Mindy loved her job. She got to stay at home all day, she was her own boss, she was doing what she loved- and she got to look at pictures of bloated cuties all day for ‘reference’! Sure, sometimes money was tight when commissions were slow, and sometimes she felt a little less horny than usual so her motivation slipped. But for the most part, Mindy loved being a fetish artist. Apart from the possibility of complete social suicide if her IRL friends ever found out what she did for a living, she could see no downside!

But… well, Mindy had hit a sort of dry spell. Her latest commission was fairly simple, just a big-bellied picture of a popular character from a famous family-friendly gaming company. The personal fitness trainer from that one mega-popular fighting game series (you know the one). But the character itself wasn’t really the problem. It was just…

Mindy had drawn *so* many bellies that they had all started to… blend together. As her hand moved across her tablet, sketching out her latest piece, she found herself being reminded of dozens of other pieces she’d drawn in the past. Even when she consciously tried to draw something different, she usually ended up mimicking some obscure one-off she’d done before. It seemed like no matter what Mindy did, she was doomed to just pump out the same set of pictures with different girls every time. And where was the fun in that?

She was in a rut. And that was the *worst* place she could be. Mindy had had dozens of artist friends over the years who had confided to her about being in the same place Mindy was now- and just about all of them had taken ‘breaks’ from online art to do other things. Few had come back. And Mindy didn’t want that! She loved her job! She didn’t want to end up hating it or taking a break or having to get a job where she had to go outside!

Mindy leaned back in her comfy chair, sighing deeply as she stared up at her ceiling. Calm down, girl. This is no major thing. A small break. A day or two of no horniness. No checking Twitter, no flipping through old sketchbooks, no obscure video sites. Just wholesome video games, exercise, YouTube, and anything else to refresh Mindy’s circuits. Yeah! No problem!

Mindy saved her current WIP and set her tablet aside. She stood up and stretched, her limber joints popping as she did. It was about time for her daily workout, anyways. This would be a good way to start her fetish abstinence!

Mindy stepped out into her wide-open living room and started her bi-daily routine. Just because Mindy didn’t go outside didn’t mean she’d become some behemoth of a woman who barely moved save to grab more snacks. It was actually quite the opposite. Mindy was fairly paranoid about her figure, despite being the only one who regularly saw her body. Maybe it was her parent’s rigid diet standards growing up, or maybe it was all the fat art she’d seen over the years, or maybe even just a weird exercise kink Mindy hadn't dug up just yet. Regardless of the reason, Mindy was a workout buff who kept slim in the confines of her own apartment.

After doing all of her stretches, Mindy powered up her treadmill and started her run. The slim woman had her thin ginger hair tied back into a ponytail, which bobbed up and down as Mindy jogged. She wasn’t really a braggart, but… with her tight calf and thigh muscles, and her well-kept core, Mindy was *basically* a professional runner. But she’d have to be willing to run against other people to officially certify that, and, well… that wasn’t gonna happen.

Mindy had her phone up on the front of her treadmill with her earphones in, watching videos as she ran. But she kept tapping at the screen for the next video on her ‘to watch’ playlist. She felt restless. Mindy normally would either flip through her feed or message people about potential commissions or plot out what she wanted to do for her next piece. She’d hoped that watching videos might help her keep her mind off of her usual activities, but… shit, the more Mindy tried to distract herself, the more she couldn’t stop thinking about it! Curse her smut-addled brain!

Her hour run ended with Mindy feeling parched, sweaty, and unsatisfied. She wet a hand towel in her kitchen sink and wiped off her face with it. She set the towel onto her counter and sighed. So much for taking a break. Maybe just a break from drawing would be enough? Or maybe just a few light doodles…

The sweat-slicked woman grabbed a glass from her cabinet and filled it to the brim with cold water from the tap. Tap water wasn’t exactly great by any stretch of the imagination. But after a run like that, where she’d been so hazy-minded from distracting herself that she’d only drunk half a bottle of water - tap water was the most delicious thing in the world. Mindy brought the glass to her lips and took big gulps of the delicious water, downing the whole glass in seconds. Then she filled up her glass again and took a sip. Drinking so much so quickly after a run really wasn’t helpful, but… she was just so damn thirsty. Mindy ended up draining the second helping of water just as quickly as the first.

