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Dora Disaster and the Big Balloons by Treble Clef

Dora stood on tiptoes in her robe and teddy slippers atop a wooden dining room chair by the archway that separated the living room from the kitchen. Her outstretched hand held the taped end of a chain of cardstock paper letters linked together with brass fasteners. The letters, hanging in a curve over the archway, read:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY HAL!

The doorbell rang as she pressed the tape into the wall.

Dora turned with a start, inadvertently taking the end of the chain with her by a thread of tape, still stuck to her finger. The chain came loose at the far end. Dora reached to stop its fall to the floor...

"Ah-ah-ahhhhh!"

...and lost her balance. The letters fell. Dora cried, teetering on the chair. She waved her arms in circles.

She half fell, half stepped off, hit the floor and stumbled, slipper over slipper, until she tripped.

Thud.

The doorbell rang again. Dora shook her dizzy head. She looked up. In the distorted glass that framed the front door was the beige pant leg of a deliveryman. She gasped. It was here!

Dora got up and made for the front door. Her big, unwieldy teddy slipper dragged the letter chain with her. She made a few strides before she slipped on the chain and lost her footing again. She stumbled forward.

Slam.

Dora collided with the door, hands and left knee striking the wood. The decorative glass panes rattled. Through the translucent window, the pink and beige blur that was the deliveryman recoiled.

Dora opened the door, rubbing her injured knee, cheeks red.

"Are you okay, ma'am?" The deliveryman was stricken with alarm. A cardboard box, two and a half feet tall, lay on the front step between them.

"Yes, I'm fine." Dora giggled nervously and brushed a tangle of dark, wavy hair from her unmade face. In her display of recklessness, Dora must've seemed very silly, childlike even, to the deliveryman. The teddy slippers didn't help.

“Um, well,” the deliveryman said. “I got a package for Dora Darlington. Just need a signature.” He handed her his trackpad and a plastic stylus.

“Of-of course. Thank you,” she said, trying to affect a note of adult composure.

She brought in the package. It was heavy, but not as heavy as it looked. Dora dragged it gleefully across the living room. It had arrived exactly on the day. What incredible luck. And after Dora had told herself many times not to get her hopes up.

The box flaps were taped down tightly with that super sticky, reinforced paper stuff. Dora might have gotten a knife from the kitchen and cut it open, but she was eager. She tore off the edge tape, dug her fingers beneath the flap and tugged. The tape made a sound of peeling away from the surface of the cardboard. She tugged harder.

Fwap!

The box flap came loose suddenly and Dora’s hand flew up and smacked her in the face.

“Ow!”

She rubbed her injured lip, grimacing.

Dora Disaster. Since she was seven, the nickname had stuck. Her brother coined it one day when she walked into a sliding screen door and popped it off its track. There had been other stupid nicknames over the years: Clumsy Cake, Teeter Bird, Crashy Smashy, Jenga Girl, Dora To The Floora, Inspector Clouseau. But Dora Disaster was the enduring name, the one that outlasted every stage of childhood, to revisit her still at family reunions.

She and Hal hoped their new house, with its wide doorways and broad floor spaces, would be more accommodating of Dora’s accident proneness than the apartment they left, whose narrow passageways and low ceilings invited a host of head bumps, sidelong crashes and stubbed toes. The new house had never been lived in before. It was built so recently you could smell the freshness wafting off the newly dried paint and varnish. The huge living room had a wide, exposed staircase that lead to a second story landing overlooking it. The living room ceiling, two floors high, was cut with skylights that fully illuminated the room at day.

It was a beautiful home, but with respect to Dora’s safety, it was less accommodating than expected. The house had many square feet of slick hardwood to slip and fall on, not to mention a high staircase to tumble down. And the indoor balcony at the top of the stairs gave Dora little spells of vertigo when she glanced down a full story to the living room floor. From the start, Dora had a nasty premonition that, despite all reasonable precautions, she would fall over that balcony railing one day, trying to pull the chain of the ceiling fan, which hung, inconveniently, *just* within arm’s reach.

The box’s contents were wrapped in finely textured plastic. Dora was about to tear into it when the buzzer went off in the kitchen.

Reluctantly, she shuffled into the kitchen and, with mitts, removed the cake layers from the oven and set them on the stove.

Dora's cell buzzed. "Hey, Birthday Boy," she said.

"How's it going, D?"

"Oh, fiiiiine...how's work?"

"Could be worse. But I wanted to ask if it's okay if I get home a little late."

"Aw, Hal. On your *birthday*?"

"Sorry, D. I'm in the home stretch on this project. Dave's gonna send me his revisions this afternoon and I *really* want it finished and off my desk before I leave so I can have the evening with you and not have to think about it."

"I knew this would happen, Hal. You should've just taken the day off."

"You got me there, D, I'll listen to you next time. Look, I promise, I won't be more than a half hour late."

"*Promise* promise?"

"*Promise promise* promise. You didn't have anything already planned, did you? Dinner reservations?"

She smiled. "Nope."

Hal paused. "D, if you were planning something for us, I can just go home on the hour. It's okay."

Dora bit her lip. "Nope. It's nothing."

"C'mon, D. What gives?"

Dora giggled.

"D?"

"Hal, I hit my knee against the door," she said in an exaggerated whine, rubbing the knee involuntarily. "I think it's gonna bruise."

"Ouch, D. How'd that happen?"

"I was just really excited."

"And you ran into the door?"

Dora laughed. "Something like that."

"D, you're not made of rubber. Please be careful..."

"Yeah, yeah. I know."

"You're distracting me, aren't you, D?"

"Huh?"

"Whatever scheme you're cooking up, you're throwing me off the trail by making me feel bad for you."

"No idea what you're talking about. Anyway, yes, you have half an hour. Then, be home by six thirty. Or else, you will NOT get the BEST BIRTHDAY GIFT EVER. 'Kay?"

"Best birth...D, what—?"

"Bye, Hal." Dora hung up, and, in her excitement, playfully tossed the cell phone into living room. She'd intended it to land safely to the couch, but her throw was two feet shy. The phone crashed into the floor.

"Shit," muttered Dora, "bad toss."

After she set the cake layers in the fridge, Dora hauled the package upstairs to the bedroom, reminding herself to be careful on the steps. Accidents tended not to happen when Dora reminded herself to be careful.

Dora took a shower. When she was done, she stepped into the bedroom wrapped in a pink towel and studied the box. The shower had quieted her elation; now, she was nervous. Dora turned to the bedroom mirror as she toweled herself off.

Dora's body was a handful of things that didn't *quite* match up. For a woman, she was an inch on the tall side with long limbs, lanky from the elbows and knees down. But Dora's tacit spindliness was not thoroughgoing; her legs went up and up and then, *pop*, sprung out into heavy thighs and shapely hips. Dora's butt was full and round, but only big enough to cancel the verticality of her limbs. It didn't really change her shape so much as weaken the one she might've had. From behind, Dora looked a bit like a pear on stilts, and tended to walk as awkwardly as one. Dora's breasts were no help either. They stood out firmly, minor D cups on her high torso. They didn't match her hips for girth or prominence, but they were big enough to be one more physical complication on a body not wanting for them.

