

Dim lights hung overhead, casting the room in a pale, almost romantic glow. A plethora of Pokemon wandered about the banquet hall. Talking, eating, playing cards. Everyone appeared to be having a grand time. At the back of the room stood a large stage covered by a long, red curtain. A podium stood off to the side, in front of the drawn curtain. This banquet hall was frequently used for classical performances and shows; tonight's event was slightly different.

"May I please have your attention?" Sylveon stood at the podium. The pink Pokemon was dressed in a fancy violet outfit, adorned with gold flowers, frills, and matching violet hat. "Thank you all for coming out to our annual fundraiser for the Society of Artistic Innovation. With your assistance, we intend to sponsor numerous art installations showcasing the works of up and coming artists. And to showcase those you'll be supporting, please take a look at this!" Sylveon signaled to two Pokemon waiting in the wings. They pulled some ropes, drawing the curtain open.

Behind said curtain was a large mural; A collaboration between numerous talented members of the S.A.I. It was a beautiful rendition of a cityscape beneath the moonlight. And if one looked hard enough, they could see the signatures of all the young artists who contributed to the final piece. The room filled with cheers and applause. Those who worked on the piece stood up at their tables and waved politely at the crowd.

"With your help, we hope to continue to sponsor works like these, showcasing the hard work of undiscovered artists." Sylveon reiterated. He motioned to a monitor near the podium. On it flashed a bar; a meter to count donations made to the group. Currently empty. The goal was 100,000 P; hopefully they could reach it tonight.

"And now, we'd like to take a moment to introduce to you our special guests and entertainment of the evening!" As he finished speaking, a heavy gust of wind blew past the stage. Two streaks, one blue and one red, dashed through the air. They stopped on a dime as a pair of spotlights shone down. "Latios and Latias!"

Latias gave a cute, graceful bow. Latios waved and flashed a charming, confident smile. Everyone in the audience clapped and cheered loudly; the two dragons were quite the popular celebrities. As were most Legendary Pokemon, but they were different. The brother and sister were frequent patrons of the arts, and both had pledged to match everything donated that night. They flew off the stage and into the crowd; giving handshakes, taking photos, answering questions, and the like. The pair were quite used to it by now and handled the attention with great confidence and poise.

"Attention everyone! Donations are now open!" Sylveon announced into the microphone. And immediately upon said announcement, the bar on screen filled a small chunk; 2,000 P

donated in an instant. Said donation was met by applause from the guests, save for two. While they were happy to be part of this charity, they felt something strange. A weird pressure mounting in their midsections.

“Sis, do you feel off?” Latios asked telepathically.

“Y-yeah. But I think it’s just us.” Latias responded. Despite being on complete opposite sides of the room, they communicated clearly. She turned to look at her dragon sibling, but there was something different. Latios seemed... bigger. Particularly around his belly. It looked a little rounder. Slightly puffy even. She looked down past her chest. It hadn’t been exactly small before, but there was definitely more there now. Neither dragon was sure what was happening, but they both agreed to brush it off for now. They were guests after all and didn’t want to cause a scene.

*DING!* Another large donation came in and the bar filled up to 10,000. Latios and Latias immediately felt the strange sensation again. Their blue and red bellies quickly began to bloat outwards once more. A pair of soft, round guts. Stretching. Creaking. Almost like balloons. And just as light as them too.

*Thump!* Latias winced as Mr. Mime accidentally walked into her swollen middle. “Oops! Pardon me!” He tipped his yellow hat and wandered off. But it was plainly obvious to the dragons and to the other party goers that something was different about the two. Their bellies had blown up quite a bit. Latias’s jutted out almost a foot and a half from her midsection, while Latios’s was a clean two feet round. Whispers began circulating. Eyes trained on the two. It was both shocking and a little embarrassing, but both Pokemon kept their cool and tried to keep up appearances. As soon as there was an opportunity, Latios and Latias dashed back to the stage. Sylveon was waiting there, tapping some numbers into a calculator and watching the monitor.

“Sylveon, what’s going on?” Latios questioned somewhat aggressively, pointing at his massive midsection. “Why are we blowing up like balloons?”

“Oh, you didn’t know? That’s what happens every year to our ‘special’ guests. The more that gets donated, the bigger they blow up! You should have seen Jirachi at our last event!” Sylveon laughed, much to their dismay. The bar continued to increase slowly as more donations came in. And as explained, their stomachs filled slowly in tandem.

“But, why?” Latias’s voice was rife with confusion. She gently rubbed her massive middle; as if to make sure it was real.

“What’s a party without balloons? And our guests love it every year. A good incentive to donate, wouldn’t you say?” Sylveon explained while watching the donation bar go up, as did the two dragons’ guts. “Think of how much you’ll help our program! And besides, can you really say you don’t like it?” The Lati’s were silent. They hadn’t really thought about it, but there was no denying it; blowing up like a balloon was rather enjoyable. Getting so big actually felt nice. “That’s what I thought. So go out there and have some fun, you amazing dragon blimps!”

The two slowly hovered away, the sound of the donation bar continually going up, as did their midsections. Each belly jutted outwards, the size of a beach ball. “Well, if it’s helping the program, so be it!” Latias said cheerfully. “Let’s be the best balloons we can!” Latios smiled at his sister. She was right; they had work to do. And if inflating like this would help, they just had to go along with it.