She set the empty glass down on the counter beside her. She absentmindedly scratched her stomach as she considered how much doodling she could do before it was considered ‘art’. And as she did, she noticed that her middle felt a little different. She lifted her shirt up to see that she had a little bulge on her normally-toned stomach. Where did that come from? Just those two glasses of water? How did so little liquid already cause her to bloat? Wild.

Mindy tied her shirt up around her chest with a little knot and poked at her belly. The short woman had never really considered getting her own tummy full and sloshy before. She’d always been so preoccupied with how other people would look with a big ol’ belly that she’d never even wondered how it’d feel to be that big herself. But now that she had the beginnings of a nice little water baby… she might as well experience her kink first-hand, right?

She filled up her glass again and started to chug it down. Her middle was starting to feel tight with all that liquid in there. Mindy filled up her glass for the fourth time and started to drink, but had to slow down. Her stomach was starting to reject Mindy’s efforts, nausea creeping up her throat. By the time Mindy got the whole fourth glass down, she felt more sick than anything else. Fuck, how did people manage to get down a whole gallon or more? Practice, she guessed? Or maybe some enviable genetic mix-up? Actually, how much *had* Mindy drunk anyways?

As Mindy waited for her stomach to settle, she tapped away on her phone for the answer. The average glass held about one cup, but Mindy apparently had huge glasses. Hers were about twice the size, so two cups. So she had drunk… eight cups? That was about two liters. She glanced down at her belly, which was sporting a good-sized bump now. *This* was a two-liter belly? She had drunk more than she thought…

Maybe the drink of choice was the problem. Mindy set her water glass aside and went to her cupboard. Mindy had a plethora of healthy foods in here to help keep her weight down despite her rather secluded lifestyle. But that wasn’t what she was looking for right now. Actually, if bloating didn’t end up working out, maybe stuffing would… Mindy shook her head. Focus, you horny bitch! Stuffing was an activity for another day! Right now, Mindy was looking for… this!

She pulled out a six-pack of her favorite sports drink. Yeah, Mindy was fully aware that this stuff was more sugar than anything and that she’d be better off just drinking water. But she ate healthily and exercised regularly, so Mindy deserved *one* little area of weakness, right?

Mindy hauled the untouched bottles up onto the counter. Each one of these was about a liter, so if she drank *all* of these… Mindy gulped, feeling a funny tingle race down her spine. She really doubted that she could, but…

Mindy tore one of the bottles from its plastic holder and cracked it open. The tasty blue liquid inside looked more delicious than ever, despite the nausea that had just recently been banished from Mindy’s senses. Impatient to begin, she gripped the neck of the bottle with her teeth and turned the bottle upright over her head.

The amazing flavor that can only be properly described as ‘blue’ flooded Mindy’s mouth. Her throat reflexively swallowed at the taste, beginning to send down the torrent of blue drink. Mindy could feel her stomach start to gurgle, the distressed organ trembling inside of her. But the delicious taste was apparently overpowering her fullness, so Mindy continued to chug.

While one hand held the bottle up, the other was feeling out her belly, actively pressing in to feel the pressure building up within. She was drinking quickly enough that she could practically feel her skin tightening underneath her fingers, her stomach blowing up with all of the sports drink she was swallowing.

The now-empty bottle made a small \**pop*\* as Mindy pulled it away from her mouth. She smacked her lips enthusiastically as she set the bottle aside. She felt great! Her stomach was so full, so tight! And yet she didn’t feel sick at all! She gripped her gut with both hands and gave it a good shake. The liquid inside audibly sloshed around, managing to reach Mindy’s ears despite the distance between tum and head. The sudden disturbance made a bit more pressure rise up inside of Mindy’s belly, and then into her throat. Her cheeks puffed out for a moment, then-

\**UUUUURP*\*!

Mindy patted her bloated tum, pleased. She eyed the other bottles. If she felt this great, then surely one more bottle wouldn’t hurt…

Mindy hopped up onto the counter, biting her lip as she felt the contents of her belly slosh about at the sudden movement. The feeling of tightness and the movement inside of her was so addicting! How had she *never* considered doing this in all the years she had been a fetish artist!? So much wasted time!

Mindy grabbed the next bottle and yanked it from its plastic ring. She began to chug once more, much more desperately now. Despite the cool liquid, her body began to feel hot, the heat surging from her toes and chest and meeting in the middle. Her hand inched downwards, but she stopped herself. This was her first time doing this- she wanted to focus as much as she could on this experience. She wanted to get massive!

