

Inflation Is for the Birds

Story by Pennsylvania Kite Weather

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“You said you had a *bird* problem!” Mavis fumed in front of the sandwich shop owner at the counter.

The man was middle-aged, portly with tannish skin, beady eyes and a bushy top lip. He winced, and nodded in acknowledgement at the pest doctor’s peeved glare.

Mavis straightened up from leaning on the bar. A silvery-white synthetic-fiber suit provided all the protection she could need against chemicals, but this call, she quickly learned, involved not your average pests. “Honestly!” the haughty brunette sneered. “I’m not even sure if what you’re asking is even *legal!*”

“I’m not asking you to hurt them, you get me?” he narrowed his shoulders to stuff his hands into his apron’s pockets. “All I’m asking is you spook them. You said you had a way.”

Mavis looked back at her white commercial van, decorated in red, refined letters — Ernie’s Extermination Services. Her dad’s slogan, ‘No pest problem we can’t fix! No ifs, ants, or bugs!’, spanned the two doors. And Mavis loved fixing things, as much as she *hated* insects. “I think I do,” she answered, as if staring into the vehicle’s shelving within. “But can’t I just come back with my brother?”

The owner’s apron loop sunk further into the back of his neck as he buried his wrists. “And risk having him be abducted? They already took off with a guy on two separate occasions these past two weeks. I’m begging you—I can’t lose any more business from these monsters. I’ll give you anything—a 5-star review, free sandwiches for a year...!”

Mavis understood. Hers and the man’s small business meant everything to their respective lives. Her blue eyes closed, her chest stuck out with a deep breath, and the matte material of her suit tightened around her ample triple-Ds. “Fine,” she exhaled. “Do you have a ladder I can get up to the roof with?”

“Only one ladder tall enough to change the menus...?! What kind of...” Complaining to herself as she balanced on her van’s bumper step, Mavis retrieved the extendable orange ladder from above, and began dragging it to the back of the building.

Strapped to her shoulders was a white, opaque canister like an astronaut’s oxygen tank, and secured against it was a long black applicator wand with a bend at its end.

She passed the outdoor tables with all their umbrellas closed up despite the spectacular spring day. Some poles were crooked from the weight of the creatures who perched upon them at one point.

It was unusually quiet for a place the shop owner swore was chaotic every time a man did so much as close a car door. The ladder grated as it extended out, then propped up against the white concrete between some bushes. Its top step only just cleared the lip of the dark roofing membrane that draped over the edge above.



Mavis began to climb, and only needed one look at the surface when her eye level was over the crest to see the roof was littered with feathers.

Big feathers, bright feathers, and *many* feathers. It was like someone tore all the colorful paper off of several piñatas and scattered them all over the flat bitumen surface, and the clutter worsened closer to the center where a pair of rooftop air conditioners hummed a stone's throw away from each other.

Mavis climbed slowly over the raised edge of the roof and her boots crunched slightly, like loose asphalt was underneath. It was still oddly quiet. She decided to pick up an indigo-blue feather — her favorite among the colors of canary yellow, tangerine orange, spearmint green, and bubblegum pink all around her.

The single plume was the length of her entire hand. These giant, exotic pests she would deal with seemed to be away, so Mavis decided to explore among the rusting exhaust pipes and fogged-up square pyramid skylights, all jutting out a foot from the flashing.

Someone needed to clean up these tattered newspapers and crumpled plastic bags swept to the edges. There were also messy parchment paper balls with the sandwich shop logo printed on them. And as she advanced, bits of hastily nibbled bread rolls and stomped-on lettuce strings mixed in with the rainbow of discarded down.

“No wonder this gross-ass place has a problem...” Mavis said aloud to herself. She warily walked around to the other side of the furthest air conditioner, squinting at the steel sheen reflecting the sun intensely off a stainless panel. It was doubly annoying with that glare shining off her pest suit.

But there in the shadow she found a tight huddle of women cloaked in the feathers with their heads poking out of what looked like assorted puffy collars. It took one second of eye contact—

“Shreeeeek!” a stranger yelled, and an explosive unfurling of large dark-purple wings sent the four lean bodies against them yelping and peeping in different directions like frightened animals, as Mavis' own cry died down.

When the exterminator looked up from the settling plumage, a portly lady was flapping her powerful wings for balance on the air conditioning unit's edge she leapt backwards upon, trying to latch onto the metal with large curled raptorial talons.

