

The Ample Lake Burster: Chapter 09

By: Indigo Rho

Kevin loved to see the guys bloat, but the elk couldn't fathom why Berg and Blake in particular favored a method guaranteed to affect their waistlines. An air pump would've suited the needs of their bet fine, yet they chose to waste money guzzling soda packed with calories. Drinking a single can of soda a day could make a person steadily gain weight. There were days Kevin swore the pair plowed through an entire twelve-pack. They were going to be massive by the time they graduated and likely keep growing long after.

Just thinking about it made him equal parts frustrated and horny.

Many of Rho Theta Rho's alumni had followed a similar path of out-of-control growth. They'd occasionally drop by the frat house for special events, wearing button-ups and polos strained over giant barrel bellies that jiggled when they laughed. Guys who couldn't have been an ounce under 300 pounds told stories of scoring game-winning touchdowns, stealing bases, and the air time they got on slam dunks. Kevin would inevitably track down old photos from the alumni's college days and be shocked by how lean and in shape they looked. The wildest one had been the former basketball player who must have tripled in size within a decade of graduating.

The hefty transformations got Kevin's imagination sparking. Thankfully, no one had caught him popping a boner while ogling the alumni.

As much as Kevin adored watching others lose control of their diets, he knew for a fact he'd never screw up like that himself. He rarely ate fast food, stuck to healthier snacks, and never missed a workout. Beer was his only unhealthy vice, and he kept those calories in check with ruthless precision. If all went well, he'd remain in peak physical condition till his golden years and maybe beyond. Meanwhile, his buddies from college and work would grow soft and doughy, becoming ample eye candy for the smug elk.

Kevin's future was looking swell.

Kevin's eyes slid off the baseball game on TV. His interest in the sport plummeted when he lacked a connection to either team playing. Berg and Blake's blimpy bet wasn't enough to keep him watching, either. He'd rather pump them both up and find a half-decent movie to turn on while he teased them. But Berg had the sense not to let anyone casually inflate him for fun, and Blake wasn't going to pass up a chance to swell with soda over air.

However, a certain bull looked handsome when he ballooned *and* took little to no convincing to puff up.

Kevin turned to Dante and leaned over in his chair, flashing his friend the most bewitching grin in his repertoire. The bull noticed him almost right away,

clearly uninterested in the game as well. “The Berg and Blake bloat show is starting to bore me. I’d much rather switch to watching a bull get big and round.”

Dante’s eyes darted away for a second, confirming Kevin had flustered him on the first strike. Teasing him with the bathroom blow dryer had implanted the desire to inflate, just as Kevin had hoped. Dante leaned in to whisper. “I’m not sure we’ll get much privacy upstairs. It’s the first place the others will go when they’ve finished taking a dip. And the noise might carry.”

Kevin adored how shy Dante could get about inflation, regardless of his blatant love of swelling. “I wasn’t planning on using the rooms upstairs.” He wanted Dante all to himself. He slipped a hoof into his pocket and pulled out the cabin keys. “We’ve got six luxurious suites to choose from, all of which should have just enough room for a spherical frat boy.”

“You don’t have to phrase it like that,” Dante huffed.

“At least I didn’t mention how loudly the creaking of your hide will echo in a small cabin,” Kevin said to break down the last hint of uncertainty he heard in his friend.

“Shhhh!” Dante motioned with a hoof for Kevin to lower his voice, not that Berg or Blake could hear anything over their new debate about draft choices. “I’m down to...you know. I just need to change into something more appropriate.”

“Swell,” Kevin said, earning a delightfully frustrated look from Dante.

Kevin stood up, and Dante followed. He turned his attention to the duo bloating on the couch. “Alright, we’re gonna leave you two to your dumb game. I trust you won’t wreck the place celebrating or blowing off steam or whatever.”

Berg rolled his eyes while Blake raised a brow. “Where ya wandering off to?” the crow asked with a shit-eating grin that said he had a good idea of *what* they’d be doing when they got there.

