

Party Balloons by Angelus

The music at the convention dance was pounding, deafening the crowd and drowning out their cheering as everyone threw up their hands and stomped their feet. Ceejay was no exception as he reveled in the feeling of the bass pounding through his body, pumping his arms and shuffling his feet across the floor as bodies bumped and crashed into each other into an excited fervor. His vulpine tail wagged to the furious bpm as the fox worked up a sweat that slicked his fur and tank top.

Boom, thoom, boom. Music pounded as colorful lights strobed through the darkness. Ceejay swung his hips and they bounced against something metallic, throwing off his rhythm as he winced and looked around. A large dragon with a robotic arm glanced down at him, and Ceejay sneered up and flipped him off, knowing that slinging insults would be useless through the din. The dragon snorted a cloud of steam, but moved through the crowd away from the fox, leaving him free to resume dancing.

As he jammed to the beat, the shine of his sweaty fur under the lights became smooth and rubbery. His fur flattened against his body and lost its softness, starting to squeak as rubber rubbed against itself. Ceejay could feel his arms burning, getting lighter, almost numb, but he ignored it. Of course his limbs were tired, he'd been dancing his heart out for an hour or more! The lightness spreading from his fingertips, down his arms and into his body was just the feeling of surpassing his exhaustion threshold. He could go a little longer, he was sure of it.

Feeling lighter on his feet certainly helped. His moves bounced off the dance floor with a lightness and grace he'd never managed before. A wide grin crossed his muzzle, delighted with how it felt like his moves and endurance were improving!

The smile stuck.

He couldn't move his mouth. The corners of it were stuck in a grin, and his lips were parted, showing off teeth that wouldn't part. He reached up and grabbed at his face, feeling the *squirk* of rubber on rubber as his puffy hands rubbed along his frozen, inanimate visage. He flailed in a panic, unable to even feel his heartbeat spike in his totally air-filled body. He tried to rush through the crowd and leave the dance floor, but his body lacked any mass, and he bounced off the wall of bodies and was carried above the crowd like he was crowd surfing.

People started to bat his body around, pushing him toward the ceiling and letting him drift down. It was an almost automatic response to balloons descending on a crowded dance floor. Every time someone's hand slapped against his body, more air welled up inside of him, puffing him up. His stomach and chest grew rounder, and his legs and arms thickened. His hands were soon a big collection of bloated sausaged, and his paws were splitting his sneakers. His tank top groaned around his swelling middle and his shorts slipped down his expanding waist.

Just when he thought his situation was at the worst, he felt his hand pop off at the wrist. It floated away as a vaguely hand-shaped but totally overblown cobalt-blue balloon, and it was soon bounced out of sight by the crowd. Ceejay was helpless to even react. His eyes were locked in place, unable to see what was happening to him as his other hand popped off and drifted away.

His sneakers stretched to bursting, and as the scraps of rubber and fabric rained on the oblivious crowd, both of his puffy paws also detached, leaving Ceejay with just his stubby, puffed up limbs.

Pwffff... He heard a faint sound of hissing air just before he felt his head begin to swell. His grinning features stretched across his inflating head into an almost perfect sphere, spreading his vision to the sides and blurring it as his eyes were stretched and misshapen. The separation was so painless that he almost didn't realize it had happened until his head was getting bounced around the dance floor, but it had separated from his body.

As he was tossed around by an uncaring crowd, his body continued to bloat, swelling into an orange and white globe. His stretched tank top slipped off of his spherical body once his limbs were no longer holding it on, and it fell to the dance floor where it was quickly stomped into a wrinkled mess of dirty fabric. He caught glimpses of his limbs and tail detaching into individual balloons, until he was a barely-recognizable collection of rubbery balloons being tossed around the floor.

He bounced around for several minutes, but soon the crowd grew bored of the balloons and let them drift to the ground, mingling with the crowd on the floor.

BANG!

Though it wasn't connected to him anymore, Ceejay felt someone step on his tail causing it to pop loud enough to be heard over the music.

POW!

His hands were blown out by someone's dance move as their feet slammed into his puffy paws and burst them against the dance floor.

BOOM! POP!

One by one Ceejay felt his body parts burst into scraps, until only his head remained. Feet slammed dangerously close to it, knocking it around, threatening to obliterate him any moment. His yellow eyes would have been wide in horror, but he was forced to keep that gleeful smile, even inches from a sudden and unceremonious demise.

Then, he felt a hand grab the back of his head and lift him above the crowd. He felt a moment of relief, until he was turned around to face the dragon he had flipped off earlier. The dragon's metal grip shifted to the side of Ceejay's ballooned head, and he pressed it between both hands, grinning wickedly. Ceejay would have given anything to be able to plead for mercy.

Those metal hands came together with the force of a piledriver, and Ceejay's head was reduced to rubber scrap stuck between the dragon's fingers. He snickered to himself and let the rubber slough to the floor to be trampled upon all night, and be tossed in the garbage in the morning.