

The following contains body inflation and clean, permanent popping! It's based on a roleplay with <https://www.deviantart.com/daiskida>

I have an unusual fetish 🤪

Screeccccccchhhh... Pssshhhhhhhhhhhh

Screeeeeeecchhhhhhhhhhh..... Pssshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Moan

The sounds that filled the air were reminiscent of a steam locomotive's. Air and gasses blasting while metal machinery creaked. However, there were no trains in sight. This was a gym. "Fox's Inflationary Fitness Center." At this gym, the goal wasn't just to get fit. It was to get big. To get filled. All around the "Pump'n'Up" were girls trying to make the most out of their monthly memberships by stressing both their muscles and their elasticity. That was the goal in life after all, to inflate as big as possible before one's ultimate bursting. This was a place for practicing filling all parts of the body, while also getting a muscular workout.

Today, two alt girls were looking to get their fix.

Samantha donned light blue workout shorts, emblazoned with a white spider-web design, which wrapped around her toned butt and slim legs. If one were to admire her shorts then let their eyes glide upward, they'd see an exposed midriff adorned with piercings of multiple shapes and sizes below a white top covering her modest chest. Turn their gaze just a bit higher up, and one may meet her gaze through square glasses, her round face wrapped up by wispy, silver hair with blue highlights at the tips that ended at her chin.

"Hmm, a little bit crowded for a Wednesday." Samantha puffed up her cheeks and scanned the equipment, which all sat atop a rubber, black floor. The leg pulls were all occupied by ballooned bodies, and since the the gear had to be spaced out to accommodate for inflation, there weren't that many machines, even in the warehouse-sized space. "You doing legs today?"

"Well, that was my original plan, but seems I'm gonna have to settle for chest day." Jessica responded, moving some black bangs away from her eyes. Workout clothes did not necessarily lend themselves to the goth subculture Jessica subscribed to, but she did her best to keep her cropped top and sweat pants black as the night. Her eye shadow and makeup was sweat free, so it probably wouldn't run down her sharp face.

The girl's curvier figure was full of muscle, yet so very pale, just the way she liked it.

Despite the supposed professional setting of the gym, it was hard not to blush a little bit from the sounds of stretching skin, the pumps doing their works and the occasional moan followed by "Oh gawds, I'm SO fucking huge!!"

"We're not popping today girl, I see that look in your eyes. When I burst, it'll be at a good concert." Sam said.

The upbeat girl gave Jessica a playful rib poke before proceeding to an empty bench for warmups. No hose on this one, just a place to get the blood flowing... "Come stretch with me. 10 minute warmup."

Snickering softly, Jessica nodded as she joined her friend and grabbed some 15 lbs weights. The girl huffed as she began the easy reps. Upon dropping to the floor for a burpee, she took notice of a blonde in pink passing by in wearing a pair of "pump shoes," which used the pressure of her feet against the floor to send bursts of hair into her chest, two small tubes running beneath her shirt and pants all the way down to her shoes. Hardly seemed like gym attire...

"Huh, didn't we see those in Japan last month?" She asked, nudging Samantha upon standing from the burpee, then dropping for another.

"Did we? I was a bit distracted by... everything else." She shrugged. "Do you buy those at a regular shop?"

"Hehe, ya know it. Though I haven't tried 'em yet. But yeah I do recall you being distracted by all those full body balloons we saw~" Jessica teased, flashing a grin at her friend

"Why, I believe ya nearly blew your allowance at that balloon bar or something~"

"Oh I'm into debt." Samantha responded, lifting a couple dumbbells off the rack and setting them aside before going into a stretching routine, beginning with some twists.

"But it was so worth it..."

"Of course it was, you blew up.. .what...five or six girls that night?" Jess asked, as she did a few crunches, following up with twists.

"At least seven... popped one or two of them." She giggled, before hitting the ground for her own set of burpees. She hated burpees, but her workout app advised them, so who was she to skip them?

"Hmph, you just couldn't control yourself. You hoe."

