

The Bellows

“Careful there, Sage!” my father yelled, “Don’t let tha’ fire die down!”

“I know!” I called back, flicking sweat away from my face. I pulled down on the massive lever, to the point where I could bend my torso over it and let my own weight push it down. The bellows heaved loudly, a torrent of air being forced through the narrow nozzle, our furnace roaring healthily inches front of my legs.

“Hah hah!” Dad grinned, “Now that’s more like it; keep at it, girl!”

I could barely hear him over the pounds his hammer made while striking the glowing metal in his hands, but I nodded back nonetheless. Already my dirty blonde hair was back to sticking over my brow and down my cheek, but I pressed on, making the bellows breathe like a great lung.

Each compression of the folded leather sent a rush of air into the fire, and for a moment it would rage, my kneecaps and shins itching from the heat. It was a necessary evil; the bellows had to be close to the furnace. Which meant that I spent most of my day literally slaving over an oven, the lever positioned across the top.

Everyday I would work on this massive contraption, nearly as long as I was tall. A great piece of leather was fit between two wooden panels, which when compressed would force air out a nozzle. My job was to push and pull a long wooden rod that extended over its front, linking to the end of its bottom panel on the back by way of a chain. With this I could pull down to lift the bottom of the bellows, deflating its load of air.

This was my life. It was relatively simple, I suppose, compared to other’s. We could have been in banking; that sounds like a nightmare. We could be running a stable! Thank goodness we weren’t; horses hate me. And I suppose the life of a beggar could be complicated. Or simple. Depends how you look at it, really.

But my family hadn’t been gifted by fate with any of those roles to play. Instead, we ran a blacksmith’s shop. Or I should say, Dad and I ran a blacksmith’s shop. Mom managed the small bakery attached to our house.

I know what you’re probably thinking, and the answer is no, the meat pies are terrible. Mom should really stick to sweets. They might not be so bad had I continued to work with her, instead of helping my father with his metallurgy. But I had taken a real shining to it around eight years old.

Of course now I found myself nearing two decades, often covered in soot and sweat, and without any suitors. Which made sense to me; how many women have you heard about that work as blacksmiths and are wed? I’ve never heard of any. Men would much prefer a tender, loving baker to share their bed with. They probably have much softer hands. Better for stroking and working with the man’s own iron, I figure.

I snickered at my sex joke, puffing out my cheeks in effort as I pushed the lever down again, working the paddle as best my petite body could manage. I stood in a darkened patch of floor, formed by my own salt and water.

“Once more into the blaze, Sage!”

I nodded, putting my best effort forward. Cinders floated out of the furnace when he opened the latch in front of me, thrusting the sword into its hellish inferno, turning it slowly in his hands. My muscles ached from a day of pumping and my chest heaving from fatigue. When I saw him pull the sword out, bright and glowing orange, I released my hold of the paddle, letting the contraption return to its resting state with a dry, crackling heave.

I rested my hands on my knees for a bit, panting from exhaustion while I listened to the hammer fall time and time again. Finally it stopped, a ringing left in my ears. My dad said the ringing would stop one day, but I wasn’t so sure that was a good thing.

He eyed the weapon, making sure it was straight before tossing it onto the pile with the others. “Good job today. Yer the best apprentice a blacksmith could ask for!” he laughed heartily clapping me on my back.

I laughed laboriously. “Better than playing with dough all day!” I was an only child in our family, and more often than not I was fairly certain that Dad thought of me as the son he never had, a position I was happy to fill.

“Come on, yer mother has probably got supper waiting.”

We took a moment to wash ourselves in a bucket of water, cleaning the dirt and grime from our arms and faces before entering our humble home. The air smelled rich with yeast and fresh baked goods, Mom setting out bowls of potato soup and fresh loaves around our table. It was a sight I had grown used to seeing, as well as a sight I had come to hold dear in my heart.

Mom looked up at us, scowling at my soot-ridden face, despite my wash. “Honestly, Bart! How are we supposed to marry her off if the men can’t see there’s a woman under all that dirt?”