“We’re going for a walk before it gets dark and the rain comes,” Kevin answered without a moment of hesitation. He knew someone might ask—just like he knew they might not believe him. Trying to remain discreet about his hobbies was good practice, regardless. “Gotta enjoy the peace and quiet while we still can, because we’ll be too drunk once the party starts.”

Blake opened his beak, but whatever snarky comment he had planned was silenced by a growling curse from Berg. “Stop striking out!” the swollen polar bear begged his team. He furiously snatched up another two-liter of soda and started chugging.

“I’m beginning to think our pitcher’s pretty good,” Blake said. Berg replied with a raised middle finger as he continued to chug.

Kevin took the opportunity to evade any further questions and headed up the stairs, knowing Dante would be right behind him.

“I don’t think they fell for your lie about the walk,” Dante said with a big smile.

“Of course they didn’t. But Blake was the only one paying attention, and he’ll forget all about us within an inning. If anyone else asks where we went, he’ll be so busy watching the game that he’ll just repeat the lie I told him on instinct.” Not that Kevin expected the rest of the guys to particularly care where he and Dante disappeared to.

Upstairs, Dante burrowed into his bag and fled into the bathroom, clutching some clothing tightly to his chest. Kevin entertained himself with the strange, burst stuffed animal Berg, Blake, and Webb had reported earlier. At first, he’d suspected Berg and Blake had accidentally torn it while messing around; polar bear claws and crow talons wreaked havoc on stuffed animals. He’d changed his mind after Webb had rambled on about bad vibes and ghosts being to blame. The rabbit was terrible at covering for people while even the littlest bit high, and would’ve wasted no time outing the guys for any and all minor crimes they’d committed while alone. Kevin had dutifully taken pictures of the stuffed animal as proof they’d found it that way. He’d still likely get an earful from Axel when he arrived, though.

The *click* of the bathroom door opening pulled Kevin away from future worries. Dante exited the bathroom wearing black jeans and a black long-sleeved shirt. If he’d switched the backward baseball cap out for a black beanie, he’d have been dressed for breaking and entering.

“As conspicuous as ever,” Kevin said, looking his friend up and down. “Now the guys will never believe we’re simply out for a stroll.”

“It’s better than being seen wearing this.” Dante pulled up a shirt sleeve to reveal the sheen of the latex suit hiding underneath. He swiftly covered it again.

Kevin shrugged. “You don’t *need* to put on the rubber get-up when you inflate.” Though the elk had grown to enjoy seeing him in it. Latex highlighted all his curves.

“You know I don’t like inflating nude. It’s a little too exposing.” Dante shoved his old clothes into his bag and sealed it.

“It’s not like anything sticks out. Your junk’s one of the first things to sink in when you swell.”

“Yeah, but it’s still awkward, at least for me.”

“Then you could’ve changed into the suit at the cabin.”

“That’d mean stripping in front of you.”

“I’d be a gentleman and turn my back, scout’s honor.”

Dante snorted. “You wouldn’t be able to resist checking out my ass.”

“It’s a quality ass.” Kevin slid over and slapped Dante’s butt, getting a flustered bellow out of the bull that came adorably close to sounding like a moo. “Now let’s go test the limits of that suit, balloon.”

Berg and Blake ignored them as they left the lodge, saving them from further unnecessary delays. More clouds had rolled in, though the sun shone bright and warm between them. It was the sort of weather that put Kevin in the mood for a hike or a jog. But inflation dominated the elk’s thoughts at that moment, and he couldn’t find joy in anything else until he’d turned someone into a balloon.

A glance at the dock proved Kevin wasn’t the only one with expansion on his mind. Oscar and Webb bobbed in the water, two identical balls only distinguished by their fur color. Cody and Abel had each claimed an inflated frat boy as their floatie. Oscar wobbled far more than Webb, undoubtedly suffering under a barrage of pokes and teasing threats from Cody.

