

UNDER PRESSURE

Kimberly's heels clicked unevenly across the cracked pavement, staggered by every slow, gurgling swell beneath her skin. She clutched her abdomen with trembling fingers as if her touch could contain the slow expanse from within. Golden curls bounced wildly around her flushed, sweat-slicked face, clinging in damp strands. Her blue eyes, bright and wide, fluttered with a hazy mix of confusion and mounting arousal. The plunging neckline of her fitted pink top strained over her massive breasts, which were even more pronounced by the growing curve of her belly below.

"Uuuuuuhhhnnngh-**buuurp!** oh god," Kimberly moaned, voice thick with heat and strain. She stumbled forward, her legs pressed together in a failing attempt to steady herself. "W-what was in that candy? Nnnnhhh... I c-can't... I can't stop feeling so-**uuuurrrrhhp!** so full..."

Kimberly's stomach, once smooth, had become a firm, taut dome. It wasn't huge, not yet, but enough to make the waistband of her low-rise jeans cut uncomfortably into her skin. The button had already popped off, somewhere back by the trash bins, but it barely helped to begin with. The slow swell pushed relentlessly outward, tight as a drum, while audible **glooorrks** and **blorps** rolled through her midsection with each breathless step she took.

Leaning against the alley wall, ass jutting back, Kimberly let out another unrestrained moan. "Mmmmfhh... **aaaahhhn...** fuck, my tummy's gurgling so much..." Her voice cracked with shame and pleasure alike. "I-it won't stop *swelling*... **BUUURRRRPP!**"

Another wave of pleasure welled up within her. Kimberly gasped, her torso arching forward, blonde hair spilling over her face. Her fingers splayed wide across her rounding belly, then traced over it, feeling it tighten further, pushing outward by the second, once tantalizing inch at a time.

Sloooosh... bloooorp.

A deep, *wet* churning echoed from inside Kimberly. Her thighs quivered. "**Uhhnnngghh...** I *feel* it... building up... inside me..."

The alley spun around Kimberly. Her legs buckled again, her balance thrown by her shifting center of gravity and the maddening, tingling heat radiating from her stomach outward. She felt how incredibly stiff her nipples stood through the fabric of her top, her panties damp with more than just sweat.

Another helpless moan escaped Kimberly's lips, long and drawn out. "**Haaaaahhhnnnn...** **BURRRRRRRP!**... ohhh fuck... I'm *really* blowing up..."

Kimberly whimpered as her back arched away from the crumbling brick wall, her hips swaying with every shaky, unbalanced step deeper into the alley's shadows. The pressure was

unrelenting, leaving her somewhere between panic and irresistible arousal. Her stomach pressed outward like a woman several months into pregnancy, except this growth came not from life but from something unnatural and erotic pulsing inside her.

The tank top had ridden up past Kimberly's navel, revealing her tense, shiny surface that practically shimmered with sweat and tension. Each inhale made her stomach rounder, tighter, as if breath after breath was filling her with more air than she could exhale. She was embarrassed by how much she was getting off on it, thankful that nobody was there to see her in such a state.

"Mmmmmnnnff... hrrrrnggh!" Kimberly moaned, cupping the underside of her swollen belly with both hands. It had risen high, nearly grazing the underside of her ample breasts. She pushed on it reflexively, fingers digging into her own stretched skin, trying to force it down, stop the inflation, *anything*.

The moment Kimberly applied pressure, a powerful **BUUUUUUOOOOOORRRRPPP!** Ripped from her throat, impossibly loud and wet, the kind of deep, echoing belch that seemed to shake her from the inside out. The force of it caused her eyes to flutter, knees to buckle.

"Oooohhhh... *fuck...*" Kimberly gasped, her voice nearly a whisper. "T-that... felt so *good...*"

Kimberly stood still for a beat, breasts rising and falling with shallow gasps and involuntary moans. Her panties were soaked through with arousal, clinging to her needy mound like the caress of a lover. The fabric rubbed her just right, igniting a new wave of tingles she couldn't ignore.

Staggering forward, Kimberly wobbled and whined as her shifting weight pulled her off balance. The tautness of her belly threw off her stride, made her hips roll wide and exaggerated, like she was strutting despite herself. She felt the gas bubble higher again.

