

Higher for Hire

By

Jethro

“Higher for Hire, if you’re buying were flying, Rebecca speaking. Yes sir, we’re trying to locate that missing crate as we speak. No sir, we haven’t found it yet. Well I can assure you I have my best men on it. I’ll call you as soon as I hear anything.” Rebecca Cunningham slammed the telephone receiver into its cradle with a crashing clang and slumped tiredly into her red leather desk chair. It was already shaping up to be a rotten day. The short brown furred bear couldn’t believe it was only eleven and already she had to deal with a missing crate of china plates that Baloo had left two hours ago to track down. Until he returned no other deliveries could be made, and she was already getting phone calls from other customers wondering where their shipments were. “Oh, Baloo” sighed Becky tiredly, running her manicured claws through her long brunette hair.

When Rebecca first started Higher for Hire she had dreamed of the air freight business as being full of adventure and romance. What she found was a boring desk job in a cluttered office surrounded by incompetent employees. Where’s the glamour, where’s the excitement she thought gloomily to herself. Her life revolved around work and her daughter Molly, there just wasn’t time for anything she wanted to do, and she felt trapped in a way. With a groan she pushed her chair back and stretched her arms out, the small snaps and pops of stiff muscles felt good. As she stretched she could feel her white sweater riding up her bulging middle, revealing the short brown fur of her stomach and the deep hollow of her bellybutton. Rebecca looked down at her belly with annoyance. “Darn sweater must have shrunk again, that’s what I get for sending it to the cleaners” she commented to no one in particular as she attempted to make it cover more of her girth. To blame her ill fitting sweater on shrinkage might have made sense to Becky, but two years in a cramped office was the real culprit. She had gone to the gym regularly before starting her own business, and her hour glass figure had been a great source of pride to her, but now, two years of inactivity showed on her small frame. Her thin waste had ballooned into a packed gut that supported her breasts and curved one and a half feet in front of her before sloping down to her pelvis. Her legs, arms and face had not changed much, her hips, bust and belly bearing the brunt of her insatiable appetite. Her packed gut never seemed to be full anymore, and the more stressful her job became the more her stomach grumbled. For some time now Rebecca had kept a fully stocked candy stash in her top desk drawer. Originally it had been in the bottom drawer, but as her stomach grew steadily outwards she had found bending over harder and harder.

Her ears perked up excitedly as the familiar drone of the Seaduck’s twin superfly 100 engines grew closer and closer. “He better have found that box, or I’ll wring his fat neck” she muttered under her breath. The engines grew into a growling roar and then sputtered into silence. Rebecca quickly shuffled her paperwork covered desk into some kind of order and folded her hands across the rounded shelf of her belly. With a thud the office door flew open and in walked Baloo, carrying a wooden box with “fragile” stenciled across its side.

"Hey, Beckers, here's that crate safe and sound" said Baloo cheerfully. Rebecca looked sternly at Baloo, her anxiety levels lowering slightly. "Thank you Baloo, I just wish we had it yesterday instead of today." Baloo shuffled his foot paws sheepishly, avoiding Rebecca's stern gaze. "Look, Becky we – we were rushing to make it back and ---." Baloo never got the chance to finish, Rebecca jumped to her feet, her purple jacket unbuttoned and white sweater failing to cover the lower curve of her spherical belly. "If you'd stayed on schedule" she shouted "you wouldn't have had to rush, and then you wouldn't have left that box, and then we wouldn't be three hours behind schedule!" Baloo put the crate down on the floor and approached Rebecca cautiously. "Ah, come on, relax Beckers. I got all the incoming deliveries out of the way before I got back. As soon as Wildcat unloads the Seaduck ill take the outgoing." Rebecca plopped back into her chair with a sigh of relief. "And I bet you think I forgot the chicken lo main and spareribs you asked for" chuckled Baloo as he placed a large grease stained paper bag on the desk. "Rebecca's eyes lighted up at the site of her lunch, and with a squeal of joy she pulled the bag to her. "Oh, Baloo, you remembered" she cooed as she tore into the bag.

