

As soon as she got back in from checking the mail, Hayln started chucking the junk into their shredder, and was about to discard a particularly gaudy pink and red envelope unopened when Reinhardt came around the corner yelped, "Wait, don't toss that!"

"It's just a come-on for that new spa that opened down the street, Rein," she explained patiently. "Valentine's Day is right around the corner, you know."

"Maybe it's a really good discount," Sharpclaw said.

Hayln sniffed at the air and caught the scent of eagerness. *Aha*. She grinned at the curvy gray and white anthropomorphic inflatable female, and then at the tall, muscular Reinhardt. "The two of you are far too good at the innocent look," she said, and opened the envelope's end with a practiced claw.

Inside she found a gift certificate for an all-expense-paid spa day: "From Reinhardt and Sharpclaw with Love."

"You guys...." she said, melting a little. She pounced on them playfully, and a cuddlepile ensued, with several patches required afterward.

She found it surprisingly easy to book a reservation for Valentine's Day proper; she hoped the place wasn't already struggling. From the looks of it when she arrived, she need not have worried; the lobby bustled with other clients and staff. In a fairly short time, an attendant cordially greeted her--or perhaps "corgially" was a better term, since the male was a slim, trim anthro corgi. Nonetheless, he accepted the proffered gift certificate and guided her back to a VIP spa suite.

VIP? She hadn't seen that on the form. Impressive.

Following the sign by the door, she took her boots off before stepping on to the wonderfully decadent plush carpet. The heavenly scent of rubber and the sight of big, beautiful red helium balloons filled the room. "Ah, my new favorite client has arrived," said a familiar voice from behind a few clouds of balloons. A familiar shape undulated from behind a corner.

"Belinda?" Hayln asked.

"It was your roomies' idea," the anthrolupine confirmed.

Hayln blinked. "You opened a spa because Rein and Sharpclaw wanted to give me a Valentine's gift?"

Belinda shook her head, causing her bosom to bounce just a little under her shirt. She was the only air-filled fur Hayln had ever seen do that without filling herself

with liquid. She made a mental note to ask her how, partially because it stirred something inside her. "Nah, the spa was my business manager's idea. The gift came later. So here we are."

"Here we are," Hayln agreed.

"So if you'll make yourself comfortable, we will get started pampering you." Belinda indicated a stack of towels.

The slinky Doberman slid out of her skin-tight black jeans and form-fitting red silk shirt, unable to resist putting on a show of her own for Belinda, who favored her with a smile. "You should consider a career in exotic dance," the wolfess said lightly.

Hayln smirked and followed Belinda to the massage table--and next to it, a row of nice juicy rainbow-colored airship balloons bound together with white gaffer tape atop a sturdy looking silver vinyl air mattress.

"You think of everything."

Belinda leaned in close, so Hayln could feel the wolfess' hot breath in her ear. "One does one's best."

"Mind if I take a steam first?" the Doberman asked.

"This is your day, dear," Belinda said. "Though I will need to supervise to make sure you don't stay in too long. For safety."

"For safety," Hayln smirked. Damn, she hoped not.

The heat felt glorious on Hayln's black and tan vinyl; she could feel the air expand inside her as she softened slightly. As a nod to form, she had donned the towels, and found them delightfully soft and cushiony. She filed at her claws with one of the spa's complimentary nail files. However...

"Oopsie," she said, mock-innocently. "My body towel seems to have slipped, and in all of this steam, I just can't find it..."

"Worry not, miss; that's what your trusty spa staff are here for," came Belinda's honeyed voice through the steam. A fresh towel appeared from behind her, held in a champagne-colored paw; the arm connected to it came to rest on Hayln's shoulder.

Hayln happily leaned back against its owner. To her delight, her head came to rest against Belinda's bouncy bust. "And you brought pillows without me even asking."

Belinda giggled, a musical sound. Hayln dropped the new towel on the bench next to her, and relaxed into the curvaceous wolfess' lap. They stayed like that in the

delicious steam for a nice long while, Belinda occasionally rubbing at Hayln's powerful shoulders and collarbone area, before leading the Doberman out to the massage area.

