

“Hey Dylan!” A sweet voice called through the phone. “What’s up?”

Dylan smiled to himself on the other end. The tall reindeer reclined against the wall of a building on his way home from work, his phone held in one hoof-like hand. With burgundy and white fur, short cream-colored antlers, and fluff that flared around his chest, hands, and hooves, he cut quite the striking figure, in his very humble opinion. His muzzle ended in a thick black nose befitting a member of his species, and wide, diamond-shaped ears topped his head just beside his antlers. Behind him was a little tuft of a tail he nonetheless took pride in.

“Hey Icari!” he replied in a self-assured tone. “I was just calling to ask if I could still take you up on that offer?”

“Offer? ...Ohhh, you want to be a balloonie for a day after all?” Even from miles away, Dylan could feel her enthusiasm.

But he also cringed from embarrassment. He knew nobody heard the Delphox, but still... how could she talk about... that... so confidently?

He supposed that it helped that she was a balloonie herself.

“Y... yeah.” He summoned back his confidence. “Yeah, I have some time to kill this weekend, and I know you’ve been asking about this for a while, so, you know, might as well, right?”

The vixen squealed in delight. Dylan could have sworn he heard her latex body squeaking through the phone. “Oh, yes, please! Will you be coming over today?”

“Yeah, this afternoon, if you’re available?”

“Definitely! I’ll get ready for you right away. See you soon, dearie!”

“See you soon.” Dylan ended the call, pocketed his phone, and took just two steps before his heart caught in his throat. Did he really just agree to get turned into a balloon? What if his friends found out? What if he popped?! Was this really such a good idea?

...Icari sounded so excited.

And deep down... he knew how badly he wanted to try it.

Dylan quickened his pace. He didn't want to keep his squeaky friend waiting.

Dylan rang the apartment doorbell, then began wringing his hands together against his fluffy chest. His heart pounded in his ears, and one hoof tapped the ground nervously. As no vixen seemed forthcoming, he tried to distract himself by looking around at the hallway.

It had a sleek, even futuristic look to it. Dark blue carpet complemented steel-grey walls that swirled with a subtle smoke-like pattern. Along the edges of the ceiling were soft lights that seemed too easy on the eyes for how well they illuminated the hallway, and every couple of doors were potted plants that seemed too lush and full of life.

He could faintly smell latex in the air, and not just from Icari's door.

Speaking of, the door finally swung open, nearly causing Dylan to jump. Standing before him— a diminutive five-foot-two compared to his seven foot stature— was Icari the balloonie Delphox. The living balloon had yellow, white, and black “fur” and a thick fox tail that seemed nearly as large as the rest of her. In addition, she wore (Or was it a part of her?) a red, rubber, balloon-like robe that coated her arms and split around her round, rotund belly to flare out like a fiery cape behind her. Smooth, latex skin coated her whole body. Well, it was her whole body— Dylan could just see through her hollow, empty form.

The reindeer flinched again, remembering what was to come for him.

Her body ever so softly squeaked as she moved to wave up at Dylan. “Hello, dear! Welcome! Come on in, please.” She motioned for him to follow her inside, and her puffy tail trailed behind her as she turned to enter herself. “And sorry about the wait. I just barely finished up my preparations!”

“I-it's fine, really,” Dylan replied, injecting as much confidence as he could.

Icari led him through the front room just around the corner. As he walked, Dylan noted that her apartment seemed to match the sleek style of the building as a whole, though she had taken to adding a little more color with abstract paintings and statues here and

there on the walls and furniture. He couldn't help but notice every surface seemed gently curved, from the tables to the shelves, and even the picture frames and corners.

Around the corner, Dylan found himself in an open room with wide windows and soft carpet that, aside from a small couch facing a window, was devoid of any furniture whatsoever. Neatly tucked into one corner were a collection of large, colorful beach balls and balloons, while in another were a couple of helium tanks and electric pumps. Dylan gulped, but couldn't help but smile as well. He hoped his blush wasn't visible through his fur.

Thankfully, Icari didn't seem to notice as she set a paintbrush and a closed can of paint between them. Then she clapped her hands together with a little squeak and smiled brightly up at Dylan. "So!" she said. "How are you feeling about all this?"

"U-uhm, pretty good overall, yeah," Dylan said, forcing himself to chuckle and smile back.

Icari tilted her head. Her wagging tail slowed. "Are you sure, dear? You look nervous."

"Nervous?" He tried to laugh it off again. "Ahh... w-well... I guess I'm a *little* nervous."

"Can you tell me why?" the vixen asked in a gentle voice. "This really should be fun for both of us."

"Well..." the tall reindeer scratched the back of his head. "I guess... it's just a little embarrassing, you know? Becoming what's basically just a living toy?" A moment later, he stammered out, "N-not to say you should be embarrassed! It's just, uh, umm—"

"Oh, I know exactly what you mean!" Icari replied, waving it off. "It's always scary the first time for everyone. Would it help if I told you what to expect? You can ask all the questions you like, too. I have all the time in the world to make you comfortable." Then she went quiet, only softly smiling at him.

