

The bar was loud. Very loud. Way too loud for Leah's ears.

Across the large sports bar, several patrons discussed with one another. Some discussed politics. Others discussed their marriages. Others still just simply yelled slurs and swears alike at the jumbotrons displaying various games of football, soccer, and not much else. To them, nobody could possibly be stupider than the players of either team, depending on who you followed.

Of course, nobody was stupider to Leah than her new co-worker Tammy. The same Tammy who *still wasn't here*, despite it being almost an hour into her shift. Leah sighed as she worked silently, offering friendly smiles to bar goers who bothered to notice her existence. In a lot of ways Leah didn't really mind that much; it took a lot to get under her skin and even in situations like this, Leah found herself gently humming under her breath. Besides, she had too much to look forward to tonight anyway to get mad at anything.

Leah was a fairly pretty woman, a fact that was agreed on by all who set their sights on her. She had a confident, elegant way of holding herself; her eyes had heavy lids, and the way her sharp chin stuck out only a little bit gave her an incredibly refined air about her. In a lot of ways, Leah looked generally overqualified to be a simple hostess. Looking more like she should be out breaking a rich man's heart. Only locals who frequented her workplace really understood why she bothered to stay in such a loud and chaotic job.

She poured another drink and heard the heavy door shut behind her. Leah put down the drink and passed it to an eager hand before heading around the dividing wall to the back room.

"So so so sorry I'm late! My alarm didn't go off, and I couldn't get this uniform to fit very well..."

Leah looked at Tammy, the new hire-on. Two things stuck out about the new redhead immediately. First off, she was not very tall at all. If Leah had to guess, four foot 10... no, maybe even 4 foot 8. Leah almost wondered how well she'd see over the counter, and did a quick calculation in her head to determine that she could, albeit barely.

The other thing was that Tammy undeniably had it *going on*. The young woman did her best to smooth out her button up shirt, but her very large chest created a shelf out in front of her. She bounced from one foot to another foot, unconsciously swaying her wide hips held tight in her black pants. Leah pursed her lips, smiling a little bit at this.

Tammy shook her messy, curly hair, trying to pull some of the persistent curls back out of her face. "Sorry, sorry again! I know this is my first day, and coming in late on the first day is such a bad first impression..."

Leah smiled at her, shaking her head. "Don't worry about it, it's just good to have you finally here."

Tammy returned the grin. "Okay, okay, thank god!" She fiddled with a rather strained button on her shirt. "So, are there any other spare uniforms here? Cause' this one's a little... tight..."

Leah shrugged. "We'll order you one after tonight, I didn't know your size, sorry!" She put her hand on her hip. "You know the job, yeah?"

"Yeah, don't worry! I've worked a bartender job before! Pour some drinks, say hi to people, small talk!" She laughs. "I've got a whole list of topics I can talk about, and I'm ready to try and hopefully make a few friends!"

Leah couldn't help but a small laugh. "Oh, you're going to be popular around here!"

The two returned to the front, Tammy taking lead on the drinks from this point on. She was largely a natural, easily drifting from customer to customer.

“Oh, I think that’s very, very dumb ha ha! They can’t really think that’ll work?”

“Sounds to me like she’s being a *little* unreasonable! Just a little bit.”

“Oh, what was that *throw?! C’mom!*”

All followed by a drink being poured or an order being taken. Leah had to admit she was impressed. The girl was more than a natural; she was *probably* better than Leah at the job. The way she bounced from patron to patron with a friendly smile was incredibly endearing to pretty much everyone who saw her.

A patron slid a five dollar bill Tammy’s way. “Oh, thank you so much! Much appreciated~!” Tammy slipped the bill into her pocket. As she did, she felt Leah walk up behind her, and the girl turned to face her. “What’s up? Am... am I not allowed to accept tips directly, or something?”

“No, no, of course not! It’s just we have a sort of rule here at this place regarding tips, is all.”

Tammy cocked her head in confusion. “A rule?”

“Yeah, hold on.” Leah reached beneath the bar and dug about for a second. Tammy looked down, leaning over her to watch with curiosity. Her coworker fished out a metal case and wasted no time opening it. Inside, was a hand-held bike pump. It looked more like roadside assistance equipment, used for reinflating small tires. Tammy’s flighty mind wandered to wondering about the practicality of carrying it vs. a spare tire on a long biking trip. Not that she biked. The shorts usually didn’t fit her.

