

Sweet Release

I needed this. *God*, I needed this.

It hadn't only been a long day. It had been a week of long days. Exhaustion hung around me like a dark cloud as I slogged my way to the bedroom.

There was only one thing on my mind. It had been there since that first three-hour meeting on Tuesday morning, but I hadn't been able to indulge myself. Not until now. The stress of the week was behind me. All I had to do was lie back and let it do all the work.

The tank of helium.

Seeing it in the corner of my bedroom made my skin break out into goosebumps. It was my secret. My devious little vice. I was no stranger to masturbation with toys and wands like most other women after a long day, but the pressure in that tank brought me to a level of bliss nothing else could hope to match.

My clothes melted off my body. Honestly, I couldn't recall taking them off by the time they were around my ankles. I slowed down when I got to my bra and panties, however. There was a ritual to this, and every step was cherished.

Slowly, my hands traveled across the front of my black bra before groping my chest. Flesh from my DDs squished over my fingers as they sank into my exposed cleavage. They were already heating up from my anticipation and were softer than any lotion could create. The massages started. I kneaded them, squeezing and moving them in slow circles just to feel their ample mass move across my chest and push against one another. Within my padded cups I felt my nipple stiffen and rise in sensitivity.

My breasts were swollen today and bulged over my cups ever so slightly. Plump with my arousal and perky with hormonal fullness. A lack of a tan made my blushing cleavage all the more obvious after my eager groping.

I'd tortured them enough. They were more than ready. Usually I would let my bra join my blouse and skirt at my feet, but not today. I was treating myself. My bra would understand.

My hands traveled lower, gracefully dancing over my toned belly before following the crook of my navel between my legs. Sopping moisture greeted my fingertips when they pressed against my panties. It wasn't surprising; I'd been thinking about this moment for the entire drive home. My body was more than ready, and my foreplay was only serving to tease.

I pressed and rubbed, feeling my lips part on the other side of the fabric. Heat poured from my folds. I may as well have been dripping. Already my cleavage glistened with sweat.

Smack!!

"Ahm!!!"

I delivered a sharp slap to my ass. It stung and left a print even through my underwear. But I had to test my curves. It was important. Luckily, everything felt springy. Soft, pliable, and supple.

They were ready to stretch.

Rolling the helium tank to my bed wasn't hard. I would have put the thing over my shoulder if I had to. Desperation can make a woman do crazy things. It was around five feet tall,

the same as the tanks you would see at the grocery store when buying balloons. It had cost a fortune at the time, but now I couldn't imagine living without it.

The hose was long, about ten feet, and made of a soft blue rubber. About twice the width of my thumb. Oversized for most jobs requiring a tank of helium, but not this one. This job needed a nice, snug fit.

Rushing heartbeats burned my ears when I reclined on my bed. This part always stuck with me. The last chance to deny myself this ultimate delight. The last opportunity to say no to this fantastically outlandish method of self-pleasure. I couldn't help but pause and listen to my inner voice...

Are you sure you want to do this again? Knowing what could happen?

The warning was dismissed with a lustful shiver. I knew the risks. I knew my limits. A handful of times I had confronted them head-on, but I always managed to come out of it with a mixture of fear, pleasure, and anxiety dancing in my heart.

I lifted the waistband of my panties. The smell of my own arousal struck me in a wave. In a practiced move, I maneuvered the hose into the lingerie. The end nuzzled my pussy and spread my folds like a lover's excited member. A simple twist of my fingers was enough to guide it into my depths.



“Mmnggh....!!!”

It was tight. Snug and solid within my walls. I played with it a little, sliding its length in and out: my naughty dildo with a special talent. The hose ended up six inches deep by the time I pulled my nectar-coated hand out of my panties. I stared at the sight of the serpent coiling under the lace hugging my pelvis before diving between my thighs and out of sight.

My legs closed, coming together to assist against the initial pressure. My bra already felt tight. Breathing heavily, I sat up and grasped the tank's knob.

