

Building Tension

A summer's breeze rustled a canopy of vibrant green leaves overhead as James and Hazel started their romantic walk through a downtown park. Patches of sun and shade dotted their route down the foliage-lined path winding through trees and bushes. In any one distance, James could find someone enjoying the summer's day via a picnic, frisbee, grilling, or even just a squirrel bounding across the open expanse of grass.

Hazel came close and hugged his arm. She'd worn a flowery sundress, fully aware of how much it played into her boyfriend's tastes. A playful skirt barely reaching her knees teased his senses with a healthy low-cut neckline showing off a pair of C-cups he couldn't wait to unwrap later that evening.

"Mmmmm... This is nice..." Hazel said with a contented sigh. Blonde hair engulfed his shoulder when she leaned her head against him adoringly.

James squeezed her close with a flex of his arm. A glance cast down the front of her dress wasn't in vain, nor unwelcome when she caught his wandering eyes. "Feel like grabbing some lunch while we're out? Maybe ice cream?"

"Maybe!" She squeezed back. Playfulness flashed when she pushed her chest firmly into his arm. "After a little date fun first..."

"Date fun?"

Hazel giggled. There was a glint in her eye that James recognized well; it only came about when she was truly frisky. Borderline devious. Usually it came at night, but sometimes it struck unexpectedly. Those unexpected moments were where they agreed the most fun was to be had, especially if it meant dodging the public eye.

"*I have a surprise for yooouuuu~*" Hazel whispered.

"Do you now... Do I get a hint?"

"*Guess.*"

James's hand teased her thigh and inched up her dress, coming intimately close to her hips for the briefest of moments. "Aaare you...not wearing panties?"

"Mmmm good guess, but no." Her hips bumped his and she swatted his hand away. "*But trust me, it will be more fun with them.*"

He snickered. "Did you sneak viagra into my water bottle again?"

"Nope!"

"I give up."

Hazel flashed a sly smile. She motioned for him to bend down. Whispering in his ear, she confided, "*I'm hooked up to my pump right now.*"

James straightened and looked around. They were both blushing at the possibilities. Hazel's small bulb pump was normally reserved for only their kinkiest nights. His eyes looked her up and down in disbelief. "...Right now? Like the hose is--"

"*Mhm~*" She took his hand and led it to her left side. Under a sash tied under her bust, James felt the familiar bulb pump hidden from view. A hose ran down her back, and if Hazel's

horny eyes were any indication, it continued straight down the back of her panties and into her intimates.

James's hand itched on the hidden bulge. "So if I squeeze it a few times..."

Her hand clenched his. "It'll do *exactly* what you're hoping it will."

He swallowed. Hazel was on another plane of kink today. He'd been reluctant to try her inflation tastes in the bedroom at first, but after a few sessions of pumping her body full enough to leave her trembling and looking pregnant, he'd found a taste for it. Now they shared in the exotic fetish enough that Hazel's body had been trained to take on enormous amounts of air that settled across her range of curves. They'd flirted with the idea of going out in public with her inflated, but never found the courage.

This was taking that idea and leaping several steps ahead.

Hazel licked her lips. "I thought we could play a little game. You have total control over my pump. You can make me as *big* and *fuuuuull* as you want during our walk. Your own personal human balloon." She came closer, pushing her front into his. Bubblegum scents left her lip gloss and found his nose. "But if I make you come before our date is over..." She grinned like a fiend. "*Then you don't get to play with your balloon when we get home.*"

Thoughts and urges rushed through his head. Given how far they had trained Hazel's body, her sundress likely wouldn't cover much by the end.

"Deal?" she breathed. "Unless...*you don't think you can keep yourself from blowing a load during our little walk...*"

James snorted with confidence and pulled her close. "You're on."

Psh psh psh psh!

Rubber squeaked when his hand squeezed her pump in a rapid flurry, sending quick hisses of air through the hose. So well hidden under her sash, any passerby would have thought he was simply tickling her.

"*A-Ahhh~! Mmmmm--*" Hazel trembled when the first bursts of air entered her body. The beginning was always the most exciting as her frame started to adapt. She stepped away and resumed walking with a flushed expression. A hand glided over her stomach to smooth her dress over the slightest of domes. Air was already settling. "Not so fast~ I..." Arousal made her bite her lips. "Your balloon needs time to stretch, you know."

Heat pulsed through James's face. Tension filled the front of his jeans. They both looked down, seeing his pants tighten to match the front of her abdomen pushing outward ever so slightly into the sundress.

