

Blimp Cage Match

By: IndigoRho

Raucous cheers filled the Trojan Arena at Columbia State University, all eyes on a snow leopard pacing within a caged ring in the middle. Vel, the reigning heavyweight champion of Columbia Championship Wrestling, grinned widely as he basked in the support of the crowd.

At the ringside commentary table sat a ram and a gray wolf, both in suits.

“Alright, I'd like to welcome everyone back for our main event of the night!” the ram said. “As always, I'm Graham West and this is my partner Conor Lamb.”

“Aka the only sensible one here!” Conor added.

Graham ignored the comment as the booming voice of the ring announcer came over the sound system. “And his opponent, weighing in at three hundred and fifty pounds and being accompanied by Nathan, he is one-half of the Tag-Team Champions—Noah!”

Twin arctic foxes—one in a blue singlet and the other green—appeared at the entrance ramp. The boos were almost immediate, though the twins seemed to revel in them. They gave each other a jumping belly-bump to show off their heft.

“Just a reminder that this cage match is a singles event, yet Nathan is once again following his brother to the ring,” Graham said.

“Why is that such a surprise to you, Graham?” Conor replied. “He's here for support, plain and simple. That's why the Avalanche Bros are the best tag-team in the CCW today!”

“I'd say their love of cheating and fighting dirty plays a bigger role in that. Every time Vel has tried to wrestle one of them the other has interfered, that's why there's a cage involved tonight.”

Conor scoffed. “You'd be singing a whole nother tune if you'd ever been in the ring yourself, Woolie! In my day the Champ never whined about a little extra competition!”

Noah—in the blue—gave his brother a wide grin before entering the cage through its only door, a zebra ref closing it behind him. Nathan stalked around the cage's perimeter, as if to give Vel the feeling of being surrounded. Vel gave the fox outside barely a glance; instead he focused on Noah.

Once both competitors were inside the ring the ref called for the bell, and the match officially began. The crowd roared as Vel dodged Noah's initial attempt to barrel right into him. He responded with some fast strikes that seemed more like a taunt to his heftier opponent.

“Vel once again using speed to his advantage,” Graham said. “Noah has consistently had trouble keeping up with him in the past, so there's a real danger of him being worn down to the point of being unable to prevent Vel from escaping.”

“He can run circles around Noah all he wants, but all it'll take is a single Avalanche Slam to take Vel out of the match completely!” Conor insisted. “Hell, Noah could just knock out a wall and stroll out of the cage to victory right now if he wanted to!”

The snow leopard and arctic fox continued to trade light blows, neither managing to truly gain the upper hand. Amidst thunderous chants Vel slowly started to gain momentum, wearing down his larger opponent with a series of tosses and sweeps. Eventually Vel was able to slip past Noah's weakened defenses and deliver a powerful suplex. The fox spasmed as he struck the mat before going still.

Struggling back up, Vel stumbled towards the closest cage wall and began to climb.

“With Noah wiped out Vel may have a clear shot to victory!” Graham shouted.

“That suplex clearly took a toll on Vel as well, don't count Noah out just yet!”

Vel was halfway up the cage, the audience ecstatic over his presumed victory. Then Nathan went into action. The fox gripped the cage with both paws and smiled up at Vel before giving it a solid shake. Vel's grip loosened little-by-little, until finally he fell back down to the ring, writhing.

“And of course he finds a way to interfere, even with the cage to keep him out! He needs to be sent to the back by the refs!” Graham protested.

"Nathan didn't do anything against the rules, he's got as much right to be out here as you or me. Or at least me," Conor sneered. "If anything you should be blaming Vel for not having a friend as loyal as Nathan!"

As the commentator's argued over the presence of Nathan the fox lifted the ring skirt and began digging around beneath the ring. Soon he was dragging a long, cylindrical tank out and grinning. His brother was starting to recover in the ring while Vel remained grounded.

"Is that...is that an air tank?" Graham asked. "There's no good reason for that to be under there!"

"What, are you going to accuse the ring crew of being dishonorable now, too? I'm sure it has a perfectly legitimate use!"

Once Noah was standing and aware again Nathan got his attention holding up the air tank for his brother to see. For a second Noah seemed confused, but then he let out a bellowing laugh and gave a thumbs up. Nathan took a few steps back and hurled the tank over the cage wall and into the ring. The tank bounced with a loud *clang*, rolling right up to Noah.

"Time to make you a *real* big shot!" Noah shouted over the crowd.

The fox dragged his newly acquired air tank over to Vel, who was back up but somewhat dazed.

"I can't believe this, is he actually planning to inflate the Champion!" Conor shook his head.

"A perfectly legitimate strategy! A blimp certainly can't squeeze through the cage door climb the walls." Conor gave his partner a hard nudge with an elbow. "And if you're gonna complain about *that* too then I'm sure I can grab a spare tank and show you that a blimp can't commentate either!"

Noah grabbed Vel by the back of the head and tried shoving the air tank's nozzle into the snow leopard's mouth, but Vel had recovered just enough to struggle, resisting with all his might. The audience booed whenever Vel's mouth neared the nozzle and cheered whenever he pulled away. Noah seemed guaranteed to overpower his opponent until a series of knees to gut stunned him.