Mindy tossed aside the second empty bottle, though not with a smack this time. She groaned instead, leaning back against her arms. Fuck. She had started to feel sick again towards the end of the bottle. In hindsight, it was no surprise. She’d just chugged a whole goddamn gallon between the sports drink and water. Her body was bound to object again at some point. Mindy just wished that it hadn’t been so soon…

She gently rubbed her flank, suppressing the urge to vom as she reveled in how big she had managed to get. Her stomach had stopped bulging straight out at some point, apparently, and had started to spread to the sides. Her slender frame was now bearing a medicine ball-sized lump where her faint abs had once been. Her stomach was twitching, apparently on board with the idea of ejecting its contents. But the spasms weren’t strong. Actually… they felt pretty good… if it weren’t for the nausea, Mindy could probably keep going, even with how ridiculously full she felt.

Mindy sighed. Oh well. Maybe next time, she could do more…

She slid herself off of the counter. As she did, her belly made an ominous gurgle. Mindy froze, feeling something forcing its way up her throat. Oh jeez -

\**UUUUUUUOOOOOOOOORRRP*\*

Mindy gasped. She’d never burped so loud in her life! And actually… she felt better now after that sudden release. Like, a *lot* better. So much better, in fact…

Mindy grabbed another bottle of sports drink and cracked it open. She took a sip of the sugary drink. And then another. Mindy leaned against the counter, carefully sipping at the fresh bottle while massaging her protesting belly. She took a short breather every time that familiar sick feeling began to creep up her throat, then continued once it had passed. Mindy was eager to just down the whole bottle in one go, just like the others, but for the first time in her heathenous life, Mindy forced herself to calm down and pace herself. If she could keep going… if she could just get past this damn nausea… she could…

In this fashion, Mindy managed to drain the entire third bottle. She set it down with the others, panting a bit. She was getting pretty full, to say the least. Her skin was beginning to join her stomach in feeling strained, her round belly begging to develop a slight sheen to it under her bright kitchen lights. Mindy bit her lip. She didn’t want stretch marks. But there was a way to help against that, right? It was… lotion! Lotion to soften and relax the skin! And if her skin was relaxed, maybe her belly would follow and she could pick up the pace again!

Mindy stood upright and began to walk to her bathroom. Her belly had enough heft to it that Mindy had to take her time here too, doing more of a shuffle than anything. But the extra motion only made her contents slosh around that much more, sending shivers of excitement down Mindy’s spine. She couldn’t tell which she wanted more - to keep going or to finish early so she could start fully exploring her body’s condition…

Mindy retrieved her lotion and returned to her kitchen. She stopped. It would probably be easier to do this sitting… Mindy grabbed the remaining bottles of sports drinks and shuffled off to her living room. She had a small couch for whenever friends or family visited despite her solitary existence, and she was grateful for that now as she plopped heavily onto the cushy seat.

She leaned back and snapped open the lotion. She squeezed the bottle, squirting a generous portion of cold cream onto her giant gut. She squeaked in delight as she rubbed the soft substance into her taut skin. The cool lotion felt so nice against her belly, which was surprisingly warm for being full of room-temperature liquid. Mindy spent a few minutes rubbing lotion into every inch of her taut tum, bottom lip disappearing beneath her teeth and toes gripping the carpet as she did. *God*, this felt sooo good… The temptation to seek release was stronger than ever now. But… so was the temptation to keep going…

Mindy snatched another bottle off of the plastic rings. She was already five liters deep - what harm could a sixth possibly do? She took a heavy swig from the sports drink, moaning softly as even that small amount of liquid seemed to make her belly even tighter. The lotion seemed to be doing its job, though, as her stomach did not fight back nearly as harshly as before. Taking this as a sign, Mindy took a few more hefty gulps.

About halfway through the bottle, Mindy noticed something. She wasn’t taking breaks. She was five and a half freaking liters in, yet she had stopped feeling sick. Mindy could have stopped to wonder why, or to consider stopping in case something was wrong. But she didn’t. Instead, she pounced on her body’s sudden lack of resistance with gusto. She gulped down the rest of bottle four, moaning louder and louder between each swallow as her stomach became tenser and tenser.

