

Airports were a hub of mundane travels and endless mundanity, the best that someone could hope for was an uneventful trip. Very few people considered airports a place to hang out or a location to frequent, but in those very few sat a couple of middle-aged furries. Enter Drip Dry and Milftales, women who spent their afternoons hanging in the local airport bar. They spent their time trying to hook up with preflight pilots and lonely travelers, striking out more often than not. Their plays at the cougar act were only a side gig to their real hustle, the two for one hot wings and beer. They were never the best wings or suds, but they hit the spot and by sundown both women hobbled their way to a cab gassy and overfed. It was a daily routine, they would either hit it off with some new boytoy or they got to go home: those two aspects were mutually exclusive. Today though, the girls were about to see the results of when those two paths intersected.

Ooooooooouurrrp

“Holy fuck that hit the spot” Drip waved the air in front of her as she expelled a hot belch

Pppfffffftttt

“Tell me about it. It hits the same every time.” Milf fanned her tails to dissipate her rank gas.

The duo leant back in their chairs, massively swollen stomachs ready to flip over the table as it spilled into their lap.

“Sometimes nobody finding us sexy is a good thing. More wings” Drip chuckled as she cleaned chicken from the bone.

Dropped the bone on her plate as she rubbed her sauce stained paws, Drip was a jackal of endless appetite. Her yellow fur bristled at the prospect of new food, her heavy blue eyeshadow vanished with how wide her eyes went at a plate of new wings. This appetite was on full display today, her stomach looked like a turgid beach ball, filled with low quality beer and hot sauce. Gas bubbled inside it at her every touch, she was so bloated that you could barely see her white tie top. Her jean booty shorts had been completely devoured by the burgeoning muffin top as she sat processing her intake. Her already plush thighs didn’t really help, she wasn’t sure if people like the look or she did; but seeing her busting out of the shorts she wore in college was a trip. Today was a special day, just warm enough that she should wear flip flops and let her grippers breath.

“Yeah, I mean who really cares about attracting some guy if they can’t handle all of this?” Milf cradled her swollen gut with affection.

Milftales was very much the same as Drip, a cougar on the prowl: though she was a cougar in the metaphorical sense not the literal. Milftales was a pale yellow fox, fur so light that it might as well be white. Her eyes were framed by neon pink eyeshadow, the same color of the band that tied her tall hair. She could barely fit in the tubetop she squeezed into every day, her ample chest and normally plush torso strained the fabric. Today though it was being put to task as her expanded stomach strained the nylon threads. Today she was sporting a particularly short skirt that would be revealing her ass if it weren't for her plush tails. The thing that set Milf apart from most other animals was the nine tails that sprouted from her rear. While Drip's tail was scruffy and a bit jagged, Milf's splayed out in a magnificent peacock fan; every tail was thick as her arm and coated in the softest fur this side of the equator. If it weren't for her gluttonous demeanor she would seem like a kitsune out of Japanese myth; her bulbous belly though made her look like a parade float. Every so often her stomach would surge out, only to deflate after she let loose her pressure. Her noisy ass and tummy created a symphony with Drip's that scared away most would be suitors, but lucky them, it was the perfect bait for a pair of pilots.

"Hey ladies, couldn't help but notice you've got a couple empty glasses. Mind if we help with a refill." A husky voiced wolf approached the two from the side.

Yeeep

Both girls yelped in surprise before trying in vain to tuck their guts under the table, the noisy balloons grumbled in discontent. Drip looked up at the men talking to them, a pair of grey wolves poured into a pilot's uniform. Their white silk shirts barely contained their bristling muscles, from gaps in the buttons she could see tight pecs. Drip's sixth sense flipped on and she clocked the men as prime boytoys, they both looked fresh from the academy. With silent communication, Drip and Milf leant down and dialed up the charm; their breasts pushed up against the table to amplify the cleavage as they prepared their game.

"Oh you mean us? I suppose we could do with a top off." Drip slid her stein over to the pilots.

"You mind if we sit down and talk after? Seems a shame that such lovely ladies like yourself are spending the night alone." The pilot chimed in as he eyed Milf.

Ppbbbbbbffttt

Milf's ass decided to do the talking for her in this moment, all of her pressing and prodding had loosened a few errant gas bubbles. Her and Drip went rigid with shock as blush crept across their furry faces. They hoped the men didn't notice, to their surprise they seemed completely unperturbed. Milf redoubled her nerves, she was going to leap on this opportunity for action if it killed her.

"I think we can move a few extra chairs over. Though should you flyboys be drinking on the job?" Milf tried her best to sound seductive and drown out her bubbling stomach.

"We've got a few hours before our next flight, so just enough for a few drinks and some fun." The first pilot motioned back to an empty runway as his companion grabbed another pitcher.

"Well if you've got the time, then we can make some time." Drip's snout curled into a smile as she tried to blow a kiss.

