

## Bursting Desire

*Attention: this story contains SAFE popping, and breast/thigh/butt inflation by air*

Sexual anticipation caused Selene to tremble. Standing next to her beloved husband, Thomas, she found it difficult to contain herself even as they waited in the bustling restaurant foyer. She stood tall and proud, alert with energy while trying to distract herself by scanning the scene before her.

The atmosphere was thick with elegance and warmth. One of the higher-class establishments in town, she and Thomas had made their anniversary reservation several months in advance. Delicate scents drifted from plates heaped with professionally cooked food. The steak looked especially tempting, as did the chicken cordon bleu.

Thomas squeezed her hand, seeing her eye a woman's plate nearest the waiting area. "How you doin'? Hungry?"

Something flashed in Selene's eyes when she turned toward him. Hunger was simply a distraction from the true desire on her mind. She smiled and hugged his arm with love. Extra care was taken to squish it into the side of her bust. Though only able to claim an average C-cup, her breasts were more than prominent in the revealing top she'd chosen to wear. Black and made of soft sweater-like fabric, it hugged her torso and arms with only two thin spaghetti straps. Its hem ended just above her navel to grant a peek of pale skin before a white pencil skirt concealed her hips from view. A push-up bra had been chosen for good measure, ensuring a drastic appearance of her cleavage. A row of buttons down the sweater's front completed the teasing outfit. She'd already caught Thomas staring down her shirt several times.

"I'm *starving*..." she said breathlessly. "Much longer and I might need to have some of that sausage you're hiding."

Thomas turned red. His head spun, hoping no one had heard her dirty talk nor noticed the hard-on he'd been dealing with since seeing Selene's outfit. "*S-Shh! People are going to--*"

"What? Hear two love birds teasing each other on their fifth wedding anniversary? *What a scandal!*" She grinned, half tempted to nibble his defenseless ear. "You know, I have a surpri--"

"Campbell? Party of two?" A waiter interrupted Selene's announcement.

"That's us," Thomas accepted.

"Your table is ready. This way."

He wasn't getting off so easily. Feeling more devious than ever, Selene held her purse close and followed suit through the restaurant. The waiter led them to a table near the center of the main dining area. It was so public it made her heart race with nervous delight. She couldn't believe what she was going to do. Thomas was going to be blown away.

"Here are your menus," the waiter said. "Go ahead and take a look and your server will be with you momentarily. Our special tonight is salmon with a brown sugar glaze."

Thomas nodded. "Thank you. We'll have a look."

They were left alone. Idle chatter turned into static noise from the other patrons. In that moment, when Thomas looked into Selene's eyes, she knew it was going to be a fun night.

"You were saying something?" he asked.

"Yes!" Her fingers tapped on her small purse sitting on her lap. "*I have a surprise for you...*"

He smiled, simply happy to be with her. "And we haven't even ordered drinks yet!"

"Trust me, the sooner I give it to you, the more fun we'll have. Are you ready?"

"Sure! Someone's not going to jump out of a cake, are they?"

Selene was too aroused to respond to his joke. "Remember that *toy* you wanted?"

Cocking his head, he responded, "Toy?"

"You know... A certain... *bedroom toy that uses air...? And comes with a remote?*"

She could almost see the blood drain from his face to fill his cock. It was a purchase he'd been interested in for months, but Selene was always insistent on not trying such a ridiculous device.

"Selene..." he whispered, not knowing where to look. "Are you talking about--"

"*Mhmmm...*"

She pursed her lips while reaching into her bag. In plain sight, she withdrew what looked like a large pink silicone tadpole. One end was a bulbous oval roughly the size of an egg. From it sprouted an eight-inch-long tail ending in a smaller bulb with a blinking light and a small intake valve.

"I-Is that...?"

She brought it to her cleavage, gently pushing it into her soft bust. "You know exactly what it is."

Thomas's eyes bulged. It was the IncrediBust Air Bullet and it was just like he'd seen in the catalog, except this was the deluxe version. From reading the specs several hundred times, he knew it was capable of matching the airflow of a small compressor.

"*Selene!! P-Put that away! What if someone--*"

"Guess what else."

Thomas could hardly think, let alone make any sort of educated guess. "I... I-I... I don't--"

Selene didn't let him flounder for too long. "*I'm not wearing any panties.*" Leaning back in her chair, she made a show of guiding the bullet down her abdomen and between her thighs. "*And I am...soooooo wet.*"

She'd never seen his face so red. Thomas was frozen, gazing at her like a child lost in wonder. Thighs spread, she pressed the bulb against her lips.

