

# The Belly Literary Universe part 6

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## Kelri's Gain part 6: Slipping

Written by Juxtaterrestrial

Proofreading by  
Moribose  
Tarquin

*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.*

Red seemed to be taking over Kelri's day planner. Every time she ate too much, or too often, or just made terrible food choices, she marked it down. As the week passed, she did it more often. Every day, her calorie counts were too high. Every meal. Even worse than that, she knew the numbers she recorded were undercounts. The bakery she'd been frequenting was exceedingly generous with their portion sizes. The red marks fueled guilt, but a colored pen was no match for her appetite.

The scale beeped to let Kelri know that it'd settled on a weight. All the air escaped her chest. The color of her cheeks trended towards the shade of red all over her planner as she recorded her weight: Mon, Oct 26th: 136 lbs.

*Three pounds in a week...*

She dressed herself with her bigger stomach on her mind.

It seemed all those pounds kept up the trend of her previous growth and went right to her middle. Even on an empty stomach, her belly stuck out just as far as her chest. But it didn't just protrude further; it was also filling out. It got wider and spread softness around her waist. Her bra tightened as fat from her swelling abdomen accumulated under her breasts. Kelri groaned and pressed her hand against her dome of tummy fat while looking in the mirror. Other people's words echoed through her mind: *'especially pretty' and 'this is how girls like us belong, don't you think? Nice and round.'* She groaned at the juxtaposition between her thoughts and the red marks in her planner.

She was wasting time.

Kelri rushed to get ready. She pulled up her hip-hugging skirt. It was somehow tighter than when she last wore it on Friday — significantly so. No amount of straining, grunting, or sucking her stomach in would allow her to completely button it shut over her bigger belly. Her phone alarm beeped. She needed to get to work. With a resigned sigh, she buttoned the skirt under the curve of her belly, then threw on a clean shirt and checked it quickly. It fit well, except for where it clung tight around her stomach.

*Ugh. It will have to do.*

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Her ravenous cravings remained just as strong as they'd been over the last week. If it was even possible, they felt stronger. Kelri wondered if that was actually the case, or whether she was just becoming less able to resist them.

Kelri often found herself holding her growling stomach during the work day. Massaging it and applying pressure to it did seem to relieve some of the desperate hunger sometimes. It

bothered her, but it wasn't the only thing on her mind. Why did Adria say what she did? Why did Connor? Why did they bring up her damn stomach? And why were they *nice* about it?

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Lunchtime arrived at the same time it did every day, despite her ravenous stomach's demands for it to come sooner. The only thing that was different was that Kelri was out the door the second lunch officially started. She went to the nearby bakery and got her new usual: a chocolate muffin and chocolate milk... It wouldn't be enough. Since the treatment, it hadn't ever been enough to satisfy her stomach. Before, she'd made up the difference in demand with water, but her appetite was on to her tricks. She caved to its demands and also grabbed a footlong ham sub and a large soda. In a booth at the dining plaza, she saved time by just writing the calorie count in red ink. Personal passive aggression. For a brief moment, she planned to save some of the sandwich for dinner, but all her training as a competitive eater conspired with her hunger to make her inhale every crumb of the food she bought. And yet, after all that, she was still hungry.

*'This is getting ridiculous!' she chastised her stomach as she walked back to work. Each aggressive step made her middle bounce down against the upper waistband of her skirt.*

*'More', it growled back.*

*'You have more than enough to fill up two normal people. You'll have to make do.'*

*'Empty. More.'*

*'No!'*

Kelri lost the argument. With the dark skin on her cheeks tinted red, she looked in all directions to make sure the coast was clear before filling her large water bottle. She drained it into her stomach and filled it again. Then she did it again. Over a few minutes she drank another two liters of water out of frustration, just to shut her stomach up. All the food and liquid inside her sloshed around as she returned to her desk. *Damn you. There's more inside you than I ever could fit in before this treatment.*

Her stomach churned in response. *'Satisfied.'*

*'Oh, I'm really happy for you. Is there anything else I can get you while I'm sloshing around? Maybe a buffet?'*

Her stomach churned again. *'Could fit more.'*

*'No! Absolutely not!'*

The increased size, as well as the shifting momentum from all the food inside her stomach, made Kelri's shirt ride up. It wasn't long enough to cover her filled belly to begin with, but all the movement just made it worse.

Kelri slumped into her chair, embarrassed. Her belly sloshed into her lap. The fabric of her skirt stretched between her legs cradled her balloon-like stomach. The extra size that sitting granted her belly made her shirt stretch even more, to the point where her dark skin tinted the color of her white shirt.

Kelri gulped and leaned back in her chair. She shook her head. Both her hands found her stomach and she massaged it: the habit of a regular eating contest contestant. Without thinking, muscle memory kicked in and she gave her belly a satisfied pat for its performance. She sat up straight and darted her eyes back and forth to see if anyone saw it. The coast was clear; she tugged her shirt down.

She stared down at her heavy belly. She thought of other people's words again. *'Especially pretty', 'this is how girls like us belong, don't you think? Nice and round.'* Unsure of herself, she gave another satisfied pat on top of her stomach.