“Okay, here we go~!” Leah sang it like a jingle and crouched down so her head was level with Tammy’s belly. With surprisingly practiced movements, she shoved the end of the cold hose into the redheads belly button.

“Whoa!?” The chill of the metal broke her from her reverie. “W-what are you doing?”

“It’s the tradition around here.” She took the pump in both hands. Behind Tammy, the patron who slipped her the fiver was grinning softly. “Five bucks, five pumps. Don’t worry, I’ll be quick.”

“W-wait, Leah, what’s gonna happen-”

Leah’s hand went down in a rush, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 times. A hissing noise sounded out each time, far too loud in Tammy’s ears. With each pump, her body responded.

Like some kind of a blow up doll, Tammy expanded. Her belly, previously comfortably hidden by her admittedly tight shirt, suddenly began to round out. Every pump caused a noticeable reaction from every pump, blowing her up to a puffy paunch now shown off without recourse. She blew up not with fat; it resembled more as if she was pregnant, her stomach’s curvature being a perfectly stable angle. Tammy’s already large and impressive bust swelled only slightly in her shirt, with the main change being a sudden buoyancy and bounciness suddenly appearing.

Tammy was silent, holding her arms out as she looked down at the sudden round belly she was in possession of. Her hands in a silent wonder drifted south and patted her newfound roundness. Small, echoing reverberations rang out as she drummed her fingers on her circumference. “W-what the...? Did you just... just *blow me up?*”

“Like a balloon, yeah!” Leah smiled, setting the pump down on the counter. “It’s a sort of gimmick we have. For every dollar in tips, one pump of air. Easy!”

Tammy gave her belly a soft rub. “That’s a bit unexpected, not gonna lie.”

She jostled herself, bopping a little from foot to foot. Despite her new size, she felt lighter... which she guessed made sense if she was filled with air. It didn’t feel bad. It actually felt kind of *good*. A sort of pleasant pressure that spread throughout most of her torso, mostly in her belly at the moment. Tammy patted her bust, marveling at the bouncy response. It wasn’t the worst thing in the world, far from it. “Okay. Okay! I... can work with this! As long as I get deflated after, yeah?”

“Oh I promise you’ll be flat before the end of your shift.” Leah smiled.

“Thanks!” Tammy bounced her way back to the bar. She leaned in, only to be met with her belly pressing against the top of it. The pressure against her made her gasp a little in surprise, before readjusting her position. One hand on belly, another on the bar, she returned to the patrons that waited. “Ooo, sorry about the wait! Had to take care of something!”

Leah watched her return to the counter, watching her return into her groove. Her eyes, still lidded and focused, watched the bubbly bubble of a girl move through the bar scene. That belly bumping into glasses and nozzles for beer, bending and moving in ways that more reminded her of a latex balloon. Her eyes fell to her behind... now *that* could use a bit of air.

Tammy smiled as she served drinks about, taking the occasional tip as she worked. Every time she dropped a single or two as she did, it would only take a few seconds for the equivalent pump to go off. Her body didn’t swell that much per pump, but as it went on, the centimeters would begin to add up over time. She called out over to Leah as she gently patted her swelling rear, biting her lip. “Hey, uh, Leah?”

Her coworker stowed the pump on the end of the bar. “Yes?”

“Is this going to go on *all* night?”

Leah nodded. “Well, only as long as your shift. You can get a break in about an hour if you need to it to go and readjust, if you need it?”

Tammy breathed a little bit of sigh of relief. The swollen feeling inside her wasn’t exactly uncomfortable, but it did feel very odd for her. It might be too much for her given a bit more air, but for now it’ll probably be fine. She turned her attention back to the bar.

A patron whistled, and Tammy looked at them. “What you need?”

“Here you go, ma’am.” The scraggly-bearded man passed her a ten.

Tammy took the bill with a slightly hesitant smile. “Oh... thank you!” She took a breath and waited for the air to come on.

