

"Dang, we were so close last time, we even made it on the news." Charlie sighed, motioning towards the newsreel running across from them.

stationed in its own little sitting nook was the Vox ultra-wide screen TV, the gift given for their little interview. He was still running wild with his smear campaign, and last week's little explosion didn't help. Sat on the couch with Vaggie's slowly reforming body on her lap, with Nifty and Angel dust at her side, they all watched the news report. It had been showcased on and off all day, usually with some edited footage to make Charlie look worse. Running on the screen was a high resolution footage of Vaggie inflating above the hotel, exploding in a shower of fleshy scraps that rained down the city.

"I know, it's hard to watch footage like this, especially when I show it to you without warning and on repeat. This is Katie Killjoy with 666 News, and we here are all still reeling from the blatant display of exhibitionism from the Hazbin Hotel." Katie looked solemnly at the camera, her concern was about as real as crocodile tears.

When she bowed her head, the image changed; the original footage was replaced with highly doctored imagery of Charlie on top of the Vaggie blimp, going to town on Vaggie's back. Charlie buried her head in frustration as the clip played, while Nifty looked at her hands in confusion, trying to remember if it was actually her on the Vaggie blimp that night.

"Amateur footage at best. I don't think you can even move your hips like that." Angel waved away the footage, trying to assuage Charlie's worries in his own way.

The footage seemed to keep going, a graphic level of photo editing drawn for shock value and added disparagement. Vaggie rolled her eyes at the footage, unable to look away as Katie appeared back on screen.

"In case you don't remember or have been living under a rock. Last week the so-called princess of hell and her lover assaulted our eyes with a level of queer affection that can't be shown on any station but ours. Inflating her number two in some disgusting sex act and forcing us all to watch from our homes, where we were doing our own disgusting sex acts." Katie adjusted herself on the table as she continued her monologue. "So what does this mean for her little heavenly salvation plan? Are weird sex freaks allowed into heaven now? Are we gonna get the floors sticky? Make sure to stay tuned as we cover all the depraved acts that could or could not, get you into heaven."

### ***Bswip***

The television powered off as Vaggie smacked the remote with her head.

"What a load of shit, they didn't even mention the logo on the side of my gut." Vaggie grumbled in frustration as she looked up to Charlie, seeing how distraught she was. "Hey, don't sweat it, babe. I don't think anyone's buying that for a second."

"But, how do I convince people that I'm not a weird sex freak...not that there's anything wrong with that. I'm sure you can still get into heaven if you do stuff like that...Right? Oooh, but what if you don't?" Charlie had obviously been having a conversation in her head during that whole segment, her response almost not matching Vaggie's question.

"Babe. Babe. I know that tone of voice, you're spiraling, just stop and take a deep breath." Vaggie did her best to talk some sense into Charlie as she started to pace around the room.

"You're right." Charlie closed her eyes, inhaling deeply, following her yoga instructions.

***Wwhhooooooooo***

It was unfortunate that Charlie's yoga tapes had gotten stuck during her recent viewings, as she didn't stop inhaling. She kept sucking in more and more air, her chest puffing out before the air started to flow into her stomach. The tails of her suit untucking from her pants as her buttons strained, a sliver of alabaster flesh showing from under her shirt as her buttons strained to keep her covered. She was supposed to breathe deeply until her nerves were calm, and she wasn't even close to being calm. Wind was starting to rush into her mouth, a vacuum of air that was starting to pull her gusts in as her stomach expanded into a white balloon that made her look pregnant.

"Charlie? Hey, hey. Stop sucking in...." Vaggie's protests were cut off as her head was ripped from the table, flinging right into Charlie's mouth.

***"Ommphhh mmpphhh"*** Charlie's eyes snapped open as she got a tongueful of angel hair.

"You sure this isn't a sex thing? Cuz, you did that pretty easily." Angel motioned towards Charlie's stomach as she struggled to pull Vaggie out of her mouth.

***"Hehehehehe"*** Pop! Pop! Pop the Balloon." Nifty giggles maniacally as she leapt towards Charlie's stomach with her knife drawn, only to be scooped up by Angeldust.

"Wait! This is perfect! If I inflate myself like a blimp, and advertise the hotel, then nobody will think i'm a sex freak." Charlie rested Vaggie on her swollen stomach, putting her hands on her hips with confidence.

"I don't think it works like that. I think people inflate themselves, like for fun. It did feel kind of nice." Vaggie muttered that last part as she tried to convince Charlie that becoming a blimp was a bad idea.

"Nonsense, who would think this feels good? I'm huge, and I probably couldn't sit at a table like this." Charlie smacked her gut to emphasize the size.

Vaggie's eyes widened a little as she watched Charlie's inflated gut jostle up and down, the hollow slaps awakening something in her mind.

"Okay...but we're taking precautions this time." Vaggie shook herself out of her daze, giving some much-needed advice to the group.

---

"Okay, everyone. Is everything set?" Vaggie shouted out to the ragtag crew that had been assembled on the rooftop.

