

Gabby's Gadget

By Inflate123

"Discrete packaging my *ass*."

Staring at the contents of her mailbox, Gabby frowned. She expected a brown box, plain, non-descript -- boring. Instead, she got a brown box with the words PERSONNEL INFLATOR on the outside. Very descriptive, albeit misspelled; this package was adorned with Chinese characters and clearly not printed by a company that was all that fluent in the English language. Still -- *good lord, what must the mail carrier think?*

Walking back into the house, Gabby decided that a harsh judgment from the postal service was worth the risk. If the contents of this box delivered on the promise -- and she admitted, that was a very big if -- well, the "if" wouldn't be the only big thing at play.

She cut the box open with as much care as haste would allow and removed a clear plastic cube, about two inches wide -- a hinged box with a square of foam inside. Resting comfortably inside its foam cutout was the device she'd ordered. It had taken four weeks to arrive. It felt like four months, because Gabby woke up every day hoping that a package -- a more *discrete* package, she'd imagined -- would arrive. And now, it had.

Gabby was an inflationist. Gabby received no small amount of gratification from pumping herself up with no small amount of air, and later received no small amount of financial assistance from the fans who paid to watch videos as she indulged her kink. As she became more practiced, she also became more pliable; her body adjusted as her capacity increased. Little by little, every time she'd inflate herself with a squeeze bulb or, eventually, a low-powered aquarium pump, she found herself able to grow a little larger, stretch a little further before the pressure bought her to orgasm. Forcing herself to fill to capacity before hitting her peak became part of the fun, and her fans loved seeing her push her limits.

If there was one inconvenience to an otherwise lucrative hobby, it was the hoses. They got in the way; they tangled; they crimped. So when she spotted this correctly spelled "personal inflator" on a Chinese-hosted gadget website, she had to try it. The listing, when auto-translated into almost-English, promised "a micro-compressor of the air that is charged among the wireless platform" where "pressure but speed is altered using the device Bluetooth."

Now that this wonder device was in her hand, it resembled nothing more than a tiny bullet -- not even an inch long, roughly a quarter-inch wide, with an LED light and some vents on its flat back. A small nozzle was visible at the front.

This was an air compressor, and it was designed to fit in her navel.

No more sore hands and squeeze bulbs. No more AC-powered aquarium pumps. No more annoying hoses. Nothing in her rear -- unless her fans paid for it, anyway. This was going to pump air *right into her belly*.

She wasn't aware of any other streamers with tech like this, but she wasn't about to try it out for the first time live on her channel, either. As with all her other props, she planned a private test before going public.

Quickly she changed into some athletic wear. Yoga pants and a sports bra were fan favorites among her viewers, since her midsection remained exposed, but the clothing helped frame the scene, so to speak. This would be a full dress rehearsal, so she threw on a set in basic black, then stood next to the bed, attempting to decipher the icons on the slip of paper that passed for the instructions. She couldn't read Chinese at all, but it seemed straightforward enough -- the device conveniently arrived pre-charged, and pressing the tiny recessed Bluetooth button with an unfolded paper clip let her pair the device to her phone. A scan of a QR code loaded a custom app called "PersInfl-EN" onto her phone, and when the screen showed a photo of the device with a battery icon showing "70%" on it. There were also two boxes on the screen marked ON and OFF, a slider with the word SPEED next to it, a VENT button, and a status indicator that, surprisingly, steadily flashed READY in helpful English. The green light on the rear of the device blinked silently in the same rhythm.

The device was ready. Was Gabby? Tracing her belly button with a slight shiver, she realized there was only one way to find out.

Slowly, she nudged the compressor into her navel with a slight twist. She'd taken advantage of her deep innie belly button by using various props and acting out different inflation scenarios for her fans, but she'd never dreamed of such a practical application. The device was a snug fit and, looking in the mirror, she saw the green LED light slowly pulsing on the rear flange. The compressor felt secure.

"Insane," said Gabby aloud. She stood at her bedroom mirror and stared at the blinking light flashing just above her waist for a few seconds, barely able to believe this moment.

With a deep breath, Gabby raised her phone, set the speed slider to just two ticks out of ten, and tapped ON.

The device responded instantly with a gentle vibration that made Gabby's midsection tingle.

She reflexively tapped the OFF button immediately.

"Holy shit," she announced to nobody, and explored her belly with her free hand. She didn't need to see the change; she felt the pressure increase slightly, and that was enough to freak her out. Just like that, with a tap, she'd felt a few puffs of air enter her body.

This thing works. “It actually fucking works!” she announced with amazement to her empty bedroom. The Personal Inflator had officially inflated her person.

Giddy, she slid backwards onto her bed – the arena for so many of her broadcast inflatable adventures – put one hand over her navel, and tapped the ON square on the app with the other. Again, instant response – the Bluetooth air compressor hummed ever so slightly, pulling air from outside her body and softly forcing it inside. Slowly, gently – but insistently. She sensed the slight pressure.

The feeling of inflating her belly was deliciously familiar yet distinctly different. With her previous gear, the air had to travel through a longer route from behind before it reached her front; this pumped air directly into the destination. The sensation of pressure was the same she’d always craved, but the immediacy felt new.

