

Colleen smirked as she turned the corner, walking up to Blitz. This was going to be fantastic.

“Oh Blitz!” she exclaimed as she approached him. “I’ve just come to notice how strong and rugged and handsome you are. . . I just want to kiss you! May I?”

Blitz turned toward her with a raised eyebrow—was he onto her? “Why the sudden interest?” he asked, sounding suspicious. “Most of the time, you don’t even know my name.”

“Well, I certainly know it now, handsome,” Colleen purred, flirting like a pro. “So may I kiss you.”

The Doberman thought for a moment. Then, he shrugged, and a smile crossed his face. “I don’t see why not.”

“Oh, thank you, Blitz!” Colleen said, smiling. She had successfully lured him in—now to finish the trap.

Blitz leaned down and the two of them made mouth to mouth contact, a deep kiss. Now it was time for Colleen to begin.

As the two of them smooched, Blitz suddenly felt warm air being blown into his mouth. /What the heck?/ he thought, confused. /Is Colleen doing that?/ As more air was blown into him, he realized she was, and tried to let go of her—but her grip was tight, and so he was helpless to resist as more and more warm air was blown into his mouth.

Air slowly came into his mouth, and his face began to inflate, puffing outwards as more and more air flowed inside of it. His cheeks filled up bit by bit, and soon, they were completely bulging from the sides of his face, bigger than he thought they could ever get! But this was just the start of the inflation. . .

Once all the air had filled up Blitz’s face, it traveled down his esophagus, where it began to bulge out his throat as well. The bulge there started out small, perhaps the size of a grape, but it quickly increased in size, until it was double that size, then as big as a apple, then as big as a cantaloupe, then as big as a watermelon! When it was finally done swelling up, the Doberman’s throat bulge was absolutely huge, and taut with air. His neck swelled up to a large size, becoming bigger and more full of oxygen, until it was finally tight and firm underneath his face, and he couldn’t swivel his head at all! All the while, Colleen kept blowing air inside of his mouth. . .

Then, the air traveled down Blitz’s throat and moved on to his shoulders. There, the air tightened up the area above his arms, and then moved onto his arms themselves. The oxygen slowly traveled down their lengths, going first to the Doberman’s upper arms, then to his forearms. He could feel them both swell up and up, further and further, getting more full of air at his sides! Until, finally, both arms were so completely full of air that he couldn’t even move them anymore: they were both tight and taut and firm, completely swollen and frozen next to his hips. The air didn’t stop there, however: it

went down to Blitz's fingers next, pouring into his pawed hands. He could feel his fingers swell up and up, and the next thing he knew, he couldn't move /them/ either! This whole thing was turning into a real mess. . .

The Doberman put his focus back on releasing himself from Colleen's grip—if he could just do that, there's be no more air flowing in, and he wouldn't have to worry about this anymore! He put all his effort into wrenching himself out of her kissy hold . . . but no matter how hard he tried to get himself out, the collie's grip proved to be tighter and firmer than his resistance to it. Every time he tried to pull himself out, Colleen would just solidify her kiss on him and keep blowing. He was truly trapped in this situation. . .

And so Blitz was helpless as more and more air flowed inside of him, filling him up and trickling further down his body. He could feel the oxygen traveling further down his esophagus, and the next thing he knew, it had finally reached his stomach. Air slowly trickled inside of his belly, bit by bit. His empty gut let out a hungry, longing grumble as air started to trickle inside, and he could feel his belly bulging outwards. . .

His stomach started out normal and flat, nothing to worry about. But as more air poured inside of it, he could feel his gut starting to bulge out, more and more, as oxygen started to fill up and then overflow the small space. First, his stomach looked a little larger, like perhaps he had overeaten just a little bit over dinner. But then, his gut grew bigger and bigger, until that amount he had overeaten was a little ridiculous. Then his stomach continued to expand, making it looked like Blitz had /really/ overindulged! The bulge in his belly was absolutely enormous now, a gigantic expansion that couldn't be matched, and his suit broke with a /riiip!/ as his stomach increased in size.

