

Dairy Dirigible
By Angelus

It was love at first sight when Adam glimpsed the new girl. She had the coat of an Australian Shepherd, but the hooves, horns, and udder of a milk cow, with a rack to match. He couldn't help himself, he HAD to greet her in the best way he knew how. He dashed over to her, tapping her on the shoulder from behind. She turned and gave him a curious look, sizing up the taller anteater. Adam spoke before she had a chance. "Hey, nice to meet you, you're friends with Holo and Angelus aren't you?"

"Yeah, I'm Marigold! You must be Adam? Not a lot of anteaters-mrrpphh??" She was cut off as Adam shoved a rubber hose into her mouth that loosed a rush of helium into her. Before she could react, her cheeks had puffed up bigger than her own head and were squeezing her muzzle and the hose, keeping her from pulling it out.

Adam had the valve on the canister open to full blast, filling Marigold with gas. Her stomach started to take on a lot of the air, and her breasts became perky and taut as they too ballooned. Adam had more planned for the cattledog though, as one tank simply wasn't enough to show how fond of her he really was. He grabbed armfuls of canisters from his truck and stuffed hoses into her mouth one after another, getting up to ten, then twenty canisters of helium all blowing at full blast!

Marigold stretched helplessly, her body blowing up as big as a house, her expansion getting faster as Adam hooked up more tanks. In no time, she was blown up as big as a blimp! Her skin *crreaaaked* as it was made to stretch at an alarming pace. Her cheeks, stomach, and boobs were getting so full they were starting to merge. The swell of her torso moved up her neck, meeting the pressure bubbles in her cheeks and head. Her bloating neck pulled her face, stretching it wider and dragging it flat. The pressure rose into her extremities, bulging out her ears, muzzle, and even her nose!

Thirty canisters, forty! Her limbs had been stretched into shallow domes across her body with tiny balloon nubs for fingers and hooves. Just under the ballooned dome of her tail and between the useless blimps of her legs, her udder was expanded into a particularly large dome with her teats stretched into low hills over that pale pink blimp. Fifty canisters, sixty, Adam was tireless! "Wow, most first-timers can't get nearly this big! I'm impressed, Mari-go-Round!" Adam said with a loud laugh to himself.

The helium filling her head started to cloud her mind. All she could feel was her body expanding in all directions, painfully so, as she expanded faster and larger than she could remember. Her flesh was dangerously extended, pulling taut at all corners as helium flooded every inch of her that it could reach.

Marigold started to float, held down only by the weight of the metal canisters hanging from her mouth. Her gas-bloated form loomed over the neighborhood, casting a shadow over a dozen or more houses as she slowly began to float up. Seventy! Eighty! Marigold was struggling to keep it together! Her hide creaked louder and louder, and began to stretch translucent, letting a bit of sunlight shine down on the neighborhood she was looming over.

"Aw don't have a cow, cow, we're almost done!" Adam said as he stroked her taut, swollen cheek before cramming yet another hose into her. He was closing in on one hundred,

and Marigold was threatening to drift out of his reach. He hurried to put in the last few. Ninety eight, ninety nine... one hundred! He got the last one into her just before all the helium in her body dragged her out of reach. Her translucent form floated up on the wind, her diameter exceeding that of several city blocks. Adam waved goodbye and watched her go, her body still growing, creaking swelling!

Her form stretched beyond recognition. Her face was bloated into a collection of odd balloons all competing for her limited face real estate. Her eyes were pressed against improbably swollen ears that had lost their shape, and her cheeks were smashing the whole ensemble together into something that looked more like a picasso painting. Her increasing transparency only complicated matters, as she blew up until her body was thin as a bubble, and basically invisible to anyone that wasn't looking for the town-sized dairy dirigible that took up the sky.

Unfortunately, one hundred helium canisters was more abuse than Marigold's blimpy body could take. There was a long, creaking groan like a glacier cracking apart, followed by a sound like a city-sized bomb going off as she blew apart, releasing a rush of wind so intense that it blew the clouds away and caved in a few of the rooftops directly below her. Adam was knocked on his ass by the pressure, but a dumb grin spread across his face as he heard a hundred helium canisters clatter to the ground not too far away. He didn't expect Marigold would take so much air, and he couldn't wait to see her again.