Dora let the towel drop and noted her naked frame, which wanted to be skinny, hourglassy and bootylicious all at the same time, and failed at being any of those. She was tall and skinny, but not *that* tall and skinny. She was curvy, but moderately and unevenly so, and not complimented by her gangly limbs. Her butt was full and round, but far from the juicy trunk of rap video fame. None of her features looked wrong in and of themselves, they just seemed a little...mismatched. Whenever Dora looked in the mirror fully unclothed, as she did now, and considered the contradictions of her goofy body, she felt...not inadequate, but perplexed. As if her body was trying to tell her something she couldn't figure out. Since she'd sprung up and filled out in grade school, Dora had secretly believed that she was primed for a different body, one that would yield to her will better than the awkward, ungainly one she was stuck in, which was always tripping and slipping out of her control. At times, Dora believed that when she got a bit older, she would eat more and get fatter and then, maybe, her body would figure itself out, say, by adding inches in the butt. But Dora was getting on in her twenties and, even in recent months, having quit her job and lived as a childless and slightly lazy housewife, the change in dietary habits didn't

seem to be happening. Dora's taste for sweet and salty things had decreased in adulthood, and in any case, it wasn't easy getting pounds to stay on her tallish frame, no matter how many hours she spent lying on the couch, watching crap TV.

Dora sighed and went to the closet. As she flipped through the handful of dresses she had hanging there, her thoughts turned to Hal. Although Hal's peculiar fetish fantasies were an open book between Dora and him, he had never given her any indication he wanted her to look different. She had once approached him as he was browsing illustrations online, posted by various fetish groups.

I look nothing like those girls, she said to him.

Hal turned to Dora, looked her in the face for what felt like a while. *I disagree*, he said. *You are like those girls. That's why I'm so attracted to you.*

What are you talking about? she said.

Hal's eyes jerked nervously about before he said, *there's something about a girl who keeps losing control of her own body...*

What do you mean by that??

I dunno.

Dora couldn't get any more out of Hal about it. But, on reflection, she wondered if Hal was somehow right; that she was indeed like those girls...in some way. Or, that she could be. It was that train of thought that ultimately lead Dora to what she dubbed the Best Birthday Present Ever.

Dora narrowed her dress selection down to three possibilities, which she laid out on her bed. All three dresses were inexpensive and made out of stretchy material. She stared at them a moment and discarded a turquoise cocktail dress, the least stretchy of the three, and then she discarded a cherry pattern dress, which seemed distractingly busy for this occasion. Her choice made, Dora went to her dresser, got out a bra, slipped her arms through the straps and was about to clip it in the back when she remembered the diagrams she'd seen online when she researched Hal's present. She wouldn't need a bra today. Nor panties.

Dora returned to the box. She drew out its weighty plastic wrapped contents, set them on the floor and yanked at the wrapping. She grunted. It was too strong to pull apart with just her hands. Should she go down to the kitchen and get a pair of scissors? Nah. Still stark naked, she grabbed one corner of the plastic in both hands, stepped on another corner with her heel, and pulled. The plastic was strong. Dora grunted, put her back into the effort.

Rrrrrrip

"Aaah!"

She fell backwards to the floor as the plastic gave. "Ow," she said, tossing a piece of plastic away and rubbing her wounded tush. A funny chemical smell had suddenly filled the air, and was now dissipating.

Frustrated, Dora reached into the broken plastic and dragged out something large, cylindrical and dark red. It was an air tank, about a foot and a half high, but with no valve. A white sticker was adhered to the top. Dora read:

WARNING. THIS TANK DOES NOT CONTAIN ORDINARY HELIUM. IT CONTAINS A SYNTHETIC HYDROGEN/HELIUM COMPOUND THAT REACTS IMMEDIATELY UPON OXYGENATION. FOR YOUR SAFETY, DO NOT BREAK, PUNCTURE, BURN, THROW OUT OR IN ANY WAY EXPOSE THE CONTENTS OF THIS TANK TO OPEN AIR, EXCEPT BY AJOINING TO INFLAFORM HUB, OR BY THE PROPER DISPOSAL METHOD, AS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 14 OF THE INFLAFORM MANUAL.

Dora's attention turned to the other contents of the box. From it, she pulled out a pile of rubbery material. It was slate gray and shaped a lot like a surfing suit, except that it was thin and had no sleeves and no collar. It was one complete piece with a zipper in the back. At the navel was a chunk of steel that jutted slightly out from the suit with an open aperture, narrower than that of a hose spigot.

Dora tossed the gray suit on the bed next to her dress and examined the remaining contents. These were a rubbery, translucent yellow hose, roughly four feet long, an instruction manual and a black device, the size of a toaster. The device had a big cavity in the top, no doubt intended to hold the air tank, and a slanted panel with a big, huge button on the left and two large, vertically spaced dials on the right.

Dora flipped absently through the manual. On a choice page, it said: *the Inflaform air tank (item c) must be adjoined to the control hub (item d) at all times while in use. In addition to directing pure hydrohelium into you at a safe pace, the hub and suit (item a) are designed to protect the hydrohelium from unmediated exposure to oxygen, and to protect you from the force of a subsequent reaction. For this reason, the tube (item b) is designed to resist any attempt to detach it from the suit or from the control hub while hydrohelium is flowing. To detach the tube, make sure the device is off first...*

Dora's eyes glazed over. She tossed the manual aside. She fitted the tank into its wide docking shaft in the control hub. It fit into place perfectly, and with a twist, made a sharp, satisfying click. Together, the tank and control hub were shaped like an oversized kitchen blender.

Dammit, that reminds me, thought Dora. I have to mix the frosting for the cake before it gets too late.

But Dora *had* to try the Inflaform first. She had to!

She wriggled into the rubbery suit, which was remarkably smooth against her bare skin. Dora was expecting it to feel like a car tire around her body, but the material was amazingly light. She zipped it up in back and checked herself in the mirror. She looked positively lithe in the suit, as her awkward and goofily distributed body often did not. Her boobs were as nicely rounded as in any bra, her waist was so well defined it looked almost muscular. The suit's sharkskin

surface was rich, lustrous. It looked nice on Dora contrasted with her thick, dark wavy hair. A modern take on 50s Space Age apparel, perhaps.

Next, Dora got into her dress. It was maroon, clingy all over, no ties, ruffles or other embellishments. Simple and skintight, high neckline, short sleeves. She slipped it on and checked herself in the mirror again. No sign of the suit underneath save for the little chunk of steel that poked out from the dress where her belly button would've been. The legs of the suit made very nice leggings beneath the knee-length hem.

Dora plugged the control hub's power cable into the wall and, finally, attached the tube, one end into the back of the control hub, the other beneath her dress and into the aperture at Dora's navel. On both ends, it clicked into place.

Dora was linked to the control hub, and subsequently, the air tank. Ready to go. She took a deep breath and gingerly stepped down on the control hub's big button.