Hazel giggled. "Uh ohhhhh~ Already having some trouble keeping it in your pants? I've barely blown up at all!" There was the faintest hint of airy swelling lifting her breasts against her neckline, an effect Hazel was skilled in flaunting even as a stranger walked by. "*And the top of my dress doesn't even feel tight ye--MMNGH!*"

Psh psh psh psh psh psh psh

Psh psh psh psh psh psh psh

“Haahhh~ J...James...!”

He pumped madly, driving enough air into her to make her quiver and lose track of her thoughts. Tight, fluttering goodness tickled her abdomen and skin as the pump forced her larger. Feeling every little bit of air enter her curves, Hazel tensed and pursed her lips against the tingling rush.

Cleavage rose in quick, pulsing waves of tiny enhancement. So fast was his hand, that James could see the immediate effect on Hazel’s front as air settled within her. C-cups pushed outward and inflated to full F-cups, resting perky upon a heavily bloated waist. Skin deformed against the sundress’s neckline as she breathed and tested its capacity.

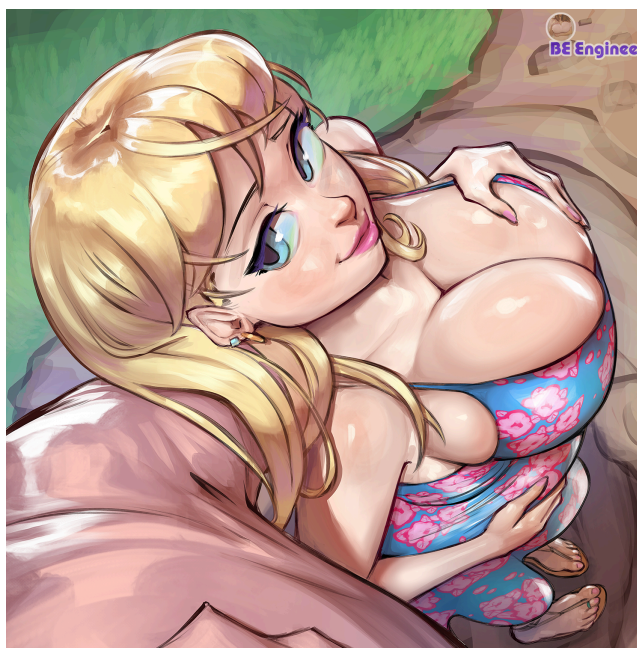
Hazel’s gait shifted. Stimulation and arousal were ravaging her body as much as the influx of air. James knew the sudden rise in pressure must have been making itself known within her. Breathing heavy, she hugged his arm for support.

“Alright... A-Alright...” she moaned. *“You...made your point.”*

“Dress feel tight now?” he hummed, eying her inflated bust with amusement.

“Mmnnngh... Very~” Enlarged mounds swallowed his arm. James fought to ignore their plush, airy heat and bounciness. *“Like I’m already about to burst right out of it~”*

Her cleavage was immaculate. At double her normal size and pumped full of air, Hazel’s bust had taken on a smoothed, pale appearance. Her skin was softened and flushed with heat to bring a gentle shade of pink when the sunlight fell upon her.



She eyed the bulge in his pants. *“Hope you’re able to walk with that thing!”*

His hand tickled her side.

Psh psh psh!

Psh psh psh!

“Eek!!”

“And I hope you’re still able to breathe!”

Air came in a muffled hiss as it shifted and settled within her body. Skin overflowed her neckline to an obscene degree as her breasts rivaled the size of her head.

Psh psh...

Psh psh...

Slowly, James continued flexing his hand. Air came in quick, steady bursts. Each tiny rush made Hazel tense at the minuscule rise in pressure within her body. Her core fluttered, feeling her belly tighten and full with each squeeze.

Psh psh phs...

“Mmnggh... J...James...” she breathed. Another couple passed by. The girl glared at her date as he ogled Hazel’s dress-overflowing mammaries. Arousal brought color to Hazel’s face as she felt more eyes falling upon her. They might not have known she was full of air, but there was no hiding its effects. Ever so slowly, her body would inflate at James’s whim.

Psh psh psh...

“Getting pretty big there!” James teased.