The roof's perimeter also became perches for the distressed, disheveled but wild-looking young women in yellow, orange, green and pink. They squatted with their knees out, their feathered arms spread like fluttering kites in a flagging wind.

They weren't costumed performers; the breeze their frenzied wingbeats made and the foreign chirps from their sneering mouths...

These were harpies in the flesh.

The harpies — the ones the sandwich shop owner admitted to calling about. Harpies that no one in these parts understood how to deal with, whether they had any right to occupy a rooftop and if not, who could send them packing.



Now that Mavis could tell she had startled them, and they weren't cawing or clawing to undress her like they would a man, she confidently brandished the wand attached to her tank at the heaviest-set harpy.

"Get lost."

The leader was hunched over and teetering slightly still, but focused her dark eyes on the human with a vacant stare, an open smile with her dark, thin lips. Gathering poise, her arms slowly tucked down half-behind her broad back.

In straightening her spine, her buxom chest bulged out the printed logo of an old rock band on a black undersized T-shirt, perhaps thrifted, likely stolen. The glossy feathers which covered her arms and neck sprouted from the worn sleeves and collar.

"I said get lost!" Mavis raised her voice. "Ya'll don't belong here — it's private property!"

Amused, the indigo harpy thrust back her head, swishing a hawk beak-shaped plume of curved purple hair draped out in front of one eye. Her skinny arms spread for silence, and faint was the appearance of gnarled branch-thin hands opened at the halfway point of her impressive wingspan.

"Braaaak!" she crowed. "Flightless humans belong *inside*. The sky outside we hunt!"

Mavis didn't mean to giggle at the woman's scratchy voice that betrayed her beauty. As she slunk back fidgeting with her wand, she glanced about at the other harpies, all leering at her like they were in the gallery of a courtroom. Some wore tees, another a torn-up tank top.

But the pink one to her right donned just a jean-jacket opened to reveal whiter feathers, matted like curly overgrown hair covering her ribcage and small breasts. Her flat stomach was pale but the bright color reemerged at her flanks and on a stand-out-straight tail plume, twitching irritably.

Pinkie didn't seem to take kindly to being stared at, and snarled amidst tucking her wings closer over herself. Her lithe legs, covered in tan-yellow scales, bent inward to hide a pair of panties. The black talons scraped with uncomfortable rasps at the roof's edge.

Mavis whipped her head around as she heard a tremendous crash, a rattling of metal against pavement. The rails of the ladder weren't peeking over top anymore, and on the perimeter sidling away from the void was the orange harpy with a silly — or sinister — grin.

"O-Okay, look..." the human squared her jaw. "I'll go away if *you* promise to go away."

"Kwee-heh!" The largest harpy bounced off of her perch with a thud and started to toddle towards Mavis. Even somewhat slouched, Indie was a head taller — not to mention three times the bust. Her oval pot belly sticking out from under her shirt wobbled with her stumping gait, which clacked like heeled shoes on an English Mastiff. "Look you! I send you back down to bring man-man next time..."

Alarmed, Mavis reacted. "Oh no you don't...!" She stopped shying away and pounced with her applicator wand, pressing with her trigger finger as she closed the gap in two strides and thrust the compressed air at Indie's face like an invisible lance.



As the large harpy squawked and blocked her own head with a wing, the curtain of glossy navy feathers fluttered like a sail. Indie hopped back and raised a talon so high in defense, Mavis veered away from running into it, and the monster fell on her bottom with a clumsy flapping.

“Aha...!” Mavis heard a batlike swoop towards her, and Greenie, with her neon crest of mohawkish hair, barrel-rolled away as the wand swiveled up and to the side. The exterminator watched every direction waving her whistling applicator like a fiery torch towards beasts in a dark wood. It was best for propelling pesticides, but with a tank full of oxygen, its snakelike hissing and strong stream did better than its other uses like sanitarily shredding cobwebs or sweeping away dead stinging insects.

“Go ‘way, birdbrains!” she roared. Mavis swore when she got down from this roof and came back, she’d set up an air cannon, a sophisticated sensor system, and charge the sandwich shop man out the—

Indie kicked out and latched onto Mavis’ ankle like an iron shackle. The talon completely closed, wrenched, and *dragged* the pest doctor backwards and dropped her onto her stomach.

And then the frenzy began. Like boardwalk gulls seeking a spilled bucket of fries, the harpies landed screeching on the back of her leg, her collar— and pulled away her arms she tried to cover herself with. Talons raked, somehow not through her skin, but punctured her suit, bit into the straps of her tank and ripped it from her shoulders, and balled up her hair to roughly raise her head.