Baloo chuckled at the site of Rebecca tearing into her spare ribs and turned to leave. "I'll be outside helping Wildcat unload if you need me." Rebecca gave a grunt of acknowledgement as Baloo shut the door behind him. Rebecca hadn't realized how hungry she was. Her waste paper basket was piled high with candy wrappers from the mornings snacking, but still her stomach clenched and churned with hunger. Soon her hands and mouth were coated in sticky spare rib sauce, two empty cartons added to the pile of wrappers in her basket. She licked her hands clean, savoring the tangy sauce on each clawed furry finger. A grumble shook her belly, and her paws quickly cradled her noisy gut. Her turtleneck had been forced to the top shelf of her stomach. Becky's belly lay heavily on her lap, and the non stop mornings snacking had made it firm and heavy. Her hands gingerly massaged the heavy furred ball, which now stuck two feet in front of her. "Ahhhh" she sighed happily, stifling an unladylike burp with the back of her hand. She felt full, but not satisfied, her stomach still asked for more in a gurgling voice. She eyed the two untouched cartons of lo main noodles taunting her on the desk and reached for one just as the loud crash of splintering wood shook her office.

She tried to jump to her feet, but her stomach bulged into her knees, causing a sharp pain in her overburdened middle. Placing her paws on either arm rest she slowly raised herself into a standing position. She felt her stomach pulling her forward and leaned backwards to compensate, one hand moving to the small of her back, the other hugging the lower curve of her belly. As she waddled towards the door her stomach loudly protested the sudden jostling movement. She threw open her office door and stood in the doorway, taking in the sight before her.

Wildcat stood by the unloading crane on the dock with a look of shock on his face. No more than a foot away from him a large wooden crate sat imbedded into a splintered hole in the wooden floor. A large mean looking bulldog in an ill fitting suit was screaming at him, his face red with anger. "Get this idiot outa here" he shouted at Rebecca, "I've never seen such incompetence in my entire life!" Rebecca's heart felt like it was going to jump out of her throat as she surveyed the scene. "I'm so, so, sorry sir," groveled Becky, "terribly, terribly sorry." Wildcat wandered over to Rebecca with his hat in his paws, "Gee, Rebecca, the darned throttle jammed." Rebecca tried to swallow her anger in front of her customer, the feeling of hunger returning with a vengeance. "Just get it fixed Wildcat, Mr. Mitney is

a paying customer and his cargo needs to ship out tonight, get it aboard and be careful." Wildcat nodded his head up and down swiftly as he moved back towards the crane. Rebecca braced herself as the fuming Mr. Mitney approached, "That's it, if you people don't take better care of what's mine, I'll take my business elsewhere!" Rebecca opened the door wide for Mr. Mitney to enter, trying her best to suck in her belly as he passed.

The sun set in shades of orange, red and yellow behind the cliffs of Cape Suzette as Rebecca drove home. She had ended up paying damages for Mr. Mitney's cargo, and had to pay for lumber so Wildcat could fix the hole in the dock. After Wildcat and Mr. Mitney had left with her money she had rushed for the two cartons of lo mein noodles on her desk and with chopsticks in hand had made quick work of them. Her hunger had been uncontrollable, and when she was done she felt better, and fuller. Rebecca smiled at the memory as she drove home with her bench seat pushed all the way back. Her brown furred gut had grown from the days feasting, moving out from under her breasts in an almost straight line before curving down to rest solidly on her lap. Rebecca's stomach seemed determined to reach her knees and had almost succeeded. Her belly button tingled, and when she took a hand from the steering wheel to sooth her stomach she noticed it was quickly vanishing.

Rebecca had just picked up her daughter Molly from school, and as her green A10 Packard Coupe wound its way down Beaumont Ave. Molly sat in the back seat and talked about her day at school. Rebecca hardly heard her; she was lost in thought about tomorrow's delivery for the Fandango Mango Corporation. They were a good paying client, a very good paying client, so things needed to go smoothly. She turned her tired eyes to the glowing clock radio dial. Seven fifty nine, thank god, she thought, time for Molly's favorite show. She took her right hand away from slowly rubbing the lower curve of her heavy protruding girth long enough to find the desired channel. "Pumpkin, guess what time it is" she asked in what she hoped was a cheerful voice. "Do, doo, doo, its Danger woman time" shouted Molly, her previous conversation about her art teacher forgotten as trumpets and rumbling drums blared from the Packard's speakers. "Faster than a speeding airship, more powerful than a turbine, able to leap city blocks in a single bound, its Danger woman!" Molly bounced up and down with excitement, hugging her doll Lucy tightly with both yellow furred paws.

