

“You think I'm sexaaaaayy. You want ma bodaaaay. **Hup.**” Namira ran her hands up and down her expanded form, her voice singsongingly mocking his arousal.

“What? No?! I'm just...” Lucian stumbled over his words, doing his best to conceal his growing member behind something.

“You're just so hot for my big bod. For these big ol' honkin' milkers and this hot ass.” Namira ran her hands up and down her chest, jiggling her balloons before trying to turn.

Namira's clumsy body knocked away the desk and chair she'd been perched upon as her wrecking ball of an abdomen swung around. Dragging cords and moving like a battering ram, Namira's swollen backside audibly sloshed as it heaved round. Lucian barely dodged the blimp as Namira started wiggling it. Trying to be as seductive as an enormously inflated spider could be, she was gyrating her abdomen back and forth. That shiny black boulder rocked with her hip movements, ponderously moving with her movements, lagging with every sway of her hips. Each swing adding a little extra bit of size to her backside, the shiny chitin stretching to accommodate whatever was percolating inside Namira.

Hyuppp

Another jolting hiccup escaped from Namira's lips, causing her body to surge out again, every inch of her expanding in unison. Lucian didn't get a chance to move out of the way of this one. Namira's bloated backside pressed into his chest, the quivering balloon compressing against his body. Lucian instinctively grabbed hold of it to brace himself, slapping his hands against the smooth surface, eliciting a yelp from Namira and a hollow gurgle from her abdomen. Unfortunately for his work reputation, Namira's placement left him in a compromising position; his erect cock was pressed right into her abdomen. Separated by a thinned barrier of fabric, his body responded like it was in full contact with his spider crush. Instinctively thrusting forward, poking her growing body with his member, hardening flesh pushing into divoting chitin.

“OH! What a naughty boy you are. Right here in public.” Namira let out a moan so loud that it seemed exaggerated.

She responded to Lucian's accidental thrust by thrusting back, purposefully dragging her sloshing rear across his tensing member. Rubbing him up and down, her colossal blimp nearly knocking him over with her every thrust. Lucian had to stop her; he couldn't lose his job, and she was making a huge spectacle of herself. He tried to get away, but she seemed to have a homing beacon set on him. Every time he backed away, she followed, meeting his movements and rubbing her textured blimp over his rod. He could barely think straight; her clumsy undulations were so pleasurable that he could feel his knees about to give out.

Up

Snap

Namira let out another yelping hiccup, causing her body to surge in growth, but this time her growth wasn't inconsequential. That last surge managed to blow off the rest of her clothing; her tight shirt exploded off her chest like a bomb. Tattered remnants of her sleeves and frock lay torn on her shoulders, buttons clattering to the ground from their lost battle. In that same moment, her skirt had ripped apart, the last remains of the cloth swatch having given up after her last spot of growth. Leaving her in her black lace undergarments with all the shame of the Emperor and his new clothes. Lucian had trouble keeping his eyes off of her.

Rbrbrbr

Namira's body let out another bubbling gurgle as she swerved back around to face Lucian, her abdomen careening into her desk and knocking it in front of her. Her expanded state made it painfully obvious how see-through her choice of underwire was. Lucian could see her distorted areolas, tiny patches of pink that crept up from her nipples, peeking over the rims of her brassiere. Large discs of pink flesh that shared a shade with her button nipples, soft and inviting patches that made his inner beast rage. He tried to avert his eyes, but everywhere he looked was Namira; she was simply too large. If his gaze lowered it would be eye-to-eye with her growing stomach, the beachball-sized bump that had surely gotten bigger since he last looked. Just a peek, that's all he could risk, but that single glance gave him so much. Namira's swollen stomach sat atop her pedipalps, its rounded surface being cradled between her meaty thighs. Flesh curled around flesh in rubbery stretches that fed into her taut midriff, full and taut, a gas balloon of massive proportions. With her gut propped atop her pedipalps, Lucian was given a glance between Namira's legs. Nestled between her heavy mandibles sat a prize that Lucian had never witnessed: her pussy. Meaty lips that pressed through the lace of her panties, turning into a throbbing cameltoe that grew with her body. Pulsing, swelling with the rest of her body, twitching in pleasure as Namira flexed her legs. Lucian could feel a pulsing throb in his nethers, an ache that begged for release, but he managed to contain his impulses after hearing remarks from the gathering coworkers.

"She's enormous."

"You sure she's part spider? Seems part balloon to me."

"This isn't even the half of it. Last month, here and Diane got in a competition, big as blimps."

“Yeah, but she’s sounding a lot different this time. Don’t remember her stomach being so loud after two hundred hotdogs.”

Onlookers had gathered around to watch the spectacle that was Namira. A few gathered for concern, some gathered because a woman with tits bigger than her head was always a good time, a majority though, only gathered to escape the humdrum that was office life. Lucian’s ears perked up at their rumors, mentioning the noises that came from her body. He had been so concerned with trying to not dive into Namira that he’d lost track of why he came down. Lucian laid his head against Namira’s stomach, pressing his ear flat against her swelling surface, wanting to get a good listen at her internals.

“Don’t you worry, hun; just lay your head on mama’s belly, and I’ll make all your *hick* troubles go away.” Namira’s words were getting more incoherent as time passed by.

Bubblbl

Glorp

Grnnnn

Lucian listened intently, picking up on every whine and shift inside of her belly. He hated to admit being so intimately familiar with the sounds of Namira’s gut, but multiple trips to the buffet with her had given him firsthand experience. Something sounded off; the normal gaseous percolation was replaced with heavy, dripping upheavals. All of it centered around her hiccups; the sudden jolting motion must be making something inside of her stomach horrendously upset. That last one intensified the commotions within, setting off a thunder of bombing bubbles that then settled back into heavy convulsions. Something deep was brewing inside of her; any hiccup could be enough to unleash a chain reaction that she wasn’t prepared for. Even now, her stomach was crawling outward, flesh pressing into his face before he released it. She was shifting between explosive and gradual growth, Lucian had to tell her.