Mavis didn’t look for mercy squinting up at the silhouettes of the bird ladies surrounding and grasping at her; she wanted revenge, and with arms free to rotate, socked Orangey in the stomach to send her flying, punched Pinkie in the loins to crumple her flat, and scrambled to her feet to shove Greenie, all in the few moments before—

Whump! Indie swooped in-between and bulled Mavis not with clawed feet but her spread legs as she came to land. The stocky thighs rippled from the impact to the human’s lower torso and straddled the smaller woman, squeezing her ribs. The wings fanned out to blot out the warm sun like a massive beach umbrella, each flap further disorienting the pinned Mavis.

God, Indie was heavy...

“Skreeeeeahhh!” the head harpy yelled like a raptor, and craned her neck down past her hooters to leer at her catch. “You attack my flock!” Her belly swelled with a queenly breath, and somehow, a quieter, composed statement came out. “I attack your smock.”

“Pffft-hahaha...” Mavis just cackled. She was wearing a *suit*, but that outburst only seemed to make Indie glare harder.

The other harpies hopped closer. Around Indie’s bulk, Mavis spied them hooking talons into the small tears on her legs, ripping the flimsy silvery coverall like scalpels through parchment paper. Her thighs instantly tickled from the feather plumes grazing her smooth skin.

“A-Are you serious?!” Mavis grunted, beginning to wriggle and jerk as her attackers tugged and wrenched, pulling scraps from underneath her legs, yet were unable to remove her laced work boots. “You’re gonna undress me like a guy!?”



She then growled at a harpy who stood up on her shin bones. She saw Canary was cocked to one side, long, layered mustard-yellow hair dangling, and eyes wide open at the damaged elastic waistband on the suit and Mavis' bold, blood-red lace panties beneath.

"Flowers for queen...!" Canary announced upon seeing its petal patterns, almost pleasantly surprised, and stepped out a scaled, clawed toe to scratch at the fabric.

"StoooOOOOP!" Mavis burst out, startling Indie and prompting the harpies to shuffle around and find new holds to restrain her once the leader jumped off. "I'm gonna electrocute all your feathers off! I'm gonna call up b-bird hunters and get you all skinned, and stuffed, a-AND...!"

Indie had wrapped the discarded applicator wand in one talon, hopped into the air with it and thudded down right next to Mavis' face. The air hose's end popped into her mouth. The way it leaned and pressed to the roof forced her head to turn, but it was stuck in like a dentist's tool for suctioning spit on the back of her tongue.

Mavis could hear the muscles in the harpy's foot popping as it squeezed the trigger, sending a ferocious gust down her throat and tickling it like a soda fountain gun was activated. It silenced her instantly and the force made thrust out her torso in anxiousness to peel away, but nobody would let her take her limbs off the roof's coarse surface.

"Ra-ha...!" Indie laughed, poised with her thick legs together and claws now curled comfortably around the trigger. "Now, you get hiss-hiss! Snake bite girl's loud mouth...!" she said gleefully.

It *blew* more than bit; riotous, rippling, right into her core. It was like it opened a pigeonhole into her stomach, pushing out a cavity and stretching it wide into a tree's knothole, and it filled, expanded...

Mavis groaned as her vision was clear enough past her quivering chest to watch her middle balloon, a smooth lump of suited silver, squeakily inching upwards. The woman tried desperately to exhale or yell to deflate it as it crept out into a full-term pregnancy, but with so much air whistling down her vocal cords, she merely moaned and whimpered.

She took her eyes away and searched for the harpies' faces, now oohing with interest. They still weighed on her in the positions that kept her spread-eagle, and Indie also had a twisted smile as she clutched a bundle of Mavis' hair with a spare talon. Struggling as the stuffed sensation grew with her volume, seemingly every inch that successfully stretched out her frame was relief strangely enough — proof her body and suit were holding — but for how long?

"Ball-girl get big...!" Indie rasped again, slowly sweeping a wing, backhandedly stroking trailing feathers across the rounded surface, its apex just up to the harpy's hips.

All these tingles made her want to lash out; Mavis jerked her spine, bouncing her body with a trampoline's spring and yet it squeaked like her reedy pleas. Seeing straight up Indie's large thighs was an unneeded distraction that was wresting her attention long enough to notice dimples of cellulite peeking from the shameless grey G-string and jean-shorts riding up like daisy dukes. The looming underboobs masked that smug avian asshole's smile.

