

To be reduced to a dumb-looking party balloon by that Thiren butler...what a new low!

...For **you**, that is.

A string of hot flings with Von Lycaon led to you being cordially invited to his tidy mansion (or more accurately Victoria Housekeeping Co., his place of business) as part of a date. It was curious though that he escorted you to the basement for the occasion, but by the time you figured out it was a setup, it was already too late! Once you had been overpowered and bound to a wall with cuffs around all your ankles, it only got worse when he slipped a red hose snugly up your tight rear and forced you to intake the contents of an air tank until you had small but-nevertheless-noticeable ballgut! You were only spared by the fact that Von, being the ever-benevolent gentleman that he was, pulled out...the hose before you could blow. Bursting you would have been too messy after all, plus he had BIGGER plans for you...

And all of this was merely just the beginning; a few weeks worth of private ballooning sessions later and your perpetually-puffed up belly was now able to put a weather balloon to shame! Impressive as it was – however – Von was STILL not through with you, leaving you to wonder when the fetishistic madness would end. Will he not stop until he makes a blimp out of you? Or until you overshadow a city block? Might it be a *stretch* to assume you will become your own planet in the distant future?

In any case, since you were at no point allowed to completely deflate, you have long forgotten what your stomach used to look like before Von happened. You cannot even recall the feeling of being uninflated! It was not all “terrible” though since Von did well to tend to your every need, but...

Clink...clink...clink...

Like clockwork, Von enters the basement via the staircase ahead of you, and with him comes an elegant air.

“Greetings, dear. How are you holding up tonight? Swell, I presume?” Von politely asks while checking his pocket watch.

...But you cannot answer with the X-shaped duct tape over your mouth!

Of course, Von knows this, hence why he starts to grin in this grit-eating fashion. “How lovely. This pleases me to hear.” Von begins his drawn-out approach, stopping within point-blank of you to meet eyes and reach for the hose belonging to the air tank. “Let us proceed.”

Riiiiip- With his masterful technique, Von is able to harmlessly remove the duct tape using his free hand.

Knowing full well what must happen next, you open your mouth and...

“BHURP!”

...Suddenly receive a direct burp to your face. Fortunately for you, it is not foul-smelling, but rather it is minty and refreshing. A little chilly, too...!

Von has his little laugh of which he tries to hide by holding his open right hand in front of his muzzle. “My, I must admit that was more amusing than I imagined. But let us not get sidetracked now. As promised, here comes the main course...”

This time, Von inserts exactly one inch of the hose into your mouth, followed by him turning the air tank’s knob counter-clockwise at a tortuously slow pace.

Hissssssss...

As always, it begins with your cheeks puffing out nice and round, but nowhere near the extent that your abdomen simultaneously does. You are no stranger to this process by now, but that does not make it any less embarrassing, especially with no top to help hide your ballooning belly (even if only temporarily!) It takes roughly a whole minute for the air flow to max out, and not long after you can no longer see your feet thanks to your middle mass being in the way. Try as you do to tuck in your gut, it does little to flatten its shiny surface, let alone reduce its size. You can only watch as it rises to the same level as Von’s pecs, and considering how tall he is...

In any case, Von is done silently observing you up close; he gets right up in your face now to snarl in a really scary voice! “***I hope you can handle an entire air tank this time, otherwise... I will punish you personally, my precious balloon~***” After showing you his well-trimmed but deadly claws, Von pokes his index finger right into your squishy gut...

KrrrRRRK!!

Von then retracts his right hand before his finger digs too deep so he can scratch the upper-middle of your abdomen with that same finger. Von’s left hand crawls below

to rub the squeaky underside while he stares at his own reflection at the top with that lowkey wicked smile. While there is in fact a full moon tonight, surely it should not be affecting him... It is hard to tell if Von is just horny either when the view of his groin is obscured by – wonders of wonders – your groaning, supple, wiiiide gut. If he is, there is a non-zero chance Von is not the only one in the room feeling that way...

Von ceases his scratching to strut on over to your right side once he cannot view your pretty face past your behemoth of a belly. “Hmph...” From there, Von fetches for his pocket watch, checking it so quickly that one could miss and blink it. What Von observes subtly displeases him so much that – without so much as a word – he grabs the air tank by its valve and twists it until it breaks off!

Kr-SNAP! HISSSSSSSSS... With the valve out the picture, the airflow rushes out of control! The increase in volume that came with it was almost jumpscary!

Von drops the valve behind his back, kicks it into a distant trash bin, and shortly after wiping his hands together he speaks up like none of that ever happened. “Now that we are on schedule, I should have time to spare after you are topped up to help relieve you of any ‘tension’ if need be. If is not needed, well... I can always spend that time indulging in your body.”

