

Steven arrived at the keypad for the glass door in front of him. He dug up the five digit code from the depths of his memory without thinking and punched it into the keypad, which hesitated for a moment before it finally replied with the same chime it did every weekday. The glass door to his office slid open smoothly and welcomed him into the offices. As he stepped in, the silver fox became acutely aware of how little effort he put into remembering the security code. Sure, it was only five digits, but he could still remember the nine digit code for his second job ever and the combination to his locker in Sophomore year of High School, but could not remember the combination for Senior year, or seemingly anything from his first job.

The notion played circles in his mind as he turned the corner around the empty receptionist desk to the long hallway that opened up into cubicles. He recalled a time back in college when one of his friends confided in him that a hypnotist got him to remember the combination to the lock on his personal safe. He had laughed at the idea, despite his friends' insisting it were true, but he wondered, now, if such a thing could uncover things long forgotten in his mind.

He concluded that the mind was a complicated, vulnerable machine of a thing, to be sure.

Come on, Steven, you have to focus. You have an impeccable knack for letting your mind wander. He thought to himself, shaking his mind to the task at hand. The fact that next week was his first real vacation from his first real job made staying attentive and productive both harder and more important. He couldn't leave tasks undone and messy for other people. He had to show them that he could be trusted. Still...

The vulpine grumbled to himself and turned his wrist to look at his watch.

It's been 5 minutes, what did you expect? Stop complaining and do some work. I know it's Saturday, but you only have to work a half day, then you're home free. He grumbled and tried the best he could to persuade himself, which he knew to be no easy task. He took a deep breath and imagined all the excess thoughts in his mind floating around, caught in the maelstrom of air he breathed in. He exhaled slowly, ridding himself of those thoughts as he rounded the corner to his cubicle. He stopped dead in his tracks and twitched an ear at the peculiar sight of a large package sitting on his office chair.

That's odd, I didn't order anything to be shipped here. He mulled over, approaching the package, that seemed to mock his earlier attempts at clearing his mind. He found the package to be unmarked, which made him all the more curious, yet not suspicious enough to leave the box sitting there untampered. Steven reached in the pocket of his khaki pants and took out his keys, using the edge on one of them to cut open the package. He snapped open the top of the box and saw a typed up note that lay on top of the box's contents that was covered in bubble wrap. With curiosity winning over all sense of security, he snatched the letter and read it to himself.

*Dear Steven,
 I got you this nice little gift
 To tease you at your work shift
 So have fun at the beach
 Hope you can still reach
 Past your dome while you stay adrift.*

-A

“A fucking limerick?” Steven muttered out loud, more confused than before he had read the note. Whatever this was about, or whoever sent it, knew where he was going for his vacation, at least. A few hours south to stay with some online friends and lounge around on the beach. He had told a few people, but he couldn’t imagine who would send him a package. He studied the note as if something would jump out at him. The rest was too odd to make sense of, so he shrugged and lifted the package’s contents out of the box.

The twenty-six year old silver fox blushed a deeper shade of pink than a sixteen year old that just nailed a perfect romantic date with the love of their life. Before him was two air-tight sealed packages that contained professional-looking, custom-made pool toys. One of the pictures on the package promised a kangaroo with sun-yellow hair, and the other a rather fat looking skunk with short, pink hair. He could immediately tell they weren’t made by any typical company, as the markings looked far too intricate. Cartoony, but detailed and made with obvious care. They looked better than any pooltoy he had seen. The facial features on both the toys captured his gaze. The kangaroo’s sharp brown eyes and the skunk’s sparkling blue eyes were so bright and full of emotion that he found it hard to turn away, as if they were calling to him already. He knew he had never seen anything like these toys before. They were amazing. They were expensive. They were...

Sexy.

Steven snapped to and scrambled to stuff toys back in the box and hide the throbbing boner that had appeared with ease in his pants. He hid them in the miniscule chance that someone might walk in and see and judge him as if he were holding a pair of thick dildos. For him, those shiny, gorgeous toys practically were, but that begged the question...

