

Flight 37 to New Albany has been cancelled.

Miranda looked down at her ticket and then back up to the display board in disbelief; she wasn't sure if it was correct or if her eyes were going again. She readjusted her glasses, sliding them up her ashen snout to make sure her eyes weren't playing tricks on her. It was unfortunate that poor eyesight was not her only misfortune that life had given her that day as her flight had indeed been cancelled. Miranda sighed, wanting to collapse onto her knees and shout at the sky; she had been waiting for her flight home for five hours, and to see it cancelled was heartbreaking. She was tired, she was hungry, and most of all, she was hungry. She couldn't get over how hungry she was; she'd been at a convention all week and had to skip breakfast to catch her flight. All of her money lay in the toys and merch she'd collected at the convention, so there wasn't anything for pricey airport food. The hunger took over her and morphed the little wallflower into something that she didn't know she could be: angry.

Miranda was a rather demure wolf girl by nature, preferring to stay at the back walls during parties, preferring to stay indoors when her schedule would allow. She stood a little shorter than most other wolves, barely coming up to most people's chest. Unless you counted her ears, then she came above their chests, but just by a small margin. Her ears were the same as her coat, shimmering gray with fur fine enough to be like silk. They cropped out from her onyx locks like little beacons, their pink insides concealed behind puffs of white fur. With a rather narrow snout, people often mistook her for a fox, but her wolf nature was cemented by the jagged tail that shot out from the small of her back. Miranda's more generous features tended to detract from her height, which did leave room for complications when she had to give a more serious presentation.

From head to toe, you could say that Miranda was rather gifted, sporting a generous bust that refused to stay housed in her button-up shirts. Every time she breathed too heavily or moved faster than a gentle stroll, her buttons would pop and the sea of cleavage would come flopping out to greet everyone. The same went with her hips and thighs, which were practically poured into her pencil skirt. Every inch of her curves was hugged tightly by that swatch of black fabric, feminine bells that made her look like an hourglass in fur.

Miranda stood there for a moment, wrestling with her emotions before her anger finally defeated her. The one time in her life that she would release the inner Karen that resided within all souls. She marched towards the checkout desk with her hands clenched, her tail curling up at an angle as her teeth crept out from under her lip. She looked at the rotund woman at the counter with increasing fury, as if her stuffing her face were the cause of her lost flight. She was boiling with anger as she got within earshot, hearing her converse with someone on the phone.

"Look, Blitz, I don't care if you're coated head to toe; you still have to fly today...Well, that's not my fault now, is it?...Look, I'll give you an hour to clean up and get changed; just be ready when the next plane rolls in. Oh, and tell Duke I said hi." The clerk's words barely registered in Miranda's angry skull.

Miranda didn't even care that the clerk looked like she could eat her whole, a giant tigress with arms thicker than Miranda's waist; she wanted to throttle her. When she reached the counter, she slammed her hand down on it, a lifetime of pent-up frustrations being channeled into a single emotional outburst.

"Listen here, big kitty! Get off that phone and find me a new flight!" Miranda's shouts were undercut with a rolling growl from deep in her throat.

"Is there something I can help you with?" The clerk barely budged, setting her phone down calmly as she stared Miranda in the eyes.

"I have been waiting at this airport for five hours! And my flight was just cancelled!" Miranda slammed both her hands on the desk, her tail bristling as her fangs bared.

"We here at Blimp Airlines do appreciate early arrivals; there is nothing we can do if people arrive five hours before their scheduled flight." Dismissive sarcasm rolled off the clerk's words as her orange eyes stared back at Miranda.

"I was only here for five hours because my flight got delayed five hours. I have been sitting in this place all day! And all morning! I am so fucking mad! God damnit! You fucking! **GAAAAHHH!**" She screamed in a shriek, howling in frustration as she clenched her head.

"Oh, you were on flight 37. Unfortunate thing. Huge mess in there. Have to retire it until they get the upholstery changed." The clerk clicked her tongue in disappointment.

"I don't care! I don't care about stupid maintenance; I don't care if someone shit their pants so hard they died! I want you to make it right!" Miranda was starting to pant, getting so worked up like this wasn't in her nature and it was making her hot.

