

It'd been a while since last the two of them engaged in that sort of debauchery, but the time spent waiting just made the final payoff that much more delicious. The two friends scheduled their night out two weeks in advance, and when the day arrived they could barely get through work without turning into a giggly mess whenever the thought strayed close enough to consciousness that they couldn't avoid focusing on it. Rioku in particular was ecstatic for the opportunity to try out a new hand pump; the previous attempts had all used a foot-based variety that, while still effective, felt a bit too impersonal. Now, however, now him and Ken could indulge in the exact kind of debased lewdness that they'd always dreamed of, the same kind that they both had saved up on their hard drives in frankly absurd quantities; rather than chancing it by applying more or less pressure on a pedal, the two of them would be able to *see* just how far down the pump's handle went, giving them the perfect view of how far they were going to stretch the cheetah, and allowing them to play into every size-based fantasy they could possibly think of. For Ken, having to clock off work and then return home, only to be forced to sit there and wait for Rioku to show up, was borderline *torture*; he had his own sets of pumps he could use, of course, but he promised to save himself for when his friend came around, and he *meant that*. The big cat even went so far as to deliberately deny himself for the weeks leading up to that night, with his *need* for release having reached such a peak that the cheetah managed to surprise himself with how much he wanted to beg and moan and whine and *plead* for the husky to let him cum his brains out. It was going to be part of their little process, that much was certain; Rioku would slowly bloat him up, he would scream out for any chance of being allowed sweet release, and it would be denied to him for as long as the canid felt was necessary. Be it minutes or hours, the cheetah had to be ready to "suffer" for as long as he was told to, knowing that it would make the final climax so much sweeter for each second he spent not experiencing it. Thus, when he heard the knock on his front door, the feline had to spend a good ten seconds or so just calming himself down, lest he show up in front of Rioku with his entire body shaking, his legs barely capable of holding him up; deep breaths, one after the other, did enough of the trick to get him to just calm enough to hold a conversation, though he still had to keep one hand on the wall to keep himself from toppling over or tripping over the carpet. His sheer lack of self-control was evident, and though Rioku *clearly* noticed it when the front door was opened and the cheetah revealed himself, the husky said nothing to that effect; rather, he merely raised his new hand pump, slowly, painstakingly so, until it was at eye level with the both of them. The canine kept it there, held aloft in the air, as he stared Ken down... or rather, as he stared *at* Ken, while the cat's eyes were focused entirely on the contraption in front of them, glistening with unbridled glee at the promises that it held. He was, at that moment, entirely under Rioku's spell, which the husky took advantage of by pulling the pump away, giving the cheetah a celebratory pat on the ass, then inviting himself in and heading straight for the living room; no point delaying the proceedings, plus the two of them would need as much room as they could get! Not that the cat was thinking of turning himself into a blimp, but he wasn't the most graceful of bloaters, needing every inch of free space as possible to avoid him accidentally bumping into every straight edge and jagged, spiky corner in sight; the last thing Rioku wanted was to have to drive his friend to the hospital

because he couldn't balance himself with a little extra air weight inside his gut. As for Ken, he took his time walking to the living room himself, having to take several breaks in the small trek between the front door and his final destination; even when he *did* emerge into the open room, he did so with a brow covered in sweat and two hands wringing one another, the picture of nervousness... though, the bulge he sported between his legs made it clear just what his primal lizard brain *actually* thought of what was about to happen. Though the cheetah might be shivering all over, they still walked closer to the couch, they still sat down beside the husky, and they still kept staring at the pump, eager to see what it could do to him; though they were practically babbling whenever they tried speaking, unable to form coherent sentences, their hands still approached the handle and gave it an experimental push, whole body flinching when they felt a small current of air brush against their face from below. Though their eyes were wide open, it wasn't in fear: it was *anticipation* the cat was feeling, and it was anticipation that Rioku banked on when he deliberately took his sweet time grabbing the pump and preparing it, asking Ken to "get ready", a sign for the big cat to bend over and take his pants off. Ken did so, albeit at a glacial pace; not necessarily because he *wanted* to draw things out (even though he did), but due mostly to his hands shaking so uncontrollably that even something as simple as undoing his belt took significantly longer than it normally did... long enough for Rioku to start humming as he experimentally pumped the handle a few times, making sure the nozzle was pointed directly at some exposed part of Ken's body; the flinching, the wincing, the small little whimpers that came with it every time, they all served to further entice the husky, enough so that, once he saw the cheetah's tailhole, he didn't even hesitate. Normally he'd take some more time before he shoved the pump nozzle in there, but he was horny, he was impatient, and the cat clearly wanted it at least as badly as he himself did (if not more!), so why wait? The yelp-turned-moan that escaped from Ken's lips was proof enough that the feline was *desperate* for a filling, as was the fact that the poor guy slumped to the floor immediately afterwards, pants still around his ankles, his tongue lolling free from a mouth that broke out into a wide, misshapen smile. His muscles limp, there was nothing the cheetah could do that could stop the coming pumping, which was precisely the point; both him and Rioku adored playing into the "trapped, helpless balloon" angle, even if they never quite reached the sizes they usually saw on videos online. Still, what they *did* do would be more than enough, and as soon as Ken felt the first gush of air be pumped into him, his hands immediately flew to his belly as he tried to turn around to end up on his back, that he may watch as his gut swelled and took up an increasing amount of space on top of him.