Who the fuck could know my secret? Steven huffed heavily, his mind working in overdrive to think of who could have sent the package that knew where he was going on vacation, knew his work address, and somehow knew that he had such a special attraction to those vinyl toys. It certainly narrowed down the list, but the signature at the bottom of the note threw him off. Much to his own embarrassment, his mind drifted just as quickly from who sent the package to the shiny, deflated hunks that lay in the package in front of him. The silver vulpine brushed a paw through his black hair, bit his bottom lip, whimpered and reached down to push the uncomfortable, tenting bulge in

his pants to the side. He could not help but to imagine the feeling of his naked body on that smooth, shiny surface. The feeling of his shaft sliding along the underside of the kangaroo's huge pa-

Focus, Steven. You have a job to do. None if this is a big deal right now. He told himself. He set the package aside and took a walk to the break room to make coffee. It took him only until he put the filter in the coffee machine before his mind started wandering back to his gift from an anonymous person. The fox mulled over ideas in his mind, some of which were dirtier than others and gradually getting more and more daring until one particular idea made him blush.

No one is even going to be in today, and I could lock the break room and cover the window just in case...

He schemed, his heart pounding in his chest as his devious idea became not only possible, but tantalizing. The idea went from tantalizing, to feasible and further until he decided to go through with it. The vulpine tugged the collar of his button-up shirt, rushed back out to grab the package, rushed back in the break room, locking the door behind him, and closing the blinds.

His heart pounded faster than he would care to admit to anyone, save his closest friends. His eagerness to blow air into the valve of those hunky toys grew, making him pant and blush at his own desire as he ripped open the package and unfolded the toy out into the vaguely recognizable shape of a kangaroo on the carpeted floor of the break room. Discarding the instructions, Steven searched over the flat front of the toy for the valve, only to discover that it had none. Confused, he yanked the instructions back and skimmed through to the section on inflating. Devoid of words, it only had images of a man kissing the flat toy on its' printed on maw, and puffing.

Even the thought made the fox yip in embarrassment and desire. The bulge in Steven's pants throbbed, and only briefly did he contemplate the mechanics behind such an act before tossing the instructions aside again.

Steven grabbed the muzzle of the kangaroo pooltoy and locked his muzzle with its' own. The slick feeling and taste of the new vinyl toy danced around his senses and made him shiver before he took a deep breath and puffed into the shiny, tan muzzle. To his surprise, the air flowed in even more effectively than it would with a standard valve, and it filled the toy out gradually without letting a bit of it out. The vulpine blushed, whimpered and wiggled in anticipation as more and more of the kangaroo toy rounded out. He pushed his stiff erection into the half-inflated toy while he puffed over and over, forcing the toy to push out into his clothed member.

His heart continued to pound in his chest as the kangaroo pooltoy became more recognizable as the one in the image on the cover of the package. He whimpered deep in his own arousal while his swollen member throbbed to the grinding against the increasing pressure inside the shiny vinyl toy. He started to make out with the pooltoy as he would any other lover, paws gripping and kneading at the sides of the toy while he puffed inside it over and over until it finally became taut with air.

The last thing Steven could recall before he passed out was the sight of the vinyl toy below him blink, and the feeling of a tingling jet of air pushing back into his silver muzzle.

The fox woke up wincing at a loud ringing in his ears and a headache that felt like a fissure on his skull. He groaned and eyed a blurry figure across the break room with confusion, his head working in overdrive to piece together what was happening. As steadily as he seemed to focus, however, he couldn't make out what the figure was doing exactly as it moved both his arms up and down together.

"Wh-what the fuck?" Steven managed to grunt out, quickly realizing it wasn't the best idea when the figure turned to notice that he was awake. He struggled to move... To do something... anything in his blurry haze, only to find his arms and feet were bound together tight.

The tan figure in the fox's vision laughed at him and turned back to what it was doing, unconcerned by the struggles of its captive. It only replying back to him in a cartoony, exaggerated Australian accent.

"Confused, eh? Well, take it easy mate. No worries, it'll come back soon."

The voice mocked Steven, and he growled irritated back at the figure. With little else to do, he began to blink and focus his vision, albeit slowly. Finally, he came to enough to see the pooltoy he was inflating earlier, standing upright before the package of the other toy with a bicycle pump, inflating it steadily. The vulpine blinked and gawked at the sight, testing his sanity and senses before stammering out.

"This isn't possible." He gawked, at a loss for other word or thought. The kangaroo simply laughed, the painted shape of his mouth following the words as if it were animated on the vinyl itself.

