

Pool Toy Party Swell

By: IndigoRho

Graham was grinning widely as he made his way towards an acquaintance's apartment aboard Aquilo Station, the ram barely able to contain himself. He'd been invited to a pool toy party, where all guests were required to be transformed into inflatables before entering. For a long time Graham had wanted to experience being a pool toy, and the party seemed like a great excuse to finally try. There was just something very appealing about becoming puffy and lightweight—not that the slim ram was at all heavy to begin with. Fantasizing about what was to come made the rest of the trip fly by, and suddenly Graham found himself ringing the doorbell.

When the door slid open an orange-striped zebra pool toy cheerfully greeted Graham. “Awesome, you made it!” He gave his smaller friend a strong hug, plastic hide creaking in the process.

The embrace was delightfully soft, and Graham blushed a little. “Couldn't resist a chance to experience the squeaky life for once, Rho. So, uh, what exactly do I need to do for that?”

“Not much, just stand still and enjoy the new you!” Rho grinned.

The inflatable zebra retrieved a small device from just within his apartment and poked Graham in the arm with it. Graham winced on instinct, but all he felt was a tingling sensation spreading outward throughout his body. Not knowing what to expect, he eagerly examined himself for any signs of change, Rho quietly watching in amusement. An itch on his navel swiftly drew his attention, and sure enough a nozzle had formed right on the middle of his pink bodysuit.

Around the nozzle his suit was turning into plastic—just like a pool toy—puffing up ever so slightly as well. Overwhelmed by curiosity, Graham poked the spreading spot, smiling once he felt his finger press further than it normally would've had he still been flesh and wool. He obsessively tapped and prodded at his transformed middle, delighted by the squeaks and drum sounds echoing from within as he rapidly became hollow. Every second Graham was getting lighter, disorienting yet fun all at once, even though he did need to actively concentrate to maintain his balance.

Inevitably Graham's arms and legs started transforming as well, fluffy white wool becoming shining plastic, depth lost as he smoothed out. His hooves fused into puffy, rounded masses, their dexterity completely gone. As the transformation reached his head Graham's vision blurred momentarily, eyes now frozen open and painted on. The ram's horns lost their edge, and he entertained himself by bending them in various directions.

“How does it feel?” Rho asked, unable to resist poking the pool toy ram's middle.

“Great, it feels great!” Graham stumbled over his words a bit, still adjusting to his new body. “Shame there's no pool nearby to float around in, that'd be fun.”

Rho laughed. “I'll have to take you to the rec center one day for a dip. But for now why don't you come on in and join the other inflatables!”

Graham gladly complied, following Rho as he was introduced to the other dozen or so guests at the party. Some were vague acquaintances, others good friends, but all were just as shiny and squeaky as he was. Quite a few were huddled around a hookah of some sort, their middles swelling as they took long puffs from its nozzle. Their movements were slightly clumsy and laughter plenty, and Graham swore they looked inebriated.

“It's a bit tougher to get drunk as a pool toy—you pretty much have to down a whole keg of tailor-made brew to pull it off,” Rho said as he noticed Graham's confusion. “Smoking ends up being a whole lot more efficient, plus you can enjoy bloating at the same time!”

The other guests parted to give Rho a turn, and the zebra took a rather deep puff right away. While not a pool toy he was naturally doughy, and his round plastic belly ballooned outward even more as he greedily took in the smoke from the hookah. Once he was finished he let out a content sigh and gave his belly a thump before offering the hose to Graham. Mellowing out seemed was fine on its own, but Graham realized he was far more interested in the swelling that came with it.

Already experienced with the hookah, Graham felt comfortable taking just as big a hit as Rho had. He blushed as he felt his middle swell, plastic hide faintly creaking as it stretched to accommodate his vice. His stunt prompted a hearty bap on the back from Rho, causing him to cough some as the zebra congratulated him.

“Jumping right in, are we! You're bound to immobilize yourself if you keep up that pace the whole night!” Rho bellowed, obviously not opposed to the outcome.