"Uhhnnn... I c-can't hold it-**uuuuOOOOORRRP!**" Kimberly's belly surged outward with another audible stretch, gaining another inch in roundness. The upper curve pushed directly against the bottoms of her bountiful breasts. The sensation sent a fresh jolt straight through her, down between her legs.

Kimberly's moans came in shaky waves. "S-so full... getting... bigger..." Her belly wasn't just round, it was tight, straining, jostling slightly with every sudden movement like it might bounce under its own tension. The gas was still building, curling within her, feeding her further, deeper, and she *loved* it.

Barely making it three more unsteady steps, Kimberly's legs refused to carry her further. The pressure was just too much, too hot, too *heavy*. Her bloated belly pushed out as if she were connected to a hose, quickly swelling to a size that looked well into her third trimester, maybe

even overdue. Helpless against the relentless growth, she watched her tank top bunch up beneath her breasts, revealing new stretch marks that spread lightly across her distending skin.

Grlllllooooooorp... gurgle...

*“Uuuuhhhhhnnnn... **BURRRRP!** Mmmmfffh... oh g-god...”* Kimberly whined, feeling unbearably horny as her thighs shook. She dropped to her knees on the cool concrete, her back arching as her belly surged forward with a tight *puff* of expansion.

“I c-can’t take it anymore...” With one hand pressing down on her inflated belly, she whimpered, fighting to catch her breath. The resistance sent another shuddering wave of pleasure racing through her. “Too tight... too full... I need... *release...*”

Kimberly inhaled sharply, rocking back on her heels, spreading her knees. Her trembling fingers slipped beneath the waistband of her ruined panties, instantly meeting slick, needy heat.

*“**BUUUUUURRRRRRP!**”*

The sudden intense feeling of absolute euphoria made Kimberly burp again, long, low, and *wet*, as her fingers rubbed slow circles over her throbbing clit. Her eyes rolled upward, mouth falling open, tongue falling slack over her lips.

“F-fuck, fuuuuck, I’m so... *big...*” Panting, Kimberly’s other hand rose to grope one of her breasts. She pinched the aching nipple, hard, and the reaction was instant. Her pussy clenched, her belly gurgled, and her moans rose in pitch. “Yes! **YES!** *Ngggghh-BURP!* gonna burst...”

Kimberly’s growth forced her breasts upward, her round, swollen gut curving her spine. Her entire posture shifted, transforming her into a living statue of gluttonous, gas-filled pleasure. She looked as if she was carrying triplets. Reveling in the heat, her fingers moved faster.

Gas kept bubbling inside Kimberly, swirling, stretching her tighter and tighter. Her moans came out choked and breathless, each one interrupted by needy belches that spilled from her lips without resistance.

*“Uuuuuhhhhhnn... b-bigger... nnggghh-**BURRRP**-m-more...”*

Kimberly’s hand drifted from her breast down to her stomach, massaging it as she curled two fingers into herself with the hand that was still between her thighs, plunging away with wanton desire. Every ripple of movement jiggled her inflated belly and drove her wilder. The pleasure built like pressure in a sealed balloon, building into something inevitable, impossible to hold back. She felt like she was going to explode in more ways than one.

As Kimberly’s bliss crested into something raw and primal, her breath caught entirely. Her lashes fluttered like she was on the edge of blacking out. She couldn’t help but drool as her

fingers caressed her inner walls, twisting as her hips rocked in erratic, desperate thrusts. The obscene *squelch* as she fingered herself filled the night's air like a deliciously loud chorus of devilish delight.

Watching in awe, Kimberly's belly billowed out beyond anything she could have imagined. It jutted out in front of her like a wobbling dome, nearly the size of her entire torso. It pinned her in place, but she didn't mind, as the tightness from within only added to the ecstasy she was experiencing.

Bucking into her wrist as it twisted, pressing deeper inside of herself, Kimberly broke.

"AHHHHHHHHnnnnngggghh-BUUUURRRRRPP!!!" Kimberly howled, her whole body convulsing. The orgasm hit like a shockwave.

Kimberly's legs trembled, then spasmed. Grinding her fingers even tighter, her thighs clamped around her arm. Her gas-swollen belly gurgled and lurched forward with another puff of inflation. The force of her own body made her back bow, breasts bouncing with each aftershock.

