

The idea was so, so simple.

Surprise parties had always seemed like more of a television cliché than something that actually happened in real life, at least to Dean. That might've amounted to people having less free time nowadays, or just the fact that an unexpected celebration was a good storytelling device. Either way, Dean had always wanted to gift an unexpected birthday party to someone.

Him and Cassidy and been going on just fine for a couple months when she had revealed her birthdate to him, March 15th. It was March 1st when they had that conversation, so naturally, Dean had asked her what she'd like to do. When she half heartedly shrugged and suggested dinner and a movie, the lightbulb in his brain shone as bright as a star. He simply nodded in agreement for the moment, but in his mind, he was already drafting the invitations.

She would be his first ever victim of one of his parties, naturally! The 15th fell on a Saturday, and with two weeks notice, there would be plenty of people who could at least show their faces for an hour.

It was when he pinged the notion to Dasha, Cassidy's longtime best friend, that things turned from a childlike giddy to a very adult mischief. Dean had recently become acquainted with his girlfriend's fetishes after all, which included, quite simply, watching boys explode. Hardly considered a fetish at all in this world, but there was no denying she had a thing for it!

Anyhow, all proper surprise parties started off with a big loud noise and a lot of confetti, so why not start this one off with a proper balloon boy going bang, providing both? This at first made Dean give Dasha a sidelong glance. He knew he would probably end up blowing to bits beneath Cassidy one of these days, but he intended to enjoy the whole party, not just the opening of it. Dasha had only laughed and slapped him on the shoulder at that. "Not you, silly!" She said. "We'll hire a looner."

A looner. Someone who exchanged big paychecks for some cause or their family to get big and go boom. There were cheap ones that ran for about five hundred dollars, usually outta desperation, but Dasha and Dean found they could put together their savings for a real four-star looner service, long as Dean rode his bike to work for the rest of the month.

So when March 15th came, at about midday while Cassidy was out at her yoga class (she never did an early one), about a dozen members of their social circle had arrived to Dean & Cassidy's apartment home. Just about when the company had said he'd arrive, Dean heard a knock on his door that sounded more business than casual.

Dean opened it as the guests watched, and all of them very well expected to see the hired help standing there. It was only fair that they all got a little surprise too however, considering what they were doing to Cassidy. The looner was perfect. A chiseled jaw that must've been shaved with the precision of a tailor wrapped around two plump lips that even the straightest man might find kissable. His brown eyes pierced nobody, instead staring at you with the sort of reassurance you only get

from skilled medical practitioners. His hair brown was a bit short, though it seemed thicker than Santa's beard and neatly combed into a stylish flare at the hairline.

That descriptor was not the surprise, dear reader. The surprise was his chiseled abs nearly blinding Dean upon opening the door and the foot long, hairless cock that pointed straight to the ground. "Whoa!" Dean had shouted. "Did I check some box? Get in here before someone sees you dude, damn."

Dean beckoned the indecent man inside. Some snickered, some giggled, all blushed. His face remained stony. He never gave them a name, merely asked how they'd like him to be inflated, knowing full well the plan was to pop him as soon as Cassidy walked in. "Quickly." Dean had said as Dasha wheeled in her own air device from home. It was indeed no bike pump, but a large, cylindrical object that might've resembled some brutalist architecture were it blown up a hundred sizes bigger (heh). Multiple, black tubes poked out of the device, one on each side, as it was meant for group inflations. It also helped if they wanted one person to hit their capacity before too long. Cassidy's workout would be in its cooldown stages now, and given she was just walking distance, she'd be home before too long. Dean and Dasha woulda booked him earlier, but it cost more for an early arrival some reason.

Thus, they were soon hooking this unnamed looner up with tubes. One for the mouth, which he slid in himself. Dean was only really comfortable helping him with the bellybutton. Dasha was more than happy to slide one tube in his rear and wrap the other one's flared end around the tip of his dick like a too-small condom.

Dasha activated the pump with a delicate, yet eager hand. The first visible emotion burst forth from the looner as a haughty moan made its way through the tube in his mouth. His shaft flared out with the air pumping through before quickly shooting to attention. It pointed through the tube right to Dasha, which made her blush go even deeper.

The guests backed up as right there, in the middle of the wooden living room, the man blew into a balloon. Those abs remained glistening, though they curved outward as though he were leaning back. He wasn't however, or at least it didn't seem so, as his toned back side was also pushing out to give the young man a spherical quality throughout his torso. His broad arms rested into divots in his expanding sides, while his dick slowly approached the width of said arms. Some of the guests continued casual conversation as this happened.

"So yeah I got a little salary boost." One had said, picking up where their convo left off before those knocks on the door. Meanwhile, the expansion continued down to the toned looner's pelvis, pushing his dick outwards towards Dasha. "Oh yeah? Good, good, yeah they say it's best to constantly move jobs, right?" The other side of that conversation also picked up as the looner gritted his teeth against the hose tip. He wasn't supposed to cum, and it would've seemed like the air blasting up his dick might've stopped that, though it was apparent he was fighting against that anyhow.

The expanding torso began swallowing up his thighs like it was a buffy dress, his arms now sticking straight out as his shoulders fully disappeared into his proper,

dinner-table width belly/back area. "Are we allowed to touch him?" One guest asked. "Maybe we can help him pop." Another replied.

Dean had sort of been watching the whole thing with a finger-drumming disinterest. He knew Cassidy would like to come in and be greeted by a hunky boom and all, but that didn't fix his apathy to the rounding man's situation. Dasha had been wondering if she could stuff that airy dick into her mouth. She took a step closer as the man began growing taller and transparent. A step closer to the balloon and further from the tank.

"Getting close to the limit Dash, better turn it off in a sec." Dean had said as Dasha's devilish grin raised with her long-nailed hand.

"This was so worth twenty five hundred." She said as she reached out to give the lad a little poke.

Dasha would later lament the fact that he hadn't given many audible exclamations, especially one's that might've indicated he was at his limit. Sure there was a hose in his mouth, but he could've moaned or groaned. Anyway, that long index nail of hers was basically a needle in his penis shaft that he poked. Dasha's brain didn't work fast enough to process the entire BOOOOOOOOOOOOM that rocked the apartment complex. She was simply standing one moment and knocked on her ass the next.

What timing for Cassidy to then walk in, a yoga matt tucked under her arm. "What the hell was that? What's everyone doing here?" Two fair, expected questions for such a situation. Everyone kinda just looked around nervously, besides Dean and Dasha, who made eye contact as Dean crossed his arms angrily.

The idea was so, so simple, and yet-

"You blew it!"