It was always the same, regardless of how many times the two went through with it, and every single time it was *always* as delectable, always as unexpected, always as much of a new experience; it was as if it was so out of the ordinary that the cheetah's body refused to save any information on it, figuring that it would never happen again, leaving him helpless and without any frame of reference for the *next* time he had a nozzle stuck inside of him and a growth-happy husky controlling the air intake. Every time he would bring his fingers over to his belly, then remember to haphazardly remove his shirt so he could better see himself stretch; wouldn't do to watch his belly slow turn into a dome with fabric in the way, not when he could both feel *and* see

himself become far larger than he had any right to be. At first, things didn't look so out of the ordinary; if one disregarded the fact that the expansion was taking place at a far quicker pace than it normally would, the cheetah merely went from a flat gut to having it slightly round out, appearing as if he'd had a particularly heavy meal and then went for seconds on top of it. Only Ken would know the truth, know that it came not from him gorging himself, but from successive pumps of air pushing his belly outwards, from Rioku's enthusiastic motions pushing the handle down and forcing the hand pump to fill him up; if the cat tried pushing his fingers into his midriff, he wouldn't find soft pudge, but rather hardened skin, stretched taut and close to audibly complaining about all the strain. Of course, it wouldn't stop there, as neither the husky nor the chee were in any position to be satisfied with *just* a slightly bloating. Rather, they would keep going, adding progressively more air into the feline's belly, driving up pressure to such an extent that the only way their body could react was to make more room in a desperate bid to bring it down, nevermind the fact that such a thing shouldn't be possible. And indeed, while the bloating itself might take place, that didn't mean Ken's body took to it willingly; it resisted the process every step of the way, leaving the poor guy stuck in the middle of not knowing whether to feel endless agony or the most potent pleasure imaginable, his brain unable to discern between the two. The confusion mess of sensory feedback kept him well and confused enough that he failed to notice his belly continuously growing outwards, stretching his skin and fur out until the two were actually discernible from one another; while usually the latter fully covered the former, the chee's gut quickly reached a state where he simply lacked the amount of fuzz needed to keep the skin beneath it from being revealed: redded, obviously stretched out to the breaking point, and already showing signs of stretch marks forming in long, jagged patterns over its surface. These would join up with the ones already there, of course; it wasn't the first time Ken and Rioku did something like this, and it was really only the feline's fur coating that kept others from seeing just how pockmarked his front was by stretch marks running all the way down from his pecs to his waist. The longer the pumping carried on, the more these became pronounced, as the weight pinning Ken to the ground grew higher and more unwieldy, as the curvature of his belly expanded to the point where his hands drifted further and further apart; it didn't take much longer before his skin began to actually groan loud enough for both of them to hear, which *should* have served as a warning sign for them to stop, but, as always, merely egged them on further. It was a sign alright, a sign that they had *reached* the point they wanted to reach, and a sign that they should keep going, since the actual endpoint hadn't yet made itself known to them; sure, it was incredibly dangerous, but both Rioku and Ken *liked* the idea of toeing the line like that, of living life on the razor's edge... Ken especially, given that it was *his* body the two were bringing to its very limits and then beyond. More and more air, more pumps, further stretching him out until the cheetah could see as the edge of his belly's curvature, the bottom of the dome so to speak, began crawling up his chest, desperate for any room it could find to relieve the *infernal* pressure inside of it; there would be no release, obviously, not until the nozzle was removed and Ken allowed to vent, prompting the expanding gut to take up most of his front, even managing to warp and distend part of his waistline as his insides were pushed further apart

by the ludicrous amounts of pressurized gas inside of him. Ken could practically feel it at the back of his throat, despite it supposedly being tasteless, the sensation of pressure attempting to find *any* valve through which to lower itself; he made sure to keep his jaw shut, that not an ounce would escape into the outside world. After all, he had to make sure that every single pump filled him up as much as it could, even when each and every one came accompanied with a pang of pain, a sliver of agony that his lust-addled brain then twisted into becoming raw carnal bliss, delivered to him with a serotonin hit that made him forget about everything other than the next hit, the next pump; it didn't matter that, were he to try and hug his belly, he wouldn't be capable of touching his fingertips together. It hardly mattered that, were he to try and get up to walk, the best he'd manage would be a waddle, if even that. The only important factor was how big he could get, how red he could make his skin, how stretched-out he could go, how many stretch *marks* he could acquire as a sort of morbid souvenir of his growthventures; anything and everything else was irrelevant, to the point where Ken barely even noticed when the end began approaching.

Just like the rest, it was always the same, in the sense that there was always a pressure spike in a very specific area that heralded when the cheetah's belly was reaching maximum capacity. Like a spear pushing through him from the inside out, it pointed directly at his bellybutton, the one part of his rotund gut that yet refused to bulge out, remaining firmly facing inwards... though not for long. Eventually, the pressure would become too much, Rioku's handling far too enthusiastic for the chee's body to handle; eventually, his belly would become a balloon of such high air concentration that there would need to be a final sacrifice, one last change before the two of them realized that maybe it was time to stop before things went too far. And that change came when the husky pushed down on the handle one last time, when Ken let loose his final yelp-shout for the night, when the cheetah's bellybutton loudly *popped*, going from inwards-facing to outwards.

The transformation was complete, and now the cheetah was stuck. The nozzle wouldn't come out until Rioku was done enjoying the view, but that was fine.

It gave Ken something to do with his time as well.