

It was a crowded night at the Tavern, people from all over town came to celebrate the big victory that the town's battalion won over the Vikings. The tension between the two civilizations had been heating up in recent weeks, and everyone knew it was only a matter of time before the fight happened. Thankfully, the knights were able to fight with valor, and the fight was over surprisingly quickly. The town gathered to celebrate that evening, and as the crowd started heading home, the rest of the knights went to the tavern to get drunk.

The building was filled with a golden warmth of the lanterns and fireplace, as people laughed and chatted and drank absurd amounts of beer. The lieutenant- a manly, magnificent, and muscular orange and black striped tiger- sat at the middle of the tavern, wearing his victory robes- a huge white fleece robe lined with golden ends, draping over the tiger almost like a blanket. It was held together tightly by five pins, which allowed the robe to showcase his giant pecs. He wasn't drinking any beer, as he was exhausted from the battle. The people around him congratulated him, patted him on the shoulders, and drank away. It felt as if the world was spinning, and he was the axis that held the weight of it all.

Standing up from his table, the tiger walked over to the bartender, who was serving drinks to two knights from the battle, who had brought their swords into the tavern to show off, most likely hoping to impress someone and lure them into a love trap. The tiger sat down on a stool, and the bartender eyed him. The bartender was a muscular crocodile, slightly smaller than the lieutenant was, but with the tiger sitting down, they were about equal height.

"First drink tonight, Lieutenant, eh? Anything special to celebrate the victory?"

The tiger shook his head. "Thanks, but no- I don't want to end up wasted like these bastards." He sighed, looking around the room at all his drunken comrades. "Dealing with them is going to be painful for these next few days. Something light and sweet would be nice."

"Light and sweet, hmm... let me look." The crocodile gave a toothy grin to the tiger, patting his fat, plump stomach with delight at the request of the lieutenant. He bent down to look at the different bottles full of liquid behind the counter and paused for a moment to find the one

he was looking for. The crocodile's butt ended up pointing straight at the lieutenant, who quickly looked away, trying to hide his blush from any onlookers. Seeing no one was looking at him, he glanced at the bartender through the corner of his eye, seeing the big, green asscheeks through the separating pieces of worn-down clothing that the bartender wore.

"Hopefully *this*," the crocodile set down a full bottle of beer, "will suit your "light and sweet" mood." He winked, then turned to the next drunken customer asking for a refill.

The brew was a soft golden haze of amber, with a thick layer of foam lining the top of the glass. The tiger took a sip cautiously, unsure whether or not the taste would be good. He closed his eyes as the liquid poured into his mouth, the buzz of bubbles and spike of alcohol lightening his spirits with a jolt of energy. The taste was like apple cider, but with the alcohol added into it, it tasted much stronger and more bitter. The drink left a fizzy feeling on his tongue, the foam fading into the liquid, disappearing down into his throat.

The lieutenant let out a hearty laugh, a huge smile showing his pleasure from the drink. "My compliments for the drink! This is perfect!"

The bartender smiled smugly, turning away from the tiger to serve his next customer, and shouted back at the tiger "I knew you'd enjoy it! All the ones who make wonderful blimps do..."

The tiger wasn't sure what he meant by that, but smiled anyway, sipping away at his drink. He had a fairly big glass of beer since it was a light drink, after all. He watched as the bubbles rose to the top of the glass, disappearing into the sea of foam. He started to feel slightly lightheaded, and let out a quiet belch from his stomach. There was still so much more liquid in the glass, he knew he could handle it all...

He felt an odd sensation in his stomach and felt the fabric of his shirt tighten. The tiger looked down at his belly and saw that it had bloated forward. "*Must be a slight reaction.*" He thought, drinking another gulp of the liquid. His mind drifted away into a daze, not noticing his belly inflating in front of everyone.

A small blue kobold knight approached the tiger, doing a small gesture to indicate respect. "Lieutenant, I regret to tell- to, uh, inform? Yeah! Inform- uh, where was I..." The kobold's eyes locked onto the tiger's belly, and his breaths became shorter. "You should, uh... you might want to take care of your stomach." He pointed up at the tiger's growing belly, then blushed and hurried back to his group of other knights. The tiger was confused at the knight's spiel. *My stomach...?* He looked down at his belly and blushed just like the kobold did. His belly was growing, it now looked like a big watermelon, whereas before he hadn't had much of a belly bulge at all. Lost in his daze, he ignored his growing problem and lifted his glass up to drink more. The beer slipped from the glass into the tiger's mouth, and very quickly the tiger found that he had drunk his whole glass.

Feeling full, the lieutenant hopped off of his stool and patted his new belly, causing another burp to escape his stomach. He left some silver coins for the bartender and started walking towards the door.

"Hey, wait!" a voice shouted in the back of the tavern, and among a crowd of many knights, a small figure emerged. It was the kobold again, bounding towards the tiger with a passion. The tiger snorted, and looked down at the blue kobold. "Look, kid, I can take care of myself just fine from here, okay? You can go back and frolic in the fields of the drunk with your buddies, and I'll be on my merry way."

The kobold looked puzzled. "You're... you're not supposed to leave yet, though?"

The tiger's heart skipped a beat, and the air felt slightly chilly. "What is the meaning of this, kobold?"

