

Inflation Isn't Just Economics

AN INFLATION FETISH NOVEL

StretchLab



CHAPTER 1

The office was dead silent, the kind of quiet that only settles in after six, when the city traffic has died down. Claire typed without looking at the screen. The keys clicked beneath her nails, steady and empty, like a clock counting down to nothing.

She was the last one in the office. 10:15 PM. **Again.**

The spreadsheet before her was a mess of numbers she didn't care about. The company manufactured outdoor gear, sleeping bags, tents, but the economics were a native language to her and it paid the bills.

She stared at a column of figures, her vision blurring as the stress of the day pressed down on her like a heavy blanket she couldn't peel off. She rubbed her temples, inhaling the scent of stale coffee and desperation. Her body was aching, a heavy fatigue in her bones, but it was the mental itch that nagged her most.

She hated her job. Sure, it was something she had a degree in, but she hated the spreadsheets, the endless meetings, the feeling of being just another cog in a massive machine that churned out things people would forget by next season.

But she needed the money, and she needed the distraction. Work was the only thing that stopped her mind from wandering back to the deep, dark ache between her legs. Her breathing had become shallow whenever she thought about it, short, quick inhaleds that made her chest rise and fall too fast for comfort.

Claire shifted in her chair. It was uncomfortable, but necessary for her posture and ergonomics. The black pencil skirt she wore was stiff and authoritative, a uniform that demanded respect, but underneath, she was completely bare.

It was a habit she'd cultivated over the last few months, a secret thrill. Without panties, the fabric of the skirt felt lighter against her skin, brushing against the slick heat there with every movement.

She unbuttoned the top button of her white button-up, letting out a small breath she didn't know she was holding. The shirt been a compromise bought when she got the job three years ago. It used to fit her a little loose. Now, it strained against her perky chest, while the waistband bit into the soft, delicious curve of her belly. It was loose enough to hide the softness she'd nurtured from stress eating, but it made her feel confident.

Her thoughts drifted. It had started as a way to cope with the stress of audits and quarterly reports. The pressure cooker that was the office left her needing to explode if she couldn't let out steam. Cigarettes were out of the question; it didn't fit her refined image. So, she turned inward.

Masturbation.

She smirked, thinking about the janitor's closet. It was cramped, the smell of lemon polish mingling with her own musk. She could squeeze one out in ten minutes, two if she was lucky. It had become her anchor. Three times a day. Morning, lunch, late night. A ritual. A necessary reboot to reset her frayed nerves.

But lately, the routine was wearing thin. The relief felt somewhat familiar, but the spark was dead. She needed something more. Something raw. Something to shake the cobwebs loose.

She sighed softly at the thought of needing more, her body knew what it wanted before her mind could articulate it.

She went back to the screen, needing to finish this report so she could go home and... browse porn...

It was a weakness she didn't hide well. She kept a private laptop at home, but today, she was stuck here.

Her fingers danced across the keyboard, searching for the current inflation rates. "Today's inflation rate," she typed. The words blurred before they even fully formed on the screen.

But the fatigue hit her again, sharp and sudden. Her eyes glazed over. The words blurred further.

"What is inflation"

She hit enter.

The page loaded. The images were immediate.

Claire leaned closer to the monitor, her breath hitching in her throat. The pictures showed women, their stomachs inflated, round and tight, stretching fabric to the breaking point. It wasn't the horror movie gore one would assume; it was erotic. Intense. Visual. The sheer volume of the belly, the way the skin stretched, the curve of the spine arching backward, desperate for room.

Her heart gave a flutter that had nothing to do with fear. Her body recognizing what her mind had been craving all day. There was something primal in the vulnerability. The way their faces showed a mix of relaxation and pleasure, completely surrendered to the sensation. It wasn't about size; it was about being filled until there was no empty space left inside.

Her thighs pushed together in a involuntary twitch from her lower parts, the heat between her legs intensified, pooling deeper now that she'd seen what she wanted. Her breathing changed, deeper and slower, as if her body was already preparing for the act.

She scrolled down. There were videos. Forum posts with descriptions of the sensations, talking about the pressure, the fullness, the limit. Claire bit her lip, a droplet of arousal glistening on her lower lip that she didn't wipe away. It looked dangerous. Physically impossible. But it looked so... full.

Her fingers tingled as they traced the edge between her skirt and shirt. She looked down at her belly. It was soft, flat, and unremarkable. But underneath, she felt empty.

The stress from the office had hollowed her out, leaving a void that spreadsheets or even a salary couldn't fill. Her thighs pressed together again, creating a sensation that made her insides heat up with anticipation.

It was an escape. It was weird, sure, but normal masturbation felt so small compared to this. This felt like a challenge. A way to feel something *real* in a world of abstract numbers. The fantasy life she'd been running parallel to her actual day suddenly had a name, something she could lose herself to when the spreadsheets became too much.

