

Drunk Dragon Gas Balloons

It was a Saturday night, meaning most of the hard working citizens were taking part in their own ways of unwinding and relaxing. Amongst the people going out to dance clubs, sitting down at fancy restaurants, or getting a group of people together for karaoke, there were those that took part in the usual past time of getting drunk at a bar. One of these very establishments stood out in the way that it blended into the recesses of an alley. If anyone were to try and enter the small building, they would be given the strange sight of a quite peculiar group of ladies that had reserved the bar for a private gathering.

Sitting at the counter, Kobayashi threw her head back to down a mug of beer. Placing the glass back down with a satisfied breath, she took a moment to fix her glasses and ensure her ponytail of coral pink hair was still in place. In the reflection of the empty mug she could see that her yellow tie was misaligned, and her dress shirt had lost a button at some point during the evening. Glancing down at her black pants and brown loafers, the office worker looked for any sign of other wear and tear on her outfit thanks to her long week at the office.

Kobayashi's eyes switched back as she saw her mug being filled with more beer. Tracing over the gloved fingers holding onto the bottle eventually led her to the blonde hair and horns of her maid, Tohru. Thanks to having the bar to themselves, the dragon was able to freely swing about her green tail while she carefully avoided spilling any drops on her maid outfit. With Kobayashi's mug filled once more, the office worker gave thanks to Tohru before putting the mug back to her lips.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Miss Kobayashi?" Tohru asked with a bright smile on her face.

“This is just what I needed,” the office worker replied as she took another swig of beer.

“Tohru, do we have any snacks?”

“Of course. I have some sweets just for-HEY PUT THOSE DOWN!”

Looking towards where Tohru was shouting, Kobayashi spotted Elma with a cookie clasped between her fingers. Like Tohru, she had taken the opportunity to freely show off her blue finned tail and singular horn atop her head. However, she was still adorned with the set of glasses and grey business wear she used for working alongside Kobayashi. Even if she did have to go through the same troubles as the human, the purple haired dragon was still seen as an unnecessary guest for the evening’s events by Tohru.

“I thought these were for all of us to share,” Elma replied.

“That doesn’t mean you can hog it all to yourself and your bottomless belly,” Tohru accused, poking her finger into her fellow dragon’s mid-section.

“Hey, cut it out,” Elma replied, pushing Tohru’s hand away. “This is just some extra weight I gained from eating junk food. It’s absolutely necessary to get through the brutal hours at the office. I can work off the flab easily.”

“You say that, but before you know you’ll grow too big to even fly,” Tohru said, lighting a fire in Elma’s eyes.

“Hold on their Tohru,” Kobayashi said. “We’re supposed to be enjoying our time together, not fighting. It negates the entire atmosphere of drinking with friends.” Putting the mug to her lips, she proved her point by chugging the rest of the drink within a few seconds. “We should just sit back, relax, and enjoy the UUUURRP booze.”

Tohru hung her head. “You’re right, I’m sorry,” she replied relenting in handing Elma a cookie.

“That’s better,” Kobayashi said, placing her glass on the counter. “Now would you mind pouring me another serving?”

“Sorry, but that was the last of the ale.”

“Shoot, it was really good too,” Kobayashi said, peeking into the empty mug with the hopes that it would magically fill up on its own. “What else do they have to drink here?”

“I think I have something special you’ll be sure to enjoy.”

Turning herself around, Kobayashi nearly ended up slamming her face into a pair of heavy breasts contained by a black tank top. Scooting back in her chair, Kobayashi managed to see the woman’s blue shorts and the multi-colored hair sticking out from beneath her pink cap. Aside from the two horns sticking out of the side of her head, Lucoa gave a hint about her draconic nature thanks to the unique pair of differently colored eyes that Kobayashi could occasionally see past the woman’s closed lids.

“I guess you would be the one to ask for recommendations since you rented out the bar,” Tohru commented.