Strrrrtch

“M-Mmmm~!” Hazel pursed her lips. Air was finding its way into her lower half. Her butt firmed and rounded. Friction rubbed between her widening thighs. Tension pulled across her panties at her plumping hips. “Slow... Ahhh--” She gasped at the tickling sensation of air shifting completely across her body. Every step forced it to adjust between her thighs, belly, and breasts. “S-Slow down, babe... I’m starting...t-to--”

Psh psh psh psh psh!

A heavy flurry of pumps almost made her stumble.

“Ahhmm!!”

“Whyyyy?” James let his hand rub over the side of her belly. It was widening enough to puff out the sides of her abdomen. The sash drew hidden between its curve and the bottom of her chest. “Too much air for my balloon already?”

Psh psh psh psh psh!!

“Gaahhh~! N-No...” She pulled him close and stretched her dress down over her rounding belly. “It’s because I’m starting to show~”

James lost his train of thought when he saw how full he’d made Hazel. Containing all the air he’d pumped into her, the dress had lost several inches in length.

“This belly is going to start getting a whole lot bigger if you don’t slow down, sweetie...” Lustful eyes batted at him and she smirked. “My boobs can only hold so much. And...I should mention how tight my panties are getting~ Do you really want to turn me into a blimp so soon?”

For all of her confidence, Hazel was struggling to endure the tingling pressure. James had done plenty in the way of filling her out. Upon seeing a park bench approaching in the shade of a tree, she knew it was time to shift the tides.

Out of breath, she released his arm and approached the bench. “How... Mmnggh... How about...we take a breather?”

James hummed smugly and sat down. “Looks like someone bit off more than they could chew! Maybe walking around with all that air isn’t the best choice for a-- *Oof!!*”

Heat and softness bathed his lap when Hazel sat. Plush skin engulfed his pelvis, burying his bulge deep between her cheeks as her dress refused to cover them.

“*Whoopsie!*” Hazel looked back in feigned shock. “*What’s that??*”

James tensed. “H-Hazel--”

She began gyrating her hips. Taut pressure shifted and massaged all around his member. There was no escaping her fullness or heat. James was certain he could feel her arousal soaking through to his crotch.

“*There’s--*” She looked around more in exaggerated confusion, shifting her weight side to side and back and forth as if searching for a remote she sat on. “*There’s something hard pushing into my tight, inflated ass! What IS that?? It’s so long! And THICK!*”

“*Nngh!*” He gripped the bench for dear life.

“*Hmm... I wonder what happens if I rub it?*”

James’s breath caught when she started truly grinding on him. He looked around in shock as Hazel leaned forward to hike her dress up her rear and show off the incredible ass mashing against him. Pink cotton panties hugged her cheeks tight enough to make them bulge and deform as she’d outgrown them by several sizes.

He started to throb. Hardness pushed his cock dangerously close to the limit.

“*H...Hazel!*”

“*Whaaaaat~?? I’m just trying to get comfortable! I’m just so...big!*” she said hotly. “*It’s not easy, you know!*” Moaning like a cat stretching in the sun, Hazel put her full weight onto his lap and leaned back, arching her spine as their heads came side-by-side. James’s eyes bulged when her breasts lurched into view and she forced him to look straight down the heavenly chasm of vanilla cleavage bulging over her dress.



“Can’t a girl just get comforta--AAHH!!!”

PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH!!!

Wild squeezes assaulted her pump. Hazel reared back, tensing and gasping as air rushed into her with the force of a broken valve.

Hssssss!!

“Aahhh~! James!!”

A hand shot to her belly. She could hear it inflating this time. Air came firm and steady. Everything had a responsibility to bloat, but her abdomen took the brunt of the volume. Slowly, she felt pressure push harder from within with a tight, fluffy sensation.

PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH!!

HSSSSS!!

“Mmngaahhhh!! Too...fast! That’s-- Too fast!”

He didn’t stop. Watching his lover inflate before his eyes and atop his lap was too good of a show to pass up. Inch by inch her belly domed out, inflating in rumbling surges. Hazel squeaked at the shifting tightness of her body. Everything was fighting for what should take the majority of the air. Her breasts refused as her dress drew drum-tight across their melon-sized globes. Her belly ached and expanded to round around her sides and down into her navel to pull at her pussy. Her hips gained girth, overflowing James’s lap while her thighs turned into pale quivering monsters.

“J-J-James! Slow-- Ahh! S-Slow down!! You’re--”

PSH PSH PSH PSH!!!

Strrrrtch!!

