

The room was silent bar the monotonous ticking of a hung cuckoo clock and the scribbling of a pen on paper. Bent over a desk, where a plaque which had been labeled with the name "Isabelle" sat, the local Secretary was hard at work. Finishing up on the last sentence she straightened out her back and looked down at the papers that were lined before her, squinting through baggy eyes to make out the indecipherable scribbles that she had written down. In big bold letters the top of the paper read, "Town Ordinance: Keep Our Town Beautiful." The mayor had requested these papers to be filled out by morning, and so there she has remained since mid-afternoon, working non-stop to ensure his request was granted.

Holding a paw up to her mouth to stifle a yawn, Isabelle scooted her chair back and wearily stood up, groaning as she moved her stiff joints. Clad in a pink robe she shuffled herself to the entrance of the town hall and opened the front door to behold the cold night air. All the windows in the neighboring buildings had been blacked out, from the retail shop, to the police station, to what few town homes she was able to make out in the dark. Every occupancy of these lifeless structures had tucked themselves away for the night, covered from head to toe with warm cotton blankets and a pillow which may have been plucked from a cloud tucked under their dreaming heads.

There was no resentment to be found on Isabelle's face (which was too tired to work such a complex expression anyway) but rather a strange apathy that both envied and pitied them. While it's true that she wished for nothing more than to crawl into bed and melt away into sleep, it is only during these isolated moments that she can indulge in a recently discovered activity. A cool wind blew in that chilled her to the bone and so prompted her to return inside, closing the door behind her.

She sealed every shutter and drew every curtain. With no visibility of the outside world Isabelle knew that she was alone. Walking up to the desk lamp, she turned the switch and dimmed the room to a very comfortable bronze tinted glow. Undoing the knot which secured her bed robe she slipped out of the pink plush and hung it on the chair where she was previously hard at work. She shivered slightly, with only her panties and bra to shield her from the cold.

Getting down on her knees, she crawled under the wooden desk and after a bit of fondling resurfaced with an air tank clenched between her paws. The feeling of the compartment's cold smooth surface sent a blissful shiver down her spine. Dragging the tank upright she heaved it over to the center of the room, grunting as she positioned it in place. The cuckoo clock above suddenly went into frenzy as it sounded off the hour. Midnight.

After double checking to make sure that every window was visually indestructible she sat herself next to the tank and took its hose in one of her paws. She licked her lips and took a deep breath to still her racing heart. Placing the hose into her mouth, she closed her eyes and let her mind run wild as she finally turned on the air nozzle.

Air began to flow out at a comfortable pace. It tickled her throat and felt refreshingly cool in her tummy which had already formed a slight lump. Isabelle remained as she did with more air flowing into her expanding belly. Her midsection peered out from under her, growing round and taught. It swelled more and more when a feint pop was heard as her navel shoved itself out. Isabelle moaned quietly, rubbing

her plush belly as it expanded against her delicate fingers. After a moment of continuous growth, Isabelle shut the nozzle off, cooing as she massaged her rounded midsection.

It was an odd sensation no doubt, an experience that even she herself couldn't quite put into words. When she pushed into the soft skin a faint moan escaped from her mouth. No amount of intercourse could compare to such an exotic trip and her face grew red hot as she felt a sharp twinge between her legs.

Returning the hose to her watering mouth, Isabelle again turned the nozzle, this time a little more. The air became fiercer as it entered her body. Her belly continued to grow slowly but soon other places began to swell as more occupancy was needed to accommodate the oncoming air flow. Her otherwise modest breast grew perky and obtained a glossy sheen as they enlarged from her chest. Isabelle grabbed at the swollen bosoms. Her face reddened deeper than the ripest tomato, a lustful groan emitting from her stuffed cheeks. Feeling her taught breast, she squirmed uncontrollably as she rubbed her fingers against the two mounds that poked out from under her lacy bra, whose silky strap sunk deep into the back of its wearer.

With both her breasts and belly filled it was only a matter of time before Isabelle felt a sudden force push out from under her. Like a school girl desperate to fit in, her rosy cheeks bulged with excitement much like its bodily peers, straining at her soaked panties. Isabelle had to stop herself from screaming with pleasure. Instead she held onto the hose to ensure that it didn't drop out her mouth. Same as what came before it, her ass cheeks expanded like a party balloon, her undies becoming trapped between them as they did so. The floor became cushioned where she sat and a mere poke of her widened bottom was all it took to know how large it became.