"Given that I'm standin' here existing just like you, I'm gonna have to disagree."

That shut Steven right up, and he sat gawking at the scene in front of him. The fox began to wonder for his own sanity as the skunk pooltoy started to take shape. It became tight with the pressure of the air within it before snapping to life like someone flipped a switch.

"Thanks! Feels good to be animate again!" the skunk toy said with a feminine voice that accentuated the sway in the shiny, black hips of the toy. "This the lucky customer?"

Steven felt a knot in his throat as both of the toys turned to him at the same time. He scrambled back against the wall as the two approached. Despite how much the vulpine knew he should be frightened, or at least questioning his own sanity, his inner desire betrayed him.

If there's even a snowball's chance in hell this is real...

His half-frightened, half-confused eyes locked onto the thick haunches of the kangaroo as they swayed with each step, following the seam like a trail down the underside of the fat tail that followed those sways. The mix of emotions played with him

as his gaze turned to the skunk toy. While the kangaroo had little distinguishing, original features, the skunk was rather feminine and chubby while still clearly male. The obvious chub of the pooltoy skunk intrigued him, though. Somehow despite being tight with air, the form managed to keep a decent level of paunch that even formed love handles and an overhang with a sizable belly. The skunk's hips were wide and thighs thick, but before the silver fox could gaze further, he felt the tan, fingerless paw of the pooltoy roo flick his muzzle up with force that surprised him.

"Up here, mate." It demanded. Steven, for a moment, marveled at the smooth feeling of the vinyl against the underside of his muzzle. The fox snapped to and blew the strands of his messy, black hair out of his eyes and gulped heavily.

"Wh-what? who...?" Steven stammered yet again. His headache had gone away, but it was hardly a relief to his thought and emotion-wrecked brain. It was the skunk that answered.

"Wouldn't you like to know? Hehe~!" it giggled, making rounds around the helpless fox, whose eyes were following the gargantuan tail that swayed behind that fat skunk pooltoy. Steven realized enough to know now that the pooltoys seemed to be content with toying with his confusion, and that he wouldn't very likely get the answer to 'Who are you', 'Who bought you for me', or even 'How are inflatable toys animate and strong enough to tie me up'.

"Wh-what are you going to do with me?" Steven asked, stammering only slightly less than before. The toys exchanged glances and smirked at each other.

"Now that's a better question, mate." The kangaroo replied. It continued talking, and Steven tried his hardest to listen, as it seemed very important to his predicament, but there was something about the skunk toy's shiny tail he couldn't draw away from. It was so round and shiny and alluring in the way it curved up and down and swayed with each step that the skunk took. He just had to touch that luxurious-

"I SAID UP HERE, MATE, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?" The kangaroo yelled, this time the paws on his muzzle used more force, yanking the vulpine's eyes to lock with the painted, occasionally blinking, stylized eyes of the kangaroo. Steven's was suddenly in panic.

"Yes, sir!" The silver fox said with a nod, fear in his eyes. The odd, unexplainable strength the roo had been enough to make him listen and ignore what strangely compelling inner-desire he had. Steven's fearful gaze shifted to confused again as the kangaroo let his grip go, giving a laugh that worried the vulpine.

"Is it working?" the girlyboy mephit toy asked its' partner-in-crime, beginning to laugh with him.

"Oh, it's working. Just look at his eyes." the kangaroo smirked, the two toys inspecting Steven closely.

What's working? The hell is going on? Steven thought. Though he wished to demand an answer out loud, he had gained better judgment of his situation. He simply

sat there and said nothing, waiting for the air-filled toys in front of him to make their move, not wanting to risk irritating the kangaroo further.

“Should we let him go?” The skunk asked the kangaroo.

“Yeah, I think so.” The kangaroo replied, and bend over to undo the ties on Steven’s arms and legs.

Yes! This is my chance. Whatever is going on I need to get the hell out of here.

Steven thought as the rope fell to the floor. He shook out his hands and stretched before sitting up. Before he could stand up, the bulky, shiny roo belted out.

“I didn’t say you could stand, mate. Kneel.” He demanded. Steven gulped.

