

In an upscale restaurant on the edge of town, a young couple is entering hand in hand; one of them is a spry young thing, a bunny woman just starting her career in finance. She wasn't a particularly ravishing thing, but she wasn't a poor looker by any rights. The usual thing you'd see in an office; blonde hair tied into a bun, subtle blue dress, the usual. At her hip was her current stable boyfriend, a wolf of an innocent demeanor; unassuming and sincere, he and his girlfriend were celebrating their second year together at the aforementioned upscale restaurant. It was meant to be a nice time, a quiet time, but when they took their seat, they were sat beside the biggest temptation an innocent man could find, a MILF.

Sat in a cluster of round tables, the woman and her man were attempting to enjoy a quiet dinner. Chilled glasses of wine, nice fish, fancy breads: the normal spread for upscale, but not fine, dining. Their quiet conversation was being worn down throughout the night, as another uproarious guest was ruining their time.

Hooooouurrrrrppp

"God it's so good. Fuck." A husky and breathy moan followed the wet belch as the woman in the seat next to them rubbed her stomach.

Hompphh

Bblblblb

Fpppbbbbbtttt

"Oh yeah, expensive wings beat cheap any day of the week." The woman moaned again, chomping loudly on greasy chicken as she expelled blustery gales.

The poor bunny woman could only look on in both hurt and anger as her boyfriend kept looking over at the bloated balloon of a woman. She was a yellow-furred jackal; her fine coat was laced with wisps of gray fur. Her pointed ears twitched as her lazy eyelids sagged in a drunken stupor; with heavy blue eyeshadow and glistening curls on her eyelids, she looked like an aged woman about town, a woman with a gaudy style from a bygone era. She'd obviously entered with nice shoes, the bunny could see them sitting on the floor next to her, but she'd long since abandoned them. Now the jackal woman sat bare-footed, gripping the carpet with her brown-padded paws.

She was practically poured into the red dress she wore; the gaudy affair glittered in the restaurant light as it stretched over her ballooned flanks. Her hips were a size too big for the dress, as her generous curves stretched the fabric and popped the sequins. Her luscious thighs were constantly on the move, wrapping over each other in almost purposefully seductive ways. Most likely it was for comfort, as she would occasionally hike up her legs to let one of her noxious outbursts loose. Her adjustments made her ill-fitting dress even more revealing, as her

generous bust flowed over her red cups, slipping down to reveal just enough of her areola to be scandalous.

Honestly, the bunny would be fine if her boyfriend were just eyeing some hot older woman, but it was the way he looked at her, the way his eyes lingered. He wasn't just ogling some busty cougar; he was eyeing the woman's distended stomach. Nestled on this older jackal's midriff was a stomach so full that it looked like she smuggled a basketball under her dress. It was what they initially believed, but then when she lifted her legs, they saw the furry underside of her stomach and a few more unmentionables. The woman had forgone panties completely, meaning that her constant eruptions gave them a show of more than just a gut. An exposed donut and darkened lower lips greeted them each time she hiked up her legs. It had been going on all dinner, and the bunny had enough of it. Smacking her hands down on the table, she rose up, walking over to the gassy MILF.

"Miss could..." The bunny was interrupted by the jackal's drunken interjection.

"That's cute, you think I'm young enough to be a miss. It's missus, formerly missus...but you can call me Drip." Drip stumbled over her words as she turned around in her chair, putting her massive gut on display, stopping to eye the boyfriend. "And you can call me Mommy."

"Oh..umm." The boyfriend stammered as Drip licked her lips, lifting up her foot.

The bunny stood mortified, too stunned by the brazen display to speak as Drip reached her foot up her boyfriend's legs. She stretched her meaty haunches out, splaying out her paws before placing them on the boyfriend's crotch. Her full and bubbly pads danced over his pelvis, massaging a rapidly hardening member as she licked her lips.

"Could you stop?! That's my boy...**fppbbbfTTTT**" The bunny's response was cut off again as Drip angled her ass towards the poor girl.

A loud and trumpeting fart ripped from the jackal's generous cheeks, her hole twitching as the gale was powerful enough to blow the rabbit's ears back. The blast lasted far longer than any fart should, a ripping gale that almost knocked her out cold.

