



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.

Thanks for checking out the preview of **Bubbling Into Pleasure!**

A secluded hydrotherapy bath, a few hours away from work, and Hailey's chance to let the tension melt away.

Instead, while soaking in the hot tub, one poorly placed air jet turns into accidental pleasure. Sealed over the bubble outlet, the continuous flow of air inflates Hailey's belly bigger and bigger.

What begins as confusion quickly becomes an awakening as the growing pressure, impossible size, and humiliating lack of control awaken something that melted away tension harder than she ever could've imagined.

> This preview version includes only the first **2 chapters**.

The full version includes:

- **6** chapters
- **32** pages
- Slow, continuous belly inflation
- Public embarrassment
- Hedonistic awakening and self discovery
- Multiple orgasms and an explicit ending

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

◇ patreon.com/StretchLab

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

- **StretchLab**