"Yeah, we got her all hooked up...this is some stupid shit right here." Hux scowled as he looked at the setup.

Strapped to an enormous air tank was Charlie, her arms bound with slack ropes that coiled around hooks on top of the hotel. The hoses had been hooked into her lower reaches, both coiling up her pant legs and into her front and back. By her own doing, she affixed a megaphone to her neck; that way, she could say her piece. Along with the hoses, an even larger air tank had been secured for their little stunt. And to top it all off, Charlie was wearing a very oversized suit, one large enough to keep her decent when in public; the only thing that would be showing was her stomach.

"So...why doesn't she have a hose in her mouth?" Angel's question was met with an almost immediate response.

"So I can tell people that I'm a very normal princess of hell." Charlie nodded her head enthusiastically as she looked back at Angel.

"Okay. Next question, I guess, where's Nifty?" Angel looked around for the little troublemaker, hoping she wouldn't get them into any trouble.

"Tied to the first-floor ceiling." Hux shrugged as he walked over to the air tank.

---

"**Heehhehehe** I see bugs in the lamps." Nifty's singular eye was staring down into the chandelier she was taped above.

---

"Okay, then we've got everything all set. Hux! Hit the nozzle." Vaggie shouted the order with enthusiasm as Charlie waited for the air to flow.

"Sure, whatever." Hux twisted the knob, flipping it so hard that it spun before walking towards the door.

"Hey, where are you going?" Angel set Vaggie down on the ground as he ran over to catch Hux.

"This shit's weird and ya'll don't pay me to get involved in weird shit." Hux and Angel's voices both carried into the distance as they walked down the stairs.

"Guys! Guys! Get back up here! Somebody needs to turn the air off, and I don't have hands yet!" Vaggie hopped towards the door, shouting back at them.

While the three of them dealt with their complications, Charlie was happy as a clam as she felt air rush up her clam. Her pelvis and belly began to pooch out from the cold rush of air, dual bubbles of flesh that filled out the cotton expanse of her pants and rod up over her shirt. With the double flow, her belly was inflating at a much quicker rate than Vaggie's. Her already inflated stomach billowed out from pregnant to beach ball and then to yoga ball. A shining white beacon of flesh that rested atop the growing bubble between her legs. Her red pants were becoming crowded by the growing bubble in her pelvis, her legs being pushed apart to accommodate the air. The bubble inflated and billowed, stretching the cotton until the button popped, her belt digging into the expanding flesh.

The air wasn't content to just fill her stomach; it was starting to make her widen as well, expanding her waistline and widening her ass. Her relatively flat ass was starting to bubble out, two massive cheeks poking out from her pants like balloons. The faintest flash of silver was visible in her crack as her butt was threatening to break out of her pants. In just a few minutes she had gone from a kinky woman alone at night, to a parody of a woman, something you'd see in a cartoon.

Her swelling pelvis was crawling lower, enveloping more of her spindly legs as air consumed her flesh, blimping her larger and larger. Soon her legs had completely vanished in the swelling balloon of her pelvis, the growing curve of flesh extending from her front to her rear in a smooth curve. Only her quickly ballooning ass broke the smoothing curve of her body, adding two large bubbles to her backside as she expanded. Growth was still crawling its way upward, her torso elongating to accommodate the air as her stomach continued to swell. Her belt was stretching, unlatching itself against the flesh it bisected. Charlie's stomach was divided in two, a great shelf of flesh above and below the belt that were meeting at their edges. The expansive curve crawled their way up her body, filling out her upper body and pushing her arms out to the side.

### ***Snap***

Her belt had finally given up the ghost, flying apart into shrapnel as she started to lift into the air. Rising higher as she grew bigger, without her belt to keep her stomach held in place, she

surged out. Growing larger than a blimp, pushing apart her zipper as more of her panties were being unveiled.

---

Back at Vox HQ, Veltette was busy looking through the day's reports, checking out the numbers and polls on the Hazbin Hotel. The chatter online was starting to shift, the perception changing to where the prevailing theory was that it was a place to get inflated. The red-eyed doll was having trouble keeping up with the narrative, as small splinter groups and message boards opened in support of Hazbin.

"Inflators in favor of the hotel, Balloons of hell, All Blimps go to heaven. Who the hell are these people?" Veltette looked at her tablet in frustration. "Buncha freaks if you ask me."

Somehow, all of Katie's little smear campaigns were only serving to boost the hotel's popularity. Sure the average number tanked, but Charlie was getting incredibly popular with some very vocal niche groups. She mulled over ideas in her head, turning in her chair as she sipped her tea. When she turned to face her bay window, she spat the liquid out in shock.

"What the fuck?!" Veltette looked on in shock and horror as she saw Charlie rising on the horizon. "She's a bleedin' blimp"

Charlie was absolutely massive, twice Vaggie's size and probably still growing, a white-skinned balloon in a shrinking suit. She was larger than her hotel was, bigger than the biggest Vox blimp and that big beast Mammon. Even at a distance, Veltette could read the hastily scrawled words on Charlie's distended body.

