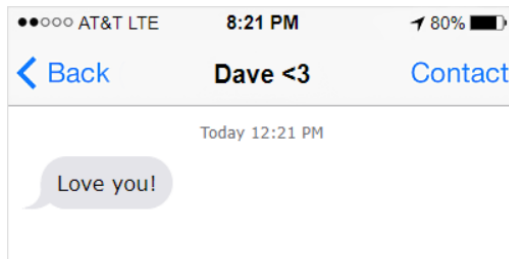


Voodoo Balloon Part 3

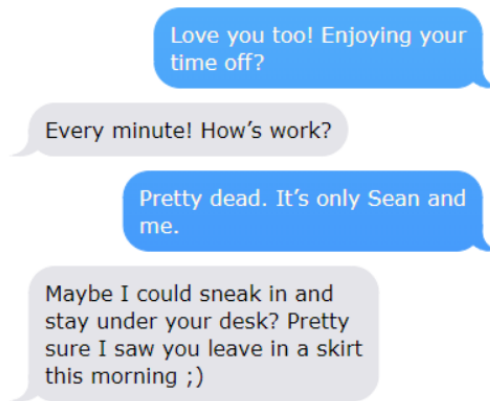
Isabelle sighed and leaned back in her chair. It was only noon, but she felt the day had already slipped through her fingers. Despite the circling holidays and the deserted office, she couldn't bring herself to relax. She wished she could be as calm as the snow falling outside.

PING!

A text message beeped from her phone.



Isabelle smiled at a simple message from her boyfriend. Somehow he always knew what to say and when. So few words always help bring her out of a funk.



Isabelle felt her pulse quicken at a sudden spike of arousal. Given her water-absorbing condition, she and Dave shared an extremely intimate sexual relationship. It never took much to get either of their motors started. Something about being in a mostly empty office with her boyfriend on the other end of the phone tugged at her loins.

Normally, Isabelle would have never dared to text during work hours. Her boss could walk by her cubicle at any moment. Today, however, with only one other person in the office, Isabelle couldn't help but push the envelope. Keeping her breath calm against a racing heart, she unbuttoned the top of her blouse and pulled her collar aside. A quick snap of her phone recorded the supple F-cup cleavage stuffed inside.

She sent it to Dave with a horny smirk.



I had a tight blouse on too! We could probably get away with A LOT with everyone gone ;)

Isabelle's computer sat completely ignored. Her will to work was gone. All that mattered was the little bouncing dots on her phone as Dave replied to her teasing text. A hot cleavage shot was always a surefire way to turn him on.

That bra is looking a little small on you! Did you spill your tea? ;)

She giggled at the thought. It certainly wouldn't have been the first time she had to work after accidentally spilling something down her front in the morning.

Nope! That's all me :p I'm totally dry. At least as far as my boobs are concerned... ;)

Lust caused her to shift her thighs. Sexting wasn't rare for them, but it was completely unheard of while she was at work. Sex and work weren't something Isabelle liked to associate with each other. Today the stars had aligned, however; she was in a near-abandoned bullpen, and Dave was home alone on PTO. Her coworker would never know if she had a little fun.

Prove it.

Isabelle's heart throbbed at his dare and listened closely to the sound of Sean's typing on the other side of the room. Spreading her legs, she lifted her skirt and snapped a photo of her pink cotton-hugged pussy. Slight puffiness plumped her lips against the panties from her own leaking fluids. It was a self-swelling effect that Dave adored. She could feel herself sweating when she sent the naughty image.



How's that? Proof enough? ;) I'm so wet that I'm getting a little too big for these panties! Maybe we should stop before they get too tight for my pussy ;) ;)

Dave's answers came faster every time. It was obvious he was totally invested.

Looks like they're plenty stretchy to me! How far do you think those would stretch if I got you all wet?

Looks like they're plenty stretchy to me! How far do you think those would stretch if I got you all wet?

These are one of my favorite pairs! I would take them off before it got to that point ;)

What if I want to see them blow off of you? How long do you think your bra would last if you were tied down and I had a hose? ;)

Mmmm keep talking like that and maybe I'll let you find out when I get home!

