

It was closing time at the Urbanville Aquatic Center. The swimmers were gone, the locker rooms empty, the last stragglers finally herded out. Claire milled about the entrance with the other lifeguards, chatting idly about how nice it felt to rinse the chlorine from her hair and slip back into dry clothes, laughing and commiserating with each other over the day's work, talking eagerly about their plans for the evening.

"I'll close the rest out, then?" came her usual offer once the conversation hit a convenient lull. As always, her co-workers gladly accepted, waving and throwing thanks over their shoulders as they drifted out towards the door in a group. She'd had to insist the first few nights that she really was fine doing it by herself, but it hadn't taken them long to come around. It was hard to complain when she was so eager to finish off the most boring part of their work for them, and Claire certainly didn't mind putting another half an hour on her clock. But that, she thought, sticking her thumb through her belt loop, wasn't the only perk.

The door opened with little effort, and she let it swing shut freely behind her. The room was unremarkable, small and fairly private with a door on either wall, a couple chairs set around the edges, and a hot tub sunk into the floor with waters warm but still. It was the last room to close up before she was done for the night, and, as always, she'd saved the best for last.

She bit her lip, glanced mischievously around the room and tip-toed up to the controls mounted on the wall. There was nobody there, of course. She'd made sure of that. But still it gave her a thrill to imagine the possibilities. Added an exciting little measure of danger to it all. Once she was double-certain that she was indeed safely alone, she clicked the knobs around to her preference and the tub sprang to life. Not too warm, but lots of turbulence. In fact—it had been a long day, hadn't it? That deserved a little extra. She smiled and turned the jets up all the way to full. Lots of turbulence.

She gazed over the roiling water. It foamed and bubbled, a little plume gushing over the surface to mark each submerged jet. The sight was so inviting that all the patience of the last half-hour went flying right out the window. She dropped her bag with a dull thud, pulled her hair out and let it hang damply over her shoulders. She kicked off her flip-flops, popped open the front of her jeans with her thumb, pulled her shirt over her head and flung it unceremoniously aside. Beneath it all she wore a trim red bikini, marked across the front with the word "Lifeguard" and a matching cross in white. For a moment she stood stretching in the cool air, and then she slipped into the warm water.

Claire sighed in deep contentment as the water rushed up to her chin. Leaning back, she could rest her head comfortably on the lip of the tub. Two jets

of bubbles sprayed out from the wall, massaging just beneath her shoulders and rising around her jaw. Water gushed directly upwards from a third nozzle, set behind and beneath her in the ledge she perched on. The tension in her muscles melted away as she adjusted herself so that it hit the small of her back, splitting and swirling up her body. It felt so good, so incredibly relaxing, that it took some restraint not to simply nod off to sleep.

But that wasn't what she was there for. With another mischievous smile she pushed herself upright, her breath catching as she slid over the jet of water and it streamed up momentarily between her legs. She giggled, leaning against the wall, feeling the wash on her thighs as it gushed unobstructed before her. Her shoulders dipped under the waterline as she leaned in close to where it broke the surface, pulse quickening as the stream hit her chest and massaged her breasts with invisible hands. She brought her own hands down, waving them through the stream, sending pulses of water washing freely up her body or flowing downwards to sneak beneath her bikini bottom.

She panted and slid forward, positioning herself directly over the jet. It blasted like a geyser beneath her, flowing through the tight red fabric of her bikini bottom like it wasn't even there. She squealed and laughed, rising off the nozzle from the force of it and sinking slowly back down. Up and down she bobbed, gasping each time the water gathered beneath her to lift her off her seat. Each time she ascended it grew harder and harder to bear until she found herself looking to the dials on the wall, but that, she suddenly decided, would be admitting defeat. She spread her legs instead, searching the depths of the tub, gripping the ledges beneath her with her toes. The turbulent flow spread around her body as she pulled herself down, growing in intensity as she reached the source of the jet—

“Oooh!”

She squealed and arched her back as her cheeks flushed pink. The jet needed somewhere to gush as she sealed herself over the nozzle, and gush it did—right up inside her. For a moment she hung on, her body trembling and her knees shaking as the plume of water billowed up within her, and then with a gasp and a giggle her grip melted away. She bobbed up off her seat once more, but not so quickly this time. A warm, gentle sloshing filled her abdomen, weighing down her slender frame and curving out her belly like a fishbowl.

She giggled mischievously, but it was hardly more than a tease. There was room enough inside her. More than room enough to satisfy the itch. Determinedly she felt around the bottom of the tub with her toes, firmed up her grip, and then pulled herself back down.