"*A-Ah...!*" Selene gasped, clutching the tablecloth as it spread. "*Mmgh...!*"

It slipped into her with ease. Once inside, her clenching drew the bulb deep into her body. Its tail protruded from her crotch, wedged between her legs with a blinking light.

Thomas was sweating through his shirt. His eyes glanced at the tables nearest them, panicking at what Selene had just done.

“Relax...!” she breathed. “Nobody saw...” A sly grin accompanied a wink. *“It’s our little secret. And you know what else?”*

“W...What?”

Her hand entered her purse once more. A small black device was placed near Thomas’s hand. It sent his heart into a flurry.

*“It’s already turned on, and the remote is all yours.”*

*THUNK!*

Thomas covered the remote with his hand fast enough to jolt the table. *“Selene! What are you doing?? S...Someone might see!! What if we get kicked out or--”*

“Don’t you want to make my tits bigger?” she pouted.

The question was silencing.

Selene continued, *“Don’t you want to pump your wife up...? Blow her little C-cups up like balloons...?”* Grinning, she leaned onto the table to push her breasts up and whispered, *“See how big I can get?”*

The desire was all over Thomas’s face. He held the remote like an exotic bug that might fly away. His eyes danced between the device and his waiting wife.

*“Go on. Do it.”*

It was impossible to resist. It was a situation he’d dreamed about since high school. Thumb on a simple up-arrow button, he pressed.

*CLICK*

*HSSSSS*

*“Ah!!”*

Selene grabbed the table and sat back when the bullet trembled within her body. It felt as though it doubled in size, bloating like a balloon to wedge itself in place within her fleshy walls. The jolt caused Thomas to hide the remote in his lap, fearful someone would look over at her cry.

Pressure shot through her groin and up her abdomen, rushing into her chest in a flurry of bubbles and butterflies. The result was instant, visible swelling across her chest. Airy pressure stretched her skin and firmed her shape. If her cleavage was impressive before, it was immaculate now.

*“Hah... Hah...!”* she gasped, looking down at her new assets. They wobbled with slight weightlessness as the air combated her flesh. *“Thomas! Did you see that??”* she whispered, *“I went up a whole cup size!! God, it felt so AMAZING!!! I-It didn’t even hurt!! I thought it--”*

*CLICK*

*CLICK*

*CLICK*

*HSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS*

“*MMMGH!!!*” Selene grabbed her armrests when the pressure struck once more. Across the table, Thomas was staring unwaveringly at her chest with his hands below the table. Squeaking, Selene whispered, “*T-Thomas! What are you--*”

*HSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS*

“*Mmngh!!*”

The air was constant from his three rapid clicks. Each one pumped her fuller, forcing air into Selene’s chest until her cleavage adopted a dull shine and flesh mounded over her sweater top. When her inflation finally came to a standstill, Selene was left more than double her natural size. Air had plumped her mammaries into rounded, melon-sized mounds.

“*Thomas... T-Thomas...! Look! Look at my chest!*” she whispered loudly. “*I-I must be a DD-cup!! O-Or a G!!*” Her thighs rubbed together, wetter than ever. The bullet was hot inside of her, more than eager to deliver more air.

Thomas’s mouth was dry. “Just one click...brings you up one cup size...” He stared, mesmerized. “*You look...amazing...*”

Leaning forward, Selene pushed her chest onto the table. It billowed with pillowy softness across the tablecloth. “*I bought the deluxe version... I knooooow there are more buttons than just the up arrow.*” Her water glass jostled as she breathed, squishing her breasts. “*What else can it do to me?*”

Thomas was incredulous. Although he loved his new toy, his mind was still very aware of their surroundings. “*R-Really?? Aren’t you big enough for now? Any bigger and--*”

“*Whaaaaat? I thought you wanted me bigger than this...*” She pouted, looking down and poking her chest. “*I thought you wanted me to be your balloon girl...*”

Thomas’s manhood struck the bottom of the table. Fingering various buttons, he confessed, “*T-There is a timer function I wanted to try...*”

“*Ooooh, how does that work?*”

As soft as possible, he explained, “*You set an air amount and a time interval, a-and it--*”

“*Do that!*”

“*But--*”