Dylan shyly glanced away as he collected his thoughts. "...Yeah. Can you tell me what it's like?"

"Right." Icari nodded, resting her hands on her rounded belly. "So the transformation itself is totally painless. I've mixed a special magical paint that I can coat your body with, and it'll turn you into a balloonie like me for about twenty-four hours, though I do

have a special potion that can end it early if needed. All I have to do is brush it over you and the magic will do the rest! And then being a balloon... well, you do feel a little empty!" She chuckled a bit. "But you also feel very light, practically weightless, really. Lots of people I've transformed say that it makes them feel really carefree."

"Oh, you've done this before?"

"Plenty of times!" Icari's smile only widened. "It's one of my favorite things to do, actually! I love helping people try out the rubbery life!"

"Okay, that's really cool," Dylan replied. His whole body subtly relaxed. It was actually a huge relief to hear that Icari was experienced in the matter. But then another thought occurred to him, making him tense up all over again. "Wh... what's popping like?" he asked in a quivering voice.

"Oh, umm..." She matched his darkening expression, but kept her voice soft. "Well, it really does feel like you burst and fly apart in pieces, but it's really quite painless! If very disorienting. All tension leaves you and things just blur together until you put yourself back together a little while later. Honestly, I've come to quite like the feeling."

Dylan took a deep breath to steady himself and nodded. "Okay."

"Oh, but you really shouldn't worry! I never let my balloonies pop their first time."

"Never? How?"

Icari giggled again, her tail wagging and squeaking as she tapped her paint bucket with a paw. "You see, I whip up a special kind of latex for first-timers! It's extremely durable— practically heavy armor in half a millimeter of latex! Popping should be the last thing on your mind, even if you were blown up to some silly size and someone came at you with a knife!"

"Really?" Dylan's eyes widened. "You can make balloons that tough?"

"I *routinely* make balloonies that tough," she boasted, tilting her nose up.

Another huge relief. Dylan sighed. "Oh gosh, well, when you put it that way, it doesn't sound so bad!"

“See? Nothing to be afraid of! So, then...” She gestured to the paint can again, then looked intently at Dylan. “What are you thinking?”

Dylan let out a small harumph. “So... It’s just for a day, right?”

“Not a minute longer.”

“And I won’t pop?”

“Never, I swear it!”

“And... nobody will see me like this, right?”

“It’ll be our little secret!”

Dylan took a deep breath, then sighed. “Okay.” He met Icari’s gaze and nodded with all the confidence he could muster. “Go for it!”

Icari smiled more brightly than ever, then popped open the magical paint can. She dipped her brush in the pure white paint, then gently ran it along Dylan’s body across his middle. Wherever paint met fur, the two congealed into a smooth coat that perfectly matched the color of the fur beneath.

Dylan couldn’t help but shudder at the feeling, but he obediently kept still as the balloon vixen worked. Up and down, back and forth, here and there and everywhere she painted, delicately coating his whole body in the shiny substance. And the more of him that she painted, the lighter and lighter he began to feel. Almost like he was fading away, little by little... and in a sense, he supposed he was. He poked at his rubberized belly and nearly flinched to see how malleable, how *hollow* it had become. He really was becoming a balloon!

“Can I get your head quickly?” Icari asked, holding up her paintbrush.

“Oh, s-sure, yeah,” Dylan mumbled, then shut his eyes and held his breath. Paint was swiftly slathered across his muzzle, his eyes, his ears, even his antlers. As he kept still, Icari ran her brush along his hands and hooves and tail, then finished with one more pass over his whole body. The reindeer realized that he no longer felt like breathing, nor did he need to. Though he did gasp— somehow— at sudden pinching feeling in his navel. As he reached down, he stopped, shocked, as he realized what he was feeling.

The tied-up nozzle of a balloon.

“Okay. Open your eyes, dearie!”

Dylan complied, immediately seeing the quickly wagging tail of a very excited-looking toy Delphox. A moment later he saw his shiny, slightly translucent hands; he pressed one against his chest; the fluff there had become hollow, air-filled latex that sank and squeaked at his touch.

He shifted his weight— or what little was left of it— uncertainly between his hooves. He felt like the slightest jump would send him right into the ceiling! And, as if he had to see it to believe it, he looked in awe at the balloon knot sticking out of— no, the balloon knot that was a *part of* his belly.

It all felt...

It all felt *wonderful*.

“Ohh... w-wow...” Dylan gushed under his breath, poking and prodding at his soft, hollow body. “It’s everything I imagined...!”

“Is it?” Though clearly excited, Icari still kept her voice soft. “I’m so happy to hear that!”

Dylan smiled in response, then glanced beside her at the open room. Shakily, he took a step forward— and found himself leaping forward instead. He yelped and failed as he tumbled towards the floor—

Only for Icari to deftly catch and right him. “Careful, now! You weigh next to nothing; walk gently!”

“Right, yeah.” Dylan gathered his confidence again and took another step, this time only bouncing forward a little and landing on his hooves without a problem. “This is definitely gonna take getting used to, huh?”