She clicked on a video. The woman on the screen was holding a bulb pump, her belly expanding as she squeezed it. Claire let out a soft breath, her body responding to the screen before her mind caught up.

She leaned back in her chair, feeling her legs instinctively spread slightly. She closed her eyes and imagined her own stomach inflating, slowly at first, then faster as the air filled her hollow interior.

She could feel it in her imagination: the gentle pressure building from within, the way her shirt would pull tight across her midsection, the buttons straining against skin that was being deliberately pushed beyond its normal limits.

Her nipples hardened beneath her bra cups without any physical stimulation, responding to a mental touch she couldn't quite explain. The fantasy felt dangerous and intoxicating all at once, like standing on the edge of something she knew she shouldn't do, but wanted desperately to fall into.

It was a fantasy, yes, but for the first time in a long time, it felt like a possibility. A way to break the routine. A way to feel something else. Her body already preparing for the size that would come with satisfaction.

Claire opened her eyes again, looking at the "What is inflation" search term again, filled with a new, desperate curiosity.

She wasn't going to get any more work done tonight.

CHAPTER 2

Claire stared at the contents of the monitor, her eyes glazed over. The search results for belly inflation were a long list of forums, videos, and images. She scrolled faster, her fingers moving almost on their own now. The idea of her own belly inflating, it turned her on in a way she hadn't felt in years.

A part of her mind screamed that this was impossible. That a human stomach couldn't expand that much without something bursting, without her simply popping like an overfilled balloon.

But beneath that terror was another feeling. A quiet, shameful pull. The same restless need that had started waking her at strange hours, dragging her hand beneath the sheets before she was even fully aware of what she wanted.

It felt relaxing.

The idea of just letting go, of filling up until she couldn't hold anything else. Normal masturbation was just friction. This was expansion. This was filling the cracks in her soul with something substantial enough to keep her warm.

Claire stood up, the springs of her chair groaning in protest. The office was dead silent. The hum of the cooling vents was the only sound. She walked purposefully out of her cubicle, the carpet muffling the clicks of her heels. She felt lighter than usual, almost floating on a current of anticipation.

She had to go to the warehouse, she just had to find the right kind of pump. The fantasy life she had been running parallel to her actual day suddenly had a physical destination. A real place. Somewhere she could finally feel something instead of only thinking about it.

The door to the warehouse clicked shut behind her, separating the quiet, sterile air of the accounting department from the vast, echoing space of the storage area. The air here was colder, smelling of rubber and cardboard.

She walked past rows of stacked pallets, the silence heavy and thick. Her heart hammered heavily in her chest, matching the pulse in her ears. There. By a stack of crates in the corner, a shiny, silver pump sat waiting. Claire picked it up. It was heavy, and felt solid in her hand.

She ran back to the office, clutching the pump like a trophy. She locked the door, double-checked the doorknob, and turned to the chair. The vulnerability of being trapped in this room with nothing but herself and her desires fired up.

She sat down. It was an ergonomic mesh chair, comfortable but not the plush kind. She shifted, feeling the seat against her curvy bottom, which was already soaking wet and prickling with anticipation.

She pulled her black pencil skirt up, and picked up the ball pump. It was made of durable plastic, with a long, flexible hose and a nozzle that looked thick. Her hands were shaking slightly as she inspected it.

This was it. She brought the nozzle to her behind. It was cold against her skin, a stark contrast to the warmth gathering between her legs. Her breathing became shallow again as she shifted herself onto one side, trying to slightly separate her cheeks. She positioned the nozzle at her entrance.

It took a moment to find the right angle. It was awkward, difficult. She pushed slowly, the resistance familiar but heightened by her arousal. When it finally slid inside, it startled a sharp gasp from her lips. The sensation was strange. Full. Cold. Alien. And then,

Her body tensed around the intrusion in anticipation of what was coming next. There was a vulnerability in being filled that went beyond simple pleasure; it was the feeling of surrendering control to something external, fantasizing letting someone else decide how much space the air would occupy inside herself.

Her thighs pressed together instinctively, trying to protect what was about to be invaded and expanded upon. The cold plastic against her warm skin created a contrast that made her breath hitch in her throat, preparing her for the pressure that would follow. She felt the urge to pump.

She lay back, the chair adjusting to her weight. She took the pump in her right hand, and squeezed the handle with her left.

Squeak.

A tiny hiss of air. Then nothing. She squeezed again. Nothing.

Claire frowned, frustration bubbling up. She looked at the instructions she'd hastily read on the forum before leaving. *"Don't just pump. Breathe."*

She took a deep breath, her chest rising, and pushed her hips forward slightly to open herself up.