Hazel’s eyes widened and she gave a squeak of surprise when her sundress pulled taut across her belly. Nipples pumped to the size of strawberries pushed into the fabric.

“Mmmmmgh! Fuck!!” Panting, she breathed in his ear while a hand clawed at her belly for relief. *“H...How pregnant do you want people to think I am?!”*

The pumping stopped. James’s mind short-circuited. He nearly lost control when his cock throbbed against her ever-tightening ass.

“Ohhhhh... Ohhhh thank God...” Hazel gasped for air and leaned forward. Slowly she rose to her feet and stood in front of James. Sweat dotted her brow and shone across her party-balloon cleavage. *“Too fast, mister... That was--”* She swallowed and struggled to straighten her back before looking down. *“O-Oh damn~”*

Her hand rested upon the belly of a pregnant woman ready to go into labor. Fabric pulled across the globe to the point of deforming her abdomen and squeezing it back against her body. Two watermelon-sized breasts bounced in their tightly packed prison atop her air dome. Cleavage pushed to her collarbones and rubbed against her chin if she angled her head too far down. From James’s spot on the bench, he was gifted a full view of Hazel’s thighs. Plumped to the point of widening her stance, they swallowed the front of her panties before flaring into hips

that lifted her dress like a tablecloth. The garment had transformed into a skimpy mini-dress, barely covering Hazel's intimate contours so richly pushing into her underwear.



“*Fuck... F-Fuck I’m...so full...*” she whined. Fingers drummed on top of her belly and she listened to it echo. Pressure prickled and tingled like feathers beneath the skin. Everything itched like it had been stretched too far.

James only stared. He could feel the heat radiating off her body. To see his slender girlfriend endure such a dramatic transformation had left him speechless.

She caught him staring and arched her back to show off her size. “*Whaaaat? Surprised I’m so stretchy?*” A hand rubbed her girth and pressed inward, deforming her belly and squeezing her breasts up until puffy areolas squeezed over the neckline. “*Don’t worry; I’m not ready to pop just yet. But you on the other hand~*” Her eyes fell lower. Moisture was soaking through his pants: a mixture of her own lubrication and his pre-cum. “*You look just about ready to erupt. This might be easier than I--*”

Ding...! Ding ding...!

A familiar sound came from down the path. Hazel smiled upon seeing a cart wheeling toward them.

“You know, I think it’s about time we had that ice cream, don’t you? *Just what I need to cool off.*”

She left before James could give input. Part of him was relieved; any more teasing and he might have lost all sense of control. Watching Hazel at the ice cream cart, however, new dangers arose.

Fabric pulled up the backs of her thighs as she leaned over the cart’s edge. The slightest peek of pink-clad pussy lips winked into view. James couldn’t keep his eyes off the tantalizing sight, and when he came to her side at the cart, he could see the older ice cream salesman was

having difficulties keeping his gaze off Hazel's belly and chest as she bulged it over his mobile shop.

"Ohhhhhh *strawberry!*" she cooed. "*Extra large, please!*"

"Extra large?" he asked, unsure if he heard correctly.

"Mhm! As big as you--"

James smiled and patted the side of her stomach, interrupting. "She's eating for two."

Hazel's mouth slammed shut. Bright red embarrassment filled her face to the point she couldn't look the salesman in the eyes when he handed over the towering stack of pink scoops.

"Thank you," James waved while guiding his girlfriend away.

"*That wasn't fair!*" she whispered between licks.

"Trust me, I didn't need to say anything. I think he was surprised you basically ran over."

Psh psh psh psh psh

Strrrrrrrrtch

Fabric pulled. Curves inflated and got in each other's way.

"Ah-- Ahhh~ Nnngh... Hey..." Hazel scowled playfully when she jabbed ice cream against her face at the shifting pressure. "*L-Let me eat...*"

"I'm not stopping you! I'm just having my fun."

Psh psh psh psh psh

"Haahhhh... Hhaahhhnnghhhh... S...Stoooooop! I want..."

Psh psh psh psh

"Mmmgh!"

Cleavage was rising. Marshmallow nipples threatened to pop free. Putting one hand on her belly as it rumbled with increasing sizes, she panted over her ice cream. "*S...Slow down... I can't... Eat if you're--*"

Ploomp!