“*Come ooon, have some fun with me...!*” Selene teased, leaning back and squeezing her chest between her arms. “*You can make it nice and easy... Then you’ll get to watch me sloooowly blow up aaaaall through dinner. Unless these ARE actually big enough for--*”

“*Not even close.*”

His demeanor only turned her on further. Selene sat forward and leaned her arms on the table, straightening her back to push her chest forward. “*Prove it.*”

Cautious, Thomas played with the remote. “*O-Ok... Uh... We’ll start with two cup sizes every...thirty seconds.*”

“*Holy shit, Thomas!*” Selene giggled with a muffled snort. “*If I didn’t know better, I might think you were trying to make me pop!*”

He winked, getting into her playfulness. “Just to try it out, then I’ll turn it down if you ask nicely.”

“Mmmm, if you’re sure you can stand to resist me when my tits are inflating like--”

*CLICK*

Selene braced, expecting a rush of air as Thomas set the remote on the table. She looked down. “Huh... I thought there would be a--”

*HSSSSSSSS*

“Ahm!?”

She had to cover her mouth when she gasped. Stronger than the others, the surge of air bloated her chest several inches.

*CRASH!!*

“S...Shit!!” she rasped, her chest inflating into her glass of water. It tipped, spilling itself across the table.

Both watched as the flood fell onto the helpless remote.

*KZPPP!!*

It sparked before releasing a puff of smoke. The LED lights went out.

“Oh no!! CRAP!!” Thomas yelled, grabbing it from the puddle. Frantic drying and shaking were unhelpful in turning it back on.

“T...Thomas...?” Selene moaned, coming off her high as her chest jutted outward. It felt bigger than ever as the lingering pressure grew more intense. Tripling the size of her breasts was tantalizingly stressful. “Is...Is it alright?”

“It’s not turning on!” he whispered.

“I’m sorry...!” She giggled. “They’re a lot for a girl to get used to!”

Worried eyes looked up. “You don’t get it! The timer was the last thing it sent to the bullet’s receiver! I don’t know if it’s still going to go off every thirty seconds! I-I can’t turn the timer off!”

Selene’s heart fluttered at the realization. She glanced down, following Thomas’s gaze to her breasts. “O-Oh.”

Her mounds sat motionless, moved only by her nervous breathing. The passing seconds were torture as they waited for fate to reveal itself.

Selene spoke after some time. “M...Maybe it’s ok? I feel like it’s been more than thirty seconds since I--”

*HSSSSSSSS*

“MMMMM!!!”

The air arrived, and with it, a flood of sensations tickling Selene’s chest. She grabbed the table as her breasts ballooned outward. Her top strained as the bottom drew up her abdomen. Larger than her head, concealing her bust was becoming a significant problem. Gaps spread between the top’s buttons, each one divided by her cleavage as it bulged below. People were

starting to steal glances, mostly the men as they wondered how they'd missed such a buxom woman sitting by them.



*“T-Thomas...! Thomas!! This... This might be a little much...!”* she squeaked. Sweating, she reached between her legs. *“I’m gonna take the bullet out! I-I can’t handle growing that much every thirty seconds! I’ll pop!!”*

Selene pulled on the bullet’s tail.

*“MMGH!!!”* It didn’t move. The bulb tensed within her body and stretched her pussy. A worried expression fell over her face like a curtain when she looked at her husband for help. *“I-It won’t come out!!”*

Thomas gulped. “The bullet inflates itself when you use it, so that it stays in place... Otherwise, the pressure would force it out...” Seeing his wife’s breathing lifting such drastically changed proportions, he confessed, “T-The only way to take it out is to hit the deflate button on the remote...”

Selene whimpered. *“So you’re telling me I’m just going to keep--”*

*HSSSSSSSSSS*

*“AAHMMGH!!!”*

Her cry reached across the restaurant. Several patron’s eyes bulged when they thought they saw her chest expand. Stuffed inside her push-up bra, Selene’s breasts were rising toward her collarbones. Such airy mounds had no hope of resisting the bra and sweater’s elasticity.

*“Nngh... T...Thomas...”* she groaned, feeling the air slow.

*“Are you alright?? We--”*

*“Mmmmmm I’ve never been better...”*

Her sultry rasp of torment made him hard. Thomas stared at his wife, amazed at her transformation thus far.