“Maybe! But like I said, I have all the time in the world to make you comfortable. Go ahead and explore your new body as much as you like!”

And so Dylan did. He walked around the room more, then tried jogging and even running back and forth. He stretched to test his range of motion (unsurprisingly, he had become very flexible) and even tried hefting the helium tanks in the corner, finding his regular strength remarkably unchanged.

“Okay! I think I’m starting to get the hang of this!” Dylan replied with a hint of pride. “Being a balloon is really fun!”

“I couldn’t agree more!” Icari cheerfully replied. “And now that you’re feeling a little more comfortable with your rubbery self, would you like to do something suitably balloon-like?”

“Huh? How so?”

“Well...” Icari thought for a moment, then gestured to one of her inanimate balloons in the corner. “Have you ever wondered how *that* feels?”

“Uhhh...” Of course Dylan had. Not that he wanted to admit it. “What... do you mean?” he asked instead.

“Do you want to try inflation?” Icari asked directly. “I can help you get as big as you want! And trust me, you’re tough enough to fill this whole apartment with room to spare, so don’t let that trouble you.”

Dylan nodded, then gulped, which felt peculiar with a hollow throat. “I... want to, yeah,” he muttered in reply. Then he redoubled his resolve and walked (well, bounced) over to Icari’s collection of tank and pumps, choosing out a small electric compressor with a long hose. He plugged it in, brought it back near the vixen, and upon fiddling with it, realized he had no idea how to use it.

He grinned sheepishly at Icari. “Little help here?”

Icari nodded, fetched a spool of glittery, ribbon-like string from near her balloons, and stepped up beside him, their hollow bodies bumping against one another with a low drum-like sound. Gently she untied the knot in his navel nozzle, then, holding it shut, pushed the hose into it. Finally, she tied a few inches of string tightly around his nozzle, keeping the seal air-tight, then brought her hand near a dial on the side of the pump.

She glanced up at him for confirmation; Dylan nodded in response. Icari turned the dial a couple of notches.

A low hum filled the room, and Dylan gasped as he felt cool air flow into him from his belly and through his whole body. In awe and delight, he felt himself begin to grow as well— first in his belly, going from flat to curved to nearly spherical in under a minute. But air pushed its way elsewhere too, plumping up his limbs and adding inches to his height.

“How is it?” Icari asked.

It took Dylan a moment to focus on the question. Feeling himself inflate like a balloon was a little distracting, after all. “It’s amazing,” he finally responded. “Just amazing.”

“Good!” Icari cheered. “Just let me know if you want it any faster or slower.”

Dylan placed his hands on his belly, feeling it slowly stretch under them. “Maybe just a little faster?”

Icari turned the dial one more notch. The humming got louder and Dylan swelled up faster, his belly swelling up from wide to huge— practically the size of an exercise ball— as the rest of his figure turned plump if not round. Even his antlers felt a little more poofy. His ballooned belly was supported by pillowy thighs, while thick arms softly creaked as Dylan felt over and explored his expanding form. And all the while, he felt only slightly more taut, and not the least bit in danger of bursting. Icari really had done well with that magic paint.

Still, once his limbs started to feel a little stiff from the pressure and size, he spoke up. “Okay, can you turn the pump off now?” The pump was turned off immediately, and Icari was fiddling with his belly nozzle shortly thereafter. Swiftly she untied the string from around it, pulled the hose out of the reindeer, and tied up that nozzle a moment later.

She patted his huge belly, which now seemed big enough to hold her and her massive tail if she curled up. “You got so big! And so cute, too! How do you feel?”

“L-like a balloon!” Dylan responded immediately. “Well, I guess that’s obvious, but... I feel like a *balloon* balloon, all smooth and round... it’s nice, that’s all I’m saying.”

“You look awfully cuddly too,” Icari added, her tail waving back and forth.

“Ah, th-thank you,” Dylan replied in a quiet voice as a soft blush appeared on his cheeks.

“I’m curious, Dylan,” Icari then voiced. “Have you ever hugged a big balloon.”

“W-well, erm...”

“That tells me all I need to know,” the vixen tittered. “...Have you ever wanted to know what *that’s* like?”

“I mean... if you’re offering?” Dylan winced, ducking his head against his somewhat bloated chest with a squeak. “I think I’d like to try that, sure...”

Icari responded by hopping up on her couch, then gave the seat beside her a couple pats. With a little trepidation, Dylan followed, and soon found himself pulled into the arms of the little fox. As she gently stroked and petted his ballooned body, Dylan slowly relaxed in the embrace.

“What a beautiful balloon reindeer you make, Dylan!” Icari gushed. “So much to hug and admire! I’m so glad you let me transform you for the day... Are you glad?”

“I am, yeah.” He tried to give her his best smile as he worked up the courage to say something. Eventually, it came to him. “Um, actually, umm...”

“...Yes?”

“Can I... stay like this all weekend?”

Dylan felt a kiss on his cheek, making him blush.

“For as long as you like.”