

A pulsing light, cycling between all colors of the rainbow, glowed faintly from a window on the fifteenth floor of a dense apartment building. It stood out clearly from the array of other darkened units in the structure at this late hour. Inside, a young woman sat at a desk near the light's source- a gaming PC filled with gaudy RGB fans and other light-up components. She was curled up in an unimaginably awful posture, practically laying in her chair with her feet up on the desk, knees apart, and keyboard on her lap. The woman let out a sharp huff as she typed aggressively, filling the otherwise silent room with obnoxious clicks and clacks, which were drowned out for the typist by the kpop blaring through her headphones. She was penning a forum reply-

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>Assuming you know literally anything about Hae-jin  
>Having zero knowledge of any albums before Redtape  
>Posting without realizing how stupid you sound

Enjoy your 2 day timeout, kid.

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The enter key dropped with a deeper thump as she sent the reply. She clicked the options next to the other user's post, only to find the moderation actions surprisingly absent. She double checked that she wasn't on one of her burners, and noticed that the Mod badge no longer appeared next to her username. Before it could really sink in, a notification popped up. The person she was haranguing, like most users on the forum, wouldn't take such insults lying down-

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What timeout? Looks like I can still post just fine. Glad the admins finally cracked down on some of these smelly, uncultured femcels running around like they own the place. You MEDICALLY need to touch grass as soon as possible."

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Jaw clenched, she sat up and glared at the screen, huffing as her anger built and she tried to blink away the welling tears of frustration. After a minute or so, she closed the tab, changed over to her comfort playlist, and flopped into the bed next to her desk, dispersing several piled-up plushies. She had the urge to try to sleep, but she'd been main-lining energy drinks since midnight in an attempt to stay up for a merch drop for LMNtal, her absolute favorite group.

The woman's name was Fang, and she was a stereotypical NEET. At 21, she'd still never had a job, barely made it through standard schooling, and spent all day on the computer. Despite her lack of ambition, she wasn't completely stupid, but just never found a purpose to apply herself towards. Her parents helped to mostly support her living costs. She lived in a basic apartment, where she usually spent the whole day. Her half-Korean father worked in production for one of

the big idol groups, which bolstered the collection of stickers, posters, and knick-knacks that filled her apartment in a semi-organized fashion.

Several songs later, Fang's temper cooled down a bit. She dug her way out of the plushie pile, returning those that had tumbled off the bed, and sat back at her computer, now in a different type of mood. She sifted through the unmanageable amount of open tabs of concert videos to find what she'd been looking at hours earlier- inflation porn.

Inflation fetish content was the only thing competing with the amount of time she spent browsing idol forums or watching concert streams. She had become obsessed with what people would do to themselves and how big they could fill their bellies up. These two interests would often collide in her fanfics. Dreaming about her favorite idols being inflated or pregnant became the only real outlet for her sexual frustration.

She always fantasized about actually inflating herself. Fang would often look at her skinny body in the mirror and imagine a bulging, taut gut jutting out ahead of her. Even just an average inflation would have probably looked huge on her, given her petite assets. She'd feel a little tingly after drinking too much of her cheap generic brand soda while gaming, and would stuff a pillow under her shirt to emulate a bigger belly, but still couldn't get over the thought of doing the real thing for once. Her concerns about the health risks always kept her from attempting it. As with everything in her life, it would have required a little push.

As she browsed the newest posts on the inflation forum, idly feeling herself through her panties, one part of that earlier retort still stuck in her head. That asshole said she was smelly. Fang wasn't a total crust monster. Shockingly, she did bathe regularly, which is why her fragile ego just couldn't accept this. It made her *\*feel\** dirty. She peeled herself back out of the chair to slink off into the bathroom. After all, there was a good hour or so until that merch drop. She discarded her baggy pajama shirt and panties in the laundry basket and swept her hair back out of her eyes. The straight, dark strands fell just past her chin, with her bangs extending just beneath her eyebrows.

She turned the shower on and shuffled through playlists on her phone as it warmed up. This became difficult as she carelessly went from holding her finger under the stream to touching the screen, over and over again, causing all sorts of unintended taps. A random playlist started as she was trying to scroll. With a grumble, she decided it was good enough and placed the wet device on the nearby sink, propped up facing the shower so she could hear it a little better over the sound of the water.