"Now come on babe, why don't you get with a **ooourrrpp** real woman." Drip leant in to the boyfriend, letting out a wet and rolling belch that made his glasses steam.

"Yeah, sure. Umm.." The boyfriend looked back to his bunny. "Sorry Bon, but look at how huge and gassy she is."

Drip smiled, pulling the boyfriend over to her lap as Bon looked in disgust at her boyfriend's adultery, ready to shout his ears off. Before Bunny could do anything of the sort, a figure came into view. An ebony-furred wolf with a narrow snout and a long frock of pink hair

that came down to her shoulders. She wore a tidy black power suit with gold and pink accents, her hands were cupped around each other as she spoke.

"Has this ever happened to you? You're out on the town with your partner and some gassed-up MILF steals them away." The spokeswoman spoke into a microphone as she looked on at a camera that was being brought in behind her.

"It's the second time this has happened!" Bon looked distraught as she watched her boyfriend feed Drip wings.

"Poor dear, and I bet you've tried everything." The spokeswoman ran a hand through Bon's hair as she spoke.

"I just can't get big enough and can't afford to have children yet." Bon looked down in disappointment.

"I know, it's tough. We've all been there; we try the fad diets, we try to get a big balloon gut like this blimp here." The spokeswoman gave Drip's stomach a light pat. "It's not enough; we can't compete. But what if I told you that we don't have to?"

The spokeswoman reached into her coat pocket, rifling through her belongings before pulling out a pink box, slightly bigger than her palm, her hands covering the front of it.

"What? Is that really possible?" Bon slapped her hands to her cheeks in surprise.

"It is! All you need is FurCo's patent-pending MILF-B-Gone!" With a flourish, the spokeswoman pulled her hand away from the box to reveal the logo she'd just recited.

After her little flourish, the spokeswoman held the box in her hand, making sure the logo was facing the camera as she undid the top. Inside of the box, lovingly caressed by a silk pouch that the spokeswoman unraveled, was a silver stopper. A round object similar to a bulb, with a little pump on the opposite end.

"Wow! Milf-B-Gone! How does it work?!" Bon looked in surprise as the spokeswoman walked over towards her.

"It's easy; follow me, and I'll demonstrate." The spokeswoman put the plug in Bon's hands as she guided them both over towards Drip.

The jackal was shoving the boyfriend into her bloated gut, making him dig his muzzle into her turgid orb as she pressed her flanks.

Bbbrrrrpppppttt

The harder she pressed him into her gut, the louder and more raucous her farts became; she was busy guzzling expensive beer and gnawing spiced meat from the bone as she let loose. She hiked up her leg again, her dress riding up to fully reveal her puffy hole as it twitched in preparation. Her swollen anus began to open up, ready to evacuate another set of fumes, but her little outburst was stopped by the silver plug.

"Just like this, you find the offending hole and just shove it right in." The spokeswoman guided Bon's hand as they shoved the rubber stopper up Drip's ass.

"Yeep The fuck?" Drip was too drunk to fully notice what was going on, so she looked to her boytoy to see if he'd slipped it in the back door, but he was still face first in her gut.

"Hmm, it seems a bit loose." Bon looked in confusion as she wiggled the stopper around Drip's puckering donut.

"That's what the pump is for. Just a few presses and it can fit a MILF of any size." The spokeswoman guided Bon's thumb over the pump and helped her press it.

"Hey! Hands off the **eeeeep** Get out from under there." Drip's jaw snapped shut as she felt the stopper inflate against her insides, fitting snug as a glove.

Griglglglgg

Biblbiblbiblb

"There, now that it's secure, we let the MILF-B-Gone do its thing." The spokeswoman stepped back with a satisfied look.

"This feels. Not...right?" Drip looked down at her bubbling stomach with concern.

Pbbfttt

Bwomp

There was a sound of a muffled fart deep within Drip's stomach, the bubbling and gurgling from her gassy meal almost drowning it out. As soon as the muffled fart dissipated, her gut shot out in size. The great red swell went from a basketball to a fecund swell, the softness of her tummy turning to a ballooning tension. The boyfriend found himself being knocked back against the table as Drip's stomach shot out again.