Never in her life had Kimberly come so hard. Her belly bloated big enough to block out her sight, a spherical swell that eclipsed the rest of her body. One hand stayed buried between her thighs, while the other, pushed aside by the expanse, could no longer reach the front of her stomach. She didn't care if she reached the size of a blimp, if it meant that she could remain lost in such euphoria.

The pleasure was endless, rolling through Kimberly like the gas that inflated her. Even after her orgasm had crashed through her like a tidal wave, the urge to chase that constant, mind-numbing bliss didn't ease. Her fingers still pumped instinctively, slick with her essence that gushed down her thighs in hot, messy torrents.

A voice cut through the haze of Kimberly's ecstasy like a sharp knife, sudden and cold. "Thieves never know when to stop..."

At the far end of the alley stood a woman draped in a dark purple, layered dress. Her face was partially concealed beneath the wide brim of her hat. Yellow eyes glowed softly, her arms crossed, unimpressed by the moaning blonde before her.

Kimberly gasped, her cheeks burning. "I-I-I didn't-**BURRP!**-I didn't mean to steal it! I just... *aaahhhnnn*... I just wanted to *taste* one!" she babbled. Her voice cracked as she felt another climax welling up within her core. "I'm sorry! I'll... I'll pay for t-the candy! I swear I'll p-pay! J-just... please make it stop-**buhhhrrrp!** I c-can't take anymore! I'll *explode!*"

The witch slowly walked forward, her heels clicking ominously on the pavement. She looked at the moaning, gas-swollen woman, who was a quivering mess of sweat, drool, arousal, and overstimulation.

"I believe you," the witch said softly, one gloved hand lifting in front of her. She waved it once in a gentle flourish.

In that instant, something ignited inside of Kimberly. It was like a pressure valve finally being torn open. She screamed as the *purest* orgasm tore through her like a lightning storm, seizing every fabric of her being.

"AAAAHHHHHHhhhhh-BUUUUUUUUOOOOORRRRRRPPPPP!-HHHHHnnnnnngggghh!!!"

Kimberly's body convulsed wildly, back curved to the point of collapse, eyes wide and glazed over from her release. The massive belch exploded from her lips, louder and deeper than anything before, vibrating the very air around her.

Deflating all at once, the air whooshed out of Kimberly in an invisible rush. Her behemoth belly shrank before her eyes, dwindling from its comical, oversized swell, down to pregnant, then a post-meal bloat, until it was flat and heaving with her frantic breaths. She felt her thighs tremble, as her dripping pussy twitched. Her entire body went limp, curling against the ground. Blinking up at the night sky, she was stunned and exhausted from a night she'll always remember.

The witch turned, already walking away. "Next time," she called without looking back, "ask before you indulge..." Her words lingered in the air like a thick fog as she vanished into the night as swiftly as she had arrived.

For a long while, Kimberly didn't move. The concrete was cold beneath her thighs, a comforting contrast to the soaked heat that lingered between her thighs. Her chest rose and fell in shallow, ragged breaths, body utterly spent. Every muscle trembled, every nerve still tingling from the relentless waves of pleasure that had wracked her.

Kimberly's stomach, flat once more, almost looked unreal to her as she laid a hand against it. The skin was warm, tender, and still faintly sensitive, as though it remembered being stretched to the limits only moments ago. She traced her navel, shivering as ghostly echoes of fullness seemed to dwell in her gut.

"Mmmnnnnhhh..." Kimberly moaned faintly. A small burp slipped free, soft and dainty compared to the monstrous ones she'd unleashed earlier. The sound made her blush, her thighs clenching weakly together. Even deflated, the memory made her wetter all over again.

Even as Kimberly lay ruined and exhausted, she felt her lips twitch into the faintest, guilty smile. The memory of that swelling pressure, that unbearable tightness, the way every burp had been chained to pleasure, it was burned into her, impossible to forget. Her fingers brushed her damp panties, teasing herself with the thought. She knew she'd go back to that shop.

Not tonight, not tomorrow, but sooner than Kimberly would like to admit. When the memory of fullness gnawed at her, when her hand between her legs wasn't enough to satisfy the need the witch's curse had awakened, she'd be there, and the candy shop would be waiting.