

Good Girls Don't Pop Pooltoys

“Hey, hey, barkeep! One Sunset Margarita, and don't keep me waiting!” The rat-girl Clarissa, tall and thin, had a rather pretty face marred by the scowl etched on her muzzle and her rather tacky choice in bikinis. She snapped her fingers at the hapless bear trying to fill orders for the busy beachside snack bar, leading the patron next to her to cough.

“Ahem. I think he's a bit full on orders at the moment, don't you?”

The rat pursed her lips at the fellow, a female barn owl with awfully glossy feathers. She was about to chew her out because of *course* she needed her drink now, it had been almost two hours since her last, important reasons like that. But something about the owl just looked... *weird*. “Eugh,” Clarissa said instead, sneering. “How much sunscreen did you put on?”

The owl blinked, her wide eyes remaining calm. “Oh. Ah, this isn't sunscreen. You see, I am a living inflatable toy.” She put a proud wing to her chest with a soft squeaking sound.

She sniffed. “Hah. Right. And I'm a living inflatable beer can. What are you...” She looked a little closer, at the seam running down her beak, at the subtle plastic valve on the inside of her wing. Then the rat snorted, a cruel smile replacing her toxic scowl.

She downed the drink that had finally arrived for her in one long gulp. “Oh my *gawd*, for real?” She laughed a mean laugh, wiping her muzzle. “How did you do that? Can I ride you in the water? Ooh, can I deflate you and crumple you up into a little ball to toss around?”

The owl seemed taken aback. “I... I beg your pardon? I—”

“Oh my god, can I *pop* you?”

The owl frowned and opened her beak to answer, but Clarissa had already taken the toothpick umbrella from her glass and stabbed the owl's wing. She could just faintly hear the hiss of air escaping the living inflatable, and fell into another bout of petty laughter.

The poor owl scowled at the mean rat as she took a small square from her purse and patched her hole. She seemed to fume with anger, but only for a moment before assuming an air of nobility instead. “Well. Unlike *you*, I try to be *kind* to the people I just meet. Here, I’ll show you how it’s done.”

Clarissa rolled her eyes as the owl reached in her purse again. A moment later, the rat’s eyes went wide as the owl withdrew a beautiful, sparkling, bejeweled collar. “If I were you, I would say something like, ‘Oh, I’m sorry, Miss. I didn’t mean to be so rude. Let me offer you this gift as a token of apology.’ Here, try saying that and see how it feels.” The owl brought the collar forward.

With a smirk, Clarissa snatched the collar and stepped out of her seat in one fluid motion, twirling the collar in one hand while waving with the other. “Apology accepted! See ya ‘round, pooltoy! Don’t go busting a seam, now, hahahahaha!”

The owl merely smiled to herself as the rat cackled away. Of course a girl that vapid and shallow couldn’t resist a shiny new accessory. It would not be long now...

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A few minutes later, Clarissa had reached her beach towel again and reclined on it to enjoy the sun. She twirled the collar in her hand idly again. There wasn’t any harm in trying it on, she reasoned. A toy that soft and airheaded would never challenge her... *apology gift* of a collar this classy. She clipped it on her neck without a second thought, running her hand along the fabulous jewels studding its surface. The one at the front felt a little peculiar in shape, though, almost like a...

Hisssscreek!

...A balloon? Clarissa looked around for someone filling up the rubber toys, but a moment later noticed just how snug and smooth and... puffy... the collar had gotten around her neck.

She felt at it again, tugged at it, and found it stuck firmly against her. She couldn’t even find the clasp to take it off.

“What the hell...?”

Fsshhhcrrkkkk!

She squeaked like a rodent as her body squeaked like a chew toy. A cool sensation, like she was being doused with water from the neck outwards, spread through her in a heartbeat. Startled, she looked down just in time to see shiny, pink latex coat her hands, leaving them soft, flexible... puffy.

“Wh-what the fuck?” Clarissa stammered, feeling at her rather stretchy, bubblegum-pink form. Her touch indented her skin wherever she felt, and with wide, nervous eyes, attempted to pinch all the way through her arm.

It worked. She had become full of air.

“No, no, no, no! I-I’m not a balloon! I’m the hottest, most popular gal on the north coast! Not some living toy—”

BWOMP-fwooooosh!

She yelped and winced as air inexplicably filled her body, stretching out her belly and chest like a couple of party balloons over a beach ball. Her thighs thickened too, holding up a bubble butt of a rear end.

“Not my figure too!” the balloon rat exclaimed. The inflation seemed to have upset her most of all.

But the swelling wasn’t over yet. Faint hissing, uncannily similar to the sound of the poor owl’s toothpick wound, instead signified Clarissa continued inflation. Her whole body began to swell, steadily plumping up, getting rounder, as if she was putting on hundreds of pounds in seconds without gaining an ounce of weight. Surrounding beachgoers were beginning to take note of the shiny, expanding rat-girl, whispering to one another. Clarissa had never felt so humiliated in her life. But... she felt strangely excited as well.

Pwump! Pwump-pwump-pwump-puwmp!

Not only that, but her delicate, attractive hands were blowing up into paws! But not rat paws, strangely, not even unusually thick ones. These were...

BWOOMPH!