*“They’re so...biiiiig...”* she whispered, staring down. *“My top barely fits...! No wonder you wanted that thing so badly! I wish I’d changed my mind months ago!”*

“Selene this isn’t good! Y-You’re going to keep blowing up!! Every thirty seconds, remember?! We need to go and--”

*“Mmmm no! Not a chance!!”* Selene was out of breath. Perspiration peppered her cleavage. *“I-I’ve never felt...so turned on. I want to stay right here...and have a nice dinner with my husband...while I inflate before his eyes.”*

“Selene, we can’t! People are going to start--”

A waiter appeared at their table. “Good evening! Sorry for the delay. Can I get you two anything to drink? Maybe some appetizers to start?” It was obvious he was trying not to stare down Selene’s sweater.

*“Wine!”* she insisted. *“My husband needs to loosen up a little... And some--”*

*HSSSSSSSSSS*

*“Mmmmmmm oh God!!”*

Selene’s body contracted when the bullet surged right on schedule. Air billowed her chest outward, drawing her sweater up to her ribs. Flesh filled it to the brim, jutting her bra into the fabric. Nipples as plump as strawberries had escaped their cups to tent the sweater. The gaps widened between the buttons as stress lines pulled across her bust. As big as basketballs, Selene’s mammaries were becoming a talking point.



The waiter was taken aback. Concern filled his eyes. “Ma-am...? Ma-am, are you--”

*“And an order of breadsticks!”* Thomas interjected. *“S-She’s just hungry!”*

Selene nodded, biting her lip against the pleasure welling in her pussy. *“M-Mhm! I’m starving! I feel so hungry I could burst!”*

The waiter wasn't about to risk his job over a woman wearing too small of a sweater. "Sounds great. I'll get those out to you right away and be back in a moment for your entree order."

"*Mmm thank you...!*" Serene gasped as he left. Heat still swirled around her head from the most recent surge.

"We need to get you out of here!" Thomas insisted the moment the waiter left.

"*But it feels so goooooood...!!*" Selene's foot played with his leg under the table. Much higher and it would graze the bulge of his shaft. "*Aren't you enjoying the show?*"

"I... Y-Yes, but..." Thomas was blushing as it became increasingly difficult to avert his eyes. "*People are starting to notice! You're so full that it's becoming obvious that something is going on!*"

Selene licked her lips. "*So? I don't mind if they stare...*" Hefting her bulbous mounds in crossed arms, she proudly said, "*There is PLENTY of cleavage to go around.*"



"That's not the point!" Thomas's pulse raced as he sensed the seconds ticking by. "*If you get much bigger, your sweater is going to--*"

*HSSSSSSSS*

"*A-Ahh!! Thomas...!!! My chest feels... It's happening again!!*"

Silence surrounded the couple when Selene's bust audibly inflated. The sweater was fighting a losing battle and she bloated around every seam. Underboob bulged into the open as firm flesh pushed into the shoulder straps.

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!*

The air grew still when sounds of stress emanated from her front.

"*Nnngh...! I... I-I feel...really tight!!*"

Selene panted for breath. Air still rushing into her, she leaned back to arch her chest.



*CREEEEEAAAAK!!!*

“Selene!! Don’t--”

*POP!!!!*

“MGH!?”

A button burst open at the center of her chest. The force sent ripples echoing through her breasts as if someone had just slapped an air tank.

“Mgah!! Oooh they’re tight!!” Selene cried out. The volume of her voice was shocking. No longer was their dinner private. Everyone had eyes on the woman gingerly touching her breasts.

“H-Hey!! You have to stay quiet!” Thomas looked around and sent apologetic glances to those gaping in wonder. “Selene! You’re making a scene!”

Her hands pressed into the sides of her bust, pushing gently. Every bit of pressure made her lip tremble. “They feel...so tight!! Thomas... I-I think your balloon girl...might be getting a little full...!” Helpless eyes awash in desire stared at him from over her beach ball cleavage.

“What... Mmmmgh... What if I get...too full?? This bullet isn’t going to stop pumping me up!”

Thomas didn’t know how to answer her question. The bullet did warn about exceeding certain pressures, but with no way of turning it off, it was a race against the clock. “You’re not going to--”

*SQUEEEAAAAK!!*

“Ah!?” A high-pitched squeal made Selene jump when her cleavage screamed with tightness. “T-There’s too much air!! My nipples feel so full!! Like they might explode if I come!!!”

An old woman dropped her fork with a loud clatter, apparently aghast at Selene’s behavior.

Selene moaned at a pressure constricting her thighs. “And... And why does my skirt feel so tight??”