She let herself inflate for a good 30 seconds, just starting to see her belly change shape, ever so slightly more rounded than a minute prior, her ears focusing on the light hiss as the pump drew in its gentle but steady stream of air. The only thing that interrupted Gabby’s bliss was her own sudden realization that she could control the speed. A slide with her thumb took the pump to 50%, and the vibrations increased. This felt comparable to her aquarium pump; a steady rate of flow, not so intense that she couldn’t add dialogue to the scene when the cameras were running. Her donors really appreciated descriptions of the moment (even cheesy ones), so keeping a predictable level of inflation was as important to maintaining that audience contact as personal safety. This was the right speed, slow enough to make it last and let everyone – especially herself – thoroughly enjoy her inflation.

And oh, she did. The vibrations from the compressor were now a bit more intense, and she could see her midsection begin to blow up, rounder now, the sides beginning to swell apace. Her fingertips grazed her skin and reported back with pressure; she knew these early stages well, and guesstimated she was perhaps at one-quarter her capacity. In previous broadcasts, she’d teased the audience’s anticipation with phrases like “This is nothing!” -- but truthfully, for Gabby, this was everything.

Satisfied with the functionality, she placed her phone on the bed next to her and allowed herself to enjoy this maiden voyage. Both hands now stroked her gently expanding belly; she brushed the device lightly as she passed, amazed that it had stayed in place even as the pressure increased. It was only slightly warm, certainly not enough to be uncomfortable, let alone painful. She glanced down at her midsection, pressing her sides gently with both hands; she felt about halfway to her current capacity.

And rounder she grew, the dome of her belly now slowly obscuring the view of her feet, the sides of her torso curving as this tiny miracle pumped her up like the human balloon she’d always wanted to be. The inflation felt steady -- enjoyably predictable – as the incoming air was warmed by device itself inflated her ever fuller with warm, pleasant air. It was enough of a

surprise to find the compressor worked; she really didn't expect it to work so well, to make her feel like inflating was almost...natural. Normal.

She held one hand on the now noticeably rounded side, and traced the fingers of her other hand around her still-swelling belly as the tone of the pump's hissing deepened. She traced the outline of the edge of the device sticking out of her navel, circling the edge of her now extremely sensitive, vibrating belly button, and sent a few shockwaves through her system. Careful, she thought, stifling a full-body twitch. Don't rush this -- let the thing do its thing.

The thing shifted.

Gabby felt the compressor suddenly sink deeper into her belly button. Her expanded form stopped it from moving very far, essentially locking it into its new position with pressure from all sides. That was enough to pull Gabby from her hazy state of mind; she realized she was about three-quarters of the way to full, and as she had just proven, could easily bring herself to climax with this much pressure. There was no need to overdo it on her first test.

She raised her phone to find it had slipped into sleep mode. She reactivated the screen and tapped the OFF button.

Nothing happened.

She tapped OFF again.

No response.

Gabby snapped to attention. If the Bluetooth connection had severed, the device should have stopped. Looking at the ever-expanding dome of her belly, it clearly had not.

Gabby swiped the speed slider down to zero. It stayed firmly at 50%.

VENT – that should open the seal, maybe even reverse the pump, Gabby thought. She tapped VENT repeatedly. Nothing happened.

Gabby scrabbled at her navel, trying to get a fingernail on the sunken compressor and simply yank it out, but it was too deep. All she managed to do was send tingles through her erogenous zones from the sensations of playing with her inflated belly as she continued to slowly and steadily blow up. With each passing second, Gabby felt become very aware of her fullness. She felt and looked very much like a tightly inflated balloon.

Then, the app crashed. Her phone went dark for a few agonizing moments, its logo only reappearing as it began its reboot sequence.

The miniature air compressor now firmly lodged in her belly, however, kept pumping. Slowly, gently – but insistently. She sensed the intense pressure.

Gabby knew her body; she'd conditioned herself to get bigger with each successful session, but with a light wince, she realized she had reached her limit. This had to stop. Her belly was now completely full of air.

Other parts of body, apparently, were not.

Gabby felt a new sensation, one she'd never experienced – a tautness in her breasts. The compressor showed no signs of stopping, but her body attempted to find a new destination for the relentless stream of air. Sure enough, Gabby watched her chest creep forward inside her sports bra, her breasts rounding out as they, too, blew up like balloons.

Gabby yelped, but the compressor did not hear her.

Her buttocks began to swell, and Gabby felt her ass and thighs plumping up inside the stretchy yoga tights. Her body valiantly tried to take in more air, find more parts to inflate, making Gabby more dangerously voluptuous than she had ever dared dream, let alone let herself become.

Her belly was now enormous and drum-tight, topped by spherical balloon breasts in overstretched spandex. Yoga pants trapped and shaped her conical thighs, backed by a firmly inflated bubble butt that raised her hips off the bed. This gave Gabby an even more terrifying view of her swollen midsection. Every part of her felt not just inflated, not even overinflated – Gabby felt downright explosive. She was entirely pumped with as much air as she could possibly hold, her ass enormous, her beach-ball breasts ready to pop, her reddened, shiny, and impossibly stretched belly now filled to bursting.

Every sensation in her body told her she was completely full. Only one thought raced through her head: *This has to stop.*

The mini-compressor did not.