Squeeeaaaak

Squeeeaaaak

Squeeeaaaak

Hssssssssss...!!

"Ahhh...!! God!!"

It hits you like a hammer, the immediate pressure surging into your core... I fell back onto my covers, writhing at the deep internal vibrations behind my belly button. All that air... Pumping... Rushing... Forcing itself into me...

"NNGH!!!"

Hssssssssss!!

My back arched against the sensation of extreme fullness. Inflating felt sharp, like a bunch of prickles dancing around inside of you. My legs trembled to keep the pressure within and prevent any leaks. This first hurdle was always the hardest. The buildup of air, amassing within my deepest self. It tickled yet pushed like a dozen fists within my belly. I could see my lower stomach starting to rise ever so slightly. The air was building into a dense pocket.

"Aahh!! Ahhhhhh!!!! Hahh!! Nnngghhh hhaahhhh!!!"

It was the spike. My body confronting the pressure as any woman's naturally would. It was do or die; accept the helium or reject it outright. Sweat beaded on my thighs as they struggled to keep the hose inside. My navel tightened across the dense pocket of helium. I looked like I'd eaten a large meal.

"N-Nngh!" I winced, feeling my ab muscles twitch against the pressure.

Hssss--PSSH!!!!

"MMMMGH!!!! Ah...! Haaahhhh fuuuck!!!"

The pressure dissipated. Like a valve releasing, the air raced across my body as if thousands of tiny pipes had just opened. I collapsed into a gasping heap and clenched my hands at the blankets after wiping sweat off my face. I had made it. Only bliss awaited me now.

Phsshhhhhhh...

It was audible, the same hissing, but more spread out and muffled. I glanced down at my chest heaving up and down in sync with my lungs. Their surfaces were flushed pink and already swelling against my bra. The padding and straps slowly shifted as my skin moved against them. Not many women are lucky enough to have their breasts noticeably grow after puberty, and if they do, it's over an extended time due to weight gain or pregnancy.

I'm fortunate enough to be able to see my chest swell cups at a time within seconds. There's only one word I can use to describe them: balloons.

Phssshhhh...

My breasts filled outward, rejecting my natural weight and firming into rounder shapes. It didn't take a lot of air to make them look like bolt-ons, but their airy bouncing set them apart from such heavy silicone augmentations. I brought my arms up and embraced them, their difference in size a sight to behold.

I had doubled my bra size. Warm, soft skin heaped itself out of my bra as its band held firm against my ribs. Coupled with my hug, it sent my ripe melons pressing into my chin. I could hear the air rushing into them if I listened close enough, building up within them in some hollow pocket. Each bra strap pulled tighter across their tops before sinking deep, dividing my globes in half with a gentle crease.

Psshhhhhh...!

“Eep!!”

I tensed at a shift in pressure. I should have known when it would come by now, but it always took me by surprise. My toes curled when my lower half began taking on helium. The immediate sensation was a tightening across my panties as my hips plumped. Lace sank into my sides and slipped between my cheeks. Which would fail first, I wonder... My bra, or my underwear?

My arms released their hold and allowed my bust to spring back to its full shape. The pink of my areolas was creeping over the brims of my cups.

“N-Not so fast, you two...”

I pushed their fronts down into my bra, ensuring the garment was forced to contain my breasts instead of shoving them out the top. The underwire lifted from my torso and a heap of underboob pushed through as I centered the cups atop my breasts.



Psshhhhhhhh!!

They were secure now and impossibly big. Larger than basketballs, my breasts sat deformed by my bra. Intense cleavage shot from my collarbones. The sight never got old. Mesmerized by my widening bust, my left hand traveled to my thighs and pressed down.

Airy skin pushed back. They had thickened by several inches, a dramatic improvement to my usual lankiness. I gasped when my thigh gap closed itself. My thighs rubbed together from my crotch to my knees. A curious finger tried to slip under my panties. They were taut, the elastic tight and digging into the tops of my legs. Taking bets now: bra or panties? What will it be?

