

Inflatable Intruders

A quick hop over an intricately designed, wrought iron fence let two figures dressed in dark clothing enter the social club. Making passing glances at the mansion down the way that housed a party for the collection of eccentric women that owned the property, the intruders kept their heads low as they ran across the grounds. Approaching the pool area, they made sure no one was around before the larger of the pair used a set of lockpicking tools to gain access to the locker rooms and by association their own private pool party.

“I still don’t think this is a good idea, Owen,” the young woman said, pulling down her hood to reveal her head of long, blonde hair as they entered the changing area.

“Blaney, I keep telling you that you need to learn to live a little,” Owen replied, pulling off his hoodie to reveal his neck-length, black hair, and chiseled chest. “Don’t tell me you’re still worried about getting caught,” he continued as he removed his pants to reveal a pair of black swim trunks underneath.

“Can you really blame me?” Blaney asked back as she nervously pulled off her clothes to reveal the star pattern across her one-piece swimsuit. “I can’t help being on edge after hearing the rumors that get spread around campus about this place. They say its owned by a group of witches that curse people that dare to get in there way.”

Grasping her shivering shoulder, Owen pushed some of the hair out of her face to look her in the eye. “That’s just a bunch of nonsense made up by old ladies that don’t want to deal with mischievous college kids like us. Don’t let it go to your head. Just enjoy yourself.”

Though Owen typically got Blaney to respond with his words alone, there was a sense of meekness that seemed strong even for her. Coming up with a rash idea, Owen grasped her by the wrist and took off running. Making their way out of the dressing room, Owen managed to call

out a quick warning for her to hold her breath before he leapt into the air to bring them crashing into the pool.

Rising from the surface and spitting out a mouthful of water, Blaney swiveled her head to meet eyes with Owen's smug smirk. "What the hell was that for?" she asked as she splashed him in the face.

"Sorry, I didn't know how else to get you to come with me," he replied, trying to block the barrage of water. "It got you in the pool, didn't it?"

Blaney lowered her hand. Cautiously bringing down his arms, Owen was greeted with another surge of water to his exposed face. Shaking the moisture out of his hair, he turned to see Blaney bore a similarly mischievous expression as his own. Through the savage warfare known as a splash fight, Blaney eventually lost her sense of unease in favor of having fun with her boyfriend.

Coming to a temporary truce, the young students swam back and forth across the pool to enjoy the cool waters. Though they mostly kept themselves, more than once they came together to embrace and share a tender kiss under the moonlit sky before returning to peacefully drifting back and forth through the pool. For the first time all evening, Blaney felt like she was able to take a breath and enjoy herself.

As Blaney calmly floated across the surface of the water, a slight bump of her head against the sides of the pool got her to notice something on the very edge. Lifting herself up over the rim, she stared at what appeared to be a bicycle pump. Leaning forward to get a closer look revealed a series of strange marking along the surface. Too busy staring at the strange device, Blaney let out a yelp of surprise as Owen grasped her shoulders.

“Woah, sorry,” Owen said, holding his hands up in surrender. “Didn’t meant to scare you that much. What were you staring at?”

“This thing,” Blaney replied as she pointed at the pump. “Something about it just seems...off.”

“Probably just a pump they use to blow up rafts and tubes,” he said before climbing out of the pool to get a better look at the device. Glancing back and forth between the pump and Blaney gradually spread a smile across his face. “The same kind of flotation devices we could use to have some extra ‘fun’ while we’re here,” he added, smirking at the blush of red his comment made appear on Blaney’s cheeks. “Hold on, I think I saw a storage shed nearby. I’ll rummage around to find something we can-“

Owen was silenced as a hose connected to the pump moved on its own to shove itself down his throat. Though he tried to pull it free, it was as if it had been attached to his lips with glue. Seeing the look of distress in his eyes, Blaney pulled herself out of the pool and rushed over to help. Moments before her fingers could grasp his hose, another one shot up to force itself into her mouth. Left to stare at each other in confusion about what was about to happen, they both let out a pair of muffled yelps as they felt air begin to fill their bodies.

The most immediate sign that something was off was the sight of their flesh being swapped out for a rubbery material that stretched to accommodate each blast from the pump. Moving their heads back and forth to produce a series of squeaking noises eventually led them to stare at the way each other’s hips and buttocks began to widen. Looking away from their expanded lower halves left them to watch as Blaney’s small bosom grew into an intimidating DDD cup that easily ripped through what remained of her swimsuit. Too busy gawking at the increased size of his girlfriend’s boobs, Owen was left completely unaware of his own budding

breasts until they grew to an impressive C-cup size. With the destruction of Owen's swim trunks, Blaney was able to look down to see the vague shape of a womanhood placed below something that looked like an intake valve used for a pool toy. Upon feeling similar protrusions along her own body, Blaney was given mere seconds to prepare for what came next.