Claire's cheeks flushed red with heat as her belly began to swell with it. She explored her expanding body, sliding her hands down her stomach and tracing her finger along the trim of her bikini. Larger and larger she grew, groaning softly at the sensual pleasure. The water rose within her, tickling from inside, rising up from her stomach into her chest. She cupped her hands over her breasts, firm and round and plump as they floated just beneath the surface. Even as she held them in her grasp she could feel the water spilling into them and pushing slowly out. Her entire body tightened and swelled, her skin rippling from the turbulence of the jet.

A bolt of pleasure crackled through her, loosening her grip on the tub, but it didn't matter any more. Her newfound bulk kept her planted securely over the jet while her legs drifted up and out, spread carelessly underwater as the thrill ran down to her toes. She hugged herself, closed her eyes, felt her belly plumping out against her arms. Her skin stretched like a water balloon on a nozzle, catching and sliding as it swelled, tightening ever so slowly as she filled to capacity.

Heat bubbled up between her legs more and more powerfully. She could hardly contain herself as pressure twined itself with rising pleasure in a virtuous cycle of sensation. Every inch of her expansion was more hard-fought and ever so much more rewarding. She moved her hands back to her breasts, marveling at how swiftly they'd grown. They filled her grip from fingertip to fingertip, round and warm and turgid and so deliciously sensitive. She gave an experimental squeeze, distracting herself from the rising temptation of aiding the water in its work below. A sudden gasp escaped her lips, her fingers quivering and her legs pumping as she struggled for control in a battle she could only lose.

She moaned in earnest as her belly stretched so round and taut that she couldn't reach around herself. Her body was so huge, so tight-packed and swollen that she seemed to fill half the tub. A vision filled her mind; she was a greedy tick, pumping herself up to her limit and beyond, filling herself with gushing warmth until it blew her to pieces.

With that thought she slipped over the edge, teetering over the point of no return and plunging suddenly past it. She trembled as she fought against it, but a second later—

"OHHH!"

Claire squealed as pleasure exploded within her like a firecracker. It streaked up the front of her taut, rounded frame, melted and oozed down the inside of her thighs, shot red hot brilliance into her cheeks. Her whole body trembled and squeezed, pulling in hard against the core of water that pushed even harder back. She giggled and moaned, laying back her head, feeling herself stretch tighter and

tighter with each throbbing pulse until she seemed almost ready to burst.

With a satisfied groan she shrugged her shoulders and smiled and squeezed herself in a hug. Her stomach was almost spherical, so big and full and taut it felt as if she'd swallowed an exercise ball. And so heavy, too. Even with the bulk of her belly submerged in the bubbling water it weighed on her, pressing her plump thighs down against her seat. She bit her lip, wondering how much more she could hold inside herself, how big and heavy and round she could grow. But the tiniest of ominous shivers ran through her, and regretfully she decided to give caution its due. With a wistful sigh she braced her arms against the side of the tub and pushed off against it.

Nothing happened.

There had to be a full ton of water inside her, she thought, gasping. Or two, or three. Her bikini was threatening any moment now to rip apart from the strain, and she couldn't help noticing a similar sensation gathering steadily in her stomach. She steadied herself, gathering up her strength, and then pushed off again, harder. Water swirled and sloshed within her, but the weight of it kept her planted securely over the jet.

Panting, she looked over to the panel on the wall, but there was no reaching it. Not in a million years. She was stuck squarely over the nozzle, bulging steadily out to the size and shape of a Volkswagen as it gushed like a firehose between her legs. She shivered and squirmed as she expanded, mixing panicked gasps with ecstatic moans.

The pressure in her stomach spiked. Her knees turned to jelly. Bubbling heat filled her entire body, pressing her belly out into a rock-hard mass beneath her scrabbling fingers. Her eyes widened and her brow knotted and she tried desperately to hold it back, but it didn't seem to matter that there was no more room inside her. She swelled up and out, kicking out uselessly as the war inside her reached a fever pitch. Pangs of tightness forked through her like lightning. She squealed loudly, rumbling like a rocket on a launchpad, and then gave one last ecstatic scream as the pressure overwhelmed her.

A blast of water erupted from the tub, drenching every corner of the room. Water dripped from the walls and the ceiling, hung in the air as a thick mist, swirled around the floor and seeped under the door to soak the hall carpet. A single flip-flop rode the eddies, separated from its partner by the force of the explosion. Bits of red fabric plastered every surface. The corner of a cross and block letters in white marked one large scrap that peeled slowly away and dropped into the water sloshing back towards the tub. It twisted beneath the surface and then rose and flipped over itself and sank and rose again, caught in

the turbulence of a jet that gushed innocently away.