She stood fuming, her chest heaving in and out, collapsing and inflating as she took her rapid breaths. The clerk barely flinched, just moving her chubby hands across the keyboard at dismissive speed. Without words to shout, without actions to take, Miranda could feel her anger fading and her confidence with it. The anxiety she felt on a daily basis came rushing back and filled her with an uncomfortable heat. She could feel all the eyes on her, all the stares from surrounding customers; she wanted to shrink away and die. There wasn't a single part of her body that didn't want to escape, leap from the window so she didn't have to deal with her own actions. Just as Miranda began to shiver, the clerk turned back to her.

"I can understand your frustration, and Blimp Airlines does apologize. We will reschedule your flight as soon as we can. Until then, we offer you a complimentary pass for our buffet. Blimp Airlines is sorry for your inconvenience and hopes that this will be enough to make amends." The clerk's sarcasm and venom disappeared, as the words she recited were robotic and monotone.

The clerk didn't even look at Miranda as she spoke, simply reading from the screen as she waited for Miranda to respond. Miranda was too appalled at her own behavior to really register the solution, simply curling herself into an anxious ball.

"Is that satisfactory?" The clerk pressured Miranda into responding.

"Yes, I'll. I'll go now." Miranda scampered away, grabbing her bag and bolting away from the counter.

"The buffet is two lanes down; can't miss it. Just look for fatsos." the clerk shouted towards the running wolf as she turned back to the customer staring at her. "Have something to say?"

"Umm, I'm here to pick up my sister. She was supposed to arrive a few hours ago." The lioness swished her tail nervously, looking about for anyone resembling her sister.

"Oh. Ooooooh! You have a bucket?" The clerk smirked as he brought the lioness close.

Miranda had gotten herself a decent distance away from the counter and the people who saw her anger. She was starting to hyperventilate; her vision was getting blurry, all of that adrenaline on an empty stomach was not her smartest idea. She could feel her blood sugar crashing; looking at her phone, she realized it had been over seven hours since she'd eaten. It was convenient that she'd come to stop in front of the buffet; the massive woman waddling out of it must have been who the clerk was talking about.

"Comin' through." An enormous blimp of a woman warned Miranda before barreling down the hall.

Miranda barely had time to get out of the way as an iguana with a gut larger than her whole body wobbled through the halls, her scales throbbing as she cradled her swollen stomach. Miranda didn't have enough energy to think much of it as she rushed to the maitre'd, a spry-looking fennec with a satisfied grin.

"Look at you, such a tiny thing. You should be eating." The fennec peered over her podium to peer at Miranda's trim midriff.

"That's...***huff***...what I'm here about. They gave me a free buffet voucher for my ***wheeze*** delayed flight." Miranda was having trouble catching her breath; her lack of food was putting her through the wringer.

"Oh! So you're the one who raised a scene. Come come. Let me make it all better for you." The fennec hopped down from her podium, grabbing Miranda by the hand.

Either Miranda was incredibly weak or the fennec was remarkably strong, as she felt herself being dragged away by the small woman. She rushed Miranda through the buffet, taking her past tables of overstuffed diners, and dropped her off at a lone table. Miranda was just happy to be off her feet and have some water in her hands, but the fennec went further. She prepared Miranda's first plate for her, ferrying it over in a rush. Miranda's nose perked up at the scent of heavy meats and fried foods; looking down, she saw the fennec had impaled a gathering of the chicken fingers and mac and cheese on her fork. Miranda's snout wiggled with a happy grin: somehow the fennec had a motherly vibe for being so small; she knew exactly what Miranda craved. In times of stress she craved that combo, a nostalgic mixture of foods that always settled her. Miranda bent down, letting the fennec feed her, wrapping her lips around the fork and making the morsels vanish.

"There, now how does that feel?" The fennec hopped down from the table putting the fork in Miranda's hand.

"A lot better, thank you." Miranda smiled as she dug into the plate, her anxiety getting buried under a heap of processed food.

"Good, now go ahead and eat your fill. There's more than enough, and if you're thirsty, there's a soda fountain." The fennec gave Miranda a small pat on the cheek before she left the table.

Miranda smiled, watching the tiny server wander back to her podium before returning to her plate. It was a large helping of food, more than she normally ate in a day, about the size of the woman who delivered it. Piled high with chicken tenders, fries, and macaroni. Miranda took the fork, impaling the tenders one at a time as she ate, moving quicker and quicker through the collection of foods. Something about their taste made them addictive, made them appealing; she couldn't help but eat more of them. Salt and grease exploded in her mouth, a symphony of flavors that felt perfect for her mood. She could feel the heat and sweat of her elevated emotions cooling down under the heaping forkfuls.