And now, the pressure propping up her skin was leaking into her breasts and legs, making the starfish-spread human wriggle like a worm for these bird ladies. Her distress made the others circle only their



wings like vultures, reaching out to her broadening dimensions, patting her hide with their diminutive hands and crooked fingers prodding in.

“Mllllhhnnn...” Mavis bayed again. Her ass began to press into the roof. Her panties constricted snugly her ripening cheeks, but with her ankles still stood on, her body just bent ever so slightly by the inch like a yoga pose engaging her hips, and was pitching upwards her exercise ball of a middle.

The waistband beneath her navel began to crackle; at first there was a pang of distress that it came from her skin. But as the suit’s usually ruffly equator began stretching flat, straining and biting as her tummy tested it, Mavis winced and willed it to snap for her safety.

A puffy roll of flesh grew out from between her panties and the stubborn elastic, easing both out of the way momentarily. But her immensity made them catch, and pinch, and after a second of trembling fail dramatically together; the suit twanged apart like a giant rubber band and ripped down the middle to her swollen underboobs in their cups. Her undies disintegrated around her enlarged thighs and ass, flashing her womanhood to Canary and her companion. With the lace’s flowery mural now lying in tatters, the yellow harpy squawked.

And for Mavis, she bit the nozzle like she would her lip if possible. Domed out, unfathomably stuffed, disrobed almost entirely except her bra and sleeves and boots, what was this wild thrill she felt like she was untouchable, yet totally vulnerable too?

Indie gasped and released her hold of the trigger and wand, bounding away and shaking out her tired, numbed talon. She spun right back around like a soldier to behold Mavis’ gut which the head harpy could just see over the top of. “Mmmm...! What we think? She learned?” she asked the others.

As Mavis spat out the applicator and lolled her tongue with her own breath back, the pressure on her limbs eased as the other monstergirls started to encircle her, half-stalking, half-admiring. The human’s focus was throwing her ballooned, stiffened body from side to side to roll herself up. Her arms worked better than her legs which couldn’t fully close. And God did the way her cakes smothered the remains of her panties give her an indescribable urge...

“Heh-heh... Hnnnghh...! Fuh... Ahh...” Mavis then endured a bap to her belly’s underside, sending a ripple through her which quelled her to stop moving. “That’s all you got, chicken-legs?” she turned and jeered towards Indie. “Y-You accomplished *nothing*, dipshit drumstick-thighs. You’ve got no idea what you’re doing.”

Indie elevated her head haughtily, and this time a different harpy — Greenie — tried punishing Mavis by plowing into her side with her feathered shoulder. The human’s hulking half-sphere gut, as tall as her assailant, rippled precariously but absorbed it and held.

“Oof!” Mavis swayed, but hadn’t felt a thing otherwise. She tried to see around her impressive Q-cups to tease the fiends, who were seemingly out of ideas. “Too bad, tweety-bird. All you fucking idiots did was blow me up into a punching bag.” Maybe they were stupid enough to push her or airdrop her off the roof, and she’d get all the help she needed down there. Minus the dignity...

“Blow... up...?” Indie spun on her heel-claw. The leader took a skip, then a strong flap.

Mavis’ sweat went cold as she was leapt upon. Gasping, groaning, her ginormous belly undulated as Indie briefly tested her like a spring. Supporting several hundred pounds of bird-monster, nerves crackling



from needlepoint talons pinching, shifting for a hold on the hill, the human went silent if only to avoid breathing and puffing up her precariously pressurized middle.

“Hear-hear!” Indie turned her back to Mavis’ wincing, and gestured with a wing. “Put hiss-hiss down there, you.”

“Khhhh...!” Mavis steamed through her bit lip. She dared rippling her skin slightly all over as she belted out, “They’ll round you up and p-put you in a birdcage where you belong...!”

Greenie was dragging Mavis’ wand away, around. Indie rotated again as carefree as standing barefoot on a mattress, and only beamed.

The first probe into her nethers made her eyes water; it was impossible to miss with how stretched her flaps must be, and slick with so much teasing, desirable yet derogatory treatment — a warped emotion from regarding so many countless pests as powerless. Now it was her turn.

Indie’s eyes lit up as Mavis moaned once the fumbling feathered creatures together found the right angle, gripped the right spot, and fired.

“Mmmmyaaaahhh...~!” Lacy lightning immediately struck and spread, elevating the pressure as Indie did from atop the ballooning bubble. Kicking, bucking, Mavis had limited control of her puffy unclasped limbs, and had a gaggle of harpies nesting between her legs, like a pit crew pumping her with precision.