This caught Thomas’s attention. “Wait, what?? Your skirt is--”

*HSSSSSSSSS!!!*

“AUGH!!!”

Selene was thrown into a frenzy. Tingling sensations coursed across her body. Her curves came alive amid tight, creaking squeaks from her inflated bust.

“Thomas!! T-Thomas! Something feels off!!” she moaned. “T-This feels different from the other times!!” Looking into her cleavage, she held her chest as it trembled and tightened. A glimpse of aroused fear flashed across her face as her skin refused to indent under her fingers.

“Thomas!! I-I-I think my boobs are--”

*BOOM!!!!*

“AH!!!”

A sound like a gunshot made the restaurant jump. Selene feared the worst had happened as her heart raced and fluid gushed from her loins.

*CREEEEEAAAAK*

It was difficult to calm her breathing. Every rapid filling of her lungs lifted her over-inflated beach balls with ease as she inspected her body. Finally one of her hands fell to the side of her hip.

“Selene?? Selene, talk to me!!”

Her excitement grew. *“I... I-I think I blew a seam on my skirt.”*

*“WHAT???”*

It was difficult to see over the sides of her spherical mounds, but Selene could feel a massive tear shooting down the left side of her hip. Taut, springy skin pushed through, as did her thighs bulge around the bottom of the garment. Her butt was soft and cushiony under her weight and lifted her higher than moments ago.



Thomas stared in fear. “Selene, if the air is going to other parts of your body, your chest is full!! You’ve gotten too big!!”

She was a sight to behold. The sweater did nothing to hide her torso-consuming chest. Pale skin escaped it on all sides, treating it more like a belt than a shirt. Her nipples had puffed large enough to match her original bra size, each one capable of filling her broken bra’s cups with ease.

“Thomas...” she swooned, dizzy from so much stimulation. The rising tightness and stretching of her nipples was like a drug. *“I-I feel... I feel kind of... weird... Like my body is--”*

*HSSSSSSSSSS*

*“OOHHH GOD YES!!!!”*

Selene shrieked in orgasmic delight at a flood of air. The table jostled as she grabbed both sides. Air assaulted her figure, forcing itself into her until her chest ballooned the appropriate amount.

*CREEEAAAANK!!*

The durable fabric of her skirt complained. Her thighs mashed together, constrained in their prison. Thomas, and many others, watched in disbelief as Selene rose higher in her chair atop a ballooning ass.

*SHRIIP!!*

*“MMMM!!! I don't think my skirt was designed for this kind of load...!!!”*

*POP!!*

*POP POP!!*

*BWOOMPH!!!*

Her body came to a trembling stop. Exhausted and sweaty, she fell forward. Two massive spheres crashed onto the table, sending its contents into disarray. Water flooded the floor and utensils clanged beneath their bulk. Only two buttons remained holding her top together as Thomas stared in sheer disbelief. Within minutes, he'd gone from having dinner with his wife to having dinner with a giant pair of air-filled breasts.

*CREEEAAAAAK!!!*

The chair groaned around her hips and thighs. Flesh engulfed the wooden structure, straining it with her every move. Selene had become the talk of the restaurant.

*“Thomas... Thomas...”* she moaned, leaning on her chest. *“T-The bullet feels...really hot!! I think it's having trouble...blowing me up!!”* Selene swallowed, fearful any movement could trigger another mind-rending orgasm. *“Do you think it's the pressure?? I feel so full...like I'm going to burst!! God, I never knew I would love feeling so TIGHT!!!”*

*SQUEEK!!*

Her cleavage screamed as she breathed. Thomas gazed, seeing her chest rise and fall closer to him with every breath. They looked alive when so big and close.

*“You're... You're not supposed to let them get this big...”* Thomas whispered. *“This is too big! We need to get the bullet out!”*

*“Mmmmm but I don't want to!!”* Selene giggled. *“Besides, my thighs are so crammed in this skirt, I can't even open them! That bullet is staying put.”*

*“Then we need to--”*

*HSSSSSSSSSS*

*“MMMM OH NOOO!!!”*

Gasps and shocked cries coursed through those nearest when Selene ballooned once more. Her body slave to the bullet, the sudden inflation frightened several people from their chairs.