Isabelle was lost in a daze of erotic pleasure. With her eyes now closed, every piece of signed paper and work place responsibility had long since sunken into the dark depths of her subconscious, submerged under the thrilling gratification that was her racing libido. Each heart beat felt like the toll of a grand church bell, dabs of sweat lined every corner of her excited being, and the huffy sound of her rapid breath graced the air along with the sweet hissing of the air tank.

Now, despite her intimidating size no movement was made to cease the otherwise endless stream of air. This was, by and far, the largest she has grown ever since starting this strange hobby. With every binge Isabelle had made sure to push herself a little further. But tonight was different, for tonight she would go the distance and see just how much this work horse could handle.

Air continued to invade Isabelle's strained body. Both her arms and legs were next to start the ballooning process. They swelled up at a moderate pace, her arms shooting up and pushing away from her torso while her legs spread apart to reveal the drenched undergarments that strained against her soaked crotch. The once dainty paws that lined these puffy appendages transformed into tiny yellow spheres which became lined with sausage shaped digits that become too engorged to move.

With every extremity nearing their limits her back suddenly arched forward, the force knocking over her lightened body with no trouble. A muffled yelp was all Isabell could do as her entire body toppled

backwards, with only the roof and her enlarged breasts remaining within vision. The hose still managed to stay put, safely secured between her teeth. She watched as her breast grew before her, her bra imprinting the oversized bundle which had long ago outgrew it. Only now did she feel the strap sinking deep into her back and as such started to notice tiny rips appearing in the silk. While out of her vision, she knew her panties couldn't be fairing any better. They clung to her crotch like a wet rag, suffocating the trembling bits beneath.

Her body had started to take a more rotund shape as her inflating black lifted her slightly off the ground. Her limbs had become circular mounds with her hapless paws trapped within the enclosing lumps. Isabelle was left speechless and her brain practically numbed with an overdose of endorphins. Her bra continued to fight diligently against the mounting force, but as more and more tears emerged it soon turned into a fruitless endeavor, and without warning it exploded off of her enormous bust, tearing in two and landing by the very side of her rounded frame. With only her panties left to cling on to what little modesty she still possessed, Isabelle smiled dimwittedly as her breasts became free of such restricting confinements.

Bigger and bigger she grew; to the point where she had become totally immobile, trapped within her own swollen frame. Her whole body felt unbelievably tight, withholding a pressure which could never be done justice by description alone. While she was unable to herself, touching her taught and sensitive frame would be akin to rubbing your hands against a very fuzzy and very plush party balloon. Yet as large and strained as she had become the hose remained just as it did and with no sign of leaving its host to be found. Isabelle did not fear exploding, rather she embraced it. And when the sound of tearing cloth once again echoed into her ears, she knew that she was ready to burst at any moment.

After a long and dutiful process Isabelle's body had finally come close to reaching its true limit. A pinkish hue coated her expanded belly while a groaning sound emitted from beneath. Her skin began to creak as it was forcefully stretched further. Isabelle both heard and felt these ominous signs of a tattered end but continued on boldly. She knew she was close; her body trembled and shook violently as it neared the end. Her durable panties hugged her body tightly but even they were close to giving in as more and more holes ripped open with each second. Sweat drenched her forehead, her heart raced like a turbine engine in her chest, she closed her eyes in anticipation, for better or worse she was about to pop.

Finally, with one long tear, her panties gave up the good fight. No longer clothed and with no semblance of what was once the loyal and good mannered secretary, Isabelle had truly transformed into a giant fuzzy balloon.

The previously mentioned groaning grew louder. Her body began to tremble under the mounting pressure and the pinkish hue that clouded her body became a dark red. It was now or never. Isabelle scrunched her face in preparation, she knew what was coming. A moment passed and the pressure intensified. Another minuet ticked on and her body shivered while struggling to contain the force that had built up from within. Then, as sudden as could be, it all happened at once. Her vagina convulsed, her whole body shook and she let out an ear shattering yell upon finally reaching a climax. The hose fell from her panting mouth and onto the floor, still spurting out whatever was left in the tank. Fluid

dribbled from her privates, dripping onto the floor as Isabelle was left in a huffing fut. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as she embraced the afterglow. She wiggled her trapped paws in excitement, her whole body shivering like mad.