A sudden puff of air shot into her before she got the chance to even prepare herself. She grunted quietly, her whole body recoiling as the air shoved its way forcefully inside her. The expanse of her belly increased once more as the air found its footing. It no longer looked much like she was pregnant anymore, more as if a yoga ball was in the place of the girl’s stomach. It gleamed like one too in the bar’s light.

The tightness in her pants grew ever larger. She gently laid her hands on her ass, feeling it swelling as the puffs of air shot into her. She grimaced, blushing, as her rear forced her black slacks to move from decently tight into painted on in only a few seconds.

Something pinged against the bar, and she realized that her top button had flown off of her billowing chest and into the bar. She felt her face grow red as her body grew and grew, each pump making her recoil from the sheer power of each. After ten pumps, it stopped.

Tammy looked over her shoulder to see Leah holding the pump. "Hey, uh, what about you? Aren't you going to be inflated a bit?"

Leah put down the pump back on the table. "Oh, only one server can be inflated at a time. It's to make sure we don't get swamped with orders, you know?"

Tammy patted her ass, blushing. "Oh, that makes sense, doesn't it? So I guess it's my turn."

Leah couldn't keep herself from giggling. "Don't worry, tomorrow I'll take point."

"Okay, that sounds fine! Thanks." She was cut off by someone from the other end of the bar calling out for a drink. "One sec!"

Without a second thought, the balloon girl waddled back to the bar, doing her best to serve the customers, even with her bloated body getting in her way. Her belly kept pushing against the bar, bulging around its contours in a way that caused her shiny, latex skin to become all the more apparent in the light. Tammy tried to smile and laugh at the whole affair, but her cheerful demeanor began to show some mild cracks as her balloon body lightly bobbed with her slight movements.

As she walked she kept hearing noises from the crowd of patrons as Leah served them. Beer was poured, people chatted up, and tips were collected. As Tammy moved, she gasped and cooed as the periodic puff of air appeared down the hose and deep into her. It looks like Leah's tips counted for her as well.. Coupled with the tips for her that were starting to pile up, Tammy was starting to feel a little bit of the pressure. She did her best to try and move with not exactly a grace, but with as much dexterity her growing body would allow.

Her balance shifted from leg to leg as she bumped her way around behind the bar. Glasses and nozzles for beer constantly pressed against her rear and thighs as she swayed around the bar. She felt her face grow red as a nozzle settled on her ass... she wasn't expecting how sensitive her body was becoming with the air inside her. It was a bit more than she was expecting. Not that she was expecting to be blown up like a blimp today for her job, that was new.

"Aaand here you go." Tammy slid the beer towards the patron. She bunched her shoulders together a little bit, showing off her newfound pneumatic cleavage. The patron, an overweight woman with a friendly smile, held up a bill in response. "Oh, I couldn't!" Tammy smiled nervously, her hands resting on her belly. It was about the size of a yoga ball already, bunching her shirt up around her chest. She drummed her fingers restlessly, feeling the reverberations travel through her hollow body. It felt good in a way that was unexpected to her, the tightness of her clothes, the pressure across her entire body-

She was broken by her reverie once more by Leah grabbing the bill from the woman. "She'd love this, thank you~"

Tammy blinked. "W-wait, hold on!"

The hiss of the air pump going up and down once again was a thunderclap in Tammy's ears. Every pump forced her body to grow against her will, loud creaks and groans echoing out as her body grew. Her belly swelled more and more, bulging against her pants, her shirt, and the bartable in front of her. Tammy felt herself being pushed away from the bar by the force of

her belly, pushing her more against the wall. There were the sounds of seams splitting down her thighs, and swathes of her gleaming, bulging skin shone like rubber from between them. The skin of her cheeks, already red, began to turn more and more crimson as every pump made her swell more and more.

The buttons on her shirt shot away like bullets over the heads of the patrons as her bust ballooned out. Tammy had to tilt her head back as her chin threatened to be held within her own cleavage. Even though the redhead had started out very short, almost too short to see over the bar itself, she was now far taller. Almost a foot, if not two feet, taller. But this was not due to her growing height, but rather, the sheer round circumference of her body as she was blown up.

“How much money was that?!” Tammy whined as Leah continued to pump and pump the poor balloon up.

“Almost done!” Leah called up to her in response.