“Maybe we should skip the cabin and take you out on the water instead,” Kevin suggested only somewhat as a joke. He’d wanted to use someone as a floatie forever, but his pointy antlers complicated the fantasy. One bad slip, and he’d risk bursting his plaything, especially with how taut he preferred them. Debasing himself with foam caps for the tips of his antlers wasn’t going to happen. And of course, he only ever shed his antlers in winter, when no one was swimming. Unless he managed to accidentally snap his antlers off in the summer, using another person as a floatie would elude him, and he never let anything happen to his precious antlers.

Yet Dante still looked redder in the face after the tease. The bull couldn’t help but imagine any scenario that implied he’d grow big and round, regardless of whether or not it was possible. Kevin loved that Dante struggled to conceal his passion for blimping; it made convincing him to inflate all the easier.

Kevin led Dante to his truck, where he retrieved his favorite air pump. It was a sturdy, bright blue model with multiple power settings, a deflate mode, and a lengthy accordion hose. Though the pump could be used to inflate mundane things like beach balls and air mattresses, it was also advertised as working well on people. The company even sold special nozzle attachments with that in mind, promoted by silly commercials where people would be mistakenly inflated in comical—though never bombastic—accidents. Kevin knew those commercials had to have been someone’s inflation kink awakening.

Kevin chose the furthest cabin for their blimpy rendezvous, where the others were least likely to notice or bother them. He didn’t expect them to be bored enough to come calling, but a little caution never hurt. He’d long ago learned never to underestimate a frat boy’s innate urge to fuck with others.

Once in the cabin, Kevin locked the door behind him.

“Worried I might try to flee while swelling?” Dante asked as he pulled off his disguise.

The idea of Dante trying to futilely wobble away while steadily puffing up got a rise out of Kevin. It only heightened his euphoric feeling of dominance when toying with balloons. “I could keep the door wide open, and you still wouldn’t be able to escape me,” Kevin said. He spun the cabin keys around a finger as he walked up to Dante, standing straight and firm to look even taller. Antlers were a fantastic aide when he wanted to tower over someone. “Your puffy sides will be too wide to fit through the door. You can grunt and wiggle and squeeze all you want, but that won’t save you.”

Dante shuddered and bit his lip. The latex suit did nothing to hide his erection. “I guess you have a point,” the bull practically squeaked.

Kevin let out a smug, one-note laugh. “Glad you accept your fate. But the real reason I’m locking us in is to prevent the guys from walking in on us.” Or waddling in, considering how fat and bloated the lot of them were.

“Smart. I’d, uh, rather not have any pictures of me inflated in suit posted online.”

“Don’t worry, all the photos I take will stay between you and me,” Kevin smirked.

Dante quickly turned to hide his face. He made a poor attempt to conceal his intentions by looking around the cabin. “Do you think we’ll have enough space here to inflate?”

“I know it’s a little cramped, but I think we’ll be fine. And there’s an easy way to find out. Just hold out your arms in a T-pose,” Kevin said. Dante followed his order without question, and Kevin slowly circled the bull. “Well, your taut sides will blimp out a few inches past your wrists at the very least. Seems there’ll be a big enough gap for me to move around you. Won’t be doing any rolling, unfortunately, but I should still be able to get you on your back and spin you a bit. Might even get some bouncing in.”

“Bouncing?” Dante sheepishly asked. He always needed a nudge to accept bouncing, despite the fact Kevin never played rough with him. The bull’s gasps when the pressure spiked were worth the effort.

“If I’m in the mood,” Kevin said, reasserting his control over Dante. He liked the bull too much to abuse his boundaries, but he often probed their limits in order to introduce his friend to brand-new joys.

Kevin set his pump on the desk and plugged it into the nearest outlet. He turned the pump on and cycled through the power settings one by one. None of the cabin lights flickered, so he figured the pump wouldn’t burn out the outlet at full power. He turned it off.

“So,” Kevin said, picking up the hose. “There are two holes I can wiggle this hose into. Both work fine, but I’d personally prefer using the one that still lets you mumble and moo while I blimp you up.”

Dante’s tail flicked back and forth sharply. “I wouldn’t mind taking the, um, rear option.”

Kevin firmly believed the bull *preferred* taking it in the rear. He certainly never shied away from it.