"You were supposed to stay in the tavern, not leave yet... we're on the end of page three, correct? On the PDF, not on FA- that doesn't have pages, but if you download the document and view it..." The kobold's mind drifted off, and now the tiger looked puzzled. "What are you talking about?" The tiger studied the kobold more closely, looking at his body. It didn't

have any scars, nor bruises or chips of scales being lost, so he might've been a new recruit- but there weren't supposed to be new recruits at the battle, so why was he here?

"What's your name, son?" The lieutenant asked, squatting down, placing his arms on his knees. The sudden movement caused his swollen belly to inflate bigger, and push up against his arms. The kobold stared at the belly and grinned. "Okay, that's good..." he whispered under his breath, not looking the lieutenant in the eyes.

The tiger could feel the pressure rising up his throat, but spoke anyway. "I asked, what's youUHRRAP name?" The tiger blushed at the loud burp, slapping his paws against his mouth to cover up any more air from escaping. His stomach grew more, and the tiger stood up while his robes strained to stay on. "What's happening to me?" He asked out loud to no one in particular, while everyone in the tavern watched as his once muscular and fit figure gained a balloon for a belly. He moved his paws to his belly and started pressing down against it to try to stop the swelling, but all it produced was a *ghhghf* sound to rumble from his gut.

The inflation was now starting to spread around his body as his limbs started to sink into his belly, his arms and legs became thicker and harder to move while his butt ballooned out similar to his belly. The pins holding his robes started popping off one by one, and the tiger was helpless to stop any of this. He was growing so huge, yet he felt so lightweight- a giant balloon filled with air. His cheeks swelled up into little bags of air, reducing his vision. He tried to waddle towards where the other knights were drinking, only able to move a few feet before his legs were too swollen to walk, and sunk into his growing mass. The knights watched as their lieutenant grew beyond his clothes, his robe finally falling to the floor. The tiger was left immobile as he ballooned outward, his belly taut full of air, wobbling naked and helpless.

"S-Somebody help! I'm too bWAARP!" URRAAAP!" The tiger was struggling to speak words, his language reduced to belches and burps. He was starting to become spherical now, about ten feet in diameter. His arms and legs were completely sunken into his swollen, ballooned frame, his paws wiggling helplessly.

Suddenly, he felt two claws push him from his back, and he started rolling forward. The knights all scrambled from their table, their faces in awe and shock as their leader continued to swell, rolling towards the table where they once were seated. His face was against the ground when he bounced into the wooden table, an audible *"boing!"* producing from the collision. As he slowly rolled backwards, he felt the claws slow down his roll, and he came to a stop, his belly still jiggling up and down from the bounce. The kobold came from behind him, and walked directly in front of the tiger so that they were at eye level.

"Well, you're certainly too big to fit through the doorway now!" The kobold laughed in delight, his breathing huffy and his blue face full of a deeper purple blush. He turned to face everyone else at the bar, who stared at him worriedly.

The bartender eyed the kobold. "Did you do this to him?" He asked, his voice stern with deep concern.

The kobold squished his claws into the tiger's massive spherical body. "Did I? You were the one who served the drink- I only spiked it!" He laughed again and started to walk away from the tiger blimp.

"UWARRP! GWHUURP!" The once- lieutenant belched, his face panicked. The bartender stood there in awe, unsure how the kobold managed to spike the drink when he was sure he hadn't even seen the kobold enter the building. "Who are you?" The crocodile asked.

The kobold grabbed the robe of the lion and slung it over himself. It was ridiculously big for him, dragging on the floor, but he didn't mind. "I'm Dust- the one writing the story you're all in." He grinned devilishly, trying to contain a burst of laughter. "Once that lion pops- which he will, very shortly- you'll all become blimps just like him. You might want to escape while you have the chance!" He winked, then threw the white robe into the air, covering himself with its size. And as the robe fell to the floor, Dust was gone.

The lion creaked and groaned, the pressure building within him. He must've been fifteen feet in diameter now as he shoved wooden tables and chairs to the side, his growth not stopping. "BWOORRHURAAAP!" the blimp pleaded, nearing the end of its size.

"HE'S GONNA POP!" one of the knights screamed, and everyone panicked, hurrying through the door. The unfortunate bartender tried to hide in the cellar but was too late. The lion reached his limit, whimpering one last time before a giant, loud noise shattered the yelling of the knights as they scrambled to run away from the tavern.

BOOM!!!

The bartender was knocked to the bottom of the stairs from the explosion of air, but landed safely on his butt, which now stung from the tumble he took. He rubbed it, while he checked to make sure that the rest of his body was unharmed, and felt a soft push against his hand. He looked down at his ass, afraid of what the kobold said would be true- his butt seemed bigger than it had been before, pushing against his pants, a soft tear forming. His belly gurgled as he swallowed a burp back down his throat. He hurried back up the stairs, making sure no one was left in the tavern. The place was completely deserted, with all the furniture knocked to the opposite side of the explosion- scraps of the lion laid on the ground like scraps from a balloon. The bartender's belly pushed forward, swelling to the size of a watermelon. He couldn't change his fate, he knew the kobold was right.

"I'm... I'm gonna pop just like him- just like a balloon."