As much as my hands wanted to explore, they didn't dare touch my pussy. When the hose was inside of me, forcing more air by the second, to touch those lips was suicide. They were always far too full. Far too plump. Far, *far too engorged*. I had learned long ago to leave it alone, which was fine. I didn't need to touch it to finish. Taking on this air and pressure was enough on its own; all I needed to do was lie there and enjoy the process. The orgasm would come on its own, and it would be mighty.

Psshhhhhhhh!!

The hissing was getting louder as I inflated and my curves hollowed. No longer was the rushing air muffled and distant. It was in my ears, rushing against my stretching skin. Squirming on the bed and rolling onto my side, I enjoyed feeling what had become of me. My body had assumed an extreme hourglass figure. A figure possible only in cartoons or in the minds of the most imaginatively horny. Fitting through a doorway would have been comical and required me to either move sideways or squeeze the sides of my hips together. That was assuming I could even manage to see over the beach ball knockers strapped to my front. They were screaming within my bra for mercy. My areolas had puffed enough to fill my cups on their own.

Phhshhhhhhh!!

Crreeaaaaaak...

The first sign of impending seam destruction. I couldn't tell where it had originated over the hiss of my inflation. I winced when both my bra and underwear cut into me with anger. The sides of my panties were bunched up and causing valleys several inches deep along my hips. A monstrous wedgie flossed its way between my bloated ass. As if to torture me, the crotch was pushing the hose against my click.

You're more than big enough. You know what happens beyond this.

My hands clenched. The pressure was rising. Inflating like a human blow-up doll had its limits. But I wasn't there yet, despite what my overly cautious inner voice said.

Instead, I eyed the tank's knob. Sitting up was easy. My breasts might have been three feet across, but they were lighter than air. My butt cradled my hips like a couch cushion. Having to push my chest down, I found my thighs forcing my legs apart. Each one was wider than my abdomen. I had ballooned in every sense of the word. My curves were inflated. Bloated with helium. I could feel its lightness building within.

Don't do it...

My hand grasped the knob. I could take more. I knew I could. I had plenty of times.

Besides... My clothes were still intact.



Squeeeaaak

Squeeeaaaaaak

PHSSSHHHHHH!!!

“Gaahh!!”

I dared myself to fully open the valve and met the challenge. Air screamed now, racing into my body as if I had sat on an air compressor.

Crreeaaaaaak!!!

“Mmmmgh!!”

Something was about to break. Tight tit flesh was being forced into ridiculous shapes. I could feel it rubbing against my arms and underboob squeaking down my stomach. In some places my bra was completely swallowed by my skin. Pressure beat against my nipples, desperate to blow them out.

But my panties... They were torture. They always were. Like twine on a roast, they sank deep into my excessive bulk. Lace rubbed against my ass. Stitches began popping around my thighs.

I couldn't breathe. The rush was too great and my bra was too tight. I arched my back. Something snapped but nothing exploded.

You're getting too full.

“Mmmmgh!!” For some reason my inner voice only made me want more.

“Break...dammit!”

PHSSSHHHHHH!!!

CREEAAAANK!!!

I poured sweat in waves. The helium wanted to take me, but my lingerie was holding me back. Anchoring me to the earth. Keeping me from my orgasm. The orgasm I deserved. I deserved to see my bra explode. I needed to feel my panties rupture. The universe owed that to me after this week.

CREEEEEAAAAAAAAAAK!!!

PPHSSHHHHH!!!!

“NNGH!!! MMNGAAHHHH!!!!”

I tensed. My curves felt like they were in a vice. I couldn't see beyond my chest. Cleavage filled my view, forced upon me by a stubborn bra.

“J-Just...BREAK ALREA--”

BOOM!!!!