Frrttt

Rrlllll

Bwoomp

Brrttt

Fwoomp

Drip couldn't help herself; her diet of exclusively expensive beer and expensive chicken wings was coming back to bite her in the gut. Every trapped fart caused another to want to roll out, her body being tricked into feeling an excess of gas. It was like a chain reaction happening before her very eyes; her stomach would tremble and bubble before her corked gas tried to escape, only leading to more bloating. She felt like a car with a potato in its tailpipe; her fumes were backing up into her and making her bloat like a balloon. Her stomach kept growing, pulling her dress over the growing orb. A half moon of red and yellow, tensing like rubber as it filled with its own gases. A storm was starting to brew inside of her; her stomach was starting to wobble on its own as it bumped into the bottom of the table.

"Wow! What's happening?!" Bon looked in excitement as she saw Drip's belly tip the table over.

"That's quite simple. You see, your common gassy MILF is just a gas factory. Once she reaches a certain point, she can't stop farting if she wants to. And for our little jackal friend, that point was probably three plates ago." The spokeswoman motioned towards the tower of empty plates now crashing to the floor. "MILF-B-Gone takes all that gas and just stops it up. Eliminating all those rude noises and turning the MILF into a self-perpetuating gasbag."

Biblblbl

Grnnnnn

Fffftpppppttt

As the spokeswoman looked on in satisfaction, Drip was looking at her stomach with a bit of panic. She was hesitant to even touch it as it became a turgid beach ball of gas; it was a stomach so large that it was tearing her dress, pushing her breasts up better than her bra ever could. She could feel her ass clenching around the bulb, digging deeper as her body tried to evacuate the fumes.

"But wait, won't that mean she just becomes a bigger MILF? I don't want to deal with competing against an even bigger woman." Bon pouted as she watched Drip's stomach continue to inflate.

"Don't worry your little head about it. You see, most gassy MILFs have a limit; once they get too filled with gas, they just pop, like a balloon. Most of them do it of their own accord when

they get too greedy or find a sugar daddy. With MILF-B-Gone we just speed up the process." The spokeswoman looked particularly pleased as she watched Drip bloat up.

"Pop?" Drip's ears perked up as she heard the mention of the word.

Ppbbffttt

Bwomp

Bwomp

Ffpppttt

Looking at the way her gut was inflating, she might just pop; in only a few moments since that plug had been inserted into her ass, she had tripled in size. Her gut was so rotund that it knocked her back in her seat, planting her on her fat ass as she watched the storm brew inside of her. Roiling gasses welled up in her depths, her bowels pumping in reverse as her own farts continued flowing into her. Her tight tummy had torn itself free of her confined dress, the red piece sitting in rags around her abdomen as it bloomed forth. Looming like a fur-coated balloon, she gingerly pressed her fingertips into the surface, feeling her taut and rubbery skin. A single touch was enough to make her belly wobble back and forth as it rose into the air. Drip's delightful beans scraped against the floor, her pawpads struggling to find purchase as she worked to right herself.

Grnnn

Through great effort, Drip managed to get herself on two feet, her massive stomach falling down below her knees as she did. Gas kept flowing from her backside, circulating back into her without pause. She felt like a pump at this point, as gas kept flowing and filling her, her bubbly stomach stretching far in front of her. She couldn't even reach her navel any more, but there was one thing she could reach.

"You guys are dumb. You think I haven't ***hnnngggg*** gotten a plug or two stuck ***hrrgggg*** up my ***grnnnnn*** ass." Drip strained, struggling to talk as she reached behind her.

Her thick and clumsy paws were ill-suited for delicate work as she reached back behind her generous ass, digging in her cheeks to get ahold of the plug. She pulled, pulled as hard as she could, pulled so hard she thought she'd rip her asshole out, but it didn't budge. Everyone watched in wonder as the inflating jackal yanked at the plug shoved up her ass, her puffy donuts stretching and distending as she yanked. The inflated bulb was too snug; it wouldn't move an inch.

"The fuck!? Did you glue this in here?" Drip was panting and wheezing as she fought with her own ass.

"We don't need glue at FurCo, our top-notch engineers have designed the bulb to fit and plug any hole." The spokeswoman held her finger up, tracing it along Drip's donut.

"Incredible! Do you really mean it? That won't come out, no matter what?" Bon looked in amazement as Drip kept fighting.