Kevin attached a rounded nozzle tip to the hose for ease of comfort and walked up to Dante. The bull wiggled in anticipation, his eyes locked on the hose in Kevin’s hoof. “May I?” Kevin waved the hose. Dante nodded.

The latex suit had a hole in the back for Dante’s tail to stick through. Kevin wedged the tip of the hose into the hole and gently wiggled it until he found his mark. Dante stiffened at the penetration, then moaned.

“Are you ready to become a bulloon, dude?” Kevin patted Dante’s paunch.

“Mhm!” Dante nodded vigorously.

Kevin switched the pump on, turning it to the lowest setting. Just flipping the switch felt powerful. One click to turn a person into a balloon. One click to stop it. Control was his and his alone.

The pump whirred to life, droning softly like a white noise machine. Kevin saw Dante twitch as the air passed through the hose and into the pent-up bull. There was an instant change in Dante’s soft middle. His overhang lifted slightly and his whole belly rounded, taking on the shape of a latex-clad basketball. In a few minutes, his entire body would look like that. And unlike with the dryer hose in the bathroom, the fun wouldn’t be cut short.

“Must feel nice puffing up. Knowing that every second that passes leaves you a little bit rounder, makes it a little bit more awkward for you to move. You’re like a balloon at the end of an air tank nozzle, only growing bigger and bigger.” Kevin used the same tender tone he’d honed on lovers to keep Dante perpetually flustered.

“You could put an end to this right now without any effort at all. A quick tug on the tube or a flip of the switch. You’re still mobile enough, and I wouldn’t lift a finger to stop you. You could even simply *ask* me to turn the pump off, and I’d do so without question.” An exaggeration, but Kevin needed to set the mood. “But you’re not going to do any of that, are you? You’ll let yourself balloon because that’s the form that suits you best.”

Kevin poked Dante’s swollen middle. His finger sunk in past the second knuckle, exposing the bull’s round belly for the hollow balloon it was. A faint creak accompanied the poke, though he couldn’t tell if it was from the latex suit or Dante’s hide. Dante’s belly shook when he pulled back his finger.

“That’s not why I’m inflating. I just think it’s fun. It gives me the same sort of rush that getting drunk or high does, but without the hangover the morning after.” Dante smiled wide, like someone inebriated, incapable of containing his bliss. His belly had become an inky, glossy beach ball that wobbled like a fishing bobber when he spoke.

They’d had this conversation before, and they’d have it again. It was all a part of the ritual that’d formed around their play sessions. “Ah, but getting drunk or high doesn’t make you the center of attention like inflating does. Getting drunk or high doesn’t give you a big balloon belly that everyone bumps into.” Kevin hip-checked the bull’s bloating middle, sending him stumbling a few steps sideways.

“Bro, you can inflate with booze and weed, too. Berg beached himself winning that keg chugging contest last year and had to be rolled away later. And Webb puffs up with a bong like every other week. There’s nothing different from their vices and mine,” Dante insisted as he widened his gait to handle his nearly three-foot-wide belly.

Kevin longed for the day Dante’s gut was permanently that size. His friends were fortunate he favored inflating over feeding; otherwise he’d have sped up the failure of their diets ten-fold. “Their vices aren’t guaranteed to make them round. Yours is. And you’re sober when you choose to grow like this.”

Kevin adjusted the speed of the pump. The whirring grew louder—but not loud enough to drown out Dante’s stifled moan as the flow of air increased.

Kevin returned to Dante and wrapped his arms around his friend’s swelling middle. He tightened his grip, provoking a chorus of rubbery creaks and a stuttering gasp. Aside from the extra noises of elation, there was no difference between squeezing the bull or an oversized balloon. Dante’s gut grew in his grasp, steadily pushing his arms outward. He wanted his friend that round permanently, another blubber ball to fill out Rho Theta Rho’s list of bulky alumni. It was inevitable. Dante’s subpar eating and exercise habits would betray him within a decade. And as much as Kevin teased his friends about their weight, he never made a serious effort to help them lose it. Sitting back and watching them grow was more fun.