*SHRRRIIP!!!!*

*POP POP!!!!*

*“Ah!!!! AHHH!!! Thomaaaaas!!! M-MY CLOTHES ARE TOO SMAAAAALL!!!”*

*BBOOOM!!!!*

An auditory storm of rupturing clothes rocked the restaurant when Selene's remaining garments failed. Her skirt exploded around her thighs like a bomb, releasing a heaving mass of pillowy leg flesh full enough to rub against the bottom of the table. Her cheeks squeezed through the back of the chair, red from the wooden frame pressing so firmly into its mass. A stream of fluid ran from beneath her rear, a testament to Selene's extreme arousal.

Thomas was almost thrown out of his chair when her mammaries exploded from her shirt. Large and round as exercise balls, they leaped across the table as if to punch him. Selene's nipples reminded him of volleyball halves as they'd become domed and swollen with airy pressure, unable to maintain their natural shape.

*"Oooohh I'm so big!!! I'm so FUCKING BIG!!!"* Selene screamed in ecstasy. *"The pressure!!! I-I really am a balloon!!! Mmmmm how much more can I really take?! I...I'm not made of latex!!!"*

"Selene...! *Selene!!! We--*" Thomas looked over his shoulder. An annoyed older woman was pointing at them while speaking to someone who appeared to be a manager. Fear filled his core when the man approached, trying to maintain a professional atmosphere.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid we've received numerous complaints about your...er..." He took in Selene's panting figure as she trembled in her chair. "Your *behavior*... I'm going to have to ask you to leave."

"O-Oh course! Right away!" Thomas stood up. "We're very sorry. This was all a terrible misunderstanding! We'll be going and--"

Selene shook her head. *"Mmmm no we won't!"*

"Ma-am? I'm afraid I must insist. We do not tolerate nudity and--"

*CREEEAAAAAK!!*

*"Mmmmm!! I would leave, but I'm so big...that I'm wedged into my chair!"* Selene bit her lip when she tried to stand, only causing the armrests to groan around her massive bottom half. *"I'm not going anywhere!"*

The manager wasn't having it. "If you do not leave, I'll be forced to call the authorities."

*"Selene! This isn't funny! We need to leave!"*

*"I-It's not my fault...I'm so full of air!"* A sly smile passed over her face. *"But this chair is creaking pretty loudly... Maybe if we wait a few more seconds, the problem will solve itself!"*

It took Thomas a moment. *"Wait!!! Selene--"*

*HSSSSSSSSS!!!!*

*"MMMM!!! NNNNGGGHHHH SO MUCH AAIIIRRRR!!!"*

The manager stepped back when her curves expanded. Skin heaved around the chair, lifting Serene high atop her ass. Her breasts inched across the table, each nipple throbbing with pressure.



*CRREEEAAAANK!!!!*

“Mmmmm!!! MMMMMGH!!!! M-My thighs...!” Selene wailed, feeling crushed. “*HOW STRONG IS THIS FUCKING CHA--*”

*CRREEEAAAAA--CRASH!!!!*

The chair exploded around her body like something out of a movie.

“*WHOA!!*”

*BWOOMP!!*

Selene fell back amid the debris, naked and sporting an incredibly disproportionate hourglass figure. Onlookers might have been able to see her glistening pussy if her thighs hadn't plumped wider than her own torso. Breasts bounced on top of her like happy buoys, wobbling back and forth with airy delight.

“*Mmm!! HA!! Ohhhh, Thomas!! Look at me!! I FEEL AMAZING!! I FEEL LIKE I COULD POP!!!*” Selene couldn't keep herself from laughing.

“*Get out!!!*” the manager roared.

Thomas knew better than to say another word. He stooped down to take Selene in his arms and cradle her like a giant, moaning doll. Despite her size, she was as lightweight as usual. The only challenge as he carried her through the restaurant door was seeing around her chest and fitting her through the double doors. He was more than aware of the explicit view he gifted every

restaurant patron as he bent her thighs up, but there was no time to worry about such things: the bullet would be activating again soon.

*“MMMM!!! Mmmmmm oh be gentle!! Be gentle with your balloon!!”* Selene moaned as they stumbled into the chilly night air.

Thomas looked around. The car was out of the question; she would never fit. Home was too far to walk. An ambulance would never believe him.

*“Ah!! A-Aahhh!!”* Selene suddenly cried. *“The bullet is heating up agaaaain!!”*

*HSSSSSSSSSS*

*“Gonna pop!!! OOHHH I’M GONNA POP!!!”*

Feeling his wife inflate in his arms was miraculous. Everything tensed and vibrated as air rushed against her skin. She truly had turned into a balloon. Thomas struggled to see as he was forced to use his head to move her breasts out of the way. Her abdomen and thighs were like a furnace against his face as he stared ahead from below her bust.