Free of the fox's hold, Vel wasted little time counter attacking. He grabbed the air tank from Noah and succeeded in forcing it not only into Noah's open maw but right down his throat. Noah's eyes bulged in surprise as the tank entered his gullet, the fox swallowing on instinct. He fell hard on his butt to the mat, arms flailing. Vel continued to push down on the tank until it'd vanished entirely from sight.

Noah gasped and coughed as the tank fell into his gut, glaring up at Vel in fury. Only then did he realize Vel's gaze was on his middle. Vel had turned on the air tank before feeding it to Noah, and the arctic fox's belly had already ballooned considerably. Noah frantically rocked back and forth as his swelling gut thwarted his attempts to stand. His singlet stretched along with his hide, which was far tauter than usual thanks to the influx of air.

Noah's wobbling grew more and more futile as the seconds passed. As his belly hissed and creaked Vel circled him, prodding and poking that blimping fox with obvious glee. Outside the cage Nathan looked horrified that the plan had backfired, pacing erratically and holding his head.

Now it was Conor's turn to act outraged. "This is ridiculous, you can't force-feed your opponent an air tank! Who knows how much air is in there, what if he pops!"

"I seem to remember you winning more than a few matches by turning your opponents into confetti," Graham replied with a smug grin. "If Noah didn't want to explode than he shouldn't have taken the air tank from his brother in the first place."

"This is completely different! Noah came out for a good, wholesome match and now he's turning into a damn balloon. He's the Tag-Team Champion damn it!" Conor pounded a fist onto the table, sending his notes flying. "The match should be put on hold until he's been safely deflated."

Back in the ring, Vel had escalated his teasing. He was rolling the still inflating Noah from one end of the ring to the other, mocking all the while to the audience's amusement. He even bounced the fox a bit until Noah had grown too large.

Soon Noah was wider than he was tall, his expansion continuing unabated. His belly had become an enormous sphere dominating most of his body, limbs puffed up just enough to be useless. He looked like he could have been an inflatable advertisement for a store.

Eventually Nathan pulled himself together and hurried towards the cage door. The two referees guarding it made a brief effort to block Nathan from entering, but the fox was easily able to toss them both aside and force his way in. Vel was waiting for him, though.

“Nathan *still* doing whatever it takes to screw Vel out of a fair fight,” Graham said. “He's failed thus far and hopefully will again!”

“I can't believe you're showing such obvious bias! If Vel can't handle the odds than so be it, the better wrestler would've won!” Conor nearly growled. “And Nathan's obviously just trying to save his brother the embarrassment of going boom in front of a spiteful audience!”

“I don't know, Noah's proving to have quite the capacity...”

While Vel and Nathan struggled, Noah was busy filling up half the ring. Despite the loud, rumbling creaks echoing out from his immense body Noah was still holding together—and the tank was still hissing away. Slowly but surely space was running out in the ring, though Vel and Nathan hadn't seemed to notice yet. Only when Nathan was bounced against his massive twin's body did the two stop fighting.

Vel and Nathan stepped back as Noah expanded into two sides of the cage, his bloated body blocking the door. With Nathan distracted Vel took the opportunity to shove the fox hard to the mat before scurrying up the cage. By the time Nathan recovered there was barely a foot in between him and his swelling brother, and his back was already to the cage wall. Nathan turned around to climb, but didn't even make an inch before being pressed right up against the cage, trapped and gradually pressed up against the steel. A look of embarrassed fury came upon his face as Noah accidentally sealed him in place.

“Looks like Nathan got exactly what he deserved—he's gonna have a chain-link pattern imprinted on his gut for days after this!” Graham laughed. “But Vel is in danger of meeting the same fate, and the Noah blimp is rapidly closing in on him!”

“Good! Maybe being flattened will ensure he doesn't treat his opponents like party balloons!” Conor snorted.

Vel looked up at the top of the cage and back at the fox inflating right towards him. With a nervous grin the snow leopard leaped onto Noah, bouncing a little on impact. He nearly slid all the way down his side before managing to grab a pawful of overstretched singlet. He climbed the air-filled mountain with haste, securing a safe spot at the peak, triumphant.

Noah's body was now pressing into all four sides of the cage, which began to creak even louder than he was. The steel walls shuddered and warped, chains rattling in protest. In the test between steel and fox, the surprise winner was fox. All at once the four sides of the cage collapsed, falling over and prompting a chorus of gasps from the stunned crowd. Noah was still stuck in the ring, just barely kept in place by the ropes and turnbuckles. The hissing finally ceased.

A deafening cheer arose and Vel posed on top of his blimp of an opponent. He slid down Noah's rounded side and landed on a fallen cage wall, casually strolling right passed the downed Nathan before stepping foot on the outside mat. Victory was officially his.

“What an absolutely amazing way to end a cage match!” Graham shouted. “Not only did Vel overcome the odds, but he managed to break out of the cage by using his opponent like a massive wrecking ball! This is definitely gonna be a match to remember.”

Conor wrapped an arm around the ram's shoulder and pulled him in close. “And don't forget to join me for the post-show, where my good friend Graham here will provide a play-by-play recap of the action.”

The wolf revealed an air tank hidden under the commentary table, causing Graham to bleat nervously.

“T-thank you for watching Columbia Championship Wrestling, h-have a goodnight!”