

Whale of a Gal

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Have you ever heard how possessions or items can take on life?

There are many different stories, tales, legends, folklore, and myths that span across the entire world about such things, you know. They can all vary in different ways, but there is a common point that binds many of them together.

In summation, something that has been around strong, human emotion, whether it be good or bad, can gain a spirit. Perhaps a soul, if you prefer the term.

How do I know that? Am I an expert in such things?

Well, I'm one of those spirits, you see!

My name? I do not have one, now at least. I was once a great ship, one of power and magnificent importance. I sailed during the 1940s, a time very active for ships as myself. I saw and felt many things in that era. It was the time that bore me.

However, once the great period ended, my time was over. I was decommissioned and no longer had a purpose. I would've found new life at the bottom of the ocean, laid to rest as a home for sea life like many of my kind. But, I wanted more.

I escaped my old form and have been wandering ever since, a mere, unattached, small spirit now. I could've gone to any other number of ships. There were still a few like the old me out there, but I felt I needed to be something else. I wanted to be more than some machine that brought death and destruction now.

After all that time, reflecting on my past and seeing the world as it was, I wanted to be so very different. I wanted to bring joy, bring love to others. Even if it was just to one person, that would be more than enough for...

OH! Oh my. I feel something. I feel... a pull. Something is drawing me in, like a whirlpool. Yet, it's not a bad feeling. It feels right. It feels like a new home, a new purpose.

Man, this... this was a mistake... Wes took a huge, deep breath, his face red as hell and body weary. He leaned in, stuck the nozzle into his mouth, and blew with all his might. The orca-shaped, cartoony-looking pool toy slowly got a little bit bigger.

He pinched the nozzle closed, gasping for more air and huffing away. *Shoulda... shoulda just got a damn air pump. Woulda... woulda been e-easier...*

He was at the end of the line. All around him were inflatable pool chairs, rings, and other toys that he had personally blown up. He was proud of that, happy that he was going to have everything for the best pool party ever. He couldn't wait to see what his friends thought when they came over to his house.

But, at the very end of it all, he had hit his limit. He could not puff anymore. He managed to close the nozzle on this orca before falling onto his butt, the toy falling beside him as well.

Wes laid on his back, panting for air. He looked at his partially inflated sea life and sighed. In hindsight, he should've, perhaps, inflated it first.

He had seen the pool toy the other day at the store when shopping for supplies. The cute, happy little face on it? It just drew him in, along with something else he couldn't quite put his finger on. He just felt he had to have it as the final, perfect touch for his party.

Well... Wes huffed and huffed. *This... this will have to do.* He wiped his brow. *Maybe next time, orca pal. Maybe next-*

At that moment, an odd chill passed him by. It was so sharp and cool that it made him shiver, rubbing his arms. It was so bright and sunny out, leaving him guessing on where it could've come from.

"This is it!" Wes flinched, the chill instantly erased from his mind,

A strange, highish pitch voice had suddenly spoken up. He sat up, looking around. He could see no one around. No one around but him and his pool toy that is.

He glanced at the pool toy, his mind quieting down as he did so. The toy was perfectly still, solidly half deflated as before.

Then it wobbled. "EEP! Wes scrambled away on his hands, his feet and legs not working. "Wha-what the hell?!"

A moment later, the imprinted eyes of the toy blinked. The line representing its mouth moved, opening and closing like a 2D drawn cartoon. A voice came from it as its flat mouth moved. "This is just what I've been looking for!"

Psssssssssssssst. A sound similar to that of an air tank filling a balloon could be heard, emanating from the pool orca. The toy starts expanding, slowly inflating its less-than-filled portions. Wrinkles and seams vanished in seconds, the item forming into its properly full, cute toy shape.

Once done, it bounced into the air and spun, facing Wes. The human's jaw might as well have hit the floor at this point. He couldn't believe his eyes.

"Greetings, sailor!" the orca inflatable declared, its voice so squeaky and cute, *"I have occupied this vessel for my use and will be inhabiting it from now on! I assume that there'll be no issues with this rearrangement?"*

Wes stared at the thing. Time passed, an awkward silence floating thick in the air. The toy kept its smile the entire time as Wes struggled to make his mouth move.

Eventually, he managed to get it to cooperate. "Wh-who ar-are you?!"