“You’re too wide to waddle out of the cabin now. Even if I gathered up all the guys, we wouldn’t be able to cram you through that door. Imagine all those hands pushing at your rump, your back, your puffy sides. All those grunts and curses. All those jokes about how huge a blimp you are.” Kevin squeezed again and heard Dante’s tail smacking happily. “Don’t pretend you can’t clearly picture it in your head, either. How many of our frat brothers have we had to shove through doorway after doorway because they fell for a prank and ballooned? How

many drunk, swollen party guests have ended up wedged in an exit? Be grateful that's only an idea swirling around your head and not your reality."

The bull's face danced through varying degrees of embarrassment and joy. Creative words and a boatload of pressure robbed Dante of his words. "I'm having fun. Why would I want to get away?" He giggled as he spoke.

"Good. Then you don't have any reason to face the door. I wouldn't want you longing for what could've been once you're swaying back and forth like a balloon in the breeze." Kevin rocked his expanding friend from side to side as he pivoted Dante away from the door. Dante laughed at him to stop but made no move to resist, his to play with as he pleased.

"There! No more exit to tempt you. Odd how quiet you've been, even without a hose plugging your mouth. Well, other than the usual noises a swelling balloon makes." Kevin smacked the taut side of Dante's belly. Hearing the hollow *thunk* made him shudder. He craved the sound that signaled his friend was becoming more blimp than person, the herald of strained creaks and dazed moans.

"I can't get a word in with you monologuing. Are you sure you aren't secretly a theatre major?" Dante tried to cross his arms, but he couldn't quite bend his elbows all the way and swiftly gave up.

"Looks like the expansion's spread beyond that yoga ball of a belly you've got." Kevin leaned in an exaggerated manner to the left, and then the right. "Yep. Your hips are puffier, and your rump is definitely rounder. I bet your arms and legs are already feeling a little stiff, aren't they?" Dante smiled back but didn't say a word. "You've probably got a minute max before you can't bend your arms anymore. And when that happens, you won't be able to pull the hose out yourself or reach the pump. Are you so eager to be a balloon that you've lost control? You'll keep swelling and swelling and swelling until you've reached your limits. All because you succumbed to the siren's call of becoming a blimp."

"But I'm *not* going to reach my limits. You're here to make sure that doesn't happen."

Kevin was far more than a mere spotter for his inflation-obsessed frat brother, but he let the understatement slide. "So you trust me?"

"Of course. I wouldn't let someone inflate me this much if I didn't."

Those words were what Kevin loved to hear most, even more than the blissful moans or flustered excuses. The confirmation of his position at the top. Dante's trust meant he could toy with his friend in fantastic ways and treat him like a real balloon without protest. Some got a kick out of listening to unwilling blimps curse and complain, but Kevin favored the blimps who accepted they were playthings.

Dante's middle pushed out in all directions until his body started losing definition. The bull had to widen his gait again, wobbling his legs apart as his thighs bloated and merged with his hips. The creaks of his latex suit joined the whirrs of the air pump to create an ambient soundtrack for his steady expansion. Despite the noise, the suit was in no danger of tearing apart, designed to fit even a perfectly spherical wearer comfortably. The sheen only enhanced Dante's growing resemblance to a balloon.

"You're looking less and less like a bull with each passing second, dude. Less like a person." Kevin smacked his friend's blimping sides, savoring the *thunk, thunk*. "Sounding less like a person, too. "And that glorious flow of air isn't going to stop until you're a wobbling, barely recognizable sphere. How's the pressure feel? With how much air is pushing at your hide, it's gotta be starting to get to you."

"It's noticeable," Dante admitted. "But I can manage."

"For now. The bigger you grow, the harder it'll be to ignore. Past a certain point, you'll struggle to think straight because of it." Kevin could never forget the pressure. The elk *had* experienced being fully inflated before, a thankfully rare occurrence that had always been against his will. Few frat boys could honestly claim they'd avoided such hazing while pledging. And while he disliked every aspect of growing spherical, the pressure had been the worst. It was like a body-wide headache that eventually zoned him out like a bad high.