Oouuurrrp

Unfortunately for Drip, her attempts at blowing a kiss were undercut by a belch she'd been suppressing for the past half hour. She blushed sheepishly as she tried to play off the fact that she just belched in a hot guy's face. If she weren't a little bit tipsy she'd be devastated about what a hot mess she'd become, but alcohol and fried foods do wonders for one's confidence. She looked at her would be one night stand to see what his reaction was, to her surprise, he seemed excited. She could smell the pheromones on him, he was getting turned on by this whole display.

"Sorry, just making a little room for another glass." She lay some bite, hoping for a bite.

"Sorry for what? I didn't hear anything." The pilot gave her a wink as his friend returned with a full pitcher.

The impromptu quartet spent the next few minutes flirting and cavorting, Drip and Milf downing beers in rapid succession as the guys eyed their stomachs. They were ready to seal the deal and enter a new realm of bloated fantasy. The pilot's eyes had that warm look that showed they were falling for the women's ploys. Just as they were about to take each other's hands, the airport PA system ruined the moment.

Blitz and Duke. You're needed at Gate B

"Awww man, are you serious?!" Blitz clasped his hands to his forehead.

"Damnit, last minute too. Guess we'll have to cut this short ladies...unless you want to take a trip." Duke tried to salvage the situation.

"I can fly, yeah. I love planes." The beer was starting to get to Drip's head as she drunkenly agreed to the offer.

"Your name's Blitz?" Milftails rose from the table as the guys left, barely comprehending what was going on.

The girls needed their fair share of assistance onto the plane, their bloated bellies passed them off as overdue with a litter. A like that nobody ever pressed them on for worry of causing a social faux pas, with some careful finagling they were squeezed into vacant business class seats. Despite the roomy accommodations their bloated guts just barely fit into the seat, both yellow orbs pushed against the hard interior. This added pressure led to many a gassy expulsion, leaving the two the lone occupants of business class as the plane taxied.

“So what’s the plan girl? We hitting the mile high club or we getting rocked after landing?” Drip leant back in her seat as she talked to Milf.

Milf wasn’t exactly in the position to give her any answers though, the bloated kitsune was fighting off the effects of drinking gallons of beer. She was hunched over on her gurgling stomach, drool pooling from her mouth as she slept off the booze.

“Guess there’s my answer.” Drip smirked as she felt the plane begin to taxi.

Something felt off though, her stomach felt bubblier than usual after this much junk food: she could practically feel it boiling it under her skin. She brushed it off, assuming it was just a bit of a post binge discomfort. This feeling only intensified as the plane lifted off the ground, her bloated feeling intensifying as they picked up speed. Drip felt a massive gas bubble swelling inside, growing and pressurizing the inside of her stomach. Her belly was bloating out like she was hooked to an air hose, the pale yellow surface getting tighter under her grasp. Small shoots of pain struck across her inside as her gut hit the back of the seat in front of her. She rumbled and shook with pressure, something needed to escape, it felt like a caged beast was clawing at her insides. Her belly inflated with whatever that odd sensation was until she felt ready to burst; she clenched her fists and tensed her muscles in preparation for what came next.

Pppbbbbbbfffffftttt

Drip’s belly deflated as she let out the loudest fart she’d ever loosed in her life, air pushed out of her ass with incredible force. She felt her hole burning as the minute long gas stream started to peter out. Drip’s belly deflated back to a more normal bloated form as she felt relief from the pressure. The gurgling and bubbling hadn’t subsided though, it almost seemed to intensify. She could already feel her body beginning to bloat again.

“Huh? What?” Milf started awake, Drip’s raucous fart snapping her out of her slumber

“Nothing, it was totally nothing.” Drip’s reply came through a strained grin as she tried to ignore Milf’s expanding stomach.

“Holy fuck! Was I this huge before ***oooooooooooooooooooo***” Milf’s response was cut off by a belch that echoed through the cabin.

Drip watched as Milf's own expanded stomach deflated as she belched out gas, her yellow fur bristled under the forceful gale. Drip could barely focus on it as her own belly was expanding again, the bubbling and gurgling getting louder as time went by. Her stomach was pressed tightly against the seat, she felt it clamping down on her like a vice. Then there was that familiar sense of pressure, the welling pain that gnawed at her insides, she needed to fart. She tensed her muscles again, her stomach pushing her back in the chair as she tried to lift a single chunky cheek.

Ppppppppfffffft

Another loud trumpeting fart blasted from her backside as she tried her best to relieve the pressure, but things were different this time. She didn't deflate as much as before and her growth was only accelerating. She looked at the Milf and realized she was having the same internal catastrophe. Both girls could barely contain themselves as they hotboxed business class in an attempt to alleviate pressure. They couldn't evacuate things quick enough though: no matter how much ass, they blasted they kept on growing.

"Did those guys do something to our drinks?" Drip was practically shouting across the aisle as she tried to get Milf's attention.

