

A Squeaky Resemblance

By: IndigoRho

Midnight had come and gone, and the only sounds in the dark apartment were coming from a pool toy fox sitting at his computer. The relative silence hadn't gone unnoticed by the fox, though. Jac pulled off his headphones, ears twitching as they worked to pick up any faint noise. Nothing.

Jac slipped out of his chair, cautious with his movements to prevent any excessive creaking from his vinyl hide. He left the living room, creeping down the hallway towards the one bedroom he knew was occupied. Not even a sliver of light shone from beneath the door. Still, Jac placed his ear against it to assure himself his roommate Chaotic was sound asleep. No quiet chatting, no typing, no music. Nothing. The raccoon was obviously out cold.

With a delighted grin on his face Jac snuck back into the living room. He retrieved a sizable air tank and a bag from a closet, setting both down in the furthest corner possible. The task he'd been patiently waiting all night to get to would unfortunately make a bit of noise, though Jac hoped it wouldn't be enough to wake up Chaotic.

From the bag he pulled out a single, gray latex balloon. He stretched it out some to reveal a printed-on depiction of Chaotic. Jac had enjoyed drawing on inflated balloons recently, even still had a few bouncing around the apartment marked on to resemble himself and the roommates, but he'd wanted to take the fun to the next level. Ordering balloons with a custom design on them had been easier than expected, and Jac had randomly decided Chaotic was the best person to surprise with the first batch. He did find it a little odd the company had required a photo of Chaotic in addition to the sketch, though.

Shrugging off the stray thought, Jac placed the first balloon on the air tank's nozzle and pushed. The familiar sound of gushing air caused Jac to flinch before he convinced himself the sound wouldn't wake Chaotic. Instead he focused his attention on the rapidly inflating balloon itself. The latex creaked as it expanded, Chaotic's image growing slightly along with it. While the Chaotic on the balloon wasn't puffy he couldn't help but imagine him swelling rounder, a smile turning into a nervous blush. Maybe he'd pick an image more like that next time.

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In Chaotic's room, the gray and white raccoon was in fact sleeping soundly. He rolled from his side to his back in his sleep, the nearly inaudible sound of an air tank in the distant living room not disturbing him at all. Dreaming of squeaky things, Chaotic was oblivious as his flat middle suddenly started to swell outward, as if filling with air. The bloating matched the hissing of the faraway air tank, and stopped when it did. Chaotic hadn't inflated much, though, merely sporting a little round potbelly.

When the hissing returned, so did Chaotic's expansion. His white belly grew round and taut, pushing away the sheet he'd been sleeping under until it was fully exposed. Chaotic still slept, stirring some. The raccoon's face shifted faintly as he began to inflate in his dream as well.

Over and over the scene repeated. In the living room Jac would inflate one of his many gray balloons, while in the bedroom Chaotic would inflate an equal amount. He might as well have had a hose connecting the air tank directly to his mouth. Soon Chaotic sported a large, hill of a belly. It was perfectly round, his hide creaking ever-so-slightly as he slept.

Chaotic began to shift and squirm the more he inflated, until finally he snapped out of a dream in which he'd been knocking over things left and right with his balloon of a belly. When the raccoon turned his head and realized it was barely past midnight he let out a quiet sigh and tried to wiggle back under the covers; he only succeeded at wobbling and creaking.

Confused, Chaotic stared forwards just in time to watch his belly start another round of swelling. He let out a frantic "meep" and rocked back and forth in an attempt to sit up, only to discover he was a bit too round to do so easily. Over and over he wobbled and rocked, blushing as he felt the

pressure spike in the process. Eventually Chaotic managed to wiggle off the bed, though he nearly toppled over as he landed on his paws. The flick of a light switch gave him a better look at the situation.

Not only was Chaotic's belly huge and taut, but his limbs had started to puff up with air a little as well. He swore his fur had gained a sheen, so smooth that not even a single tuft was out of place. He didn't have a clue as to why he was inflating, but he knew his best bet was to find help before he was too big to leave his room.

The blimping raccoon waddled towards his door and opened it, hurrying through it as fast as he could manage. Unfortunately he got stuck right away. There was another meep and more creaking as he struggled in the door frame, his puffy sides wedged in tight. Chaotic could hear the sound of an air tank in the living room, and quickly realized his own inflation was matching the sounds of it.

As Chaotic continued struggling his hide grew softer, shinier, and squeakier. His fluffy tail became more solid and rigid, a balloon knot gradually forming at its tip. He felt lighter and his body was oddly malleable. Chaotic wasn't just inflating like a balloon—he was turning into one, too.

Inevitably Chaotic's body lost enough mass for him to squeeze right through the doorway, a chorus of creaks accompanying his escape. He was almost too round to walk, and the pressure building within him was constantly on his mind, an inescapable nagging sensation in the back of his mind. The sensation was causing him to permanently blush, and the realization only made his round face more red.

Step-by-squeaky-step Chaotic slowly made his way towards the living room, expanding bigger and bigger the whole way. Soon he was bouncing more than walking, his whole body made of the same latex as the balloons Jac was inflating nearby.

The raccoon balloon was making more than enough noise on his labored trek to alert Jac without having to say a word. Jac's eyes widened as he looked away from his air tank to his over inflated roommate, puffy mitt still pressing the tank's nozzle. As the small balloon on the nozzle swelled so did Chaotic, prompting the raccoon to frantically shake his head.

Jac stopped the flow of air, halting Chaotic's inflation. Then he pushed it back on, and off, and on, then off again. As odd as the situation was, there was no denying that filling up the balloons with air caused Chaotic to inflate an equal amount. A wide grin suddenly grew upon the pool toy's face.

Much to Chaotic's dismay Jac returned to inflating the balloon. Chaotic whimpered quietly as he felt his legs puff up beyond the point of usability, causing him to roll over onto his massive bloated middle.

"W-wait, Jac, stop!" Chaotic squeaked, struggling to ignore the pressure trying to overpower his thoughts.

"What was that Chaotic? I'm having trouble hearing you over the creaks!" Jac chuckled as he happily finished inflating the balloon. The second it was tied another was placed on the nozzle, ensuring Chaotic got no relief from the expansion.

Chaotic could barely even wobble on his own anymore. His body was a giant sphere, his arms and legs mere domes that his puffy paws rested atop. His tail was enormous and just as squeaky as everything else, arched over his back and shining in the light of the living room. The balloon's face was just as round as his body, sporting massive blushy cheeks that seemed to push against his eyes.

He was finding it increasingly difficult to think straight. The built-up pressure was pushing against every inch of his latex hide, stretching it nice and taut. Chaotic's mind was a jumble, dominated by thoughts of being huge, of being creaky, of being a few pumps away from going boom. A goofy grin came upon his face as he fell completely into the pressure daze, oblivious to everything else.

After tying the last of his printed balloons Jac strolled over to the biggest one of all. He gave Chaotic a teasing poke and watched with glee as he visibly blushed harder and let out a barely coherent meep. Jac prodded and squeezed and nudged his inflated roommate, even rolled him a little out of curiosity. A giant raccoon balloon would be a wonderful addition to the apartment.

Excited for all the fun he was going to have, Jac carefully rolled Chaotic off to the side so he'd be out of the way but still easy to access, enjoying every single squeak and creak the balloon made in the process. He wasn't sure how long he'd wait to deflate Chaotic, but he was sure the raccoon wouldn't mind a nice little vacation for a few days...or months...