Tammy only managed a squeak in response. Her clothes were getting very, very tight now, and any modesty she once held, as little as it was, was far removed. Only one last button, god’s strongest soldier, held onto her overtaxed shirt. Her bra, now easily in view, held on steadfastly. Down below, her pants were ragged black strips that wrapped around her bulging thighs. Her bright pink panties were gripping her freckled ass, the titanic mass of it, in a greedy grip.

As the pumping began to slow, Tammy felt even her arms start to puff up just a little bit. Not enough that she couldn’t bend them, but enough to limit her movements just a little bit. Pressure from both at her front and her back was brought to her attention. She’d been wedged between the bar and the back wall; a helpless balloon.

Tammy’s face was bright red from both embarrassment, and arousal. Ignoring the fact that her bloated, round body was now being put on display for the entire bar (an event that now had almost everyone’s attention), it just felt damn good. The pressure throughout her entire body was such a pleasant sensation, like millions of tiny hands that pushed inside and out of her. Like a massage from the inside out... it made her blush and squeak very quietly. As quiet as she could manage, at least.

She looked down onto the crowd and grimaced as she met the gaze of almost the entire bar looking at her as though she was a show. Which she realized that she kind of was at this point. Tammy gave a nervous smile, patting her chest sheepishly. “This is an o-odd system here, huh?”

There was a sudden feeling as she felt the hose being yanked from her belly button. “Ooo!” She gasped, looking to her left to see Leah holding the hose. Tammy smiled, relieved. “Oh, okay! So, this must be the max size allowed, yeah?”

Leah shook her head. “No, no. You can get a lot bigger than this.”

“I... I can?”

“Mmmhmm.” Leah walked around back, walking too close, too close for her to crane her neck around to look at her. “That will of course depend on how many more tips you get.”

“H-hey, so, about that reprieve, can I take it a little early- *EEP?!?*”

Tammy squealed as she felt Leah press herself between the back wall and Tammy’s ass. There was a downright cacophony of rubber squeaks and creaks as the girl wedged herself behind the balloon. “What are you doing!?”

“Readjusting where the hose goes. If it’s too pressed between you and the bar, no air will be able to get through.”

“What do you mean? W-where are you going to *PUT IT?!?*”

The familiar, cold sensation of the nozzle entering her reappeared. But instead of it appearing at her belly button, she felt the metal forcing its way into her backside instead, right past her underwear. She shuddered as she squealed, trying her best to crane her neck to look and see the hose sticking out of her rear. “Why?!”

“It’ll be more secure here... oh look, more tips~”

“H-hold on, no more!” Tammy cried out, holding her belly and bust gingerly. She watched as Leah walked to her side and reached across the bar, taking the large bill from the crowd. Tammy gulped as she saw several patrons one after another take out their wallets.

The pumps came then, a never ending stream of them. Each one thundered into her, forcing with both gentle and firm hands her body even bigger. Every single pump of air thrust into her felt more and more intense with how big her body grew. 6 ft... 7 ft... 8 ft and more, she grew taller and taller. Her body became more and more rounded with each second of inflation, and her belly bulged into the bar. Over time, she took up the precious space allotted by the bar, her body growing wider as she was stretched further.

Her beach ball sized breasts finally proved too much for her top. Like twin salutes, her last steadfast button burst away, followed quickly by her bra snapping away. Tammy felt her face grow bright red as she began stammering, trying vainly to cover her newly uncovered chest. She tried to bend her arms to reach forwards and give herself some modesty, but found that she was stopped on two fronts. Her arms had begun to swell even more, growing harder and harder to bend at all. But that didn’t even matter, as even if her arms obeyed her, she wouldn’t have been able to reach her nipples anyway. She resorted to what she could do, even if that amounted to little more than wriggling and squeaking pitifully.

Her ass grew wider alongside her, the air inside her expanding it with the same greed it showed her belly and bust. The redhead’s pink underwear was barely even visible at this point, being eaten whole cloth by the sheer expanse of her rear. All her exposed skin of her bust, belly, and rear gleamed like she was made of rubber. Tammy felt less like a woman and more like a balloon as more air was forced into her. Over the din of the crowd, she thought she heard the sound of creaking rubber... but must have been her wandering mind once again.