She squeezed the pump again. This time, the nozzle felt different. A small amount of air entered her body, a pocket of pressure. She gasped, her toes curling slightly in her heels.

She pumped again. And again. The sensation was unlike anything she'd ever experienced before, air filling from within rather than friction against skin. It felt like being filled with something substantial enough to keep her warm, something that would press back against her insides and remind her constantly of what had been put inside her.

Her stomach gave a tiny, almost imperceptible bulge as the air settled into place, creating a new internal landscape she'd never known existed. The feeling was euphoric in its novelty. Her body recognizing expansion as pleasure rather than discomfort, accepting that being stretched could feel better than ever before.

She kept pumping as her belly began to round. The white button-up shirt she wore was loose, hanging heavily from her shoulders. As the air filled her, the fabric pulled tight against her skin. Claire let out a quiet moan; a breathless, desperate sound. The fabric moved, the buttons straining against the expanding skin.

She pumped harder. Her arms burned with the effort. The feeling of her belly growing, the skin stretching, the tension building, it was overwhelming. It was better than any masturbation session she had ever had. This was real. This was alive.

Her stomach pushed outward, a firm, taut globe. The shirt was riding up, exposing the curve of belly. Her breasts heavy and taut in the lace bra. Her bra strap dug into her shoulder as her chest lifted, the cups fighting to contain the swelling breasts. She was panting now, sweat beading on her forehead. The pump handle was cold in her sweaty palm. Her belly was the size of a basketball now, tight and round, hovering over her thighs.

The visual change was almost more intoxicating than the physical sensation. She could see exactly how much she'd changed, how far she'd pushed herself beyond normal limits. The white fabric pulled so tightly across her midsection that it looked like it might tear at any moment, but held on with stubborn determination.

She could feel the underside curve of her big belly pressing down on her thighs whenever she tried to move, a constant reminder of what had been put inside her and how it had shaped her body.

She couldn't pump anymore. Her arms were jelly now, trembling uncontrollably from squeezing that tiny handle. The air inside her felt immense, a living thing demanding more room. She let go of the pump, gasping for air. The sensation of the air inside her was a constant, heavy pressure that made her want to squirm.

Her hands drifted to her stomach, fingers pressing against the tight skin and feeling the firm resistance beneath. The curve of her belly pushed outward with such force that it seemed to defy gravity itself. She traced the outline of her own expansion with her fingertips, marveling at how far she'd pushed herself beyond any normal limit.

She let out a soft moan as the sensation settled deeper into her awareness. The constant, heavy presence of air filling every inch of her interior, pressing back against her insides with unrelenting force. It was better than any masturbation session she'd ever had.

The exhaustion in her limbs was almost pleasant, a physical reminder of how much effort it took to fill herself this far. But as she panted and tried to catch her breath, another thought surfaced: this wasn't enough. Not even close. The air inside her belly felt like a starting point, not an endpoint. She could imagine what it would feel like if she could keep going, her belly expanding further, the shirt straining harder, the buttons fighting for their lives against impossible pressure.

She shifted in the chair, and the movement sent a ripple through her inflated belly that made her thighs tighten in response, betraying how far pleasure had already taken root inside her.

She stood up. It was difficult. Her center of gravity was completely thrown off. She wobbled, grabbing the edge of her desk for support.

She walked slowly toward the door, her stride short and stilted. She felt immense pleasure in the struggle, the friction of the clothes against her inflated belly turning her on more than anything. She wasn't done. The feeling wasn't full enough. This was just the beginning.

She walked back into the warehouse. The alarm box on the wall blinked red.

Beep-beep-beep.

Claire flinched. She had forgotten about the alarm. She had been too lost in the sensation of her own body. The silence of the office had been her shield.

She hurried past the rows of shelves, her belly swaying heavily with each step. She was looking for an electric pump, something automatic, something that could do what she couldn't.

Her eyes scanned the aisles, frantic and desperate, when a loud voice shattered the quiet.

"Hey!"

Claire jumped so hard she let out a squeak. Her heart hammered against her ribs like a trapped bird.

She closed her eyes immediately, terrified.

"Hey! You there!"

The footsteps were loud. Heavy boots on concrete. They were coming closer.

Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck.

She squeezed her eyes shut and pressed her back against the cold shelves of the warehouse.

"Hey! You work here?" the voice called out again, closer this time.

Claire couldn't answer. The fear of being seen like this was paralyzing. Her belly protruding obscenely. Her hands went to her belly, clutching the tight shirt, trying to hide the evidence of what she had done.

If she looked now, there was no going back.

She kept her eyes squeezed shut and waited for the inevitable confrontation from this stranger, as the footsteps grew louder.

CHAPTER 3

Claire pressed her back against the cold shelf, her breath came in short, jagged bursts, trapped in her chest by the pressure pressing on her diaphragm. The air inside her felt like it was trying to escape through her skin.

