

He's given me a little sweet to suck on, he's told me not to chew it. And so I pop it in my mouth and wait for him to say something about his inflation kink. It tastes minty, so I guess he just wants my breath to smell nice.

He's jumped through all the hoops I set him, we've stayed up late discussing the topic. I've opened up and he's done everything I asked and more. I think to myself I'm one happy wife, and I'm going to make my man happy too. Couldn't be more at ease.

So here I am expecting him to explain what happens next, and instead he just takes the deepest breath I've ever seen. One time he inflated a full sized sofa bed at his parents, so I know he's got a decent pair of lungs on him. He said something about asthmatics having good lungs, but if I'm honest I didn't follow his logic.

But this deep breath is something else, I swear. He said he was going to blow me up, but for a good few seconds I thought he was going to inflate himself.

And then he plunges down on me and locks lips, I thought it would feel savage and animal the way he rushed down, but it was all tenderness, no tongue.

And then. And then I feel it.

We'd played a long time ago at this, before we'd really known each other. Just fooling around. He'd pushed air into my belly, and that was that. But instantly I knew this was different.

The feeling was like standing in a cool breeze, but like... Inside? I could feel something on my skin as well though. I was wearing something comfy, baggy and mostly cotton like he'd told me, not my sexy lingerie like I had planned. I say mostly cotton as it was still stretchy like most nightwear was these days.

I was pleased for that stretch, because I realised what I was feeling on my skin was the nighty shifting as we kissed. It took a long while for me to realise he was still exhaling into me, and the shifting nighty was filling with my chest.

He came up for air, looking down as he straddled me and grinned. I could see the joy in his face and something inside me melted. That was my man. I had no idea what... Or how he was doing it. But despite my fears I was going to ride it out, see where this went.

He took another colossal breath, ten seconds, fifteen... He kept inhaling and then dove down onto me again for another kiss, still soft but much more enthusiastic this time.

And in came another cool breeze, and the shifting sensation as my chest rose up. I realised something though, even though I'd inhaled and exhaled around my minty sweet my chest hadn't fallen back to its usual size.

The air was staying \*in\* me. In my bosom. He was pumping me up. Inflating me.

I don't know if he'd sucked in more air this time, or if my realisation had unlocked something but my chest surged forwards, squashing against him. It squeezed out around his arms and under him until it filled all the space between us and spilled out to the sides.

When he got up again I couldn't even see over my chest. I just assumed my man was still there, based on what I could feel and hear. A strong pair of legs straddling me, and him taking gentler, shallow calming breaths.

Then I felt him pat the side of my chest like he was plumping up a beach ball sized pillow and I watched them bounce around in the way boobs never do outside of an anime.

Was that it? Were we done? Do I stay this way... For how long? There was no way he was reaching over my boobs again. Those mountains were unassailable now.

"Are you still sucking the sweet?" He called out, still trying to steady his own breath, undeniably turned on by what he saw before him.

“Mhmm” was all I could manage, wishing I could enjoy this as much as he was. I was along for the ride, but that was all, I guess.

Then I heard another gargantuan breath, like he was trying to suck all the air from the room. I could have sworn there was a rushing noise, but before I could really think, he was on me again.

Now, what you have to know is that I’ve got an outie. My belly button sticks out just a little. My man’s been fascinated with it for as long as I’ve known him. It took me the longest time to know why. But the fact he had started calling it my ‘nozzle’ kinda gave it away.

So I wasn’t too surprised when he shoved his face into my belly, locked lips with my outie and started blowing. I was, I’m not ashamed to say a little grossed out. I’m a clean person I tell myself, and an outie has to be cleaner than an innie, right? But I was still self conscious of my belly button.

But my man here was on a mission and he did not give a damn.

That cool breeze entered me again, but it was different this time. Maybe he’d gotten the hang of it, or maybe it was easier somehow but instead of just inflating my belly fucking exploded out!

I’m talking beanbag size in under a second! How? Anyone would have thought I was a fucking self-inflating life raft, the way I swelled up under his expert breath. Even my guy was taken aback, holding onto me for dear life like he was lost at sea.

When he surfaced I heard the noise he made. He didn’t make that noise much but he was *\*really\** enjoying himself. Really having fun. I beamed, although there was no way he could see me, both belly and boobs blocking his sight, I grinned. I was starting to get into this, just for his sake. Knowing he was appreciating my new size was actually a surprisingly hot turn on.

“I’m going down! Whatever you do, don’t bite down”

It took me a hot second to know what he meant, that he wasn’t talking to himself... and I squirmed in anticipation. Wait... Bite down? There was plenty of the minty sweet left, no way I’d bite it...

Another colossal inhalation later and he’s locked lips again, except this time lower down.

I wait for the breeze but it doesn’t come. I squirm and squirm as he searches for something. Then I notice what’s different. I suck down on the sweet hard as his tongue rummages around inside me. He’s got a grip on my butt like a vice and he’s practically forcing himself in there. How long has it been? Time melts away, but yet he doesn’t exhale.

Then he finds it. Finds me, and with his tongue rams my clit down like a button.

I want to scream, but the sweet fills my mouth. I slam my hands down trying to grip something around me, delirious with ecstasy. My cheeks pull inward and my eyes roll back and at just the moment he breathes out, I bite down. Hard. On the sweet. Shiiit.

It hits me full force, his lungful of air multiplied ten fold, a hundred fold. It’s like a leaf blower connected to my groin, no more than that. Like I’ve been mistaken for a bouncy castle and I’m being blown up industrially. I’m a hot air balloon, and all the hotter for my man inflating me.

The strong grip he has remains but as I inflate, hips and butt unfurling rapidly he slips his hand from my sides to underneath and keeps forcing himself into my nethers until he’s spent all his breath. My expansion, already turning my lower half obscenely round extends into my thighs and I trap his face down there. It’s not just the expansion... I don’t want it to stop, I want him down there forever. Oh good grief. Never stop blowing.

But when he's done, my once loose bed shorts are in tatters, and I look like some piece of inflatable furniture. My thighs alone are thicker than I used to be by a good margin, and my ass pushes me up arching my back. I release him, reluctantly, and he staggers back, finally taking a normal breath. I'm panting. My crotch, and his face, are wet from his saliva and my juices.

He surveys the scene, of which I must now completely dominate, wordlessly. I stare at the ceiling unsure I can move in this hyperinflated state.

"You chewed it. The lady at the shop... She said not to." He sounds like he's in shock, is something wrong..?

"My man, you are fully to blame." And I wriggle around bouncing uncontrollably on my sofa sized rear until I can sit up. "That was like nothing else." And I look him in the eyes, still giddy from the ecstasy of it all.

He steps back and it's then I realise, my ass has been so fully expanded it's propped me up until we're the same height.

I bounce myself upright and destroy half the room as I try to regain balance, fighting against my rear to not fall back again.

I finally feel the weight of my boobs, purt despite their monstrous size tugging on me. He grabs a hand and looks me in the eye again.

I wipe his face clean on a scrap of fabric that was hanging off me.

"Spit it out then. What happens now I chewed it up?"

"You're... I'm sorry... You're stuck. This was my idea, and you're stuck. You'll be inflatable until it wears off... But she said if you swallow it, you'll never deflate... I'm sorry."

“Shhhh,” I murmur, sashaying forward trying not to over balance, “I like it, but we don’t have long.”

“Wait... What?”

“We don’t have long until it wears off. Get blowing!” And with that, I fling myself at him, and let him have his way with me.