

A Quick Blowup

By: IndigoRho

Soft, squeaky steps echoed down the hallway as August made his way to the living room, smiling wide. The gray lion had decided to spend the day relaxing as a pool toy, and he'd just adjusted to being lighter and puffier and than usual.

Light shone off his polished, vinyl hide. He creaked and squeaked as he moved, much to his own delight. At times he rubbed his rounded beach ball of a belly just to hear the sounds it made, and feel the slight increases in pressure.

August's only regret was the weather being too cold for him to float around in a pool. He was far more likely to end up as someone's snow sled.

Upon entering the living room August plopped down in a recliner, a chorus of *squirrrrks* ringing out. The noise continued as he made himself comfortable. On the table beside the recliner he'd left a whole case of Puffed Air, a delicacy for pool toys. Resembling cans of soda, the product consisted of flavored air that allowed pool toys to inflate at a casual pace while simultaneously being refreshed. Slower than an air pump, but far less likely to go out of control.

August grabbed the first can and cracked it open, feeling a burst of citrusy air gush own his throat. His belly swelled slightly, faintly creaking the whole time. Emptied in an instant, the can was tossed away; he'd clean it up later when he was less squeaky.

Another can was opened, another puff taken, more creaks and swelling.

Inflation could be a bit of an addiction for August, one of the reasons he so frequently masqueraded as a pool toy. He wanted to be bigger, rounder, *creakier*. He wanted to feel the pressure building within him until he was taut, more beach ball than lion. The Puffed Air promised to do just that.

The pool toy was rapidly downing can after can, blimping up steadily. Though his belly was the most effect he could feel himself inflating all over. His whole face grew rounder, limbs thicker, paws puffier. August could barely see over the dome of his own gut, smiling with glee one he realized he was too inflated to even reach his valve. Not being able to easily deflate only enhanced the situation.

Eventually the greedy lion ran out of cans. He leaned back and let out a sigh that was nearly drowned out by his creaks. The day was looking to be a wonderful one.

"I see *someone's* decided to bloat about!"

August blushed as he heard his boyfriend Rho's voice, turning to see the large zebra joining him in the living room. Rho happened to enjoy inflating August almost as much as the lion did himself, and he didn't always ask permission.

"Hehe, just thought it'd be nice."

"Well it's always good to see you rounder, at least," Rho said as he came to a stop right in front of August and saw the empty case of Puffed Air. "Course it looks like you could use some assistance~"

August wobbled, trying and failing to slide out of the recliner. Unfortunately he was too puffed up, stuck and at the mercy of his boyfriend. "Honestly I think this size is perfect—*mrrrmph!*"

Rho had started squeezing the valve on August's naval with two fingers, loosening it some. The extra sense of pressure made the pool toy wiggle and blush.

"Oh nonsense, if you aren't creaking from the lightest touch than you're not nearly big enough!" Rho insisted. "Fortunately I'm here to help."

Before August could even protest Rho squeezed his valve again, almost popping it open in the process. The lion's face twisted into a barely concealed euphoric grin. He swatted at Rho, but his paws couldn't reach.

Another squeeze finally opened the valve, a finger quickly plugging the hole before too much air rushed out. "Don't worry, you'll be nice and big by the time I'm through with you."

Finger slipped out and lips slipped over. A hearty puff caused August's middle to swell, pressure increasing. Puff after puff after puff inflated the helpless pool toy, Rho gripping the sides of August's bloating belly with both hooves, squeezing regularly.

Puff. Squeak. Squirm. Puff. Squeak. Squirm.

August was blushing nonstop, still futilely attempting to wiggle free of his boyfriend's grasp before he got even bigger. His sides were expanding into the recliner's arms, forcing the whole chair to lean back.

The pressure was ever present, growing along with the lion. As August got rounder he found it harder and harder to focus. Aside from the pressure were the *creaaaks* and *squirrrrrrks* that vibrated his vinyl body and echoed in his ears. So many sensations, all of them emphasizing how big he was getting.

Rho was relentless in his puffing, not taking a single break to ensure his boyfriend never had a reprieve. He got more teasing as time went on, pressing down on the lion's overstretched surface and giving the occasional firm hug. The zebra was rewarded with plenty of wiggles, sometimes a moan.

Eventually the recliner had leaned completely back, becoming more of a table than a chair. Rho had to stand on the tip of his hooves just to keep pumping up August. He held out for as long as possible, puffing until he simply couldn't reach the valve anymore.

There was a brief hiss as Rho pulled away, though he made sure to swiftly flip the valve shut tight, pushing down extra hard just to make August squirm.

August was in a borderline daze, wobbling weakly and mumbling incoherently. Constant squeezing and prodding prevented him from recovering.

"Hmm, you could certainly be rounder—*much* rounder—but this'll do nicely for now~" Rho mused as he toyed with his creaking boyfriend. "It's been a while since I've slept on a big, comfy air mattress, and you always make a great one."

August only heard half of Rho's words, and the pressure daze prevented him from replying at all.

"Sounds like you don't have any objections!" Rho laughed as he picked up his over inflated boyfriend with ease. "I seem to remember last time you replaced my mattress for a week. Why don't we try for a month?"

There were only groans in response, along with a loud squirk...