Heat. The post-meal heat of digestion was there, but this feeling was something different. Kelri nibbled on one of her knuckles in thought. Those words shouldn't make her feel good.

But they kind of did.

A test entered her clouded mind.

Connor's cubicle was at the end of a hall of unused cubicles, pending new departments or workers moving in. Kelri wandered down the corridor with uneasy steps. She nibbled at her lip and turned around a few times, pacing between going through with it or not. Once again her sloshing stomach made her shirt ride up. All the indecision exposed her bellybutton to the cool office air. She gasped and yanked her shirt back down. Covering her mouth in thought, she reluctantly took a deep breath and let her shirt slide up a bit. With her belly peeking out the bottom of her top, she gulped, and marched into Connor's cube.

"Uhh, hey," she said. *'Uhh, hey'? That's what I say? Of all the things...*

"Hey Ms. Rivera. What can I do for you?" Connor twirled around in his chair to face her.

"I just wanted to see how you - how your current project was going," she stuttered out. All the effort to get herself next to him used up any chance to actually prepare something to say. *Really smooth. What am I even doing here?*

“Both are good.” He smiled and leaned back. “Thanks for the extension. What else can I get for you?”

*Oh god what do I do with my hands?* She shifted in place, leaned against the wall and put one hand on her waist. “Can’t I say ‘hi’ to my employee — employees?”

“Is everything alright? Look. About what I said last week: I know ethically, and organizationally I shouldn’t have —”

“No. No!” Kelri interrupted. “You did nothing wrong. You’re not in trouble. I... I actually liked your comment. It’s just — I’ve been stressed lately, and I — uh — really appreciated what you said.”

Connor ran his hand back through his hair. “That’s great news, Ms. Rivera, because I’ve been worried I said the wrong thing since I said it.”

*Oh god, don’t say the wrong thing. Don’t fuck it up...* She gulped. “Please — call me Kelri.”

*That’s what you go with!?* She cringed internally.

Connor gave her a crooked smile and nod, then leaned forward. “Oh, well in that case: you’re more beautiful than ever, Kelri.”

Kelri felt the heat in her face again as she blushed. *Did that just work? What do I say now!* Her stomach churned as butterflies joined her lunch. She moved one hand to block her face and the other on top of her stomach. “I – well – of course... ‘More beautiful than ever’, though?”

This time Connor's face took on a light shade of red. “Well. How do – it’s hard to put into words, really. For the last month or so you’ve been... It’s like you’ve been almost glowing. Not like — oh god.” He buried his face in his hands.

Sharing in the embarrassment helped Kelri relax. She chuckled. “Well I think we’ve both said things we need to go think about. In a good way. I guess. I... thank you.” Kelri stepped out of the cube, then returned to her desk as fast as her sloshing belly would allow her.

*What the hell are you doing Kelri? This crazy medical treatment. All this eating. You’ve made yourself chubby now and - what? Connor likes it? Adria seems to like it? What is going on! This needs to stop!* Kelri cradled her head in her hands and got back to the work of the day.

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Despite her insistence, she didn't stop thinking about the changes to her body — not during work, and not on the way home either. She grabbed a quick dinner on the drive and finished it while her car drove her home. She wrote the calories in red ink again. She was way off her goal after just lunch, even more so after dinner. That did not stop the butterflies from tickling her stomach or the memories from buzzing around in her head. *'Especially pretty', 'this is how girls like us belong, don't you think? Nice and round', 'almost glowing', and 'you're more beautiful than ever, Kelri'*. They played on repeat.

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"What is going on?" She went to the kitchen and got out her planner. With new determination, she brought out pots and pans to prepare meals for the next week. She was way behind on meal prep.

*I have got to get my weight under control! This is insanity!* Her resolve wavered immediately. *Well... I'm obviously not getting my stomach to shrink without that drug. I'll have to keep myself full enough to keep this situation under control, regardless of how it looks.* She stepped over to her faucet, grabbed her pitchers and filled them with water. With practiced moves she poured the water into her stomach, inflating it to peak capacity. While moaning with fullness, she put away the meal preparation supplies and waddled to the living room. The reflection of her body in the mirror caught her eye.

With her dome of belly fat, and her massively stretched stomach stuffed to the max, she looked huge. She couldn't stop herself from staring, or from turning around. It was like she was modeling for herself. *Half a foot. More than that...* she thought, estimating how far it stuck out.

Kelri pressed her fingers against her belly in a few places, testing the tension. She took deep breaths as her touch increased the pressure even more. Big. Round. She turned so she could gawk at herself from different angles, then unbuckled and slipped off her skirt. As she bent over to remove the garment completely, her bare belly rubbed against the top of her thighs. Then, standing up straight, she let herself run her hands under her belly kindly. She traced the crease where it started to jut out.

She collapsed onto her couch and turned on the tv. One thought repeated through her head as she held her churning belly. *Nice and round. More beautiful than ever.* She was thinking that to herself, not just remembering it. Consciously, intentionally, she gave her stomach a satisfied pat. She dozed off with a smile.