Run. Now. Now is your chance! He told his body, but his body disobeyed. Before he could reconsider, He was kneeling before the pooltoy with his pants tented out uncomfortably with his arousal. It throbbed at the sight of the toy’s vinyl crotch in his face. The tan toy gave a chuckle and the feminine skunk gave him a hug from the back. The feeling a vinyl pooltoy against his body was not unfamiliar to him, but the feeling of an animate one against him, hugging at him with measurable strength, nearly took his breath away. He shivered and even wiggled back into the hug

“We knew you wouldn’t run~ you want us too bad!” The skunk said deviously into the vulpine’s ears. Steven’s cheeks grew flush, and he only gave a strong exhale of a huff in response. The toy was not wrong, but something still didn’t feel right about how easily he was giving in.

“Now lick, mate.” The kangaroo demanded sternly. The silver fox blushed a deep pink as he eyed the odd slit in the ‘roo’s vinyl crotch. The fox whimpered and looked up past the kangaroo’s wide hips to his face, which was staring firmly back at him. Gulping deeply, he cautiously pressed his tongue to the bottom of the slit in the vinyl, slowly licking up it before poking it inside curiously. In response, the kangaroo’s inflatable member started to press out of the slit, growing in front of Steven’s eyes. The silver fox gasped in surprise before curiously licking the tip of the kangaroo toy’s member. Seamless, the kangaroo toy’s cock was larger than anything the fox had seen on any furred creature. The inflatable shaft throbbed against his licks like a normal one would, but certainly felt like vinyl to the touch of his tongue.

“Good boy.” The tan toy said, resulting in a giggle from the tubby skunk behind him. The laughs made Steven blush deeper and whimper, but he wasn’t about to admit to how much he found himself enjoying the act. The taste and feel of the vinyl felt amazing on the fox’s wet tongue and the shiny ‘flesh’ of the toy glistened with saliva in the light in front of his eyes. He watched as a bead of precum flowed from the slit of the kangaroo’s member and curiously nosed closer. With a bit of hesitance, he flicked his tongue out and licked at the bead of pre and was rewarded with a strong, sense-flooding vinyl taste.

“Oooo such an eager toy!” The mephit squeaked out. Steven huffed heavily, the strong vinyl taste in his mouth tingling down his throat as he swallowed the pre. He felt his heart pound in his chest at the words and his tail lifted in a motion of agreement. His

breathing increased to a heavy panting, and he wrapped his maw around the thick cock of the kangaroo, bobbing up and down and sucking as he would a fleshy member.

Toy? Am I their toy? What are you doing, Steven? Run! He thought, only briefly before the kangaroo he was pleasing growled.

“Ooooh, god mate. Seems someone struck a chord.” The kangaroo huffed heavily, putting a shiny paw on top of the vulpine’s head. The feeling of the toy’s light paw on his head made Steven blush.

You don’t want to run, do you? You want every bit of this and more. He chided himself, though it felt more like he was simply teasing himself. His heart pounded in fear for what would happen to him, as he was kidnapped, after all. But it seemed like his will was draining as his desire rose.

This isn’t you. You wouldn’t give into this so easily. You were drugged. He concluded, still unsure even as he thought it. His mind was hazy though, and the harder he thought about it the more vigorous he seemed to suck.

Maybe. It doesn’t matter. I want it.

“Oooh, I call the front though! You get the back!” the mephit squeaked out. Obediently, Steven took the huge, inflatable cock out of his maw, a string of shiny, latex-looking pre leading from his tongue to the member tip. His eyes felt heavy with the weight of his own pent up lust, and although his cock throbbed and begged for release, he didn’t dare touch it. He looked up at the vinyl toys with heavy eyes, wanting the kangaroo behind him despite the toy’s thick size.

This is what they want, and you’re their toy.

“Oh, I think I can deal with that. Flip on your back, slut.” The kangaroo demanded, and Steven blushed deep and obeyed. The tan roo lifted the fox’s legs over its shoulders with surprisingly strength and the long, can-thick, inflated member pressed against his hole. The feeling of the girth pushing against him made him whimper and pant in need while the mephit toy circled around to the vulpine’s front. Steven was experienced, for sure, but he reckoned he had never taken anything as big as the Aussie roo toy before.

He felt the latex-like precum coat his hole, making it much easier for the large rod to sink into his needy body. It did so easier than the vulpine expected, and although it spread his hole to his limits, the air inside the kangaroo’s shaft moved to better accommodate the fox’s limits, settling to a form and size that fit him like a glove. Steven arched his back and let out a loud moan, locking eyes with the chubby skunk toy that smirked down at him.

