



Bubbling Into Pleasure

AN INFLATION FETISH NOVEL

StretchLab



CHAPTER 1: A Slow Day at the Spa

The air in the main lobby tasted of crushed eucalyptus and ozone, a sharp, clean scent designed to strip the city grime from a tired mind. Hailey stood just inside the entrance for a moment, letting the cool lobby air settle over her skin while the automatic doors closed behind her and cut off the noise of traffic outside.

She had booked the half-day package because her neck felt like a knot of steel wire and her shoulders had been aching for three days. At the reception desk, she gave her name, accepted the folded towel and locker key, and nodded through the polite explanation of baths, saunas, and hydrotherapy rooms without really hearing most of it. Her attention kept drifting past the desk, toward the frosted glass doors where steam curled faintly along the edges.

Heat. Water. Silence.

That was all she wanted.

The changing room was warmer than the lobby, humid enough that the clean scent of eucalyptus softened into mineral water and damp tile. Hailey found her locker, undressed, and took the black one-piece from her bag. She had packed it without thinking much about it. It was hers, familiar enough to feel safe, but the last time she had actually worn it had been during university, four years ago.

She had not changed dramatically since then, but she had definitely gotten curvier. She was still slender through the waist, with a soft stomach and medium breasts that filled the suit without giving her much cleavage, but most of the change had settled lower. Her hips were wider now. Her thighs fuller. Her body had become bottom-heavy in a way the old swimsuit seemed to notice before she did.

When she stepped into it and pulled it up over her hips, the fabric clung tighter than she remembered. The high-cut sat sharp against her hip bones, leaving her thighs bare while the suit stretched snugly over the fuller curve of her hips and flattened smoothly across her stomach. The simple neckline still made it modest at first glance, but the bottom felt less casual on her body than it used to.

She looked at herself once in the locker room mirror, adjusted the straps, then tied the plush white robe tight around her waist. The robe hid the snug fit for now, and that helped. She was not here to feel exposed. She was here to sink into heat until her body stopped feeling like something she had to carry around.

When she opened the double doors to the hydrotherapy suite, warm steam rolled gently around her. The room had the usual spa quiet, the soft movement of water, the low murmur of pumps, the faint drip of condensation from tile.

The large round windows were hazed over, turning the courtyard beyond them into a blur of dry gardens and pale stone.

The main pool was almost empty, and the smaller thermal baths along the far wall were quieter still. Hailey paused just inside the doorway, letting her eyes adjust to the steam.

One woman sat near the edge of the main pool with her face half-hidden in a towel. Another reclined on a sun chair in the corner, one arm draped over her eyes. Neither of them looked especially interested in Hailey.

Good.

For the first time all day, the room felt like it might actually let her disappear.

She walked toward the back wall, where the quietest tub sat. It was round, raised on a low wooden platform, with dark slate steps leading up to a smooth pale rim. Inside, the tub was shaped like a shallow bowl with a curved bench running around the inner wall and a lower footwell in the center. Steam rolled over the surface, hiding most of the seats beneath a shifting veil of white.

Hailey climbed the steps, untied her robe, and left it folded near the rim. The cooler air brushed over her exposed swimsuit for one brief second before she lowered herself into the water.

The heat was immediate and almost overwhelming. It climbed up her calves, closed around her thighs, and soaked through the thin black fabric at her hips. She eased down onto the curved bench with a soft hiss of breath, one hand gripping the rim while her feet found the lower floor of the tub. The water came high over her waist, then to the underside of her chest as she slid back against the rounded wall.

For the first time in weeks, her weight seemed to leave her. Her feet touched the floor, but lightly, as if the hot water had loosened her from herself. She leaned back, shoulders against the smooth inner wall, arms stretched along the rim on either side of her. The curve of the bench supported her hips, and the heat softened the tight line of tension through her lower back.

She turned her head and watched steam curl from the surface. Her swimsuit pulled tight against her chest as she took a slow breath, the fabric expanding and settling with her lungs.

"Perfect," she whispered. The word was muffled by the water and the low hum of the pumps.

The tub had two sets of jets. Small polished nozzles pushed warm streams of water outward in steady pulses, meant to work through sore muscles. Lower down, set into the seat and the floor, smaller round air outlets released lazy trails of bubbles that rose through the water and burst quietly at the surface.

Hailey let the water jets find her first. One pressed against the knot beside her spine. Another struck the back of her thigh, kneading into the muscle with a firm, pulsing rhythm.

She shifted a few inches to the side, testing the angles, letting the streams travel over her calves, the backs of her knees, and just shy of the place where the swimsuit disappeared between her legs.

A soft sound escaped her, small enough to vanish under the bubbling. She closed her eyes and sank deeper into the seat.

The water jets were stronger near the center of the tub. She could feel them from the wall opposite her, angled through the water in crossing streams. When she let her knees drift apart, two of them caught the inside of her thighs and pressed there in alternating pulses. The sensation was intimate enough to make her eyes open again.

She glanced across the room. The other guests were still occupied, no one was watching the quiet tub at the back.

Hailey adjusted her posture, trying to make the jets hit evenly. She slid her hips a little lower on the curved bench, her back still braced against the wall, her feet planted in the footwell. The movement brought the water streams higher between her legs. They struck through the hot water with a firm, rhythmic pressure, brushing against sensitive places the spa brochure had definitely not mentioned.

Her fingers tightened on the rim.

She should have moved away from the angle immediately. Instead, she held still for one breath too long.

The pulse returned. Then again. Then again.

Heat bloomed under her skin, sharper than the warmth of the bath. The water jets pushed against her in steady bursts, rubbing through the thin swimsuit and making her thighs tense. She shifted her hips forward to dull the pressure, but the curved seat guided her back into the same hollow. The tub seemed designed to hold her there, reclined and open, with her body positioned exactly between the crossing streams.

Hailey swallowed and tried to laugh at herself. It came out thin.

The air outlets beneath her seat bubbled lazily, tickling along the backs of her thighs. One of them sat lower than the others, set into the sloped part of the bench beneath her hips. As she shifted again, trying to find a less embarrassing position, the soft curve of her backside settled over the little circular vent.

The bubbles stopped.

For a moment, she noticed only the absence of them. The tickling under her was gone, replaced by a strange, contained pressure. The air outlet was still working, she could feel it pulsing beneath her, but the bubbles were no longer escaping freely into the water.