"I controlled myself by not bursting all of them. Besides-"

Before Jessica could finish, both girls heard the sound of skin stretching clearly getting tighter, combined with "Fffffffuuuuck!!! Im huuugeee!!! Im fucking massive!!! The biggest blimp bitch on the planet!!! So..huuuuge...an hooooornny!!!"

Then with a loud shrill of pleasure a loud BANG!! followed as Jessica giggled and sighed softly.

"Welp...there went another one~"

"I mean, damn girl, it's a gym, you're supposed to stress yourself not stroke yourself."

Samantha laughed, watching as a red-shirted staff member went to sweep up the girl's fluttering scraps at the other side of the gym. "You think that's gonna happen to us today? I think I'll hit the incline... I'm gonna get huge."

"Girl, you didn't burst yourself during the summer heat, and I recall you being quite a sloshy water balloon back then." Jessica laughed herself, a deeper laugh, perhaps brought on by her inclination towards darkness. Still, Samantha brought out the humorous side of the goth girl. "But, if you do explode, I'll be sure to film it for ya~"

"Ohhh if I pop don't post it online, I couldn't handle that..." Samantha responded with the slightest blush. She splayed over the incline chest bench, lowering her spider web shorts covered in iron-on patches just enough for her to scoot the tube inside of her. The weight was up to 30 lbs.

Jessica nodded, as she joined her friend on the adjacent chest-press, this one with hoses that snaked out from the bottom on either side and attached to each breast, the ends of which were at a 90 degree angle. Jessica slipped each down her top and plugged them into each nipple.

Pssssghh.

A muffled filling sound rung out, joining a massive cacophony of noise that included a NIN song on the speakers and a whole lot of rushing air. A barely noticeable bump raised up at Samantha's midriff.

Pssshsssh..

Jessica bit her lower lip, feeling the air rush inside her, the hoses not the only thing pressing against her stretchy top now. Each breast began to inflate as she grew stronger with each rep. The chest press machine made a squeak with each movement, signifying it might need some oil, though she didn't really hear it over the sound of the rushing air.

"Mmmm...M..Maybe...mmm..I..aaah...I should go fo..for a hourglass f..fiiiigummreee..mmm..f.for the summer~"

"Air filled... or just naturally like that? Natural as in, you're uninflated... cuz either works, you know? You just might need new clothes. Tight fishnets hurt."

"Mmmm...A.a..air filled..eehe..h..has more..more bounce ya know~" Jess responded, finishing her reps feeling her own basketball sized globes, down her best not to moan from the tingling sensation that enveloped them.

"Of course." After ten reps, Samantha stopped, and so too did the air. She brought her left hand down to cup her pregnant looking gut. "I gotta stretch myself big...."

Samantha looked over Jess, spotting that distinct twinkle in her eyes. "Hey you, I told you, we're here to work out, not to get turned on. You can do all that stuff at home. Lookin good though! Your tits could probably hold a whole book between 'em." She winked before going back to the chest reps, working up a fine sweat between the warmup, which glistened off her exposed belly that now rose above her head.

"Heheh..S..Sorry! J..just..mm..ya know, hard not to get turned on by this..." Jess blushed deeper, smiling at the compliment as she returned to her workout. As her breasts reached past basketball sized, she casually glanced over at Sam. "Ah, that gut, my-my never knew you as a motherly type~"

"Shut up you, it's gonna go way past looking like I'm pregnant, just watch!" Sam appeared to be blushing, but it could've easily been the red flush of a good workout.

Jess finished another set before standing to walk over to Sam. "Hehehe, I dunno you

always rock that balloon girth well"

She joked, reaching out and patting Sam on her balloon belly, before slowly running her fingers across it.

"Jess no, I'm-" Samantha shuddered and dropped the handles, making the square weights on the cable drop with a clang. This shot a huge blast of air into her for some reason, pushing her belly out about an inch further. "You pervert..."

"Hmph, pot meet kettle~" Jess purred, sticking her tongue out playfully "Ya know, I never tried to inflate my belly before, wonder how I'd look with it~"

She asked, flicking her friends belly a few times and watching it vibrate gently before returning to simply gliding her fingers across it.