Isabelle shivered. Things were getting too hot for such a public location. Her thighs were far too wet for her liking given her coworker sitting only a few yards away.

Maybe I don't want to wait ;)

Oh yea? You gonna come down here and throw a bucket of water on me? :p Good luck!

I don't have to come down there ;)

Isabelle paused. Dave wasn't making a lot of sense. It wouldn't be the first time they had roleplayed her growth without any actual growth occurring, but she always thought teasing and actually doing the actions later were more satisfying.

She began typing, *What do you mea--*



A picture arrived. Isabelle recognized the devious voodoo balloon instantly. They'd gotten it from a friend several years ago as a prank gift. With the power to fill out the victim's body, it was a fantastic sex toy for any normal couple, but both she and Dave agreed they had no use for it when she could already absorb water like a sponge. The balloon had sat in their dresser ever since. Seeing it held near a bathtub's faucet made Isabelle whimper; she knew for a fact the magical item worked as advertised.

What is that O_O

You know exactly what it is ;)

Love... I'm at work right now.
We can tease and talk about it
but I can't actually outgrow my
clothes. My bra already feels
tight enough!

She hoped to persuade the conversation back to harmless fantasy talk.



O_O DAVE O_O



I'll do it ;)

Don't. You. DARE.
 Dave, I am warning you.
 Put it away!!
 I can't fill up right now!!!
 Put it away and I'll let you fill me up however you want when I get home ;) You can even do that one thing...

She waited for a response. He'd seen all the messages, but no reply was in progress. Fear of sudden engorgement made her nervous at every tickle on her erect nipples. Even a few inches of growth would be disastrous in her form-fitting office attire.

Dave? Did you put it away?
 I've got plenty to distract you with until I get home ;)

GUUUUURGLE

"AHM!!"

Isabelle clamped a hand over her mouth to stifle a loud gasp. Pressure shot through her chest like a lightning bolt. Looking down, she saw her breasts heaving with engorgement. Water bloated them with several cups of weight. Cleavage pushed her blouse's front open in a gratuitous display of skin.

"O-Ohhh no. Oh no, Dave please don't!"

She tapped frantically on her phone.

No more!! My shirt is full!!



How big did that make you?

DAVE!! I'm serious!!

Isabelle ground her thighs together. Seeing the balloon slightly stretched with water created an odd sense of kinship between them. She knew how it felt.

I can't get any bigger!!

Well we both know that's a lie ;P

GUUUUUUURGLE

A force like a river within her body threw Isabelle back into her chair. Her chest surged forward and she grabbed her front in desperation. “*MMGH!!! A-Aahh!!*”

“Isabelle?” Sean’s voice came across the desolate bullpen. “You alright?”

GUUUUUUURGLE

Dave wasn’t turning the water off. The balloon was filling, and her own body was filling with it.

“I-I-I’m fine!! Just a throat tickle!!”

GUUUUUUURGLE

“MMNGH!!!”

Isabelle squeezed her tits. Eclipsing her head, they swelled out of her bra. Had she not unbuttoned her blouse for a selfie, it would have blown open on its own.

GRRRROOOAAAAAN

“Oohhh no no no!!” she whispered in distress. Feeling fluid rush through her belly, hips, butt, and thighs, Isabelle pressed a hand into her abdomen. *“Dave...! What are you doing?!”*

Her curves swelled outward. A distending stomach pressed into her palm as it filled to half a watermelon. Buttons spread wide over her waist to show diamonds of pale skin.

CRREEAAAAAK

The office chair complained against her hips. Widening larger with every second, Isabelle felt them press into the armrests and bulge over the sides. Her skirt drew taut around her thighs as they plumped thick and fought for space. Skin curved around the hem constricting her figure.

CRREEEEAAAAAK

“M-Mmnggh!”

Her bra screamed abuse. Basketball knockers stretched its cups and straps relentlessly.

POP!!!

“Ah!!” A button startled her when it struck the ceiling.

