

Inflata-Donut: The Squeaky Sleekness of a Poodle

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Commission done for Marciwrites of Discord

Melissa let out a long yawn, stretching her arms and rolling her shoulders. *Let's see what's cooking this-*

She stepped into the kitchen, finding it empty. *Huh, usually they're early risers.* She shrugged, smiling a little. *Oh well!*

It was early morning at the house, and Melissa found herself with the kitchen all to herself. Her roommates, a couple, must've been still sleeping. That worked out just fine for her. It was usually a struggle competing with them over space to make breakfast.

Not knowing if they were going to show any second though, Melissa got moving. She gathered the frying pan and pan spray from one side of the room, while fishing out a spatula, bowl, and some utensils from the other. She was really hungry, and she was going to make a **lot** of scrambled eggs and bacon that morning.

There was a low, annoyed gurgle from her stomach. She rubbed it gently. *Easy there. I'm working on it. Won't be too long from now.*

She went to the refrigerator to retrieve the food, ready to start cooking. However, something made her pause before she even grabbed the handle. On the counter beside the fridge was a large white box. It was the kind she'd seen her roommates come home with before, the kind that you usually got at the grocery store to hold all of the baked good pastries you bought.

Curiously, she opened it up. There were two rows of six donuts each within. They were all the same, purple frosting with white sprinkles.

They would look delicious if they didn't seem a little off. Looking closer, Melissa could see that the frosting and sprinkles were imprinted into the donuts instead of spread and sprinkled over them. The texture looked so flat and oddly glossy in the light.

Are these edible? Melissa frowned. *...Rachel got these, didn't she?* Her blue-haired roommate always liked the strangest foods, especially when it came to eating them on her little web show. She probably got these from one of her friends or special contacts.

She started to close the box and get back to her cooking preparation. Her stomach protested with a loud growl. It even rumbled, something she felt very deep within her.

The woman rubbed her stomach, frowning more. *Stupid hunger.* She hated that feeling, and she hated that it put a thought in her head. It would take time to make her big breakfast, and she knew that her stomach would gripe for the whole duration.

Melissa looked back at the box and its donuts. They remained peculiar looking, but she couldn't help it. Temptation and want were growing fast.

Maybe just a bite... Melissa already hated that thought too. *Just a bite and that'll shut my stomach up.* She hated how she still was going to do it though. *Rachel won't mind. If she does, it's her fault for leaving these out.*

She took one of the donuts, holding it in her hand. It felt rubbery and odd, like clutching an inflated beach ball. Just the touch alone made her briefly reconsider doing this.

Yet, her stomach protested her cowardice and demanded satisfaction. It felt louder than before. *Mrrmumph, better just do this now before... my fatter side comes out and does it.*

Melissa took a bite, a bigger bite than she expected even. The moment she did, tension melted away. The donut tasted great. Inside of it was the usual fluffy, fried dough she would expect to find in any donut. Even taking a look for herself showed the usual donut insides.

Well, that's a relief. Melissa swallowed. *Worried about nothin-* Before she could go in for another bite, she noticed something. It was out of her sight when it was in the box and when she first held it, but turning the donut around, she found there was something attached to it.

There was a little nozzle just like the kind you'd find on a pool toy.

She was silent. She slowly reached a finger over and pressed it against the nozzle. It felt as rubbery as the rest of the donut. She pinched and pulled, tearing a chunk off and revealing the normal donut insides.

Okay. That's... not normal. It most certainly wasn't normal. There were many questions now pouring into her brain. *What is going-*

Psssssssssssssssssssssst.

There was an odd sound. It was low, but it grew. It was strange, but it was familiar. She recognized it after a moment. It was the sound of an air canister filling a balloon.

POP! A strange sensation hit her, right on her right shoulder. She looked to it, finding the spot bulging out beneath her oversized, sleepwear t-shirt. She could feel something underneath, rubbing against the shirt's fabric.

For a moment, she hesitated. Only for a moment. In this house, with these roommates, and all of the strange stuff and food around, she had to check.

Melissa pulled back the sleeve as far as she could. She gasped, discovering the culprit. It was a nozzle, not unlike the one that was on her donut.

She quickly reached for that gray, rubbery addition, dropping her pastry on the counter. Her fingers pinched it, she felt a touch of pain. The nozzle didn't break away or come off. It was a part of her, a part of her skin.

Wait... Speaking of which, looking closely, the skin around the nozzle was blackening. There was a rubbery, sleek texture and glossy look that was spreading out. A seam ran out the top to her shoulder and out the bottom, down the front of her arm, following the rubbery growth that was taking over.

Melissa's eyes widened, a cold shiver going down her spine as her heart's beat quickened. She looked at the donut that she had bitten, now feeling utterly foolish. *Dammit! I walked right into this crap! How did I not think this would hap-*

FWOOMP! Her face wobbled for a half a second before it ballooned at a force quicker than a deploying airbag. Her mug shot forward with a black muzzle, an even blacker, more inflated ball of a dog nose at its end. Her feminine looks and dainty nose were gone in an instant, her glasses miraculously staying on despite that launch.

