

Hsss. The air pump whirred away, puffing up Bungle's newest inflatable toy until it was full. The toy took up a lot of space in the lounge, but for today that'd be fine. It didn't come with much information, and in fact the bearskunk didn't really remember ordering it, but it was his name on the box, and just the kind of thing he'd get. Soft and smooth, nice plump brown paws, with gold patches, and a long tail, and a rounded binturong muzzle that turned to look at Bungle, with whiskers and glasses and bright green eyes—

"Nall?"

"Hi!"

Shiny paws and tail curled around the surprised bearskunk, with a satisfying -squeak- that made him shiver. This was Nall, a mischievous and changeable creature he knew, here in one of their bigger and more cuddly forms: a binturong! As a toy they were squeezy and smooth like latex, but more firm to snuggle and be snuggled by.

"There's easier ways to come over," said Bungle, wryly, after a few moments.

"Yeah, there are indeed less fun ways to come over," giggled Nall. "I'm glad you pumped me up sooner than later, I wasn't sure if I'd get stuck in a box for days or not."

"You might get your chance, you're a bit big for the room otherwise, so I'll probably have to pack you up before dinner."

"Aww, is that right, bubble?"

Eep! Calling him a bubble was a good way to attract Bungle's attention and direct it towards more squishy, squeaky thoughts. The bearskunk blushed, and squeezed tighter, and Nall leaned in closer, with their smooth nose brushing an ear.

"Bubble~"

It was hard to resist the idea while cuddling up with a smooth shiny Nall toy, and being whispered to like that. Bubble, just a bubble, a good shiny squeezy kneadable bubble; even the thought made him shiver and melt, figuratively. Like the binturong had read his mind, their paws brushed and smoothed out his muzzle, pulling gently on it until it stretched and changed colour, and allowed it to snap back into place as fresh, blank purple rubber. Helpful paws moved on to begin smoothing away his ears.

"This might be a bit too easy, bubble," said Nall. "Feels like you're really keen to be a bubble today."

Nod! Nodnod! Squeak! With a newly shiny rubbery face, Bungle couldn't say much, but he could listen and react and sway his big skunk tail. Yes, of course he'd want to be a bubble! A big, smooth, squeezey bubble. Everywhere that Nall paws went, soft purple rubber followed; matting and overtaking fur, slipping between fingers and toes, winding over arms and legs, belly and tail. Nowhere was safe from the toy's warm, kneading touch. Binturong paws squeezed Bungle's newly soft rubber between each other, and then they pressed the changing bearskunk against the floor; forepaws first, followed by big hindpaws that squished and brushed and stretched the bubble, fussing about like a cat trying to get comfy. The more Nall toyed with Bungle, the more he changed into rubber, through and through; and the warmer, happier, giddier he felt. Arms, legs, tail all receding, firm skin turning sleek and stretchy, and gooey soft warmth pouring itself deep inside. Melty and stretchy, so pliable and squeaky, so readily swallowed up into the big purple bubble-shape that was him. Nall was thorough, kneading away any bumps and dips, moving between two paws and four; wrapped around digits and tail, flattened and relaxed and helpless under relentless paws, kneading and tugging and swirling him around and around, until everything was warm, and soft, and stretchy, and, simply, bubble.

Left to recover for a short while, the Bungle bubble puffed back up to a round spherical shape. He could still see and hear, though his sense of touch had been turned up so very high by all the attention, with any nudge of his smooth purple rubber hide feeling extremely good. Words would have been difficult even if he still had a mouth, while thoughts drifted between relaxing and exciting and anticipating the next moment of paws and cuddles against his bubbly form.

"See? Bubble."

Squeak! Bubble! That was him! A nice big bubble, soon wrapped up and hugged by a cosy, cuddly toy binturong. All was warm and nice, at least until Nall squeaked and Bungle felt himself squeezed very tightly against the toy by some new force.

"Oooh, I found a pair of nice toys," said another voice; Cookie, the spotted skunk, who had pounced and flopped on both the squeezey bubble and the puffy binturong, gathering them together in his paws. "And so cuddly!"

Nall's words were muffled as their face was squeezed against the soft bubble, compressing their air-filled snoot. Cookie had them both, squeezed so tightly together, rubbing them between his nice big paws and underneath his fuzzy belly.

The soft and squeezezy Bungle felt the toy binturong sinking slowly into his rubber, with every squirm and wiggle feeling so electric. Eee! Squeak! Surely the skunk knew what he was doing, pressing the toys together like that, redoubling his efforts to squeeze and squish and keep them ever so close, until something gave way and Nall fell right through into the soft, shiny Bungle bubble. Now the purple toy had warmth inside and outside, with a cutie to snuggle and surround, and playfully warm paws to keep him squeezed and stretched and distracted. Gosh, it was so much, thoughts were so hard, the bubble found it so easy to fall into the sensations running through him, magnified by Nall's slight wriggles.

"Bubble," said Cookie, warmly. "Just a bubble. See, now there's lots of space in here. Space to roll, and knead, and squeeze a cute bubble."

The skunk's touch was much firmer than Nall was, with Bungle's soft rubber coming up between his paws. The bubble was squished tightly in handpaws, tucked up against the wall and kneaded flat with feetpaws, sat on and flopped upon and wriggled about under a skunk. Bungle was very snug, effectively sandwiched between the shiny latex Nall inside and the playfully fluffy Cookie outside. With so much attention the binturong was feeling stretched and squished as well; slowly getting smoothed out, all that pressure wearing away at their features and causing the puffy latex critter to feel softer and meltier. Whiskers, ears and tail, paws and snout; so rolled around, squeezed and squirked and stretched and snuggled, that the binturong seemed to be gently turning into a smooth, silly bubble as well. Bungle could practically hear them think, feeling and enjoying the shared rubbery sensations as they were pushed closer together, finding it more difficult to tell who was experiencing which sensations as Cookie pressed ever so tightly.

"There's a bubble. Who's a bubble? Just one soft, squishy, playful bubble, that's you," said the skunk, who seemed to know exactly what he was doing. Relaxing, and tugging, and pressing all the weight of his skunky paws right into the melty, squeaky, squirmy pair of bubbles—

Pop!

The dull, squeaky sound made the bubble shiver, with Cookie's further kneads turning the rubber into a nice, shiny mix of purple and gold. Just one bubble— was it Bungle, or Nall, or maybe just Ball? One soft, silly, shiny bubble, full of warmth and sensation and mischievous thoughts, a pleasant and intimate mixture of bearskunk

and binturong. Eee, the skunk really liked his new toy, almost as much as the bubble liked being one.

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