Her mind was wandering like *crazy* right now. The pressure gathered in her in the loveliest of places, forcing its way into every inch of her much expanded form. Her breath was starting to come out in breathy gasps, her mouth always open from panting. Every pump was felt thoroughly, as though it was a giant being puffing air directly through, like warm breath. The bigger the balloon she became, the *fuller* a balloon she became, the more the pleasure threatened to bowl her over.

And there, at her side, taking in the money and working the pump with a fervor, was Leah. She was grinning wildly, working the pump with sheer glee. The gleaming, expanding wall that was Tammy was her only focus, and she had to keep herself from almost licking her lips in desire. A balloon, a perfect, giant balloon... All she needed was more air. Endless air. Leah wondered if Tammy was enjoying it as much as she was. After only a few pumps, she decided that had to be impossible. Nobody could possibly enjoy this as much as her.

Tammy moaned now. The bar was constricting her like a vice, and it moved from being pleasurable to uncomfortable. She longed for some freedom, some movement, anything other than an endless mounting pressure. Tammy moaned again as she felt something against her belly. Someone had touched her, rubbed her growing belly. It had felt divine, the only relief to the omnipresent pressure she was feeling. She wanted to beg for more, but she couldn't. It was as if she didn't know how, she couldn't find her voice behind the pressure and power of the air.

The creaking wasn't her imagination. Tammy heard it, and Leah heard it. The whole bar could hear it.

"I-I-I'm full!" Tammy whimpered, wriggling her fingers and toes, the best she could do. "N-No more..."

Every pump made her moan softly, gasping as the pressure somehow found a way to increase ever more. Her body felt so tight, constrained by both the bar and by the air trying to find a way out of her. Tammy was no longer a bartender, she was only a balloon now. A giant, helpless, and oh so fragile balloon. Another pump, another gasp, another creak.

Leah herself whimpered as she pumped. She had no idea how many tips had piled up. It didn't matter. All that mattered was Tammy and the pump. The girl had to get bigger *now*. As much as could take, no matter what.

Tammy looked up and saw the ceiling approaching. She had to be almost 10 ft tall now, and just as wide. The entire back wall was just Tammy now, just a sheer wall of pale rubber flesh. Her body trembled and shook with the pressure inside, and she could feel the air trying to find ways to escape her. She gasped loudly, whimpering and squealing, as air shot from her nipples in bursts.

The creaking was growing louder. Far louder. She couldn't even look down at the patrons or Leah, her giant chest covered her view. "S-stop! I'm... I'm too big! P-P-Please!"

Leah moaned softly herself. She was so close, so utterly close. Tammy's body turned transparent, letting the bar get a clear view of the glasses and nozzles behind her. She whimpered loudly as she trembled.

"I...I feel like I'm gonna explode!"

Leah moaned loudly, nakedly, openly. She worked the pump as hard as she could, every pump requiring a herculean effort. Every square inch of Maddy resisted the air, as any more threatened to blow her to pieces.

Tammy trembled, shook. It was too much. Her eyes were clenched shut in sheer determination, trying as hard as she could to stay together.

Leah gasped under her breath as she put the pump on the ground, pushing down on it with both hands. She needed this more than anything she ever needed.

The giant, wavering, transparent balloon shook. Tammy gasped as the air shot into her. "Wait! I'll po-!"

**BANG**

Tammy blew apart like a blimp. In a flash, the redhead was blasted to billions of pieces, each a tiny pale rubbery scrap that flew across the entire bar. Thick clouds of her scraps swirled in the air before dispersing just as quickly as they appeared, gathering in light layers on the floor, bar, and patrons alike.

Said patrons cheered at the spectacle as yet another cute bartender was blasted apart like a balloon. Some high fived each other. Others pocketed some of the scraps. Other toasted on another.

Leah, for her part, sat behind the bar, her ears ringing. She sighed and shuddered in utter contentment. Tammy's comically overstretched panties lay on her lap, and she gently took them. The remaining bartender made a mental note to search for her hair before any of the patrons took it. She'd want it to keep.

She closed her eyes and smiled widely to herself, replaying Tammy's explosion in her head.

She loved her job.