The shower had a sprayer style head attached to a hose, which could be mounted in the usual stationary position or held in-hand. It was increasingly leaky, and she neglected to try to fix it for a while, but it was bad enough that now more water spurted around the fitting than actually came through the head. Finally fed up, Fang fiddled with the head attachment, trying to tighten or re-seal where it threaded together. The thing wouldn't budge, and she resorted to pulling on the hose in frustration when it suddenly popped apart. The shower head broke free and clattered against the bottom of the tub basin, and Fang was left holding just the hose.

She pondered the hose in her hand. The water felt nice and warm, and was coming out at a consistent, heavy rate, but short of torrential. It reminded her of the last shower inflation video she'd watched. The woman in it had a similar setup with a shower hose, and had bent over with it inserted up her butt, allowing her belly to swell like a water balloon and hang heavily below her, eventually growing taut. Fang couldn't take her eyes off the spout of water- it was practically begging to be pumped up her ass.

She always thought about doing something like this, but was now actually confronted with it. The circumstances practically fell into her lap. Her curiosity was getting the better of her, not to mention the growing need to let off some steam. Fang had already made up her mind, whether she was aware of it or not. She ran a finger around the end of the hose, sure that it would be sharp and too dangerous- an easy cop out. It had broken between two pieces, though, and was perfectly smooth.

Feeling the strong flow against her slim tummy was getting Fang a little more excited. It was hard to resist. She lowered the hose, letting it spray against her pussy. She reached a hand around her backside and passed the hose between her legs, causing her breath to hitch at the sensation of the warm water tracing across her taint and against her backdoor.

"Maybe just a little bit, just to see what it feels like," she told herself. "I'm sure I can't hold much anyway."

Fang paused for a moment. Her heart was pounding, and her breaths were increasingly heavy. With a sharp inhale, she pressed the end of the hose against her hole and pushed it inside. It slipped through rather smoothly, despite the force of the water, but most of it was spraying out around the hose. She pushed it deeper and deeper as her legs began to quake, until only a small trickle escaped.

A warm sensation filled her, literally, as the water began flooding her guts. It didn't take long for her flat midsection to begin bowing outward a bit, though just the lower half. It felt even better

than Fang had imagined, and she carefully laid down in the empty tub to give her shaking legs a break, ensuring that she could still hit the water shutoff with her foot. Now on her back with her legs propped up on either side, her hands began exploring her warm, swelling belly.

She relaxed her body, aided by the warmth of the water, and massaged herself gently. The rapid flow had her looking and feeling several months pregnant after just a few minutes. She felt her skin stretching to accommodate the swelling. That sensation, combined with the new weight in her lower tummy, sent her into a frenzy.

One of her hands slipped down between her legs to rub her now-dripping pussy. She felt so sensitive all over, and quivered as her other hand traced a finger into her belly button. It was normally pretty shallow, but had become totally flat, and was threatening to pop out. Practically in a trance, she tilted her head up to try to see, only to be met with a view of the top of her now dome-like belly- button completely out of sight.

“Oh~ oh fuck,” Fang groaned to herself, gently laying her head back as her hips thrust into her hand.

She looked legitimately pregnant, at least from her point of view. She rubbed faster, slipping a couple fingers partly into her slit as her thumb worked her clitoris. Just a minute or so was enough to have her quaking as she climaxed. Her hips bucked as her abs tightened involuntary. The brief, increased pressure only turned her on even more. Her moans echoed sharply out of the cramped tub. As she came down, she was hungry to get back to that feeling, and beyond it.

All she could do for a while was lay there in the afterglow- not that she could move much with this belly anyway. She reached back down to play with herself a little more, but found that her fingertips could now only just graze her sensitive bits. Before long, she couldn't even do that; the size of her belly prohibited it. That desperate tingling feeling between her legs intensified quickly, and she was helpless to sate it.

Fang groaned and settled for the next best thing. Both hands traced circles over her gigantic belly, taking turns brushing over her belly button. Each time a finger visited the sensitive spot, it sent a shock through her, seizing her hips which thrust desperately at nothing. The pressure built as she approached an overdue size. Eventually, she went to graze past her button again, only to encounter some resistance- it had popped out.

