

Poppy O'Possum in: Balloon Happenings

“Uh, Kit? Are you sure we should be doing this?” Poppy asked, the Possum glancing nervously around as she followed her friend’s lead.

“Of course I’m sure. I’ve lived here for years, and people never come down these halls. We’ll have all the privacy we’ll ever need.” her Fennec friend responded. She knew the castle better than anyone, having lived there for such a long part of her life. Before she had ascended to the title of queen, she had used many of these rooms to find refuge the pressures and responsibilities of her younger life.

The two walked down long halls, making turn after turn through the deep inner castle. Poppy could clearly see that Kit was right this area’s abandonment, as the old, dusty corridors clearly hadn’t been touched by any cleaning servants in years. Eventually, they reached a wooden door at the long end of one of these halls.

“Here we are,” Kit said, opening the door and ushering in her friend. Poppy entered the room, finding it to be but a simple one, with basic wooden paneling on the floor (which was surprising when one considered the expensive tiles that filled the rest of the palace), and a single, high window allowing sunlight to enter the room. The chamber was entirely barren, save for a set of five odd, smooth, cylindrical objects sitting in the far corner.

“Finally, we can begin.” Kit said, closing the door behind her as she followed Poppy in. “But first, you need to lose those clothes.” Poppy blushed, but to some extent understood her reasoning. Kit had been born with the magical ability to view the very atomic bonds that held the universe together, unfortunately, this almost entirely blocked out her ability to view objects regularly. Fortunately, Poppy was in fact, a Possum, a race most notable for their natural production of ‘anti-magic’ a force that negates all magical effects that come in contact with them. This placed her in on the list of the few things that Kit could properly look at. Her clothes weren’t subject to the same properties, so removing them would allow her friend to see her as something other than a disembodied head with Carbon wrappings all around it.

Though still not understanding Kit’s true intent, Poppy complied. She removed her clothes, allowing them to drop to the floor with a light ‘flump’, revealing to Kit her remarkably chiseled physique. It was at this point that Kit briefly returned Poppy’s blushing, though she quickly restored her composure. “Just as stunning as ever.” She noted.

“Oh, t-thanks.” Poppy responded meekly, looking down to the floor. Kit then shifted her focus over to the tall cylinders in the corner and, upon walking over to them, began to search around behind them. After a moment, she reemerged from behind them with what seemed to be a large rubber hose.

“Now,” Kit said, “close your eyes.” Poppy complied, not knowing what Kit could possibly be planning to do. That is, until she felt a sudden cold sensation in her rear. Poppy’s face immediately turned a shade of deep red, now understanding the true reason why her clothes would have been obstructing what Kit desired of her.

She had little time to dwell in this, however, as there was then a loud squeak, followed by a light hissing sound that filled the room. Poppy's eyes shot open as she suddenly felt fullness in her stomach, her face somehow finding a way to flush an even deeper red.

She looked down to find that her once hard, ripped body now sported a small mound on her belly, as though she had just eaten a large meal. She extended a hand down to confirm what her eyes were seeing, only for it to be greeted by a softness she hadn't felt on her form in many years.

Slowly, her belly continued to expand, eventually reaching the size of a basketball. Kit giggled as Poppy looked over herself, clearly amused by how her friend was reacting to her changes. "Kit, what's happening?" Poppy asked, clearly panicked by what was going on.

"You said yourself that you owed me, didn't you? Well, now you're returning the favor." Kit responded. She was right, Poppy did owe her, to some extent, for reasons better kept to be told another time. "Now you get to be my big Poppy balloon!" Poppy separated her eyes from her belly, which now resembled a large beach ball, and looked to Kit in an odd mix of panic, confusion, and, though she refused to accept it, a bit of arousal at the idea.

"Balloon? What do you mean?" Poppy asked.

"I think you can already see what I mean." Kit responded, walking over to the inflating possum. She placed a hand on Poppy's stomach, letting it sink in a bit before beginning to rub over Poppy's expanding belly. Her touch, so soft, and yet so firm on her increasingly taut skin, caused Poppy to let out a slight moan. "And it seems that you can feel it too." Kit said, giggling further.

It was then that Poppy's expansion stopped in her belly, and began to move to other parts of her body. Her already wide hips began to grow even larger, while her arms and legs began to be forced out as they expanded too, losing their ability to bend. Even then, her body began to round itself out, leaving only her head, hands, feet, and tail poking out of her huge sphere of a body.

Kit continued her teasing, poking and groping at her new balloon. She eventually came to stop in front of Poppy, who struggled to see her friend beyond her massive body. "Oh my, you've become such a big balloon, haven't you?" she commented.

"Oh, Kit, I'm so huge! I feel so tight, it feels so—" she stopped herself, blushing at what she was going to say next.

"Feels so. . . ?" Kit asked, knowing fully what Poppy was going to say.

"It feels really good." Poppy finished, somehow blushing further.

"Well then, I'm glad you like it so much," Kit said, directing her adorable smile to her ballooned friend, "we can come back here and do this any time you like."

"Really?" Poppy asked, doing nothing to hide her excitement at the prospect.

“Yes, any time you want. But,” Kit began, “should we ever do this again, you’ll have to agree to trust me, and to do whatever I tell you to do when in this room.”

“Okay,” Poppy responded almost immediately, “when do we start?”

“Next time,” Kit replied, “for now, let’s get you back to normal size. We don’t want anyone to get suspicious of where we’ve run off to, do we?”

To be continued. . . [probably]