Finally she stopped swelling. Creaking skin and squeaking cleavage rang in his ears. Thomas was certain he even heard her pussy stretch with air, puffing her lips like small thin balloons.

His eyes settled on a small park across the street. Shrouded in darkness, it was the only private place available where eyes might not see them. The soft grass would be safe for Selene’s tightening skin as well.

*“Hang on!”* Thomas yelled. *“I’m going to run across the street!”*

*“Careful!”* his wife giggled, *“Someone might think you stole me from a blow-up doll factory!”*

There wasn’t long until the bullet activated again and Thomas feared she might become too unyielding to carry. He hurried as fast as he dared until his shoes touched grass and darkness fell upon them. Leaving the streetlights behind, only the moon served as his guide as Selene groaned.

*“Nnngh... N-Nnngh!!! Thomaaas... I-I think...it’s almost been thirty seconds!! I can feel...the bullet getting hot again!”*

*“Hang on!! H-Hang on! I can--”*

*“MMMMMMM!!! This isn’t going to wait!!! P-Put me down!! Put me down!!!”*

The lustful panic in her voice was convincing. Stopping in his tracks, Thomas gently laid her in the dewy grass. For the first time he was able to fully take in her new figure.

*“Wow...”*

Air had filled her out beautifully. Not one inch of her curves hadn’t been affected. Waist small, it stood in stark contrast to the massive size of her hips and bust. A large recliner wouldn’t have been able to fit her new girth. As wide as their bed, her breasts stood atop her torso as tight, globe-like spheres filled to the breaking point with air. The moonlight almost seemed to pass through her skin as she shined with tightness.

*“MMMMMM THOMAS!!! HERE IT COOOOMES!!!”*

He snapped out of his ogling when Selene's navel vibrated.

*HSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!*

Selene's hands flew to her tits. "*AAHHH!!!!!!*"

*STRRRRTCH!!!*

Her body visibly tightened. Her legs spread apart, forced open by her thighs. The antenna of an overworked bullet peeked from her crotch.

*FSSHHH!!*

*FSSHHH!!*

Air blew from her nipples as they reached their limits. It looked as though her breasts had ceased getting bigger. Thomas could see her skin firming in the moonlight, fighting the internal pressures. Standing so close felt beyond dangerous.

"*THOMAS!!! T-THOMAS!!!*" Selene yelled, writhing in need. "*I CAN'T TAKE IT!!! OOOH I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!!!*"

*"Just hang on!!! I-I'll get the bullet out!!"*

*"NO!!! I MEAN I NEED YOU!!! I NEED YOU INSIDE OF ME!!!"*

Thomas blinked. "*WHAT?! Selene!! Look at your body!! You look like you're about to--*"

She spread her legs, offering a swollen pussy crammed between the engorged pillars of her thighs. "*FUCK ME RIGHT NOW!!! I DON'T CARE IF I POP!!! I CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER SECOND OF THIS WITHOUT YOU INSIDE OF ME!!! I NEED TO KNOW HOW IT FEELS!! I WANT TO FEEL YOU INSIDE ME WHILE I INFLATE!!!*"



*"But--"*

*"HURRY BEFORE THE BULLET GOES OFF AGAIN!!! THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU!!!"*

Thomas's mouth was dry. He'd been watching his wife inflate non-stop over the last several heart-pounding minutes, and now, in the middle of a moon-bathed park, he didn't think he could resist her any longer.

Dropping his pants, he dove between her thighs.

*"MMMMM!!! FUCK ME!!! R-RAM YOUR COCK INTO MY PUSSY!! AND PUMP ME FULL OF CUM!!! HURRY!!! GOD I JUST WANT TO BE STRETCHED TO THE LIMIT!!"*

Thomas had never entered her so easily. Gushing lube guided his manhood deep into her body. His head rubbed against the bullet. It indeed felt firm and inflated, as well as searing hot. There was hardly room for the two of them as they fought for space within her pussy. It was strange sharing his wife's nethers with the device threatening to make her explode.

*"MMMMM!!! FILL ME!!! FILL ME UUUUP!! P-PUMP ME!!!"*

As the bullet kicked on, Thomas wondered if she was talking to it or him.

*HSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!*

*"AUGH!!!"*

*STTTTTRRRRTCH!!!!*

The world groaned around him like angry latex. Everything tightened, squeezing Thomas in place. Like looming blimps, Selene's breasts heaved over him. Her thighs engulfed his body with shaking pressure.

*"Ah!! W-Wait!!! Mmmmmm I-I feel...something!!!"* Selene squealed. Thomas saw her hands appear, grabbing her belly as he thrust. *"Ooohhhh my stomach!! God... Why do I feel so bloated?? I-I didn't eat anything!"* Skin deformed around her pressing fingers as she massaged her belly and navel. *"Thomas!! My...M-My belly...doesn't feel right!! I-I-I feel like I'm about to--"*

*FWOODOMP!!!*

*"A-Ahhh!!! What's happening?!"*

Thomas's eyes bulged. In a split second, Selene's waistline domed as if a beach ball had rapidly inflated within her. Her body heaved beneath him, her abdomen taut and firm with the size of a pregnant woman overdue with triplets.

*HSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!*

*"AHH!!! It's going off again...so soon?? I think it's broken!! I THINK THE BULLET IS GOING HAYWIRE, THOMAS!!! GOD, IT'S FILLING ME SO FAST!!! MY SKIN IS STRETCHING TOO QUICKLY!! I-I CAN'T KEEP UP!!"*

*STRRRRTCH!!!!*

Thomas couldn't believe his eyes. Selene had become a squeaking collection of air-filled mounds. Her ass bloated against his knees. The walls of her pussy squeezed around his cock. Her stomach trembled, high and tight with pressure. He hardly dared to glance upward at the mountainous tits.

*CREEEAAAAAAK*





*CREEEEEAAAAAAAK!!!*

“*AHHH!! AAHHHHH!!! TOO FULL!!! WAY TOO FULL!!!*” Selene grabbed her stomach. Her heart raced as Thomas’s weight pushed onto its over-inflated mound. “*P-POP YOUR BALLOON!!! MAKE ME EXPLODE!!! OH THOMAS!!!! IT FEELS INCREDIBLE!!!!!! I-I... I DON’T THINK I COULD HANDLE ANOTHER--*”

Thomas clenched, his cum erupting into her cramped pussy.

“*MMMMMGHHH!!!!!!!!!!*”

*HSSSSSSSSS!!!*

*CREEEEEAAAAAAA--BOOM!!!!!!*

A violent rush of air temporarily deafened Thomas. Selene’s body popped against him, leaving his skin stinging as if he’d been slapped by a hundred hands. Hot, steamy air whirled with her scent.

*THUD!*

He fell forward when the mounded belly he’d been using for support vanished, however, a soft, warm body was there to catch him.

“*Mmmmm! M-Mmmgh...!! MMMMGH!!*”

Selene was hugging him, writhing on the cold grass in unimaginable pleasure as the final waves of his orgasm passed through her. Thomas could hardly see straight, although as she fell into exhaustion and released him from her grasp, he managed to rise onto his arms and inspect his wife.

She was unharmed. Flawless and pale in the moonlight, her naked body was an image of perfection. Soft, plump breasts wobbled on her heaving torso. They’d been left twice their old size in the aftermath of her extreme inflation. It was odd seeing them with such wobbly weight after such intense airy pressure.

“*Ngh... Oh... O-Oh my God...*” she groaned, squirming at each of his motions. Her eyes fluttered open. A weak smile passed over her face. “*What happened...?*”

“You took one pump too many!” Thomas gawked in disbelief.

Selene swooned, still in heat and fog. “*That was the most incredible thing...I have ever experienced... I can’t put it into words... It was just... So...*”

She took his head and demanded a kiss. Their lips locked for several moments before she released him, renewed love in both of their eyes.

“Enjoy your present...?” she whispered.

Thomas couldn’t nod enough.

“Good...” Selene brought her gaze downward, seeing their two pelvises intertwined. “But, uh...” Her heart started to race. “*D-Do you think the bullet is going after all that?*”

Growing nervous, Thomas followed her gaze. They stared at her navel, wondering if thirty seconds had passed. They waited as if for a bomb to go off.

Selene gulped with cautious relief, whispering, "*Thank God...*" A nervous chuckle escaped her lips. "*I think it might have--*"

The bullet grew hot, causing both to tense when its vibration resumed.

Selene's eyes shot to her chest. "*U-Uh oh.*"

*HSSSSSSSSSSSS...*