Her eyes remained squeezed shut.

The white shirt was stretched across her midsection, a canvas strained by the impossible sphere of her belly. The buttons were the only things holding the fabric together, pulled taut and trembling like they might burst free at any second.

"Hey, do you work heeerrr...?"

The voice was close.

Too close.

She was caught.

Ohmygod, ohmygod, I'm in so much fucking trouble.

The footsteps stopped. The heavy boots on concrete went silent, replaced by the terrifying stillness of the guard standing right there.

Claire held her breath, waiting for the sharp demand for an explanation. But the silence stretched on, thick and suffocating.

Slowly, agonizingly, Claire opened one eye. Then the other.

She could see the female guard from the corner of her vision, standing a few feet away with her hand hovering near the radio.

The woman wasn't looking at Claire's face. She was looking lower. Her eyes were wide and unfocused, darting from the strain of the white shirt to the impossible curve of Claire's belly.

Claire blinked, her brain trying to catch up. The woman wasn't pointing. She wasn't screaming. She was just... gaping.

There was something humiliating about being observed in this state, about having her most private act reduced to a spectacle for someone else. Yet beneath the shame ran a current of arousal she couldn't quite suppress.

The attention felt like validation that what she'd done mattered, that her body could be transformed into something so striking it would make strangers stare without blinking.

Claire let out a small, awkward laugh that came out more like a whimper in her throat.

"I'm sorry. I'm the accountant."

The guard blinked, snapping out of whatever trance she'd been in. Her gaze jumped up to Claire's eyes, then dropped back to her belly with a quickness that made Claire's heart flutter.

The woman's face flushed beet red but her eyes kept darting between the strained buttons and the curve of her side.

"Hey, uh... do you work here?"

Claire cleared her throat, thinking she didn't hear her response the first time. She tried to stand up straight but her center of gravity was still wrong, all that weight shifted in ways she couldn't control anymore, and she wobbled slightly before catching herself on the shelf edge with a sharp inhale.

"Yes," Claire said, "I'm the accountant." voice steady despite the shake in it.

"T-t-they're working you until the very last hour, huh?" the guard said, her eyes flicking to Claire's belly.

"Oh, no," Claire said, fumbling for words that wouldn't come right. "Working late is normal for me. Don't worry about that."

She watched the guard's expression shift, the way her shoulders dropped half an inch and then shot back up again. The woman looked at the strained buttons first, her eyes tracing the white fabric pulled tight over the curve of Claire's belly.

It wasn't about the hours.

...

Awkward sympathy.

A brief, suffocating silence followed. The air in the warehouse seemed to thicken.

"OOHH! Uh... you mean... this?" Claire asked as she gestured awkwardly at her stomach. Her fingers drummed against the strained surface, feeling the hardness beneath.

It felt hollow, and like the air inside wanted to escape. Like it wasn't meant to be trapped there.

"Yeah, uh, yeah..!", Claire stammered, looking away, then back again. "Haha..."

She was playing a role she didn't understand. The security guard shifted her weight from one foot to the other, like she was trying and failing to make herself comfortable.

"Um, well... we got a bell-, er, a signal...", the guard said, her voice cracking as she caught herself mid-sentence and tried again with less success.

Claire blinked. "Belly signal?"

"Erm.. I assume you accidentally triggered the... alarm?"

"Oh. Yeah, that must've been me. My bad. Sorry about that."

The guard's eyes cut back to her midsection again.

Claire knew that the tripped false alarm was gonna cause an invoice being sent.

"Right. Okay. Take care. I need to file some reports," the guard said hastily, turning away a little too quickly for someone who'd just been staring at a belly this long.

The door swung shut behind her with a finality that made Claire flinch even though there was no sound left in between them anymore except the hum of cooling vents and her own breathing.

She stood alone in the warehouse as the echo faded into nothing, listening to her heart beat in her chest.

"Huh," she said out loud to nobody. "No invoice..?"

"That was weir-." She stopped herself, looking down at her belly again, the white shirt pulled so tight around it that the slightest hiccup would send at least two buttons flying.

"Okay. Never mind. I'm the weird one here."

A sudden cramp shot through her midsection, a deep ache starting low and radiating outward like something had been stretching too long. It felt strangely good, proof of what she'd done to herself. She could feel every inch of skin pulling back as her body remembered its original shape.

She stumbled to a stack of boxes and sat heavily. The tightness was becoming unbearable now. Leaning back, she exhaled slowly as the first release came unannounced from below, soft sounds and fabric easing away from skin stretched beyond its limits.

The pressure escaped in waves, a low hiss growing into a steadier stream. With each wave, something loosened inside herself. The skin softened, the fabric remembered how to drape properly again.