Her thoughts were cut off by her long slender tail becoming thick and bulky, only tapering at the very end like a huge balloon coming out of her backside. “Ah-ahhh... that... felt pretty nice,” Clarissa muttered, before getting a grip on herself. “W-wait, no! What’s happening to me? You stupid owl! Was turning me into some cute— I mean, some cheap balloon not enough?!”

Her body continued to change from there. Her feet thickened into paws to match her bloated hands, which ended up giving her body— now a rounded, curvy weather balloon in shape and size, with hugely thickened limbs that granted her a little more stability. Not that she could do much better than waddling at this size.

...Not that she minded *that*, deep down.

Her head changed shape too, muzzle bulking up, ears lengthening, and even a small pair of horns sprouting between them. No longer a rat, she was some kind of... goat-dragon?

Regardless of species, Clarissa was definitely a balloon, though, and definitely still inflating as balloons tend to do. The hissing had only gotten louder with each passing moment as well, meaning she was filling up faster and faster, now easily bigger than that snack bar and *still* growing!

She caught herself smiling again, just thinking about her own size and shape... but this time, she didn’t hold back. It must have been some magic in the collar, or maybe some repressed desire finally surfacing, but the goat-dragon girl exclaimed, “Oh... oh my gaawwwddd, this feels... I admit it! This feels *amazing*! I’m so big! So round and... t-taut! I... I wanna be like this forever!”

She laughed more sweetly than ever before in her life, hugging her own inflating body what little she could. “C’mon everyone, come get a hug from this big balloon gal!”

Most of them were still taken aback just at the sight of her, but a couple of ambitious onlookers approached to squeeze as much of her belly or thighs or tail as they could, which delighted Clarissa all over again.

Her body echoed with creaking sounds from the hugs, but the sounds continued even after they stepped back. And... come to think of it, she was feeling fairly tight, like a fully inflated balloon being pumped up even bigger. She just loved it. “See, aren’t I just

the best toy?” she bragged with a playful giggle. “Gawd, I want to be a balloon girl forever and ever!”

Suddenly, she gasped, her huge stature allowing her to see the owl from before approach, a Sunset Margarita glass in her wing. Clarissa’s agape expression quickly became overjoyed as she called, “Heyyy, it’s Miss Owl Toy! Thank you so, so *much*, I feel like the prettiest rubber girl in the whole wide world!”

The owl merely smiled up at the rather taut, transparent, towering toy. “The name’s Ava. So, you like being a living inflatable, don’t you?”

“Yes!” Clarissa squealed, shivering at the wonderful sound of her tight body creaking. “I wanna be one forever! And I want to play with everyone, and blow up big and round, and do all the things balloons do!”

Ava sipped her drink, taking in the sight of the blimp of a bimbo, easily twenty... no, thirty feet tall, and just as wide. “Well, balloons do a lot of things. They can be hugged and carried around, do you want that?”

“Yes!” the pink balloon gushed, her body groaning from the strain of inflating.

“They can be blown up round and tossed around like a beach ball, too.”

“Gawd, *please!* I bet people would love a beach ball like me!” Creaks filled the air from Clarissa’s tightly stretched form.

“I’m sure,” Ava replied with a self-assured chuckle. “You know, balloons can even be *popped...*” She gingerly took the toothpick umbrella from her drink.

“Yes, yes, yes! I’m a big, beautiful balloon! I wanna blow up! I wanna be bounced all around! I even wanna go—”

BLAM!

One little poke from Ava’s toothpick, and tiny pink scraps of latex came fluttering down where Clarissa once was. Strangely, (but not to Ava’s surprise), the scraps all seemed to flutter together, sticking to one another and congealing into one solid mass. Once all the pieces were together, hardly a moment passed before...

FsssSSHWOOMP!

A pink, rubber, normally-sized goat-dragon girl blew up, inexplicably holding the normal, bejeweled collar again. Clarissa looked dazed from having gone pop just moments before, but as soon as she locked eyes with Ava, she bounced forward and wrapped the owl toy in a big hug.

“Thankyouthankyouthankyou *so much*,” she gushed.

“Y-you’re welcome, goodness!” the owl hooted, taken aback by the overbearing sweetness.

Clarissa then pulled back, twirling the collar in her thick dragon paw. “Oh, d’you want this back?”

Ava shook her head. “No. It has served its purpose for me, and now it has made *you* the toy of your dreams too. Why don’t you take a turn to find someone who could benefit from it?”

Clarissa gave a playful salute. “Can do, cutie-toy! Gawd, we should meet up for drinks another time! But I’ve got other gal pals to catch up with, buh-bye!”

Ava quietly waved to the bouncing balloonie as she left the beach.

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“Heyyyy girl!”

A shapely female feline’s ears perked at the voice, and the feline’s muzzle broke into a grin as she turned towards it. “Heyyy Cla—” Her jaw then dropped, stunned at what she was seeing. “Clarissa?!”

The balloon girl just giggled cheerfully, then waved again. “How d’you like the new me?”

The cat wrinkled her nose. “No. Just no. Why the hell would you become one of those weird living toys? Honestly, I’m disgusted just *looking* at you like this. Change back.”

Clarissa only tittered more, then took the sparkling magical collar from her purse. “Oh, I’m so sorry, Miss, I didn’t mean to be rude!” Her playful smile only got wider as she held it out for her friend. “*Please*, accept this gift as a token of my apology!”

The cat’s eyes widened at the incredible accessory before her lips turned up into a greedy smile. How could she refuse...?