A glob of sugary pink goo dripped from her cone, landing upon the shelf of her ballooning chest. "*Ahh!*" she squealed at the intense cold. Goosebumps rushed over her tightening skin. Looking up to see James's enraptured gaze as the cream ran over her spheres, she licked her lips. "*Whoopsie~*" Sultry and slow, Hazel dragged a finger across her chest to pick up the spill before licking it clean. "After getting so sweaty and sticky, I might need a shower when we get home!" She arched her back to present her enormous belly. "*Suuuuure hope I can still fit! Would be a shame if--*"

PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH!!

HSSSSSS!!

Hazel shrieked at a surge of intense pumps forcing several gallons of air into her tensing body. Pressure ached only for a moment before spreading itself out. "*GAAHH!! J-JAMES!! THAT--*"

Aroused spasms shook her hand. Losing control as tension spread around her belly button, Hazel's hand opened. The ice cream cone fell with a melting *splat!* upon her chest.

“C-COOOOOOLD!!!!”

There was no stopping the deluge of pink from running over her breasts and seeping deep into her cleavage. Hazel bristled against the initial chilly rush before leaning forward as best her belly would allow. The cone slipped from her front to land in the grass, followed by melting ice cream dripping in a gooey waterfall.

“That’s cold-- That’s-- S-So coooold!! God, I’m too sensitive when I’m this big!!”

James stared as she gasped under a blanket of stimulation. Nipples hardened with chilled anger and tented what they could of her sundress. Even through the fabric, he could see Hazel’s areolas had begun doming and were half-swallowing her erect pink nozzles.

“I’m a mess!” she moaned, wiping the dessert off as best she could. It only smeared it across her shining bust.

Hazel started away from the path.

“Where are you going??”

“To wash this off! I look like a half-inflated bubblegum girl!!”

It was here James noticed she was waddling slightly. Her legs opened more than usual, not only because of their inflated size, but because of the belly forcing its way between them. Few times had he gotten Hazel to such an incredible size, and even less had she been able to endure it enough to leave the bed. Watching her struggle not only with only a sundress for cover, but also in public, was something he didn’t know he needed in his life.

He caught up with Hazel as she reached the bathroom. She was leaning over a water fountain, splashing water over her front. Droplets struck her taut skin and bounced off like a rain upon a drum. As she worked her fingers between her breasts and into her cleavage, water soaked deep into her dress until it ran over her belly and trickled down her legs. Not until she stepped away did James realize how heavily she was breathing from so much physical stimulation.

“There,” she said sternly, glaring at him and standing up straight with a knowing confidence. *“All better~”*

James’s mouth fell open. Stiffness ached in his cock. Water had only made his challenge more difficult, as now Hazel’s sundress clung to her body like paint, particularly her belly as it hugged it on all sides. She was far more spherical than he thought. Sun gleamed over her bare skin to show off just how tight she’d been stretched.

She took his hand. *“How about we take a little breather? All that air and sugar needs to settle...”* Fingers drummed over her belly. *“Didn’t expect you to turn me into a blimp so soon into our walk!”*

“You know me... Give me an inch and I’ll inflate you a mile.”

There was a small pond off the shaded path. Moving through light brush and grass, Hazel led him to the water’s edge. A wooden fence ran around the perimeter, which she used to lean on and relieve stress from her back.

“Ahhhhh that’s better...” she sighed, almost bending at a ninety-degree angle.

James was smart enough to stay behind her. In such a position, he knew her dress would be incapable of concealing anything. Slowly it pulled up Hazel's thighs, then cheeks, then fully drew up her ass before she held the pose.

Cotton was pulled tight as a cable. Sinking into her inflated flesh enough to leave red marks, her panties vanished into her rear before emerging as a tiny sliver of pink straining across her engorged labia. Gentle sways of seduction carried her rear back and forth, back and forth, Hazel's thighs flexing just enough to mash her intimates in sync with her movements. In front of her thighs jutted a beach ball stomach squeezing between her thighs and the fence. Firm skin shot in a rounded slope from her belly button and clear down her navel where it bulged her panties outward into a dome between her hips. All was visible, including the hidden air hose plunging deep between her cheeks.

James gulped.

Looking over her shoulder, Hazel mused, *"Mmmmm, I hope my dress isn't as short as it feels..."* She shook her rear end again. *"You would tell me if I was showing, right?"*



James didn't respond. Feeling desire well within him, and threatening to burst the front of his pants, he came up behind Hazel until his hips pressed into her soft cushioning. Quivers raced through her frame when his hands grabbed onto her ballooning waist. Firm and direct, he took her hidden pump in his hand.

