

Snow flitted to the ground, adding inches upon inches to the white mat that blanketed the cozy home. No sound emerged from the winter cottage, only a wisp of smoke from the old brick chimney. It was as if the entire night had agreed on only a tranquil silence, and the universe obliged.

Inside the dark log cottage things were much the same. A fire roared in the fireplace, the tv was off, and the young couple were huddled together on the couch. Only the crackle of the wood and the occasional gust of wind on the aged metal window panes disturbed the tranquility of the place. That, and a contented sigh from the twin lovers.

Jackilyn nuzzled herself closer to Nick. She was nestled in the crook of his arm, resting her head on his chest, listening to his easy breathing. Nick did the same to her in turn. His chest rose and fell to the beat of their hearts, perfectly in sync.

He was a handsome man, young and still in his prime. His dark face was unshaven, but in a way that meant his scruffy beard would be just rough enough against Jackie's chin to be pleasurable. He had a roughness about his body that she loved, a strength that made him feel solid and dependable to her. He dressed in a simple white shirt and jeans though that was currently covered by the body of his girlfriend.

Jackie was smaller than Nick by at least a foot and a half. The smaller black haired woman was the opposite of him in a lot of ways. Where he was strong and solid, she was thin and docile. She liked it that way, personally. The way he could carry her around easily like a doll made her feel elegant; like something to be protected. She stretched a little bit, trying to decide whether she wanted to keep her feet under a blanket at the end of the couch or not. She was barefoot (as was Nick) but between the fire and the outside chill, she was unsure if she'd get cold.

Nick gently wrapped his hands around Jackie a little tighter, eliciting a sigh from her. "This is nice." She said.

"Yeah." Was the reply. He always sounded like he had something on his mind, even if he didn't at the time. "Though..."

"Though?"

"Isn't it a little too quiet?"

"No?" This was a vacation, it was supposed to be quiet. That's why they were out here, for peace and tranquility. Less rushing around the crowded city-scape, more relaxing fireplaces and home cooked food.

"I think it is."

Jackie didn't even need to look up to see him smiling. She could hear it in his voice. This was usually before he did something either romantic or stupid in her experience. All that could really be done in these situations was to bear with him and see what he'd do. Judging by the strong arms that enveloped her, she was gonna find out very soon.

Nick grinned as his hands moved down to Jackie's chest, then to under her arms. She had a second to process what he was doing before he began. He began to tickle her under her arms, which very quickly elicited giggles from her. She writhed a little bit under his grip, but never tried to resist or really break out of it. He laughed alongside her as they went, working her over.

"Nick! Ha ha ha!" She giggled, kicking the blanket away. She straightened and curled her legs repeatedly, unable to decide on a position. Her ankles cocked and her toes curled to match

her hands grabbing at Nick's hands, unable to really stop him. She wasn't really making an effort to do so that much, either.

"I know how ticklish you are~!" He giggled. "This is a good way to break the silence, huh?"

"Nick! S-stop it, ha ha ha!" She couldn't stop laughing, even if she wanted to. It was going on for a while, Jackie's thin and small body writhing with laughter. It had been cute to start, but this was kind of lasting a little too long for her liking. Not to mention his tickling was growing more intense as it went on. Jackie felt herself taking in great big lungfuls of air unintentionally, wheezing in as her laughter continued to cascade out.

Jackie inhaled again, a far greater gulp of air than she was prepared for. There was a gasp, and another sound over it. Something akin to a balloon suddenly being filled with air. Alongside this, a sudden overwhelming pressure at her midsection.

Nick stopped tickling his girlfriend, staring down at amazement. She looked up at him, confused. "What is it...?"

"Your... your belly!"

She looked down, and stifled a gasp. Her stomach, once flat beneath her simple tank top, was now suddenly swollen considerably. It was as if she was majorly pregnant; her shirt had been rolled up by the new mass of her round belly. The skin around her navel was now exposed and smooth. It moved in and out with her recovering breathing, and she gently placed her hands on it. It was springy, no real sense of resistance behind it. She felt hollow, like some kind of a living balloon. Jackie rubbed her belly gingerly, cooing softly. "What... what on earth is this?"