“Oh, I know what you want~” the shiny mephit squeaked out, swishing his hips and tail about as he turned around and lifted the huge tail high, leaving Steven face to face with the roundest, largest set of cheeks he had ever seen. In awe, the fox gasped, feeling the kangaroo hilt its member inside him to watch for the time being. The skunk giggled bashfully and wiggled the shiny ass back and forth teasingly.

The cheeks ballooned out like beachballs squished together, and left no sight of any hole between them. The perfectly pert, round cheeks shined in the light, and showed just as much hint of chubby form than the skunk's lovehandles did. Steven couldn't help but pant out as the enormous cheeks started to descend on his muzzle. The vulpine could have cum then and there and he would have paid it no mind. The glorious, huge cheeks spread with the tip of his muzzle and he was welcomed by the smell of pleasantly musky vinyl.

Steven's shaky paws reached up to grab each tremendous cheek with a paw, shivering as he felt it sink into the fat vinyl. His tongue flicked out and felt the skunk toy's vinyl star and swirled around it with delight and need and he kissed it briefly before pulling the toy by the thighs down onto him. With a squeal of delight, the toy wiggled it's hips down against the fox, his muzzle pushing and probing against the shiny, vinyl pucker. The fox huffed in delight and continues to make out with the tubby skunk toy's tail end, his senses flooded with the strong, vinyl taste he was beginning to crave.

The kangaroo pulled out and thrust hard to remind Steven he was there and made him moan out between the mephit's fat, air-filled cheeks, which in turn made the other toy squeak in delight from the vibrations. With his senses being assaulted by feelings from both ends, Steven could hardly keep up with the pace of the toys. The thick member inside his pucker fit in him better than anything else he put in him ever had, and the feeling, taste, and smell of the tail end that surrounded him and the pucker his tongue pushed against overwhelmed him. Rather than beg for them to slow down, though, the vulpine relaxed and milked the kangaroo's cock with his inner muscles the best he could while probing his tongue into the toy skunk's stretchy hole.

"Mmm, d-damn, he's taking well to being our toy." The skunk said to the kangaroo who grunted and thrust into its' vulpine fucktoy. The kangaroo barely heard, putting his shiny paws on Steven's thighs for support before thrusting harder and faster. The skunk chuckled and looked down to Steven.

"You like my ass don't you? But you're a good toy who is going to suck my until I cum, right?" the mephit's soothing, smooth voice cooed down at him. Steven nodded and the gigantic ass lifted off him, glistening with the fox's saliva. The skunk turned and stepped forward, the toy's member smaller than the kangaroo toy's, though still as thick as the average furred person. Without hesitation, the fox took it in his maw and sucked firmly, feeling the strongly tasting pre tingle down his throat again. As he sucked, Steven couldn't help but to eye the fat lovehandles on the toy, but was cut short by the toy's words.

"Like the look of my shiny fat, hmm? Don't think I can't see you staring. Keep sucking 'til I cum and I'll let you lick me all over..." the mephit's feminine voice trailed. Steven nodded and let out a muffled moan into the skunk pooltoy's crotch, sucking more firmly while gulping what he could of the copious amounts of precum that filled his maw. He felt the latex-like precum cling to his throat as he gulped, slickening the passage to his stomach. He felt the member in his maw slide more easily into his eager

muzzle, and he swallowed a few times in surprise, struggling at the new feeling while his throat tingled.

“You’ll get used to it.” the skunk giggled and reached his digit-less paw to pet the fox’s head. The kangaroo growled and slammed hard into his stretched backend. His backend began to tingling like his maw, which caught him by surprise. He felt the kangaroo’s massive member thrust easier, the air that had been displaced earlier filled the shaft out and stretched him even more.

Somehow, he began to feel even more sensitive and each thrust into his overstretched tailhole caused a wave of pleasure to shoot up his spine. Steven closed his eyes and focused on each tingle of pleasure over his body, losing track of which tingling was being caused by the toys’ pre or which tingle was the relentless, orgasmic assault of pleasure the toys were fucking him into. His ears twitched at the sounds of the skunk toy whimpering louder the closer he got to orgasm, the kangaroo grunting louder with every thrust, and the strangely arousing squeaks of the both of them as they used his body.