"Nope, not without the combination in the instructions." The spokeswoman held her nose up with a haughty expression.

Rmbblblbl

Hooooouurrrpp

The tension in Drip's stomach lessened to a degree as another thundering belch rolled past her lips. Then another, and another; she was like a croaking frog, her cheeks puffing and deflating with each terrible belch. Drip's stomach was starting to throb, pulsing out and then deflating with each of her expulsions. She felt as big as a weather balloon and likely was, her massive blimp curving into a perfect sphere in her midriff.

"Is that supposed to be happening?" Bon looked in confusion as Drip continued belching.

"Worry not curious consumer; this is what happens with some gassy MILFs. When they start reaching critical mass, all of their gas starts to flow back up their throat. That's why we have our MILF-B-Gone certified belch trapper." The spokeswoman pulled a roll of pink elastic from inside of the box.

Before Drip could voice any complaints, she felt the band wrap around her snout, tying in thick layers until she was sealed shut. Her cheeks started to puff, bloating out like pouches as her belches were blocked up as well.

"Just apply like so and voila! No more belches. But I'd take a step back if I were you; this next part gets a bit messy." The spokeswoman pulled out a frilly pink umbrella as she stepped a couple tables back.

Rmbblblbl

Crkkkkkk

Bon scurried behind the umbrella as Drip's belly began to rumble and creak, her eyes turning wide as she felt her gas well up inside of her. She's stopped growing; the throbbing in her stomach continued to mount as the surface of her skin turned red, tinging her fur with a crimson undercurrent. She felt vestigial to her own tummy as the storm inside continued raging. She was tight as a drum, anything could set her off, and she didn't know what to do. She looked at her growing stomach with a pleading look, but her gas just wouldn't stop.

Fpppbttt

Gnnnn

Brrrrpppptt

Rmbblblblb

Uuurrpp

Crkkk

The noises that came from her body were a glorious and fetid cacophony of gastric intensity; each passing second made her feel like a bomb. Her fuse was lit, her powder was primed, and now it was just a waiting game. The pressure mounted inside of her; her belly began to shake violently as the car-sized bloat shook the room.

Brrrrppp

Rmbblblblbl

The rumbling wasn't stopping with her pent-up expulsions; now it was a continuous quake that shook her body. The pulse of her rising stomach began to deepen and intensify, growing wilder with each passing moment. She felt so paper-thin that the touch of a feather would be enough to set her off. The pressure just kept building, rising higher and higher, going so high that it swirled at the back of her throat. Drip, in all of her drunken rotundity, had a single thought as her imminent detonation approached.

Maybe I should have only had ten plates of wings?

Gnnnn

Her stomach growled like an injured beast, as if in agreement with her vapid thoughts as something inside of her snapped. There was a muffled tearing of muscle as the gas inside of her popped her stomach and ran rampant in her form. The tension was gone; she was like a true gasbag, growing larger and out of control. Her overflowing gut filled the room in front of her, flooding over the seats and the tables in a last desperate attempt to hold together. Nothing more than a balloon, her belly reached its limit.

Fpppbwwwooooossh

In a destructive hurricane of gas, Drip exploded, sending wet scraps of fur and booze-soaked wings flying across the room. Her dress lay in a heap on top of the wet mess as

the Milf-B-Gone sat on the top of the heap. The Jackal had held in so much gas that the room had become hazy with her rupture.

"See, easy as pie. One plug and then you're done." The spokeswoman closed her umbrella, shaking the Drip scraps from it.

"It was so easy, and no cleanup! Thanks, Milf-B-Gone! Now I can date my boyfriend and not have to worry about any horny, gassy MILFs taking him away." Bonny grinned at the camera, holding up the plug as she waded through the Drip waste.

As Bon and her boyfriend left the restaurant, the camera zoomed back to the spokeswoman as she kicked bits of wing from her shoe.

"It's just that easy. Pick up Milf-B-Gone at your local supermarket today! And be sure to check out our other fine products. Wafer Thin Mint, the answer to gluttonous diners. The Titty Popper, for when you need to prove those boobs are fake and the Berry Blaster, the only way to get people to stop stealing your experimental gum." The spokeswoman gave a cheery look to the camera as she motioned towards the products that would be added in post.