

Pump It Up!

By Jessie Star

with

Art by Gnome-oo



To the average viewer, the red headed woman on the treadmill at 'Golblim's Gym and Sauna' seemed to be just another person trying to get their body back into shape. Curves packed into her purple sports bra and yoga pants with the panels on the side that show some skin through the mesh. A light sheen of sweat on her full freckled bosom, running down her cleavage, collecting on her forehead where her short curly locks were starting to stick. She was a woman on a mission, though that mission had nothing to do with working out. Jessie hated working out. She hated needing to, and she hated that her hourglass figure might be closer to an hour-and-a-half-glass these days. But with a beep on her watch her mind came back to what she was REALLY here for. Her prey had shown itself, and it was on the move.

Taking an unsteady step from the still moving contraption her melon sized bosom was sent wobbling, and given no chance to settle as she sprinted through the field of muscle building, weight loss contraptions. The witch was here to hunt down a dangerously cursed item, and it was now within pouncing distance. "Gosh ok maybe I do wish I weighed less, I'm getting a little out of sh- HA! There you are!" She pointed an accusing finger at a pink inflated tome with giant red lips, hovering a foot off the ground.

The book's smile grew, the mischievous inflatanomicon floated gently above the tile floor. "Oo a witch, isn't that a breath of fresh air." It giggled in a hollow feminine voice. "You won't be the first to try and burst my bubble dear."

"True, but I might be the first who might know how" Jessie pulled out a glowing needle from a tiny pocket in her pants. It's sharp tip dabbed in a potion brewed with extreme care and research. It's glistening point twinkled threateningly as the ginger approached the thing that had caused so many pool-toy, raft and worse inflatable transformations.

"Well you might have had me if you didn't break the cardinal rule. Making a wish on me gives me all the power, and makes your threats just a bunch of hot air!"

"I didn't make a wish on you, you bookish blow hard-" Jessie stepped even closer to give the abomination a nice good prick.

"Oh but you did... I heard your words on the wind, and now grant you the thing the words did bid." The book broke into a hissing laughter as Jessie's words echoed through the gym "Gosh ok maybe I do wish I weighed less... weighed less... weighed less" they trailed off into the nothing.

"Wait a damn minute that wasn't said to WOOOOSH" Jessie slapped a hand over her mouth to stop the huge gust of wind that had just zoomed through her lips and down her throat, settling in her gut filling her with bubbles.

"Now, now little witch... if you want to weigh less let the air in... so it can take the place of everything else." cooed the book. Jess opened her mouth to curse it out but another assault of air forced its way in, her jaw popping and locking open gulp after gulp running down her throat like a hose pumping air into her body. Jessie's abs swelled out into a pot belly, pulling tight like a drum and when there was room for no more, the air started pushing down into her hips and ass. The witch threw her hands up to cover the flow that was making her body bloat and stretch but stopped short when she almost stabbed herself in the cheek. "Careful, would be a real shame if the needle you conjured to pop and trap something forever in a lifeless inflatable form, jabbed YOU by mistake."

Jessie pulled her hand away only to drop the needle to the floor. Her purple yoga pants creaking and groaning, pulling tight against her feminine mound and deep in her ass crack. Even

the mesh panels on the side of her leggings were puffing out with intense strain. Jess Scowled at the giggling tome. The witch dipped her finger into her cleavage, withdrawing her now magical spice coated digit into the air. With a twirl her finger her jaw snapped shut, the air now only able to slip in through her nostrils. The spice witch made a fist and the Inflatanomicon squeaked as it was caught in a magical grip. It struggled to wriggle free as the still inflating spell caster pulled it towards her. "That's right bitch... time to pop that ego of yours!" Jessie thought as she leaned down to get her magic pin. She bent to reach it with her free hand and -Bwwoompf. Jessie's basket ball sized stomach squashed between her full inflated thighs and firm perky tits as she tried to bend over. Crap! She pushed down on it feeling the pressure move to other portions of her body. Gah! She didn't need this crap. She already felt like her fat and muscles were bubbling away into gases, what if she lost her ability to move! She was running out of time, her target fighting her like a dog on an invisible leash to get away. Jess changed her stance, legs spreading wider than her shoulders so she could bend over as far as she could. Pwop! VWOOOOOOOOSH The stretch opened her up a little too much and now air was flowing in faster than ever in some very sensitive and embarrassing openings. "Mmmmmmf!!"

"Little breezy below the belt eh?" The Inflatanomicon continued it's horrible word play despite being almost in striking distance.

The witch, face red and blushy, shiny with sweat huffed as she reached to grasp the needle when thwump... thwump thwump, one finger after another merged into a rubber singular rubber mitten. A inflated flipper with a thumb, floppy as if it had no bones, and a horrible tool for grasping a needle on the floor. "Eeeek" Jessie shrieked, her mouth almost popping open once again if she didn't bite down quickly on her fat squishy bottom lip. It squeaked between her teeth, tasting like a rubbering latex. Oh fuck she was turning rubber for real now. Thwop, thwop-bob-bob-bob. One after another her scarlet red locks were replaced by inflated red noodles much like balloon animals attached to her air filled skull. She dipped down to get the needle again but as she went down her feet flew up in the air, shoots flying off her inflated feet. Suspended in the air she only drifted higher and higher. She indeed weighed less... but more than that she was floating towards the ceiling. She pushed on her belly and hips trying to expel the air. Her nipples throbbed and stretched into inflatable plugs. She dare not undo them just in case it would turn her into a floppy deflated heap.

"Welp, this looks like my cue" Called the balloonish book, now free of the witch's spell and giggling at her ascent. "You thought you could handle me but maybe you got a little big-" shrrrip went Jessie's yoga pants, exposing her ass that now resembled two skin colored beachballs, "-for your britches. Heehee. Toodaloo!" It baid the witch goodbye and floated out a window. Jessie dare not follow, fearing floating up into the sky. She would fix this, get her bloated body down to its typical fleshy form. That damn cursed creature would not get a second SHRRIP BWOWWOW.. Well there went her sports bra, blimp tits wobbling free... that creature would not get a second so chance.

"Ug do they think that's appropriate" an expectant mother said to her classmates as they waddled into a pregnancy yoga class. "Like I don't feel like a whale already without some dumb ugly pregnant balloon ripping through it's clothes... must be some idiotic artist or something. Hope the gym gets its money back, I don't want my membership paying for some fat ass balloon."

Who are they calling a fat ass! Jessie grumbled as she lightly bounced against the gym ceiling. This was going to be a long day.