A round light above the button gleamed pink. A faint humming noise emerged. Dora suddenly felt like a vacuum; there was a tightening, all around her body. The suit clung to her beneath the dress. She gasped as the rubbery material sank onto her skin, closing around her waist and thighs, sucking onto her shoulder blades, squeezing all around her boobs and butt until she let off an involuntary yelp. She felt like a lemon in a squeezer. Dora shivered. Except for the chunk of metal at her navel, she could no longer feel the suit around her body. In fact, Dora could've sworn she felt the woven cotton/spandex texture of her dress, like there was nothing between it and her skin. She glanced down her collar to make sure the suit was still there. Sure enough.

Convinced all was well, she got down on her knees and examined the control hub. The upper dial was marked *Top*, the lower, *Bottom*. Both dials had positive numbers on the right side, negative numbers on the left; both were labeled, *inflate faster* on the right, *deflate faster* on the left. Dora's hands twitched nervously as she squatted and extended a hand to the lower dial of the hub. Here goes *something*, she thought. The dial made a light clicking as she turned it a few ticks forth.

She held her breath. Pressure emerged around Dora's pelvis.

She turned to the mirror. The pressure spread, winding around Dora's hips and under the curvature of her buttocks. She let out a squeak of surprise as she felt it travel down between her legs and then around her thighs. It was sort of like the pleasure/pain of a massage, only as a lighter, subtler feeling, distributed through her lower body. Dora watched carefully, feeling around her hips with her hands. The pressure grew, making her want to squirm. And then she saw it: her thighs traveling outward discreetly. They filled out on either side, gaining increasingly pronounced curves. The pressure hit a plateau. It felt nice, like an incredibly soft, but tight garment, hugging Dora affectionately. She looked down her backside. Sure enough, her butt was beginning to rise with her hips. She clutched her

spreading cheeks and was struck by the way she could feel her fingers through the inflating suit, almost as if it were her own skin, right beneath the dress.

Dora watched her flanks grow wider and wider. Her thighs filled above her knees. Her goofy body, with its wiry limbs and awkwardly bottom-heavy distribution was getting blown out into an increasingly exaggerated bell shape. Even her calves were looking fuller, juicier. Dora swung around to catch a look at her butt and grinned. How round and full it was! The curves between the small of her back and the furthest point of her rounding cheeks were growing drastic, angled. Ooooh, she liked it!

In fact, she liked it so much she was frightened. Dora stepped down on the button again, turning the device off. The pink light faded to gray. She looked in the mirror again. Her widened lower half spread out from a waist that now looked itty-bitty by contrast. Her butt was a pair of ripe melons that stood amazingly upright. The pressure remained, but the sensation was static, comfy now, without the inflow from the tank.

What a queenly butt! I look awesome, thought Dora. But, that's enough for now. Her hand reached under her dress to unplug the end of the tube from her navel.

She paused. Instead of unplugging the tube, Dora leaned down and turned the hub's upper dial a few ticks forth, the lower dial back to zero.

Pressure built in Dora's chest. The inflating suit seemed almost to grip Dora's breasts, pinching her nipples, making Dora press her hands against them. Even at a lower intake, the pressure built faster in Dora's chest than in her ass and thighs, perhaps because her boobs alone constituted a lower volume than everything between her waist and ankles. Her D cups filled, getting rounder and riper, collecting in her hands. Dora's eyes bugged out as she saw the outline of thick, pronounced nipples poking through the dress. It even had nipples! This suit was the best! Slowly, bit-by-bit, Dora's boobs began to lift, rising from their teardrop-oriented droop and collecting into cartoonish, gravity-defying, Jessica Rabbit spheres. Their sudden buoyancy pulled upward slightly on the dress. Dora's Ds disappeared into larger cup sizes, double Ds...then Fs...then Gs...then, who knew? Her boobs got bigger, rounder, fuller, collecting into Dora's widening hands and rising up closer to her chin. She bit her tongue as the pressure ratcheted up and up around her chest. The sensation was so strong she wanted to squeal.

When her boobs resembled a pair of gravity defying cantaloupes, she turned off the device. It was hard to make herself do it, but the sensations, pleasant though they were, were hard to take continuously.

Dora was in pause, her foot still on the button, could she maybe, possibly, take just a *little* more?

bzzzzzt

The kitchen timer again. She had to mix the icing now. No time to keep inflating herself.

Dora unplugged the tube from her suit and took a quick, final glance in the mirror at the ripe, buoyant hourglass that her shape had become beneath her dress. So sexy! Experimentally, she squeezed her boobs between her forearms and waggled her bottom. *Do you like it, Hal, seeing me all ballooned-up like this? Oh, you're gonna get it tonight, honey. Imma knock you dead!*

With a shake of her inflated rump, Dora marched confidently out of the bedroom, pondering the ingenuity that went into manufacturing a suit that could so drastically change your shape. It hadn't been cheap, but it was a hell of a lot cheaper than breast or butt implants, and with none of the medical risks associated with those body modifications.

But the best was yet to come for Dora. The Inflaform would prove to have an unexpected side effect.

Dora was practically bouncing down the stairs, her caution thrown to the wind once again. She felt lighter, springier. In truth, she was, thanks to the suit. Three steps from the bottom floor, Dora's heel slipped out from beneath her, as it had done countless times since she and Hal had moved into the big house. She cried out. When her butt hit the edge of the hard, wooden step, there was no pain. Just a little bumping sound and a sensation of sudden pressure on her posterior. Dora slid the rest of the way down the stairs and tumbled to her side, her inflated hip taking the brunt of the fall with little tactile complaint.

Dora couldn't believe how unhurt she was. She stood and examined herself, even pulling the dress up to her inflated chest to make sure the suit hadn't taken any damage. The gray, rubbery material was perfect, no rips or stretch spots. It didn't seem to have lost even a pinch of air from the fall.

No damage. Well, that's a first, thought Dora.

After Dora mixed the icing, iced the cake layers and stacked them, she took the chicken out of the oven and prepared it for roasting. She oiled a pan, tied the legs together, stuck the chicken back in the oven and set the timer for fifty minutes. Her air-filled pseudo-flesh cheered her. It just felt nice. It wasn't only that the pressure around her butt and chest and legs was comfy, she actually felt lighter on her feet. Dora rarely thought about the ordinary physical exertion it took to carry her own body weight. But now that her chest, her hips, her bottom were pulling up on her, as if tugged by puppet strings, her muscles were thanking her.

Her newfound physical ease encouraged Dora to keep working rather than sit down and take a five or ten minute break. She peeled carrots and potatoes, cut them up along with onions and set the vegetables on a plate to join the roast later. Despite Dora's arms having to maneuver around an unfamiliar pair of buoyant cantaloupes on her chest to cut things, her time in the kitchen was accident free. The worst that happened was Dora's swollen thigh hit the side of the counter a couple times, and that didn't even hurt.

When she was finished, Dora set the dirty dishes in the sink, washed her hands and bounded, inflated bits bobbing lightly, upstairs.