And so there she remained a sweaty, trembling, huffing ball of fuzz. To walk in and see her in this state would leave any normal person dazed. Many questions would undoubtedly arise from such a strange encounter, things like how is such a thing possible? How does one allow themselves to become trapped in such a state? And most importantly, what sick freak would actually enjoy such a twisted and odd thing? Well, like most things in life there is no answer, but for what it's worth finding one for the last question isn't exactly hard.

With the afterglow beginning to wear thin Isabelle started to come to her senses. She turned her head to the left and then turned her head to the right. She wiggled her swollen paws, wagged her hidden tail and then realized that this was the extent of her current mobility. With enough strenuous wiggling she found that she was able to make her body sway slightly but there wasn't much more beyond that.

The cuckoo clock rang again. One o'clock A.M. Isabelle yawned. Her eyes began to droop as she lay completely still. With no hope of going anywhere the poor pooch had accepted the fact that the night would be spent in the middle of the town hall. By no means did this come close the warm covers of her bed but as she lay helplessly she found that there was a strange snugness to be felt. Her tight body reminded her of being curled up in her blankets, clenching from under the sheets to pull them as close to her as possible. Lying on her soft back was like plopping down on a mattress, as soft and cozy as one could be. Enough of her head had been engulfed to form a makeshift pillow for maximum comfort and after all the excitement the cold night was nothing close to a threat. She was essentially sleeping in a bed made out of herself. Not the most pleasant of ideas for sure, but the more she thought about it, the more she realized that she didn't care.

Isabelle's eyelids grew heavy. Her mind started to fade as sleep overtook her consciousness. Shrouded in her own cushiness Isabelle's world went dark. However, before completely slipping one last thought did manage to creep into her mind, before falling asleep she thought to herself, "*did I remember to lock the door?*"

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Sunlight started to peer in through the windows. The twittering of the early birds could be heard outside and Isabelle slowly opened her eyes when the morning light positioned itself over her eyelids. Instinctively she sat herself up, stretching out her arms and greeting the new day with a yawn. As she wiped her mouth clear of some hanging drool her whole body jumped where she sat. She felt herself over, checking every inch of her body to realize that she had reverted back to her normal, uninflated state. She leaned back on an arm with a huff, rubbing her forehead in thought. Unsure as to how she deflated so fast, Isabelle stood herself up, the best conclusion she could come up with being that that the air simply leaked out like a stale balloon. Now on her two feet again, she hugged herself and shivered, the morning chill overriding her still naked body. Careful not to step in the mess she made last night, Isabelle huddled over to her work desk where her pink robe still hung. Cloaking herself in its

warmth she sat down in her chair and took a deep breath. She looked over the vacant room, taking note of her mess and the torn undies that still littered the floor. Peering down over the desk, her eyes went wide at the discovery that all her paper work had disappeared. Replacing the hours of labor was a small envelope and neatly wrapped package. Picking up the envelope first she tore off the seal and removed the letter inside. Holding it close to her squinted eyes Isabelle began to read.

*"Dear Isabelle*

*Thank you very much for completing the task I bestowed upon you. I came in early to retrieve the ordinance but was surprised to find the door unlocked. I quickly picked up what I came for and left, I only hope that I did not disturb you. However, I later decided to buy you a little present as thanks for all you've done. I hope you like it, from what I can tell you'll need it.*

*P.S. Let me know the next time you decide to do something like this again."*

The letter ended with the mayor's signature.

Putting the letter down Isabelle could feel her heart sink while her face heated up. Taking the wrapped gift in her paws she slowly tore away at the present. With the wrapping completely removed Isabelle turned a deep red as she opened a box. Inside she found some black lingerie. On the label it read, *"Extra Elastic, for those with a lot more to love"*. Shoving the gift in her desk drawer Isabelle stood up from the chair. She hurried to the back room to find a change of work clothes to wear.

And so with a new set of business attire came a new day full of strenuous tasks, and with a new day came a new set of problems, some harder to deal with than others.