“She’s doin’ just fine. She’s getting those hands nice and tough; no one will be messin’ around with her!” he laughed, biting into his bread.

Mom ignored him, turning to me. “Sage, you know you can come to work with me anytime... I could use some help; business is busy with pilgrimage season coming! You could come to dinner covered in flour rather than dust and bits of weapons for a change.”

I shook my head. “I like being out in the forge, it feels natural.”

“Plus she likes spending time with her ol’ man!” Dad added.

“Hush, you just like not having to pay an actual apprentice.” She sat down with us, beginning to eat.

I grabbed my spoon, quietly taking a mouthful of the soup. It was true that I enjoyed working in the forge. And I did enjoy being with my father as well. But there was another reason I loved the life of a blacksmith.

The bellows. The massive, expanding and contracting fold of hot air that fueled our fire and our business. The way its body seemed to fill to the the absolute limit just before I put all my weight on the paddle, the pressure making its sides taut and forcing all of its air out in a great *whoosh*. It was exciting! Erotic even, seeing the bellows being forced to their max size, as if in a test. Placing one's hand on its leathery side and pressing the lever could send shivers through your spine, the way the air swirling and pushed against its walls...

It had started as a small fascination when I was a child. I would watch Dad work them with one arm, the other holding a piece of metal in the flames. Its sounds were rhythmic to me back then, and they still are today. But now it calls to me in a different way.

On more than one occasion I had fantasized about what it could do to me. The sheer power and force that it exerted seemed like such a thing to experience. In recent years, or to be more exact, since my body went through the change and my breasts had bloomed into their pert palmfulls years ago, I had found myself longing to feel what those balloon-like bellows felt. I wanted to feel their pressures, feel their stresses and capacities.

What would happen if I put my mouth on the end?

This was a question I found in my head more and more as I worked with it, often daydreaming in the forge or while in bed late a night, alone with my thoughts and body. On the rare occasions when Dad would heat water for our baths and I could get that special alone time, I always thought about the bellows pumping air into me, squeezing my chest under the steaming water all the while. Sometimes, if I were thinking about it a lot, my hands would sometimes drift lower.

I knew of course that humans were not like the bellows. Our skin was not stretchy like the neck of a frog. We were not able to hold a large amount of air; only what our lungs would permit. But this did not stop me from wondering what would happen should I clamp my mouth over its nozzle and pull that lever down.

Would my cheeks puff out? Would I cough and sputter? Would I give myself a stomach ache and be forced into humiliation as I went to my mother for help? Or could something thrilling happen. Something *big, round, and bouncy*.

I wasn't the most well-endowed girl in the village. Far from it. Gretchen at the local tavern was the one who drew the men's eyes, her bosom bouncing and jiggling like two mounds of pudding. When I was covered in soot and in my tunic, I was nearly indistinguishable from a boy, my voice the only clear hint. My small chest rested below my clothes, unhelpful in attracting the opposite sex. I suppose it was for the best; for a blacksmith, an ample set of milkers like Gretchen's meant more places to get burned, and more places for hot pieces of metal to land on.

But still I wondered. If I knew that the bellows could bestow upon me its size, I would grasp it in my lips in a second. The thought of all that air...rushing into my body...mmmm...it was like a taboo secret desire. One that I could never share. But I felt I was always inching closer and closer to trying. Just once...

Wanting to suck on the end of a bellows wasn't exactly considered normal. As much as I wanted to try just a small bit, there was rarely a time where I was left alone at the hose. I had been designated the errand girl, always the one going out to buy food or supplies that we may need. And if my father was in the forge, I was usually as well. If he wasn't, he would question what I was doing there.

No, I had to wait for just the right opportunity. Most recently, I had decided that it was something I had to do. It was going to happen, but I couldn't rush it. It was only a matter of time before my parents would leave me alone for a time, and I would find myself in the forge, gripping the lever as my heart pounded.

You may be reading this, thinking me to be crazy. But I urge you to recall a time when your mind had become obsessed with something, how the very sight or thought of it could tingle your senses and almost put you in a trance, removing you from reality. Feeling the power of the bellows was something that seemed ingrained into my very being, and I had to do it.