She popped the tube back into the suit and cranked both dials up to six or seven. Dora squealed in surprise as the pressure pumped into her, building on her thighs, her breasts, her bottom. It almost tickled! Dora watched herself, boobs and hips and thighs, blow up in the mirror. Her breasts overfilled her hands, swelling out the stretchy dress. She mooshed her fingers into them, feeling them bubbling up. Obviously, the suit had tons of give. It was dozens of times more durable than latex balloons. Her chest was still squishy, pillowy, but light, like a pair of creampuffs or marshmallows. Their only hard part was the nipples, which grew rounder and longer, jutting out beneath the maroon material. The dress began to tug at Dora's back as it stretched to hold down a pair of ballooning floatations that eagerly wanted to rise.

Dora giggled. She dropped down to her elbows and knees, pressed her boobs against the floor, stuck her tail out and watched in the mirror as her trunk rose behind her head, rounding and widening. From this angle, her butt looked like twin moons peeking over the horizon of her shoulders and head. She wagged it and laughed aloud at the sight. Instead of rippling springily, the way it normally did, her butt bobbed, keeping a generally round, ripe, consistent shape while hopping from side to side. She pumped her glutes and watched her butt cheeks spring back and ricochet forth and bounce back again like tightly tethered punching bags. "C'mon Hal, you know you love this great big bouncy ass. Fuck me! Take me from behind and bounce me on your fucking cock!" She laughed and laughed and fell over on her side and rolled her weight on a huge, expanding hip. She felt so light! Her boobs were getting close to as big as her head. Her thighs were wide as telephone poles; they rubbed together pleasantly.

Dora crawled over to the device and switched it off. The pressure had doubled at least but it just felt that much nicer. She stood before the mirror again and her eyes and smile grew big at the sight of herself. Wow. So *voluptuous*! She must've been over two feet wide, her boobs cartoonish volleyballs. The maroon color of the dress faded where it was stretched over nipples, as big as soda bottle caps, and an ass like two, stuffed throw pillows. The dress was probably going to be ruined, but who cared?! It was cheap and she could buy three more. Dora slid her knees together and grinned as her thick thighs plumped out to either side. Her calves had never looked so defined, thick and ripe; yet still completely trim at the ankles. Goodbye awkward, lanky shins, thought Dora. Oh, if only she could *actually* put on just a *few* pounds, at least in her legs and butt so she wouldn't go on looking like a peanut squash on broomsticks. Her body made so much more sense like this. And those huge boobs! Yum.

She unplugged herself and tested her boobs with her hands. With the pressure and the Inflaform suit over her body, it was very hard to tell where her skin was down there. When she pinched and tugged at the nipples, it felt like her actual nipple was...right there. Could it be? No, impossible. It was just pressure inside the suit, tightening over her real nipple. Obviously. And anyway, the collar, wrists and ankles of the suit were essentially suctioned to her body. She couldn't pull the material up and look down her collar. All for good reason too, the airborne

hydrohelium stuff inside would blast her in the face if she could, and then she would be all sad and deflated again.

Dora tried walking. It was a new experience. She couldn't walk fast now because, with every step, she had to pause for part of a second to be sure that her weight had sunk into the floor enough that she had traction to take another. At first, Dora found this annoying, but she told herself to be patient for once and get used to it.

Finally, Dora jumped. She felt herself go up...and up. She cried out and covered her head as she came unfamiliarly close to the ceiling. And then she dropped to the floor, much slower than she was used to. *Wow, I should join the WNBA.*

What else could she do in such a suit?

Dora went downstairs to the living room. She scooted a big, upholstered chair to the side and went over to the wall by the stair landing and front door. Facing the opposite wall, she stood ready, her legs bent like a runner's. She hadn't done anything like this since she was a little girl. She slapped her inflated hip for luck. *C'mon, she thought, do me proud.* And she took off, not so much running as leaping from one foot to the other, and then, she jumped.

"CANNONBALL!!!" she screamed. Dora sailed through the air, over the coffee table, tucking her legs in, pressing them against her giant boobs.

Whump!

She landed; butt first, on the couch at the opposite end of the room. Her boobs jostled in her dress. Bullseye! A perfect hit.

And then, she bounced back. Dora gasped as she found herself sailing in the opposite direction. She was about to cry out as the glass surface of the coffee table drew near. Doubtless it would shatter. She'd have to go to the hospital and get a dozen stitches. The consequences of acting like a kid. How stupid.

Her shoulder hit the glass...and then she tumbled over it and fell to the floor on the other side, her pneumatic buns bobbling on impact.

Dora blinked. No damage. At her reduced weight, the glass had taken her impact. Once again, Dora was unhurt.

She was stunned. Just how accident proof *was* she?

The world was a threatening place for Dora. Slippery surfaces and low ceilings and furniture that always got in the way and little things on the ground, waiting for her to step on or trip over. And Dora's body always seemed to conspire with the world to make her life a series of bumps, tumbles, bangs, bruises and head injuries. But, now...

Maybe I should wear this thing all the time, thought Dora. She was seriously considering it. She felt free as a kid in a ball pit.

The buzzer sounded. Dora returned to the kitchen. She took the chicken out of the oven, arranged the vegetables in the pan with it and drizzled melted butter

and thyme over everything. She wrapped the dinner in foil, put it back into the oven and set the timer for another hour. Then, she returned to the living room.

Dora moved more furniture around, giving herself a lot of floor space.

She stood ready again, took two big steps and leapt in the air, flipping forwards. She should've placed a pad or a cushion on the floor to protect her fall, but Dora was counting on the possibility she wouldn't need it.

Sure enough, she landed on her feet, only tumbling forth slightly, her boobs leaping up in her dress and almost swatting her in the face.

Dora tried it again. This time, she did a backflip. She watched the room spin around her as she sailed. Her feet missed the mark and she fell backwards...only to bounce painlessly on her abundant bottom and slide giggling into a corner.

She tried other things. Flipping off the wall. Bouncing off the wall. Jumping and spinning like a corkscrew. Dora danced on the coffee table and spun on it like a curvy ballerina. Again and again, she slipped and fell inconsequently to the floor, laughing. She did a handstand and although her balance was not good, she could keep herself upright for at least ten seconds. It didn't matter how many accidents happened. Every fall was forgiven.

When Dora had exhausted herself trying so many things she would have never dared try out of her suit, she dusted off her dress and collapsed lightly on the couch, cuddling her ballooned breasts in her arms, nuzzling her face in them

Dora dozed awhile until the buzzer woke her. She stretched, yawned, fluffed her dark, wavy hair, returned to the kitchen, checked the temperature of the chicken and put it back in for another fifteen minutes. She looked at the clock. 2:53PM. Still time to finish everything. She mixed sugar and butter and vanilla and food coloring and made yellow and purple icing. At fifteen minutes, the buzzer sounded and Dora turned the oven down to a very low heat, just to keep dinner warm until Hal got home. Then, her arms carefully reaching around her massive, feather light melons, she wrote in very loopy letters on the cake:

HAPPY 30th HAL, enjoy your cake and dinner and presents—and me too ;)

Dora finished it off by drawing a bunch of big, spherical balloons with dangly strings around the text. Then, she covered up the cake and washed the dishes.

It was 4:48PM when Dora was all finished. She returned to the living room, thinking what to do next when her foot landed on something that slid across the floor, taking Dora's weight out from under her. It was her phone, still lying in the middle of the living room where Dora had thrown it that morning.

