

Catherine's Capacity Test
by Holo

Catherine arrived at the warehouse Holo had asked her to meet him in. It was a big empty place, with windows running along the sides up near the roof, letting in some sunlight. The white tigress was a bright spot against the dark concrete of the floor, and her shorts and halter top were of pastel colors that worked well with her black-striped body. She looked around, trying to see if she could spot the shimmering red and leathery yellow of the dragon she was here for.

"Hey Cath, good to see you," a familiar and deep voice rang out from behind her. She turned to face the sound, her tail curling around her legs.

"Oh, there you are Holo! Good to see you again. How are things?" she asked as she peered around Holo to stare at the industrious-looking tank of pressurized air he was dragging behind him.

"They're great! I have a surprise for you!" Holo chimed with excitement.

"Oh yeah? And what would tha-yipe!" Before she could finish her sentence, Holo had managed to wedge a length of soft rubber hose up her rear, somehow accomplishing this without disrobing her. The opposite end of it was stuck around the nozzle of the air tank. Holo was already twisting the valve open.

"Well, I figure, you totally beat me in that inflation contest we had! But that room was so small, you weren't even really close to your limits! I'm really interested to see what they are. Plus, a good stretch will keep you in the game for our rematch!" Holo said as air hissed through the hose and into Catherine's body.

Catherine shivered with delight as she felt the cool rush of air bubble up through her body and into her stomach. Her hands pressed into her sides as they pushed out, her middle taking on a pregnant appearance. The air came fast and steady, the pressure unwavering as Holo gave another little twist of the valve. Her stomach pushed her hands out as it swelled between them. Her fingertips tingled as she felt the sensation of her skin stretching underneath. Her fur flowed through her claws as it shifted with her hide.

Her tail curled around the hose, helping keep it in place. The advance of her stomach strained the waistband of her shorts, and the button on the front dug into her skin. She wiggled her hips, and the fabric creaked, but refused to relent. She pulled her hands from her sides and placed them on her thighs. Her claws poked through the fabric of her shorts, and she began to tear the tight legs to make them fit her increasing size better. As her claws touched the hem, the now-ruined fabric gave out, and burst off her lower half like a party-popper full of fabric.

Up above, her stomach had already swollen to a few feet in diameter. Her bust was starting to take on some of the air as well, tightening her top around her already naturally large bust. Holo was blushing and grinning as he watched, a detail that did not go unnoticed by Catherine. She started sliding her hands up and down the overblown curves of her body, pressing in occasionally to elicit a creak from her hide that made Holo's tail go rigid. He was an easy tease.

She grit her teeth as her shirt constrained her bust too tightly. The fabric was stretched to the point that her now too-small bra could be seen right through it. With one deep breath,

Catherine pushed the shirt over the edge, and the top burst off into a shower of pastel-colored scraps.

As her middle blimped to several feet in size, she patted the top of it and gave Holo an inviting beckon with her hands. Giddy and eager, Holo abandoned his post at the tank, and approached. Another pat at the top of her stomach was all the indication he needed, and Holo carefully climbed up on top of the big cat's even bigger middle. It was wide enough across to support his almost six-foot tall body comfortably, even with Catherine's bust taking up a significant amount of the space.

There was a sound like a metal twang, and Catherine's bra broke off, and sailed over Holo and clear across the room. She sighed with relief, now totally free of all her articles of clothing. She couldn't reach past her sides or her bust anymore, nor see past her body with how large it had ballooned. She was only aware of the sensation of pressure and touch that Holo generated where he was lying. His hands rubbed over her taut skin and fur coat, helping her to massage the considerable amount of her own body she could no longer reach.

It was euphoric to the tigress to be so big, to have her body blown to such proportions. She was easily outclassing the size she had previously shown off to Holo, and as more air yet rushed out of the tank, she whined in pleasure, then began to purr. Vibrations echoed in her hollow middle, making every stretched inch of her tingle. Her fur stood on end. The warehouse was seeming smaller now than when she entered.

By the time the air tank sputtered its last hiss of breath, Catherine's stomach was blown up to a size rivaling weather balloons. Her breasts had taken on a brunt of the air as well, with each of them swollen up to just under half of her stomach's size. They pushed up into her face, which she didn't mind at all. Holo sat atop her massive middle, leaning back against her breasts.

"Wow, I'm impressed! You definitely beat me fair and square last time if you can get this big! But don't think I'm throwing in the towel just yet, I'll get caught up to you!" he teased in a boisterous tone. Catherine merely giggled at his claims. If he thought this was her limit, he had another thing coming the next time they faced off.