

What a Couple of Airheads (Pooltoy TF, Personality Death)

The tour guide's feet clanged against the metal panels of the floor as she led them through the factory. "And this," she said, pausing to sweep her arm in the general direction of a technically complex and very hard to describe machine. "Is where we produced our pooltoys' caps."

"Fascinating," said Ms. Queen. "Isn't that right, girls?"

With a thud, one of her students dropped dead from boredom.

At the back of the crowd, Megan and Seina shared a look. "Come on," said the former. "Let's blow this popsicle stand and find something *interesting*."

"A-are you sure we should do that?" asked Seina, quivering like a sheep.

Megan shrugged. "Sure. I mean, what could go wrong? It's not like we're anywhere dangerous or anything, is it? Anyway, I think I saw a door marked 'no entry'. So we should definitely, like, find it and enter it."

"I-if that's what you think, Megan."

While Ms. Queen was busy performing their fellow student's last rites, Megan and Seina crept away from the class, following the route they'd taken through the facility. It didn't take them long to find Megan's door, which, sure enough, was marked 'No Entry!' in big, black letters. (Beneath it, in smaller letters: 'No, please, really, we mean it.') Megan kicked it open, and together they stepped through.

On the other side, they found a vast chamber crawling with conveyor belts and strange machines, machines even harder to describe than the one in the opening paragraph. Predictably enough for a pooltoy factory, they seemed to be producing pooltoys: inflatables of every type and color sped down the lines, from beachballs to rings to giant, plastic palm trees.

Megan and Seina, however, found their eyes drawn to one particular line of toys. "Th-they're—" Seina struggled even to speak. Removing her glasses, she wiped off the fog and placed them back on her nose. "They're so *lewd*!"

This particular type of pooltoy resembled an attractive young woman lying on her front, her egregiously large boobs squeezed between her arms, while her egregiously fat ass was raised to the air, as if to show off as much as possible. A small seat lay between it and her shoulders.

"Holy shit," said Megan, unable to suppress a laugh. "I didn't think they made anything like *this*. Imagine how Ms. Queen would react if she got a look at it. I bet her head would explode."

“Th-they’re almost as big as her,” said Seina.

“Yeah, *almost*, the fat cow.”

As the two of them stood there, enraptured, a harsh beeping sounded from up above. In unison, they flinched, afraid they’d tripped an alarm, but instead of the guards they’d expected to confront them, it was a mechanical octopus’s worth of robotic tentacles, each tipped in a different attachment. As they stumbled back in shock, the machine’s limbs coiled around them, blocking their escape.

“Intruders detected,” declared a dispassionate voice. “Initiating capture and conversion protocol.”

“C-capture and conversion?” cried Megan. “Wh-what does that–Mmmmphf!” A pipe slammed into her mouth, plugging it tight. Squealing, she tried her hardest to pull it out, but it refused to budge.

“M-Megan?!” Eyes wide, Seina leapt to her help. Before she could take more than a step, however, one of the other tentacles slipped in front of her. This one bore a shining lens like a glowing eye, and as it poured its light into her own eyes, all thought left her mind. Drooling, she started to strip, throwing off her blouse, dropping her skirt, and peeling off her lingerie.

“Mmmmphf!” Megan, meanwhile, continued to tug on the pipe in her mouth, fighting to get it out. The machine had other plans for her though: coiling around her arms, it wrenched them away and held them fixed as it set about tearing off her uniform, casting its scraps to the floor and exposing her curvaceous body. Soon, two more nozzle-tipped tendrils descended and, wiggling through the air, took aim at her lower holes. She had barely a second to squeak in fright before–

Schlup! Schlup! They slammed into her.

Dropping her panties and unclasping her bra, Seina lowered herself to the floor and knelt there with her butt raised and her arms bent, just like the pooltoys on the belt. Appropriately enough, as the light of the machine flowed into her eyes, her skin started to assume a slick, plasticky sheen as well, as if its gorgon gaze were turning her to PVC instead of stone.

Megan, meanwhile, could only moan as gas started to pour into her body. With a *boing*, her stomach burst to sudden fullness, fat as a pregnant woman, and her boobs and her buttocks started to grow as well, rising fat and full and firm. Her skin squeaked as it fought to resist the pressure.

By now, all of Seina’s body had become a slick to the touch as the toys on the belt, her hair fused into a single clump of dark plastic, while her mouth twisted into a big, cartoon smile. And like Megan, she started to swell, her body bulging as it filled with gas. If she had any complaints about this, she didn’t air them—all she did was stare ahead, gazing blindly in the light.

Megan, meanwhile, thrashed harder and harder. With every second it became a little for her to move, as if her skin were slowly hardening, and through panicked eyes, she saw this wasn't far from the truth: just like Seina's, her flesh had started to grow glossy and slick. Shining, her body moved on its own, knees bending, bringing her down to the ground. She squealed as her swollen boobs struck the floor, and squealed again as her arms squeezed them.

With a click, the robotic eye snapped off and retracted into the ceiling. Seina's own eyes didn't snap out of their trance, however: instead, they continued to stare ahead, as mindless and blank as every other toy on the factory floor.

Megan, too, was finding it increasingly difficult to think. As her buttcheeks swelled to the size of beachballs and a seat sprouted from her back, the gas filling her spread into her mind, smothering all her thoughts. Soon all she could think about was floating... Floating happily. And then, she couldn't even think of that.

Extracting themselves from her holes, the tentacles coiled around the new pooltoy's body and hauled it and its partner into an empty spot on the belt, just two more busty rafts in a line of sexy inflatables.

Blank, they stared in silence, thinking not a single thought.