She gasped at the feeling, her eyes widening. Her fingers pressed against it, summoning a groan from her lips before she relinquished and it popped back out again. She couldn't pull her hand away- it felt almost as good as touching her pussy. After what felt like just the blink of an eye to Fang, she felt another shift inside, followed by a prolonged gurgle as her belly button receded back in and a new filling sensation took its place.

She panicked briefly, unsure of what was happening. The pressure in her guts didn't feel like it was increasing. She felt less taut down there, if anything, but the shower was definitely still running. Seconds later, it felt like she had eaten a full meal, then it clicked. She had read about something called 'bypassing the valve' on the forums. Basically, whatever you're inflating with fills your guts enough to begin filling your stomach as well.

"Ohhh my..." Fang groaned. Her initial shock was soon overcome by pleasure again. "More... more!"

So much more of her felt full. Whole new parts of her insides were being stretched, and she intended to take it as far as she could. She wished she could increase the flow, but the apartment water pressure was so shit that this was already the max. Any concerns about how big she was getting were totally overshadowed by how hot it was.

Fang traced a finger along her newly expanded upper belly as the pressure inside her equalized. She could feel her stomach fighting against her ribs for more space, adding to the tightness as the skin of her lower belly stretched too effortlessly back to its previous maximum. She bit her lip as that coveted stretching feeling set in again.

"God, I'm a fucking balloon now," she thought, giving the side of her gut some firm slaps, though it sounded more like smacking a boulder than a balloon.

Her belly was beginning to bulge at the sides, rounding it out even more compared to her typically narrow torso. As she obsessively rubbed every inch of her taut tummy, her fingers impatiently and repeatedly passed over her belly button, until it finally re-emerged. With a squeal, she resumed pinching and pressing it, squirming in pleasure again.

She was going to town on the sensitive button. Between the constant action and the pressure, it took on a reddish hue, not that Fang could even see it at this point. She was too busy trying to cum again with the meager tools at her disposal. She would have to remember to bring a vibrator or some other toy next time.

Fang's hips flexed repeatedly as she finally neared another climax. Her belly was rising above the edge of the tub now, and she could only just reach her belly button with her fingertips. Just as the button swelled out of reach, the wave finally hit. Her breath hitched and her back arched as her legs snapped together.

"Oh... oh, OH~!" A shuddering moan left her mouth with each exhale as her head tilted back, jaw agape. She never wanted the feeling to end.

Warm juices splattered between her thighs with each pump of her hips, accompanied by an intense pressure inside her belly as her body tensed up with each crest of her orgasm. It probably felt much longer than it actually lasted, and Fang was left with a satisfied, woozy grin as she caught her breath.

This was easier said than done. As her hands rested back on the warm orb of her stomach, she found that she could only take shallow breaths. There was a brief moment of worry, but she felt no pain, and her belly seemed to still be stretching alright.

Just as Fang dismissed the possibility of having hit a limit, she felt a pressure at the top of her stomach, like she had to burp or something, but it didn't feel like air. She reflexively gulped, and the pressure built further to counter her resistance. She wanted to hold more, as she was sure she could still stretch. Her belly had a different opinion, though, and with a small belch, a fountain of water erupted from her mouth.

Fang's eyes widened as she fumbled for the shower handle with one of her feet, struggling to raise her leg enough with the state of her stomach. The initial jet from her mouth slowed as it caught up from the slight overpressurization, and her foot finally kicked the handle down to the 'OFF' position. She coughed and sputtered as the last of the overflow spilled out and gulped to make sure not another drop dared escape.

After a few minutes to catch her breath and collect herself, she began thinking about how the hell she was going to get up. Sliding the hose out and waiting for gallons of water to dump out of her didn't sound appealing, and she wanted to keep the belly at least a little longer. Now that she had more time to stretch, breathing was a little easier. Plus, if she managed to get to her stash of toys, she could have a little more fun.

She tried to sit up just to see how it went- no go. There was an instant pressure that threatened to expel another torrent from her mouth. Any use of her abs was out of the question. She tried to slide backwards and let the angle of the tub help her sit, but it was too slick. She glanced around for anything that could provide some grip, and noticed the towel hanging on the rack nearby. It was just within reach, and she managed to get enough of a hold on it.