Hailey frowned and lifted her hips slightly.

A rush of bubbles burst out beneath her, startlingly strong, slipping around her skin and racing up her lower back. She gasped, then sank back down by instinct.

The bubbles stopped again.

This time the pressure gathered under her more clearly, trapped between the vent and the seal her body had made over it. It pressed up against her in a steady, muffled thump, not painful, but focused in a way that made her breath catch. At the same time,

the water jets along the wall continued their rhythm between her thighs, stroking and pulsing as if nothing unusual had happened.

Hailey shifted her weight to the side. The seal loosened for half a second, releasing a violent flutter of air that slipped along her skin. The sudden burst made her hips jerk. The movement dragged her directly back over the vent, sealing it again.

Her breath hitched.

The hot tub hummed around her, ordinary and mechanical, but her body no longer felt ordinary in it. The water jets kept working at her sensitive places, while the trapped air outlet pulsed underneath her, patient and insistent. Every attempt to move changed one sensation and sharpened another. If she lifted herself, the air escaped in a flustered rush. If she sank back down, the pressure built beneath her again, deeper and steadier.

She told herself she was only trying to get comfortable.

She slid one hand along the rim and braced herself, testing the seat with small movements. Her knees drifted wider. Her feet pressed into the lower floor of the tub. The curved bench cradled her hips, and the water buoyed enough of her weight that she never fully stood, never fully escaped. The lower air outlet remained under her, sealed by the angle of her body, while the wall jets continued to pulse against her through the water.

A slow, embarrassed warmth crawled up her neck.

This was not how a hydrotherapy tub was supposed to feel.

Hailey leaned back and tried to breathe evenly. The steam thickened around her face. The pump hummed under the floor. Her swimsuit clung to her, slick and tight, the fabric pulling across her stomach every time she inhaled.

The pressure under her changed again. It grew more concentrated, as if the trapped air had found the exact point of resistance and decided to push there. The sensation traveled upward through her body in a slow, intimate line. Her lower belly tightened, not swelling yet, but aware of the pressure beneath her, aware of the steady force waiting for somewhere to go.

Her lips parted.

She should get up. Instead, she adjusted.

It was a tiny movement, barely more than a tilt of her hips, but it seated her more fully over the vent. The seal became perfect. The fluttering around her disappeared. No bubbles escaped around her thighs. No silver trails rose behind her. The air was trapped completely beneath her body, pulsing against the sealed place with a deep, muffled rhythm.

The water jets struck again, warm and firm between her legs.

Hailey's back arched before she could stop it. Her hands gripped the rim as she looked down at the steaming water between her knees, but all she could see was the dark shimmer of the tub and the faint outline of her own body beneath the surface.

She knew she should move now, before anyone looked over, before the strange pressure became something she could not explain. But the angle was perfect. The water held her in place. The curved seat supported her hips. The jets worked against her with calm, mechanical patience.

Hailey sank back against the wall of the tub.

Beneath her, the sealed air outlet kept pushing.

CHAPTER 2: Just a Little Longer

The air surged beneath her with a muffled hiss, trapped by the perfect seal her body had made against the outlet. For a moment, Hailey sat frozen against the curved bench, stunned by the sudden focused pressure beneath her. It was not a gentle massage anymore. It was steady, intimate, and far too direct, pushing warmth and fullness through her belly in slow, undeniable pulses.

Hailey gasped, her breath catching in her throat as the sealed air outlet began to force pressure up through her, slow and impossible to ignore. The heat of the water radiated against her skin, but the sensation spreading through her midsection was something else entirely. She felt the fullness building, a slow outward push that made her belly press harder against the tight front of her swimsuit. The black fabric of her one piece dug into her skin, stretched across the widening dome of her belly as it rounded out beneath the water.

She tried to shift her weight to the side to break the seal, but the movement only changed the angle of the water jets between her thighs and made her breath catch. Her body froze before her mind could finish the thought. She could move. She knew she could. But moving meant losing the pressure, and some shameful part of her did not want that yet.

No. No, don't move yet.

The thought came so quickly it startled her.

Just a little longer, until it stops feeling this good.

Her cheeks burned as soon as the words formed in her head, but her hips stayed sealed to the outlet.

The side water jets were doing their job, pulsing against the sensitive inner sides of her legs, their rhythm mixing with the deeper pressure of the sealed air outlet beneath her. The combination of pressure and pleasure made her legs tremble. If she moved forward, she would lose the water jets. If she lifted her hips, she would break the seal. Both thoughts felt suddenly unbearable.

She glanced quickly toward the main pool. One of the other guests was reading a magazine near the edge, completely oblivious to the tableau happening across the room. If Hailey stood up now, her rounded belly would be obvious to the world. She forced herself to hold her breath and freeze.

The air continued to pump. Her belly, once soft and flat, was now taut and hard, pushing outward like a slowly inflating balloon. Her navel pulled shallow as her belly tightened, the soft curve of her stomach turning smooth and round under the water. Under the water, the surface of the tub rippled around the rising curve, distorting the view of her legs. It felt startlingly round, as if her belly had filled from nothing in a matter of minutes, but the sensation was electric rather than sluggish. Every pulse from the vent forced more air into her, making the tightness spike.

A low moan escaped her lips, muffled by the steamy air. The pleasure was sharp and urgent, a direct line to her clitoris that coiled tight. She gripped the lip of the tub with both hands, her knuckles white, digging her fingers into the tiles to ground herself. The pressure was mounting, a rhythmic throb that matched the slow rise of her belly beneath the water.

She looked down through the cloudy water. Her lower belly was clearly swollen now, a heavy, rounded mound floating just beneath the surface like it wanted to rise out of the water.

Hailey stared at the shape of herself under the water.

Oh god. I'm actually swelling.

The swimsuit seams strained tighter across her belly, tracing the shape of the swelling instead of hiding it. She squeezed her eyes shut, fighting the urge to rock her hips against the outlet, terrified of losing control and making the situation worse.

The air pushed harder now, and the sealed pressure beneath her made her hips tilt against the curved seat, forcing her back into a shallow arch. The sheer size of the swelling belly was undeniable, even to her. It looked like a severe case of bloating or an early pregnancy, yet she knew the difference.