And finally, I got my chance.

I was nearing my birthday, the first of my second decade. My urges had seemed to come to a peak, and working in the forge with my father had almost become a sinful experience, my loins aching with every pump of the bellows. I felt naughty, a moisture building under my clothes with him only feet away. I had begun to actually think of ways I could get my own, smaller bellows and possibly hide it somewhere. The drive to explore this urge was beginning to drive me mad, I knew.

But then the opportunity presented itself, like a glimmering gold shilling on a dirt path. It was when we had been around the dinner table, sharing a late meal in the dead of Autumn.

"Sage," Dad started suddenly, "I'll be needin' ya to watch the forge this weekend."

"Wha...What?" I asked, thinking I had possibly heard wrong.

Mom jumped in then, "Your father and I will be travelling this weekend. Many of the business owners in our village will be going to visit the king. Word has spread that he intends to raise taxes, and we all hope to sway his mind."

"Damn king, taxin' us as if we weren't already strugglin'..." Dad grunted, slurping his soup. "Doesn't help that the forge has been a bit slow, what with the lack of war."

"I would hardly call 'a lack of war' a bad thing, Bart..." Mom said patiently. She looked back to me, "But regardless, we shall be gone for nearly three days. Perhaps longer if he decides not to hear us out."

Already I could feel myself feeling giddy. This was the time. This was my chance. I would have ample opportunity to have the forge to myself! My mind was swimming, and I was slightly lightheaded as it continued to dawn on me. It was a struggle to act relaxed on the outside.

"Ok..." I said simply, hardly looking up.

My mother seemed to shift uneasily. "Can you handle this? I can stay here, if you would like; we can work the--"

"No!" I said a bit louder than I had meant to, "I can handle it."

“You’re sure? Sage, you could join us as well...”

“Gwen the girl will be fine!” Dad boomed, “She’s well into being a woman. You can watch the forge, aye?”

I grinned, my father’s confidence beaming on me. “Aye!”

It had been decided just like that. I could hardly sleep that night, even that day and the next I feared my nipples may become too obvious through my thin tunic, my excitement filling me with lust. It was a struggle for me to endure the wait, still having to work, pulling and pushing those inflated bellows everyday in the meantime.

But finally the day arrived. I bid farewell to my parents, seeing many other families departing as well. A light drizzle was falling from the sky, and a chill was setting in for the harvest. My heart was beating firmly against my breasts as I closed the door, looking around the empty house.

I was in that brief period of total freedom. I stood in the doorway, wondering what to do next. Of course I knew *exactly* what I was going to do. But after so long, so many years of wonder and daydreaming, and now the short distance to the forge the only thing keeping me from this lifelong desire, I found myself a bit scared.

I gulped, only the creaks of the house responding. I walked to the forge, my footfalls echoing loudly in my ears. My breasts tingled, and my crotch felt damp. I tapped a foot nervously, seeing the bellows before me. I swallowed again.

Nothing was stopping me. Nothing at all. But now it seemed so intimidating. I stood next to it, placing my hand against its leather. I felt incredibly foolish for what I was about to do. Even being alone, the sole person with any knowledge of what I was going to try, I was embarrassed. And what if all of my dreams didn’t live up to it? What if I left the shop disappointed, with only a sense of foolishness and my cheeks having been puffed out.

But what about the opposite. *What if it does something?* I could finally look like a woman, with a pair of breasts men would gawk over. Breasts that filled out my shirts, that moved and bounced when I walked.

My stomach growled. *Or what if something else happens...*

I shook my head. Eyes on the prize. I shivered, setting my actions in place. Lighting a fire, the forge a bit drafty in the wind and rain, I pulled the bellows away from the furnace, leaving them in the middle of the room. I found a worn milking stool, and sat it under the nozzle. Our workshop had suddenly taken on a very different vibe. I licked my lips, sitting at the stool, the nozzle inches from my mouth.