Dora fell to safety of her bouncy butt, tossed back and stared dazedly up at the ceiling fan, two stories above.

Dora got an idea.

Dora went upstairs, gathered up the device, tube, cord, tank and all. She brought it down to the living room and plugged it in next to the archway to the kitchen. Moving the device was a precaution; Dora might have trouble getting out of her bedroom if she conducted her experiment there. Dora did not always follow her good sense to take precautions, but it was Hal's birthday today and she didn't want to get stuck in a jamb. After she did this one thing, she would hide the device in the wash closet. Hal shouldn't know *too* quickly how his wife had blown up into a weightless, supercurvaceous, hourglass balloon woman. Better for him to see the results first. Even now, Dora was already much bigger, bustier and curvier than she'd intended to be. Oh well. Hal wouldn't complain.

Dora affixed the tube to her suit and turned the dials, this time to 8 or 9. She hit the button. The pressure was so strong Dora tossed her head back and gasped. Air rushed into her seat, her thighs, her hips, her boobs. She felt her weight lifting, ounce after ounce, from the floor. Her butt cheeks plumped up bigger and bigger, rounder and juicier. Her hips and thighs thickened, widened. Her dress strained to contain such a massive tush. Her boobs got fuller, rounder, bigger and bigger. She almost feared the dress would tear at her hard, bulging nipples. It was getting tight around her.

As she blew up, Dora took a tiny leap into the air. She rose a few inches and came back down. Not weightless enough. She couldn't stop yet.

Dora's boobs expanded quickly, filling her arms, nestling into the crooks. Like big, round, nozzled party balloons, they grew longer and wider. Her nipples were getting hard to see but they felt ridiculously sensitive, like someone pinching down on them to test her mettle. It was getting harder to remember that they were just engineered into the suit...

Within a minute, Dora felt wobbly on her feet. She looked down her backside and her eyes grew big. Her butt cheeks had grown so big and full and round that they had actually 'popped out' from her thighs in an unfamiliar way, forming a huge juicy, sloping shelf that lengthened from the small of her back. Her hips kept up with her ass, keeping her shape consistent from sides to tail. Her dress rode up her thighs and she could feel cool air tickle the lower hemispheres of her butt cheeks through the Inflaform. Dora's thighs pressed into each other, crowding against her pussy, which was just a bit stimulated from all the lovely pressure that surrounded it.

Dora took another small leap. Her ballooned parts leapt with her, held back only by the meager constraint of Dora's increasingly shapeless dress. She rose, rose...and fell. *Almost there*, Dora thought. Dora turned down the bottom dial down to one and left the upper dial so her boobs would take in some more. The extra air would even her out...and make her look even more ridiculous, but *who cared?!!* Hal would be blown out of his mind and she would be happily weightless and cartoonishly sexy.

Her boobs grew bigger and tighter, still bobbly inside the dress. The Inflaform, ever generous, always had more size, more curvaceousness to give. Dora's boobs began to lose a tad of their spherical shape, growing longer at a faster

rate than they grew wide. Dora felt her puffy nipples travel downwards, having no more room to grow straight out. Her breasts were growing cramped inside the dress, which was almost ready to tear, between Dora's nipples or butt cheeks or both. It rode up to Dora's crotch, stretched around her mammoth hips.

Dora stopped the device, unfastened the tube and took a breath. She dropped to a squat, unable to do so as quickly now that there was such a tremendous volume of hydrohelium pulling up on her body. Dora leapt. Up and up she went. Her eye line sailed past the archway to near the level of the balusters on the second floor. Dora floated back down like a leaf, and although her feet didn't quite catch her fall, her hip bounced her nearly a foot back up before she settled to the floor.

Now I'm perfect, she thought.

Dora climbed the stairs. She could no longer do it quickly. She was three feet wide from hip to hip and her boobs were big as beach balls, covering most of her torso; she could barely get her arms around them. Walking straight forward was near impossible, there was too much air resistance. And her body distribution from butt to thighs to chest was utterly unfamiliar and the insane – but insanely comfy – pressure was distracting. And, above all else, her near weightlessness took most of the traction away from her feet. The most effective way she could climb the stairs was by pulling herself up along the railing and thrusting her feet into the steps, almost kicking her way up. It felt like climbing stairs underwater.

When she got to the top, Dora looked down over the rail and pondered the drop that had her convinced she would one day make a wrong move and fall a whole story to serious injury, paralysis or worse. The plan was crazy, utterly senseless, but she was going to do it. She looked up at the ceiling fan, its five blades hanging in the air. Her eyes traveled down to the fan's chain, which hung within an outstretched arm's reach. It was a terrible, thoughtless design. What architect with even a lick of sense would install a ceiling fan that even Dora's long arms could barely grasp? It was a danger to *anyone*, not just her.

Here goes something, Dora thought. She lifted a massively thick, weightless thigh over the railing and climbed, trembling, to sit on top. She held herself, balanced there, for almost a minute. The floor beckoned below. Dora took a deep breath.

She leapt.

As she sailed, her hands clutched the chain. She swung forth...and then back.

"Yes!" she cried, preposterously, as her huge, nearly airborne body hung suspended by a tiny chain, swinging like a wind ornament.

Yes yes yes, she did it! She survived the second story landing. Dora Disaster was invincible. Nothing could threaten her now.

Click.

Dora looked up. *What was that?*

She landed, hip first, by the living room archway. Her huge, distended butt collided with the device. The tank made a dull thump as it hit the floor. There was a cracking sound.

Before she could think anything else, Dora lifted again on the force of the escaping air, spinning about. It threw her backward, her heels dragging across the floor. She propelled into the kitchen where her back hit the island counter. Still it blew, launching Dora like a rocket. She went up and up, crying in distress, limbs flailing. She knocked some hanging pans from the ceiling and came twirling and tumbling down the other side of the counter, hitting the dining room table, knocking it over.

Jammed by her tremendous hips in the narrow space between the knocked over table and the wall, she was securely in one place as the air petered out. Dora blinked, rubbed her neck, flexed her shoulder blades and swallowed. Her throat was sore from all the screaming.

She looked down at herself. Still huge. Her butt would have taken up the better part of the dining room table; her boobs still filled her arms...beach balls *at least*. She slipped a hand beneath her dress and checked the crack in the steel with her fingers. It was about an inch and a half long, slightly gaping. Nothing escaped now. Dora still felt tremendous pressure around her butt, thighs and bottom. Overall, not much air had escaped the suit. *How'd that happen? There was so much more that should've leaked out...*

Dora wriggled out from between the furniture, climbed to her feet and looked at the clock. 5:11PM. *Hal would be here in about twenty minutes!*

And what of the suit? Was it broken? Irreparably? It *couldn't* be! Dora had just been warming up to it...

Dora scurried around as fast as her lightened body could take her. *Oh, where is it, where is it...*? She rummaged through drawers in the kitchen until she found the duct tape. She tore off a piece, pulled up her battered dress and pressed the tape over the crack in the steel. Would that hold the air back? She stuck more tape on until the hunk of steel was half buried in it.

Dora skipped into the living room (because it was proving faster to skip her buoyant body around than to break into a run and fight the full force of air resistance on her blown up super curves).