Each release felt like letting go of a secret held for days, bringing her closer to who she'd been before today's madness began.

The cramps eased into manageable aches and she breathed easier for the first time since pumping herself. She took about five minutes of this slow release, each wave more satisfying than the last. It felt like years had passed.

Once most of the pressure was gone, once the tightness receded enough that she could stand without feeling like her own belly might pop with each step, she stood on shaky legs and looked down at what remained.

Her shirt hung slightly loose around her once more, buttons no longer fighting a losing battle against stretched fabric.

A giddy smile spread across her face as realization hit: she could feel the inflation pleasure all over again now that she had access to a new pump.

The manual silver pump in the office wasn't going to cut it, not if she was going to do this again. It took too long and felt like a chore, which was the last thing her body needed right now.

She found a shelf in the corner covered in dust that hadn't been cleaned since... ever? At least not since she'd started working here. Boxes stacked up there were labeled with faded text that looked like they might still have value for the right client.

The one she pulled off looked industrial and heavy, made of metal with a power cord the length of a soccer field coiled inside.

Claire clutched the box against her chest as she walked back toward the office, her breasts resting on top of it and bouncing slightly with each step, her unsteady legs swaying underneath as if every movement felt like a celebration of what she'd just done to herself.

She was going to do this again. And this time, she wouldn't be bound by the strength levels or fatigue of her own arms anymore.

CHAPTER 4

Claire walked back with the box cradled in both arms. It was heavy, and her voluptuous figure made the task even harder. Her breasts pressed against the cardboard as she moved like a third weight demanding space they couldn't afford.

She had to lean forward significantly and waddle just to maintain her grip on it, angling herself so far that her skirt rode up dangerously high in the back, exposing more of her rounded bottom than was appropriate for normal daylight work.

The heels of her flats scraped against the floor, as she stumbled through the door to the accounting department, the box's weight making every step feel like a negotiation with physics.

She closed the door shut behind her with her back and set down the box on the floor with a strained grunt.

She ripped the flaps open, warehouse dust exploded out in a fine cloud and scattered across her pristine office floor like snow falling indoors. It was an old industrial pump, its paint chipped and peeling at the corners, the cardboard faded to a grayish brown from years of warehouse neglect.

There was no manual and the text on the box was unintelligible. Claire stared at the device inside, at something that looked like two plastic tubes joined to a metal housing with a red switch bolted onto the top.

It was an air pump, all right. It looked like the kind meant for inflating large pool floats or bouncy castles, maybe even the inflatable hot tubs people pretended to care about on reality TV. The tube was thick and made of clear plastic, the nozzle at the end so wide it could fit a small apple through it. Claire picked it up, holding it like it might bite her if she wasn't careful enough.

A shiver ran down her spine from the base of her neck settling deep in her belly, the kind that had nothing to do with being cold and everything to do with remembering what this was supposed to feel like.

She looked down at the tube attached to the pump, then caught herself comparing it to her favorite toy at home. It was bigger... A lot bigger than anything she'd ever used before. The thought of putting something that large inside her made her hesitate for a second, anal play had always been new territory even during those late night sessions in

the janitor's closet. She'd never done this before, and certainly never with air filling her up like this.

It felt wrong to admit how little she actually knew about what was coming next.

She carried the tube to the break room and ran the tip under the tap, washing away the old dust that had settled on it from storage. The water left the rubber slick and cold against her fingertips as she dried it with a paper towel, her fingers lingering too long on that smooth surface, comparing its shape to what she kept back home for herself.

Claire returned to her desk, the tube held at waist height like a weapon or a promise. Her stomach tightened.

"Okay," she whispered to herself. "Just do it."

She pulled up her skirt and positioned herself awkwardly in the chair, one foot already pressed flat against the floor as if that was going to make this easier, her pulse thudding in her ears louder than the hum of the cooling vents behind her.

There wasn't time to think about whether she should really be doing this right now or if this was a decision she'd made too quickly out of desperation. Thinking would only make her stop, and stopping meant going back to the manual pump that had failed hours ago, and going back meant admitting she was scared enough to fail twice in one day.

Her hands were shaking, the tube felt slightly cold and almost *too* smooth between her fingers like it might slip with the wrong grip, but when she brought the nozzle up to herself, something changed in how her body responded to it.

"Don't think" she thought as she shifted her weight onto one cheek on the chair, guiding the nozzle to her entrance and applying enough pressure to make it slide in slowly. The cold tube against her warm skin made a sensation that was less about temperature and more about the lust that was suddenly brewing inside her.

She could imagine the expansion before it even happened, visually helped by the way her lower stomach started bulged outward as the tube was inserted deeper and deeper. She could feel her privates tingle at the thought alone, responding to a fantasy that felt undeniably real.