And to better supply you with an idea of what he means, Von moves around to where he can simultaneously caress the right side of your puffy belly and straight-up finger your stretchy navel in a bounce-inducing manner! It may just be his pinky, but Von’s rhythm is just right, and at some point he briefly stops to slap your gut for good measure! The springy swaying that ensues is exaggerated, as expected from the strength of a big and strong butler. It is fortunate that despite the power of his swipe, your gut is still cushion-y enough that no pain is felt. Even so, all that bobbing around looks goofy, especially at such a sheer size.

This goes on for a bit longer until Von blinks and comes to an abrupt stop upon detecting something. “Ah, excuse me for a moment. I believe I have a call to attend.” With that said, Von retracts his finger, retrieves his flip phone from his left pocket, and steps aside. He does not actually interact with his phone prior to putting it up to his ear, however.

SSSSS-t. More importantly, it appears that he is stepping on the hose, creating blockage in the form of a rapidly-expanding air bubble behind him...

...It is not until the air bubble is larger than Von himself that he ends the “call” and faces you again, bowing. “Terribly sorry for the interruption. Let us resume.”

Von smirks when he steps towards you, unleashing the air bubble your way. When it reaches you, it shoves your belly aside with a low-sounding “Bump!” and gets stuck between that and your face. Von notices this and simply glares at the air bubble, somehow commanding the completion of its entry.

FWOOOOOMMMP!

“Beautiful...!” Von utters, getting squished, smothered and pushed aside by your wobbly abdomen as it surpasses your personal best size and then some!

It comes and goes faster than you can process, but once the initial shock blows over, it becomes clear as day that the built-in blimp you were packing was growing taut and pink at the smack middle. Not to mention, it is touching both the ceiling and floor, yet it is squashed none by them. On the contrary, the former looks to be

literally bending against its will to a minor degree! A gut this comically oversized would undoubtedly lay waste to any belts if it had not already...and if you were wearing any. No pair of pants could hope to restrain this overblown monster either.

The sound of applause can be heard from your right prior to Von reentering your peripheral vision. “You truly have outdone yourself here... But I am certain you still have space to grow. Do not disappoint me now, dear.”

Kneading the side of your firm belly with a single hand is no struggle at all for Von, and applying kisses to that and your swelled cheeks proves even easier. When he is not pecking away at you, Von is growling directly into your ear in a deeper tone than what he typically uses.

“Mmrrr... At this rate, I might just cease holding back and go feral~” Von quietly warns. Perhaps it is a jest, but his hand twitches once during his continued kneading of the goods...

And while he is at it, Von teases a random, nearby spot on your blimpgut with his fangs by gently brushing them against it. Von is at least doing well not to get saliva on you in doing so, but it is inevitable that his cold nose unintentionally nuzzles you too. The average captive would have melted at this point, if not when Von buries his face into your side as if it were a mere pillow to him. Reduced to muffled murring, Von uses both of his hands to hug and knead the creaky mass wherever he could physically reach. You could swear he snuck in a big kiss in the middle of it all, actually!

SSSsss...pshhh... Finally, the air tank empties itself in full. Had it went on a few seconds longer, you would have overinflated! (Not that Von would let it happen on

his watch.) Still, with your drum-tight, reddish middle taking up roughly a quarter of the available space, it is suffice to say that you are – by definition – massive!

“Oh, what I would do to possess your curvature...” Is what Von thinks aloud when he gives your beyond-bloated figure a through look-over and licks his own muzzle. Once he is finished with that, Von re-establishes eye contact and removes the hose from your mouth. “Well, I concede that your performance was spectacular. So much so, that I believe we may have to relocate to the garden for our future sessions to prevent property damage. But until then...”

Fiddling with his buttons, Von frees himself of his outerwear, followed by his pants once he slips those down. Von takes the time to fold them both and place them on top of the air tank. This leaves Von in only various belts and that skin-tight, red underwear that lined out his butt and bulge quite finely. They must be tailor-made for a manly bod like his.

“...I shall enjoy this~” Von concludes, complete with bedroom eyes and that damn smug smile.

There is a glint in Von’s eyes right as he hugs your stiff abdomen as closely as he can to himself. With how spherical you are, it is only natural that Von’s form fits perfectly against yours when he spoons it. Von takes his sweet time rubbing his front up and down against your side, eliciting deep creaks with every. Single. Motion.

“Ah-hhhhh... You are the perfect balloon for a perfect butler~”