The kangaroo forced the vulpine’s legs down and was growled in his ear and finally howled out and pounded his entire length into the pleasure-drunk fox. At first, Steven felt nothing as the big kangaroo pooltoy groaned in orgasmic bliss, but when his belly started to gurgle the fox’s eyes went wide. He had little time to struggle in that panicked moment, though, before the feminine skunk grabbed his head and thrust its’ entire length into his muzzle, cumming the same flow of air that was beginning to fill the fox’s back end.

“Nnnng-! What did you expect, sweetie? We did say you’d be a toy.” The skunk huffed heavily, its’ two-dimensional eyes lidded in a look of ecstasy.

“Our toy.” the kangaroo added. Steven didn’t need to look to know that his stomach was starting to fill out. The vulpine’s ears twitched at the sounds of hissing and gurgling that filled his ears, and the button-up he wore began to feel tighter alarmingly quickly. The tightening of the shirt made him wince before finally a button popped and flew off to relieve the pressure. The discomfort grew again until another button popped, and another until his open shirt fluttered uselessly on him.

Given everything, the fox wondered why he wasn’t feeling cramped, but his answer was answered in the form of a shift of his body and a glance at his doming belly, which was starting to look as shiny as the toys using him. Steven protested in muffled yelps, but the toys held him firmly in place. For the first time, he struggled.

The toys’ grip on the fox was strong, but the mephitis finally pulled his shaft from the fox, its’ orgasm waning. The kangaroo, however, kept himself deep within his stretched hole, continuing to fill his pregnant-looking gut.

“Wh-what... I don’t want this. S-Stop!”

The skunk toy knelt down over the fox with a giggle, tugging Steven’s muzzle so that his gaze met the toy’s.

“Look at you. Of course you do. You want to know how I know that?” The skunk teased, reaching his shiny paw to rub at the fox’s throbbing member. Steven realized at

once that he had forgotten all about his own pleasure with the overwhelming experience taking precedence. He moaned and tried to grind up the best he could, the size of his own stomach becoming more and more apparent to him as it swelled higher. The mephit moved his free paw to Steven's ball-belly, rubbing it ever so gently. Pleasure shot through him in waves with each rub. The pressure was so built up in the fox's gut that the slightest touch felt like a small orgasm. He gasped out and huffed the best he could, his breathing labored by the pressure building in him.

Finally, the kangaroo toy's air orgasm stopped, leaving the fox looking pregnant, and functionally helpless on his back, his stomach far too large for him to move. The kangaroo slid his member out and Steven felt something else slip into his used tail end. He struggled to get a good look, wobbling about helplessly until he finally gave up with a resigned whimper.

"Because you didn't run, mate." The kangaroo said. Steven could only catch a glimpse of the bicycle pump's handle raising before it was thrust down, forcing a flow of *air* through the hose and into the fox's tail end. The air made his beachball belly gurgle in protest and rise ever-so-slightly in his view.

The shine of his belly was spreading slowly, covering most of his overinflated gut and traveling over the rest of his body. Panic mixed with his heightened pleasure and helplessness in a rush of confusing emotion that vanished with a deep, hollow, ear-filling THUUMMM. The tubby skunk's paw slapping on his shiny belly sent reverberations through the room and shockwaves of pleasure through the fox's hyper-sensitive body, sending into a wave of orgasmic bliss. His own pent up member struggled and throbbed, and the helpless vulpine could only gasp and pant as the two toys continued.

"That's just a small little taste of the pleasure you'll have as a big, balloon toy like us." The skunk said sharply, and slapped his shiny paw against the vulpine's beach-ball belly a bit softer this time. The pleasure of each thump of the toy's digit-less paw against his tightening hide felt like nothing he had ever experienced. Far more than any orgasm he had felt. His overstretched belly creaked and shook, and the vulpine's eyes lidded with pleasure. With the small amount of brain power the fox had amidst the pleasure, he wondered how in the world he didn't orgasm, and then he realized. The pressure stopped it.

"P-please...!" The fox moaned out instinctually, without a shred of thought. Every bit of panic and worry in his body seemed to be replaced with the need for release.

"Please what, mate?" The kangaroo smirked, continuing his pumping up and down, but tantalizingly slow.