The sheer volume of balloons once again took Hayln aback. Taking a string of several huge red hearts in hand, she grinned, her eyes narrowing. "You do realize I've always been considered something of a heartbreaker...?" she asked.

Belinda laughed. "I hoped you'd be tempted," she said, pulling down one of the helium-filled balloons and pressing it between herself and the surprised anthro Doberman. "Temptation is kind of a thing with me..."

The balloon squeaked under the pressure, and even more when Hayln drew a contemplative claw over its vulnerable surface. POW! The balloon gave suddenly, leaving a few large shards of its pretty red rubber on the two. "Then I might as well give in, shouldn't I?" Hayln said, grinning.

She and the buxom wolffess grabbed another giant heart and pressed it between them, but this time, Belinda got her paws around Hayln's waist and held her rump so tightly that Hayln didn't even have a chance to get her claws into it before it burst, the sound sending delicious shockwaves through each of their bodies as they suddenly found their bodies slapping together softly. Belinda giggled and licked her client on the nose.

"You're cute when you blush," she said.

They moved to the massage table, and then right past it; Hayln immediately pounced on the balloon mattress and bounced on it. "No need to ask what you want next," Belinda said, smiling. Without further ceremony, she scooped up two pawfuls of warm nuru massage oil and began spreading it liberally on the Doberman's lithe black and tan form, rubbing it in with practiced paws, paying particular attention to Hayln's shapely rump--at one point, even tracing the paw print silk screened in black around the valve on her left buttock.

"Ohhhh," the athletic inflatable groaned. "I didn't realize I was this tense...whatever you do, don't stop..."

In response, Belinda deftly kept massaging her with one paw while coating herself in nuru oil with the other, switching as necessary, and then began to cover Hayln with her own more curvy form, grasping the mattress underneath the huge airship balloons to apply the illusion of weight.

"I am not familiar with this technique," Hayln said; the tone in her voice implied approval.

"It's a Japanese thing," Belinda said. She paid extra attention to Hayln's powerful legs, before moving back up to her beautifully toned buttocks. As she squeezed and rubbed, she couldn't resist asking, "So...this tattoo on your rump... 'Pop Me'?"

"Mmmm-hm," Hayln moaned happily.

"Just like Reinhardt?"

"And Sharpclaw," Hayln confirmed. "We were printed with them...to remind us to always give as good as we get." With that, she jabbed a claw into the mattress, puncturing it cleanly and filling the room with a loud hissing.

"Naughty doggie," Belinda whispered. Before Hayln could react, the experienced wolf flipped her over using her strength and the slickness of the oil, pulled out her belly button valve with her teeth and started blowing her up bigger. Hayln playfully tried to wriggle away--but found that the busty wolf had a tight hold.

"Mmmf...didn't think your grip would be this...strong..." Hayln groaned.

Belinda nodded agreement without taking her lips off Hayln's nozzle. Finally, after stretching Hayln with air to the point where she could barely move, she capped the Doberman off...and then started licking, letting her muzzle move downward.

"This...this technique is more familiar," Hayln managed, as Belinda's tongue lapped at her labia, and occasionally darted inward, causing her to wriggle and twitch, eliciting loud rubber squeaking and rubbing noises from the balloons, even with the nuru fluid lubricating them. "I...think I'm going to..."

POP! POP! The huge red and violet airships on the outside of the makeshift mattress succumbed to Hayln's claws as the Doberman succumbed to something more primal.

"Mmm. Two pops. I call that a good start," Belinda whispered up at Hayln, grinning wolfishly.

The Doberman grabbed another bunch of balloons and smiled. "You grab one and I'll race ya."

Belinda complied happily, and to Hayln's surprise, demonstrated that her claws were fully functional as well, taking out three tightly-inflated hearts with one swipe and a loud three-in-one POP! Hayln licked her lips, even more aroused, and bit one of hers, while shredding the rest with her own sharp paws full of claws, causing loud explosions to reverberate through the generous, softly-lit space like fireworks. Since the pair of air-filled females came to a photo finish on their first bunch, each grabbed another.