"Careful inflating it here for the first time. It'd be easy to end up like-" just then, another girl cried out. Anyone watching the girl would've seen she wasn't even that big, but she had strained too much in one go with an inflationary curl station and had thus blown herself to shreds starting at the stomach. "...like that."

"Hehhe..P..Point made.... P-Plus, if I'm gonna have a balloon belly, I'd rather have you as one who pumps me and teaches me~"

Jess purred, in a more teasing manner as her fingers continued to explore that swollen balloon orb, while they heard another howl as a girl with beachball sized tits was using the same type of chest press machine as they were a few rows down. Apparently the final push was too much to handle, and she popped to shreds.

"J-jeez." Samantha said with a bit of a chuckle, casually laying her hand against Jess' as she perused her balloon belly by touch. "That's a lot of pops in just about twenty minutes... maybe it's some kind of sign..."

Her eyes flickered to Jess' ballooned chest. She looked so natural this way. It just seemed right that she have these insatiably large curves. It went with her outfit, her style... big breasts didn't belong on Samantha.

"Either that or it's just a newbie period and all these girls don't know how to use the equipment properly~" Jess purred, giving Sam a flirty smile, as she leaned a tad closer, letting her friend see those ballooned jugs from the top down.

"Soooooo...you gonna keep the preggo look or go for the big momma or beachball size

again~? Cause, I was thinking giving my honkers a few more pumps~"

She could just let go of the pumps... reach out and give her friend's melons a nice, hearty squeeze. But she held off for the moment... after all, she needed to go for big momma. "I'm here for a workout... could you raise these chest presses to fifty for me?" Sam looked up at the goth with a grin.

Grinning back, Jess nodded and did as Sam requested, removing the peg from the forty weight on her machine and sliding it into the fifty, after which she turned and gave Sam a soft kiss on the cheek.

"Cant wait to see that belly~" Jess whispered.

Before Sam could process what she said, Jess was headed to a freed up curl machine.

As the workout continued, the girls cycled through exercises, with Sam's whole torso starting to round out, her gut several feet in front of her. It's a good thing they offered so much space. she thought, as she turned to take a look at her goth friend's breast stress progress.

She would witness Jess sitting on a rowing machine with a hose attached to the fan, purring in deep delight, her t-shirt barely holding together as her breasts bunched up against her chin. It seemed she was stretching her limit. Giving a contented sigh, she unplugged herself and stood up. Jess turned to look at Samantha before reaching her hands behind her head, jutting her chest outward and causing her inhumane solid, thumbtack-like nipples to poke against her poor shirt. Each movement made her skin rub squeak like rubber. "Mmmmm...Enjoying the sight, big momma?" She asked in a sultry tone.

For the moment, Sam's hands stayed at her side, the ends of two cables from a standing trainer in her hands. She just smiled. "You are the biggest slut I know..." She shook her head, pretending to ignore her friend for the moment as she continued to pump air into the tube that ran down her shorts and into her ass. "Remember to wipe down your station."

SHINK

Sam jumped as one of the cables snapped off from the handle in her left hand, spinning the weightless mechanism about... and beginning to inflate the girl rapidly. She didn't realize what the loud noise was at first, as she was quite distracted by the air, so much so that she let out a deep moan.

Jess gasped, as she watched her friend blow up so rapidly, before her eyes. Giving a meep, she hurried over to look for a way to shut down the air flow.

"Oh shit!! Shiiit! Hold on Sam, I'll help ya out girl!" Jess called out, fumbling with the tanks in the back, which wasn't easy due to her swollen jugs getting in the way.

Samantha moaned. "Oh... Jess... there's gotta be an emergency shut off... hrrnnggghghhh... find it before I start to... get too into it..." Samantha wanted to wink seductively as her tank top shredded to bits, but she had nobody making eye contact with her.

Jess nodded, her cheeks a tad red as she kept fumbling. She soon managed to find the emergency shut-off at the base of the machine's instruction panel. Gasping, she started tugging the small switch, cursing a little under her breath.