Steven gulped and hesitated, taking the moment to breath. He focused on the hissing of air in his belly and shivered. He could feel every tiny stretch of his own belly as it grew, and breathing seemed to make his body quake and caused the pressure-induced-pleasure surge up and down with each breath. He could see nothing past the huge, shiny dome of a belly but the gut was definitely somewhere between his furred

belly and the toys' vinyl ones now, and the changes were spreading to his chest and up his limbs. His cock began to tingle and the fox blushed flush, only able to imagine what was happening to it past the vastness of his own pooltoy belly.

The kangaroo slapped his paws against Steven's gargantuan belly, sending another assault of pleasure that numbed all thought and replaced it with a greater urgency in his need. The toys both rubbed along the fox's belly, making him ogle and moan in over-stimulation.

"Please WHAT?" the kangaroo demanded.

"I need to cum...! Please let me cum!" Steven begged the pooltoys. With a deep blush, the skunk leaned over his face and gave a disappointed sigh.

"Oh, that's not what we want to hear. What do you really want, toy?" The skunk said, rubbing its' vinyl paw against Steven's cheek. He blushed at the feminine toy's soft touch and words. He knew exactly what it wanted him to say, and at once he knew how right it was. The pressure within him was better than any orgasm he had ever had, and each thump trumped the most satisfying ejaculation. His cock didn't cause the torrent of pleasure that the pressure within him caused. There was only one reason why he kept forgetting about the pleasure his cock was giving him. He wanted to pressure far more.

You're not full yet. The shiny vinyl is giving you stretch. If you think it feels good now...

"P-Please..! Make me bigger! I want to be big toy like you!" Steven squeaked out. The latter part he blurted out surprised even him, but the pressure in his stomach was increasing exponentially, and so was the pleasure of the toys' rubs and thumps on it. It must have been eroded any filter that existed between his mind and mouth. He could feel the tingling at his paws, neck and tail now. Fur turned to vinyl, and worry and fear turned to desire.

"You will, fox, we promise you. You need to say it like a good bitch." The kangaroo grunted. The tan toy pumped faster now, and each gurgle and rush of air pushed every inch of his stomach outward. Each billowing push within him caused his pleasure to overwhelm him more and more. It was fogging his mind, shooting what felt like a hundred orgasms at once through his senses. It was an unparalleled feeling that didn't take for Steven to realize he didn't just want it. He needed it.

"Be a good balloon. You know what good balloons do. You know what we want you to say." The skunk added.

Steven blushed and grew. His gut pressed against the break room table, forcing it more and more to the side of the room as he grew. His muzzle tingled and grew shiny and the feeling spread until every bit of himself that the vulpine could see was shiny vinyl. The kangaroo was relentless now, pumping as hard as the toy could, and the skunk kept hugging and thumping on the vinyl fox's belly and squealing in delight at each bit of growth.

It didn't take long before Steven couldn't see anything. His vision grew shallow as the entirety of his body grew far too massive for him to comprehend in such a mind-

numbingly blissful state. The tingles had mostly stopped until the only tingle he felt was on and in his head. Finally, with a flick of a switch, he understood what the toys wanted of him.

The fox knew he didn't have enough stretch to feel his stomach challenge the walls of the room. His stomach grew translucent in his view, now, and the prospect of his end grew more and more apparent. Steven found it making him excited, however, as the tingling feeling in his head died down. He squeaked out in glee amidst his pleasure.

I'm a toy. I'm a balloon. My silly cock won't do anything for me, and if pressure is my pleasure, my orgasm...

"P-please...! pop me!" Steven moaned out. The toy's never looked at each other, even if the toy fox's form weren't blocking the line of sight from each other. The vulpine closed his eyes and let the pleasurable pressure within him control his thoughts, sinking into an ocean of orgasmic bliss as his form grew transparent, filling the building with sounds of vinyl creaking and stretching. He felt the skunk toy's paw on his puffy cheek and opened his eyes. The tubby mephit loomed, smiling above.

"See you in a bit, my new toy." the pooltoy said, tugging both their shiny muzzles together in a kiss. Steven sank deep into the kiss and felt air from the skunk toy flow in his own shiny, vinyl muzzle and push him over the edge. With a muffled moan, the vinyl toy fox split at the seams with a thunderous BOOOOM.