A scream would have come out if the sudden release hadn't knocked the air from my lungs. Finishing their battles together, my bra and panties exploded from my ballooning figure.

BOOMPH!!!!

Skin lurched forward into its true shape. Creases and valleys sprang out to snap loudly like a cracking belt. I nearly did the splits when my thighs blew against one another. Likewise, my breasts erupted like an inflatable raft from my chest. Thrusting themselves away from my torso, extreme pressures turned them into perfect spheres bouncing against each other. I looked like I had two yoga balls inflated within me. So full of helium, their release gently lifted my torso from the bed before gravity regained control and pulled me back down.

PHSHHHHHH!!!!

“Haahhhh... Haaahhhhhh ohhhh God...”

Fluid leaked from my crotch. My head spun in raging pleasure. Getting so big was difficult to handle, even after experiencing it so many times. My mind had trouble processing my curves at this point as if it completely rejected what was happening to me as fantasy.

PHSSHHHHHHH!!!

“Nnnngh!”

I gasped and grabbed the sides of my breasts, steadying them above me like two tethered hot air balloons. The pressure was raging now. I flexed my fingers with slight anxiety. My skin was firm. Not tight, but firmer than I tended to appreciate.

That's enough. You're big enough and you know it.

Helium pulled at my weight. Every breath provided enough momentum to lift my torso from the bed. It wouldn't be much longer. Just a little more air...just a bit more...and I could enjoy that rare blissful weightlessness. I couldn't reach that point often, but today I could. I deserved it. *I craved it.* I wanted more than anything to let this pressure lift me from the heavy stress of the world.

The side of my hip pressed into the wall. I was as wide as my double bed with my legs forced to spread even wider. Sweat ran into my eyes as I stared wearily into the wall of ballooning skin that was my rising chest.

I was so close.

Lust dripped from my crotch. Feeling it run from my lips and down between my cheeks thrilled me at my arousal. I would scream when I came again, not caring who else heard in my apartment complex.

PHSHHHHHH

“Ah! A...Ahhh!!”

Tension shot through me with a tremor. It was the tipping point of helium matching my weight. My breath stuck in my chest as I waited for that magical moment.

Slowly, my back lifted from the bed.

PHSHHHHHHHH

I was floating. Only by a few inches at first, but those soon grew with the helium's rising dominance. My top half drifted upward, pulled by my weather balloon breasts, while my legs lagged behind. They drooped with my feet barely in contact with the bed: the last connection I had to the earth.

And then they left.

Pure...weightless...bliss.

You got what you wanted, now stop. Before it's too late.

God, the pressure. My whole body was starting to ache from stretching like an abused balloon. I tested the skin of my breasts. They were drum-tight and vibrating with swirling air. Looking around them, I could see the massive curve of my ass lifting my hips like a blimp. It wanted to spin my body around and pull me up, but my chest was more powerful. Two thighs hung off my butt like pillars of pale latex. From between them dangled the hose, reminding me of a tail.

PHSSSHHHHH!!

“Haahhhh ohhhh God...!”

I tried to move, hoping to help the inflating pressure shift and settle in my body, but there was no mattress to use for leverage. My arms simply flailed against the controlling dominance of my curves.

Turn it off. Turn it off or you'll regret it.

I knew that nagging voice was right. This was the biggest I had ever managed to inflate myself: knockers five feet across and a bottom half to match. I was an over-inflated blimp of a woman, barely recognizable as human. I might as well have been an erotic pool toy meant for a bachelor party.

“Just a little more... Just a little more...” I begged myself.

I lifted higher. Squeaks jumped from my cleavage as my breasts rubbed together. My thighs would have sounded like crickets if they weren't so lubed with my enjoyment.

Just another minute. Just a little more air. I wanted to push myself. I wanted to hold every bit of air I possibly could, so the pressure could push out all the stress and exhaustion.

PHSSSHHHHH!!

“Nngh!! O-Ohhhhh! Come on...!”

