

Puffed Up in Paradise (Popping)

By: Indi

The clear skies and gently rolling waves put Rye at ease. The yellow and cream lion sat on the warm sand and simply took it all in. He was all by himself, far away from the major beaches the rest of the tourists frequented. It was exactly what he needed at that moment.

As wonderful as the beach was, Rye found his thoughts drifting towards something else. He opened up the pack he'd sat on the sand and pulled out a small block of metal the size of a matchbox. The device was an attachment for his rather hi-tech, midnight blue bodysuit. It didn't add storage space or extend his comm range or project holograms, or any of the things normally considered helpful. Instead it was a very personal, pleasurable addition.

When attached to the belt buckle of his bodysuit, it'd act as an air pump, allowing the lion to inflate. Rye was rather shy about his love of inflation, and tended to only indulge while in private. And indoors. But the thought of puffing up on the beach was too tempting to resist. No one was around to witness his fun, and he'd only be inflating a little—just enough to feel bigger. Who knew when such an opportunity would appear again?

After looking around yet again to make sure he truly was alone, Rye attached the inflation module. It clicked into place, quickly integrating with the computer system built into his suit. Rye was free to begin.

“Start inflation, level one,” Rye said, quietly.

A gentle whirring came from the attachment, and suddenly Rye's flat middle was swelling. His inflation was slow and steady, as relaxed as the world around him. He smiled as he watched himself grow, bodysuit creaking lightly as its material stretched. It was an incredibly durable outfit, with little chance of tearing apart even if he ended up a sphere. Not that he was planning to.

Within a couple minutes Rye looked like he'd swallowed a beach ball. He drummed on his taut middle, hearing the hollow thumps echo outward. He loved how perfectly round his inflated belly was, and the light pressure from within. The sensation of rubbing his paws over it made him blush. He smiled, then let out an unexpected, somewhat squeaky giggle.

Inflation always made Rye happy, but for some reason he was feeling overly jubilant. His anxieties had dwindled, along with all worries about getting caught indulging. Rather than stop inflating as he'd originally intended, he actually commanded the device to go up a level. Instantly the swelling intensified.

Unbeknownst to the loopy lion, a stream of warnings were being displayed across his expanding middle. A glitch in the attachment was altering the air being pumped into Rye, turning it into a strange gas.

Rye, of course, felt perfectly fine. In fact, he was more relaxed than ever. When he laughed there was a higher pitch to his voice, which only made him laugh more. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other to wobble his belly, and was delighted to realize he was feeling lighter for some reason.

“Increase inflation to level three!” Rye ordered with glee. The whirring grew slightly louder, and the lion began to truly blimp up.

Rye jumped up and down, getting a little higher each time as he continued to swell. It reminded him of being in a low gravity environment. The fun and the debilitating effects of the gas prevented him from noticing just how much he was filling up.

The lion's whole body was bloating, limbs included. He wobbled around the beach, growing rounder and rounder with each passing second, his form starting to resemble a sphere more than a feline.

“Increase inflation to level five!” Rye shouted. “I—hehe—look just a balloon,” he giggled.

“Gonna be big and blimpy and round. Gotta be—hehe—round.”

New alerts were popping up on Rye’s suit, which had plenty of space to display them. They went unseen, though in his delirious state he likely would’ve ignored them anyway. All that mattered to him was expanding. He didn’t want to be a lion, he wanted to be a balloon, as round as round could be. And he was almost there.

Rye’s limbs had swelled until they became domes atop his ball-like body. He was still wandering around the beach, bouncing and wobbling, almost too light to stay on the sand. His midnight-blue bodysuit held firm, the sun shining off its surface. Even the belt around his waist had stretched to fit, now a black ring around his circumference. It dug ever-so-slightly into his taut hide.

At last even Rye’s limbs were sucked into his blimpy body, with only his paws and head left sticking out. He was too round to even wobble, and rolled forwards, laughing the whole time.

The inflated lion was euphoric. His body tingled as his hide stretched to comedic proportions. He felt his sheer size, the pressure pushing outward in every direction. Becoming spherical wasn’t uncommon for Rye, but thanks to the mysterious gas it felt incredible on a whole new level.

Rye didn’t notice when he became weightless. One moment he was rolling along the sand, the next in the air. He was rising slowly, his paws still able to brush the ground at times. There wasn’t any fear or nervousness as the distance between him and the sand below gradually increased. Yet he was still aware enough to know he’d float away if nothing was done.

“Tether—hehe—activate,” Rye mumbled. From his belt a small cable shot out, embedding in the trunk of a nearby palm tree. He moaned as he felt the cable go taut and pull at him, preventing him from rising any higher. More than ever the lion felt like a balloon, bobbing in the breeze with his string tied down.

Living out his fantasies like never before, Rye was oblivious to the fact he was continuing to inflate.

His hide was beginning to creak as it was stretched thin. The internal pressures were growing so strong Rye was falling into a daze. His mind was capable of little else but reveling in his blimpy helplessness.

With the lion’s body swelling more and more, his paws and head sunk deeper, in danger of being enveloped completely. Rye blushed as he felt his paws pulled in, no longer able to freely wiggle them. His head was nudged upward, his view of the bright blue sky dwindling as his body ballooned around him. He let out one last delighted gasp before even his head vanished.

Rye had become a perfect sphere. The balloon swayed in the breeze, creaking ominously and faintly quaking. Had anyone wandered by, they would never have guessed the blue sphere was actually a person--one who was on the verge of bursting. There was tingling all throughout Rye’s body as his hide struggled to hold together, stretched beyond its limits. It was euphoric in its own way. Never before had he been so immensely, dangerously huge. In the back of his mind he considered the possibility he’d pop. Just like a balloon. They all popped in the end, so why shouldn’t he? He soon looked forward to the inevitable with anticipation.

The bodysuit was finally wearing down as well. The warning displays flickered as small tears formed, errors popping up highlighting the damage. The last to appear was a flashing alert advising others in the vicinity to take cover.

Rye exploded mid-creak. In an instant he went from being an orb to being a cloud of hide scraps raining down upon the beach. The damaged bulk of the bodysuit fell onto the sand, mostly intact but sporting quite a few rips. Some of the alerts were still active. The breeze buried the scraps under sand, and the tides took whatever had fallen into the water out to sea. Within an hour, all that remained was Rye’s pack and his bodysuit. Curiosities to be found at a later date. The suit’s logs would tell a strange story of a lion’s blissful bursting.