She felt the air gathering deeper inside her, swelling her belly a little more with every second she stayed sealed over the vent. She was stuck between the urge to escape and the awful, thrilling knowledge that staying exactly where she was felt better than anything she had expected from a spa day.

CHAPTER 3: Five Minutes of Silence

The rhythmic hiss of the air jets died away abruptly, leaving only the distant hum of the filtration system and the dripping sound of water. The sudden silence wrapped around Hailey, louder than the bubbles had been moments ago.

She blinked, still reclined against the curved bench, her body held strangely light by the heated water. For a heartbeat, the strange fullness low in her belly seemed to fade beneath the lingering buzz of the jets against her thighs.

Hailey shifted, trying to adjust her weight, but the water resistance felt different now. The air trapped inside her belly refused to compress. Her belly, once a soft curve beneath the waterline, now pressed outward in a distinct rounded dome, buoyed upward no matter how she tried to settle back into the seat. It lifted there between her thighs, taut and pressurized, distorting the water around it like something trying to rise to the surface.

A flush of heat rushed up her neck. She pressed a hand to her stomach, expecting to find the firmness of muscle, but her fingers met only smooth, stretched skin. It was tight, hot, and incredibly full, though not painful, just a persistent, stretching pressure that made her breath hitch.

She should move. She should get out before the next guest arrived and asked why her stomach looked like she was six months pregnant with twins.

Her towel was draped over the far edge of the tub, close enough to see and far enough to feel impossible. To get it, she would have to stand. To stand, she would have to fold forward over her swollen belly and find enough leverage to pull herself upright. She gripped the tile edge of the tub and tried to push herself up. The effort was useless. The belly acted like a buoyancy aid, lifting her hips just enough to ruin her leverage while the curved bench kept guiding her back into the same helpless recline. Every time she tried to straighten her legs in the footwell, she lost her footing, forcing her to sink back against the rounded wall.

A slight panic mixed with the lingering pleasure of the massage. It was embarrassing enough that her body was behaving this way, but sitting here, exposed and inflated, with no towel to cover her shame was worse. She curled her spine, trying to hide the curve of her stomach behind her crossed arms, making herself as small as possible in the deep water.

The heavy door to the spa suite creaked open.

A woman walked in, wrapping a towel tightly around her head. She looked exhausted, her shoulders slumped under the weight of the day. The woman scanned the steamy room, searching for an empty place to sit.

Hailey held her breath, hoping the woman would choose the other tub. There was plenty of room over there. There was no need to sit near her.

The woman chose a place to Hailey's left, close enough that the water shifted between them when she sat. She stepped over the lip of the tub and lowered herself onto the submerged seat, the small splash of overflowing water dampening the silence.

Hailey stared straight ahead, focusing on a blurry tile pattern on the far wall. She waited for the other woman to settle in, to close her eyes and ignore the world.

A silence stretched between them, thick and awkward. Hailey could feel the other woman's gaze drifting. It wasn't malicious, just curious. The heat of the spa made it hard to hide.

The other woman glanced down. Her eyes landed on the rounded swell pushing up beneath the surface.

Hailey tightened her grip on the side of the tub and tried to shift her hips, hoping to hide the impossible roundness, but the air trapped inside made her feel anchored.

The other woman's eyes widened slightly. She glanced at Hailey's face, noting the flushed color and the way Hailey's mouth was slightly parted, caught between a gasp and a moan. Then, her eyes darted back to the stomach.

Oh, the expression said. Pregnant.

No, Hailey thought, heat crawling up her throat.

Not pregnant. Inflated.

The word felt filthy in her own mind, worse because it was true. She was sitting beside a stranger, full of air, her belly floating between them like proof.

The thought made Hailey's stomach clench with a shameful arousal. It was absurd. She wasn't pregnant, her belly was inflated with air, looking every bit the image of a woman in her sixth month.

"You're glowing," the other woman said softly, her voice cutting through the steam.

Hailey let out a short, breathless laugh that sounded more like a gasp. *"I... yeah. Just the heat, I think."*

The other woman nodded, offering a sympathetic, knowing smile. *"It's amazing what a good soak does for you."*

Hailey nodded, unable to speak. Her stomach felt tight and full, the air inside shifting as she moved slightly to accommodate the other woman's presence.

She felt exposed.

The other woman relaxed back, her eyes closing, but Hailey could feel the woman's gaze lingering on the water's surface where the belly floated, half-submerged.

"Must be nice," the other woman murmured, mostly to herself.

Hailey wanted to agree, but she couldn't. She was holding on to everything, her dignity, her balance, and the air trapped inside her. She watched the other woman's chest rise and fall, calm and peaceful, while Hailey's chest strained against the fabric of her swimsuit, her own breath coming in shallow, ragged gasps.

The minutes dragged on. The spa's quiet atmosphere felt oppressive. She glanced at the control panel on the side of the tub. The screen was dark.

Please not yet, she thought.

The shame of being seen like this was worse than the discomfort. But as the silence stretched on, the thought crossed her mind that if she stayed like this much longer, she might never be able to get out.

The other woman shifted again, settling deeper into the water. Her elbow bumped against Hailey's inflated side. Hailey flinched, a soft squeak escaping her lips before she could stop it. The contact startled her, sending a jolt of sensation through her nerves.

The other woman opened her eyes, looking over with concern.

"Are you okay? You look a little dizzy."

Hailey swallowed hard, her throat tight.

"I'm... I'm fine. Just a little warm."

I'm such a bad liar, she thought.

*I'm full. I'm so **fucking** full, and she's right there.*

She had to bite the inside of her cheek to keep from making a sound. The front of the swimsuit was stretched so hard over her inflated belly that it had pulled the crotch seam up tight between her legs, giving her a wet, unbearable wedgie that rubbed directly over her clitoris. Every hidden pulse of air made the fabric grind against her, a cruel little rhythm she could barely hide.

The other woman must have noticed. Hailey was gripping the edge of the tub too hard, breathing too carefully, her belly shining beneath the water while the swimsuit strained around her like it was one more thing trying to expose her.

The other woman smiled, though it looked a little uncertain now. *"Well, if you need anything..."*

"I'm good. Just... enjoying the peace." Hailey said, her voice tight.

