

Cafe Special- Pool Toy Time
by Holo

Snozzly squeezed at his sides and pinched his own arms, testing out the new air-filled rubber body. His joints squeaked as he moved, and his skin creaked as rubber rubbed on rubber. It was odd to be able to see through his skin to the other side, but his pool toy body was translucent, letting light filter through his red skin.

He took a careful step forward, but his body weighed almost nothing. Instead of the satisfying stomp of his weight hitting the ground at once, all he got was a soft squeak. His air-filled foot bounced back off the floor due to the tension of his skin, and he stumbled back a few steps, but was able to regain his balance as he didn't have any weight threatening to pull him backwards either.

The Guilmon pool toy stood in place, making sure he was steady on his feet before trying again. This time, he was careful about not slamming his foot against the floor so as to avoid the rebound. He alighted softly, and kept his footing. He breathed a sigh of relief that made his entire body briefly swell and creak, before deflating. He suddenly became aware that he hadn't been breathing until that moment, and found it weird that he could sigh without lungs. Well, he was full of air either way.

He squeezed at his chest and at his own butt. They seemed bigger than normal, or at least more round and perky now that gravity wasn't really affecting them. His stomach had tightened up as well, and no longer hung part way over his hips. His tail, usually draped over his butt from its weight, now floated on top of those red cheeks, curving upwards comfortably. He even felt a little lightheaded as his squeezes shifted the air inside his body, making his various parts puff up unevenly.

He took another step forward, and tried to get into a walking rhythm. He felt like the slightest misstep would send him bouncing off into the air, but as he acclimated to his weightlessness, his gait became more normal and quick. Soon, he was breaking into a run, and then jumped. His legs scrunched up under him, pushing the air into his stomach so it briefly bloated, before the air was pushed back and his legs launched him like a pair of springs.

It was dramatic, until air resistance slowed him down, and he floated down into the pool, landing on top of the water with a wet plop. He floated on the surface and paddled himself around in lazy circles, enjoying the feeling of the cool water under him, and the warm sun shining through him.

He reached a hand up to fiddle at his navel, which had been neatly replaced with an air valve. He played with it a bit, but couldn't quite get it open with his hands. His fingers had all fused into a puffy mitt, and the separations were only painted on. His toes were fused as well, and though he could still see, his eyes too, were painted onto his face, along with the majority of his other fine details and markings.

It was quite a relief, honestly. No more muscles to get sore, no more joints that could ache. The worst thing that was likely to happen to him now was getting a hole and deflating, and getting patched up and blown up again was a painless procedure that only took a minute or two. He sighed again, relaxed and at ease as he used his bloated tail like a paddle to propel himself over the water's surface. Pool toy life was the perfect vacation.