Sam, meanwhile, had dropped to her knees, sliding herself further into the hose, wiggling and grinding against the floor and climaxing once every couple of seconds. "Ohhhh Jess... it feels so good..." The air flow was speeding through her whole body below the neck, blowing up her entire body and rendering the girl immobile.

"Oi! Girl, don't get lost in pleasure! Cmon, you said you were tougher than this, ya horny belly lover!"

Jess called out, slowly managing to bring the stubborn switch downward with a frustrated grunt. Sam could feel the eyes of the other gym patrons on her. She spotted a cute boy with brown hair just outside the window, gawking at the scene inside of the gym. She gave him the seductive wink she'd been holding in before throwing her head back to moan out again.

"Ohhhehhohhh- sorry I gave you shit for being horny Jess, this is something." Sam's breasts were absorbed into her rounding torso now, which billowed outwards in every direction, threatening to push away her adorable short shorts and expose her billowing ass to all.

"W-Well..T-Try and keep yourself together and not go too horny! I'm almost done with this thing!" Jess said, though the switch had stopped moving.

After far too long, a mousy, red shirted staff member wandered over. She bore

chubby cheeks which contrasted to her frail body, one which likely never practiced a single exercise on any of her workplace's equipment. Her thick, brown hair was tied back in a neat pony-tail, which seemed to move with her bouncy jaw as she spoke. "I'm sorry, is there something wrong?" She asked, clasping her hands together.

"Ngh...Y-Yes! C-Can you help me? My friend is blowing up and I'm trying to make sure she doesn't explode!"

"Oh my god, Jess you should make your tits bigger..." Sam wasn't all there at the moment, not even acknowledging the staff member.

"Sam, I'll make my tits bigger AFTER we stop you from going Ka-boom!" Jess called out.

"You should make your tits go kaboom."

"I think it's best if we just remove her from the tube... if we can." The staff member said.

"No, no... it feeeels... so good..." She laughed and moaned, the once clearheaded girl now grinding into the air source.

"Jeez...I always thought I'd go crazy with inflation and yet she has me beat." Jess said, as she and the staff member grabbed onto her swelling friend, and began trying to pull her off.

Sam's arms were soon eclipsed by the rest of her body, as more staff came to help the spherical woman off. Squeaks and groans emanated from her as moans came from her mouth. Soon enough, she was completely nude, her shorts and panties splitting at the seams all at once, right before the staff members managed to free her with a small pop where the tube was. They gently set her down, leaving Samantha as a large sphere in the middle of the spacious gym floor.

"Jeez girl...Well, you always wanted to get big, sooo..guess that wish is granted, huh?"

Jess asked, patting her friend's massive body before stepping back to snap a few photos.

The staff slowly dispersed, wandering off to their regular duties. Just another

Wednesday for them. The first staff member spoke up. "She should deflate enough to be rolled out before too long. There's emergency robes in the locker room for her to cover up on the way out, if she feels like it." She said, before leaving to do whatever it was she was doing (which wasn't exercising).

"Ohhh... Jess... sorry if I said anything weird... I'm at my limit... just let me sit here a while..." she said, smiling for the photos.

"Hehe, I can feel that! Like dayumn, one more pump and you'd be raining all over the gym!" Jess said, snickering as she stepped back and nuzzled against Sam's massive body "Sooo...Ya really wanted to pop my tits, you horny bitch?"

"Did I say so?" Sam would've shrugged if she had any semblance of a shoulder left to do so. "I probably did in the moment, yeah. That pipe was rimming me every second..." She blushed a little.

Smirking, Jess then trailed her nail across her friends swollen and tight body.

"Fucking horny bitch, an you have the NERVE to call me a slut and pervert, huh?" She asked, her tongue lolling from her mouth. She began to lick Sam's exposed side sloooooooooowly, before turning to press her own balloons into her.

"J-Jess what- we're in public Jess, what are you doing?"

Sam looked around, embarrassed to know that her pussy on the south side of her rounded body was absolutely wet right now...

"Oh don't act innocent, just tell me how you really feel about my body and curves. C'moon! Out with it or I won't stop teasing you~"

"St-stop don't tickle me I'm focused on staying together here..." she squirmed a bit. "...I feel like you're hot, what of it, everyone does!"