Blaney was forced to acknowledge something other than Owen's feminine figure as a white tail covered in markings reminiscent of shaggy fur appeared above her expanded rear. Still coming to grips with her new appendage, she let out a yelp of fear as more of the white, faux fur spread across her body. The only part of her saved from the pale coloring was her belly and breasts. What comfort she drew from this was almost immediately undone by the black coloring that covered the front of her torso and gave a strange shine to the rubber valve sticking out of her belly button. As her fingers changed into fake claws and her feet became paws, her body stretched out to shape her added volume to mimic a set of broad muscles. Between dealing with the soft abs surrounding her belly valve and the pair of pointed ears sticking out from her plastic hair, she tried to look to Owen for some form of mental relief.

Any chances of being calmed by Owen's presence were thrown out the window as he was covered in a similar pattern of black fur across most of his body. Gaining a shade of white across the front of tits and down his vagina, he shivered as a much bushier looking black tail with a white tip appeared above his bubble butt. Though he reached out to grasp the tail with his new paws, his attention was immediately drawn back to his head as his strands of hair tied themselves together to create a second, rubber tail that hung against his back. Further exploration of the appendage attached to his scalp let him feel the set of white tipped, pointed ears that emerged from his cranium. Amidst the panic that came with their transformed bodies, Owen and Blaney nearly forgot about the hoses still shoved down their throats.

Another series of air blasts further morphed their figures, turning Blaney's eyes a blinding shade of purple and painting a skull-like pattern of white across Owen's face. Feeling the pressure focus in on their faces, they tried to use it to their advantage to try and yank the hoses out. They continued to pull with all of their might, even as they felt their faces stretch out to mimic canine muzzles. Through their need to stop themselves from transforming any further, they managed to remove the hoses from their mouths with the sound of a pair of popping noises.

Throwing the hoses to the ground, Owen and Blaney sprinted to the opposite side of the pool. Looking back to watch the pump's hoses frantically waving around in their absence, they turned to one another to survey what they had become. Through their panicked mindsets, they were able to put some details to their forms. The fangs jutting from Blaney's teeth and the intimidating size of her blown up muscles were a suiting fit for her wolf-like visage. Similarly, the bushy tail and softer curves of Owen's body was further enhanced by the vulpine muzzle on his face that completed his appearance as an anthropomorphic fox woman.

This examination of their animal-like bodies was put on hold as they felt a great warmth spread through their bodies. They began to pant, looking towards one another for help, but unable to come up with a solution. Simultaneously turning their attention back towards the pool, they followed their instincts and sprinted towards it to fling themselves into the water. Upon breaching the surface, whatever calm the cool water brought to Blaney was overridden by a single thought.

"Owen are you okay?" she asked, swerving her body back and forth to get it to float towards her boyfriend.

Owen didn't respond. He was too preoccupied with lying on his back as he attempted to come to grips with his new self. Sliding his rubber fingers across his blown up breasts and butt

cheeks, he inevitably brought his attention towards his groin. Though he initially focused on getting a better feel for his womanhood, he eventually allowed his hand to grasp at the bundle of deflated material hanging above his vagina. Seeing the distraught expression on his face, Blaney swam up to him.

“Does it hurt?” she asked, finally getting him to acknowledge her.

“No, it just...feels like something is missing,” he replied as he continued to toy with his body.

Chewing on her bottom lip and producing a squeaking sound, Blaney tried to deal with a series of urges that grew stronger the more she watched Owen explore his new self. These desires came to a boiling point as her instincts took over and coerced her into climbing atop his body. Shuffling around the living pool toy, she inevitably found what she was looking for in the form of an intake valve connected to the deflated bundle of rubber. Unsure what exactly she was doing, she put her lips to the member and began to blow.

Each released breath brought with it a strange sense of satisfaction. The feeling extended to the rest of Owen’s body, evidenced by the euphoric moans that parsed his lips. Working through these strange feelings allowed Blaney to watch as her task gradually returned a cock to her a boyfriend. The penis was made of a similar material as the rest of their bodies and was far larger than she recalled, but that didn’t stop her mind from focusing on a feeling in the pit of her chest.

Giving into these desires, Blaney shifted herself down once more to have her muzzle encompass what it could of Owen’s dick. Bobbing her head back and forth forced more moans out of her boyfriend. At the same time, she couldn’t stop her fingers from reaching between her

legs to rub against her womanhood in an effort to deal with her growing lust. This all culminated in one last cry parting Owen's lips as Blaney felt something surge into her mouth.