The air whistled with increasing hollowness, with deepening sonorous echoes assailing her like the tickling featherdusters she felt of their wings beginning to explore her blimping thighs, and the rise beneath her navel. Her bra had long since slipped down but couldn’t girdle her anymore, and broke with another buoying bounce.

And Indie, standing statuesque like a crane, propped up and scarcely sinking into Mavis’ belly, eyed the fevered strain on the girl’s face, whose head rolled for breath around the gigantic breasts beginning to crowd. Her mounds gradually eclipsed the sun over her face, which beat heat on her feet upon feet of diameter.

“Huuuff... Hooooh-God... You can-ha-ha-han’t...” Mavis faintly begged.

“Can’t?” Indie repeated. She leaned, hovering briefly like a falling tree, and collapsed on her soft stomach, opening her wings and laying her plumage across what was reachable of Mavis’ quivering breasts. “What, mm?”

“You can’t...” the pest doctor continued. “Can’t *pop* me.” Grinning and drooling, she gazed back defiantly at the smug harpy, who began to tilt forwards, legs angling up by nature of the gut behind her straining so tall. “The ai-air’s gonna run out, or I’m gonna get so fu-fucking big someone’ll see me up here...”

“Coooo...” Indie answered, and gently paddled her shins, drumming the tops of those scaly sizable feet against tightening skin. Should they flip or curl, just the gentlest prod would — but the harpy still knowingly stroked her wings like a ruffly blanket instead, ignorant of the rumbling of Mavis’ full tummy and that her growth was slowing.



The human's hair left the roof to add to her lightheadedness, eyes fluttering as her thickened splayed arms began to sink into her orbicular enormity. Even a few discarded feathers falling off her rounded front, which towered the size of a bouncy house, sent shivers through her peak to her dripping sex. The only fighting she could do, in panting and grunting and struggling for relief, was to hold herself together.

Mavis snorted seeing through the closing crack of her creaking, erect breasts as Indie tucked her wings behind her and shimmied herself ever so slowly between the cleavage, and let warm stiffening skin hug her sides. The way the harpy oriented herself; it was like preparing to dive into a birdbath.

And Mavis was preparing to explode. She could feel the other harpies shifting, draped over her mostly subsumed legs or grazing their upright bodies against her loins, the cold metal tank even pressed to her inner thigh.

Something must have slipped momentarily to cut off the air and the ladies squawked, but that glimmer of hope twinkled out as she again crept larger, tighter, dully groaning and crackling like the gravelly roof surface against her squished back. Every inch was her will and confidence waning she'd be able to outlast the devils, the snake.

Through her discomfort and nausea, Mavis smiled with brimming tears at Indie. "W-Wanna fly me away somewhere? Hhh-nnnhh... Haaah... So I can keep... keep being your plaything...?!"

Indie pushed those humongous, wardrobe-sized orbs to either side a smidge to shrug, and purr. "We birds of prey..." she answered, head cocked, cheek against a boob. "Not play."

"S-S-Screw you..." Mavis whispered. It was the last coherent words to pass through her quivering lips, for then her eyes and mouth went wide.

Those talons did finally twist enough against the breasts now engulfing them to clamp and tweak faintly enough. The chafing sparked like a match, sending fireworks, tremors throughout her taxed form.

Her fingers and toes curled to suppress the shaking, but no — the ecstasy and searing surrender of her springing leaks, from her engorged nips to the very tunnels plugged with that persistent wand, intensified her sensation into a wail.

"Gwaaaahh...~" *Gnnnn...*

"Hnnngghhhh..." *Krkrkrkrkr...*!

"HhhHHWAAAAHH—!" *BOOOOOOOOM!*

The shockwave sent up a storm of shimmery feathers, cast the harpies in multiple directions and the drained tank went cartwheeling off the side of the building.

In moments Indie shook off the limp silver suit that had briefly clung to her and began flapping as fast as she could. The monstergirls were altogether elated and terrified, hooting and screeching in desperate need to take to the urban skies, leaving the work van blaring its panic alarm as the shattered canister upon the parking lot scattered like grenade shrapnel from the most devastating pest expulsion method the world would ever know.



The toughest part of planning this story was honestly a name for the main character!

Thank you so much for reading.

In all the Modern Monstergirls fics I've wrote so far, it's never been the human that inflates, but I think this makes a good exception being a disconnected piece from the rest of the universe. Sorry if the title misdirects you a little...!

[Project: "ephemerata"]