*Come to Hazbin Hotel, where we welcome any and all people, even sex freaks. Not that i'm a sex freak. I just wanted to clear that up, I love and accept all people, but that doesn't mean I am one. And just because you're reading this on my inflated stomach, does not mean I did it for sex reasons. This was the only way to set the record straight. So please come to the hotel, a place where you can be freaky, but i'm not freaky.*

"Good lord. Well, guess that's why she needed to be so big, girl wrote a bloomin' novel on her flank." Veltette snickered, going to her social media to start slandering Charlie.

Much to her frustration, before she could even post, she saw Charlie's numbers climbing into the stratosphere. People were talking about her being into some humiliation kink; others were talking about how hot she was as a balloon. That was the thing that frustrated her the most, nobody ever talked about Charlie's sex appeal, and now she was rising to the top without trying.

"That's it. Hold all my calls. I've got a problem to deal with."

---

"I repeat. I am not a freaky sex pest, but I do love those who are. Now come on down to the hotel!" Charlie was shouting in her megaphone like she was a police director.

The electronic amplifier buzzed as it slapped against her inflating hide. Charlie was amazed, she felt lighter than air and incredibly peppy. She was tight, but not concerningly tight, she didn't feel ready to explode or anything. She floated merrily above the hotel, bobbing up and down in the breeze, casting a shadow on the city. Her stretched hide was larger than any blimp, an inflated sack of skin shaking with the air flowing into it. Her tiny arms flapped helplessly against her body, slapping her taut skin as her feet dangled behind her. The anchors hooked to her body were holding strong, there was nothing that could go wrong with her current plan.

"Okay, now poppet. That's about enough fun for today." A voice called out from the city, one that echoed through the monitors and speakers that littered the city.

Charlie shook her body to turn towards the source of the sound, but it was coming from everywhere, then she felt something on her back.

***Thomp***

***Bwomg***

***Bwomg***

There was a weight there, a little one in the grand scheme of her body, but a weight nonetheless. Little footsteps pittered across her rubbery back, moving in rapid succession as they bounced around her form. Charlie could feel something pointed press into her back, a blunt and driving pressure that felt like a heel.

"Hello, is somebody up there? I just wanted to warn you that I'm a bit full right now. So if you keep pressing...whatever that is into my stomach, I might pop." Charlie tried to reason with her invisible assailant, hoping that it was just some lost bird or a skydiver.

"Pop? That would be a shame, wouldn't want that happening." The reply came from a screen this time, one that had lowered in front of Charlie.

"Oh! I know you; you're Vox's media girl. Are you here to set the record straight?" Charlie excitedly replied as she saw Velvette dancing on her back.

"You could say that." Velvette sneered as she branded a sharp pin.

She wandered around Charlie's expansive body, a mere speck in an ocean of flesh, but a very dangerous speck. She took her time, digging her heels into Charlie's body, pressing and

grinding to agitate a body she thought to be fragile. Her efforts weren't rewarded, as Charlie was remarkably resilient. Charlie's rubbery flesh resisted Velvettee's heels, only divoting when she meant to puncture. Velvettee was always one to make lemonade, so she turned it into a little bit of teasing.

"Little sturdy, aren't you? I can't even pop you if I kick my heels." Velvettee sneered as she began slamming into Charlie's body.

Every time she punched her heel down, it rebounded back with a little extra force, knocking her leg up with a bit more force than she put down.

"You **ooof** might want to be **ouch** careful. That hurts." Charlie's head was lurching forward with each kick as her air got displaced.

"Careful? You mean, like this?!" Velvettee slammed her heels down as hard as she possibly could.

### ***Bwong***

The force she brought down made Charlie's flesh pit, dipping deep into her impact before springing back into shape. Velvettee was launched by the force, catapulted onto her back, the pin being knocked from her hand. She opened her eyes wide as she saw the silver dart careening for her face, rolling out of the way in time for it to miss.

"**Phew**" Velvettee breathed a sigh of relief, only to start when she saw where the pin had landed.

### ***Crkkkk***

"That doesn't feel..." Charlie's face cocked in discomfort, cutting off her sentence.

Her skin began to creak as the hole the pin made began to spread, a tiny crater that grew and spread around her body. It kept growing, until it was too much for her structure to handle.

### ***Kerboooooom***

Charlie's body exploded like a balloon, the hole in her body encompassing her entire form as it shattered into a rain of confetti. Her head sailed down to the roof below, taking Velvettee with it. Both of them landed on the hotel with an unceremonious thud, Charlie's disembodied head flopping around towards Vaggie while Velvettee's limbs popped off. Her doll-like body was laying splayed on the ground, unable to right herself as she slowly came to.

**"Ugghhhh** Worst bleedin' headache of my...Where's my arm?" Velvette could see her limb crawling towards her before nifty grabbed a hold of it.

"Don't worry, you'll get it back eventually, but you've got a job to do." Vaggie sat menacingly next to Velvette, staring daggers at her while Angel squeaked an air hose. "We need a new balloon."