While she was mindlessly shoveling piles of food down her throat, she lost track of just how much she was eating. As the plate emptied, her gut grew, her shirt wrinkling and curling around the small bubble. She was long overdue for a new shirt, but she wasn't ready to admit it, so she'd been riding the life out of this one as much as she could. Whenever she gained weight, it stayed primarily on her chest, which meant leaving a few buttons unbuttoned fulfilled the role, but she wasn't used to tightness in her stomach. By the time she cleared her plate, her stomach had domed out into a sloping hill. A taut curve that stuck out below her sternum and poked over the waistline of her skirt. Between the tails of her shirt was a slowly growing expanse of domed, gray fur, swelling bloat that was untucking her outfit. Miranda felt full, really full, positively stuffed, but she wanted more. She tapped her fingers across her swollen stomach, rapping across the clothed curve.

"I'll just get a soda; see if that settles things." Miranda muttered to herself, looking down at a stomach she never got to see.

Her bust was always so large that her stomach was a myth, something she only saw in the mirror, but it was on display today. She looked down her chest, past the wobbling peaks of her bust and to the flat curve of her stomach. The peak was compressed by her tightened shirt and just barely under wraps. If she took a breath too deeply, she feared it would explode off her gut, and she didn't need to be nude in a buffet. Miranda couldn't tear her eyes from her stomach as she wandered towards the soda fountain, pawing at the shelf next to it for a drink. The only things her claws found were steins and pitchers, forcing her to pull her eyes from her stomach.

"Where are all the..." Miranda trailed off as she looked at the pile of dishes next to the fountain. "Am I supposed to get a pitcher?"

Miranda couldn't believe her eyes as she looked at the stack of glasses; there were no spots for normal glasses. Instead, there were pitchers stacked atop pitchers, the kind that you would see at a bar. Miranda gingerly grabbed the glass by the handle, unsure if she should fill up hers; furtively she looked around; everyone was drinking from similarly sized pitchers, like it was a common thing. Miranda couldn't wrap her head around it; doing a thing like that made her feel wrong. She pushed the pitcher under the handle, letting the decanter fill with liquid, the bubbles percolating and dancing on the surface. Miranda's arm began to wobble under the weight as the pitcher filled to the top, needing two hands to even handle it back to the table. While walking, she nursed a couple sips, the bubbling cola dancing across her tongue and filling her with renewed energy. Setting the pitcher on the table, she began to lap at the drink, taking large tonguefuls before diving into it headfirst. She felt her fullness begin to vanish, the excessive tightness in her stomach fading away as she drained enough of the drink to lift with one arm.

"Not so bad, maybe one more plate wouldn't hurt." Miranda's muttering continued as she anxiously grabbed a plate from the buffet, squeezing herself between the bloated women in line.

Oouurgggglgl

"Oooooooooohh."

Grrnnnnn

"I think, ***hoorp*** I'm gonna hurl." Miranda moaned in discomfort as she cradled her swollen gut.

Her one more plate had turned into two, then three, and then into a quantity that could only be measured in the tens. Plates piled high enough that they stacked up to her chin, and

their numbers crowded the end of the table like an army. In her hour at the buffet, Miranda had completely stuffed herself, drowning her anxieties in food. Currently she was sitting at the end of her booth, her overfilled stomach hanging over the edge like a trash bag, with hands hoisting her blimp of a belly into a comfortable position. As her stomach growled, she looked uneasily at the multiple pitchers of soda she had drained and wondered why she let herself do that.

Ouurlllglll

Bibblbbbl

Miranda's stomach bubbled under her fingertips, frothing at her touch as the swirling gas inside fought a war with itself. Her gray balloon of a stomach had burst from the buttons on her top, hanging out like a beached whale. It was swollen and round, stretched large enough that her fine fur looked coarse. A teardrop bubble of food with a contoured slope that led from her chest down past her knees before curving back into her abdomen. A wobbling balloon that she was unsure if she could walk with, and she was afraid to try. Her cheeks puffed as demure belches escaped her lips, tiny evacuations of air that she couldn't contain. She had never felt so taut or tight in her life, full enough that she wanted to just collapse in the booth if she could fit. Miranda's gut was currently pressing into the rims of the table, the soft, furry flesh indented by the stiff surface. Her splayed shirt sitting open like curtains, framing her distended gut as she moaned quietly.

