

The Belly Literary Universe part 5

&

Kelri's Gain part 5: The Consequences

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The Belly Literary Universe is a collection of erotic short stories with interconnected plots and character arcs. It takes place on an alternate universe modern Earth, where things are generally better off and technology is more advanced. The BLU is not pure erotica - it has romance, intrigue, light sci-fi, and moments that fit within a collection of other genres.

Content warning:

The BLU has ventriphilia (Belly fetish) content, weight gain, stuffing and feederism. Other characters' stories may delve into different genres and fetishes, but these are the most prevalent. If you don't like these things then maybe another story is best for you.

*Additionally, from time to time there will be **explicit content**. It will be clearly marked, so you can skip it if you do not like that sort of thing.*

Every day of Kelri's day planner had several red circles around her calorie counts. They were marks of self-chastisement meant to discourage her continued indulgence. She only kept to her eating goals once over the previous week. And that was assuming she didn't undercount the calories of the doughnut she'd eaten. It was wishful thinking. The smells and tastes of that mom and pop bakery near her office kept her coming back every day to indulge her stomach's demands.

Kelri knew what that was going to mean. The numbers she recorded weren't exact measurements, but there was no world in which the calorie counts meant that she'd lost weight. Pure denial kept her hoping. She stepped on the scale, held her breath, then huffed in disappointment as she wrote the number in her planner. Mon, Oct 19th: 133lbs. *Ugh. No... Two pounds in a week? I used to be able to lose that much in a week.* She poked her softer stomach. "This is all your fault. You better calm down with all this hunger."

Back in her bedroom she dressed herself for work. She couldn't take her eyes off her stomach. The layer of fat was thicker and forming a distinct outward curve on her midsection. Her clothes all fit the same except around her middle. Her shirt hugged her a little tighter around her chest, but much tighter around her stomach. There was extra softness on her hips and butt as well, but not enough to change the fit on her skirts. She pinched her tummy. "So is this where all this is going to go? I guess I should expect that, given how Mom looks..."

She accepted that she couldn't change how soft her middle looked, and so started the day with a small breakfast. It only made her hungrier. No matter what she said to herself, she couldn't resist stopping for a second breakfast on the way to work. A muffin and chocolate milk with the help of several bottles of water finally got her stomach to quiet down. By the time she reached her desk, the measures she took to quiet her stomach left her tummy much rounder and her shirt much tighter than when she left for work.

Unfortunately for Kelri, the satiation did not last, and she was ravenous again by lunchtime. She made due with her regular lunch. It wasn't enough, so she made up the difference with a huge, eating-contest-sized volume of water. She normally avoided filling herself like that at work for various reasons, but she had to do something. Kelri tried to work as normal, but her stomach, filled to near its artificially expanded capacity, sloshed loudly as she walked back and forth from the printer to send and receive documents.

Walking around so filled... Kelri constantly looked over her shoulder, worried which co-workers might be watching. Or listening.

The worst part was that she was still hungry.

Standing at the water cooler, she downed another full bottle of water while holding her stomach with her free hand. *This is getting out of control... I can't work like this.* She picked up her cellphone and messaged her Secret Advisor as she walked back to her desk.

“This is getting a bit out of hand. I didn’t expect the side effects of this treatment to be so strong.”

The Secret Adviser responded promptly. “I understand it is part of their protocol to warn about the side effects.”

“Yes. They did. I didn’t know they would be this strong, though.”

“Well, you are an edge case for the study: what happens when an already stretched stomach is encouraged to stretch more? Why does this upset you?”

“I’ve put on over ten pounds. That’s why. This extra stomach capacity makes managing hunger ridiculous. I don’t think it’s going to stop so easily. ”

“You already had a large stomach capacity, right? How did you deal with hunger before?”

“Apparently it wasn’t my willpower. But I always used to stretch my stomach with water. It would fill it up and get me through the worst of the hunger before bed.”

“Why not do that now?”

Kelri patted her stomach, already stretched out a few inches past where it was in the morning. “Because I’d be a balloon! I have to work. I can’t have people making pregnant jokes about me. And besides, I want this to shrink back to normal. I know that will take time, but I can’t do that if I’m keeping it filled.”

“I think your coworkers are probably nicer than you expect. But if it worries you so much, you can request they use the same treatment to shrink your stomach back down to near its previous size.”

“But in the meantime I’ll just get fat? Is that it?”

“In the meantime, you should enjoy yourself. You have a title to defend.”

“Ugh.” Kelri tossed her phone onto the desk. Her stomach, already waterlogged, churned and demanded more. She grunted again and went to refill her water bottle yet again.

“Hi, Ms Rivera,” Connor said from behind.

Kelri yelped and jumped . “Oh jeez! Connor. I didn’t hear you!”

“I’m sorry about that,” he said, running his hand back through his messy hair.

Impatiently, Kelri put her hand on her hip. "Can I help you? You know you-"

"I just... wanted to say you looked nice today..." Connor scratched the back of his head as the words lingered in the air.

"- have work - what did you say?" Hyper-awareness of how water-filled she was and how far her stomach stuck out burned into her thoughts more than ever before. Instinctively, she grasped her stomach to quiet its churning. Her cheeks grew hotter as she realized that holding herself like that only drew more attention to it. But wait, he was complimenting her... She had to say something. Anything. "I mean, of course I'm pretty," she deflected with a joking demeanor.

"Well, not just today. Recently, you've been especially good-looking."

The heat in her cheeks grew more intense. "And what - why did this come up?"

"I just thought you seemed stressed for the last couple weeks. I thought hearing something nice would make you happy." Connor smiled and crossed his arms.

"Connor I..." She looked down at her protruding belly. With haste, she put her hand to her side and did her best to suck her stomach in. Again, the sudden change only drew more attention to it. She looked back up at him. "...Well. Thank you." She smiled and fidgeted with the cap of the water bottle. "I was going to berate you about your project being due... But since you've been so nice, I'll let it slide. For the moment."

Connor laughed. "Well, that is a handy perk to have."

"Try not to take advantage of it." Kelri walked by him with a smirk.

At her desk she emptied the bottle into her stomach. *Was he staring at my stomach when he came over? Or only after I made an idiot of myself? What was he talking about? 'Especially good looking'? Was he talking about... my belly? Does he think it looks good? Is that what Adria meant too?*