Then, the sound came. A low, mechanical click. Hailey's eyes darted to the control panel. The screen flickered to life. The timer was resetting. The green light turned red.

The hum of the pump started up inside the tub, the familiar vibration traveling through the seat beneath her.

The sealed air outlet under Hailey clicked open again.

CHAPTER 4: The Second Wave

The low mechanical hum returned beneath the tub, vibrating through the seat under Hailey's hips. The side water jets stirred first, sending a faint current between her thighs.

Hailey froze. The silence had only been a brief reprieve, just long enough for her to understand what was about to happen again. She was still locked in the same position, reclined in the seat with her thighs spread and her body sealed firmly over the air outlet. The water level had settled, hiding the full extent of her swelling, but the seal was as tight as ever.

A sharp, fluttering shock surged beneath her. The air pushed upward, feeding the swelling in her belly with a steady force she could feel spreading through her. At the same time, the side water jets found the inside of her thighs again, pulsing through the hot water with calm mechanical rhythm. Her lower belly, already swollen into a distinct, rounded curve, jolted against her swimsuit. The fabric, designed for a flat stomach, stretched tight across the expanding dome of skin and trapped air.

It was not the gentle curve of early pregnancy anymore. It was **growing**. Each passing second the jets made it rounder, smoother, more obviously inflated beneath the water. Hailey squeezed her eyes shut, mortified, but she couldn't help but feel the rush of heat that accompanied the embarrassment.

The other woman started noticing; she was watching the growth in real time.

The realization that Hailey was being studied, that her body was betraying her so publicly, spiked her arousal.

She can see it. She can definitely see me getting bigger by the second.

"Is... are you okay?" the other woman asked, her voice barely above a whisper, but it was enough to cut through Hailey's daze.

Hailey wanted to wave her off, to say she was fine, but the air outlet below her was relentless. Another surge of bubbles hit her, pushing her belly outward further. It was no longer a bump; it was a hard, spherical swell that felt far too large for her frame. The pressure pushed deep and high inside her, a fullness that felt both foreign and incredibly right.

Hailey tried to hide the protrusion, but her belly had grown too large to tuck away. It was round, tight, and floating higher with every pulse. Instead, she had to arch her back, pushing her chest forward and letting the belly float higher. The water buoyed the weight, making the pressure on her muscles feel less like a burden and more like a tight, pleasurable embrace.

She glanced at the other woman. Her face was flushed, her gaze fixed on Hailey's midsection. She wasn't looking away. There was a hunger in the other woman's eyes, a fascination with the way the water parted around the inflated surface. She tilted her head, watching Hailey's belly expand second by second.

The humiliation washed over Hailey in waves, hotter than the water. She was exposed, inflated, and utterly unable to control the situation. Every time the jet pulsed, sending a fresh wave of air into her, her body responded with involuntary shudders. Her grip on the side of the tub digging further and further into the acrylic edge as she fought to keep her legs from kicking and spilling the secret.

But the pleasure was building. The sealed air outlet kept filling her from below while the side water jets pulsed between her thighs, working her sensitive places with a rhythm that was impossible to ignore. The tightness of her swimsuit was maddening, squeezing around the swell of her belly in a way that made every new inch feel sharper and more intimate. She moaned, a low sound that was swallowed by the bubbling water, and watched as the other woman's eyes darted from Hailey's face down to the taut skin of her stomach.

The other woman gasped softly, a small sound of realization escaping before she could stop it. She finally understood. It was not a baby. It was the jets.

The shock on her face shifted into something darker, more fascinated. She leaned in without seeming to notice, her legs clenched together beneath the water, one hand settling against her own stomach as if her body was trying to imagine the sensation for herself.

Being watched stripped away the last bit of distance Hailey had from what was happening. The other woman's stare made every pulse from the sealed outlet feel more intimate, more obscene, more impossible to pretend was only an accident.

The pressure was building faster now. Hailey's belly rounded wider beneath the surface, lifting higher with each pulse.

The other woman's lips parted, but no sound came out. Her gaze stayed fixed on Hailey's belly as it grew rounder beneath the water, too smooth and sudden to mistake anymore. Hailey felt the moment land between them, felt the shame of being understood, and the last of her control slipped. Instead of pulling away, she clenched around the pleasure and let the pressure keep filling her.

Hailey let out a breathless cry, her back arching sharply as the air jet surged beneath her. The pressure was becoming unbearable in the best possible way. Her belly pushed higher, tighter, rounder, until the stretched dome of it dominated everything she could see below her chest. She looked up at the ceiling above the hot tub, her vision blurred with pleasure.

She was on the brink of climax, the steady swelling of her belly syncing with the rhythm of her own arousal until she could barely tell which sensation was driving the other. She gripped the edge, her toes curling against the slippery floor of the tub, her legs spreading wider to accommodate the impossible fullness.

Please don't stop looking.

The thought was desperate and humiliating.

Watch me. Watch me inflate.

And then, the other woman suddenly panicked.

The realization of what was happening seemed to her hit all at once as she stood abruptly, knocking her towel to the floor, and hurried toward the changing rooms. She didn't look back, leaving Hailey reclined in the water, inflated and exposed to the silence.

The door clicked shut, and the hum of the spa jets seemed to echo in the sudden quiet. Hailey was alone.

She took a deep, shuddering breath, looking down at the massive, taut sphere that dominated her vision. It was larger than a basketball now, a smooth, white dome of skin and air that was completely submerged but threatening to breach the surface. Her swimsuit was pulled so tight it looked like it might snap.

For the first time since she had arrived, Hailey was truly alone. No one was watching. No one was there to be embarrassed in front of.

She exhaled, a long, shivering breath, and let herself settle deeper into the seat. The water held her up, supporting the swollen size of her belly while the air continued to pulse beneath her. She smiled, a weak, desperate smile, and pressed her hand against her own stomach. The skin was hot, smooth, and stretched tight beneath her palm.

With no one to judge, no one to hide from, Hailey leaned her head back and surrendered to the rising tide.

"Oh fuck," she whispered, voice shaking through the steam.

Her hands spread over the swollen curve of her belly.

"Yes. Keep going."

The words came out before she could stop them, soft and needy under the churn of the jets.

"Fill me. Just fill me. I don't care."

Her hips pressed harder into the seat, sealing herself over the outlet on purpose now.

"I don't care, I don't care, don't stop."

