

Shark on a String
By Angelus

The Washington State fair had been a mixed bag for Darko and Holo. Darko was having a great time on the rides, and the shark's long green hair whipped in the wind on every roller coaster. Holo was enjoying the food, with the big dragon able to eat an amount of fair food that would kill a mortal, but unfortunately the ten foot tall dragon was too big for most of the attractions. He sighed and grumbled to himself as he sat on a bench that could barely hold his weight, and Darko returned with a bundle of balloons.

"Hey, sorry that this isn't... quite working out!" Darko said as he handed the dozen or so helium balloons to Holo. Holo grabbed them, but they looked much smaller in his grasp. "I know you like balloons, hopefully this cheers you up?"

"They're kinda... small," Holo grumbled.

"Ah, I know... You're uh, pretty big you know!" Darko said, sounding nervous.

Holo stood up, grabbed one of the balloons and put it in his mouth. He bit it, causing it to pop in his mouth. "I'm aware."

"Uh. R-right!" Darko watched as Holo ate the balloons like they were grapes. They made muffled pops as they burst inside his mouth, and Darko could see his throat bulge as he swallowed the scraps and gas. "Is there anything else I can do for you?" Darko tried.

"Actually, yeah." Holo finished off the balloon bunch, and his abdomen looked swollen. "I want a bigger balloon." He started to weave the fallen strings of the balloons he ate together, making a thicker cord out of them.

"I don't think they have anything bigger..." Darko replied.

"I know." Holo grabbed Darko's waist with his metal hand, and his grip clamped down and lifted the shark off the floor.

"Ow, hey!" Darko braced his hands against Holo's fingers and tried to pry Holo's hand open. His thick tail lashed behind him and his legs kicked as he was lifted up to eye level with the big dragon. "Let go, what are you doing?"

Holo didn't reply, but he cracked a small grin and gave that shark a kiss. Darko tried to pull back, but Holo just pressed him closer. Holo's big muzzle slurped up Darko's covering the shark's mouth and snout. It was a sloppy kiss, if it could even be called that, and Darko beat on the top of Holo's scaled snout to try and get the brute to let go.

Holo did not let go. He breathed in deep through his nostrils, so deep that his chest swelled and his belly let out a *creeaakkk* as his scales were pushed apart. Darko's ears flicked at the ominous creaking, and he shifted his grip and used all four limbs to try and push away from Holo's face in a desperate last attempt to get free.

It was useless. As Holo held Darko in that smooch, he released a helium-heavy *hhuuuuufffff!* into the shark. The pressure rushed in through Darko's mouth and nose. His cheeks and throat bulged out from the force of the gas which settled into his stomach, rounding his belly like a balloon. Holo shifted his grip to Darko's ankle as the shark's middle swelled too big to get a good grip on. Darko's shirt rode up to his chest, and the button on his jeans popped from the advance of his gut.

Holo's breath didn't relent, as he huffed into the shark with mechanical force. His first breath went on and on, making Darko's exposed stomach creak with the speed of the expansion. A crowd was gathering to watch, recording video and taking photos of what they assumed to be just another fair attraction. Darko's arms and legs started to thicken with air, growing fat and puffy with helium. His tail grew rigid, and his slender ears swelled. Finally, he ran out of breath, and he pulled his mouth off of Darko's, making sure to keep Darko held down so he didn't float away.

"H...Holo..." Darko squeaked, his voice squeaking from all the helium in his body. "S-stop...! Full!" he groaned, struggling to speak past puffy cheeks and tongue. His vision was swimming and blurry, and it was hard to form a sentence.

"I think you can take more, handsome~" Holo licked over his teeth and gave Darko's puffy snout another kiss, and then a second, powerful huff of air. Darko creaked, expanding against against his wishes. His jeans tore off from around his legs as his thighs and calves grew too massive to contain. His top shredded, releasing his ballooned chest. His butt wobbled as his cheeks spread and expanded, sucking in his thick tail. A hiss of air grew in volume, and there was a sudden *pwop! Pwop, ping!* Darko's little toes and fingers puffed up into balloonny nubs one by one as air overwhelmed his body and invaded his extremities. *Pwompf!* His ears lost shape, becoming spheres that could no longer hear. His eyes bulged, and his cheeks swelled as much of his muzzle as they could.

His body was overtaking his limbs, they were sinking into that stretching shark hide as it became rubbery and shiny, more so than it was before. Darko was losing his shape, and his muffled protesting weakened with every expansive inch.

Holo stopped to catch his breath again. "Phew, you're stretchy! How about it, one more?" His question was met with a creak from that stretched hide. "Aw, glad you're excited!" Holo licked over his muzzle, and lifted Darko to his lips one last time. This last breath was more than Darko's body could resist. His shape gave up, limbs getting sucked into his body as it stretched beyond them, leaving them stretched designs on his sides. His face ballooned with a *grroooooaann* until his bloated, misshapen features were stretched into a big grin plastered on the side of a balloon. Tail, rump, fingers, toes, not an inch was spared, and Holo huffed until Darko was a perfect, total sphere, stretched to an impressive six feet across.

Holo admired his work. This balloon was looking great! It was smooth and shiny, all tan with wiiide brown stripes and face stretched into a huge grin with big, bright eyes. The shark was stretched to a diameter a few inches bigger than his former height, but this still left him smaller than Holo. The dragon was almost going to call it a day on his work, but the crowd that had gathered looked at him expectantly, like they wanted a finale. Holo looked between the crowd and the Darko balloon he was holding down with both arms.

"Hmm... Ya'll wanna see how big this thing can get, yeah?" He turned Darko around as the crowd cheered him on, so that they could get good photos of his face. The flashes of many cameras reflected off his gleaming hide. He waited a minute for them to get their pictures, before turning Darko back around and looking into his eyes. "Hear that? The crowd wants more~"

Darko was in no shape to protest.

Holo pressed his muzzle to the balloon's face, and gave it another tremendous puff of helium-charged air. Darko stretched with a drawn out groan that rose in volume until it competed with the cheering of the crowd that was watching him. Darko's skin was forced to stretch; the pressure in Holo's lungs exceeding the pressure rising in the shark. Inch by inch he expanded, that already taut sharkball being pushed to the limit. His thin hide started to turn translucent, as it spread thin enough for light to pass through it. Darko's diameter rose and rose, passing Holo's height, until he cast a shark-tinted shadow over the big dragon with his even bigger, transparent form. He was less than a balloon now, more of a bubble, with a thin skin looking ready to pop if the breeze picked up.

Finally, Holo was breathless again, and the crowd seemed satisfied with the show. Darko was a trumbling, rumbling bubble, big as a fair food kiosk and bigger than the dragon that had made him like that. Holo pinched Darko's mouth shut, and tied it into a knot like the mouth of a balloon. He used the earlier cord he had woven to tie the shark globe to his wrist so that Darko wouldn't fly away. The crowd clapped, impressed at Holo's display of lung strength and balloon animal making! The grinning, shark-print balloon bobbed silently, aside from the occasional creaks of its stretched surface. Holo smiled at last, finally enjoying the fair.