"It was when I was tickling you! You just inhaled and-and, you just suddenly puffed up!" Nick put his hands on her shoulders, looking at her belly. "You look like you're pregnant!"

"I-I feel like it! Or at least, I feel swollen." She patted herself. "I feel like I'm full of air, like some sort of a balloon."

Nick was silent for a minute, looking at Jackie's large belly. He gently rubbed her shoulders. "Does it hurt?"

"No... it feels fine." Well, to be honest, it felt pretty good. She rubbed her belly, feeling it bend and contort around her fingertips. The pressure was evenly distributed amongst her belly, and every touch brought soft little bits of pleasure to ripple across her. The pressure inside was overall pleasant, and it felt more to her like there was someone inside of her. A someone with very firm yet gentle hands that pushed outwards from in her belly, only relenting when she pushed back at them. Even now her hands moved on their own accord. They probed her belly for whatever new gives it would relent with. A smile pulled at the corner of her lips.

"Good." Nick said. Jackie heard the smile in his voice, and she instantly put two and two together.

"Wait, wait, Nick, don't!"

But it was too late. In an instant, his fingers began dancing across her sensitive skin again, forcing laughter to her lips. She was sent back into giggling, her body shaking and squirming as she felt herself be unable to break free from his grasp. This time the tickling was easier than before, as more of her body was generally sensitive to his fingers. She cackled and laughed uncontrollably as his fingers moved across her arms, knees, and now her belly. Jackie tried to bite her lip to resist, but couldn't bear it. The wriggling was simply uncontrollable, from

her rolling shoulders down to the tips of her toes. Her feet in particular were very emotive, moving and twisting as if being tickled by a phantom set of extra hands.

Jackie gasped again as she unintentionally inhaled another great big gulp of air. Her body responded in kind, inflating with the sound of a balloon receiving its own breath of air. The big balloon of her belly expanded several inches all at once, pushing her shirt up even higher. It was just as round as it was prior, but now that it had moved beyond the scope of simple pregnancy (looking more around the size of a beach ball by now) it was easy to tell how unnatural the expansion was. It swelled out in a perfect circle, and lacked any of the weight or heft that it should logically have. But that wasn't all.

Her breasts ballooned up as well. Inside her scrunched up shirt Jackie's bust had swelled a couple of inches with her gasps. Just like below, they expanded with no heft or weight, and instead like party balloons stuffed in her shirt. Her cleavage grew deeper and deeper, which was a foreign sight to giggling girl. She'd always been on the flatter side and the newfound C cups pushing at her bra and shirt were unusual to her. As she giggled and moved, her chest bounced and moved weightlessly, always continuing to bounce after her body had settled. Then, as Nick continued his tickling onslaught, they'd be set to bouncing once more.

Jackie continued to gulp down air as Nick continued to tickle her. With every puff of air inhaled, her body would respond enthusiastically. Her stomach would grow a few inches, her bust a cup size or two. Her hands were alternating between grasping Nick's arms, or clutching at her own swelling anatomy. With her moving and writhing her grasps were harsher than she was earlier. The skin bulged around her fingers, and she couldn't help but notice the way her skin gleamed as she squeezed herself.

Her comfy pajama pants felt tight, and Jackie registered that enough to give her hips a probing grasp. Sure enough, she was expanding down there too. Her hips and thighs had swollen out a few inches during the tickling just like her chest and belly had. The sensation of her thighs rubbing against one another was apparent to her now that she was looking for it. She kicked at the blanket covering her lower half, sending it to the floor. With the blanket gone it was easy to tell how far her hips had expanded. The pajama pants were tight on her thighs in particular. The colorful patterns were distorted by the inflation of her thighs, and although she couldn't tell, Jackie was *sure* she felt her calves expand. She could even swear she felt her feet expand, though between her cackling she wasn't exactly sure.

She gulped down more air, her belly expanding even more. Her ass was so wide she was worried she was gonna fall off the couch. "Nick! S-stop, hahaha!" She cried, beating at his arms.

Nick was giggling himself a little, teasing his fingers on her belly.

