crotch and nipples. Nipples? As she shook, she heard a tear.

Once her orgasm subsided, Clair looked down at her chest. Her breasts were definitely bigger, poking through her tank top. What was worse, her belly and thighs seemed swollen, just like the girl in the video.

"Eeep!" Clair jumped, sliding off the mushroom and falling back. Her tits bounced up and down as she fell, but they never settled. In fact, lying on her back, Clair felt her tits tugging on her chest, as if inviting her into the sky. To float away. Again, a weird thought that made Clair monstrously horny.

Losing herself, Clair brought a hand up to squeeze her newly enormous breast, while the other went to her crotch. She rubbed. A magic feeling emanated from her pelvis to her torso, then her arms, and thighs. She felt her skin tingle as her breasts grew larger in her hand, increasing their pull on her chest. Her hips inched upward as her swelling ass and thighs pushed the ground beneath her. Her belly

continued to grow as well, tugging along with her breasts. Her entire body was swelling. It felt warm, tingly, and just...good. It felt good to swell. To inflate.

"Aaahhh" she moaned "So good...haaahh." She couldn't stop. As she pleased herself her body continued to inflate. Her tank top grew tighter on her torso despite her breasts having ripped through. Her jacket now pulled tight on her upper body, and her shorts heavily constricted her ass. Her panties were digging against her crotch, pushing her fingers against her neethers. The tightness only increased Clair's pleasure until...

RIIPPP "OOOHhhh!"

All at once her cloths ripped to shreds, freeing her ever expanding ass and belly to keep inflating. Claire moaned at the pleasure and bucked her hips upward. As she did, her feet also left the ground, leaving only her torso in contact with the ground. Her hips and feet slowly floated back down to earth, but not for long.

Clair felt her back start to creep off the ground. The tug of her breasts and belly was enough to start pulling her skyward! The thought sent Claire over the edge. "HHHNNNNGGGGGG!" she orgasmed. Yet still her libido did not cease.

Continuing to pleasure herself, Clair felt her inflating body slowly lose touch with the ground. First her chest lifted, then her ass, and finally, her feet dragged off the ground. She tumbled mid air as she furiously masturbated, floating to the tree canopy.

And then, she suddenly felt tight. Much tighter than she was feeling before. Something was building within her, but it wasn't an orgasm. Clair went wide eyed. Was this it? Was she about to explode? Again the thought sent her into overdrive. She bucked her hips midair against her fingers.

"Oh!"

She moaned, the tightness only increasing. The feeling of butterflies emanating throughout her body. She kept masturbating.

"OOOHhhhhh!"

A second moan, her tingling skin began to prickle. Her crotch on fire. She couldn't stop!

"OOOOOOOHHHHHHH!!!"

She didn't want to stop.

BANG

She exploded. Blue spores showered the ground beneath her.

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Sarah called out on the radio again. "Clair, can you hear me? You're three hours past your shift, where are you?"

Sarah was trying to reach Clair, her co-worker, on the radio. She knew Clair went out to search for the missing tourist, but she hadn't heard from her. No one had the entire afternoon.

A ping sounded on her phone. Sarah picked it up and checked her texts. A new message from the foundation.

"NEW INVASIVE FUNGI FOUND IN YOUR AREA. EXTREMELY DANGEROUS." It came with a picture of what looked like a blue dildo jutting out of a tree root. Was this some kind of a prank?