Graham took the lighthearted warning as a challenge, wondering just how big he could get before he left. After all, his increased size would only be temporary. “I don't know, could be interesting to see how it feels to be as big as you!” He gave his friend's large gut a teasing poke.

The pair continued to chat and puff and swell, each growing a little bit rounder and tipsier as time passed. There was a fairly constant stream of low creaks from stretching plastic hide, Rho and Graham's competitiveness having spread to the others around them, all of whom were bloated. When Graham did eventually wander away from the hookah he was more than twice as wide as when he'd first arrived, limbs puffy and cheeks round. He found other ways to inflate further throughout the night, though not nearly on the level as when he'd been inhaling from the hookah.

However, no party could last forever. When midnight had come and gone Graham was finally getting tired, and decided it was time to head out. The temptation to remain an over inflated pool toy for the rest of the weekend was high, but the ram thought it best to take things one step at a time. Besides, he didn't have any way to easily turn back to normal at his own place, at least not yet. Graham waddled around the apartment until he came across Rho, who by then looked almost too large to fit through his own front door.

“Dude, the party's been a blast but I gotta crash,” Graham said. “You mind getting me the pool toy antidote or whatever?”

“Glad you had fun, hope to see ya squeaky more often!” Rho led his friend back to the entrance and produced a device identical to the one that'd transformed him in the first place. Just like before he prodded Graham with it, the tingling sensation returning in full force.

The nozzle Graham had grown accustomed to over the last few hours sunk back into his middle, and the plastic around it shifted to the normal latex of his bodysuit. As the pool toy ram started reverting, though, a look of concern abruptly came upon Rho.

“Oh, oh no. I forget we were supposed to deflate you back to your base size before transforming you,” Rho admitted.

Graham was genuinely confused. “Why would we have to bother with that?”

“Well...uh...otherwise you'll get really fat.” Rho let out a nervous chuckle.

Sure enough, Graham was maintaining his overinflated girth as he gradually turned back into a regular ram. He *baahaha'd* in dismay, a sizable strip of his middle already soft pudge. “H-hurry, stop the transformation before I end up a butterball!”

“Sorry man, once it starts it can't be stopped,” Rho said, nervously avoiding eye contact.

Graham whimpered as he watched his taut round belly start to sag and jiggle, moobs left in the wake of the plastic receding. His bodysuit was designed to handle wearers of any size, thankfully, though that gave the ram little solace as he watched himself return to flesh much heavier than ever before. The weight of his new blubbery frame was a stark contrast to that of his pool toy form, and once again Graham was forced to struggle in order to keep from toppling over.

His arms and legs were thicker, butt wobblier, face so much rounder. Even his fingers looked plump once they returned. As Graham's horns re-solidified he woefully gave his gut a shake, feeling the flab squish and jiggle in his grasp. He guessed he now weighed at least three hundred pounds, over double what he was just a few hours earlier. Graham had always been lean with a small appetite, and the transition to being hefty was jarring to put it simply.

“D-dude I'm huge!” Graham whined, cautiously toying with his pudge as if it were dangerous. “We gotta turn me back into a pool toy so I can deflate and shed these pounds!”

“If you become a pool toy again that form will be based on how much you weigh now. Even if we flattened you out completely you'd still, well, poof back up to your standard size when transformed again,” Rho said. “You handle the heft pretty well though!”

Graham blushed, only then noticing that Rho had been low-key ogling his gut the whole time. He was too flustered and frustrated to snap at Rho, and even inebriated he didn't think the zebra had purposely fattened him up. His mind raced with thoughts of how he was going to explain his gains to his friends and coworkers, how long it would take to work the weight off, how none of his more casual wear would fit anymore.

More interesting, though, were the thoughts of whether or not he actually *wanted* to slim back down again. Being fatter meant being a larger pool toy when transformed, and the entire experience had only improved the rounder he'd become during the night. Perhaps he'd wait a bit before he hit the gym, at least until he'd spent some time as a pool toy at his new size.

Unwilling to admit his new potential desires to Rho, Graham hastily said his goodbyes and waddled off towards home as fast as he could manage, acutely aware of just how much his belly jiggled with every step. The next few weeks were going to be very interesting for the ram...