*"Nick!"*

He relented, letting his girlfriend go. She didn't hesitate, beating at his hands until he finally rolled off the couch, letting her head set on the armrest. Jackie tried to calm down as her breathing slowed, and she gently held her fingers on her belly. Her basketball sized breasts were clumsily shoved in her shirt and were doing a pretty good job of blocking her vision at the moment. She could really only see the top of her belly past her cavernous cleavage. It was rising and falling with her breathing, this yoga ball that somehow both *was* her and on top of her. Her exposed skin gleamed like she was made of rubber, and she felt like she was in every way. Just as elastic and stretchy, and just like an air-filled balloon.

Jackie cooed as she gently rubbed herself, alternating from massaging her belly, to her breasts, to her rear, then back again. Nick rolled to his feet, looking down at her. A stupid grin was across his face as he looked down her belly.

She pursed her lips. "Nick... what the *hell*?"

"Sorry, sorry..." He held his hands up in apology. "I just couldn't help myself!"

Jackie rubbed herself. There was a rather considerable pressure in her belly, and her rubbing wasn't really alleviating it. It did feel markedly good on her skin, but it really wasn't making her swelling go down at all. Jackie realized dully that she was blushing not just from the exertion of her rampant laughing, but also from the pleasure of her expanding body. "Yeah, well, you're not the one who was being... huff, being *blown up*!"

"Yeah, really..." He sheepishly rubbed his neck. To Jackie's surprise, he *did* look kind of sorry. Maybe inflating your girlfriend like a balloon was a bit too much for his silliness. "How does it feel?"

"Tight." Jackie adjusted herself, trying to sit up on the couch a little. This proved instantly rather ineffective, only accomplishing the task of making her air filled body jiggle a lot. A rather surprisingly loud squeak of rubber moving against rubber sounded out, causing Jackie and Nick to both blush considerably. It wasn't obvious whether the sound came from her giant breasts, massive thighs, or somewhere else, but it probably didn't matter. She crossed her legs and unintentionally curled her toes in embarrassment.

Nick reached up and placed a hand on her belly. It was far firmer and stronger than her own grip had been; a warm and foreign touch on her sensitive body. Jackie felt the moan in her throat before she realized what it was, and by the time she did it had already left her and entered the air. She looked up at his red face with a sheepish air, her hands resting atop her breasts. He looked just as surprised at her reaction as she was, and he almost removed his hand. Thankfully he didn't.

He rubbed his hand gently across her belly, feeling her move and bend beneath her. Her moans were gentler now, softer coos and contented murmurs. Perhaps being a balloon wasn't that bad; the pressure inside her felt good. Her hands on her breasts or occasionally her hips felt good. But a foreign hand on her felt the best. Nick was far firmer on her than she was, and his warmth was intoxicating. She couldn't grab her own belly or thighs like he could. She was too gentle with her own inflated body. Perhaps it was the fact she was a balloon, and even subconsciously the image of what happened when a balloon is squeezed too roughly held her back. But it didn't hold Nick back at all, and she was growing more and more thankful for that fact.

"You feel like a balloon..." He murmured in wonder.

"I know..." She responded. "I feel kind of full."

"I knew you were ticklish, but this is something else!" He giggled a little bit. "Can't believe you just blew up like this with a little tickling. Sorry about blowing you up, baby."

"Well..." She smiled back at him. "Maybe I liked it a bit..."

That caught his attention. "Yeah?"

"Yeah.. it feels nice, being full of air." She giggled a little, pushing her breasts together intentionally this time. The rubber squeak echoed out. "I feel cute~! Like a balloon you have to take care of."

Nick's smile grew a lot wider. "Oh yeah? What if I... tickled you some more?"

Jackie debated that in her head. On one hand, she loved the idea of more touching. Her body would squeak and wobble as she giggled and wriggled, his strong hands on her once more...

On the other hand, she felt a little tight, and the idea of more air was just a little worrying. "I don't know..."

Nick didn't wait for her to finish her thought. He walked to her feet, still perched on the end of the couch. Jackie instinctively crossed them, as if to fruitlessly hide them from him. "If I *remember*, you've always been the most ticklish here."