It took several moments for Melissa to process that and several more to even think of some words. *Ahhhh, gees!* They weren't much, but they conveyed all the exhaustion she felt.

She could make it out when narrowing her eyes, her new big snoot. It was made of vinyl polyester like the skin on her arms, akin to that of a pool toy. Seams ran down the center of her top and bottom jaws, though she couldn't see that.

Well, at least you're not heavy. Melissa reached a hand up to touch her new mug, but her hand stopped midway through. It, and even her other hand, quivered as that **PSSSSSSST** grew louder and doubled. It came from both of her hands this time.

In no time, they began to inflate too. Black vinyl formed on top of her hands, spreading around her palms and onto her digits. Most of them bloated, but her ring fingers did not, instead

being absorbed into her middle ones. Fingernails vanished as the imprints of pads appeared on her palms.

She had puffy dog paws, ones that she could only blankly stare at. This wasn't her first rodeo when it came to transforming, of course. However, the pool toy aesthetic and feel were a new flavor that left her quiet.

FWOOMP! The black vinyl stopped at her wrists, but the skin there suddenly puffed up. It swelled out into yellow puffy cuffs. It appeared as if they represented fluffy fur.

Melissa didn't have the time to think about it. Her paws clenched, her arms shaking. The black substance appeared out of both of her sleeves (*guess you already crossed my shoulders then*) and out of her yellow cuffs. It slowly engulfed all of her arms, that low inflation noise following close behind.

She took a deep breath and released it, watching as her black arms began to swell, seams extending down to the puffy wrist bands. Despite the vinyl coating, this actually was expected by her. Thicker, chubbier limbs? That was almost all of her transformations.

Here it comes. What big chonker am I turning into now?

However, the unexpected happened. Her arms inflated, but their shape wasn't so wide and round. Their shape was solid, firm, dense, and quite buff-looking.

Wha? Melissa was surprised, perhaps more by this than even the vinyl coating she was gaining. It got her curious. She lifted her right arm, clenching her paw tightly. She bent and flexed, her biceps bulging incredibly, almost as big as her head.

Her heart raced eagerly, her body quivering. *Holy crap... that... that was amazing!*

Her face went red. **PSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSST.** The sound blared like a siren, coming from all around her. Her oversized shirt wasn't oversized for long, soon stretching to its limits, her body growing taller with it. Small holes opened in it, tears following, and then...

RIIIIIIP! It all gave way at once. The shirt exploded into pieces, tatters hitting the ground like fallen confetti. Her torso was black vinyl polyester from top to bottom, overinflated and dorito-shaped in appearance. Her breasts were long gone.

Imprinted onto her torso were lines, some areas risen and bumpy. Pectorals, abs, and even nipples were drawn on, the former two raised enough to be felt. She looked like a bodybuilder!

This was a far cry from any of her transformation forms she had in her past, especially her toony side. They were all big but in fat, chunky ways. She didn't mind it, usually, but this? This pure “muscle” was different. It felt... invigorating.

Melissa couldn't help but tremble looking at herself. She ran her paws down her front and across her sides, ignoring the soft squeaking that came with it. She instead focused on that shape, so powerful and large. It brought a sense of pleasure, similar to being an overweight toon or normal anthro.

It stirred something below in her. She found herself quaking, gruffly moaning. It was a feeling she recognized very well, but this time, it was far more intense than usual. She looked down.

The crotch of her pants was bulging. It was as if someone stuffed a small ball down the front of her jeans. Melissa wasn't too familiar with pool toy transformations, but she had seen Rachel become one on more than one occasion. They never looked lewd.

Melissa gulped. *Darn, it feels sooo good!* Her hands clenched and so did her feet. The latter swelled when doing so, bursting through her socks with ease to reveal large, three-toed, black paw feet. More yellow fluff cuffs appeared, appearing around her ankles.

Daaaaamn, this is soooo good! BOOOF! A tail sprouted out from behind, popping out of her pants. It was black with a yellow cotton ball-esque end. It wagged excitedly as her body continued to heat up more and more.

She hardly noticed either her feet or her tail. Her eyes were locked onto her bulge. It still grew more and more, swelling into the size of a coconut. Melissa's heart raced, joy and pride filling her. *So big, so perfect!*

She managed to tear her gaze away from the crotch and over onto the counter. *More.* Any hesitation or negative feelings from when she first started changing were long gone. *Inflate me more! Make me bigger!*

She snatched the donut up and opened wide with her huge muzzle. **CHOMP!** It all went down easily and soon, her body was shaking like never before.

Everything swelled and or shifted, that **PSSSSST** blaring in her ears. Her hips narrowed, her rear tightening up into a firm, shapely buttocks. Her legs buffed, thighs and then calves, putting them on par with her arms. Her sweatshorts, usually so stretchy, were now at their limits holding in those limbs.