“Hmm, it’s less about what they have and more about what I brought,” Lucoa replied as she reached into her bag. Gripping it tightly in her hands, she held aloft a golden bottle that shimmered from the overhead lights. Lost in staring at the fancy-looking liquor, no one seemed to pay much attention to the strange, black and white eye printed on the side.

“Wait is that what I think it is?” Tohru asked. “I thought Fafnir would never part with it.”

“For good reason,” Elma said as she glared at the bottle. “That kind of liquor could have devastating effects on those who drink. Even most dragons are incapable of resisting them.”

“Oh, you have nothing to worry about. Everything will be fine,” Lucoa replied, popping open the bottle and beginning to pour the golden liquor into glasses. “It’ll just be a taste. This is a

one of a kind opportunity. Fafnir gave it to me in exchange for helping him out with his new book.”

Recalling what Kobayashi had heard from Takiya, she winced as she recalled that said book had done just as poorly as the anti-social dragon’s previous attempts at publishing. “Is Fafnir really okay with us having this?”

“Of course,” Lucoa said, placing the glass in front of the office worker. “Besides, I’ve already popped open the bottle. The damage is already done.”

“That would be a shame,” Tohru commented. “Guess that would mean we have to throw it out after this.”

“And waste it?” Elma asked, her inner gluttony overpowering her usual demeanor as a dragon from the Harmony faction. “Give it here!” she shouted out, being given a glass in response.

“Are you sure this is safe?” Kobayashi asked, glancing between her glass and the one held in Lucoa’s fingertips.

“Probably,” Lucoa replied, absentmindedly placing a finger on her lips in the process. “There’s only one way to find out though.”

“Come on, Miss Kobayashi,” Tohru replied, holding up her own serving of the magical liquor. “Let’s have a toast.”

Given flashbacks of the peer pressure that was prevalent at office drinking parties, Kobayashi let out a sigh of acceptance. “Alright then,” she said, holding up her glass and clinking it against the girls’. “Bottoms up.”

Following Kobayashi’s lead, the dragon girls guzzled down their drink. Working through the initial rush of pouring the booze into her mouth, the office worker was able to savor the light,

bubbly feeling against her tongue that contrasted against the ale she had been drinking. This type of liquor wasn't her usual preference, but something about its unique flavor and the way it popped on her tongue really clicked with her.

Downing the rest of her drink, Kobayashi held out her glass for another serving. Eager to see the human enjoying the liquor, Lucoa was happy to oblige as soon as she finished sipping the rest of her own drink. Eventually, Tohru and Elma both joined in on wanting to fill up again to continue enjoying the rare treat. Having forgotten their own warnings about what the booze could do, they seemed content to continue drinking their fill. For one person in particular, that meant going through more than half the bottle on her own.

"Aaaaaaand, there you are," Tohru proudly announced, as she managed to get the last few drops of liquor into Kobayashi's glass.

"Thank you, Tohru," Kobayashi said, her reddened cheeks proving quite capable of taking down the final swig of booze. "I ever tell you that you're my *hic* favorite maid?"

"Really?" Tohru asked, her tail waving back and forth in excitement in spite of the fact that she was the human's only maid.

"Of course," Kobayashi replied, letting her empty glass roll off the counter as she pulled the dragon in for a hug. "You're absolutely great at *hic* pouring drinks, getting me booze, and supplying with plenty of liquor for BWOOOOOOORRRRPPPP!"

Reeling back from her own, powerful belch, Kobayashi didn't seem to care or notice about the rude expulsion. Wobbling back and forth in her seat, it was only through the help of Tohru that she managed to remain on her stool. Fixing her glasses in an effort to keep herself steady, she managed to spot something out of place. While the dragons reacted to her bulged out, swollen gut with concern, she merely gave it a poke as she put on a simplistic smile.

“Hehehe, big belly,” Kobayashi said, continuing to play with her distended potbelly.

“Miss Kobayashi, do you feel alright?” Tohru asked, rushing over to her master’s side.

“Never UUURRPP better,” Kobayashi belched out.

“What about the bloating?” Elma brought up.