Jackie's smile turned a little nervous. "Nick.. I don't-"

He grabbed her foot with both hands, holding her ankle with one hand. Wasting no time despite her squeal, Nick ran his fingers across the sole of her foot. If Jackie's giggles had been uncontrollable before, they were outright raucous now. Her laughter echoed out as she wriggled her whole body around. As Jackie did her best to move her bloated thighs, multiple loud squeaks ran out into the air. It sounded more like her boyfriend was tickling a balloon than a person.

Jackie felt herself inhale once more, her body bulging outwards as more air shot into her. Her belly bulged, her hips ballooned, and her breasts swelled in her shirt as she sucked down the air between laughter. Down south, she felt her pants grow even tighter around her thighs and rear. Not only were they far wider than her shoulders now, but her pajama pants were uproariously tight around her thighs, to say nothing about her underwear beneath. Even her calves were starting to balloon a little bit, and Jackie was feeling it grow a little bit harder to bend her knees.

After another gasp and giggle, she heard a loud tear as her shirt began to tear. Her beach ball sized breasts, perched atop a stomach more than twice that size, had finally grown too large for her shirt. Giving up the war, it tore further and further as more of her shiny, bouncy flesh was revealed. Jackie couldn't see Nick, but she assumed he would be grinning like an idiot.

For his part, he was absolutely punishing her sole at this point. His fingers were surprisingly dextrous, running up and down her foot with an eager air. Each toe curled and moved repeatedly as Jackie laughed, but despite all of her movement she was still firmly in his grasp. But with every single inhalation it grew less and less likely that Jackie was able to get free at any point. Her movement was being removed from her across the board, with her body growing larger and rounder by the minute.

Between laughter, Jackie realized dully that the couch was getting pretty small by now. Her body felt round, far rounder than it should be. Was her back expanding? No, it wasn't that. It was more that she was rounding out rather significantly. While her belly protruded almost another six or seven feet above her, she was rising out of the couch somewhat from her rounding back. It was as if she was being transformed into an orb. The effect was disorienting for her, or perhaps that was her lightheadedness talking.

Her shirt finished tearing, and her breasts bounced free. She had forgone a bra earlier; it was just to have been a quiet night of cuddling. They were perfectly round and gleaming like twin balloons, and rose and fell with her breathing. Jackie could hardly tell how big she was getting at this point; her laughter from the rampant tickling was all she could focus on. She tried

to move her arms to clutch at her growing sides, only to discover how overwhelmingly difficult it was to even do that.

Nick was the one to notice first how the rest of her body was swelling. He had a front on view of her expanding, seeing her legs swell and her pants grow tighter and tighter. Her thighs were starting to merge with her calves as she grew, her flailing from the merciless tickling transforming more into awkward wobbling. Even the foot in his hands, still being tickled despite her shaking, was swelling just a little bit. Each piggie bulged as she continued to inhale, and he curiously felt his fingers sink a little into what was once firm flesh. It appeared there wasn't a single part of her truly safe from being filled with air.

Another rip shot out, and Nick's eyes grew wide as he watched her pants split down the side. The wall of gleaming flesh bulged from the ragged tear as her thigh finally won out against the stretchy clothes. The tear grew noticeably everytime she inhaled, her flesh swelling out to continue the assault on her clothes. He looked to see how her panties were holding out, but aside from a band of elastic still steadfastly wrapped around what may have once been her waist, he couldn't tell.

The quiet night was now awash with sounds. The giggling of Jackie, the equally playful cackling of her boyfriend, the squeaks of her body rubbing against itself as she ballooned out, and a low rumbling creaking sound.

That last one was of note to both parties. Nick took an honest look at his giant balloon of a girlfriend. She was frankly enormous at this point. The couch was dwarfed by her sheer size, and her belly at minimum was about eight feet high. Enough so that the smooth boards of the ceiling brushed against her now-outie navel.

Jackie couldn't move her limbs anymore at all. Each had inflated into useless bulges, with equally useless digits on the ends of each. Every finger was puffed into a small sausage, and her dainty feet now swollen into round pillows. Nick found his tickling on her foot a little harder now, as it was far more difficult to tell what was making her laugh, and where on her foot even was sensitive.