I breathed deeply. *If nothing happens, then nothing has changed... But if something does happen...*

I shut off my inner voice, and placed my lips around the nozzle without a second thought. It was cold and hard, my teeth threatening to hurt should I bite down. My ears pulsed with my heart, and I could feel sweat under my arms. That ache in my loins was back, and I knew today it

would be satisfied one way or another. My arm reached above my head, gripping the lever firmly.

I pulled down.

The very first thing to happen was my cheeks puffed out, and the lever caught resistance. I pulled again, feeling the pressure build against my mouth, a gentle pushing sensation against the back of my throat that built when I began trying harder to pull the lever.

“M-Mnng!” I squeaked, tiny bursts of air escaping from my lips. I clamped down tightly, the metal now warm against my lips and tongue.

I closed my eyes, and pulled with all my might on the paddle. I felt something pop in the back of my throat like a gate opening, and my eyes shot open in surprise when I felt the lever fall, air rushing through my mouth and into my body.

As the bellows compressed its air into me, I watched and waited with excitement. Nothing seemed to be happening, but all that air was going somewhere, it had to be! Then it happened. The bellows were nearly half empty when I felt it.

My chest was tingly, as if something were stirring or wriggling inside them. My nipples were as hard as I could ever remember, and I began to twist one with my free hand. It was then they I felt them jump forward.

It was like a handful of pressure had appeared under my skin, and my tiny mammaries suddenly plumped up to twice their size. They felt round and tight on my chest, resting high and firm like two halves of a large orange. My nipples were pleading for attention, as was my nethers.

I had stopped pulling on the lever from the surprise, and I drummed my fingers on my chest, small mounds pulling at my faded green tunic. They felt taut and full, firm resistance meeting my fingertips. I giggled, my head swirling as I began to realize the bellows were working. My confidence was building.

I pulled down again.

This time there was less resistance, the air flowing through me freely now. “M-Mmm!” I gasped, feeling my bust swell with air again. They puffed out, my skin stretching to give me the capacity I needed. I ran my hands over them, quivering when I felt their shapes suddenly rise from my ribcage and bulge out into larger hemispheres. I squeezed, feeling their size swallow my fingers some. I tried to look down, but I couldn’t tilt my head with my lips still clamped onto the nozzle.

I wanted more. No, I needed more. My tits deserved more. It surprised me how little I had grown compared to how much air had been in the bellows. My stomach gurgled seemingly in response. My body felt slightly pressurized, but I thought little of it. I released the lever, gazing at the swelling leather sides as it filled itself. I wanted to grin, but feared what might happen should I open my mouth.

I pulled, and this time my bust responded well. Air flowed into me, my curves billowing out rather quickly. My tunic pulled tight, any wrinkles smoothing out. I could feel my nipples

prodding into the rough fabric, two strawberry-sized bumps that throbbed when I ran my hands over them. My chest looked like a couple of melons, pulling the front of my clothes away from my body.

The room was starting to feel warm, the stool wet underneath me. My thighs squirmed, my hands busy. My eyes fluttered with pleasure when I explored their new curves. I couldn't believe how high and round they sat on my chest. They hardly sagged at all, their texture something light and bouncy. They truly were inflating, the bellows pumping me bigger and bigger. I felt like a balloon!

I pumped again, the rush of air like a small orgasm. The feeling of the air flowing into my breasts was like nothing I had ever felt or imagined, like a river of pressure that ebbed and flowed. My breasts would bloat big and round at the start of each pump, their forms relaxing a bit at the end as the pressure increase fell off.

With each pump my nipples seemed to engorged tighter, thickening fuller. I was well past Gretchen's size by now, my mammaries rivaling the size of my own head. My tunic was reaching its limit, and the fabric was causing them to be squeezed and pushed into odd shapes. They began to flatten out, their sides swelling wider than my slender waist and into my arms.

I could feel their tops brushing against my collarbones, bulging out of my neckline. It spurred me on, and I continued pumping with increased vigor. I wanted to test my limits, see how far the apparent magic of these bellows could take me. I ballooned, the fronts of my tits now swelling out from my body far enough that I could see them in my peripheral vision, my head still pointed straight.