With Molly entertained Becky's mind wandered back to tomorrow. As she thought about all the things that could go wrong, and had gone wrong, she began to feel it again. Her stomach rumbled restlessly under her right paw, its circular movements doing little to stop it. She tried to ignore the dull rumbling gurgle her belly made, and the hunger pangs. I guess I should have had dinner, she thought, I knew I shouldn't have had a big lunch. I'll have a salad when I get home, she told herself as she turned up the winding drive to her apartment building. A familiar jingle filled the car's cab, "Kids, tell your mom to buy you Danger woman's favorite food, Frosty pep ice-cream!" All thoughts of salads and Mangos were put out of Becky's mind completely. "Mommy, Mommy, can I have some Frosty Pep when we get home?" Rebecca smiled at her golden furred daughter in the back seat, "Sure you can Pumpkin."

Rebecca moved slowly into her hallway in a blue robe and slippers. She had just finished reading Sally and the Gorilla to Molly, her favorite book. As Becky waddled past the hallway mirror her face had a look of purpose on it, her robe lay undone at her sides. She wore a black bra and panties, and both hands rested on her distended stomach. It was beginning to lose its round shape now, sagging between her legs and outwards. Her belly button was nothing but a thin dimple which disappeared with each deep breath, the fur around it thin and bristled, slightly lighter than the rest of her brown girth. Her mind hadn't been able to think of anything but Frosty pep since she had got home. Visions of devouring the two 1 gallon tubs in her fridge had been too much for her. Becky had allowed Molly to scoop the ice-cream out herself. But now the temptation was just too much, her stomach would have its way.

The living room of Rebecca's apartment was an art deco masterpiece. The massive room contained several comfortable couches and armchairs. One whole wall was glass with chrome plated doors opening onto a long patio, a wall of shimmering blue water cascading past. Rebecca waddled slowly towards the patio doors and threw them open, crashing white noise flooding the room. She stood there a minute, watching the last flecks of sunlight fade away. A cooling mist rolled past her, the cool droplets of water soaking into her bare fur and providing the perfect relief for a steamy tropical night. She didn't stay long, however, her aching feet protesting the job of supporting such a heavy burden. Becky moved slowly towards a plush couch facing the shimmering falls, her stomach swaying from left to right in front of her. Her legs moved in time with her pendulous belly, and as Rebecca watched the large brown ball of her abdomen heave slowly from side to side she couldn't help but giggle. It was with a sigh of relief that Rebecca reached her destination, preferring to lean back slightly and let gravity seat her. With a muffled fwump Rebecca plopped into the thick cushions. Her stomach slapped heavily on her knees and wobbled slightly like a water balloon. Her stomach settled heavily between her thick thighs, obscuring her black panties from view.

She dragged her fingers through her sensitive stretched hide; the feeling of her claws digging into the too tight flesh caused her toes to curl with bliss. Her turgid flesh was so sensitive, and the closer her exploring fingers got to her quickly disappearing belly button the sensitivity grew. Her stomach rumbled under her fingers, reminding Becky of the treat she had laid out on her coffee table. Three red and white striped cardboard 1 gallon tubs of Frosty pep. With grunts and groans she maneuvered her self into a reclining position on the couch. She propped her head under overstuffed pillows at one end, her blue slippered feet at the other. Only the very tips of her toes could be seen on the other side of her rumbling mountain of a belly. She grabbed one of the carton's and ripped the top off, scooping out large globs of vanilla with a large spoon and depositing them in her muzzle. The crashing constant hiss of the shimmering falls soothed Rebecca's tired nerves as her hand moved mechanically from the large tub perched on her stomach and cradled between her breasts to her mouth with a steady rhythm.

Her mind was lulled into a sugary daydream, something towered over her, straddled her legs. Hands moved to her plump hips, and when she opened her eyes the broad brown body of a male bear appeared. The face of the bear was blurry, her eyes couldn't focus, but as his hands slowly moved

towards her inner thigh it didn't matter any more. It had been so long since she had been touched like that, her body welcomed the stimulation. Slowly her mystery lover's skilled fingers brought her closer and closer to a pleasant release. Rebecca began rocking her hips into his thick furry fingers; her body craved the spine tingling sensation. An increasing weight grew in Rebecca's middle; her breathing came in panting gasps. "Oh, oh, not so rough" she moaned, her mystery lover gave no reply. The weight increased, it felt like her unknown friends full weight was resting on her small frame. It was becoming hard for her to catch a full breath; the weight resting on her abdomen was causing shooting pain. She felt like she was on the verge of a badly needed orgasm, she increased the pace of her thrusting hips. The scraping of metal on cardboard shattered her dream world. Slowly she floated into reality; a curtain of black swallowed her vision.

