

The Institute: Hiyoko (Balloonification, Brainwashing)

"H-hey! Let me go!" Hiyoko Saionji struggled against the orderlies' iron grip as they dragged her through the smooth white corridors of the institute. "Let me go, you bastards."

"Now, now, Hiyoko," said the accompanying nurse, a suspiciously plain-looking woman wearing little more than a white frock. Like everything else in this stupid facility, it bore the same off-putting smiley logo, this time in the form of a badge on her left breast—the sight of it made Hiyoko want to throw up. "There's no need for foul language. We just want to make you happy, after all."

Hiyoko squirmed even harder. "Fuck you, you dumb bitch! Let me go!"

The nurse sighed, as if Hiyoko were simply too stubborn to see the truth. "Take her to the Balloon Room, boys," she said, clapping one of the orderlies on the back. "Perhaps a taste of our special gas will make her feel a little happier."

"Let me gooo!"

Ignoring her insults, the orderlies hauled her down the corridor and through another smiley-marked door into an enormous, spherical white chamber bearing two noticeable groups of objects: firstly, the cluster of giant, colorful balloons bobbing about under the ceiling. Turning, they bounced into and off one another, and if she listened closely, Hiyoko was certain she heard giggling.

Secondly, the gas canisters lining the floor. There must have been a hundred or more of them, each bearing the institute's same bland logo. Hiyoko shivered. Just what kind of gas was in them?

Also waiting in the room was another nurse, identical to the previous. For a second, Hiyoko wondered if she'd gotten here ahead of them via shortcut. "Good morning, Hiyoko. It's nice to finally meet you. I've heard so many wonderful things about you." Hiyoko opened her mouth to shout an expletive, but the nurse rushed on as if she hadn't even noticed. "Are you ready to begin your inflation?"

Hiyoko blinked, unable to believe what she was hearing. "Inflation?"

"I would describe the process in detail," said the nurse, "but we believe it's better to experience it yourself first. After all, no explanation could possibly hope to capture how *wonderful* it is."

With every word out of the nurse's mouth, Hiyoko felt a little more disquieted. What the fuck was this lunatic talking about?

"Well, there's no sense waiting around, is there?" said the nurse. "Let's get started, shall we? Boys, if you would?"

The orderlies tightened their grip on Hiyoko's arms. One of them pinched her cheeks, forcing her to purse her lips, and the nurse took the chance to slip something awful into them. It was partly like a bottle, in that it was clearly meant to inject something into her mouth, and it was partly like a gag, in that it was clasped to prevent her spitting it out. A hose connected it to one of the gas tanks, and as Hiyoko watched in increasing horror, the nurse turned the valve with an audible hissing sound. "Mmmmpfh!"

Something—some kind of gas, obviously—poured through her lips and filled her cheeks. Eyes flashing in terror, she tried to spit it out, but the gag made it impossible. In the end, all she could do was swallow it in preparation for another mouthful.

The nurse gave the valve another jerk and stepped back, clasping her hands and smiling angelically. "Well, here we go, Hiyoko. I hope you'll enjoy your experience as much as our previous patients."

On the ceiling, the balloon-things giggled mindlessly. Hiyoko squealed and struggled harder, but the orderlies' grip remained as tight as ever.

With every second, more of the strange gas poured into her mouth and down her throat. As it settled in her belly, Hiyoko felt a strange tension, half in her gut and half in her brain. Looking down, she watched through blurry eyes as her stomach expanded, pumped full and gravid. *Wh-what's going on...?* she thought, the words coming as if through syrup. *Why do I feel so fuuuull...?*

Soon, her belly had achieved an inhuman degree of plumpness, pumped so fat and round she could have fit octuplets, let alone a single baby. Moaning, she could only watch as it continued to grow, its swelling girth stretching the rest of her body around it, starting with her chest and her pelvis, the former, once so flat, gaining a now significant curve, if not in the way she might have wanted. It drew her kimono tight around it, making the fabric squeak and threaten to split with the strain of her growing body.

As her form took on a more ovoid shape, stretching apart her arms and legs and leaving her neck almost as wide as her shoulders, Hiyoko found the orderlies releasing their grip. On for a second, however—no sooner had she started to rise than they hurried to grab her lest she escape.

The rounder her body became, the harder Hiyoko found it to think. Whatever the gas was doing to her body, it was having an equally strange effect on her brain, pumping it fat as her form and stretching apart her thoughts till they no longer made sense at all. She barely remembered who she was, let alone understood what happening to her.

And yet, on a certain level, she didn't care. Because as confusing as her situation was, pumped into a fat, rubbery balloon felt good. So good, she didn't want it to stop.

Over the span of the next few minutes, Hiyoko continued to inflate, growing till she resembled nothing more than a normal balloon, if twenty times as large. Her kimono and other clothes, stretched tight around her, seemed to melt into a layer of paint, fusing with her,

while a large knot formed between her legs, making her shiver as the nurse tied a string to it. Her hands and feet remained normal, wiggling in pleasure.

Finally, the nurse unclasped her gag and pulled it out of her mouth, freeing Hiyoko to give the biggest smile anyone had ever given, save possibly the other balloons above her. *This feels so fun!* she thought.

“I’m glad to see you’re enjoying yourself,” said the nurse, smiling too. “Well, I’m going to let you go now. Have fun bouncing around with the other balloons, Hiyoko.” And with that, she released Hiyoko’s string.

Hiyoko could only squeal in joy as she sailed towards the ceiling.