Miranda could feel a pressure creeping lower in her gut, a pressurized wind that she dared not allow to escape, not in polite company. Despite the throng of equally noisy people around her, she held herself to a crippling standard. After her outburst earlier in the day, attracting any more attention would surely end her. So she was stuck there, her stomach churning under her fingertips, writhing with gas that she refused to let out. She watched her belly gradually bloating, the gallons of soda she had inhaled roiling within her. Creeping out like a bubble on a wand, slowly inflating with fumes she refused to release.

"Damn, I've got to get to a bathroom, let some of this out." Miranda looked around sheepishly, hoping nobody heard her as she tried to lift herself.

Planting her hands upon the table, she struggled to lift her own weight, her legs wobbling as the massive balloon in front of her sloshed. The few buttons still hooked around her top strained as she arched her back. She was putting everything she could into taking a single step and it wasn't working. She thrust back and forth, lurching her hips in and out in an attempt to get herself to her feet. Doing it quietly was a difficult task; grunting like a weightlifter would have only made her more of a spectacle. Plates rattled and the pitchers clacked against each other; the unbalanced weight of her stomach made the table tip away from the wall. Miranda panicked when she felt the shift in weight; the same sweat of anxiety returned, filling her with a shameful heat. She didn't know it, but it was adrenaline; her fight or flight was kicking in and she was gaining strength beyond her being. Miranda could feel the eyes upon her, the judging glances of faceless people.

Urglglg

Come on, you're making a scene, girl. Just get your fatass off the table. And please don't fart.

Miranda was practically pleading with her ass as her gurgling gut protested all of the turbulence it was being subjected to. It bobbed up and down, grazing across her knees and knocking her tits into her snout, but finally, she was free. With an unceremonious flop, she freed herself from the booth and landed on unsteady legs. Her knees shook from the weight of her gut as she did everything in her power to keep herself from toppling over. Even standing, her belly covered most of her body, a blimped orb that bumped against her knees as she shifted her stance.

Great, now to just haul myself to the bathroom so I can fart.

"Hey, are you Miranda?" A husky, sultry voice called out to Miranda.

She shakily turned her head, her eyes almost teary as they fell upon the hottest man she had ever seen. A tall and muscular doberman was looking at her with a warm smile; he was much the same as her, almost bursting out of his outfit. While she was bursting from her clothes from gluttonous excess, he was popping his buttons from muscle. Sculpted pecs and broad shoulders, biceps that strained his shirt sleeves; he was everything she'd written about in her blog, the one she kept from her friends.

"..." Miranda froze, simply staring at him like a deer in the headlights, hoping her stillness would make her invisible.

"I mean, you match the description, but the girl at the counter left out how cute you were." The doberman smiled, looking her up and down.

"Ahahaha!" Miranda let out a yelping and awkward laugh, her body violently rejecting the compliment. "I mean. Yeah. I'm Mirandaaaa?"

She grinned a crooked and toothy smile, trying to make up for her own awkwardness and the yoga ball hooked to her abdomen.

"Good, because I found a plane for you." The doberman motioned his thumb back towards the terminal.

"You did?! That's amazing. I'm so happy I could kiss you!" Miranda immediately clasped her hands to her lips, trying to stop the waterfall of words. "I mean. That's amazing. Do you think you could lead the way?"

"If I wasn't about to hit the air, I'd take you up on that offer. But come on, it's over this way." The doberman beckoned Miranda to follow him as he started for the buffet exit. "The name's Blitz, by the way."

Miranda shakily tried to follow him, but her jelly legs wouldn't allow her; whether it be from weight or from embarrassment, she couldn't take another step. She stood there shaking like a newborn deer as her dream hunk walked farther away; she wanted to call out for help, but how could she admit she was too fat to walk? Then, by a miracle Blitz turned around, his ears perking up when he realized that Miranda wasn't following him.

"You having a little trouble?" His assuring grin filled Miranda with comfort, putting her nerves at ease.

"I might...be a bit too heavy to walk." Miranda looked down at the floor, or attempted to; her fat gut was obscuring most of her view.

"Huh. Well, you don't look too heavy. Mind if I give it a try?" Blitz bent down as Miranda gave him a nod.

In a swift movement, he swooped her off her feet, scooping her up like she was a feather and trotting her off towards the plane. Miranda could feel her gut sloshing with his steps, the heaving balloon wobbling against his arm like gelatin. His heavy steps made the already perilous contents of her stomach more unstable, the frothing gas inside of her bubbling under the surface.

