

Okay, Charlie. I need you to slow down and think this through. Do you really think this is the best way to advertise the hotel?" Vaggie had a bit of trepidation in her voice.

Charlie had been doing nothing but studying marketing ads for the past few days, one specifically from cartoons. With the hotel being in such dire straits, she had been eager to try and bolster the number of guests in any way possible. Sinners had been leaving in droves since the whole smear campaign from Vox and Charlie had been spiraling hard.

"Of course I'm sure. Did you see how big that cat got? She got so big that people saw her for miles, and it saved the dealership!" Charlie was skipping in place, bouncing up and down on her heels.

"Fine, hun. Just, I don't know. Pull me down before anything crazy happens." Vaggie gave Charlie a smile of acceptance.

"Perfect, just stay right there." Charlie was off like a flash, bolting back into the hotel.

Vaggie took the time to breathe in the horrid surroundings, standing at the edge of the grounds and looking down at the Pride Ring. Vaggie was never meant for the hells; the only person that made her feel like she belonged was Charlie. Angelic gray skin stood stark against the bright colors of the sinners around her. Feathered, white hair that came down past knees and a large red eye made her stick out like a sore thumb. She only had the one, as the other was missing. removed in her fall and covered with a red X of a patch. She was more legs than anything, generous hips that tapered into spindly legs with needle heels. To the ignorant, she was just some weird demon, but others knew her angelic heritage.

Charlie's mercy is what brought her in, but she stuck around for her boundless enthusiasm and naivety. She could be a bit much at times, and if she got an idea in her head, it was hard to push her away from that path. Which is why Vaggie didn't fight too hard against this current plan. The worst that would happen is Vaggie would get a little bit of bloat, and Charlie would realize that Vaggie wasn't going to turn into a huge blimp.

smash

Charlie burst through the hotel doors, carrying a very heavy-looking hose that trailed back into the apartment. Sporting a large silver nozzle, it looked closer to a python than it did a hose. Vaggie's eyes widened as Charlie got closer, an excited smile plastered across her powder face. Yellow eyes glowing in the red cloudscape around them, the closer she got, the more intimidating that hose seemed.

"Uhh, babe, why is that so big?" Vaggie tapped the cold tip of the pump, her concern growing.

"It's an industrial pump; they use it to inflate the blimps down in Lust." Charlie motioned back to the enormous tank that Nifty and Angel were dragging down the stairs.

"Umm. Problem. How am I supposed to fit that in my mouth? It's bigger than my head" Vaggie looked more confused than anything.

"Oh, it doesn't go in your mouth." Charlie motioned lower, pointing towards Vaggie's skirt.

"Why!?" Vaggie pulled her skirt back down, backing away from the threatening hose.

"That's the only way we can get a good seal; it was all in the manual. Don't worry; it's safe, Angel tested it yesterday." Charlie waved over at Angel as he struggled with the helium tanker.

"It'll be fine; just relax, and it'll slip in there pretty easy." Angle cricked his back, like he was adjusting from some soreness.

"Fine, but after this we're going to have a long talk about cartoons and reality." Vaggie scowled, her pointed nose crinkling as she poked Charlie's forehead.

Vaggie didn't feel like Angell and Nifty getting an eyeful of her goods, so she beckoned Charlie beneath her skirt. Charlie worked under her frock like a mechanic under a car, jamming the nozzle between Vaggie's pert cheeks. A shiver ran through Vaggie's whole body as her squishing hole grabbed hold of the nozzle. The tension in her muscles only made it harder to fit in, so she tried to relax. Imagining the nozzle was just Charlie's fist, immediately her sphincter loosened and the hose went in. Vaggie's torso was bulging from the prominent tip inside, sticking out the front of her skirt like she was made of rubber. She awkwardly took her steps as Charlie tugged a few times to check the fit.

"It's in! Okay everybody, kick on the pump and get in place." Charlie shouted over to her helpers before rushing over to the tank.

"The fuck does that...**wooaah!**" Vaggie had trouble forming words as a sudden rush of cold air filled her body.

Vvvvrrrrtttttt

The pumps hummed steadily as helium flooded her insides, immediately burying the bulge of the nozzle under her ballooning gut. In the blink of an eye, her stomach blew past a mere belly bulge. Fighting against the hem of her skirt, Vaggie's stomach billowed out at an insane pace; she went from bloated to pregnant to full-term in a few moments. Jutting off her torso like a gray moon, her belly kept growing. A shiny and smooth orb that popped the stitches of her panties and her top. The gradual swell rose up and down her torso, pulling at her

undercarriage and pushing apart her breasts. Her stomach rounded, tugging at the flanks of her body and drawing her skin tight.

Vaggie felt an indescribable pressure coursing through her insides as she began to stretch. She didn't think a body could stretch this much, but her angelic durability must be giving her some measure of stretch. Forced to spread her legs to accommodate her growing gut Vaggie instinctively wrapped her hands around it. It kept growing, rubbery flesh pushing out against the gaps between her fingers. Rapidly pushing her arms apart until she couldn't fit her arms around it anymore, her stomach must have been as large as a yoga ball. Not that she could really gauge it outside of touch, as the mammoth orb was pulling upward. She could feel her feet being plucked from the ground, tugged by the light gasses inside of her stomach.

"Uhh, guys?" Vaggie's voice was so high-pitched that she sounded like Nifty.