"Hmph, because I wanna hear it from you. I know I'm hot, but I want you to say just how much~" Jess slowly licked her lips "Ya know, right now Im torn, should I kiss you and make you burst like you desire...ooooor...wait for you to deflate, go back home and have my way with you~"

"Oh... if you're gonna pop me you'd best just do it before it gets more embarrassing..."

but I'd wanna see you fill up more yourself,"

"Hmph, you wanna see me inflate more, huh?" Jess asked, groping her balloon tits and squeezing them as they groaned from the pressure

"Oooooooo...Do you wanna be the one who fills me up, huh? Or watch me fill up for you, ya horny balloon?" She asked

"...I-I'd like to watch." Samantha muttered, just barely audible enough for Jess to catch it amidst the sound of the gym. Less machines pumped as more people watched what was going on over by the chest presses...

"Hmph and you had the nerve to call me a pervert~" Jess purred, once again caressing her friends swollen body "So, you want me do it here or back at my plaace~

"...do it here pervert. You're proposing the option, I know you want it. Everyone's watching. So let them." She couldn't move, but her voice was commanding. "Just blow your tits up and pop me. I know you want that."

Grinning, Jess the plugged the nearest hoses into her tits, which happened to be from the chest presses that started this whole thing. She went right into the exercise, each rep causing her to reach up and squeeze her generous tits together, threatening to burst herself if she hugged them too hard.

"Fffffuuuuuckk....yessss!!! Enjoy the show, you swollen blimp slut! " She cried out, as her shirt grew tighter and tighter.

Samantha did. Though her loins quivered with passion where she had no hope of reaching them, she. The mousy staff member wandered over, looking a bit cross. "Excuse me miss..."

"Mmmm...aaah..y...yess...fffuick yesss..mmm..w.what do you waaant?" Jess' shirt gave out and gave way to a stretchy, black sport bra as it fell to the floor in tatters, right on queue.

"...could you just keep it down?" The employee asked, clasping her hands together. "I know the equipment malfunctioned on her and we're sorry but we don't need any more distractions."

Sam looked over to the staff member. "Yeah. Now back off. She's getting big."

"Mmmm...Yeee...you heard...aaah...fffuuck...heer...mmm..ya know whaaat~" Jess grinned, standing up and grabbing the girls shoulder "I think you need to get big too!"

"Huh?!" The staff member flushed, backing off just a bit but going straight into Samantha's ballooned form, trapping herself between the two horny, alt balloon girls. "Yeah, you don't look like the type to do chest presses, but how about you sit on that pipe I was on?" Sam, who was now several feet above the two, looked down with a sadistic smile.

Indeed, the malfunctioning air pipe Sam had sat on was still sticking up and blasting cool air into the gym. Jess grinned even brighter, a more hungry look in her eyes. With her marvelous strength, she hoisted the employee into the air, burying the girl into her cleavage and carrying her around the length of Sam's body.

"You heard her, time to swell like a good horny balloon~" She said, lowering her onto the pipe, which effortlessly slid under her skirt.

The girl grew faster than anyone, even Jess, could've been ready for, her gut shooting out and knocking the goth girl back. The employee could only quiver and moan while trying fruitlessly to pull herself off the pipe. "No wait, please-ohhhh..." she shuddered as her tits ballooned with her belly. Her knees became weak, and she slid further down the pipe. "I'll- I'll pop-"

"Shush, keep growing you balloon bitch" Jess purred, moving back in and grinding her tits hard against the poor girls, her hands moving all across her figure "mmmm...You never did inflate, did you? First time Im guessing?" Sam strained to twist her head and look down at the show.

"I-I can't hold much, I can't hold much. Please don't wanna-ahh-ahhhh..." She moaned, unable to help but touch herself.

"Amazing you watched all these people become fit and inflated and never got into shape yourself..." Jess hissed. "...guess your popping will be your punishment."

