

>'Becky' gave you an odd look when you told her that her duties today would include filling you up

>For 5000 yen, you get what you pay for

>After a moment's hesitation she put on a smile and jammed hose in you post-haste  
"Oh Master, no need to worry about feeling deflated! I'll make sure you blow up big and round!"

>True to her word, she cranks the valve on the gas cylinder as far as it will go

>Immediately your belly gurgles and swells like a balloon, growing round and distended

>It isn't the only thing growing, you can't help but pop a stiffie to the pressure as well

>She can't help but notice it too, cheeks blushing as her eyes flick back and forth between your throbbing shaft and your boulder of a gut  
"Wow, you really like being a balloon don't you Master? I know! I'll tie a string to you so you don't float away!"

>You can't help but wonder just how much she intends to inflate you if she thinks that's necessary

>Tying the string to one of your toes, Becky lets her hands wander, travelling up your inner thigh, along the length of your shaft, and onto your distended stomach

>The maid is fixated on you, expertly rubbing and kneading your growing girth

>Embracing your swelling form she nuzzles against you as you balloon up and overflow, limbs bloating and thickening with gas

>Pressure makes its way to your extremities as well, hands and feet puffing up, cheeks bulging, the erection between your legs aching and throbbing while your pecs grow into bulbous moobs  
"You're getting so big! I've never seen a guy this size before, and you're still getting even \*bigger\*! Looks like Master needs my \*Special Services\* now."

>Becky's 'Special Service' begins enthusiastically with her lips on your straining cock, sucking on it like she's trying to draw a penny through a straw

>You'd almost swear it's making the pressure worse, a thin streamer of gas and pre leaking from your tip while you grow rounder and rounder like an out of control weather balloon

>Every sucking stroke makes you wobble and creak, waves of pleasure washing through you sending little electric ripples of ecstasy up your spine

>You just keep getting \*bigger\*, \*rounder\*, and \*fuller\*, a gaseous obese blimp like an overinflated parade float

>It feels like you're going to explode at any second, sweating bullets as your belly button inverts and protrudes

>You're \*huge\*, so incredibly massive your body is squishing the cheeks of your sunken head, the enormous pink curve of your spherical form and your hose is all that your eyes can see  
"You must be getting close Master... just a little more and you'll \*Pop\*!"

>Your hide creaks ominously, stretchmarks spreading across your flanks and your belly reddening with stress

>A final sultry lick sets you off, your cock bulging like it's going burst before erupting like a garden hose on full blast

>Even as you nut the pressure spikes, peaking in you bloated cheeks, your tumescent tummy, the tips of your baseball sized fingers and toes, and your turgid spurting shaft  
"Oh my, you sure were pent up. Good thing my Special Service was able to get you off before you blow. Yes of course you're going to blow, for 5000 yen I'm not turning off the tank. If you wanted that you should've paid for the deluxe service."

>Your eyes go wide as she sits and watches you teeter at the edge of your capacity

>It's almost like she's enjoying it

>There's nothing you can do, you're too taut and full to reach the valve, let alone move

>You're going to \*EXPLODE\*

>Becky smiles as your flesh squeaks like an overinflated balloon, drowning out your frantic moans before you pop with a wet PLAP, rattling the windows and splattering scraps across the room