CHAPTER 5: No One to Stop Her

The silence that followed the other woman's hurried exit was not empty. It felt thick, charged, and unfinished. Hailey sat alone in the tub, the air still warm and clinging to her skin, but the humidity felt different now. The usual spa atmosphere of calm and relaxation had been replaced by a stark, undeniable reality.

She looked down at herself, her eyes following the huge curve of her inflated belly where it rose from the water. The belly that had started as a curiosity now dominated her entire body, huge and rounded, forcing her legs apart and filling the space between her and the edge of the tub. It was taut, hard, and slick with water, a massive dome of air stretching the black swimsuit so tightly that the fabric was slightly see-through.

The hot tub's filtration system hummed beneath the churn of the side water jets and the deeper pulse of the air jet under her hips. Hailey realized she was completely exposed, not just to the world outside the glass doors, but to her own body. She reached out a trembling hand, splashing the surface of the water, and watched the ripples break against the swollen curve of her belly. It lifted toward the surface with every breath, tugging at her posture.

She needed her towel. It was still just out of easy reach, folded on the rim where she had left it, a strip of cotton that suddenly seemed like her only hope for dignity. Her arm moved sluggishly, her shoulder unsteady from the tension of the swelling. Reaching out, she caught the edge of the plush fabric and dragged it closer.

The towel slid close enough to grab, close enough to hide her face in if she had to. It was useless for covering her like this. Her belly had already risen too high, a huge rounded dome breaching the surface while the lower curve stayed submerged and buoyant beneath the water. But the towel still gave her something. A barrier. A place to bury the sounds she knew were coming.

Hailey shifted her weight, trying to find a comfortable position. Her belly remained perfectly round and firm, a beach-ball-sized swell pushing up through the waterline and constantly trying to float higher. Instead of letting her sink back into the heated seat, the air in her belly made her hips feel light and unstable. Her thighs spread wider in the footwell as she braced herself, fighting the way her inflated belly pulled her forward.

Pleasure, raw and overwhelming, began to coil in her core. It wasn't the vague, relaxing pleasure of a spa day; it was a sharp, intrusive sensation of fullness that spiked with every breath she took. She closed her eyes, letting her head fall back against the rim of the tub. Her shoulders slumped, her arms hanging limp at her sides.

The tightness of her swimsuit was agonizing in the best possible way. The fabric cut into her sides, the elastic pulled tight above the dome of her belly as if the swimsuit had never been meant to hold a shape like this. She could feel the outline of the seams straining through the stretched black fabric.

Hailey took a breath, shallow and careful, the pressure in her belly making even that small movement feel intense. The sensation of the air expanding inside her, the heat of the water, the steady pulse beneath her hips, everything synchronized to send jolt after jolt of arousal straight through her.

"God," she whispered, the word lost instantly to the steam.

She reached for the towel again, not to cover herself, but to muffle herself. She pulled the damp cotton against her mouth, her breath coming in short, ragged hitches through the fabric.

"Mmmph... fuck..."

The sound broke against the towel, wet and helpless.

"More," she breathed into the cotton. *"More, more, more."*

Her fingers dug into the sides of her belly, feeling the air stretch her wider.

"Don't stop. Please don't stop."

She did not know who she was begging. The tub. The timer. Herself. It did not matter anymore. The only thought left was the next pulse, the next swell, the next second of being made bigger.

By then, begging felt less like a choice than a reflex. To be filled until the tightness swallowed every other thought.

The air jet continued its work. The air kept rushing in, swelling her tighter, rounding her further, making the exposed curve of her belly feel stretched, sensitive, and impossible not to touch.

The pressure was immense. She felt like a balloon pushed close to its limit, her skin taut and shiny where it rose above the water. Every pulse of air sent a wave of sensation through her, a mix of tightness and strange, buoyant pressure.

Her legs spread wider, her feet bracing against the floor of the tub, fighting to keep her body anchored while her inflated belly kept trying to lift her. Her posture had changed completely, her back arched instinctively.

She could feel the water shifting around her, displaced by the immense volume of her body. The lower curve of her belly stayed cooled by the bath, while the upper dome rose further into the humid air, slick and exposed. She closed her eyes, drowning in the sensation. The embarrassment of being watched was gone, replaced by a desperate, consuming need to feel the air expand her further.

It was happening again. The wave of pleasure built faster this time, fed by the sheer magnitude of what she had become. The pleasure was taking over the shape of her thoughts.

Good girl. Bigger. More.

The words looped through her mind, stupid and perfect.

Stay there. Let it happen. Let it keep filling you.

She squeezed her eyes shut, gripping the edge of the tub. She could not hold back the sound anymore.

*"Mmmh... **fuck**, yes..."*

The words broke apart against the towel, barely words at all.

*"Keep filling me... keep **fucking** filling me..."*

A muffled cry spilled into the damp cotton as her body started to shake.

Her body seized. The air in her belly seemed to vibrate in sync with her heartbeat. Her back arched violently, her hips bucking forward off the seat.

No stopping. No thinking. No getting out.

Only the pressure. Only the swelling. Only the stupid, perfect need to be filled until there was nothing left in her head but pleasure.

*"Mmmph, fuck, fuck, **fuck**..."*

Her toes curled. Her legs trembled violently, threatening to shoot out from under her.

She came hard, the wave crashing through her with the force of the air itself. Her body shuddered around the trapped fullness, helplessly milking pleasure from the pressure while her thoughts broke apart into one repeated word.

More.

The aftershocks were slow and heavy. Hailey slumped back against the tub, her chest heaving. She was coated in sweat, her hair plastered to her face. The towel was soaked, clinging to her chin.

But the air outlet did not stop. The bubbles kept coming. The air kept flowing.

"It's still going," she whispered, dazed.

Her hands slid over the huge curve as it rose higher through the waterline.

A broken little laugh slipped out of her.

*"It's still making me bigger... **keep going**. Make me too full to care."*

Her belly, already large, responded to the relentless influx. It rippled slightly as it stretched, skin taut as a drum, quivering with the effort of accommodating more volume. It grew harder, rounder, lifting higher from the water and forcing her to brace herself against the tub.

She looked down, watching the water slide away from the upper curve of her stomach. Her belly was so large now that it protruded way above the waterline, round and slick and impossible to push back under. She was still seated, but the air inside her made her feel barely anchored, lifted by her own inflated body.