"Mmmmmmm...." I groaned, adrift in ecstasy. My skin felt like it had no limits, but my clothes certainly did. Soft pops and creaks had begun to emanate around me, stitches bursting from my tunic. I felt a tear open along my side, cool air brushing against my exposed breast as it bloated into the open space. A hole popped into existence along my collar, my cleavage bulging and rising up to press against my neck. I giggled, feeling the air rush around against my skin. It tickled a bit!

Another rip appeared on my front, my eyes watching hungrily as it opened and spread along my cleavage. My skin had taken on a shiny quality, and the rounded shapes of my airy boobs greeted me happily. I couldn't believe how round and smooth they looked. The pressure was quickly building under my clothes, my bust fighting to be released and swell freely. I knew my shirt's time was close, its life now lived to the fullest.

I felt a nipple spring free from my shirt, the hole tearing across it. My areolas puffed out in the warming atmosphere, and my nipple felt like a the fist of a child in my palm, each of my breasts the size of my torso.

But then the tear quickly picked up speed, "M-Mmmmmmmmm!!!" I moaned in unison, feeling it finishing ripping clear down my shirt. My chest burst free from my tunic, the tatters hanging loose on either side of me. Two shiny globes of inflated, tightened flesh bobbed in front of me, bouncing off my knees. My hand was having a difficult time reaching my nipple now, my

arm not long enough to reach. Their tops pushed into my chin, my mouth and the bellow's nozzle beginning to be engulfed by my smooth cleavage.

The fire was roaring behind me, the rain pattering on the roof in a loud torrent. The inside of our forge was growing hotter and hotter, both from the furnace and my pleasure. The air being forced into me was warm now, and I could feel the heat swirling inside of me. The temperatures seemed to help my skin stretch, my palms and fingers sinking deeper into them now. I longed to be able to reach my nipples, their pink forms out of reach. How hard and puffy they felt... It was maddening.

My free hand slid into my pants, finding my moist pubes and dripping pussy. I slid in and out of it easily, the shakes and throws of pleasure it gave me making it difficult to maintain my grip on the nozzle. Soft moans were falling out of me, little squeals of excitement as lust blurred my vision.

The tops of my tits rose higher and higher around me, rising passed my eyes on either side of my head. I began to see an issue with my size, the lever colliding with their forms everytime I brought it down. After each pump, I found myself able to pull it less and less. My own tits had gotten so large and round that I couldn't pump the bellows to their full extent!

My mind was awash in heat. Sweat was pouring down my back, and my cleavage squeaked against itself, my skin tight and slick. They bounced around, light and airy like massive balloons. Soon I couldn't even compress the bellows half way, my mammaries bloated now to sizes that were nearly three feet across..

"*Gahhhh!*" I gasped, opening my mouth and releasing the nozzle. My head rolled back, my eyes closed as I panted and revelled in my incredible size. Everything I had ever wanted to come from the bellows have come true, everything I had ever hoped for. But I didn't want it to be done. My crotch ached and burned for more, and my fingers weren't enough.

I stood up, amazed at how my body actually felt lighter. My chest wobbled tightly, round and full on my front. Quickly I tied a rope to the lever, as well as grabbing a higher stool, replacing the one I had covered in my juices. I slipped my pants down my legs, rendering myself naked in our burning forge.

Sweat dripping from my brow, I leaned over the stool, resting myself on my tummy as I slowly slid myself backwards. "*A-A-AHH!!*" I gasped, feeling the nozzle slide hot and slick into my crotch. Finding a stable position on the stool, my breasts hanging off my front and my nipples pointing towards the floor, I grabbed the rope hanging over my back and pulled.

Hot air quickly rushed into my pussy, and I buried my head in my cleavage to scream out in pleased agony. I swear I felt it actually puff out a little before the air resumed its normal course and pumped into my breasts.

I started pulling on the rope with all my might, pump after pump filling me. My tits began to press into the cold floor, my weight making them bulge sideways. But I soon found the pressure inside of them to be greater than the force of my own body, my torso slowly rising

higher. My bust was gaining feet by the minute from the bellows, and I could feel the pressure becoming a force to be reckoned with.

