

Inflatable, Balloon vore, Bondage, Floating, Pokemon

A Kommo-o is selling balloons in the park, as an Alakazam approaches and asks for a very specific type of balloon. Less than happy with the lack of balloon variety, the Alakazam uses his powers to trap the Kommo-o in one of the balloons.

It was a beautiful sunny day in the viridian park, there was barely a cloud in the sky as a gentle breeze blew through the trees. The sunlight felt like a blanket of warmth over the Scales the Kommo-o as he pushed his balloon cart through the empty but peaceful park. Closing his eyes, he took a moment to breathe in the refreshing smell of the nearby maple tree leaves bristling in the gentle wind, a light blush spreading across his face as the sweet air blessed his lungs. Rolling up next to the maple tree, he put the brakes on his cart and began unfolding it into a stand. Opening the lid of his cart, he pulled out several balloons of different colors and began inflating them one by one, and tying them to the handle. After 5 minutes and at least a dozen fully inflated balloons, his balloon stand was finally open for business.

Catching his breath, he took a moment to appreciate just how clear the sky looked, even lifting his arms up to feel the gentle breeze over his scales some more. The Kommo-o wished he had wings so he could sail across the sky and drift with the breeze, if just to fully appreciate how beautiful the park looked on such a sunny day. Then, he looked over and saw an Alakazam approaching him, snapping out of his daydream, the Kommo-o put on a wide welcoming smile as he proudly leaned on the handle of his balloon stand. "Pardon me my fine telekinetic patron! Could I interest you in a balloon?" he called out eccentrically. The Alakazam, his stoic expression unchanged approached the stand, looking up and examining the balloons on display. "I have balloons of every color! A plentiful bouquet you could say. just two berries a piece!" the Kommo-o boasted with a wide grin.

The Alakazam didn't even react, simply ignoring the eccentric Kommo-o as he continued staring at the balloons. The Kommo-o didn't mind however, waiting patiently as the Alakazam made his decision. After nearly half a minute of staring at the balloons, the Alakazam turned toward the Kommo-o. "Do you have any... Pikachu balloons?" he asked. The Kommo-o just tilted his head, a bit confused by the alakazam's inquiry. "I'm sorry, you mean yellow balloons?" the Kommo-o asked. "No!" the Alakazam said impatiently. "Pikachu... shaped... balloons." Despite the snappy tone of the psychic pokemon, the Kommo-o maintained his friendly smile, while gently shaking his head. "I apologize sir, I don't have any special ones like that." he said folding his hands in an apologetic tone. The Alakazam then whipped his hand up angrily, pointing his spoon at the Kommo-o who stepped back with a flinch. "Then CHECK!" the Alakazam barked impatiently.

Letting out an annoyed sigh under his breath, the Kommo-o reached into the cart and pulled out his large box of deflated balloons. Reaching into the box, he pulled out two handfuls of the deflated latex and held it before the Alakazam for him to examine. "I apologize, as you can see I only have ordinary balloons." the Kommo-o said. The Alakazam just scowled, gripping his spoons as his eyes began to glow purple. Unbeknownst to the Kommo-o, one of the yellow balloons hovering just above his head began to swell with a purple Aura, quietly inflating with the help of the alakazam's telekinesis. Scales would just let out an exhausted as he dumped the deflated rubber back into the box, all while the now

massive balloon hovered over him unraveled its knot, and opened up like a wide gaping maw. "Now sir if you're unhappy with m-MMPH!" Scales was silenced mid-sentence as the balloon suddenly descended upon him, enclosing his head into its deflated tube as he let out a muffled scream.

"MMPH!?" Confused and panicked, the poor Kommo-o could only let out fumble about as he found himself momentarily smothered by the skin-tight rubber, the puckered inflated lips of the balloon slurping down his neck until his head was fully pulled into the balloon. "EH!?" Scales gasped as he took a panicked breath of air, the world now taking on a bright yellow tint as the strong smell of latex filled his nostrils, all while he felt the balloon continue slurping down his neck. "What are you doing!? STOP!" his polite demeanor completely gone, scales began clawing at the balloon encasing his head. The Alakazam just smirked as he watched the Kommo-o's claws bounce harmlessly off the inflated rubber, simply causing the balloon to wobble and squeak around the head of its prey. The poor Pokémon winced as he felt the balloon lips tug on his throat as it slid down his scales, almost as if his neck was a large noodle being slurped up.

Scales continued to bap and claw the balloon, but once it reached the base of his neck, the lips widened once again and snapped over his shoulders, pinning his arms to his sides and putting his struggles to an end. "NNGH... Ahh!" the Kommo-o's strained groans reverberated within the balloon now sealed the upper half of his body. The puffy lip of the inflatable tightly squeezed around his chest with constricting pressure as if a rubber band had been snapped over him. Then, with one last forceful slurp, the balloon lifted the Kommo-o off his feet, pulling the rest of his body in with a powerful suction as the puffy lip slid over his squirming form. Once the rubber lips slurped past his feet, the neck of the balloon tied itself back into a knot, and sealed itself closed again. Bewildered and speechless, Scales found himself flying faced down within his new yellow rubber prison, curled up in a rather awkward position as he looked down at the smug Alakazam.

"You... ugh." Scales groaned in anger as his face pressed against the stretchy latex, the balloon squeaking and wobbling as he tried to reposition himself. Even with the balloon's increased proportions, it was too cramped to move, even as he pushed against the balloon's elastic surface, it would only spring back with incredible strength and elasticity. Not even his claws could pierce the surface, with the latex now much stronger than it was before. Curled up and sealed away, he was now at the Alakazam's mercy. With a mischievous grin, the Alakazam nonchalantly placed his claw on the string anchoring the balloon and severed it, scales letting out a muffled squeal as he began drifting away with the breeze. Panicked, the Kommo-o thrashed and squirmed within his confined latex prison, the balloon bouncing and squeaking with his vigorous struggles as it wobbled in the air like a bubble.

With the vendor now gone with the wind, the Alakazam dumped the contents of the box all over the cart as he began digging through the pile of deflated balloons. But after only a few seconds of looking, he simply gave up with a shrug. "Hmmm, I guess he was telling the truth after all." The Alakazam said to himself nonchalantly, snatching the remaining 11 balloons still tied to the card as he walked off with them.

Meanwhile, the poor Kommo-o continued to squirm and pound at his cramped balloon, desperately trying to pop his floating rubber prison as he drifted with the gentle

breeze, watching the park pass by beneath him. "I wanted a bird's eye view of the park, but this wasn't worth it..." he groaned, his face still smooshed against the rubber surface.