As Blaney floated back from Owen to make sense of what had happened. Things only got worse as she bumped up against the side of the pool and felt the added width that had been placed around her hindquarters. Looking over her form once more revealed that it had gone through a bit of a growth spurt to further enhance her features. A cursory glance over at Owen's body revealed a similar expansion that had afflicted his curves, two tails, and bouncing cock. The longer she stared at the results of their moment of intimacy, the more she replaced her initial fear with a curious fascination.

Swimming back over to Owen, Blaney clutched his arm to bring their faces together. "Want to keep going?" she asked, a mischievous grin on her face. "This is what you wanted, right?"

"Yeah, but not like this. Besides, I'm not sure it would be a good idea to..."

Owen's voice trailed off as Blaney let her fingers slide across his pair of genitals. Unable to contain his own lust, he merely nodded his head to confirm he wanted Blaney to continue. Letting out a playful giggle, she hoisted herself onto his body and began to crawl around. Placing her pussy right up against his muzzle, she made sure he was in the right position before she leaned forward to press her face up against his crotch.

The pair of inflated lovers immediately got to work using their mouths to service one another. For all of Owen's bravado, he seemed to be quite gentle when it came to pleasing his girlfriend's pussy. While she enjoyed the tender caresses against her labia and clit, she returned with more vigorous slurping and licking that she split between his two sets of genitalia. Giving just as much attention to his womanhood as she did his raging member made him the first to

orgasm. As she felt air begin to flood her body from his release, a few more licks were all it took to get her to follow suit.

Loud splashes rippled through the water's surface as they grew once more. Easily tripling in size, the living pool toys rolled around to get a good look at what they had become. Their most recent growth spurt had their forms covering most of the surface of the pool. The added size came with an increased sensitivity that was triggered by even the slightest touch. Constant ripples hitting their bodies as they floated atop the water further drove their libidos to fill them with animalistic lust. No longer capable of caring for what happened to their bodies, they decided the time had come to make the final plunge.

Once more using her newfound confidence to take the lead, Blaney slid down Owen's body until her womanhood was hovering over his member. Shoving herself down on his rubbery cock made the two of them cry out in ecstasy. Still shivering from the mere act of insertion, Blaney gritted her teeth and waited for the signal. Upon seeing Owen nod his head, she made the last push to go past the point of no return.

The constant shaking of Blaney's hips dove Owen's cock inside of her deeper and deeper. Loud splashes echoed through the air as she upped her pace, partially drowning out the moans that erupted from their mouths and the squeaks that came from their bodies rubbing up against each other. Owen reached out to give her a semblance of balance, only to have her come flopping down on top of him. Continuing to jolt her hips back and forth, she dragged her snout across his breasts until they met face to face. Though it took several attempts, they finally managed to lock their muzzles together in a deep kiss. Able to finally share their passion and lust through the act of intimacy proved to be the last step to bringing them both to a simultaneous release.

Euphoric moans muffled by each other's mouths, they laid together on the surface of the water with their arms intertwined even as their bodies began to deflate. The feeling of their limp limbs and tails lazily swaying across the water barely made them flinch. At the time, all they could focus on were their lingering feelings of ecstasy as they caressed one another's bodies. Moments before they considered going in for a second round, they were snapped back by reality as a someone poked their faces with a pool net.

"Want to tell me what the hell you two are doing here?" a man dressed in a janitor jumpsuit asked.

Owen and Blaney opened their mouths to speak, only to be stopped by the janitor's outstretched hand.

"Save it for the witch sisters that own this place," he replied as he dug through his pockets. "Same shit, different day. Another god damn group of troublemakers getting themselves transformed into weird fetish things. This is way beyond my job description. Unfortunately my bosses are busy with their little party, so I'll have to detain you until tomorrow morning. Or sometime in the afternoon, depends on how long it takes for them to get over their hangovers."

Pulling out a wand one would find in a cheap magic shop, the janitor swirled it through the air before unleashing a pair of green bolts of energy towards the couple. As the magic coursed through their bodies, the various valves along their skin opened up to release the leftover air lingering inside of them. Deflating at a rapid pace, what fear they felt initially was overcome by the sensation of their flattening forms becoming intertwined with one another. Still conjoined from their moment of intimacy, they allowed themselves to revel in the strange sensation by locking their muzzles together once more just before their limp bodies shrunk down and were left to float along the surface of the pool.

Fishing the mass of deflated rubber out of the water, the janitor heaved them onto his shoulders. As he trudged towards the storage shed with the sound of the living pool toys' moans echoing in his ears, he was given ample time to reflect on his life choices. Tossing Owen and Blaney into a storage box, he weighted the pros and cons of working for a group of witches with strange kinks. Shrugging his shoulders as he recalled the size of his paycheck and the threat of what would happen should he cross his employers, he closed the door to allow the inflatable intruders to enjoy their strange forms in peace until the following day.