Sean could be heard standing up. “Are you sure you’re alright???”

“Yes!! Y-Yes!! I’m--”

Isabelle noticed the flow of water had stopped. Panting for breath, she stared at what had become of her body. Only a minute had been needed for the balloon to inflate her to an extreme hourglass figure. Every curve had doubled in size and threatened to rip through her clothes.

She nearly had a heart attack when Sean’s footsteps approached. Panicking, she sat forward with a groan and hunched over her keyboard, keeping her back to her cubicle opening.

PING!!

Dave had texted. She didn't dare open it as Sean appeared in the doorway.

"Isabelle? You good? You're making all these noises... I thought I heard something break..."

She couldn't turn to face him. Hoping her position would hide the extreme girth of her hips while she hugged her breasts in an arm, she turned her head to make slight eye contact.

"Y-Yup! Someone just sent me a jump-scare video and I couldn't take it."

PING!!

PING!!

"Oh, yea, I hate those," Sean chuckled. His eyes lingered on her overtaxed chair. If he wasn't mistaken, there was a rip shooting up the back of Isabelle's skirt.

PING!!

PING!!

Sean pointed at her buzzing phone. "You're pretty popular!"

"Heh, just that time of the year!" Isabelle prayed Dave wouldn't turn the water back on while Sean stood over her. "I-I should probably get back to work. Lot to do before I head out."

"Yea... Same here. Just a few more hours!" He knocked on the frame of her cubicle in farewell. "Let me know if you want to do lunch."

SSTRRTCH

"W-Will do!" she called as her shirt seams ached.

Left alone, she grabbed for her phone.



This thing is getting kind of heavy!

Are you as stretched out as your name is? ;)

I can only imagine how you must look right now ;)

Ready for more? >:)

Isabelle's thumbs flew.

No!! No more!! No more!!
Abort!! I look like an inflated
Jessica Rabbit, Dave!!

Prove it.

Uh uh. No way. Empty that
damn balloon right now,
mister. Before I blow my
seams :P

And if I don't? ;)

Then you'll regret it.

Oh will I?

Isabelle cast a glance at her purse. She had contingencies for cases like this.

Fuck around and find out.



If you insist!

DAVE!!! DON'T YOU DARE PUT
ANOTHER DROP OF WATER IN
THAT BALLOON!!

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!

"MMMNGH!!! O-Oh fuck!!"

Water hit her like a hammer. Whatever Dave had been doing so far, it hadn't been full blast. Isabelle could sense the balloon was filling faster than ever.

CRREEEEAAAAAAK!!

Flesh swelled off her body. Compressed by a sturdy bra, her beach ball breasts quivered and rubbed against her face. Nipples like silver dollars sprang free of their prisons.

CRACK!!

One of the armrests broke against her hips. Fabric tore open along her backside and she felt her bare cheeks rubbing against the chair. Desperate, she held her phone over her chest in order to see the keyboard.

My panties are too tight!!!

Give me a second to take them off!!!

Dave, these are my favorite pair!!!!

Please!! They're going to rdfhvib

“MNGH!!”

SHRRRIIP!!!

SNAP!!!!

Isabelle collapsed when her undergarments exploded with pressure. Cotton snapped against her pussy like a whip to dive between her cheeks. Her bra shattered at the clasp, releasing the monumental girth of her chest.

Underwear snap? ;)

YES >:(

You're DEAD.

POP POP POP POP!!!

“Ahhh!!”

Buttons flew in a volley of plastic bits. Teardrop knockers fell to Isabelle's lap in a sloshing heap. The collision sent waves across her hips and thighs.

Seriously!!! I'm blowing out of my clothes!!! Turn it off!!!

But the balloon isn't full yet!!!

I'm warning you.

Bring it on! What are you gonna do? Smother me with your giant tits? Oh nooooo. Anything but that ;)

Isabelle struggled to control her body. Slave to the balloon, she could only watch as she filled larger and larger. Dave knew very well that she didn't gain any height when the balloon was responsible for her growth. Every new inch was one she would have to carry with her natural strength.