Tilting her head to the side, Kobayashi thought for a moment. “I don’t know. It’s kind of BWOOOOORRRPPPPP cute. Not as cute as yours but-UUUUUURRRRRPPPP!”

The comment sent a shudder down Elma’s spine that reached all the way to the tip of her tail. Following the drunken woman’s gaze, the dragon’s eyes went wide as she spotted her own gut sticking out several inches from her torso. The main difference was that it was much larger and looked to resemble an overinflated balloon.

“What’s going on?” Elma said as she grasped at her gut.

“Looks like the liquor works on dragons too,” Lucoa commented, her amusement of the situation starkly contrasting against Elma’s panic. “I wonder if these are the only side effects.”

“I don’t want it to affect me at all!” Elma shouted out, incidentally jiggling around her gut. “Lucoa, you must know a way to reverse the BWOOOOOOORRRRRPPPP!”

The force of Elma’s belch sent her reeling backwards. The impact of her body hitting up against the bar’s counter forced out several more burps. A bright shade of red appeared on her cheeks as another UUUUUUUURRRRRPPPPPP rolled up her throat to completely draw the attention of her companions. Feeling more bubbles rushing to escape her lips, she clamped her hands over her mouth to stifle her expulsions.

For a moment, it appeared as if Elma had managed to stop her gas from leaking out. There were a few bubbles that attempted to escape, but they were capable of being suppressed by her raw strength. Without another means to relieve the pressure building up in her bloated belly,

her body began to shove the bubbles towards the other end. By the time she realized her grave mistake, it was already too late.

A rumbling BRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPP came bursting out of Elma's backside once the pressure reached its breaking point. As the pungent gas cloud flung about her tail, her already reddened cheeks turned a deep crimson as she was forced to wallow in her shame and pungent odor. Enduring the child-like laughter of Kobayashi, she tried to ease her mind with the thought that at least her outbursts would take care of her swelling. Unfortunately, that was far from the case.

"How?" Elma asked aloud as she watched her gut continue to swell in spite of her humiliating fart. "This doesn't make any BWOOOOOOORRRPP sense. There's still something left in there after I... released?"

"Hmph, serves you right for being such a glutton all of the time," Tohru shot back, poking her finger into her fellow dragon's belly to produce a squeaky fart.

"Tohru I'm UUUURRPPP serious," Elma shot back. "This is no time to--"

Another fart bursting out of Elma's backside interrupted her and sent the drunken Kobayashi into a laughing fit. As she attempted to wave away the noxious fumes with her tail, she felt that something was off. She figured out why as her feet slowly drifted up off the ground. Spinning through the air from the force of another belch from her lips, she clutched her gut in a feeble attempt to make the air go away.

"Hmm, I didn't expect that," Lucoa commented.

"Well, at least your belly is useful for something other than stuffing yourself like a pig," Tohru added with a sly grin on her face.

“Shut BWOOOOOORRRRPPPP up!” Elma said, continuing to bob up against the ceiling as her swelling gut spread its inflated nature to the rest of her body.

“Well, this is pretty fitting,” Tohru teased, seeming to get just as much enjoying out of Elma’s predicament as her drunken master. “Especially since you always seemed so eager to make your belly bigger and bigger with how you stuffed yourself with sweets.”

“It’s not my UUUURRPPPP fault that this world’s food is so good,” Elma shot back, her credibility taking a hit as another fart blasted out of her backside.

“Just keeping telling yourself that,” Tohru replied, waving around her hand to dismiss Elma’s retort and the fumes. “You’ll have plenty of time to reflect on your poor decisions while you float there. If you’re good, maybe we’ll tie a string around you and carry you around town so every can you as a big balloo-BWOOOOOOORRRRRRPPPPP!”

The belch brought a swift end to Tohru’s pride and re-awakened Kobayashi’s laughing fit. Looking away from the smug grin on Elma’s bloated face, she looked down in horror to see the front of her maid outfit pushed outwards to contain her own belly bulge. In spite of her fellow dragon’s earlier example, she couldn’t help herself from pushing on the added layering around her mid-section in the hopes of making it go away.