Belinda hopped on the whole bunch, discovering that her negligible weight was not enough to burst nine helium-quality latex hearts, even overfilled as they were. She simply bounced off with the loud squeaks of tortured rubber. Hayln showed her how it was done, digging elbows, knees, heels, and of course, claws into the poor pretty hearts to break them as she had broken so many before. Hayln's sensitive ears picked up the rubber tearing at the speed of sound, making all sorts of low-frequency ripples in the air as each precious rubber toy met its sudden percussive end. She reveled in the sensation, and the look of pleasure on Belinda's face told her that the cute wolfess felt the same.

While non-anthropomorphic bipeds rarely had the ability to pick it up, the almost-syrupy scent of helium had filled the room, and pleasantly threatened to intoxicate them both.

Belinda abandoned any hope of winning, but entertained the two of them by bouncing around on each balloon until it finally gave, usually against a corner or table edge. Finally, deliberately, she deftly used a claw to untie the knot of the last balloon, eliciting squeaks of all different pitches, and then the helium out, playfully licking and stroking the short neck with her very skillful tongue. "Oh, dear! This helium has gone right to my head," she said, her girlish tone amplified by the higher pitch caused by the gas.

"And your curves, doll," Hayln said, chuckling. She wrapped an arm around the wolfess' waist and pulled her in for a kiss.

Belinda couldn't resist the opportunity: she blew into Hayln's mouth--although not before returning the kiss hotly.

"It's not going to work...." Hayln tried to say. She groped Belinda's breasts idly, letting her claws play over the wolfess' pale gold plastic.

"You're right. Claws have no effect on me," Belinda said.

"No, I mean, blowing me up bigger won't give me bigger boobs or hips. I just grow proportionally," Hayln replied. She pointed in the mirror to confirm it; the exchange of air and helium had left them each the same height, and a little taller than what constituted "normal."

Belinda said nothing and just reached around her with a lithe arm, while her other paw once again cupped one of Hayln's powerful buttocks. "No complaints here...I still think your body is marvelous at any pressure," Belinda said, letting her fingers wander back to Hayln's sex. Hayln gasped as Belinda slowly teased her and rubbed her, and then easily slipped a pair of practiced fingers into her, aided by the lubrication of her ragged arousal. "Yes...absolutely marvelous," the wolfess whispered. "And so responsive."

The Doberman panted, unable to pull her gaze away from the mirror image of herself being stimulated, and barely able to stand. As Belinda stroked, the two kissed and moaned happily, and Hayln felt first one, then a flood of climaxes rush through her, each building in intensity. And among all the other sensations overloading her nerve endings, she felt something else, something she had felt before--the sensation of her plastic being dimpled by something not exactly sharp, but not exactly blunt...

The nail file, she realized--Belinda must have palmed it earlier. Now, the bouncy wolf girl was running it along the Doberman's shapely thigh, giggling at the soft "zzzz" of metal against vinyl, occasionally pressing it in a little, not letting Hayln know when or if she would get poked. Belinda let her see the file, pressed against a tautly inflated black and tan breast, just above the nipple, stretching the skin just a bit with a very faint \*\*wrt\*\* sound.

Belinda brought the file around to Hayln's shapely bottom and ran its point along her taut skin, until she got to the "O" in "POP ME!" Then she pressed down...

Hayln gasped despite herself. \*\*Pffffffffffffff\*\* the sound of Hayln's deflation didn't quite drown out her happy moan as she orgasmed yet again; as the air escaped from the hissing hole, she gradually weakened and shrunk in Belinda's arms. Belinda whispered warmly in her ear as she squeezed, pushing the air out of the Doberman's lithe body.

"You are such a beautiful creature, Hayln," she said, passion adding a little pepper to the honey in her voice. "So strong and sweet...vulnerable on your own terms. Your lovers are so lucky to have you.

"Is this...part of the gift package?" Hayln asked, her voice now a girlish whisper.

Belinda grinned down at her and folded her carefully, packing her into a nondescript gym bag. "Yes--for Sharpclaw and Reinhardt."