

Perfect Pooltoy (Inanimate TF, TG, 2nd Person)

The machine beeps as you finish inputting the instructions. Stepping back, you rub your hands and all but giggle in excitement. You can't believe it's finally happening! You're finally going to make your perfect pooltoy!

On the screen flickers the image of the inflatable in question, an adorable young woman whose curvaceous figure starkly contrasts her innocent demeanor. You aren't sure whether to pat her fluffy tail or to grope her massive tits.

As you drool at the sight of her, the machine beeps to inform you it's out of material. Slapping your brow (how could you possibly have forgotten to restock it?), you grab an old pooltoy from the pile at your side and go to stuff the inflatable banana into the machine's open maw.

Typically, this is where things go wrong.

Having successfully threaded the banana halfway into the machine, you pull back to let the rollers take over and find to your annoyance that they've caught you by the sleeve. Clicking your tongue in annoyance, you reach in to pull your shirt out, only to scream in horror as the rollers tighten on your fingers and suck you in instead. "No!" It's the last thing you manage to cry before you vanish into the darkness.

With a thump, the machine's mouth slams shut behind you. You struggle to scramble to your feet, but there's barely enough space to sit up, let alone to stand. Heart pounding, you attempt to anyway, slamming your fists against the walls of the machine and demanding it let you out. It refuses.

With a beep, the ceiling lights up, and you flinch, struggling to cover your eyes, as a scanner beam sweeps over you. Surely this is where it figures out something's wrong, right? Where it realizes you're not a pooltoy and hurries to eject you...?

"Beep. Material accepted. Beginning processing."

You can only squeak.

As you scramble for the exit, the walls part with a clunk, and a series of mechanical arms extend from behind them. Grabbing your wrists and your ankles, they snatch you off the floor and spin you onto your back, holding you a foot or so off the ground. You squirm, desperately hoping to escape them, but no matter how hard you fight, their grip remains firm.

With another series of clicks, several more arms extend from above you, each capped in a pair of slicing claws. As you squeal, they snick neatly through your clothing, leaving you naked as they retract and even more emerge to replace them. Each holds a canister of what you can only hope is water.

It isn't. With a hiss, a thick pink gas pours from their nozzles. They spray you all over, leaving the stuff to condense on your skin—it shimmers pink in the lights of the machine, and though you try to shake it off to the best of your ability, the restraints make it difficult. Even when you do manage to remove some, the canisters simply spray you with more.

Slowly, inch by inch, they coat you, leaving every part of your body glowing with the same bright shiny goo, including your face. You screw up your eyes and close your mouth, but inevitably you're forced to open them. No sooner have you done so than the goo sinks into them too.

One of the canisters, moving slowly down your body, comes at all last to your crotch. It fires, and you squeal as the awful substances sprays all over your penis, making it tingle, instantly erect as the stuff leeches into it. You moan at the feeling, and sure enough, the canisters take the chance to fill your mouth as well. You tremble as your tongue starts to tingle too.

Finally, the arms flip you over and start to work on your back, a pair of smaller arms spreading your buttocks so they can get some of the awful goo between them. You moan and shake as you feel it strike your anus.

Now the manacles release you, and with a groan, you drop to the floor as all the arms retract and the walls and the ceiling closes up. Lying there, you try to sit up and breathe, but something in what they've sprayed you leaves you feeling strangely numb. It's hard to open your mouth now, let alone draw in air. What have they done to you, exactly?

As you struggle to work this out, the machine starts to whirr again. You flinch, struggling to escape, but you barely have chance to move before a bright pink fluid fills the chamber, tickling your buttocks and your feet and rising swiftly past your ankles.

With a gasp of horror, you throw yourself at the back of the machine's mouth, pounding as hard as possible. Where the stuff touches you, your skin tingles even more than it already is. Squealing, you fight even harder, screwing up your eyes and moaning as the sensations flows up your legs and into your upper body, making your brain feel as though it's melting. You want to explode.

When the stuff reaches your crotch, you actually scream, unable to bear it. It feels like you've just received the world's most intense handjob.

Collapsing, exhausting, you can only lie there and whimper as the stuff flows over your head. Lying there in the goop, you look up at the ceiling and watch as the stuff slowly recedes into the openings in the walls.

When you next sit up, you instantly notice the change to yourself: your skin has turned as shiny and sheeny as the pooltoy to your right. What's going on here? Just what is this awful machine doing to you?