Tohru froze as a rumbling BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP lifted up the hem of her skirt and flicked around her tail. As the fart petered off and her dress attempted to fall back into place, she could feel that more of her legs were exposed. Begrudgingly sliding her fingers towards her lower body, she winced as she felt the extra heft that was now inhabiting her swollen butt cheeks.

“Hah, that’s what you BWOOOOORRRRPPPP get,” Elma said, rolling around her buoyant body to point an accusatory finger towards Tohru’s enlarged derriere.

“Shut UUUURRRPPP up!” Tohru shouted back, the redness on her cheeks doing little to take attention away from her ass as it continued to grow. “This is nothing that I can’t handle as the maid for the great Miss Koba-“

Tohru was forced to let a rippling PHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTT erupt from her rear as something latched onto it. Looking over her shoulder, she spotted a familiar head of pink hair brushing up against her buttocks. Threatening to pop apart the dragon’s strained panties, Kobayashi seemed to take joy in the mere act of rubbing her face across the growing mounds.

“Hehe, so soft and *hic* round,” Kobayashi drunkenly belched.

“You like this, Kobayashi-san?” Tohru asked.

“Yeah, they’re BWOOOOOORRRPPPP great,” she replied, her good mood persisting even as another fart squeaked right into her face.

A bright smile on Tohru’s face helped her to overcome her initial disdain towards her backside. “Well, don’t be shy,” she said, shaking her hips and tail to further entice her beloved master. “Enjoy my beloved bubble butt as much as you BWOOOOOORRRPPPP want.”

“With *hic* pleasure.”

True to Tohru’s word, Kobayashi did her best to examine every inch of the swelling backside with her hands and face. The problem was that at the rate that they were inflating, the drunk office worker never had a chance of keeping up. Even as the swelling butt cheeks were left completely exposed from the maid’s skirt being lifted up, Kobayashi was determined to continue groping them. While Tohru was enjoying the mere act of her master showing affection towards her body, it didn’t last for very long.

The sudden release of Kobayashi’s fingers from Tohru’s skin made an abrupt stop to the dragon maid’s enjoyment. Once more turning around to see what the problem was, she wasn’t

able to see a single hair of her master's head past the set of ass cheeks that had easily tripled in size over the span of a few minutes. Before she could attempt to adjust herself, the dragon's grip on her expanded rear became even looser as her body began to drift upwards. Held aloft by her inflated buttocks, Tohru's swinging through the air soon replaced the sight of her master with the smug grin of Elma.

"Well, what do you have to say for yourself now?" Elma asked.

"Shut UUUUURRPPP up!" Tohru said, using an abrupt fart from her rear to send her careening towards her rival.

"Aww," Kobayashi whined, letting out her own puff of gas as she clumsily sat back down on her seat. "It was so soft BWOOOORRRPPPP too," she added, trying to keep her urges satisfied by rubbing at her belly. "I wonder if there's any *hic* booze left."

"Hmm, this might be a bit of a problem," Lucoa commented as she watched the inflated dragons continue to fight and inflate. "I should probably do something before they outgrow the building or pop."

"WHAT!?" Elma and Tohru asked in unison.

"Oh, no need to worry about that," Lucoa said, trying to dismiss their fears with a wave of her hand. "I'm sure you're perfectly safe as long as we-BWOOOOOOOORRRRRRPPPP!"

The belch reminded Lucoa that she had also taken her fair share of the magical liquor. Tilting her head down she did indeed see that her belly had swollen up into a sizable orb. However, she was only able to stare at her distended gut for a few moments before the sight was obscured by another part of her body.

Lucoa's already sizable bosom started to expand thanks to the deluge of bubbles migrating from her stomach. As the tits eclipsed the sight of her belly bulge, she could feel them

trying to lift her up off the ground like a pair of air balloons. She had to keep pulling herself down to avoid getting carried away by the beachball-sized tits. The bizarre situation didn't prevent her from getting some enjoyment out of pushing her hand into the inflated breasts to watch them jiggle around.