Getting it into place was harder than she expected, her whole body resisted like this was an invasion, but as the tip breached past resistance and slid inside, the pain gave way to a kind of focus that felt more like surrender than anything else. It wasn't just

filling, it was stretching her in a way she hadn't imagined until now, nerves waking up along her spine and making her back arch against the chair without her thinking about it.

The discomfort faded into something strange, fullness in a place she never really wanted to feel occupied. Her breathing came in short, uneven bursts, the kind that made her chest rise faster than her lungs could fill with air, and for the first time since this had started, she couldn't believe she was doing this. She couldn't believe this was her idea at all.

At last, it was in. She let go of the tube and slowly lowered herself back into the mesh of her office chair, settling until the seat pressed against the curve of her lower back. The pump sat menacingly on the edge of her desk, a weapon waiting for someone brave enough to use it.

Claire looked at the power switch, her heart hammering against her ribs. If it worked, she would feel everything, rush of air, expansion in places that had been empty this whole time. She took a deep breath and her hand hovered over the switch, fingers trembling.

She flipped the switch, and left off a tiny squeak in preparation of the surge.

Click...

Click-click.

Click-click-click-click-click-click-click.

Silence.

Nothing happened.

The pump sat there as still as ever.

She stared at it, eyes widening as realization hit.

"OHHHH NOOOOO, IS IT NOT WORKING???" she yelled under her breath.

The words came out before she could stop them, raw and desperate against the silence that had already swallowed everything else.

She reached out and tapped the side of the pump with her free hand, got nothing back except the echo of her own nervousness in the empty room. She tried shaking it to see if anything was loose.

"Is it too old? Is it broken?"

Despair washed over her, the kind that settles into bones and makes them heavy. This was the moment she had been working herself up for: the industrial pump, the magic cure for stress that had been eating at her all day, the key to inflation she craved more than anything else in the world.

And it was dead.

She slumped back into her chair with a sound like defeat itself, shoulders dropping as if someone had just pulled the weight off her. She turned her head slowly to look at the earlier silver pump, still laying there like an afterthought nobody cared about anymore.

"Maybe I should just tough it out and go manual," she muttered to herself, accepting that this would take forever but at least she could still get some air eventually.

She sighed, shifting her weight in a way that made the chair creak under her, trying to get comfortable with a tube still stuck inside her. The emptiness gnawed at her, not from hunger but from being denied what she was clearly meant to have right now.

She looked around her desk in denial, gaze unfocused and drifting, trying to find a solution. The frustration sat thick in her throat like a stone.

Then, her eyes landed on the blue power cord. It was lying there on the edge of the desk, swaying slightly with each movement of her chair as if waiting for someone to finally notice its presence.

For a moment she just stared at it like it might speak back and tell her why she hadn't noticed before.

It wasn't plugged in.

Claire's hand shot toward it before she could think, fingers closing around the plug so tightly she knew it would leave marks in her palm later.

She was half sprawled over the wooden desk, hips braced awkwardly against its edge. The hose still trailed from behind her like a clumsy rubber tail, tugging every time she shifted.

She reached blindly for the outlet, fumbling along the wall with shaking fingers. The plug scraped uselessly against the socket plate once, twice, then slipped away again.

She couldn't see what she was doing and had to rely entirely on touch, instinct, and a rapidly shrinking supply of patience.

"Go... in... you... stupi-"

And then-

SHUNK.

The plug slid into place with a satisfying click.

Claire exhaled hard, more relieved than triumphant, and started pushing herself back up from the desk.

Then she heard it. A tiny metallic sound from behind her.

CLINK.

She froze.

Another sound followed. Lower this time. Deeper.

TINK. TINK. TINK.

Something inside the pump was moving.

Claire's stomach dropped.

She twisted awkwardly, glancing over her shoulder just as the old machine began to shudder on the desk. The metal casing trembled. Dust jumped from the surface. A low vibration traveled through the wood and into her palms.

The switch. The little indicator beside the toggle glowed green.

It had been on the whole time.

KCHUNK.

"Oh, fuck."

CHAPTER 5

The sound hit Claire before the air did. The pump roared to life in a mechanical growl that vibrated through the metal casing and straight up through the tube, into whatever space it currently occupied with enough force to make her gasp before she could stop herself.

It wasn't gentle. It didn't promise to be gentle. This was the kind of filling that made her want to forget how much she'd already had because there was still more coming whether she liked it or not.

The rush of air hit her like a physical weight slamming into her guts and expanding her instantly. Claire let out a moan, the sound escaping from somewhere deep in her throat before she could stop it. Her back arched as the rush of air hit her.

The sensation was like twenty large compressed air tanks had been opened inside her all at once, every inch of her interior being filled with invisible pressure that pushed outward against every surface.