The helium inside of her was already warping her vocal cords, but that wasn't her worry; she worried what would happen when she took off. To her relief, she felt a pull at her feet, then the tying of wire. Charlie, Angel, and Nifty had all gathered around her, tying her down before she floated away. Bound by her arms and legs, Vaggie's stomach kept pulling her upwards; she felt like a prisoner of her own gut. The massive sphere was starting to shine, taking on a rubbery feel as cold gas snaked through her system. As she expanded, her clothes began to tear, her top splitting down the middle as her gut pushed her breasts apart. For a second she could feel them getting larger, expanding into massive basketball-sized melons that would get her more business than Angel. It didn't stop at her breasts; her backside joined in on the fun. Rounding cheeks that poked out from the straining threads of her skirt like twin hills, mounds of taut helium that protruded from her legs. Everything about her was growing larger, growing rounder; the cords started to dig into her bulging flesh as gas flooded into her system.

"Okay, everyone! She's big enough; grab the paint." Charlie shouted loudly before grabbing her own brush.

Vaggie could feel bristled tickling her every inch, wet slathers of paint draped across her bloated flesh. She could see the drips of red sliding down her expanded tits as the crew painted their advertisement in big letters. Across her gut, Charlie had written the most important words.

Come visit us at Hazbin Hotel, the best place for redemption

Angel had taken to painting his message on her tits, taking pride in his wit.

Come to the hotel; this bitch is huge.

Nifty, for all her effort, wasn't getting much writing done, only able to reach Vaggie's bloating cheeks; she wrote what she could.

Pop pop pop

“Hehehehe Balloon is big.” Nifty muttered under her breath before giving Vaggie’s cheeks a smack.

As the pump kept the gas flowing, Vaggie’s body began to change, her expanding curves taking on a new shape. The rising moon of her stomach started to merge with her back, billowing out into an arcing curve that crawled its way across her body. Turning rounder with each passing second, Vaggie’s stomach began to distend her body. Stretching her body, making her grow larger as her body struggled to accommodate her burgeoning form. More and more of Vaggie’s body was being consumed by her growing stomach, growing and growing until she was nothing but a round balloon with tits and an ass. Looking closer to a weather balloon with each passing second, Vaggie could feel herself being pulled further in the air. The bindings that kept her in place wrapped tight around her wrists, but they were shrinking. Her wrists were gradually being pulled into her burgeoning flesh, her face bumped against her gray flesh.

Snap

Snap

Snap

One by one the cords snapped, giving Vaggie freedom to float up into the sky, the hose acting as her last lifeline. Nestled firmly between her cheeks, it continued pumping impossible amounts of helium into her system. Now unrestricted, Vaggie was growing out of control, higher and higher into the air. Unable to hear the shouts and struggles down below, she did at least see Cherry on her way up. She could read her lips well enough to know she was saying “What the fuck?”. Vaggie wasn’t treated to this sight for long, as her head was soon pulled completely into her body. Wrapped in a prison of her own flesh, she was blind to the world, her only company the straining sounds of her gut.

Crkkkkk

As Vaggie rose past the highest spires of the hotel, her skin started to make ominous sounds. She sounded closer to a balloon than a woman; rubbery, plastic strain filled her ears as her arms and legs drew into her body. Pulled in until they were little more than wrinkled divots on her spherical form. Little divots that tapped against her own bloated form.

Grnnnn

Vaggie was huge, larger than the largest blimp Hell had seen. She cast a shadow over the hotel and was seen by every available citizen. So large, so fragile, it was a confluence of warring feelings. Soon her growth began to slow, her explosive inflation finally crawling to a halt. It gave her hope that the tank had run out of gas, but the low groan from her body told her

something different. She was running out of room; her limit was reached, and the rest was just a long fuse.

Hhhrooooo

Vaggie's stomach began to wail like a banshee, hollow displeasure voicing itself as air kept pumping into her body. Each inch was getting harder fought; even a single bit of growth was agonizing fire along her sides. There was a storm brewing inside of her; the whipping winds of helium swirled inside her straining form. On the plus side, she could finally see again; her skin had become so translucent that she could see through it. Which gave her view of the stowaway crawling along her stomach, Nifty had somehow climbed atop her. Vaggie couldn't even feel her skittering about her body; the pressure was making her senses numb.

Rmbblbbbl

Vaggie's body began to shake, and Nifty got down on her knees, rifling through her pockets for something. Pulling out a large sewing needle, its sharp tip gleaming in the light. Nifty and Vaggie shared a glance as soon as Nifty pulled out the pin. Vaggie was desperately shaking her head no, while Nifty nodded enthusiastically. Her toothy mouth curled into a crazed smile as she raised the pin above the head.

"Pop the balloon!" Nifty cackled maniacally as she plunged the pin into Vaggie's taut flesh.

Booooooom

Vaggie exploded in a shower of gray flecks, painted skin raining down on the city like shrapnel. Her head was falling down to the earth below her, plummeting like a rock before Charlie caught her. Nifty wasn't as lucky; she slammed into the ground like a meteor, leaving a crater as she giggled to herself.

"You alright, honey?" Charlie looked down at Vaggie's head with a smile.

"Are you serious? I'm a head? What are we going to do?" Vaggie squirmed angrily in Charlie's embrace.

"We'll just tape you back together. Get all the scraps and make you into a little patchwork Vaggie." Charlie nuzzled against Vaggie as she spoke. "But first, we'll need replacement balloons."

Thunk

The still pumping hose smacked against the ground as Charlie settled her gaze upon Nifty and Cherry Bomb. They would make for fine replacement blimps, at least until Vaggie pulled herself together.