It was no use arching my back when there was nothing beneath me. My breasts were sore from being forced to such a size. I could feel my pussy throbbing around the hose, stuck deep between my pillow-wide thighs.

Stop! You're past your limit! TURN IT OFF!!

I couldn't. Not when I was so close!

PHSSHHHHH--CREEAAAAAK!!!

"AHMM!!!"

I cried out when my skin gave a warning sound like stretching leather. Staring ahead, I saw my breasts pulling into a reflective ivory white. My butt rubbed against the wall inch by inch. I would have been straddling my mattress if I were sitting on my bed with such bloated thighs.

CREEAAAAAK!!

Fear leaped in my heart. That pulling, aching sound was panic-inducing. *"A-Ahh!! Ok ok!! That's enough I think!"* I reached down for the tank's knob.

My hand passed through open air.

"Huh??"

You've done it now.

My arm started to flail, looking for the tank. I tried to turn my head, but cleavage swelled around me and rubbed against my cheeks. So much lift wouldn't let me rotate my torso.

PHSSHHHHH!!

CREEEAAAAAAAK!!

"W-Where..." My hand searched in frantic grasps. *"W-W-Where's the tank!? I-I CAN'T REACH THE--"*

Thunk!

THUD!!

A floor-shaping jolt made my soul leave my body. My hand had found the valve, striking it with my palm hard enough to topple the tank to the floor. More than six feet below.

PHSSHHHHHHHHH!!!!

My breasts screamed. I grabbed their sides, pleading, *"Ahhh!! No!! No no no!! Wait!!"*

Plan B! Plan B! Get the hose out!

I tried grabbing the dangling tube but my hand struck the back of my ass with a rebounding *boomph!!*. There was no way I could reach around it. My legs tensed, hoping to grab the hose and pull it free with my feet but I was blown too big. I couldn't even bend my legs at the hip.

I tried to tell you.

Now look. The helium is going to just keep coming.

CREEAAAAAK!!

"Nnngh!! F-Fuck!! Ohhh fuck!! Too tight!!"

I grabbed the sides of my breasts. They screamed and echoed with rushing air. I couldn't even begin to estimate their size. Far wider than my bed. Possibly double. They each felt like a zeppelin strapped to my front.

CREEAAAA--

POMPH!!

POMPH!!!

“GAH!!!”

Great jolts shot through their airy bulk. I realized then it had been my nipples suddenly puffing with air. It reminded me of the end of a balloon as it gets too full. Tightness raced across the paling, pink surfaces of my nipples and areolas. I had never seen them do that. Never even felt any kind of pressure close to causing such an effect.

Hope you're happy. You inflated so big your nipples are ready to burst.

My mind reeled. This couldn't go on. I was too big. Too full. Too inflated. My vision refused to focus. Any movement from my thighs tensed my body with extreme stimulation.

Poomph!

“MMGH!! The ceiling!!”

A cold surface collided with my chest. It sent me bouncing, moving across the top of my room like a stray party balloon. Every strike was a slap across my widening nipples. The floor might as well have been miles below. I was more than stuck.

“I'm... Haahhhh oh God I'm gonna BURST!! MMMGH!!”

A flutter jumped in my heart. Why did that thought excite me?! My pulse raced. I realized I was sweating buckets, not only from the tension creaking my skin, but from the sheer pleasure it created. I'd never felt so alive. So massive. So totally full. So tight...stretched...ready to...

WHY THE HELL DID IT HAVE TO FEEL SO GOOD.

Just let go.

I whimpered at the temptation. My mind was straddling ecstasy and panic. This pleasure of stretching to the breaking point left me reeling.

Relax.

PHSSSHHHHHH!!

“I-I'll pop!! I'm gonna pop!!! I'm--”

POOMPH!!

“MMGH!!”

My pussy lurched outward. A split second was all it needed to balloon to the size of a water bottle between my legs. I could feel my folds thickening.