The effort to keep herself steady exhausted her. She was caught between the steady inflation and the pleasure it kept dragging out of her, unable to separate one from the other.

The tightness beneath her skin was becoming almost overwhelming, but it felt wonderful. She just sat there, too far gone to want anything except the next pulse.

Time blurred. The steady hum, the rising water, and the pressure inside her became one continuous sensation. Her belly swelled into a huge, smooth sphere that forced her to lean back and brace herself against the tub.

Her breathing was shallow and raspy. Every inhale made her belly feel tighter, rounder, fuller than before. She should have been afraid of how large she had become, but the fear only tangled itself deeper into the arousal.

The lower half of her belly stayed cooled by the water, while the upper curve rose into the humid air, exposed and glistening. The temperature contrast made her skin prickle. She could feel the veins in her neck standing out, her heart pounding a frantic rhythm against her throat.

She was so full that the thought of moving felt distant and unimportant. The air shifted inside her, making her hips shift with it, forcing her legs wider around the swollen curve.

*Fine. **Let it.***

Let the whole spa see what it did to her. Let anyone walk in and find her like this, round and helpless and too drunk on pleasure to care.

The towel was right there, close enough to muffle herself if she wanted to pretend she still had any shame left. Hailey let it stay where it was. She wanted the sound out now. Wanted the empty room to hear what the pressure was doing to her.

Her moan slipped free into the steam, open and helpless, and the fact that she did nothing to stop it only made her hotter.

Hailey's head tipped back against the edge of the tub. She pressed both hands into the sides of her belly, fingers spread wide and still unable to cover the swollen curve. It was warm to the touch, radiating the heat of her body and the mechanics of the pump.

She drifted mindlessly in the mixture of heat, pleasure, and pressure until the rest of the room felt far away. Her belly filled her lap, lifted from the water, and demanded both hands. Every thought circled back to it, the size, the tightness, the way it made her body feel rearranged around the pressure. It was all she could think about. The fullness, the heat, the size of herself.

The mechanical cycle of the tub finally clicked off. The stream of bubbles ceased.

The silence was sudden and almost jarring. The air inlet went quiet. But the air inside her did not escape. It stayed there, trapped, a massive presence in her center.

She sat there for a long time, barely settled in the seat, her massive belly rising and falling with her shallow breaths. The water rippled gently around her. She looked at her hands resting on her belly where it protruded from the surface of the water, fingers splayed wide over the stretched-tight skin.

The expanded size of her belly should have startled her. She was so big she could barely see her own feet. Instead, her first clear thought was shamefully simple.

More.

Her fingers tightened on her belly.

Bigger. Do it again.

She tried to shift her weight, to pull herself upright, but the buoyancy kept ruining her leverage. She was stuck, hugely rounded and awkwardly wedged in a tub meant for ordinary bodies.

She sat alone with the aftermath of the pleasure, her belly hard and round, her body humming with the aftertaste of ecstasy. She looked around the empty room, steam curling from the surface of the water, and realized with a dizzy little thrill that she had no idea how she was supposed to get out normally.

CHAPTER 6: The Shape She Kept

The hot tub sat dormant, a dark circle of rippled water beneath the soft lights of the spa lounge. Hailey remained sunk low in the seat, her chest still heaving as the last aftershocks of her climax faded. The air was thick and humid, carrying the scent of mineral salts and steam.

She was the last person left. The other guests had long since gone, their towels folded and their laughter stripped away by the quiet efficiency of the facility. Hailey had been alone for a while, long enough that embarrassment should have returned, sharp and sensible. It did not. The shame was still there, but it had softened into something hot and syrupy, something that made her hands drift back to her belly every time she remembered how exposed she was. She took a shaky breath, careful against the tightness inside her, but her attention was entirely fixed on the massive dome of her belly.

Slowly, the muscles in her legs began to unclench. She let go of the rim and pressed both hands flat against her belly. The skin was stretched tight, drum-taut, and slick under her palms. It felt like a beach ball had been sealed beneath her skin, warm and firm and entirely part of her.

Hailey shifted her weight, testing how much strength she had left. The water slid down the rounded curve of her belly as she tried to sit forward. While she stayed submerged, the air inside her kept making her feel strangely light and unstable, but the moment she rose higher, gravity began to take over. She pushed herself up with one hand on the rim, the other supporting the sheer bulk of her front.

When she managed to get one foot under herself, the change was immediate. Gravity took hold with a sudden, jarring heaviness. Her belly pulled forward, huge and unsupported now, dragging her center of gravity with it. She had to brace against the tub's edge, fingers digging into the wet rim to steady herself. Her legs felt weak, their strength drained by the intense pleasure she had just experienced.

She climbed out slowly, awkwardly, one hand tucked under the swollen curve as if she had to carry the new size of herself forward. Her swimsuit sat tight across the huge round dome of her belly. The cooler air outside the water made her skin prickle, and every careful step reminded her how exposed she was.

Once both feet were on the spa floor, she made her way toward the changing rooms, eyes fixed downward even though she knew the path was clear. The air inside her shifted with every step, a slow internal sway that reminded her she was still full. It was both humiliating and exhilarating. Each careful step rubbed the wet swimsuit against her, keeping the heat alive between her thighs. Walking like this, swollen and exposed, made her secret feel impossible to separate from her body.

Hailey ducked into the private shower stall to rinse the mineral water from her skin. The sound of water hitting tile was deafening in the quiet room. She turned the shower dial, and warm spray cascaded over her shoulders, down her chest, and along the stretched sides of her belly.

The stall was lined with dark glass and polished tile, reflective enough to give her back a broken, steam-blurred version of herself.

Not clear. Not perfect. Enough.

She shifted under the shower slowly, almost indulgently, letting the swollen curve lead the motion. Her belly moved first, round and heavy in the open air, and Hailey followed it with a quiet, breathless smile. She angled herself toward the showerhead until the stream struck the front of her directly.

The sound changed.

Against her shoulders and back, the water splashed softly. Against her inflated belly, it drummed. A low, hollow patter rolled over the huge dome, each stream tapping against the stretched fullness before scattering down both sides of her. The sound was obscene in its own quiet way, proof she could hear and feel.