Mindy tossed aside the empty bottle without care, immediately grasping for yet another bottle. She wasn’t going to let this chance go to waste- not in a million years! After all of the orgasmically glorious videos she’d watched over the years of women managing to down six-plus liters- to be able to experience such an event herself was heaven! Or maybe even hell, depending on how much her body could take. But right now- right now, Mindy didn’t care. Instead… she *drank*.

Blue liquid spilled out of the corners of Mindy’s mouth as she desperately chugged, wincing as a faint twinge of pain prodded her side. But she kept going. Her second hand wasn’t even rubbing anymore. Instead, it rested on top of the mountainous gut that had arisen beneath her knotted top, feeling the raucous turmoil going on underneath her glistening skin. Even over the sound of her noisy gulping, Mindy could hear constant groaning and gurgling. Her stomach was trying its best to cope, but Mindy had forced over ten pounds of liquid into her slim frame by now.

As Mindy finished her fifth bottle, she pursed her lips and let out a ridiculously loud belch. She must’ve swallowed a lot of air as she chugged. But, even with her stomach now pulsing underneath her fingertips… there was still one bottle left…

Mindy gasped for breath as her fingers clumsily unscrewed the cap off of the final sports drink. This was insane… completely and utterly insane… could she really…? Even if she couldn’t… she had to at least try… right?

Mindy took a deep breath, sucking in as much air as she could despite her stomach now impeding on the space normally reserved for her lungs, and began to determinedly swallow the last liter of blue drink. She clutched her aching belly, legs squirming with pleasure underneath her fully taut gut. Her face was burning with heat, her eyes swimming with tears. Her stomach hurt so badly… but it felt *so fucking good*. She couldn’t stop! She had to finish! She HAD- to-!

\**BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRPPP*\*

The blaring call of victory bounced off the walls of her living room as Mindy let the last empty bottle tumble from her fingers. She groaned painfully, gingerly testing her dangerously overfilled middle with her hands. There was no give. Her skin was as hard as stone and as hot as if she’d left said stone out in the summer sun. Her skin had adopted a red tint, showing just how strained it was. With so much liquid inside, her stomach had stopped looking like a lump and had become more like a ball that had been slipped in underneath Mindy’s skin. And not a medicine ball, like before. Mindy’s painfully full gut resembled an over-inflated basketball, ready to burst with a single dribble.

Mindy, despite her exhaustion and all of the terrible cramps plaguing her body, took this opportunity to pour more lotion onto her belly. Even if it didn’t help stop stretch marks, the act of rubbing in the cool fluid to her ultra-sensitive tum felt nearly as sensual as pleasuring herself. Which she intended to do *several* times once she was confident she could reach down there without bursting at the seams.

Mindy moaned loudly as she massaged her bulbous gut. This had been great, but… she couldn’t let it just end here. Mindy managed to reach into her shorts pocket (boy shorts, of course - fuck women’s clothing), and slip out her phone. She held it out as far as she could, angling it so that only her massive tum and some of her lap and well-hidden chest were in frame, and snapped a picture. And then another. Actually, maybe a video was in order…

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Mindy groaned, shuffling back to her computer chair for the umpteenth time that day. Pros of bloating: your belly gets super massive, super heavy, super sloshy, and super tight. Cons: Get too full and you can’t reach where it really matters, and you have to piss for the rest of the freaking day. Still… it had been *more* than worth it.

Mindy checked her feed. Sure enough, her followers were eating up the pictures of her eight-liter belly. She was glad they seemed to enjoy her IRL bloat as much as they loved her drawings. The video, though… the video was hers and hers alone.

Mindy patted her midriff absentmindedly. All that liquid was mostly gone now, with only a small paunch remaining from water retention. Honestly, Mindy was just glad she hadn’t gotten water poisoning or something. She guessed that was a thing, as her followers had pointed out. It was apparently a good thing that she had used a sports drink, even with its meager amount of electrolytes. Go figure.

She picked up her tablet again to resume her work. The commissioned picture was really coming along now. Mindy bit her lip, adding a bit of shading to the underside of the fitness instructor's massive dome of a gut. But her mind was elsewhere. Specifically, it was wondering how many liters of her favorite sports drink she should order from Amazon that night… Mindy was going to have a lot more recycling to do in the next few weeks.

A *lot* more.