

Balloon Fight by Holo

The dragon and the tigress faced one another, sneering as they each retrieved a hand-operated air pump from the floor. The dragon, Holo, pinched the end of the rubber hose that attached to the pump and put it in his mouth, biting down on it to keep it in place. The white tiger, Catherine, took a different approach and slipped the hose into the back of her pants, and pushed it up into her rear.

"Ready to lose?" Holo growled through the corner of his mouth, not letting the hose drop out.

"Hardly, big guy," Catherine replied with a teasing lilt as she eyed the dragon's yellow stomach. "I'll count us down. Three. Two. One. Go!" Catherine and Holo both pushed down on the plungers of their pumps, and a rush of cool air pushed into their stomachs. They both stifled a groan, and their cheeks lit up with a subtle blush. After the initial rush wore off, the two of them locked their gazes and began to work their pumps with fervor. Holo's cheeks puffed up, and his neck bulged with the air that was flowing into his stomach. Catherine wiggled her hips, getting comfortable as air bubbled up through her guts and into her stomach.

The two of them were professionals, having several years of stomach-bloating experience each. Holo gulped down the air that he pumped into his mouth with ease, and Catherine had no problems with the air flowing up and into her stomach. Their middles rounded out and bumped against one another, looking like a yellow and white beachball were being pressed together. Holo's leathery scales felt cold against Catherine's stomach, and her fur-covered belly was warm to Holo.

Holo pushed against the white tigress, bumping her away. "Ready to throw in the towel yet?"

"You wish, small fry!" she replied as she stepped forward and shoved at him in return, making him stumble back. Holo grunted and shifted his grip on his hand pump to pick up the pace, tucking it under an arm and working the plunger with the other hand. His yellow middle stretched past his sides and began to puff up his chest as well. Catherine was having the same problem. Her breasts were beginning to take on some of the air from her stomach, and her shirt and bra began to tighten around her bust. She held back a moan, enjoying the feeling. Her tail wrapped around her legs to keep herself restrained.

Holo averted his gaze, not wanting her to catch on that he was staring at her ballooning body. Despite the competition, Holo couldn't help but want to appreciate a properly bloated body such as hers. Her shirt slid up her stomach as he watched, revealing more of her stomach and the black stripes that were stretching and distorting across its rounding surface. Finally fed up with the restraint, she paused her puffing to pull off her shirt and undo her tightened bra. Holo took this as an opportunity to get an edge on her, but he slowed as he started paying more attention to her undressing than to keeping his own air flowing.

Catherine, finally free of the tight clothing she had started with, picked up her pump once more and made good time in catching up to and passing up the now flustered dragon. Her stomach was too big for her to reach around anymore, and her bust had perked up into two near-perfect spheres that pushed up at her chin. She eyed Holo and licked over her fangs at

him, flashing him all manner of sultry and flirtatious glances to fluster him. She hardly had to fake them. The feeling of all that warm air filling in under her skin and stretching her furry hide made her blissful, euphoric.

Holo faltered with his pumping as a result of her teasing, his hands slipping off the pump and missing beats. It took effort for him to pull his eyes away from her and get back into a steady rhythm, but she was already ahead of him in size. They were forced further apart by the increasing girth of their stomachs, backing up to either side of the room until their back pressed against the walls. Holo was panting through his nose, and his scales were starting to creak from the pressure. Catherine had kept her lead, but was similarly suffering from the amount of pressure than had built up in her body. They were running out of space both in their stomachs, and in the room they were in. Holo's stomach had pushed up against his face, and Catherine found her breasts threatening to swallow her snout between them

"Ghhgg... Damnit, I give." Holo pulled the hose from his jaws with a sigh of defeat, followed by a good-natured chuckle. "I'm impressed though! For reals!" he said with a grin that betrayed the strained creaks coming from his stomach scales.

Catherine gave a few more pumps for good measure before accepting her victory. "Told you I'd beat you this time!"

"Yeah well, you were really distracting," Holo pointed out.

"Oh, I know. You could hardly keep your eyes off me! Glad you liked the show enough to let me win," Catherine said with a giggle that made her ballooned body bounce against Holo. The dragon groaned from the vibrations over his strained scales.

"Let you win? Pfftt, maybe," Holo dismissed. "I definitely want a rematch sometime though. What do you think?"

"I'm up for it, as long as we get a bigger place to do it in! This room barely contained us," Catherine said as she knocked on the wall she was pressed against.

"Yeah, good idea. Alright then, we've got ourselves a rematch!" Holo slumped back against the wall as he finished speaking, trying to take some of the pressure off his sides. Catherine took to lovingly rubbing over her stretched out fur, and tracing her fingers over his now wide black stripes. She looked forward to seeing what the dragon had planned for their next challenge.