Hailey's hand slid over the wet curve, and a slow moan left her before she cared enough to stop it.

Every drop struck the air-filled swell and answered back with that tight, empty sound, reminding her exactly what the tub had done.

The thought sent heat twisting through her all over again, sharp enough that she nearly slipped a hand beneath the swimsuit and touched herself right there under the spray.

She turned a little more, putting the widest part of her belly directly under the stream on purpose. The hollow rhythm deepened against the stretched curve, steady and humiliating, and Hailey bit her lip as pleasure crawled back through her body.

Every drop seemed to announce what the tub had done to her.

Full. Tight. Hollow. **Inflated.**

She pressed one hand against the tile, leaning closer to the dark reflection. Steam curled over the surface, but the shape of her was impossible to miss. Her body looked transformed, rearranged around the enormous dome of her belly. Her once-flat stomach was gone, swollen into a massive spherical protrusion that pushed her hips back and filled the reflection before anything else.

It was no longer just pregnancy-big. It was beach-ball huge, a massive air-filled dome too smooth, too tight, and too perfectly round to look natural.

"Oh fuck," she whispered, staring at herself through the fogged glass. *"I'm so big."*

The words made her ache. Not with fear. Not anymore. With want. The sight of herself like this, blown up and gleaming under the shower light, sent a slick pulse of arousal through her so strong she could feel it even through the wet swimsuit.

She turned sideways to the tile and looked again. The curve jutted forward in a smooth, heavy swell that changed the entire shape of her body. She pressed both palms to it, one on each side, and felt the tightness answer her touch.

She tried to pull her hands together across the front of it and failed. The curve was too wide, too round, her palms sliding over slick skin and stretched fabric without ever meeting. The failed gesture sent a fresh thrill through her. She was so huge that her own hands could not measure her.

A flush of arousal washed over her. She looked at her reflection, really looked at it, and felt the last sensible part of her go quiet.

She should have been thinking about clothes. Explanations. Getting home.

Instead, her mind folded around one filthy little truth.

I want to use this.

Her hands slid over the swollen curve again.

I want to feel this body until I can't think.

She stepped out from the stall, shaking the water from her hair. The locker room was empty. She moved to the far bench, away from the door, and sat down. The towel she grabbed was thin and flimsy.

Before she could dry off completely, she scanned the room. The silence was comfortable but fragile. A staff member could still be making their rounds.

The thought should have killed the mood. Instead, it sharpened it. The idea that someone might walk in, that she might have to explain the belly, the shaking legs, the way her swimsuit still clung to her, sent another hot pulse through her.

She dropped the towel onto the bench. She could not dry off if she was going to do this. She stood and made her way toward a recessed corner behind a stack of shelves. It was not hidden, not really, but it blocked the direct line of sight from the door.

She needed to touch herself.

The thought was not gentle anymore. It was not curious. It was blunt and greedy, pushing through the steam in her head with the same simple force as the air had pushed into her belly.

*Touch yourself. Use the pressure. **More orgasms.***

Her inflated body was not an accident in her mind anymore. It was something to enjoy, something to grind pleasure out of until she couldn't stand any more.

She pressed her back against the cool wall, her breathing already quickening. She reached down, fingers fumbling against the slick fabric of her swimsuit. The crotch of it was still pulled tight from earlier, wedged high between her legs by the brutal stretch of her inflated belly. The fabric had been rubbing her raw, dragging over her clitoris with every step, every breath, every shift of her swollen body.

For a moment she almost kept it there. The pressure, the tightness, the obscene pull of the wet fabric, all of it felt too good to give up.

But she needed **more**.

With a needy, impatient sound, she hooked two fingers beneath the strained fabric and pulled it aside from her pussy. The first direct touch made her knees soften. No swimsuit between them now. No tight seam teasing her through fabric. Just her fingers sliding against her, and the huge inflated belly forcing her to struggle around the swollen curve to reach herself.

She had to shift her hips, spread her stance, and reach beneath the curve as her belly pressed heavily against her forearm. The awkwardness should have frustrated her, but every failed attempt dragged her deeper. Her own inflated body was blocking her, forcing her to struggle for pleasure around the huge swollen dome.

The contact was electric. She gasped, a sharp breath catching in her throat, and clamped a hand over her mouth.

She struggled to maintain a rhythm. The tightness of her skin made it hard for her hands to find their way, and her center of gravity was constantly shifting.

She bit her lip, suppressing a moan that threatened to spill into the quiet room. Her other hand braced against the wall for support as her legs trembled. The air inside her seemed to vibrate, a low hum of pressure that synced with the rhythm of her touch.

She was so close. The tension in her body built coil by coil, each touch made hotter by the huge inflated belly forcing her to fight for every inch of pleasure. Her belly got in the way of everything. She had to lift it slightly with one hand while the other worked beneath the curve, fingers struggling to find her clitoris around the swollen dome of air.

The risk was intoxicating. The facility was quiet, the hum of the ventilation the only sound. A staff member could walk in at any second and find her like this, masturbating while fully inflated. The thought made her core clench.

"Aah, fuck..." she whispered, the word barely audible against her clenched jaw.

She pressed harder, fingers chasing the spot that would break her. Her belly full of air pushed outward, taut and round, pressing into her forearm every time she tried to reach deeper. The size of it forced her hand into an awkward angle, made every movement feel greedy and clumsy, and somehow that only made it worse.

The climax started in the pressure.

It built from the swollen dome pinned between her body and her own arm, from the way she had to fight around herself just to touch her clitoris, from the tight, humiliating knowledge that she was doing this in a locker room with her swimsuit pulled aside and her inflated belly leading every movement.

Her thoughts narrowed down to the size of herself.

So big. Too big to touch properly.

So big she had to lift herself out of the way.

She spread her legs wider, back sliding against the cool wall as her knees trembled. One hand worked frantically between her thighs while the other clutched the side of her belly, fingers digging into the stretched curve as if she could hold the fullness in place. The air inside her shifted with every shake of her hips, a slow internal sway that made the swollen weight of her feel alive under her palm.

"Nnngh... fuck, yes..."

The sound slipped out louder than she meant it to. She clamped her mouth shut too late, breath breaking through her nose as her body kept chasing the rhythm. Her fingers found the right pressure, the right angle, and the pleasure snapped tighter inside her.

There.