She brought the device to a stand and examined it. There was a crack on the plastic surface of the control hub that branched out from the big button. The upper dial was bent at a slight angle. But on the whole, the damage didn't look too serious...

Dora should've been tidying up in the last fifteen minutes before Hal got home...but she *had* to test Hal's birthday present, *just for a second*, to be sure it would still work properly before she hid it away. After everything, she couldn't let Hal down. Dora plugged herself in. The tube locked into place with the same satisfying click, which gave Dora reason for hope. Perhaps nothing essential was

damaged. The nozzle of the tube seemed to extend beyond the crack. If the duct tape held, the suit would take air.

Dora hit the button with the ball of her foot.

Air blasted suddenly into Dora. She cried out, lost her balance and fell forward. She landed on her hands and boobs and whimpered at the feeling of her highly pressurized air tits hitting the floor. Her arms were weak. She rolled sideways onto her huge, distended rump. On her back now, two airborne shapes rose above her; she looked up in their shadow. Huge, mountainous balloon boobs, growing higher and rounder and bigger on her chest by the second.

Dora was stunned. Her dress tightened, strained in the chest. The maroon material pulled defiantly at Dora's back, getting every last centimeter of slack. The hem was pulled past Dora's crotch. *Rrrrrrip!* It broke, setting free two slate gray dirigibles to rise unhindered on Dora's chest. Her great, swollen nipples shot into the sky.

It was hard to think clearly, let alone move effectively when so much pressure was building on Dora. Her butt cheeks spread across the floor like a blow up mattress. The small of Dora's back arched steeper as her pelvis was lifted into the air on an amassing cushion. But Dora's boobs were the main show now. They grew at absurdly fast pace, exceeding beach balls in size and were so pressurized the sensation made stars appear before Dora's eyes.

Dora dazedly turned her head and glanced at the device. It was close to her knee. She bit her lip and tried adjusting the upper dial with her foot and was dismayed to find that the dial no longer clicked as she turned it. It had no effect on her chest at all. No wonder her boobs were filling so fast; the dial was broken and couldn't moderate the airflow. Dora's boobs were getting the full intake of inflation.

She moved the ball of her foot to the button and kicked down on it. It sank into the hub. And did nothing. The round light above it remained bright, merciless pink.

C'mon, c'mon, thought Dora, *please switch off, it's too much!*

The button sank into the panel, again and again, to no effect as Dora kicked it and kicked it.

Dora's boobs ballooned, enormously, cartoonishly, growing bigger, fatter, pulling upward at her body. Dora's lengthening shadow, cast across the floor, revealed a supine figure, dwarfed by massive, upside down teardrops attached to its chest. *Wow...is that all me?* Thought Dora.

Rrrrrrip! The dress blew apart around her gigantic hips, leaving only sleeves and a tattered piece around Dora's skinny midsection. The suit held on, taking every fluid ounce of air from the tank, drinking it up, growing bigger and bigger.

Dora's trembling hands moved to the tube. She gripped it and tried yanking it out of the socket. She gritted her teeth and put all her muscle into it. As warned in

the manual, the tube wouldn't budge. It was as though the pressure coursing through the tube held it tightly in place.

Dora's back was losing purchase on the floor. Her boobs were getting absolutely gigantic and buoyant beyond belief. They were like beanbags, building up and up and up on her chest. The absurdly fat nipples jutted out, building a forward projection, extending Dora's boobs into fat blimps. She let out a small cry as her back lifted slightly from the ground. She was anchored to the floor still by her head and arms and lower body...but not for long.

I have to do something before I explode this suit, thought Dora. Fighting the haziness in head, she dragged her ballooning body a foot or so across the floor toward the device. Her legs were not helping her much. In fact, they felt very weak. Dora's ginormous thighs and rounded calves did not bend and move easily now. The pressure inside them sedated her muscles. It was mainly Dora's arms that carried her distended self. When Dora was close, she took the device in her arms and yanked at it, trying to pull the power cord from the wall.

"Ummf! Ummmmf! C'mon!!" she muttered as she pulled frantically, again and again. Sweat beaded on her brow as she fought the wall for the plug. But it wasn't working. Dora's inflated body had no traction on the floor. Instead of pulling the power cord from the wall, Dora was pulling herself back and forth along the floor as her arms yanked at the toppled and damaged device and her boobs grew into ever greater sizes of airborne majesty.

After a minute or so of this, Dora dropped the device on the floor and clutched her head in her hands. *What am I supposed to do*, she thought. She tossed her head the other way and got her answer. Dora's phone, which had slid under a chair when Dora tripped on it, was sitting there, only a foot and a half away from her extended arm. For once it was fortunate Dora was so lazy about picking things up. She tried moving herself toward it, but her arms were weak and the inertia of her ginormous-boobed body was strong. Dora tried pressing her heels into the floor to kick herself back and was dismayed to find her legs utterly weak and fumbling. Her thighs were so blown up with air; it was extremely hard to move them much now. Still, with all the strength she could muster, Dora made it close to a foot from her phone...and the tube ran out of slack. She was stuck, tethered to the device, tethered to the wall. One foot: an impossible distance for poor, huge, inflated Dora.

The living room echoed with Dora's frustrated screams. She flailed and tossed her head and pounded her fists and heels into the floor. Her partially lifted body rose and fell and rose again. Her boobs were nearing three feet long, two and a half in diameter. She was getting absolutely huge and there was nothing she could do about it.

Then, Dora noticed something else, half underneath a chair near her head. Good luck within bad luck: it was the chain of cardstock paper letters, within arm's reach!

Dora took the chain, held it in a loop and tossed it at the phone. She missed, tried again, missed, tried again. Finally, a brass fastener caught. Dora pulled the chain. Her phone inched across the floor and was soon in Dora's hand.

Her fingers danced across the touchscreen. She went to her inbox and flipped through her emails until she found the confirmation notice. The business had a contact number. She dialed, just as her elbows and head were leaving the floor to join the rest of her upper body. Dora's huge ass and legs remained planted to the floor, not having blown up to the ridiculous proportions of Dora's breasts.

"Lover's Surplus, Jenna speaking. How may I help you?"

"He-hello. I purchased the Inflaform from you about two weeks ago and...I'm having some problems."

"Problems? What's wrong?"

"I...I can't turn it off..."

"Well...can't you unplug it?"

"I-I can't."

"HmMMM. Why can't you?"

"I'm...I'm stuck on the floor and my...my...my boobs are enormous and I can't unplug the device. Please help! What should I do?"

"And you're all alone? The instructions warn about using Inflaform all by yourself. You really should have a partner in the room to make sure everything's A-ok."

Dora said nothing to that. Instead, she cried out. Her bottom was beginning to drag on the floor as her mighty airborne tits dragged her slightly, pulling her ceilingward. Her extremely fat and buoyant butt cheeks bounced minutely on the hardwood.

Dora stammered, "oh my god, I'm rising. What should I do??!"

"You can't switch the machine off or turn it down or..."

"No!"

"How did this happen?"

"It was...defective."

"Defective? Ma'am, I can hear the air blowing like crazy over the line. That doesn't sound like a defective device to me. Is it broken?"