"I'm pretty good at keeping myself together." Dante shut his mouth tight, but a wavering moan still seeped out.

"We'll see if that's true in a minute or two." Kevin firmly poked Dante's swelling body at various points, nodding at the creaks and winces. He shook his head. "You've still got a lot of room to grow, balloon."

Dante breathed heavily as his arms and legs finally sunk into his body. More and more vestiges of his personhood vanished from sight, hidden within his balloon of a body. Only his hooves and his head remained, jutting from a shiny wrecking ball the bull had come to resemble. To Kevin, Dante was nearing his most beautiful—a helpless sphere.

"The pressure's getting pretty up there," Dante grunted. His eyes were half-lidded. "I think it's a good time to stop the pump."

"Is it?" Kevin asked. "Maybe I don't think you're creaking enough. Maybe I want to see those hooves sink into your body completely." He did. He wanted to watch Dante slowly disappear into himself. He wanted to stand before a gleaming, wobbling sphere that lacked any hint it was actually a person. And it wouldn't take that much more to transform Dante into his greatest fantasy. It was a shame about the risks involved.

The threat made Dante blush rather than scare him. “We really shouldn’t go that far. It’s safer to stop now.” The bull’s hooves sunk in another inch.

“Don’t forget I’m the one in control, dude. You gave it up the moment you decided against taking out the tube and left me the only mobile one here.” Kevin slowly walked around Dante and up to the pump, ensuring he was out of his friend’s line of sight. He saw his friend’s ineffectual attempts to turn his head and held back a laugh.

“I really am getting too big, Kevin,” Dante moaned with the barest hint of unease. He was more flustered than scared, which pleased Kevin immensely.

But Kevin knew Dante would slip into a pressure daze if he let the pump run any longer, and he wanted his inflated friend to be aware of every teasing word he said. He flipped the power switch and silenced the pump, but not the gentle creaks of the bull he’d puffed up.

“Alright, balloon, why don’t we see how wiggly you get when I—”

There was a scratch at one of the cabin windows, as if a small rock had struck it.

“What was that?” Dante asked between creaks.

“I’m not sure,” Kevin said as he moved to the window. “But it better not be one of the guys fucking with us.” He nudged aside the curtain with two fingers and peeked out. Nothing. Then the knob to the cabin door rattled loudly as someone tried to open it.

The sound startled and wobbled Dante, who again tried in vain to look over his bloated shoulder.

“It *is* those fuckers,” Kevin growled. “Sit tight, blimp. I’m gonna go chew them out. Maybe I’ll even drag one of them in here and add another balloon to the bundle.” Nothing would ease his fury at being interrupted than blimping an idiot against their will. And if he was still pissed off after that, he might leave them fully inflated until morning. He stormed to the door in such a fury that he banged his knee on the desk as he passed. With a curse and a flick of the lock, he threw the door open and stomped outside.

“Quit it, you fucks!” Kevin hoped his shout didn’t go further than the cabins and nearby woods. If only one of the guys was messing around, he didn’t want to draw in the whole group. After a quick look around turned up no one, he hurried to the side of the cabin with the window that’d been struck. It remained clear, and so did the back of the cabin. He quickly jogged a loop around the rest of the cabins to catch his unseen target off-guard but came up empty-handed. Whoever had decided to screw with him must have dipped into the woods. It wasn’t as if any of the guys could outrun him, not even Cody.

“Fuck,” Kevin whispered. Whatever. He wouldn’t let the guys ruin his fun. The second one of them outed themselves as the perpetrator, he’d bury them in extra party prep work.

Kevin clenched and opened his fists over and over to calm himself down as he returned to the cabin and the balloon he was more eager than ever to tease into oblivion. When he opened the door, a familiar whirring sound stopped him cold.

The air pump was running, and Dante was swelling unattended. Dimples marked where the bloated bull’s hooves had sunk completely into his body. He wobbled from side to side on the bulging curve of his spherical frame, on the verge of rolling over. His snout and the tips of his horns were barely visible while the rest of his head had sunk in. Dazed moos droned from Dante’s mouth, and tremendous, ominous creaks rang out.