Psh psh psh psh psh psh

Strrrrrrrrtch

"A-Aahhhm~ What do you think you're doing back there?"

Together they felt air trickle into her. Hazel's skin shifted and pulled against James's front, her ass widening too big for any chair.

"J...James--"

Psh psh psh psh!!

“Mmgh!!” Hazel grunted when he began pumping faster. Pressure grew second after second in searching where to go. Not one to be outdone, she pushed back hard into James’s cock and felt his throbbing meat bury itself between her wobbling mass. “*You really think... Y-You can win...when I’m-- Mmmgh!!*”

Psh psh psh psh psh!!

Creeeeeeeeeaaaaak

A new sound came, one capable of taking Hazel’s breath away and making her heart race. Feeling her belly push into the railing, she stiffened at the sound of her sundress’s seams complaining around her incredible girth. It was done stretching.

“James... James, s-slow down. You’re--”

Greedy hands sank into her hips.

SMACK!

“AAHHMM~!!!”

A slap stung across her backside and left a mark after making a sound like a punished beach ball. Hazel fell forward and gasped, her vision doubling at the sharp strike of stimulation.

“Not a fucking chance,” James growled, poring over her.

PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH!!

Creeeeeeeeeaaaaak!!

Hazel couldn’t catch her breath now. Cleavage pushed against her neck. Her nipples had all but escaped. A light ache fluttered around her belly button as it pushed outward. Stress creases pulled across her globe-like stomach as it dominated her figure.

“No... N-No, seriously...” she panted, sweat running down her face. Firming tension tickled across her body. “*You...adding so much air-- It needs time to equalize and--*”

PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH!!!

CREEEAAAAAK!

“MMMMMMGH!!! M-My body...needs to adjust to the pressure!! Or you’re gonna make me-- Mmmmm!!!”

Her eyes rolled back when James ran his free hand down her belly as it bloated wildly outward, eclipsing even that of a woman overdue with triplets. At her thighs, he slipped it around to her backside and ran a finger between her creases to find her intimates drenched.

“Is this all my balloon can take?” he chided.

PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH!!!!

CREEEAAAAAAAK!!!!

Pressure rumbled across her body. Hazel’s breath hitched. “James!! J...J-James!! Wait-- Just--”

CREEEAAAA--BOOM!!!!

“AHH!!!”

Hazel cried out when a seam finally blew open down the side of her dress. Fabric jolted and her body jumped along with it, lurching into the new real estate. Her hand shot to the shredding gash and looked at her side in horror.

“Oh fuck. F-Fuck!”

She pushed away from the fence to help straighten her back. James took a step away to see Hazel running her hands up and down her figure inspecting herself. The dress was little more than a shirt now, complete with a widening split down her right side.

Strrrrrrrrtch

She grew larger before his eyes, even without the pump. The tear widened. Her body puffed. Her hips flared to lift the skirt higher. All the while, Hazel’s head turned every which way in rising worry.

“James...!! W-What...did you do to me??”

Creceaaaaaaaaaak

“Haaaahhh... Haaahhhh ohhhh God... It’s not-- The air...isn’t stopping!” she panted. Cleavage continued to rise toward her face. A belly far larger than he’d ever seen on her frame jutted forth with no regard for gravity.

“What do you mean?” he asked in caution. Part of him wasn’t sure if she was still playing a role.

Shrrriiip!!

“Ahhh!!!” The dress ripped again. Hazel’s belly continued to slowly balloon against her will. *“Nnnngh!! James!!”* she whined, hugging her front as cleavage touched her chin. *“T-The pressure won’t stop going up!! It’s making me...stretch!! I think--”*

Creceaaaaaaa--SNAP!!!

“Gaaahh!!”

He backed away. “What was that??”

Deep, shameful redness filled her cheeks as a piece of fabric fell limp between her thighs. *“M-My panties...”*

He looked down to see them fall to her ankles as a pile of defeated, over-stretched fabric.

Strrrrrrrrtch

SHRRRIIP!!!

“Nnngh!! F-Fuck-- Ohhhh fuck!! James!!” Hazel stumbled against the fence when her dress readied itself to explode altogether. Panic roiled in her eyes at her ever-expanding body as air pushed her skin without end. *“How much air did you pump into me?? WHY DO I KEEP GETTING BIGGER?!”*

Strrrrrrtch!!!

“I-I don’t know!! This shouldn’t be possible!! How could you--”

Shrrriiip!!