"Yes!"

"How?"

"I-I" Dora stammered. In her panic, she couldn't think of a good fib. "The suit broke on my railing when I jumped over my bannister."

"You *jumped over your bannister! Alone!*"

"Look, can you help me out of this mess? I just need to get this suit off."

"I doubt I can. The suit adheres to your skin when it's taking in air. You can't just zip it off. It's designed not to let you. You might just have to wait until it breaks. I hope you've got a good ceiling over your head so you don't float away..."

"*Float away?! The suit's going to explode!*"

"I don't doubt it, ma'am. But did you read any of the instructions? There's a whole three pages about how the Inflaform works. The suit sucks the chemicals out of the tank and converts it into molecules that build up in your cells. Over ninety-five percent of that air is probably inside you."

Dora was stupefied. "I don't believe you. This isn't funny," she said. But, really, Dora knew what the woman said was true. Those weren't rubber air nipples projecting into the sky; they were *her* nipples, blown up to thirty, forty times their original size. She'd known it all along. The pressure wasn't *around* Dora's body, it was *in* her.

Dora's bottom finally lifted a definitive inch from the floor. It had decided, once and for all, to rise on the lift of Dora's ballooning boobs, which projected over four feet into the air now and were as big around as hula hoops. Her heels dragged lazily along the floor, an inch forth, an inch back. They were the only part of Dora still floor-bound.

"Why would you people sell something so *dangerous*?" cried Dora, as the living room began to sway around her as her body bobbed up and down on the whim of her massive boobs.

"Inflaform *isn't* dangerous if you follow the instructions. In any case, provided you're indoors, you probably won't be hurt. Just...inconvenienced."

"You can't do this to me! I'll...I'll sue!" said Dora. It was an empty threat, but she was grasping at straws.

The woman sighed and said, her voice taking a sterner tone, "tell me ma'am, when you purchased Inflaform, did you check the box that says '*I agree to terms and conditions*'?"

"*What?*"

"You must've, or we never would have shipped it to you. That documentation was a legal waiver, saying you agree that *you* are responsible for your Inflaform. Any harm that comes to you or others as a result of it is *your* responsibility, not ours. And in the manual, we strongly discourage acts like jumping off your balcony or rooftop. Good luck taking us to court."

"Wait! Please! I didn't mean it, I just want some help."

"Clearly. And you've dialed the wrong number. I suggest 911."

"Just a minute just a minute!! Will I *stay* like this?"

"Your cells will metabolize the air eventually, but it's a...very, very, very slow process, if you don't have a suit on you that can extract the hydrohelium from your body. And I doubt any suit will fit you now. I suggest you call someone who

can stop the device ASAP, because nothing good can happen when the suit ruptures and the tank is exposed to open air. Have a good day, ma'am. Good luck."

The woman hung up. In a fury, Dora threw the phone across the room once more. And regretted it immediately. Her last lifeline was gone.

Dora's boobs were nearing five feet long, surpassing three feet wide. They were great zeppelins now, swaying lazily in the air, their sides bumping furniture. Dora's neck was getting tired so she let her head fall back over her shoulders. Her feet still dragged across the floor as her super airborne upper body fought her buoyant but still floor-bound lower self. Her boobs were going to win. They lifted Dora up and up as they grew fuller, wider, longer. The angle of Dora's body to the floor became steeper and steeper as her boobs gained ever more volume and floatation. Dora's legs had lost a lot of their pliability. She could no longer bend her knees to a right angle or kick them up more than a foot. *I'm really turning into a blowup doll now*, thought Dora. *My ass is humongous and my tits are just filling the room.*

Dora's butt was over three and a half feet wide. If she were flat and face down on the floor, it would've made a comfortable air cushion for two. It extended an absurd foot and a half behind Dora and stood improbably high and round and full below the small of Dora's back. Her thighs were massive, each a foot and a half thick and had several times the girth of Dora's spindly waist.

Dora's boobs were now so buoyant, it felt as though gravity was switching directions. Even her bottom seemed to be changing its mind. It started aiding Dora's boobs by giving her an upward push. First gentle, then more persistent. The balls of her feet bounced on the floor as her boobs and butt tugged up at them. Soon, she was angled almost straight up and her toes brushed the floor. Dora's boobs were vertical and Dora's face was lost in her own cleavage. All Dora could see when she looked ahead was the slate gray material over her ballooning boobs.

Dora began to feel a sensation over her massive breasts. It was the suit, reaching its limits, losing stretch.

She was on tiptoes like a ballerina; her body rotated lazily, left and right, on the whim of her monstrous floatations. Her toes lifted an inch from the floor, dropped, lifted again, a little higher, dropped. Lifted...

Dora's feet kicked the air as the floor fell below her.

Goddammit Dora, she thought as she rose. *Now look at you. You're as big as a whale and a human air balloon to boot. Way to go.*

She rose until the tube ran out of slack and she was tethered in the air by her navel, her cartoonishly shapely legs kicking the air helplessly

And still, her boobs grew, extending higher and higher. They approached five and a half feet in projection, her nipples surpassing the second floor landing. They were as big as couches and they bumped and brushed the wall, straining at

the suit, whose rich slate gray was diminishing over the zeppelins to be replaced by the near white of impossible stretch.

Her flesh expanded still, gobbling up the air in the tank, growing fuller and fatter and rounder and lighter. Dora felt the ceiling beckon her. The earth could no longer hold Dora down. Her teeth clenched as she felt the suit tighten around her blimping breasts, squeezing her pressurized nipples.

She tried getting her finger beneath her collar but it was impossible. The suit was sunk tight around her body, content to pour more and more air into her hips, thighs, butt and boobs, making her bigger, lighter, ever more a pair of great balloons. Dora wondered if it was possible to burst. Her ballooned bits looked taut but they still impressed with a poke.

Finally, the suit began to fight back in earnest. It had been filled to its limit and could no longer accommodate Dora's gargantuan party balloons. The material stretched and groaned. Along the flanks of Dora's boobs, it was bright white.

The pain grew. Dora flailed about. Now, she didn't even care that she was a huge, blown up balloon woman, an extension of her own air tits, she just wanted out of her rubber prison.

She clawed at the material, even tried biting it, but it wouldn't break. It closed, tighter and tighter around Dora's breasts, making her yelp. Sweat dripped down her forehead. Each breast had more volume than a queen-sized mattress and somehow the suit could still hold it all. It just wasn't fair!

Dora sank her head into her cleavage and screamed in fury. And then, something poked her in the forehead. She looked up. The cardstock chain. It was tangled up in a piece of Dora's wavy hair by a misbehaving brass fastener.

Dora thought of something. A long shot, but it was the only thing she could do now. Dora undid one of the brass fasteners, separating the HAPPY part of the chain from the rest. She pinched the brass fastener down, leaving a tiny edge of it extended from her fingers. She looked up at her titanic, zeppelin boobs. Dora held her breath and jabbed at the strained suit with the sharp edge of the fastener. Nothing. She jabbed again. Nothing.