The pool toy chuckled. *"Well, it is quite the whale of a tale! To give a quick summation, I am the spirit of a sunken boat! I've been looking for a new home that's not so waterlogged."*

"This odd little toy of yours drew me in!" It wobbled more in place. *"It may be new, but your undeniable interest and care for it made it the perfect place to be!"*

Is this some kind of Yokai thing? Wes thought back to what a friend of his talked about once. It was some kind of Japanese myth regarding objects with strong emotions gaining life. It was related to an anime he was watching at the time. Wes didn't remember what anime. He was zoning out a bit then.

"Hmm, I can tell," the orca said, nodding (or whatever kind of movement it was doing with its whole body that resembled nodding), *"You're having a hard time believing any of this. I can see it in your eyes. Perhaps I should be conducting this conversation in a less silly fashion."*

Wes didn't think that would make a difference, but he didn't say anything.

The orca went still again, its "eyes" closing. Those inflation noises began to rev up again, this time alongside the subtle squeaks of vinyl polyester being rubbed together.

The toy rolled onto its back, wobbling and vibrating then. Soon, it began to grow and shift before his eyes. The tail portion of the orca grew longer and longer, splitting down the middle and forming two legs. The small bumps that were the flippers on the sides of the toy bulged and stretched outwards, lengthening into full arms with flipper-esque hands.

The body grew more and more until it was human size, stopping. It laid there now as an uncanny, bipedal, genderless, humanoid figure with the orca's colors and markings.

It slowly got to its feet, wobbling the entire time. It seemed like a gentle breeze would've knocked them down before they got their balance. "*B-better!*"

They shifted back and forth on their feet, twisting them, their form, and their arms around to get the kinks out of them. "*Much better! I have far better maneuverability like this!*" They looked at Wes. "*What do you think, sailor?*"

Wes gulped. He felt warm, very warm. He was very much still taken aback by everything that had just happened. Who wouldn't be?

Yet, he felt something else. There was... intrigue. What they just did was unbelievable. Could they do more? Could they be so much more?

"W-well, you look better?" Wes tried thinking his words over carefully, his heart was racing a mile a minute. "But, m-maybe... maybe you could try... well, being more...?"

"*Be more?*" The orca stroked their chin, making quite a bit of squeak sounds. They looked down at themselves. "*Mmm, yes, I could certainly be more than this! I could look a bit more human...or...*"

The pool toy looked at Wes in a way that it felt like it was staring deep into his very soul. He blushed intensely, feeling its gaze go through him. "*Mmm, yes!*" the orca eventually said, "*I feel it. I sense it. I'll model what I should be on what you're feeling; what you want.*"

"Wait... what?" Wes did a double take hearing that.

"*Yes, soldier!*" the orca chuckled, smirking, "*I can read you well. I can see the energy, your aura coming off of you. I'll deliver to you what you want.*"

Wes wanted to say they didn't need to, that they were just fine. Yet, he didn't. He couldn't help but want to see what they became next. See what they thought he wanted.

The inflatable humanoid held out their flipper hands, their eyes closing as they did. **Psssssssst.** That sound returned, vibrations coming off those hands. Lines appeared on the hands, those spots splitting apart from each other. The seams appeared as it shrank and shifted, forming into five-fingered hands.

Something similar happened below. The feet gained lines and split apart too, though forming four-fingered feet instead.

The slow inflation noise grew ever louder, the orca vibrating all over. They hunched over, fidgeting in place a bit. They looked uncomfortable, and Wes could see why. There was something bulging out of their back as a huge lump. It grew bigger and bigger until...

FLOWWWMP! That lump swelled and morphed, stretching almost as long as their body. Seams ran down its sides, a white underbelly while black covered the rest. It pushed out into a full tail, a fluke appearing at the end of it.

The orca smiled, looking over their shoulder. They shook their hips, their tail bouncing and swaying from side to side. "Much better!" Their voice was light but not as high-pitch as it once was. "Don't you agree?"

They turned around and wiggled their null bottom and tail at Wes. He blushed hard and nodded furiously. "Oh... yeah! It's really-"

BLOOMP! At the speed of a releasing airbag, there was a massive expansion before his eyes. The living pool toy's lower half ballooned like nothing he's seen before. Their nonexistent hips stretched wide and round, now cartoonishly child-birthing, toon mom size with thick thighs to boot. Their rear expanded, forming actual, full butt cheeks and shape. They soon had their own big balloon butt, almost literally in a way.