Jess buried the girl's protests in her bosom, leaving her no room to do anything but released muffled moans. The girl was only about yoga ball size in the belly before she started to squirm, her growth coming to a stop. She pulled her head up just enough to look up at Jess. "I- I'm at my limit... I helped your friend not pop-"

"And I'm returning the favor~" Jess purred, feeling the girl getting tighter and tighter, those melodic groans and creaks like music in her ear. "~it feels good, doesn't it?"

"Y...yes..." the employee muttered before vibrating like a machine and letting out a feral cry.

BOOOOOOOOM The girl's red uniform went everywhere, same as her scraps. The rest of the staff opted to avert their eyes from Jess upon her explosion.

Jess swept the room visually and giggled, a little maniacally, as she took a deep breath and began pacing around Samantha once again.

"You're next, balloon slut~" She whispered, tracing her fingers across the girls tight body. "Any last words?"

"Yeah..." Sam whispered. "Blow kiss me, you bimbo." She licked her lips a little, the only inviting gesture she could really make.

Smiling, Jess arrived at the front of the girl and put two hands against her belly. Rolling her downwards, she licked her own lips with a hunger one usually only saw in the animal kingdom. Soon enough, they were eye level once again, Sam's useless limbs pointing towards the walls, her messy hair sticking against her ballooned, sweaty back. Leaning in closer, Jess looked into Sam's eyes with a sultry gaze.

"You were the greatest friend, and sluttiest blimp I've ever met~"

Samantha looked back, managing a genuine smile through all the passion. "Make every rep count." She whispered. She hadn't intended to pop today, but generally, no one really did when they wake up. Now's as good a time as any after all... "I love you..."

"I love you too~" Jess whispered, as she took a deep breath in, making her ballooned chest raise, and leaned over her own tits to plant her lips on Sam's, her hands caressing as much of the ballooned girls body as she could reach, all while letting out an impassioned blooowwwwwwww. Her chest rising with the next puff as she could feel Sam stretch more and more, approaching her limit.

With Jess' impressive lung capacity, she knew she didn't have long. So she savored each moment her tasteful lip gloss met with her plump lips... their tongues dancing in the wind that Jess produced.

Jess moaned through the kiss, as she kept blowing more and more. Until, she began feeling her friends body groan and creak louder, her skin feeling drum tight. Stopping the blowing, she pulled back and smiled.

"Mmmrrrr...One more puff and you go boom~" She whispered, nuzzling Sam's cheek.

Sam didn't say anything. She was in a love drunk haze, seemingly only concerned with getting back to the kiss, she looked up at her friend pleadingly. "Mmmph." She wiggled and tried in vain to bring her face closer to her big titted goth girl.

Nodding, Jess gave her friends lip's a slow lick, then kissed her once more. Taking a VERY deep breath, she then blew into her with all her might as the groans and creaks grew louder and louder until....

Sam squealed just a bit before the tears appeared up her ass, across her belly, back, everywhere. It was over.

BOOOOOOOO0MM

Sam erupted in Jess' face with the biggest amount of force the gym had seen in at least a year, firing beads, piercings and jewelry everywhere. If one were to watch in slow motion, they might see a small ear ring, topped with a plastic gem, fire directly into Jess' cleavage which bent in the direction of Sam's explosion. It landed sharp side first, the last thing running through Jess' head being something along the lines of "Oh, that sneaky balloon slut-"

Hitting Jess ballooned tits, the girl gasped as she realized what was gonna happen. Her last thoughts being something along the lines of <Oh, that sneaky balloon slut...>

BOOOOOOOOM

The staff could only shake their heads, as the pitter patter clothes and whatnot rained down, the girl's flesh colored scraps seemingly mixing together in a loving slow dance perpetuated by the blowing air of the pipe. A few pieces of equipment would soon be deemed unusable, though many of them were probably at their breaking point before the girls arrived, if the broken handle was any indication.

The employees opted to send the rest of the clientele home for the day as they cleaned the unusually large and somewhat hazardous mess. The goth and scene girls clothes weren't really anyone's style, so the cleaners simply tossed them away along

with the girls' scraps. This side of the gym would be closed for a few weeks as they fixed up the equipment...