With some effort, she pulled herself up enough to get an elbow up on the side of the tub, allowing her to push herself the rest of the way. Her legs had to spread as much as they could in the cramped basin to accommodate the swelling of her lower belly, and even then, she still couldn't sit all the way straight up.

Fang gasped as the contents of her belly shifted in this new position. Her lower belly felt so much heavier, and the pressure behind her belly button increased. A muffled slosh, followed by a raucous, prolonged gurgling emanated from deep inside her. Some trapped bubbles raced from throughout her guts towards her throat, causing constant burps. She tried to hold it all inside, needing a moment of respite, but this only caused her to hiccup- with each \*hic\* being succeeded by a cute little half-belch. The occasional large air pocket forced a sudden, brassy blast from her lips.

After a few laborious minutes, her insides finally settled enough for Fang to catch her breath. She groaned at the onset soreness from the constant, acute tensing of her belly around its massive load, but in a way it felt pleasant. She gently shifted her weight forward, lifting herself as much as she could with the sides of the tub, and managed to get her legs underneath her at last. From her knees she slowly stood, bending forward and still supporting herself on the tub's sides.

She was standing just like the woman in that video she'd seen. The weight pulling down from her torso was immense. The skin on her back felt even tighter from the pull of her gut. She could only bear the odd sensation for a moment before standing upright. Holding the towel rod to steady herself, she stepped out at last and grabbed her phone to turn off the music. Her heart fluttered when she realized that, in her wet fumbling of the device earlier, she'd accidentally started recording. She stopped the video, mind racing at the fun she would have rewatching it over and over again.

Fang stepped in front of the mirror to get her first proper look at herself. Standing at profile, she tried to straighten her back and put her hands on her hips, but immediately placed one back on the sink. She was still a little off balance with all the extra weight. Starting from her crotch, her belly bowed out sharply. The curve flattened slightly around her belly button, besides the protruding button itself, of course. From there, it continued up before arcing back just beneath

her perky breasts. There was an indentation beneath her ribs where her packed stomach jutted out intensely, as well as down by her hips.

From the front, it looked like she was holding a huge, pale, oblong beach ball. Just above her hips, her belly bulged sharply at the sides, only narrowing back to her torso at the ribs. She was shockingly wide compared to her empty form. Her belly button and its surrounds were still a little pink, as if blushing.

A trickle down her legs snapped Fang out of the trance. She panicked briefly and grabbed the hand towel, pressing it against her rear end. Fortunately, there was an easy solution. She waddled as quickly as she could over to her nightstand and retrieved the thickest plug she had. After a quick one-handed lubing, she reached back and pressed it against her hole. She'd taken it before, but there was resistance this time- she was too tensed up while holding in the water. In a moment of desperation, she turned and let herself drop onto the bed, popping the flare of the plug all the way in as she grunted in response.

Stomach contents now secured, she laid down on her side in bed with one leg bent up at an angle. She swiped through her again as her other hand lazily traced circles over the side of her belly, pressing on it occasionally to test the firmness. She pulled up the video and scrubbed through it. There wasn't really much to see until her belly was rising over the edge of the tub. Everything after that was gold, though. Seeing her huge gut shift around as she struggled to get out of the tub and finally retrieved her phone was getting her worked up all over again. She was bigger than just about anyone she'd seen posting on the inflation forums, short of some legends. It was still unbelievable for just being her first attempt.

Fang wasn't really the sort to put herself out there, but her excitement was once again overpowering her apprehensions. She took a screenshot of the moment in the video right after she shut off the water, where her belly had just hit its max. A good portion of her stomach was visible, and implied the full size well, but her face and anything NSFW was still hidden within the tub. She posted it to the inflation forum with the title [First time- How'd I do?]. Something unusual was happening- something that never happened while she was gaming, buying new junk, or watching kpop concert streams. Fang was smiling. Along with the obvious physical pleasure, for the first time in a long time, she felt accomplished and satisfied.

"Ah, shit," she hissed as she noticed the time. That new merch she was waiting on had dropped five minutes ago. She quickly switched over to the store page to see what slim pickings were left. Any more shenanigans were going to have to wait for another day.