For the balloon herself, what she couldn't tell him was that *everywhere* was the sensitive part. Her whole body felt on pins and needles, that every gentle touch wanted to make her giggle, and every firm touch wanted to make her moan. The pressure inside her was a huge unknowable thing, like a tremendous monsoon that wanted to bust her wide open. The creaking coming from her stretched balloon body was only a warning sign that she was getting far too full for her own good.

Still she inhaled great gulps of air, and every single one was a visible expansion. Jackie would gasp, her body would swell a precious inch or two and wobble profusely, and her body would creak just a little bit louder. Her face was bright red, her mind fuzzy with lightheadedness from the laughing and pleasure from her pressure. Sweat dripped down her forehead and gathered gently on her skin.

Nick let go of her foot. It was so swollen that he couldn't even really grip it properly. Her creaking was growing very, very loud now. Like a balloon that was about to pop.

"Uhhh, baby? You okay?" He said. Now he was the nervous one.

Jackie was still laughing. She was having a hard time stopping, really. The residual sensations of being tickled still rolled through her body, and she couldn't stifle her laughter at all. The balloon giggled and gasped, swelling out a little bit more.

Her body creaked worriedly. “Ha ha ha! Hehehe, ha ha!” She giggled some more, gasping between. Jackie herself realized how full she was now, and was trying her best to stop laughing.

Her body wobbled as she swelled another inch. Nick took a step back, as if giving her more room would somehow give her more room inside her. Jackie’s body was almost completely spherical, barely perched on the couch like the holder for a giant egg. Only the giant spherical breasts and the line of panties around her circumference served as indicators that she was once a human woman. Her head was sunken in around the end point, her hair cascading out and hanging at the back. Sweat dripped on forehead, her giggles still ringing out.

Another gasp, and another bulge in turn. Her body was firmly sandwiched between the couch and the ceiling now, and Nick almost swore he could see through her, like a thin piece of plastic. The creaking was really loud now, and her body almost seemed to tremble.

“Ha ha ha! N-Nick! Hehehe!” Jackie gasped. Her laughter was dying down now, she was calming down. Still she shook with pressure, the air inside her growing more and more powerful.

Jackie knew that it was too much pressure, and she was biting her lip, trying to stop the laughter. But she knew that she’d need to take a breath no matter what. She’d suffocate if she didn’t.

The giant balloon was groaned ominously, far, far too tight. Her giggling slowly stopped, and Nick gently approached her. “Jackie...?”

Jackie shut her eyes tight, her face red. The pressure inside of her was so humongous, the wave beat against every inch of her insides. The pressure, the sensitivity, the pleasure, they all wanted to overcome her. They beat out her resolve and bowl her over. To blow her to pieces. All they’d need is for her to give an inch and she’d burst.

She bit her lip as the last of her laughter finally ended.

Jackie took one last gasp to try and catch her breath.

Her eyes widened in shock as she suddenly realized what she’d done. “Oh no...” She whimpered as her body swelled out. Only this time it didn’t stop. It swelled and swelled, gaining speed as it did.

Nick was suddenly hit by the wall of his girlfriends body ballooning out of control. It almost knocked him off his feet, but before it did-!

## **BANG**

Jackie burst apart like a giant balloon. The sheer rush of air blew Nick off his feet, sending him sprawling to the ground. The windows rattled in their panes from the sheer blowback of Jackie’s blast, and the fire in the fireplace was snuffed out in an instant.

Tiny rubbery scraps of her skin flew about the cabin room, blanketing every space with balloon shrapnel. They danced and fluttered through the air for several seconds, moving like the snow that flew about outside. Nick lay on his back against the wall, his vision dazed and blurry.

The tiny pieces of Jackie finally settled to the ground as his eyes finally cleared. He looked around in wonder as the tiny rubbery pieces finally flattened on the ground. In the corner, he spotted Jackie’s stretched panties on the ground, torn down the side. Dully he wondered if they had split in the blast or had ripped apart earlier and he just hadn’t noticed.

He rubbed his neck as he idly picked at a piece of her that had settled on his knee. This vacation hadn't *exactly* ended as he imagined it would.