Hup

“Hey, hey.” Lucian lifted his head from Namira’s gut as another parade of hiccups escaped her lips.

“Shh, shhh. Don’t talk, just be.” Namira placed a finger over Lucian’s mouth before he removed it.

“This is kinda serious. I don’t think you can keep doing this.” Lucian tried to keep his voice soft.

“Course I can, I’m too sexy to fire. Look at how huge I am.” Namira arched her back, shoving her bloated breasts into Lucian’s face.

“It’s not that. You aren’t sounding too good in there. I think if you keep going like this, you’re going to pop.” Lucian whispered that last word, not that it mattered much, with how loud Namira’s reply was.

“Of course I’m gonna pop babe, pop my cherry. Gonna get wet and wild up in here.” Namira spread her thighs wide, thrusting her hips upward.

“No, like explode. If you keep hiccuping, you’re going to get too big and explode. Like burst into a goeey mess.” Lucian had to be frank, try and penetrate Namira’s alcohol fog.

“She’s gonna what?” One of Lucian’s coworkers shot up from behind Namira’s flank, shouting as loud as they could.

“Wait, no. Don’t...” Lucian didn’t get a chance to cut off his coworker’s mad shouts.

“Everyone! She’s gonna explode! Get out of here!” The coworker frantically shouted, bolting past the ballooning spider.

WIIIIII

As if to agree with the man’s assertion, Namira’s body let out an angry and low growl, a whinny of distress. Namira’s body was still gradually bloating out, every inch expanding as unseen forces welled within her. It was a miracle that she hadn’t let anything slip with such a force bubbling inside of her. Lucian watched her hide billow, watched it grow before him, surprised there hadn’t been any of her usual outbursts. When she got this big, her body liked to do a little bit of venting, a little bit of pressure equalization, but there was nothing of the sort. Instead, she just grew, bloating further, growing outward as the forces inside of her warred. Even the most voyeuristic members of the crowd took a step back, unsure if they were standing next to an enormous woman or a bomb about to blow.

“Whaaat? That’s *hyup* crazy. I’m completely *iccp* fine.” Namira’s drunken dismissal was interrupted by far too many hiccups to be fine.

Wrblelel

Grrnnnn

Each of those little outbursts had stretched Namira's hideout, lurching her assets explosively outward. In the scant few seconds between both hiccups, Namira's busts had jumped out by three cup sizes. Her lacy brassiere was being stretched to the limit to accommodate such hefty melons. Heaving sacs of ballooning flesh flowed over the ridge of her lacy bra, flesh curling around the hardwire edges. With each breast pushing past the size of a beachball, they looked like turgid cannonballs, balloons of flesh that were barely kept decent. Flesh seeped out from the underside as well, oozing out like compressed putty, squeaking with breath she took. On her back, you could see the latches of her brassiere warping against the force. Tiny hooks being pulled apart by the immense strength of a large force. How much longer they could hold on was a mystery as, one by one, the hooks were being bent upwards.

None of this was any concern of Namira's; in fact, it barely garnered more than the briefest bit of thought from the spider. Her mind was more focused on her little office crush, taking lumbering steps towards Lucian, her bloated body sloshing like a lake. A bulging belly that sagged on the ground, so full of filling gas and liquid that it acted like a barricade. An impending wall of skin that she was aiming towards her little boy-toy, stepping closer, aiming to press him into the wall. A bubbling balloon of spider gut that loomed over him, large enough to conceal his body under its bulk. She wanted to feel his body against hers, to feel his hardness against her gargantuan softness. In her drunken state, it was her only goal; each movement, no matter how clumsy or distracted, was in service to it.

Bubbbblllubb

The only thing preventing Namira from reaching a speed greater than a meandering crawl was her colossal abdomen. Those hiccups had done a number on the black blimp, forcing it groundward from the weight. The bottoms of her stretched chitin slid across the slicked linoleum, squeaking like rubber with her movements. Plated segments were starting to separate from each other, exposing bits of soft connecting tissue. Between the plates on her underside, little bubbles of skin were starting to creep out like an overstuffed sac. While her underside was straining and becoming uneven, her topline remained as smooth as ever. From thorax to spinnerets, her abdomen was a shiny, smooth slope. A blimp of hardened black that shone under the office lights, growing larger before everyone's eyes. The bloated rear was turning more spherical by the second; gone was the oblong curve of its original state. As it grew in height and width, it didn't lengthen, leaving her rear as a strained cap. Flesh swelled around her hole, contorting around it; it was the pressure valve that kept the whole thing together.

Rrrrrrrkkkkkkkkkkkk

Another sound, different from the priors, a long and hollow creak of flesh akin to straining metal. Namira's body was hitting some kind of limit, her form fighting to keep its shape against an unknown catalyst. Namira herself was finally snapped from her drunken pursuit by the pressure she felt in her body. A searing pain that burned in odd spots internally, pressing against parts she couldn't reach. Yet she still clutched at her sides, needle-like claws haphazardly scrabbling for the pain points she couldn't reach. It was with this sudden onset of discomfort that she was made aware of the precarious state her body was in.

grglgglg

"Lucian?" Namira looked over her ballooning assets towards her friend.

"Yeah?" Lucian peered around Namira's bloating flanks, placing a hand on her gut to test the tension.

"I don't feel so good." Namira's voice was a tiny squeak, a strained whimper that was barely audible over the rising sounds of her body.