"Oh my," Lucoa said, the slight smile on her face showing no concern even as she had to struggle to stay grounded. "Guess it makes sense that this would be where the BWOOOOOORRRPP gas focuses on. I wonder what Shouta would say if he saw this."

"Don't worry about that UUUURRRPPP now!" Elma belched out.

"Just focus on fixing us," Tohru added, another BRRRAAAAAAPPP from her rear shoving her up against Elma.

"Alright, alright, I'm sure I can figure something out," Lucoa replied, making her way towards the counter, using her hands to keep her bosom back. Though her intention had been to grab the liquor bottle to figure out the exact nature of their ailment, it was swiftly snatched up by Kobayashi. Putting the booze to her lips, the office worker repeatedly beat against the bottom in an effort to collect any leftover drops.

"Kobayashi-san, please give me the UUUURRPP bottle," Lucoa said. "I need to figure out how to reverse this before our BOOOUUUUURRRPPP growths and gas get out of hand."

"No UUUURRRPPP chance," Kobayashi replied, purposefully burping in the dragon's face in the process. "You just want to take the precious booze so you can have even bigger *hic* boobs."

"What are you talking about? Are you jealous or-EEEE!"

While keeping the bottle nestled in her arms, Kobayashi used her freed up hands to squeeze Lucoa's massive mammaries. "Come UUURRP on," she said, proceeding to sink her fingers into the inflated globes. "Give me some of your *hic* curves."

"It doesn't OOOUUURRRPP work like that," Lucoa said, the bubbles inside of both of their guts getting further riled up by their bodies being pushed together. "Stop it before I burst."

"BWOOOOOORRRPPP never!" Kobayashi shouted out, slamming her face between the inflated breasts while her hands moved elsewhere.

Reaching towards the dragon's backside, Kobayashi managed to get a handle on the comparatively small layer that had been added onto Lucoa's buttocks. The combination of the drunk woman's fingers and body riling up Lucoa's body sent the gas bubbles into overdrive. Unable to control herself, the dragon began to release gas from her back end with an unflattering series of farts. In spite of the fumes that surrounded the pair, Kobayashi continued to get out her frustration by groping Lucoa's body.

Lucoa's salvation finally came once her breasts grew too large for Kobayashi to hold onto. The relief she felt was undone immediately as her bosom sent her flying up to the ceiling. Though the impact was a soft one, her inflated status meant that she was thoroughly stuck up there with the other dragons. With little room to spare, she and the others were forced to push out more gas as they repeatedly bumped into one another. Concern growing alongside their bodies, the dragons came to the realization that their only hope for salvation laid in the hands of the inebriated woman currently sucking her lips on the mouth of the empty bottle.

"Kobayashi-san," Tohru said, using the force of a fart rippling out of her balloon butt to turn her attention towards her master. "Give us the BWOOOOOORRRPPP bottle."

Wiping her mouth clean, Kobayashi glanced between the liquor and her dragon maid.

“UUURRRPP why?”

“It might have a way to counteract our BOOOUUUURPP growth,” Elma responded, trying to rub her distended belly in an effort to exert some control over her inflated form.

“Or at the very least,” Lucoa began, forced to pause as a PHHHHRRRRTTTTT rippled out of her rear to bob her inflated breasts against the ceiling, “tell us how big we’re going to get.”

Lazily sliding her gaze across the dragon’s pleading faces, Kobayashi turned her attention back to the bottle. For a full minute, the only sound that could be heard through the bar was the constant gas expulsions coming from the four women. Just as Tohru was trying to fight back a series of burps to ask for help once more, Kobayashi broke the silence by smashing the bottle against the wall.

“Why did you do BWOOOOOORRRRPPP that?” Elma asked.

“Because it was UUUURPP empty,” Kobayashi replied, nearly falling over from the force of BRRAAAPPPPP blasting out of her rear. “And it didn’t even give me Lucoa’s big BWOOUUUUURRRRPPPPPP boobies!”