“Ahhh-- Ahhhmmngh!! Jaaaaames!!” Hazel looked over the angry watermelon spheres her breasts had become. A strap burst apart to fully release one that bounced outward. *“J-James!! MY DRESS IS GOING TO--”*

SSHRRRRRIIP!!!

The final seam blew. Horrified eyes watched as it fell away, her hands barely able to hold it together across her blimping figure.

“DO SOMETHING BEFORE I POP, JAMES!!!!!”

Instinct led his body. Taking her hand, James pulled his lover into a nearby group of trees and bushes set off to the side of the path. Growth concealed them after only several meters, hiding the pair from any wandering eyes.

“In here!” he said, pulling the waddling girl. *“We’ll take the hose out and-- Hey!!”*

Booomph!!

“MMMNGH!!”

Hazel stumbled against him, taking away their balance. With a thud, James landed on his back while Hazel fell on top of him, landing to straddle his pelvis.

He was about to say something and help her up until her dress completely fell apart. Hazel’s transformation revealed itself as an erotic balloon of flesh looming over him like a miracle of kink. Thighs wider than his own torso hugged his hips. A belly rounded and firm protruded over his own and reached his pecs. Resting atop its spherical mass bounced two beach ball breasts eager to conceal her face.

“Hazel!! G-Get off! We need to hurry and stop you from--”

“Mmmngh... M-Mmmngh... Fuck yes...”

Panic faded for a moment. Hazel was no longer whimpering in fear, but moaning and grinding on top of him in pleasure. Quick hands undid the front of his pants.

“Hey-- *H-Hey!! What happened?? Weren't you just--*” He grabbed her wrists as she pulled down his boxers to expose a pre-cum-covered cock. “*What are you--*”

The smirk came then. Hazel's eyes flashed. “*Gotcha~*”

One swift movement was all it took. Between their shared arousal, James's pole slid into her with only a twist of her hips and a flick of the wrist. James's eyes bulged as he felt her weight force him deep. Puffed-up flesh squeezed and caressed every inch of him upon entering until her inflated pussy fell upon his pelvis with a soft *poomph!*

He didn't dare move. Not when he felt so hard inside of the airy vixen. James watched, listening for any sign of her strange continuous inflation. None came.

“B-But... But you were--”

Her grin grew wider and she held up a hand with the bulb pump. “I never said *I* couldn't inflate myself. I was squeezing it that entire time~” Pleased with herself, she reared back and began gyrating her hips like a snake, showing off her incredible belly and breasts. “Now then... What was our bet again?”

Poomph!!

Poomph!

Wet, slippery sucks came from her groin as she started moving up and down. Every collision made her bounce as if she were landing upon a pair of beach balls.

“Ohhh yea; *if you come before our date is over, you don't get to play with your balloon.*”

Poomph!

Poomph!

James's eyes wavered in sexual frustration. His arms rose, hands open, only to be slapped away.

“*Ah-ah!*” Hazel scolded. “You haven't won yet. *All you can do is watch and just try to keep that load from blowing.*”

He clawed at the ground now. Heat squeezed and massaged his dick like it was being constricted by a heated balloon animal.

“*Hmmm... Let's see... How much bigger do you think I can get? I knooooow you just love thinking about that big, hard cock of yours pumping me up... Like the little balloon girl I am...*” A devious cackle came from his captor as she presented the pump and squeezed.

Psh!

Poomph!

“*Ah~*”

James tensed when she rode and pumped. The single burst of air was enough to vibrate her lower half around his shaft and squeeze it a little tighter. Air hissed with a gentle echo within her belly when it inched closer to his face.

“*Hazel...*” he growled while shaking. “*I'm warning you.*”

“*Ohhhh?*” Her ass wiggled and plunged him deeper. A giggle came when she struggled to meet his eyes from over her stomach. “*And what are you gonna do from way down there?*”

Psh!

Pooomph!

Psh!

Pooomph!

“Mmmnnghh! God, yes!!” Hazel bounced and arched back. “*Pump me up with that cock!!*” Admiring hands rubbed her belly as she knew James so dearly wished he could. “*Mmmmm just look how biiiig you’ve made me.*” Heated breath steamed her spherical bust. “*God, they could float me at a parade, don’t you think?*”

Psh!

Pooomph!

Psh!

Pooomph!

“Hazel--”

“*Sooooo tight!!*” A breathy moan slipped free.

Psh!

Pooomph!