Please don't fart. Pleeese! I couldn't handle it if someone this hot felt me passing gas along his arm.

While Miranda pleaded with herself, Duke had a pleased grin on his face as he escorted them to the plane.

Brooo, this chick is fucking huge. God damn, and I think she's got the hots for me.

Getting to the plane was quite easy, despite Miranda's increasing size and the toddler-sized mass of food in her gut. The problem arose when they needed to get into the plane; doors weren't made to fit a woman of her incredible girth. Trying to shove her through the door was like trying to squeeze a beach ball through a picture frame. Her ballooned belly bulged and squeaked around the sturdy metal, gray flesh oozing like rubber. Passengers waited impatiently for the Blitz to force her through the precipice.

Grrnnnn

Oh god. It's so much pressure. Please don't, please don't.

Miranda was fighting against nature itself; every time Blitz shoved her body, she felt the winds pushing against her backside. Muscles flexed outward, bulging as her body tried to shrink itself, but Miranda refused. She could not allow herself to fart; at this point it was a foolhardy endeavor. The strain on her gut was only increasing as the block-headed blitz kept shoving.

"Sorry folks, just need to **hhhrnnnn** get a little leverage." Blitz grunted as he continued shoving Miranda into the door. **Crkkk** "There we go. Got her in."

While Blitz thought he'd managed to squeak Miranda by a miracle of physics, he'd failed to notice the shift in the door frame. The creaking sound he'd heard wasn't from a simple strain; a part of the hull had bent inward by a millimeter, too small for anyone to notice. Blitz carried Miranda's bubbling body over to a first-class seat, one of the ones with ample legroom.

"Hey, umm, thanks for all of that." Miranda blushed as she stared up at the towering pilot.

"It's no biggie. Can't leave a girl like you to just flounder like that." Blitz rubbed the back of his head sheepishly. "Anyways, I need to get to the cockpit; Duke will kill me if I'm late again. How about we catch up after landing?"

Miranda blushed, nodding frantically as Blitz vanished around the corner, disappearing into the cockpit as people filtered in. Miranda's unhappy stomach started to settle as she sat still; the continuous bloat she had been experiencing was starting to die down. It was for the best, as her gut was as tall as she was and a decent bit wider. In the moments since she'd left the buffet, she had grown enough for her stomach to touch against the ground when seated. She was thankful for the extra legroom her seat provided, as she could spread her legs wide enough to let her gut flow freely. Miranda felt like she could relax for a bit, until she noticed the people filtering in. Being stationed in a first-class seat meant she was on display; every person could see her as they filtered into their appropriate spaces.

Oouurrllll

Miranda's stomach turned on itself as her anxiety rose; the feeling of the eyes on her only made her stomach more upset. Her innards bubbled and frothed, churning and adding to bloat already inside. She wasn't growing anymore, but it filled the hours before takeoff with agonizing discomfort that made her feel like she was. Her frantic mind made her feel like the center of attention, like every eye was upon her gut, when, in reality, she was a mere curiosity. Something for people to comment on as they worked through the drudgery that was air travel.

Chunk chunk

Bzzzzzz

[Good Afternoon, everybody; this is your captain speaking.]

Buzzing over the plane intercom was a familiar voice, one that gave Miranda reprieve from her nerves.

[Duke and I just wanted to thank you for choosing Blimp Airlines; it's the lightest way to travel. We've got some clear skies ahead, and the runway is empty, so we're going to begin getting up to speed.]

Bzzz

Shortly after, the plane began to taxi, the speed picking up as the plane began to soar. Miranda could feel the sloshing contents of her stomach shift, the waves of soda tickling the back of her throat as they rose higher and higher. She could feel the pressure inside of her rising with the plane's altitude, like her stomach was protesting the idea of elevation. In reality, her gut was being enacted on by physics; due to her previous clumsy entry, the seal on the door was incomplete. Even a few millimeters was enough for air to seep through and ruin the cabin's pressure.

Bubblbblbbbl

Miranda's gut was boiling like a pot, the gas bubbles inside increasing in size, swelling from their fleshy prison like inflating balloons. They grew and grew, straining her gray hide as they strove to match the lower pressure outside. Miranda was already feeling the pressure, the discomfort inside of her, but no, it was like holding in a storm. The bubbling intensified as the plane climbed higher, becoming so strong that she could see her stomach start to grow again. Bloating out like a balloon, a blobby gut crawling across the floor in a steady march, the soft swell shifting to something tighter. As her midriff swelled, it lost the teardrop shape it had taken on, morphing into something rounder. Her paunch was becoming a blimp, curving and swelling with every foot they climbed.