"They ***ooouurp*** must ***uurp*** must have." Milf could barely speak between her belches.

Both women were decidedly incorrect, whether it be their drunken state or just ignorance to the science; they misunderstood their situation. Air pressure was often a fickle mistress, wreaking all sorts of havoc on one's internal digestion. So when you have two furies who have glutted themselves on a combination of the most stomach destroying foodstuffs; air pressure was sure to cause problems. As the plane climbed and the pressure continued to change, the ladies would experience a bloating like no other. Their bubbling stomachs rising and deflating as gasses welled within them, every second felt like they were stuffing themselves at the bar all over again. There was no end in sight, their bellies had pushed over the seats in front of them, encroaching onto the unoccupied aisles ahead. What little passengers were in their section had long abandoned it due to the gas, coach was preferable to suffocating in business class. Milf and Drip were rapidly becoming time bombs, their bloated bodies only held together by the increasing evacuation of gas. Drip's shorts had disintegrated off her body from the sheer force and volume of the pressure venting.

"Wait! Drip! I have antacids!" Milf rifled through the purse next to her, producing their chalky salvation.

"Gimme that shit. I feel like I'm going to blow." Drip held out her hand in desperation.

Milf readily produced the two chalky tablets, but there was a miscalculation; she didn't have antacids, she had alka seltzer. Both medicines had very similar functions, but drastically different methods of execution. Antacids were simple pills you took, but alka seltzer was a

foaming frothing mess meant to be dissolved in water, not taken raw. So when both girls shoved the tablets in their mouth, they spelled their doom. Drip Immediately felt something wrong, the bubbling in her stomach increased to a fever pitch as her swelling accelerated. She could feel the gas in the back of her throat as belches forced her mouth open, her rapidly inflating stomach now pressing into the aisle. Milf was in much the same boat, both her and Drip's gasses amplified to insane degrees; nobody dared approach the front cabin. The bubbling feeling in their stomachs began to travel lower, their asses began to join in on the growth. Filling with gasses that made them seem more like balloons than living breathing flesh. Drip tried to massage her aching gut for some kind of relief, but it quivered at her touch: she felt tight and ripe.

CRRRKKK

Drip and Milf's stomachs let out an odd creaking sound, not dissimilar from a balloon being stretched past its limits. Their bloated stomachs had grown past any reasonable size and looked like weather balloons with women attached. There was little space in the business class that wasn't occupied by Drip and Milf's bloated body. They could feel themselves pressing into each other as their asses spilled over their seats. Their tight tummies fighting for space among the aisle as their growth continued. They couldn't speak or even think, their constant gassy expulsions was all they could focus on. The cabin was fogging up as their girls began to shake and rumble. The tension in their bellies reached a limit as their growth halted, they had run out of room to expand and were stuck pulsing like bombs. The fact that both women were let in the plane was a violation of some ordinance act.

RMMMBBLLLLL

Their stomachs let out a rumble that shook the plane itself, their angry stomachs giving out a last cry of rebellion at their owner's stupidity. Drip tried her best, scrapping and clamoring at her tummy like she could massage her imminent explosion away. Every bit of her body ached as the strain of her skin showed through her yellow fur. Red stress marks appeared at her flanks and navel, the spots of utmost pressure. Drip looked across and saw that Milf was in a worse spot than her, Drip had grown much bigger than Milf and was pressing into her body. She could feel Milf rumbling against her body, she could feel the pressure through the Kitsune's skin. She was closer to bursting then Drip was.

GRLLLLLLLL

Milf's stomach let out a howl, the cry of an abused beast ready to end their torment; the surface of her stomach turned beet red as she reached her limit. Her tightening stomach stood still for a moment, the gas, the belching, the growth, it all stopped. This was the eye of the storm as after that momentary pause, her muscles gave out. Milf's body surged out in every direction, her bloated belly expanding into the captain's quarters before exploding like a bomb.

KERSPLOOOSH

She coated the cabin in wing grease, beer and choking gas as her shattered clothes sat in her seat.

GRNNNNNNN

Drip's belly did not appreciate the abuse, her already turgid stomach noisily rebelled against the sudden shock with another spurt of growth. Her fur thinned under her balloon of a stomach as the entire blimped surface turned red. Her stomach rumbled like a thundercloud as her swollen ass clenched her anus shut; she had gotten so large that she couldn't fart anymore. There was an immediate surge of growth before the inevitable happened.

BLOOOOOOSH

Not to be outdone, Drip exploded in glorious fashion, leaving a buffalo sauce tsunami in her wake, carried by the ocean of beer she had imbibed.

After the commotion Blitz exited the cabin to look at the aftermath of his one night stand's detonations.

"Damn, they exploded." Blitz looked more disappointed than shocked at the revelation.

"Dude this is the third time this has happened. If you don't stop brining bloated bitches on the plane we're gonna lose our license." Duke sighed in exasperation as he tossed a mop back to Blitz