Rebecca's eyes were closed, she knew that her companion was gone and with him her badly needed orgasm. Rebecca opened her eyes and her living room began to form out of the gloom. Her head was turned sidewise, facing the shimmering dark wall of the waterfall outside her window. A rainbow of diluted colors played across its dark surface from the neon lights of Cape Suzette. A large weight covered Becky's thighs and abdomen. Her stomach hurt, there was a piercing rumble deep in her gut. "Oughhhh" groaned Rebecca, her hands moving to sooth her tortured tummy, finding a tightly packed wall in their way. Her head moved lazily to view the source of her discomfort. "Aughg, urp, I think I overdid it this time" groaned Becky between shallow gasps. Her stomach rose high above her before it angled away, the brown fur of her stomach had grown thin, the angry red skin clearly visible. Her stomach visibly moved in front of her, trying valiantly to digest the burden she had forced upon it. Small bumps formed every few seconds across the tightly packed egg shaped ball resting on her thighs. Melted ice cream covered Rebecca's bra and muzzle. Her breasts bulged out of the black cups of her bra, the clasp dug annoyingly into her back. She pushed her hands into the couch beside her hips and with a snap from her back was able to sit up slightly. Her stomach moved in one solid mass between her legs, rubbing gently against her wet lips. She gasped sharply; her dream bears magic touch flooded over her. She pushed her packed stomach down again and curled her claw tipped toes with pleasure. One of her hands shot back behind her and quickly removed her bra with one fluid motion. Rebecca laid back on the mountain of pillows behind her back. One hand pushed an empty ice cream carton off the couch, the other caressed her rumbling belly. She spread her legs wide and tried to plant them to cradle each side of her stomach. Rebecca placed both her hands on the top swell of her stomach. She caressed and prodded the sides of her belly, her hands barely making a dent on the solid surface. With gentle motions she began to push the ball of her stomach forward, causing it to dip low between her propped up legs. The lower curve of her girth caressed her nether lips again, causing Rebecca to catch her breath sharply. "Oh, that's the ticket, ahhhh" screeched Rebecca, her eyes glued to the hypnotic bounce of her belly. Her stomach growled angrily at the sudden movements, gas began to build as her stomachs bouncing movements agitated her digesting meal. Rebecca's stomach began to slowly expand beneath her splayed fingers. A piercing discomfort and the burning ache of stretch marked skin began to grow with her approaching orgasm. With each upward swing of her stretching girth she saw that her belly button was quickly disappearing, a red coaster sized circle of skin etched like a road map with stretch marks was all that remained. She was so close to sweet release; frantically she pushed her gut forward, finding that it had grown drum tight. A terrible piercing pain stabbed Rebecca in her flattened nub of a

belly button. At the same time a shock of pure bliss came to her nethers. With each stroke of stomach against moistened lips she groaned in a mix of deep pleasure and pain. Her stomach grumbled deeply, the piecing pain in her belly button throbbing in time with her labia's caress. The overpowering explosion of her release caused her eyes to burst in to stars, a hollow thud echoed through the room. Rebecca lay limp on the couch; her hands seemed more tender as they soothed her protruding mass. One of her legs dangled over the side of the couch, forced to retreat from her advancing girth, the other pinned against the couch. Her stomach lay past her knees, a round golf ball sized bump of bright red skin proudly proclaimed itself as her new belly button. Dull blue veins and dark red stretch marks mapped her zeppelin shaped middle.

Her stomach growled and groaned angrily but its protests fell on deaf ears. "Ough, my poor tummy" cued Becky as she gingerly stroked the thin furred ball in her lap. Her body was overwhelmed with the sheer mass of food her hunger had forced upon it. Rebecca felt her eye lids becoming heavy, her mind sinking into a pleasant haze as her body diverted all its power to the epic task set before it. Her hands slowly ceased their soothing caresses; they too seemed to be growing heavy with lethargy. Everything was at peace in her world; all the troubles of the day were washed away in a food induced haze. Her head slumped back into the warm embrace of down pillows, the towering curve of her stomach blocking the rest of the room from view. As the curtain of sleep came down before her there was one question that nibbled the back of her mind "How am I going to get off this couch?"