"C'mon, c'mon," she cried, jabbing furiously. *"POP YOU SON OF A—*

POW

In the blink of an eye, the suit disappeared, the remains of her dress disappeared. Her untethered boobs shot upward like twin towers, giant, fleshy and exposed, gaining at least another foot in projection. But the suit hadn't only broken around her breasts. It was *completely* gone. Her shoulders, waist, thighs and blown up bottom were naked and free.

With a dull thud, Dora heard the suit land, steel piece first, in a rubbery heap on the floor. She was untethered, no longer inflating.

Dora rose heavenward by the insistence of her massive, airborne boobs, each the length of a small couch and with too much girth for Dora to wrap her arms around half of.

There was a strange whipping sound below. As she rose, Dora glanced down.

Without a connecting port, the tube was flailing about on the floor, all that hydrohelium reacting to the sudden, unprecedented exposure to so much oxygen.

Everything seemed to happen in slow motion. Dora watched below as the tube whipped and flailed...and in a flash, suddenly thickened and tore into pieces...

The words seemed to come out of Dora's mouth before she even knew what was coming.

"OH, SHI-

BOOM

The tank ruptured. The device blew apart into dozens of pieces.

Everything happened in an instant. The chair nearest the device toppled over and flew across the room. The glass coffee table shattered. The couch on the far side of the room lifted on one side and flipped backward on the axis of one leg. A framed picture tore through the air, spinning wildly. Two blades of the rotating ceiling fan snapped off, flew and hit the stairway. A vase smashed. A mantle ornament committed suicide over the ledge.

And Dora, bed-sized boobs and all, tossed and tumbled in the force of the blast. She was two, poor, giant dirigibles, helpless in a mighty storm. She careened sideways, boobs and all, into the wall above the door. Dora's buoyancy couldn't cancel out the tremendous momentum of the blast. Her right breast and rotund side hit the wall and she bounced back again, tossing in the air. In mid-flight, Dora was lifted over her epic, torpedo balloons. It was like a roller coaster as she reached the highest point, slowed, and turned, a hundred and eighty degrees in the air, her nipples sweeping out in a perfect arc. On her body's way down the other side of her boobs, Dora's feet brushed a toppled over chair.

But her momentum wasn't gone. She looked sideways as the staircase drew nearer. A tall cabinet next to the stairs was incoming at remarkable speed. Dora screamed, covered her face in her hands and prayed she wouldn't die.

"Ooof!!!"

Her boobs collided with the stairway railing, her bottom crashed into the cabinet with force, but no pain to speak of. The momentum of the blast was dying now, leaving only the intense chemical smell of hydrohelium in the room.

And, now in clear skies, with nothing to offset them, Dora's magnificent, airbourne breasts resumed course. Up and up she went. The floor fell beneath her flailing feet.

Dora hit the high ceiling, her boobs at a sideways angle thanks to the extra buoyancy of her ballooned bottom, which kept her from dangling straight down.

She shook in her dizzy head, swallowed down the nausea in her throat and gasped.

In the most awesome catastrophe Dora Disaster ever caused, she was unhurt.

Dora hung there for a minute, her mind reeling from panic, fear, terror, lightheadedness, utter disbelief. The cold skylight on her huge, naked, distended nipples, which were as long as wine bottles, shook her out of it. The room was suddenly dark, the skylights obscured by two enormous clouds, each seven feet long, five feet wide.

Then came the clicking of a key inside the front door below. Dora looked down and watched Hal step into the house and put his briefcase down against the wall. Hal looked across the toppled furniture, the cracked windows, the smashed coffee table, the pieces of knickknacks and the device, now a pile of destruction on the living room floor.

“Dora?!” Hal cried, looking around the dark room. And then, he looked up. The first thing his puzzled eyes saw was an enormous, beautifully round and buoyant, airbourne ass that spread across hips just inches shy of four feet wide. Dangling below that were thighs, each bigger around than an ordinary person. The ass was connected to a spindly, naked torso; you could trace the line of her back from the trim waist up to the mane of dark, wavy hair. Looking down over the figure’s shoulder was the face of his wife, silly, beautiful Dora.

His wife, a massive, four-foot cushion of ass and hip hanging from above by...*what on earth? What were those?* They crowded the whole upper half of the living room, blocking out most of the light!

Hal gasped in awe. His wife: ceiling-bound by the buoyant majesty of two fantastic, gargantuan, fleshy, nipples dirigibles. The most stunning birthday balloons ever.

Dora dangled from her angled zeppelins like a banner. Tangled in her hair by one stubborn brass fastener was an end of a cardstock letter chain. AY HAL, it said.

“Uh, Happy Birthday!” Dora called, sheepishly. Her cheeks were bright red.

“I...uh...made us dinner!”

Hal stammered in disbelief, unable to speak.

The hydrohelium in the air was dissipating, replaced by the warm, mouthwatering smell of potatoes and chicken and thyme in the oven.

“Please, help me down!”

“I-I...uh...” said Hal, dumbly.

“Hurry, Hal!”

“Uh, right! Right away!” said Hal. He went running to the garage for a coil of rope.

* * *

It was nearly three months before Dora could even touch the floor without being tied down. She spent her weeks tethered to various heavy objects: a cinderblock, a sofa, a bedframe, whatever they could find that would hold her safely. They bought an office chair, one without arms so her bottom could occupy it, to tie Dora to and anchor her down, so that it was easier to wheel her from one room to the next.

When she was seated at the couch, which was where Dora ate her meals, watched TV and used her laptop, it was necessary to keep Dora's boobs tied down lengthwise to the floor, separated enough to give Dora clearance to see forward in the chasm of her massive tits. This they accomplished with lots of rope and weights.

Getting Dora into various rooms was one of the biggest challenges. With both her and Hal's combined efforts, it was possible to stuff one giant breast, then the other, through most of the house's big doorways. Dora's hydrohelium boobs weren't taut and had enough squeeze make it into a three-foot opening. But it often wasn't worth the effort and Hal made many provisions for Dora to have the living room as her primary space.

When it came to taking a shower, which Dora sometimes found she couldn't do without, Hal would help Dora stuff herself into the bedroom. She would walk backwards into the bathroom and need Hal's help again, popping her round, gigantic ass through the doorframe. Dora's weightless boobs were easy to guide when they were at ground level and Hal would help crisscross them in the doorway, one tit above the other, and push as Dora pulled herself into the bathroom, backward into the shower. There was just enough room for Dora, tits and all, inside the room. The sound of water was faintly audible to Hal from behind a doorway, stuffed, bottom to top, with pneumatic titflesh and huge, puffy, mesmerizing head-sized nipples.

It was likely that Dora would've spent a few more weeks ceiling-bound and tethered to the floor, but her extended inactivity had not helped her keep off weight. Dora would find some time later that she had gained as much as thirty pounds, most of it, indeed, in her rear.

The whole time Dora spent as a floating, bobbling, enormous balloon girl, not once did she fall, stumble or hit a kitchen counter or wall with anything more than a soft bump. Perhaps it was not only for Hal's sake, then, that by the holidays, Dora, now mostly back to her original size, plus some pounds of booty meat, made an expensive but premeditated online purchase.

It was going to be a very merry Christmas.