“That’s not exactly a good thing,” Lucoa called out, currently trying and failing to free her inflated tits from a corner.

“Says *hic* you,” Kobayashi said, pointing an accusatory finger at the dragon. “I’m still as flat as a board.” Noticing Tohru floating overhead, she tried and failed to reach out and grab the swollen buttocks. “Not even a bubble butt like BWOOOOOORRRRPPP my favorite maid.”

“Oh, Miss Kobayashi,” Tohru said, her elation at the compliment overlooking the thunderous BRRRRRAAAAAAPPPPPP that rumbled out of her sizable rear. “It’s okay if you’re stuck being BWOOOOORRRRPPP small. I’ll let you cuddle with my bubble butt anytime.”

“Yeah, if only I could-“

Kobayashi was cut off by an unsettling groan emanating from her mid-section. Thinking it was just more gas, she proceeded to push down on her potbelly to try and relieve the pressure. Though the press did result in a rippling PHHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT from her rear and an echoing belch from her mouth, her gut did not shrink down. Instead, it began to grow at a rapid pace.

Easily eclipsing Elma’s bloated gut, Kobayashi’s mid-section shot straight past the size of a medicine ball in an effort to catch up with the rest of the girls. While at first it appeared that she would develop a similar body to the Harmony dragon, her swelling mid-section began to take over the rest of her body. Her entire figure took on a spherical form as it continued to expand and make her limbs sink into her body. Getting rid of any sign of her meager curves, her body took on the definitive shape of a sphere. While the other dragons were understandably concerned, Kobayashi herself was elated as her plethora of gas bubbles her careening towards the ceiling.

“This is *hic* great,” Kobayashi exclaimed as her crash sent the gassy dragon gals across the room like a set of pool balls. “I’m so big and BWOOOOORRRRPPP bouncy,” she added, sending the dragons spinning through the bar with a powerful blast of flatulence while she excitedly wiggled her hands and feet.

Unable to control themselves in the wake of Kobayashi’s gas, all the dragons could do was try and fight against their nausea. If they had been able to speak amidst their stirred up gas bubbles and constant bouncing, there would have been a conversation about how Kobayashi had managed to outgrow them. The question about her sudden size dominance was swiftly cast aside as the other girls came to the realization that they were continuing to inflate at an alarming rate while the bar was still stuck at the same size.

The group's bouncing across the room was slowed down as they each surpassed a certain size threshold. Perhaps growing jealous of Kobayashi's sizable figure, each of the dragons' bodies went through similar surges in mass to try and catch up. Though this did allow a few of them to reach the floor with their feet again, it was at the cost of filling up every last inch of available space with their growing forms.

"We're running out of room and UUUUUUURRRRPP fresh air," Lucoa belched out.

"It would be fine if Tohru would move her BWOOOOOORRPPPP big butt out of here," Elma shouted out.

"No, it's because of your gluttonous UUUUUURRRPPPP gut getting in the way," Tohru shot back, ignoring the sound of the walls starting to strain beneath the force of their expanding forms.

"Ugh, it's getting really *hic* tight in here," Kobayashi said, letting a fart blast out from the sensation of Elma and Tohru fighting against one another. "Not to mention the air is kind of UUUUUURRRPPPP stale. Let's move outside."

As if the building was listening to the drunken office worker, the walls began to buckle from the strain of the growing ladies. Creaks and groans joined in with their various gassy expulsions to create a symphony of dread. Shoved up against one another and forced to inhale the thick miasma, the dragons were left powerless to free themselves from the tight quarters. Just as they were losing air and feeling like their bodies were going to burst, that's when they felt a series of tremors spread across their forms.

In the hopes of quieting the bubbles inside, Tohru, Elma, and Lucoa let loose with any gas they had. Even at the cost of getting rid of any lingering fresh air in the bar, they could not stop themselves from shaking. The true culprit lied within the massive orb that was the inebriated

office worker. As the trembling reached its peak, Kobayashi finally got her wish for more room as the resulting outpour of gas from her proved to be the breaking point for the building.