Grlllll

Miranda heard her stomach let out a whining growl, the sound of lurching gas snaking lower through her form, pushing against her backdoor. She tried to cross her legs, but her stomach was in the way. The pressure increased and, in a sudden surge, forced itself out of her backside.

Fshhhhhh

A low and hissing spout of gas broke from her curvy backside, inaudible to everyone, drowned out by the sound of the plane. To her, though, it may as well have been a foghorn, a signal that alerted everyone of how big a pig she was. Before the gas could go much further, she clenched her cheeks, straining them shut with a level of muscular control she didn't know

she had. Channeling the pilates classes of her younger days, she flexed her muscles and sealed the exit shut; this was a mistake.

Rooooooooonnnng

Her gut howled in anger at the sudden stoppage of her gas; without an avenue for exit, the swelling bubbled inside only grew. Pressing against the cavewalls of her gullet, fighting for every inch it could take. Miranda's bloat accelerated at an alarming rate; in the few moments since she'd sealed her ass, she had almost doubled in size. An enormous blimp of gas the size of a weather balloon, the chic layer of fur was growing thinner as she expanded. Her body bunched against the wall next to her, crawling up the plastic surface. She was smooth and taut, straining to expand against her contents. Miranda wriggled uncomfortably in her seat as she fought against the pressure, not wanting to let a single gust out. Her cheeks puffed as surging fumes rose higher; belches fought against the seal of her lips.

Ppffssshhhh

Gas hissed from her snout as she shook her head in refusal; she wouldn't let a single outburst happen. Without an exit, the pent-up fumes inside of her began to filter through her system. It started in her breasts, the repressed belches collecting in her chest and inflating her oversized mammaries.

fwoomp

Buttons popped as her bust broke from her shirt, going up a couple cup sizes in an instant. From melons to basketballs and beyond, they looked like two wobbling peaks on her chest, squeaking flesh overflowing her underwire. Miranda's eyes went wide, looking about to see if she'd caught anyone's attention, but the attendants were in their own world. Her breasts didn't stop, riding across the surface of her rounded stomach before shoving into her face. Her elongated snout was buried in her cleavage, trapped between two peaks as they wrapped around her. Her bulging cheeks smacked against the expanding orbs as more gas surged inside of her.

Ubbllblll

Winds seeped lower, the raging storm inside of her descended, settling in in her lower curves.

Bwoomph

Miranda felt her thighs press into her gut, bulging into the shrinking grip of her seat, seeping through the gaps in the armrest. Massive trunks of flesh that had a rubbery sheen to them as they grew, bulging over the hems of her skirt and fraying the threads. Her gas wasn't content with settling in her thighs; it spread to her hips, blowing up those exaggerated bells into

swollen haunches. Bloating out by the second, making her too wide to fit in her seat, turning her extra legroom into a prison. Claustrophobia was setting in; she was completely trapped and helpless, unable to move. Yet, she still refused to let any of that gas out. Becoming a parade balloon was preferential to passing more gas in public.

Foomp

Foomp

As if they were trying to send her a message, her booty shot out from her skirt, bloating out like two basketballs. Her skirt didn't stand a chance, immediately ripping at the seam and splitting up. They pushed her forward, fighting against the shrinking space for room, massive and round expanses of gray. Rubbing against each other with loud squeaks as she tried to adjust her position, but she was too large. Trapped in her seat without a chance to adjust, her only options were to fart or grow.

Crkkkkkk

Miranda couldn't ignore the creaking sound of her own body, the sound of straining rubber that emanated from her form. Pressure kept climbing, kept rising inside of her, even after the plane had leveled out.

Oh god, how much bigger am I gonna get? Can I grow forever? There's no way Blitz wants to kiss a giant balloon. Damn it Miranda, you just had to drink that extra pitcher of cola, didn't you?

Miranda was lost in her thoughts, ignorant to the stress her body was under; whirlwinds of gas swirled about inside her, chipping away at her elasticity. Every gained inch was won by a hard-fought battle; she was running out of room. The surface of her stomach stretched, straining against itself as it was pulled thin. Out of curiosity, she gave her stomach an inspecting prod, testing the surface.