“*I don’t know how much more my body can take~ A girl can only stretch so far, you kn--AH!*”

His hand was like a cobra. Faster than she could pull away, James snatched the pump from her grasp. There was only enough time for shock to cover her face. “*James, wai--*”

PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH!!!!

HSSSSSSSS!!

“*Gaaahhh!!! James!!*” All confidence abandoned her in a second. Hands flying to her belly as it vibrated and tightened, she watched his rapid pumps force it wider at maximum speed. “*J-JAMES, WAIT!!*”

A growling laugh came from below her gut. “*Not a chance.*”

PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH!!!!

STRRRRTCH!!!!

Her lungs struggled to draw breath and she gulped for air. “*Ahhh!!! I--*” Tightness pulled across her back. Her butt inched down James’s thighs. Pink-blushed breasts rose into her face and she felt her belly pushing her arms wider. “*James!! S-Slow down!! SLOW DOWN!! T...The pressure!! It’s--*”

PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH!!!!

He shook his head and watched her belly encroach toward his face. “*Ohhhh no. Not this time! You tricked me with that once.*”

Creeeaaaaaaaak!!

Hazel whimpered when her skin stretched far enough to prickle. It was smooth as latex under her fingertips. Air hissed in her cleavage to deafen her ears. Slowly she could feel his cock leaving her as her ass lifted her body on a pillow of air.

PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH!!!!

BWOOMPH!

BWOOMPH!

“EEK!!” Both nipples sprang out with a sharp cry of surprise. Pushed atop her areolas, they stuck out like the nozzles of over-inflated balloons. “JAMES!! S-Seriously!! This is too much air!! I’m-- Nnnngh!!” Hazel grimaced. “I can’t...stretch like this!!”

PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH!!!!

CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!

“Ahhh!! AAHHHH!!! T-Too...FULL!!”

Poomph!!

Poommph!!

Poomph!!

She started to bounce and grind. For all of her aching tightness, Hazel’s mind couldn’t help but get lost in the exotic sensations attacking her curves from every angle. This was new territory. New sizes with new, dangerous pressure.

PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH!!!!

“James-- I--” She hugged her breasts and belly. Stubble from James’s chin rubbed over her navel and drove her to squeal in fright. “Not so-- Fast!! You’re gonna...m-make me pop!! You’re gonna make...your balloon POP!!”

CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!

“MMNGHHH!!!”

He ogled the heaving yoga ball of a belly pushing him to the ground. Hazel had never been so big. So tight. So round. Skin squeaked in his ears and rubbed against his hips. She looked nearly immobile from the diameter of her thighs. An ass like a seat back rose behind her.

PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH PSH!!!!

“Not-- N-Not so fast!! Just-- Give me a second! I’m gonna--”

Poomph!!

Poomph!!

Hazel’s mind raced. The pressure was becoming unbearable. She couldn’t take much more. A bright sheen reflected off her breasts and belly. Every bounce became more difficult as her thighs refused to bend against their inflated tightness.

Poomph!!

“Mmmmm~ P-Pump me up~” she begged, leaning into her last resort. “Pump me up...with that cock!”

He throbbed within her.

PSH PSH PSH!!

Poomph!

Pooooomph!!

James was shaking. She knew he couldn't take much more. Nor could she. It was a race to see who would blow first.

"F-Fill me up...like a balloon! Make me-- Aahh!! Stretch!!"

PSH PSH PSH PSH!!

He started to grunt and tense. Each throb stretched her inner walls. Hazel couldn't be certain if it was him reaching his limit, or her body reaching its own.

Pooooomph!

"I want you... To make me as big...and round...a-as you--"

PSH! PSH!

Hazel gripped the sides of her weather-balloon belly as it rumbled in final warning. Tight, tingling pricks danced across the surfaces of her nipples as they pushed outward into pale cones of sheer pressure. Air hissed from her pores.



With the last of her breath, she squeaked, *"G-God I'm so big!!"* A timid whimper came from within her breasts as she feigned fear. *"J-James!! DON'T COME!! DON'T COME!! I-I DON'T THINK I HAVE ROOM FOR IT!!"*

Psh...Psh...Psh...!

His hand slowed with strain.

"THERE'S NO MORE ROOM IN MY BELLY!! IF YOU PUMP THAT GIANT LOAD INTO ME--" Hazel squeaked like a helpless mouse as he thickened. *"I-I'LL DEFINITELY--"*

Psh--

"N-Nnnngh!!!"

