



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 inhales 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 an 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 shapen 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.

Thanks for checking out the preview of **Inflation Isn't Just Economics!**

This preview version includes only the first **2 chapters** of the story.

The full version includes:

- 5 chapters
- 26 pages
- Claire's full late night office discovery

The full story is available on **Patreon**,
starting at only **\$2 USD/month**:

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Thank you for reading, we hope to see you in the Lab.

- **StretchLab**