More! More! The skin around her waist and neck swelled, puffing out and forming the same yellow, “fluffy”, vinyl polyester cuffs. Looking at them, she recognized them for what they were. They were the kind of markings and stylings a poodle would get when being groomed.

It made perfect sense. She... no, he was becoming an inflatable poodle. A poodle that was handsome, attractive, and quite strong. It was everything he could want!

Pop-pop! His ears inflated in huge bursts, stretching out long and wide, away from his head and were bright yellow. They soon fell back, flopping against the side of his head.

FWOOMP! His messy, shoulder-length hair ballooned all at once. It merged together, turning bright yellow and rubbery in one big mass. It shrunk up and stretched forward, forming a big, bouncy pompadour.

Melissa grinned, looking up at his new doo. He casually removed his glasses and put them to the side. His vision had been slowly improving over this transformation. He did not need them anymore.

Plus, he didn't want to knock them off. He shook his head, letting his new hairdo bounce and wobble. It was so cartoonish, yet stylish! It was cool, making a handsome doggo like him even handsomer!

Handsome... Melissa chuckled. *Yeah, with this 'do and dese muscles, I am so handsome. Handsome, cool, attractive, strong, and damn sexy!* His crotch throbbed happily, soaking in all of that praise. *That's mel Melís-*

The inflatable poodle frowned. *No, I'm not really me. And... well, I'm not really a Memphis either.* He grinned, an idea popping into his head as the last of his skin on his face turned black and pool toy-esque. **“I'm a Marcus!”**

His tail wagged. **“Yep yep! I'm Marcus, one stunning, handsome beast of a poodle!”**

His crotch throbbed again, swelling further and stretching his sweatpants to their limits. **“So.”** He flexed one arm. **“Darn.”** He flexed the other, a wild look in his eyes. **“HANDSOME!”** He thrust his chest and crotch out.

His sweatpants burst open. Huge, bowling ball-sized, inflatable balls popped out, just as black as his “fur”. An inflated doggie dick, bright red and with a knot base, followed right out. It was over a foot in length, perhaps even a foot and a half/half a meter in length.

Melissa was no longer human. He was Marcus, an inflated pool toy of a black and yellow poodle toon man.

And he loved it. Marcus flexed his arms again, really squeezing them tight. Delightful squeak noises came as vinyl rubbed against vinyl. He loved that sound as he loved every single inch of his body, taking time in between flexes and poses to stroke and squeeze himself.

That was an incredible feeling. He wished he had buffed up a long time ago.

Though, perhaps the most pleasantly nice thing about all of this was the fact he no longer felt hungry. All those hunger pains and stomach complaints were long gone. Perhaps it was because he was mostly filled with air now. Though, it was hard to say and thinking felt like too much effort for an airhead... airbody like him.

Soooo, what now, hot dog? Marcus chuckled. He eyed his huge rod, smirking. He groped it gently and shivered. *Heh, maybe I should give you a bunch of squeezin' and playin' right-*

“Oh shit!” Marcus’ ears rose in an instant. He looked up. Rachel was there now.

And like that, Marcus’ himbosona and energy “deflated”. His cock shrunk, disappearing into an inflated sheath above his balls, which were dropping to a moderate grapefruit size. He grabbed the frying pan from the counter and placed it in front of his junk.

“Oh! Ah.... *hiya, babel*” Marcus stammered and cringed, struggling at times to find the right words. “*I... ah, like, tried that, ah, d-d-donut you got and... ah, I, totally didn't mean to-*”

“Oh maaaaaan...” Rachel let out a long, exhausted sigh. “You ruined it!”

“...huh?”

“Emiko was so nice to provide me with the newest batch of Inflata-Donuts from the lab. I was going to test them and promote them on my show!” Rachel complained. “She said the results were going to be different from the usual fat toon bodies we usually get, especially with the extra “manly” sprinkles!”

She let out a long sigh. “So much for having a surprised reaction on camera. I would've loved showing my first reaction to becoming an inflatable himbo toon!”

“*S-s-sorry!*” Marcus apologized, throwing in a few bows. “*Broette, I promise I'll never eat your donuts again!*”

Awww, but that's no fun! Don't you wanna keep being this big and hunky? Marcus did agree with that barky, squeaky inner voice, but he didn't want to hurt his roomie.

“Well, what can you do, really?” And like that, Rachel smiled and simply shrugged. “The surprise may be gone, but what matters ultimately is the fun of transforming! Let me get a piece of this action!”

She slipped behind Marcus and grabbed a donut from the box, taking a big bite out of it.

Marcus lit up, his tail suddenly wagging. Rachel was getting in on the fun with him! That would be a ton of fun! What kind of himbo will she become?

Whatever the case, Marcus was excited. After she finished changing, maybe the two bros could hit the gym to work out and show off together. That sounded like a wonderful idea to him!

Hopefully, Rachel had some fitting clothes to hold their junk in. He wanted to show off, not flash everyone. That would be much too embarrassing.

THE END?