CRREEEAAAAAAK

The chair yelled in protest. Tears opened along her skirt's sides to release thigh bulges.



You must feel so full!! The balloon is so tight I can barely poke it!

Yes!! Yes!! I'm getting full!!

A whimper escaped her lips. As frustrating as his playfulness was, Isabelle couldn't deny her extreme arousal. Her body felt loaded with fluid. Everything bulged and wobbled. She could barely see her desk under her bust.

CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!

SHHHRRRRRIIP!!!!

"Aaahhh!!!"

Her skirt burst open down the middle. Rendered naked in a cubicle far too small for a woman of her girth, Isabelle chewed on her lip to fight the pleasure raging inside her. Urges to play with herself tempted her without end. Her pussy felt like a plump fruit wedged between her thighs.

The flow stopped. Isabelle felt the stretch-inducing tingles fade away as the water settled within her.

"Nnngh... Thank God... I don't think my chair could have--"

GUUUURGLE!!

CRREEAAA--CRCK!!!

"Ah!!!"

BWOOOMPSH!!!

A sudden short burst of water sent her over the edge. Jolting in orgasm as her body filled to the brim, Isabelle's chair broke under her weight. She collapsed to the ground in a sloshing writhing heap. Hands grasped her breasts and crotch as her nerves flared with lust. Water sprayed from her nipples in tiny fountains to douse her face in warmth.

Nnngh, dammit, Dave...

I'm so big :(

My chair broke!

Sorry! Had to give you one last little gush of water at the end ;)



I think I'll leave this tied in the sink for now!

Undo it. NOW.



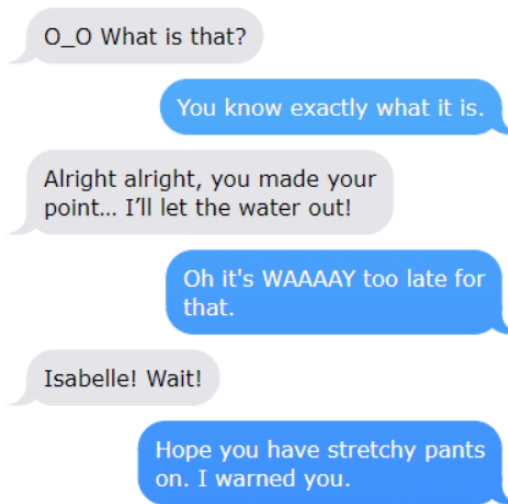
You're dead, Dave. Payback is a bitch. I warned you. You asked for this.

Whatcha got? :p

Isabelle rolled onto her side before using her desk for support. Rising to her feet was a challenge, but doable with her lust for vengeance. A hand dug into her purse as her breasts squeezed between her desk and hips.

“Ha! There you are...” she growled.

She threw an object onto her keyboard and sent Dave a picture.



Isabelle left her phone on her desk while she grabbed the long balloon and headed toward the bathroom.

“Hey! I’m about ready for lunch!” Sean said as he heard her approach. “Want to go grab...a...sandwich from.....”

His words trailed off when a naked hourglass goddess strode past his cubicle.

“Be right back, Sean,” she huffed.

PING!!

PING!!

PING!!

“U-Uhhh... Hey... Your phone is going crazy...!” Sean yelled as she vanished into the women’s room.

FWOOOOSH

Isabelle emerged moments later with a sly grin on her face. The sound of a running sink drifted from the bathroom.

PING!!

PING!!

PING!!

She stopped at Sean's cubicle. She was much smaller than when she last walked past him. Sean was certain he was going insane as he watched her body shrink back to what he remembered. A coworker's forgotten coat provided her some modesty.

BZZZZZZ!!

BZZZZZZ!!

BZZZZZZ!!

"Uhh, I think someone is trying to call you," he said upon hearing her phone's buzz.

Isabelle waved her hand at her ringing cellphone. "Oh it's fine. I can handle it when I get home." She tightened the coat around her, well aware it only reached halfway down her hips.

"So, lunch?"