Her belly gave way immediately, pushing forward as if it were hungry for more expansion. She could feel the skin stretching, the fabric pulling tight across her midsection like rubber stretched to its absolute limit.

The pump's mechanical rhythm became her own heartbeat now, whirring, expanding, repeating in a cycle she couldn't escape even if she wanted to.

“AAAAHHHH~”

The air inside her demanded more room. Her belly was a tight sphere, bigger than it had ever been. Her breasts had swollen into massive mounds that refused to stay contained; lace gave way at the seams as they spilled free from their cups, nipples exposed to the cool air.

Claire slumped belly-down on top of the cold wooden desk, arms splayed out to the sides. The air pressure was so high it lifted her hips and legs off the floor, her heels dangling in the air as her belly inflated underneath her, pressing against the topside of the desk.

The hose became a taut wire connecting the machine to her core, vibrating with every motor cycle. The hum traveled through thick plastic, up the hose, into her lower

body. It buzzed directly against her clitoris, shivers of pleasure working their way from there like soft electricity that made her toes curl in her heels.

She was inflating faster than thought could track it. Two months pregnant? No. Four? Six? She couldn't tell anymore. She was expanding, stretching into a shape she didn't recognize, her white shirt now looked like a second skin stretched over something foreign underneath.

The buttons fought for their lives against the expanding skin.

"Please," she panted. "More. **Fill me up.**"

She tried to push herself upright, hands finding grip on the edge of the desk, but her arms only able to extend so far before something gave way entirely.

The air inside her was relentless, pressing outward from all sides until every inch of skin felt like it might pop off with the slightest touch. The creaking grew louder, a high-pitched sound now that made Claire wince as fabric fought to contain something that had been deliberately pushed beyond its limits.

Just a few more seconds of that agonizing stretching, and she'd be nothing but a balloon in her own office.

POP.

The first button was gone, flying off the shirt like it were being launched from a cannon. Claire didn't even flinch at the sound, it arched through the air and land somewhere near the wall with that same dull thud. She let out a yelp, not of pain but something else entirely, something that came from deep in her chest before she could stop it.

"**Inflate me like a fucking balloon**" she begged, voice cracking halfway through.

"**Stretch me~**"

The rising pressure inside her belly was an ocean and she was drowning in it. She couldn't think about anything anymore, just feel the expansion, just let herself be pushed further into something that had no end to it.

The buttons popping felt like liberation, each one giving way meant another limit broken, another boundary between normal and impossible dissolving completely.

Tiny pops here, soft cracks there, the sound of her body being deliberately pushed past everything it was supposed to be able to contain.

POP.

The second button gave way, exploding outward and hitting the ceramic mug of cold coffee on her desk. It splashed onto the keyboard with a "ding!" that cut through the haze of pleasure for a split second.

Claire's eyes snapped open, her brain trying to catch up to what was happening now.

"OH FUCK OH FUCK."

She looked down at herself. The fabric of her shirt was a disaster of gaps now, massive holes in it where buttons used to be. Her stomach was pushing against the desk surface like something alive and hungry underneath. It was the size of an overinflated yoga ball, round and hard as concrete beneath that thin layer of skin.

She was a balloon about to pop. The pump was somewhere behind her chair, just a gray metal shape in the shadows now.

She tried to push herself up, but couldn't. She let go and collapsed onto her knees on the carpet instead, thighs splaying apart with a soft sigh. The pump kept whining behind her, relentless, mechanical, unapologetic about what it was doing to her body.

POP. POP. POP.

The remaining buttons lost their battles to the fabric and gave up one by one, flying off into the dark corners of the room until there was nothing but exposed skin stretched tight over an impossible shape anymore.

Then came the bra. The black lace underwire fought against the crushing size of her breasts, finally snapping with that sickening sound of metal breaking under too much pressure. The straps lengthened and pulled tight across her shoulders before snapping off entirely.

Her heavy, swollen breasts fell free at once, bouncing against her inflating midsection with soft, heavy plaps that made her nipples ache harder against the exposed skin underneath.

She caught a look of herself in the reflection of the monitor screen, the world was a blur now and all she could see was herself in there: soft shiny skin stretched impossibly

tight across an enormous belly, two breasts too big for any normal body part to hold anymore.

The pump behind her was made for industrial inflation work, not something meant to be used on a woman's stomach but here it was anyway, turning her into something that couldn't be undone now. It was going to pop her eventually, she knew it would in about two minutes if she didn't do something.

She couldn't do anything about it now however. Her breathing came in ragged puffs, she tried to reach for the hose with a whimper. Her body refused to obey; her arms felt heavy and disconnected, as if they belonged to someone else who was too overwhelmed by pleasure to move them properly.

A puddle had formed on the floor underneath her, not water but slickness leaking from between her legs.