As if to answer, the ceiling opens again, producing five arms with worrying nozzles. Two of them look like the ends of fire hoses. The remaining three resemble the suction cups of a milking machine. Heart pounding, you push yourself back, desperate to avoid them, but in

the end what they do arrests your actions swiftly: with a sucking sound, one of the cups latches to your erect cock, and you scream as it starts to heat up, sending a terrible pleasure rolling down your shaft and back up your spine to detonate your brain—you scream, unable to bear the ecstasy of it.

A second later, the two remaining cups slam into your nipples and suck as hard as their sibling, making you scream as your chest heats up as well. While you writhe on the floor of the machine, the other arms move into position. The first slams through your lips and down your throat, threatening to choke you on its metal girth. You moan and squirm, thrashing on the spot, but between the arm in your mouth and the one around your cock, it's impossible to escape. All you can do is lie there and struggle.

Meanwhile, the third arm nuzzles your buttocks, pushing you softly onto your side. As you gasp in surprise, it forces itself between your cheeks and as deep inside you as it can get, making you scream at the sensation of it stretching your rectum. You wail and shudder, gasping for release. How can this possibly get any worse?

As to taunt you, the pipes connected to the first two arms bulge, and something thick and slimy forces its way down your throat and up your asshole. You squeal again, eyes trembling in their sockets as it passes through your esophagus and up your rectum, stretching both. Your stomach rises, pumped full, and shortly enough, the rest of your body follows suit, pumped up by the fluid being forced into all its nooks and crannies. All you can do is writhe on the spot and moan—you've never felt such tension. You're certain you'll burst.

The pipes continue to pump, and you continue to moan as your body fattens, pumped so full it soon resembles a balloon more than a human being. Your skin squeaks, stretched near to bursting.

One part of you in particular—two, really—receive an extra share of the growth: as you watch in stunned horror, your chest rises, nipples sucked outward and rising on a tide of firm, jiggling flesh, glossy and smooth. You want to moan—you've never seen such a perfect pair of boobs. The feeling of them bouncing is orgasmic.

Meanwhile, the heat around your penis grows, the sensations combined threatening to break your mind entirely. You writhe and shake, eyes wide as your cock throbs and spurts, so painfully erect you're certain it will burst as well. Unfortunately, the machine has other plans for you:

As you stare in horror, a piston extends from the inside of the cup and flattens your heated cock as if it's made of plastic, forcing it down, down, until at last it disappears inside your body entirely. A moment later, your balls follow it, pushed in as well—you scream.

After several seconds, the suction cup stops sucking and retracts. Where your former genitals lived now lies nothing more than a pair of fat lips, smooth and glossy as the rest of your shiny, elastic body.

Staring at those beautiful labia, you feel a sudden shock of recollection. You know those lips...! They're the pussy of your perfect pooltoy! But—but why are they—?

Horror lances your mind as you realize what's happening to you. With a moan of shock, you struggle and squirm even harder, but of course it accomplishes nothing.

Finally, the pumping of goo stops, and the arms retract from your mouth and your anus, a process that would have left you screaming in delight if your throat weren't still choked with slime. Lying there and groaning, you can only whimper at the thought of what might come next.

The machine doesn't disappoint you: a moment later, the ceiling and floor open with a crack, and from the depths emerges a pair of giant rollers, just ready to squash you flat. You have scarcely enough time to squeak before they tighten on your feet and squeeze, squeeze so hard it's unbearable. You scream—goo pours out of your mouth like toothpaste from the tube.

With a terrible grinding, the rollers roll onward and up you, sliding slowly up your body and forcing all the goo inside you out your mouth and rectum. Emerging from the other side, your legs are as flat and empty as a discarded pair of socks.

Soon the rollers reach your altered groin, squishing your fattened thighs and buttcheeks and plump labia as flat as your feet. You scream again, writhing, unable to bear the sensations coursing through you. It feels as if, crushed, your nerves are becoming a thousand times sensitive—so sensitive that even the slightest touch brings you to the edge of orgasm. You scream again, unable to bear it.

Finally, the rollers pass over your head and squish it flat too, silencing all thought as they squeeze the last of the goo out of you. For several minutes, all you can do lie there and moan, flat as a roll of paper and unable to move at all. You tremble and twitch with ecstasy, desperately wishing you had some way to sate the pressure inside you.

Pinching your shoulders and your ankles, the machine lifts you from the floor and goes to work on you with all manner of strange tools, making minor alterations to your form. It heats your plastic hair and stretches and dyes it, leaving you with long, bright white locks, all as sleek and shiny as the rest of your body. It takes the banana and reworks it too, converting it into a facsimile of a long, fluffy tail, which it promptly stitches right above your butt.

Finally, it rolls you up, plops your inanimate form on the belt and spits you out like the gum you resemble. As you flop from its mouth, you moan in silent ecstasy.

At least you still got to see your special pooltoy...