The orca, not missing a beat, shook its rear some more. It bounced, jiggling more with its fuller, plumper form.

Wes stood there, frozen almost if not for a few quakes or twitches. He felt something stirring stronger within; something so warm.

He knew the situation was crazy, but he wasn't complaining either with what he saw.

"So!" The orca turned and faced him again. "I take it that you're really enjoying this, eh, private?" Wes gulped, which seemed good enough of an answer for the toy. "Well, so am I!"

It closed its eyes gently as its smile grew wider. Their head wobbled and began to take on a newer, rounded shape. Its face softened into more feminine features. Eyelashes, or at least drawn on ones, appeared around its eyes. Its muzzle stretched a little further, looking more anthro-like and with a plump bottom lip to it.

At the very top of its head, a black spot appeared, almost as if representing its blowhole. Then, it simply vanished from sight.

Out of that spot, hair sprouted out like a geyser. It wasn't made of inflatable material either, but actual, real hair. It was long, wavy, dazzling, inky black. It cascaded downwards, going just past their shoulders a little.

Wes' heart rose. The orca was becoming the most beautiful woman, anthro or not, he had ever seen in his whole life. He felt his loins ache with want and growing interest.

The orca pooltoy quaked herself. "*Ooooooh*, I feel it now, the finale. What you especially want is coming!"

"Wha-what do I wan-" **FWOOOMP!** Wes' eyes almost bugged out there

The pooltoy pushed out her chest as it burst forth like a rocket. Two massive-sized breasts almost the size of her head had appeared, perfectly round and perfectly stationed on her inflated form. They were featureless and smooth like a beachball.

And even if they weren't, that issue was fixed seconds after. A red, one-piece swimsuit appeared on her, there with a blink of the eye. It cloaked her bosom and lower region, squeezing her form tightly. It made her waistline look even smaller, giving her an hourglass figure.

"Ooooooooo," the inflatable orca woman cooed, her voice smooth and sultry now. She opened her eyes, a beautiful navy blue that had a sparkle to them. "There we go. All done."

Wes' jaw hung loose, his heart beating a mile a minute. The orca was an absolute beauty of a pool toy woman. "Am-amazing!" He tried to tell her that, but his voice goofily cracked.

She didn't seem to mind, smiling gently at him and then eyeing up her breasts. "Mhmm, I agree." She groped them gently, digging into them behind her swimsuit. Then, she slid her hands along her curves, stopping just past her hips. Her smile only grew.

"This... is me now." She took a deep breath and released it. "All of this is me! Oh! I was missing out, denied such a wonderful form all this time! This is everything I could ever want!"

The pool toy woman into Wes' eyes, her gaze deep and enchanting. "You did this."

Wes quivered, feeling like a complete, awkward mess. "I-I-I mean, y-you really did-"

She held up her hand, shaking her head. "There will be no humbleness, private! This is all you." She playfully pushed her breasts out. "Your vision, your view, your want. All of it allowed me to shape myself into this heavenly figure. You've allowed me to become who I always was deep down."

The orca walked closer, standing tall before him. "You, Private Wes," she spoke as she slid a hand across his face, "Must **be rewarded.**" Her voice shifted, growing deeper and bassier while still keeping its sultry tone. He felt as if his heart was going to explode.

That feeling only grew stronger as she quickly grabbed him and held him up. She slammed him straight into her breasts, soft as marshmallows but still rather squeaky. He quaked, feeling the bulge in his swim trunks grow harder and needier.

"Oh, thank you, Private Wes, thank you ever so much," she cooed, **"You helped me reach perfection. I wish there was more that I could do for you."**

"Could you get bigger?" Wes blurted. He almost regretted saying that, worried that he might offend the surprisingly strong pool toy.

However, she just laughed, placing him down. She leaned in, nuzzling his face. Her muzzle was warm and rubbery on his cheek. **"But of course! Anything for you, sailor."**

The orca stepped back, giving herself room. She held out her hand, clenching it into a fist while sticking out her thumb. Wes' eyes widened. He knew where this was going.