Latios and Latias flew back out onto the party floor. The other party guests cheered and clapped loudly, all taking great notice of their inflated bellies. Many guests ran up to the dragons, squishing and hugging the pair. It was a little embarrassing, but they didn’t mind the attention. Donations poured in even faster now that the guests could see their inflating figure in the flesh. “25,000 P” the bar read. Their bellies jutted out nearly four feet from their middles, requiring a lot of extra space.

As the bar continued to fill, they started to feel something new. More pressure, but not focused in their gut. Rather, they felt it everywhere. Latios was first to notice that his silver back was slowly beginning to push outwards. Similarly, his blue arms puffed slightly, making them stiffer and harder to move. Latias felt the same wave of pressure. Her back bloated outwards, making her body take on a much more rounded shape. Even their wings had begun blowing up. More donations and applause surrounded them; each dragon had taken on a nearly rounded shape. Exactly like a balloon. Latias was a giggly, round, red and white blimp, nearly six feet in diameter. Latios was quite a bit bigger, pushing nearly eight feet across. And there was no sign of stopping soon.

Multiple guests rubbed and squished the dragons, feeling their bodies grow and swell against them. With their wings swollen, the two Eon Pokemon couldn’t fly at all. But that was no problem. The rowdy crowd tossed the two blimps around. They were thrown and bounced overhead like a pair of beach balls at a concert. They more closely resembled decorations at this point; a pair of giant, pokemon-shaped party balloons. Latios blushed heavily; he wasn’t used to his movement being completely out of his own control. Latias, however, laughed cheerfully. It may have been strange to be swollen into a giant, round balloon, but there was something so enjoyable about it. She couldn’t help but find it fun; a delighted smile plastered her face. And despite his surprise, Latios didn’t hate it. It was odd, but there was a strange satisfaction to being so big. To swell up like a blimp and be the center of attention. Maybe it was just an ego trip?

Latios didn't know, nor did he care. All he knew at that point was that he wanted to be even bigger. To be the biggest Pokemon blimp the world had ever seen.

The festivities continued, as did the donations and swelling. The bar was at 50,000 P at this point; exactly halfway to its goal. Latios and Latias were more balloons than dragons at this point. Latias was almost nine feet round and completely at the will of the party guests. She started to feel extremely tight, like a single errant poke burst her like a disposable party balloon. And at this point, she didn't care. She looked like a balloon, she felt like a balloon; she was almost looking forward to popping like a balloon. The guests were having a blast; it wasn't every day they got to have fun with enormous, legendary ballooned Pokemon. Latias giggled as she was launched through the air once more. And right beneath her sat an Absol dressed in a pinstripe suit, complete with matching hat and gold chain around her horn. She seemed blissfully unaware that a gigantic, draconic orb was rapidly descending. She winced as Latias landed right on top of her head, directly on top of her scythe-shaped horn.

*POP!!!*

A thunderous echo filled the banquet hall. The raucous crowd grew still. Latios looked on in shock. Where his sister once floated now was a shower of red and white scraps, slowly fluttering towards the ground. Latias popped. Just like an overfilled, easily replaceable balloon decoration. After some more silence, the party goers cheered and applauded. They loved a good, big, Pokemon pop.

"Leave it to an Absol to ruin our fun..." A Shiftry near the explosion muttered. Absol gave him a sly smile and wink, then turned and walked away.

"Oh, um, that wasn't supposed to happen yet." Sylveon spoke into the microphone. "Not until the bar is filled anyway."

*"Wait, that's supposed to happen?"* Latios thought, still shaken by the sight of his sister blowing up into a pile of scraps. He didn't even hear the party guests all starting to make donations. When he finally snapped back to reality, Latios immediately noticed the donation bar. It was going up insanely fast. And much like that bar, he too was increasing in size. Bigger, rounder, softer. Nearly thirteen feet in diameter, he more closely resembled a weather balloon now than a Pokemon. The pressure inside his bloated body was really beginning to mount now, almost uncomfortably so.

*DING DING DING DING!* A loud bell rang out from the stage. Confetti rained down. Latios was barely able to turn his head to check, but out of the corner of his eye, he could see the reason for celebration. The donation bar was completely full. Sylveon said something to the

crowd, but he wasn't paying attention. All Latios could focus on was how big he was blowing up. And how tight his body felt. Nearly fifteen feet round now. Bigger than a blimp. His back pressed against the banquet hall's ceiling. With each passing second, he felt bigger and tighter. The tension, the pressure, the sheer size of his swollen form; it was an incredible feeling. A wave of euphoric pleasure. He knew what was coming. It was inevitable. And he welcomed it.

*BANG!!!*

Latios's body tore apart with an even louder explosion than his sister. Many of the party goers were knocked back by the force of the boom. Blue and white scraps fluttered through the air, mixing about with the tattered red and white scraps of Latias. A Blissey quickly darted around, gathering as many pieces of the popped Pokemon as she could. It would make their reformation much easier and faster. The party goers cheered, clapped, and whistled wildly. Such an enormous pokeblimp made for the perfect, powerful pop. It was the best part of the annual fundraiser.

"Let's get another round of applause for special guests tonight, folks!" Sylveon hammed it up on the microphone, grabbing some of the scraps off the stage. "And a huge thank you to everyone who donated! We'll be sure to keep everyone updated on the Society's upcoming projects and installations! And we hope everyone is looking forward to our next fundraiser!"