*Right **there**.*

Her legs nearly buckled. Her hips jerked forward, then back against the wall, then forward again as the pleasure tore through her in hot, helpless pulses. Her belly heaved against her palm, huge and tight and impossible to ignore, the air inside shifting restlessly as her muscles clenched around nothing but pressure and need.

She could feel everything at once.

The wet heat between her fingers.

The slick pull of the swimsuit against her hip.

The cool wall against her back.

The massive belly forcing her legs open, forcing her to feel every swollen inch.

*"Oh fuck," she gasped, voice breaking. "I'm so big... **fuck**, I'm so **fucking** big..."*

The words made it worse. Saying it out loud made her clench harder, made the pleasure spike until her hand stuttered and her body shook too violently to keep a steady rhythm.

Her belly kept pressing into her arm, blocking her, forcing her to work for it, and the obstruction sent her over the edge harder than the touch itself. She folded as much as her inflated body allowed, shaking against the wall with one hand trapped between her thighs and the other spread wide over the huge swollen dome.

The orgasm hit like her body giving in to the size of itself.

She kept touching herself anyway, dragging the orgasm out until it became messy and desperate, until every tremor ran through the inflated dome under her palm.

For a few seconds, there was no spa, no door, no closing time.

Only her fingers, the wall, the swollen size of belly, and the obscene pleasure of being too full to move normally. One hand was still low between her thighs, the other splayed over the side of her belly as if she needed to make sure it was still there.

It was.

Huge. Round. Full.

When the orgasm finally loosened its grip of her, she stayed pressed to the wall, gasping. One last weak pulse shot through her before she could even breathe properly again.

Her thoughts came back slowly, soft and scattered.

Again.

The word pulsed through her before anything sensible could take shape.

Again, again, again.

Her hand stayed low against herself, fingers lazy now but unwilling to leave. The orgasm had not emptied the need out of her. It had opened it wider. The pressure in her belly, the awkwardness of working around it, the sheer obscene size of herself, all of it had turned into one greedy, bottomless craving.

She did not want to calm down.

She wanted **more**.

Not just fingers. Not just rubbing herself against the wall, shaking and half-dressed in a public changing room.

That had been good, too good, but it was not enough anymore. Her body wanted something deeper. Something inside her. Something thick enough to make her feel occupied beneath the huge air-filled curve the tub had given her.

I need to get home.

Her fingers tightened against the side of her belly.

Oh fuck, I need my dildo.

The thought hit her hot and stupid and perfect.

Her hand spread over the swollen dome.

This slutty fucking balloon needs more than fingers.

She pictured it so clearly her knees nearly weakened again: her belly bouncing above her thighs with every desperate motion, both hands spread over the massive dome to hold herself steady as she fucked herself open, too swollen to move normally, too desperate to care.

She wanted to sink down slowly, feel the pressure inside her shift as something pushed up into her from below, wanted the fullness in her belly and the fullness between her legs to blur into one overwhelming need.

Again, but properly, with something inside her.

The silence was broken by a crackle of static from the ceiling speakers. A calm, recorded voice drifted down, cutting through the steam and snapping the room back into place.

“Attention, guests,” the voice said. “The facility is now closing for the day. Please proceed to the showers and changing rooms. Thank you.”

Hailey went still.

Not because she was ashamed. Shame was somewhere far behind her now, too distant to matter. She went still because the announcement meant she had to move. She had to stop touching herself. She had to pull the swimsuit back into place, get dressed, and carry this swollen, obscene body out of the spa before someone came looking.

Her fingers withdrew reluctantly.

“Fuck,” she whispered, not in regret, but frustration.

She slowly straightened up. Her legs were still shaky, her body still hungry, her belly still huge and tight and leading every movement. She adjusted her swimsuit, tugging the strained fabric back over herself with a grimace of effort. It was a losing battle. The suit fought to hold its shape around her, stretched tight over the massive curve of her belly and still damp between her thighs.

She did not want the air out.

The thought was immediate and absolute.

Going flat was not an option. Not now. Not after this. The fullness had become the point, the thing she wanted to carry home, the thing she wanted to use until she was stupid with it. She needed to stay like this. Needed to get out of the spa, get home, lock the door, open the drawer beside her bed, and find out what her body felt like when the massive, air-filled curve of her belly was not an accident anymore, but part of the way she fucked herself.

She grabbed her clothes off the bench. Her shirt was thin and cotton; she knew it would not cover her. Her jeans were useless against her new shape, the waistband stopping beneath the curve of her belly while the button strained uselessly below it. She pulled them on as far as they would go, forced the zipper up with a groan, and left the button undone before the fabric could tear.

Her body was still aching for penetration. Every movement reminded her of it. Every step made the air inside her shift, made her belly tug forward, made her thighs brush in a way that kept the need alive.

Hailey grabbed her phone from the bench where she had left it. Her hand brushed against her inflated belly, and the contact sent a fresh little pulse through her. She walked to the door, pushing it open.

The main lobby was darkening, the lights dimming as the cleaning staff began their shift. She stepped out into the hallway, posture adjusted to carry the massive weight of her stomach. She moved slowly, steps wide and deliberate, both arms curved around her belly to hold the huge shape steady beneath her clothes.

She walked toward the exit, head high, pretending she was merely tired from the heat and the long session in the hot tub.

But her thoughts were already at home.

The drawer beside her bed.

The toy inside it.

The way she would lower herself down onto it.

As she walked, her thumb hovered over the screen of her phone. She opened the spa's booking page and scrolled to the schedule.

Tomorrow, late afternoon. Same heated bubble bath. Same quiet closing window.

Hailey stared at the schedule, thumb hovering over the screen. She did not need to pretend this had been a bizarre accident. She knew exactly what it had done to her. The heat, the pressure, the way her belly had risen from the water, the way her body had learned to crave the size of itself.

The slot was still open.

She reserved it, tucked the phone away and pushed through the heavy glass doors into the cool evening air, both hands resting on the massive curve of her belly as it led the way.

~

Thanks for reading "**Bubbling Into Pleasure**"!

Special thanks everyone **supporting** the **Patreon** to keep the Lab running.

For more stories, image sets, experiments, and updates, you can find us at:

◇ <https://www.patreon.com/StretchLab>

◇ <https://stretchlab.carrrd.co>