The pump struggled for half a second, the old bearings groaning, rusted parts scraping against each other, then roared back to life.

SCHWRRRRR

Her body swelled with it, shifting against each other with a low, strained creak as soft skin stretched over impossible pressure.

Her hips rocked on the carpet without thinking, every movement finding the exact place where the pressure gathered deepest and made her toes curl.

The hose vibrated at a new frequency now, lower and fuller than before, matching the pitch inside her like they had found the same note.

The creaking only grew louder as her clothes stretched over the impossible shape beneath them. Her shirt had become little more than a taut membrane, its buttons holding on through sheer stubbornness.

"Oh god..."

Her voice came out all wobbly and breathless already.

"I'm... I'm cumming!"

She shot out her arms trying to grab the carpet with a stifled moan that escaped through clenched teeth.

OH MY GOD IM GONNA CUM!

She couldn't hold it back anymore.

The orgasm tore through her in a sudden, overwhelming rush, sending her body into helpless waves of motion. She arched off the carpet, trembling, unable to do anything but surrender to it.

The pump kept running while she climaxed. Her stretched skin made each contraction feel amplified, as if her natural elasticity was now working in concert with the orgasm instead of against it. Her body was completely vulnerable in a way that went beyond physical exposure.

The pump's mechanical whirring became part of the sensation now, a rhythmic reminder that she was still being filled even as she came. But there was something else too, she could feel the air inside with each convulsion, creating new angles of pressure that made every orgasm wave hit differently than before.

"*Oh fuck...*" She whimpered, head thrown back as another wave hit. The second climax came faster this time, barely a moment between them.

"This is... ugh... I can't think..."

The words were breathless and almost incoherent now, like they were slipping out of her without permission.

"Nnggh.. I'm gonna pop~..." she said slowly, voice trembling with pleasure.

"Aaahh... I'm cumming.. Aga- AAH~".

The third wave hit before she could finish the sentence, stronger than the first two combined. She felt each contraction pushing against the air inside her, creating a feedback loop of pressure and pleasure that made her toes curl so hard they hurt.

Her belly creaked as it struggled to expand with every orgasm, the skin stretching further with each wave until she was certain that in the next second, she'd pop.

The pump didn't stop. It kept filling her even as she came over and over again, creating a strange new sensation where pleasure and expansion were inseparable, where reaching maximum capacity felt like reaching maximum pleasure.

"Inflate me... Like a... **Fucking... Balloon!~**" The words came out in ragged exhales, each one building toward the next orgasm as if she were reciting a spell that was already too far gone to stop now.

The office lights flickered, the fluorescent tubes buzzed in protest like dying insects.

Then the first went dark with a click, followed by another, then all of them.

There was now nothing but shadow in her office where light had been.

The industrial pump's motor had tripped the breaker, its whirring finally silenced when all power failed at once.

A power outage.

She didn't notice it at first, she was too lost to pleasure.

She opened her eyes and the only thing visible was her outline against the darkness. Her chest heaved as it rose and fell rapidly, struggling to suck in oxygen through lungs that felt too tight.

Claire could only lie there on the carpet, flat on her back, breathing in uneven little pulls, like her body had only just remembered what air was.

The air inside felt warm and heavy.

She didn't try to get up. She couldn't, really.

She just stared at the ceiling, breathing unevenly, her body still trembling from the aftershocks.

"God..."

Her voice came out wobbly and breathless, like her thoughts were melting into warm honey.

"I just..."

She gave a small laugh, but it broke halfway through and slipped into a whimper.

Her body was still trembling. Still pulsing with the fading aftershocks.

She didn't care anymore. There was nothing to solve. Nothing to think about. Nothing to do except lie there and feel everything at once.

"This is way better than anything before..."

She let out another soft laugh, half giggle, half sigh, that felt more pleasure than relief at the words escaping her lips.

"I'm gonna do this every night."

The whisper barely made it out of her mouth. It dissolved into the silence almost immediately, soft and private, like a promise meant only for herself.

Claire stroked her belly with one hand. Her skin was hot beneath her fingertips, stretched impossibly taut, almost rubbery, as if her body had forgotten what shape it was supposed to return to.

The air inside her shifted under her touch.

A deep, echoing groan rolled through her belly, low and strange and almost musical in the quiet office.

Every slow stroke sent another ripple through her, soft and strange, as if her body was still learning what it had become.

It was intoxicating to know that she could do this again tomorrow, that there were no limits to what her body would accept if given enough air and time.

And for the first time in her life, she felt exactly who she was meant to be: a balloon slut.

Not just some accountant who had a weird hobby, no.

She was someone whose body knew exactly what it wanted, to be inflated until every single inch of her screamed with pleasure, until there was no empty space left inside her at all.

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