Dante had ballooned to a size Kevin had fantasized about but never seen. The nearly spherical bull of his dreams rocked precariously before him, a perilous fantasy that could turn into a nightmare in a flash and a bang.

Kevin launched himself at the pump and slammed down hard enough on the off switch to sting his thumb. The whirring ceased, but Dante continued to moan and creak, trapped in a pressure daze on the edge of bursting apart.

Kevin was shaking. He knew he’d turned the pump off. While the pump wasn’t deafening on low, it wasn’t an easy noise to ignore. Mind racing for an answer, he remembered how he’d bumped the desk on the way out. Maybe the bump had somehow turned the pump back on. It’d been a fucking fluke. And if he’d wasted even a minute or two longer investigating outside, Dante might have passed his limits and blown apart.

The thought made Kevin’s legs feel like jelly, and he braced himself on the desk. Popping Dante would’ve ruined him in so many ways. His friend would be gone, and the blame would fall solely on him for his carelessness. Police would get involved. Possible expulsion from college would be one of the best-case scenarios. Ending up behind bars would be one of the worst. He would’ve needed to cover the accident up.

“Get a grip,” Kevin told himself in a hoarse whisper. “Everything’s fine; just gotta deflate him.”

Kevin turned a knob on the air pump that switched its mode from inflate to deflate. He checked the knob twice to ensure it couldn’t possibly still be on inflate, then flipped the pump on. The whirr returned, but this time it was sucking air through the hose. Dante’s taut body slowly shrunk. His hooves pushed free of the dimples, and his head rose to the surface. Kevin waited until Dante looked as round as when he’d left him, then turned the pump off. He

snuck up on Dante as the bull sluggishly recovered his senses and pulled the hose out. There'd be no more accidents today.

"What...what happened?" Dante mumbled. He looked like he'd just woken from a bad bender with a hangover.

Kevin suppressed his pounding heart and put on a smug, reassuring smile before walking into Dante's field of view. "I've never seen you tumble into a pressure daze that early before. I gave you a couple extra pumps on the way out and came back to you mooing." A daze scrambled a balloon's brain, making them exceptionally susceptible to lies. Dante didn't need to know how close he'd come to bursting.

"That felt like more than a couple," Dante squeaked. His mouth twisted into a goofy, embarrassed grin that pinched his puffy cheeks.

Kevin clicked his tongue and shook his head. "We need to work on your pressure resistance if that's all it takes to make you loopy, dude. I've heard a surefire way to improve it is to remain inflated for long periods of time. Sounds pretty easy to me. And hey, since you've got nothing else to do until tomorrow, why not stay a bulloon till then?"

Dante's eyes widened. "N-No way. I can't spend a whole day inflated!" He tumbled over his words, blurting them out so fast they didn't sound the least bit genuine.

"How exactly do you plan on getting out of this new, exciting training program I'm suggesting?" Kevin asked. "You're rather helpless right now."

Kevin proved his point by placing his palms on Dante's middle and carefully rolling the bull onto his back. Dante wiggled his hooves in protest, but wobbling in place didn't deter his mischievous friend.

"So, balloon, how are you going to deflate?" Kevin loomed over his bloated buddy, one hoof idly tapping Dante's taut side. Faint thunks and creaks echoed out.

"By asking you to deflate me, like always. That's how our arrangement works." Dante rocked back and forth, playfully confirming he had no way of getting up on his own.

"And what if I've changed my mind? What if I think you should stay round for as long as I will it? What if I want you to be a balloon forever?"

Dante let out a giggling squeak, flustered wordless by the teasing.

The panic of the nearly catastrophic accident with the air pump had subsided. Kevin returned to thinking only of how handsome Dante looked and how he was in total control of the situation. He spun the bull around, relishing Dante's squirms, moans, and insincere protests. Dante was his balloon to inflate and tease as he wished, a balloon who'd never turn down a chance to swell. And all because he accepted Kevin deserved power over him.

Kevin leaned against Dante with his elbows, taking in the creaks of latex and hide. He had a feeling it was going to be the best night of his life.