And as his belly grew, Blitz felt himself starting to float off of the ground. Glancing down in surprise, he saw his feet were starting to leave the ground and go into the air, thanks to his enormous, inflated gut! He tried to get himself back onto the floor, but couldn't and so the Doberman was left to float in midair, as Colleen continued to "kiss" him.

The air kept traveling, and it went down to Blitz's legs. He could feel the oxygen slowly going down his thighs, trickling inside and filling up any empty spaces down there. Then it went into his calves, tightening them up as well and making them huge. His legs expanded more and more as air filled them up, until, finally, they were as taut and tight as his arms, and just as unable to move. Then the air trickled down into his feet, swelling up his bridge and toes more and more, until those were both frozen. Finally, air went down into the Doberman's butt, inflating it until it, too, was huge.

One more finishing touch, and the inflation was finished. The air flowed into Blitz's back, pushing it outwards and rounding out the other side of him. It kept going and going until, finally, the Doberman was a big blimp of a person, rounded out by the inflation on all sides.

Finally, it was done, and Colleen released him. Blitz was much improved from before, in her humble opinion, and she giggled.

“What’s the big idea, Colleen?” Blitz asked angrily, floating around the room. “I thought you wanted to kiss me!”

“Ah, but I did,” she teased.

“You inflated me!”

“Well, I left out the puff kiss part of the equation because it’s April Fools Day,” she replied. “So, April Fools~!”

She reached out and tickled Blitz’s exposed belly, the part that was now revealed thanks to his torn suit. The Doberman giggled at the contact, then started laughing. This caused air to shoot out of his mouth, resulting in Blitz taking off like a rocket and flying backwards. Colleen was laughing now, as the poor dog was bouncing from wall to wall as he flew around the room—though she also noticed he was deflating.

Blitz was helpless as he was bouncing around the room, but then, he bounced at just the right angle to where he was soaring straight at Colleen! He opened his maw, and made mouth to mouth contact with her as they collided.

Now it was her turn to inflate. Ha!

Colleen let out an, “Eep!” of surprise as Blitz collided with her. She immediately realized what he was going to do, and tried to pry her mouth out of his. But the Doberman’s grip was firm—and he was determined to get revenge.

He puffed air into Colleen, and felt his back shrinking down in size. At the same time, the collie’s mouth filled with oxygen, so much so that her cheeks puffed out—first by a small amount, but they quickly grew huge until they were completely swollen. They bulged from the sides of her mouth, absolutely huge, but this was just the beginning.

Next, air traveled down Colleen’s esophagus and into her throat, making a big bulge in that area as well. The throat bulge grew quickly: it started out at the size of a marble, but that didn’t last very long—soon, it was as big as a baseball and still growing. By the time the bulge had finished its growth in her throat, it was the size of a basketball!

Meanwhile, Blitz’s back had completely flattened out, and he could feel his legs losing air as well. It didn’t take long for him to be able to move his toes again, thankfully, and then he could move his legs! This certainly was an improvement.

Air poured quickly into Colleen: it entered her arms and made them taut and tight, so much so that she could no longer move them. Then the air flowed down to her fingers, filling them up and rendering them immovable. At the same time, Blitz's belly decreased in size, flattening more and more until it had returned to normal. As a result, the Doberman landed back on the ground, back to earth.

Air entered Colleen's stomach and slowly began to puff it out. First she looked slightly bigger than normal; then she looked pregnant; then her belly became so big it was hard to tell what she was anymore. By the time it was done, her belly was absolutely enormous, and the collie could feel herself floating off of the ground.

Meanwhile, Blitz's arms shrunk down and became normal again—he could move his fingers! And a moment later, he could move his arms! That was a relief.

Colleen's legs filled up with air, rendering them taut and tight, and her toes became inflated too. Then her back blew up, making her a blimp—at the same time, the Doberman blew the last of the air out of him, then let go of Colleen.

Blitz was now back to his normal size, and he smirked as he looked up at the inflated collie. "That should teach you," he said triumphantly. "Looks like your April's Fools Day joke backfired. At least now I get a prize: a pretty she dog balloon!"

Colleen groaned as she floated in the air. Even she knew it was time to admit defeat. So she sighed and let herself go around the room, a helpless balloon.

But she would find a way to get Blitz back. . .