Gouurrlllo

Her stomach howled in anger, her entire body shaking as the contents of her stomach convulsed. In an attempt to rebel, her stomach attempted to recoil, but with no room to move, it only throbbed. Constricting itself in a coil before springing back into shape, Miranda was hopelessly full; her fleeting touch told her as such. She was tight as a drum, no give at all; touching her stomach was no different than tapping a basketball.

I am really tight. Are people supposed to get this big? I'm like a balloon.

Miranda's anxiety was being overwhelmed by worry about her size. What would happen if she got too big?

"You feel that?" One of the attendants in the front cabin exclaimed in annoyance as she touched her ear.

"Yeah? I think my ear just popped." The word pop seemed to echo in Miranda's mind.

Wolves can't pop, can they? It's impossible!

Grrnnn

Almost menacingly, Miranda's gut seemed to groan in rebellion, sounding closer to a creaking ship as it flowed over the cabin. Rising higher and higher, trembling with every bit of growth she took. She couldn't hold it in anymore; it was time, she had to bite the bullet.

Hnnngggg

Bblblblb

Crkkkkk

Miranda had resigned herself to farting, but it just wouldn't come out; her crowded ass had sealed her hole completely shut. No gas would come out; all her straining did was make her grow more, make her creak like an overinflated balloon. Which is what she was; she was a bloated balloon, filled to the brim with her own farts. She couldn't handle that thought, the idea of exploding from being too gassy. She scrambled against her seat, trying to pull herself out, but she was stuck completely.

Okay, okay. This is bad. Maybe I can still burp it out? Like in that movie?

Her hopes were dashed soundly when she realized how deeply embedded her snout was in her own cleavage. The tightened balloons kept her mouth completely shut; her wriggling only served to let small spurts of gas out, not enough to deflate.

Rmbblblblblb

The whole plane shook as Miranda's belly shook; the quaking pressure inside was reaching a head. There was no more room for her to grow; the overflowing pressure just kept mounting and mounting. Pressure so great that it knocked against the back of her skull, made her eyes cross as it went out of control. She clenched her toes, desperately hoping that flexing her body would keep her together.

Come one, please don't pop, please don't pop. Just a little longer. If you hold together a little longer, I promise I don't stuff myself before hopping on a plane.

Miranda pleaded desperately with her gut, hoping she could reason with the unchained monster. For a moment it seemed to work; her belly stopped growing, stopped throbbing. The only sounds were the settling bubbles and the subtle hum of the engine. Miranda relaxed, relieved that her body listened to her for once.

"Oops, dropped a skittle." The flight attendant exclaimed from the front as a small red dot tumbled down the path.

It rolled like a marble; the subtle sound of candy on plastic etched itself in Miranda's mind. Her sensitive ears perked up, following the sound as it closed in on her stomach, rolling down with ponderous speed. Getting closer and closer. Miranda gritted her teeth in anticipation as the miniscule ball tapped against her swollen stomach.

Ublblblbl

Shglglglgg!

Rmmbblblbl

Miranda's stomach immediately convulsed, shifting like a waterbed as the candy made contact. It was the final straw; her whole body began to surge out like a wall. Her gut flowed into the attendant's cabin, her ass snapped the seats, and her thighs flowed out into the aisles. Her tits rose high, brushing against the ceiling as her whole body shook. Her muffled cries for help were drowned out by her own strain as her body billowed.

"Damnit! Blitz! I just cleaned my uniform!" An attendant screamed over Miranda's roaring stomach.

This sucks.

Splooooshh

Miranda exploded in a chaotic shower of digested food, the wave of sludge being flung across the cabin and painting it an unseemly color.

At another airport, two figures were walking in, watching as a plane made a hasty landing on the runway. One a yellow-furred jackal and the other a yellow-furred fox with nine tails. Both of them were gossiping like geese as they looked at their phones.

"Woman exploded on Flight 37. Plane grounded for extended cleanup." The fox looked up from her phone. "Isn't that the flight that Dana was on?"

"Ha! That dumb bitch exploded! Prolly ate too much before taking off. Won't catch me doing that" The jackal laughed her head off as she shoved her phone into her cleavage. "Okay, focus up, we're here to pick up guys."

Both of them beelined for the airport bar, ready to spend their day trying to pick up a one-night fling. On the runway, Blitz and Duke were having a shouting match with their attendants as people filtered out of the plane, puddles of digested food seeping out past their feet.