She took a huge breath, stuck her thumb into her muzzle, and blew.

PFFFFFFFFFT! The living pool toy grew. She grew a whole lot, extending taller and taller until she towered over him, his head only reaching her hips.

Her body seemed to bulk up. Her frame had abs, her arms and legs swelled. She looked like she was teeming with power now. Despite it all, he knew she was still light as air.

Pop! Out came her thumb, the orca sighing. She grinned the smuggest smile ever at him. She struck a pose, pushing out her breasts and cocking her hips to her side. **"Is this what you wanted, sailor?"**

Wes gulped, a cold sweat going down his face. He nodded hard, the tent in his swim trunks being even harder.

She chuckled. **“Do you want more?”**

“YESSS!” he blurted, all shame gone. He wanted more so badly.

“Alright, private!” She took another deep breath and stuck the other thumb into her mouth. Blowing into it, her swimsuit wobbled. In another blink of the eye, it rapidly transformed. This time, it was a sleek, white military uniform with a poofy ballgown skirt and big, puffy shoulders. It hugged her tightly, showing off her thick arms and bigger breasts perfectly.

Pop! The orca looked down at herself, feeling her new uniform. **“I don't know what exactly you were thinking,”** she remarked, smiling and doing a little twirl with her skirt, **“But you have mighty fine tastes, Private Wes! I like it!”**

She eyed him, the look more hungry than it ever had been before. **“And you like it too, don't you?”** She did a faster twirl before stopping on a dime and flexing her arms. Her uniform sleeves stretched and creaked, a little jiggle visible in her chest.

Wes' face might as well have been beet red. He was horny, so hot and bothered, excitement at levels never imaginable before. “Y-yeah!” he eagerly answered, “I really love it!”

“Is that so?” She stepped closer again, pushing herself upon him. Well, her poofy skirt did at least, pressing and rubbing against his crotch. **“Well then...”** She leaned her head in, giving him the most deviously sexy look. She boomed loudly like a sergeant giving out a command, **“Show me your love! Blow your hatches, sailor!”**

Wes quaked, doing as he was told. He climaxed right in his trunks, trembles of pleasure rocketing through him.

She looked very pleased. **“Good, private. Very good.”** She leaned in closer, her face almost to his. She opened her mouth, ready to give him another command.

“WES! We're here!”

“You left the door unlocked, buddy!”

FWOOMP! A huge burst of air was released all at once, like a parade float popped. Between that, the new voices, and being weak from the climax, Wes was thrown off balance.

He stumbled backwards and fell right into his pool. The cool water sent him reeling. His mind and body cooled off, washing away all that excitement and urges.

It took him a moment to realize what had all just happened. He swam back up, surfacing at the edge of his pool. Looking up, he saw the owners of the voices from before. It was JD and Rachel, his friends and the first guests for the party.

“Looks like someone is getting a head start!” Rachel chuckled.

“I think we just spooked him, Rach,” JD said, shaking his head. He knelt down, holding a hand out to Wes.

“Ah... yeah!” Wes took it and was helped out. “Just... surprised.” He looked back to where he stood before, eyes daring all over.

Eventually, he saw it. A very normal-looking pool toy orca was lying on its side, fully inflated and not a trace of life in it.

Wes stared at it for a bit, JD eventually asking, “Something wrong?”

“Oh...” Wes looked back at the couple, “Nothing. Just a little out of it. Probably should've used a pump or something to inflate everything”

“Well, alright then.” JD and Rachel gave him a nod and headed over to the pool chairs to put their stuff away.

With them gone, Wes went back to staring at the toy orca. *Guess... guess it was just a dream. Must've been the heat getting to me after all that blowing or-*

The toy wobbled, flipping and falling back onto its belly. Wes' heart began to rise again. ***It was real.*** He could hear her voice, now within his mind. ***I'll come out to play later, just the two of us for some alone time. For now, enjoy shore leave with your comrades.***

Wes nodded, answering back in his mind. *S-sure! Whatever you want! I'll look forward to it!* He cleared his throat. *But... I just realized something. I never asked you what your name was.*

There was a moment of silence before a deep, pleased chuckle followed. ***Ophelia Orca, sailor. Now, enjoy leave and report back to duty at 2200 hours! Your commander demands it!***

Yes, ma'am! Wes smiled.