Bursting through the walls and ceiling, the inflated women began to drift off into the air. While the other dragons wildly flailed about their arms as they flew higher and higher. Elma managed to fight through her initial panic to realize the consequences of people seeing their compromised states. Managing to cast the appropriate spell, she kept the group of gassy, inflated women concealed from the city below. However, she still found it necessary to do a little extra work on their clothes to make them stretch to fit their forms. Though they still looked ridiculous, the modification to their attire ensured that any accidental peeks would make them look like harmless balloons.

All of Elma's precautions couldn't do much to stop the continued plague of their gas. No longer bound by the restraints of the bar, their bodies were able to quickly surge in size. For Elma, that meant growing out a gut that would be large enough to swallow up her favorite bakery whole. Lucoa's breasts became like a pair of hot-air balloons that made it impossible for her to see anything below. Dealing with a set of bubble butt cheeks that grew to outsize her true dragon form, Tohru struggled against her buoyancy to get a trace on what had happened to her beloved master.

A dark shadow spreading across the city made Tohru and the others look up towards the massive figure that was Kobayashi. The mountain-sized sphere showed peeks of flesh here and there between holes in the office worker's shirt. The pants had also managed to stay intact but could do little to stop the barrage of gas that kept bursting out of her rear. Nearly blown off course by the resulting BRRRRRAAAAAAPPPPPP from Kobayashi's rear, the others grew out their wings in an attempt to fly up to meet her face to face.

“Miss BWOOOOOORRRPPP Kobayashi!” Tohru belched, managing to fight against her inflated rear to reach the upper part of the giant woman. “Are you okay?”

“Never UUUUUURRRPPP better,” Kobayashi replied, seemingly in good spirits in spite of her inability to see much with her sunken in head.

“You didn’t BOOOUUUUURRRPPP get any damage on the way out, right?” Elma asked, struggling to stay atop her swollen belly.

“No, but I’m pretty sure we can’t UUUUUURRRPPPP get anymore booze like this.”

“Hmm, that is a BWOOOOOORRRPPP shame,” Lucoa replied, seemingly uncaring of how her inflated tits kept carrying her upwards. “This evening was supposed to be a relaxing one. Sorry that UUUUUURRRPPPP our plans were ruined.”

“Don’t’ BOOUUUUURRRRRPP worry,” Kobayashi said, flapping her fingers against the sides of her gigantic form. “It’s fun being a UUUUUURRRRRPPP balloon. I’m so big, round, big, and... and... BWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPP!”

The force of Kobayashi’s powerful belch sent the dragons careening through the air. Though they tried to recover, they were given another shove by a prolonged, minute long fart bursting out of the office worker’s rear that made the people below look up expecting thunder clouds. Further pushed away by their own bodies’ expulsions, Tohru, Elma, and Lucoa had to struggle to keep themselves from flying too far out.

Regaining a semblance of control over their forms, the dragons once more flew towards Kobayashi in the hopes of keeping her in-check. Their less than graceful flight was cut short as more gas began to unload from both of the massive sphere’s ends. The bombardment seemed to push the girls’ own bodies into overdrive to leave them wildly careening through the air thanks to the seemingly endless deluge of burps and farts. In spite of their fumes and lack of control, they

still struggled to keep up with Kobayashi. Their goal was to try and keep the drunken balloon in check while they tried to think of a way to fix their bodies.

Far below on the city streets, most of the people went about their evening plans as normal. A few stopped when they caught a whiff of something foul in the air, but they just shrugged it off and moved on. However, one individual paused for a moment to adjust his glasses and push back his long, black hair. Gazing past the illusion, Fafnir stared up at the inflated women and let out a sigh.

“They should have known better than to drink that much,” he muttered.

“What are you talking about?” Takiya asked, fixing his swirly glasses in the hopes of finding whatever his companion was staring at.

“A problem that I can take care of later,” the dragon replied, hurrying along with bags in hand. “First, we must take care of the unsold copies of my book. Surely we will find a mortal who can acknowledge the hard work that went into recording the curses in these tomes.”