My skin was becoming incredibly tight and refused to budge when I tried to massage myself. Pale veins were streaking their surfaces, my view now mostly belonging to my tits. Objects in the workshop began to press into them, and I heard racks of tools crash to the floor as I expanded into them. The confined room was quickly being overtaken by my boobs.

“Oooooohhh *THE PRESSURE!!!*” I cried out, an orgasm shooting through me as I marvelled in my absolute size. My pussy throbbed around the nozzle, air continuing to shoot through. “Bigger!! Make me bigger!!”

It was then that I felt my stomach leave the top of the stool, my chest big enough to support me on its own. The bench fell over, pushed aside by my curves. Still I continued to rise higher, my arm burning from the hundreds of pumps. But I wouldn’t let that deter me.

“MMMM!!!” I moaned, draping an arm over their tops. “S-So *tiiiiight!!* How has my skin stretched so much?! I should have tried this *years* ago!!”

My crotch was being angled up now along with my torso, the tops of my breasts pressing firmly into my stomach and legs. I felt the nozzle shift inside of me, and I quickly wrapped my thighs around it. “No, oh no no no no! Please, not yet...!” I begged, feeling my body’s grip on the bellows loosen. It was pressing firmly against my clit, making me shudder. Keeping it inside of me was becoming more and more of a challenge.

My skin started to shake, pressure pounding against my tits’ surface. The heat emanating from me was incredible. Again I rose higher, the nozzle sliding out halfway. “N-Not yet!!” I pleaded, my pussy aching from multiple orgasms. I was hungry for more, craving it like an addiction. “O-One...one more...pump!!” My mammaries groaned underneath me as I shook with effort, air pulsing and throbbing inside of me.

I pulled once more, my arm numb and limp from exhaustion. A burst of air was forced into me, and I cried out in surprise at how full I suddenly felt. “MMMmmmmmaaaaaahhhh!!!” I gasped. I opened my thighs and the nozzle popped free from my crotch, the angle from my supported body too great. An incredible, mind-hazing orgasm made my vision cloud while I embraced every ounce of hot air inside my body, swirling and flowing.

“I-I’m *FUUUULL!!*” I screamed, burying my face into my tits. My entire body tensed up, every muscle clenching from the rush of hormones and sensations gushing inside of me. I felt every inch of my being seem to stretch at once. Below my massive form my nipples engorged to twice their size, absolute pressure forcing them out into tight, puffy forms the size of milk pails. Around them my areolas plumped into massive pink platforms as big around as wagon wheels. My tits felt on the verge of their limit, their surface too tight to indent. I could feel the heat of the furnace, roaring only inches away from my skin. I collapsed, exhausted, onto the inflated pile of my chest.

The forge was silent save for my panting and the creaks emanating from my chest. I looked up, my face covered with damp hair. No sight I had ever seen could compare to the sight

of my tits filling our workshop. I hadn't even crossed my mind to think about the dozens of sharpened weapons all around me. I didn't care. Everything I had ever wanted had been fulfilled.

"I...I really should have..." I panted, tired, "Really should have made sure I could...let all this air out...before I made myself so *big*..." I moaned before giggling. "I...I feel like I could pop if I breathe too deep!"

I was immobile on top of them, only able to lay across my bust naked and more satisfied than any woman ever had been in our village. It was around this time though I truly began to comprehend the situation I had put myself in. I was helpless, with breasts as tall as a mule. But it wasn't for at least an hour or two before I actually felt like finding a way to get help. The feeling was enough to lose yourself in, the sensation of your body be so massive that it was all around you.

That night, as I had begun to compleplate screaming for help, I heard a knock at our door.

"It's open!!" I yelled loudly.

Someone entered our bakery. "Hello? I'm looking for some unleavened bread. I'm going on a trip..."

My mind fluttered. It was one of the local men, I recognized his voice. He often fawned over Gretchen, but I had a feeling that was about to change. "I'm in here! I could use a hand..." I yelled from the forge.

I heard his heavy footsteps approach, followed by the silence of speechless surprise as he stepped into our forge. I looked behind me, smiling at his awestruck face while I wondered what would come next. But that's a story for another time....