

I am focusing many efforts towards the next Palm Beach Poppers and an explosive fantasy story behind the scenes. In the meantime, here is what I'll call a "One Hour Popping." I have one hour to make a hot, short story, no more and no less, and I must post the results as is when my timer expires. Here's a look into my mind.

Me and My Big Butt

"I mean, are you sure you don't wanna just let a bit of air out?" The redhead asked.

"I never told you to let the air out of your tits." The brunette snarkily retorted.

Miranda liked to think of herself as the voice of reason in every situation. Though she made sure her freckled tits were constantly air filled and bouncing right up against her pointed chin and shoulder length hair, the ginger girl somehow carried an air of intelligence everywhere. She was no bimbo, no stereotype, just a worldly, intelligent girl that likes to flaunt how big she could make her boobs.

She left her natural bubble butt as is usually, her intake control abilities keeping everything around her chest, which was currently wrapped in a thin, beige tank top and a black bra. A large black bra.

As for the round faced brunette, Phoebe, she didn't walk around inflated all that much. Her tanned, natural curves were fine enough and got some admirers, which she sometimes enjoyed. Tonight was a club night though, "Booty Brigade" was the theme. If you walked in with a butt about four feet wide, by any means necessary, you would receive three free drinks. That's all it took for Phoebe to throw some junk in her tush. Well, air, not junk. It was her greatest feat of intake control yet to keep it all in her butt, but that was easy enough while only wearing a pink thong and a black tank. Now she was struggling to slide on her largest pair of dark blue jeans.

"Yeah, because I never struggled to put on a top."

The hem of Phoebe's pants was sitting uncomfortably below each of her inflated cheeks. Imagine a snake trying to fit a who soccer ball in its mouth and you've got a good picture of what Miranda was looking at. Phoebe would tug at her belt loops in an effort to pull her pants up and over her butt, but all that would do is make it jiggle like crazy. Phoebe panted. "I just gotta keep at it."

"You could just buy a bigger pair of pants." Miranda said with a shrug.

Phoebe shot a glance back at her, as though she were an idiot. "The whole point of this is to save money tonight. I'm gonna have at least a decent time at no extra cost."

Miranda shook her head, watching Phoebe's butt bounce upwards once again with her next tug, jiggling like there was nothing else it could do.

"Wait, turn around." Miranda said, taking a step closer.

"Don't see how that will help but okay!" Phoebe faced her friend, which elicited another head shake from the ginger.

"Phoebe, you haven't even unbuttoned and unzipped those pants!" Miranda said, throwing her hand out to point at the crotch area. Indeed, a single, shiny button poked out of the hole in the top, a small logo engraving sitting atop, barely legible.

Phoebe didn't even seem to realize just how stupid that was. She let out a casual "Oh, yeah." Before going to undo the button.

Ziiiiiiip.

Phoebe began tugging once again, and this time, the opening actually seemed wide enough to start enveloping her butt cheeks. Tug by tug, the pants said just a liiiiiittle bit higher. Still, it wasn't a speedy process.

"This is painful to watch." Miranda said, approaching her friend taking her shoulder to turn her around once more. Looking down, Miranda thought that Phoebe might just have the world's biggest plumber's crack. "Lemme help you..."

"Don't give me a wedgie." Phoebe said as Miranda began to tug the back loops upward. After about thirty seconds of that, Miranda said fuck it and began stuffing Phoebe's rubbery cheeks into her pants like a camper shoving a sleeping bag into their sack. Phoebe made little "Uffs" and "Ohhs" until Miranda had managed to give her... just a small plumber's crack. Good enough.

"There, your butt's all inside." She said, pinching Phoebe's barely exposed thong and pulling it back a few inches to snap it like a rubber band.

"Ow!" Phoebe grabbed her butt and whirled around with an angry blush. Miranda just smiled. "You creep. Oh well, thanks for the help, just gotta zip up now."

Miranda looked down to her unzipped fly, which yeah, exposed Phoebe's puffy pussy lips full force. "Honestly, undone is kind of a look." Miranda snickered.

"I'm not a whore like you though." Phoebe said. Slowly, she began the process of tugging the zipper upward. It ate one tooth every couple seconds, squeezing her inflated butt like two pillows. "Almost there...."

"Be careful Phoebe." Miranda said, raising her hands cautiously, ready to make a move. Any move.

Once the zipper had brought the two halves of her fly close enough so that the button was just next to its hole, Phoebe went for it. She tugged, gritting her teeth, bringing the button just a centimeter away from its destination. With one big intake of breath, she pushed with all her might and-

"Oh-" BANG. Phoebe blew into scraps, starting at the butt.

Miranda blinked and shook her head, watching the just-too-small pants drop to the ground. The tiniest pieces of the mess that Phoebe had become were from her lower half. Miranda shook a bunch of those flakey scraps out of those pants before holding them up to her own modest legs. "You know Phoebe, I think these were mine..." She said aloud.