Breathing was dangerous. An orgasm would be the end of me. I couldn't take that kind of stress. Not this big! Not this full! I would definitely--

Pop.

I moaned at the word and what it meant. It didn't sound so bad as I danced with the extreme pressures. It sounded kind of...relieving.

My body relaxed. I realized I *wanted* to burst. God, what it must feel like to cross that limit. Tension eased from my muscles and skin when I stopped clenching. Sensations washed across my body like tickling hands as I gave myself up.

HSSSSSS!!!

“Mmmghhhh!! Ooohhhhhh fuck that feels good!”

I shivered as goosebumps sprang up. This sound was new. The sound of my skin rapidly stretching to a fraction of its thickness in a split second. It tingled and pricked with the last of its strength.

HSSSSSSSSSS!!

“F-Fuuuck!!”

My hands grabbed my stomach. The small bulge within my core was pulsing. Growing larger. Rounder. It took my breath away when I felt my waistline take on a life of its own. Pressure rushed my womb in desperation.

HSSSSSSSS!!!

“Nggaahhh!! O-Ooohhh my God!! Ohhhhh GOD!! It’s...BLOWING UP!!”

It domed against my hands. A matter of seconds left me ready to trick someone into thinking I was ready to birth triplets, and still my abdomen ballooned. I knew why: my other curves were full to the breaking point. They refused to hold another ounce of helium. There was no room left at the inn, and my belly was left to pick up the tab. With both my chest and hips full, I was left with a gut inflating twice as fast as what I was accustomed to.

Squeeeaaaakk!!

My ears rang as the beach ball rubbed against my chest and thighs. There was no space for such an inflated orb. Cleavage screamed around it with tightness. Despite my thighs’ buoyancy, it was forcing my legs down into my butt. The yoga ball sphere trembled between my hands.

This is it.

“Mmmmgh!!! Ahh!! Yes!! FUCK YES!!”

The tightness. The pressure. All that AIR. It was an intoxicating cocktail. Had I known it felt this good to pop, I would have done it long ago.

You’re going to pop. Like the balloon you are.

“I’m ready!! I’M READY!!”

PHSSSHHHHH!!!!

RRMMMMMBLLLLL!!

“AAAHH!!”

I released my belly in favor of my breasts when they started to quake. My hands couldn’t indent their sides. Air screamed in my ears like an angry snake.

RMMMMMBLLLLL!!!

I could take no more.

“P-Pop!! I want to pop!! IT FEELS SO GOOD!!”

PHSSSHHHHHHHH!!

CREEAAAAAAK!!!

“NGGAAHHHHHH!!!! MAKE ME EXPLOOOODE!!!”

My skin stopped stretching but the pressure continued to build. I’d reached my limit. I closed my eyes, prepared for whatever may come.

PHSSSHHHHHHHHHHHhhhhhh....

Seconds passed. The rushing in my ears faded. Pressure had stopped mounting.

I opened one eye. I was still here. In one piece, though still on the ceiling. My girth consumed the majority of the ceiling. There wasn’t much room left for my body to bounce and float.

A nervous laugh bubbled within my expanded belly. The tank had run out of helium. It was empty, its entire contents poured into me.

I let myself go limp and felt my arms dangle. Taking a moment to breathe, I noticed my heart was racing and my core was pulsing. I hadn't even realized I'd been orgasming. For how long was anybody's guess. The soreness in my core made it feel like it had been hours, but that could also be the weather balloon's worth of air stretching it out.

"Mngh... Hooooly shit..." I groaned, not daring to move.

The tightness was immaculate and mind-numbing, but I knew I teetered on the edge of a cliff. I hardly dared to breathe too deep.

So I relaxed, letting the tension cradle me. There was nothing to do but wait for the helium to dissipate. It wouldn't take long. A few hours maybe.

Nothing to do but relax.

Nothing to do...but enjoy the lingering bliss of weightlessness.

