

That Inflated Stud Feeling

By: Firingwall

Story inspired by RedPandaCase's [Inflatable horse](#)

BWOMP! “Oops-a-doodle!” A high-pitch, cutesy voice gasped, “Sworries!”

Monica huffed, rubbing her face. Anger was rising. She looked up at her preparator and snapped, “Watch where you’re goin’, ya dumb mutt!”

The pink toon dog pouted. “Awwwww, ya don’t have to be such a meanie! It was an accident!” Despite the insult, the canine still bent down and lent a hand.

Monica smacked it away and got to her feet. Outside of some soreness on her butt from the fall, no injuries or scrapes. Still, the woman cared not. That damn toon just popped out of nowhere around the corner.

“I don’t care! Watch where you’re going! Or don’t carry huge boxes that block your view like an idiot!”

The toon sighed, looking where her box had fallen when the two collided. Monica looked too, seeing it was on its side with its contents spilled on the ground.

What the hell was that dog transporting? White... nozzles? White nozzles, the kind you see on an inflatable ball or ring, had poured out of the box and were scattered all around on the sidewalk.

The dog quickly got to work on filling the box again. She took it so seriously, packing all of those... nozzles. Monica almost wanted to question why the hell this girl was carrying around something so stupid and bizarre.

Then she remembered: toon. It was pointless. Toons operated on their own damn, confusing logic. There was no reason for her to bother understanding it one bit.

Plus, it was hot. Way too hot to care.

“I’m outta here,” the black woman said simply, turning and continuing on her way home. She had better things to do.

“W-wait! Ma’am!” The pink dog cried out, waving her paws, “Could ya help me a sec? These are super important! I need them for my summer wear line, and I can’t misplace a single one otherwise I’ll-”

Monica did not care. She picked up her pace, turning the corner and leaving the dog behind.

“Goddamn, it’s fucking hot today,” Monica murmured, wiping her brow. Even inside her apartment building, it did little to protect her from the humid, suffocating heat.

As much as she’d rather not do it, she wished she had a shift that day. Just be at her work where it was nice and air-conditioned. Nope. Not scheduled and no extra shifts she could pick up. Plus, she couldn’t hang around a grocery store all day.

And forget about other places to escape to as well. The library was closed for renovations, the movie theater was packed to the brim for every screen, and the pool was closed because they didn’t have anyone for lifeguard duty!

Monica rubbed her face as she trudged down the hallway of her place’s landing. Today was against her. Everything was against her. No place to escape the heat properly and after walking to each place as the temperature approached nearly 100 degrees... she couldn’t stand it. Plus, that toon encounter didn’t help her already temperamental mood.

Fans... she thought as she reached her door at long last. All fans on me, all day on sofa. Only way to survive.

Not the best way to survive though. She considered briefly contacting the apartment manager to get off his ass and fix her air conditioner unit that’s been dead for a while. However, his useless ass probably wouldn’t.

As she considered her options, her train of thought was interrupted by the door opening across from hers. An elderly lady stepped out, fanning herself gently. She looked almost as hot and tired as Monica.

Monica gave the woman a nod and politely greeted her. “Hello, Mrs. Rodríguez.”

The lady looked and nodded back, smiling faintly. “Oh... good morning, Monica. I thought I heard you leave earlier.”

“Yeah, well, I’m back.” She sighed, unlocking her door, “I can’t escape the heat. Everywhere is closed or packed.”

“You poor dear!” Rodríguez’s eyes brightened. “Oh! My cousin has invited me over for lunch. You’re welcome to join. She has air conditioning and always makes too much food.”

That did seem promising. “Thank you...” But a nagging thought dug at the back of Monica’s head. “...but I couldn’t intrude on you and your family like that.”

“It wouldn’t be a bother at all!” The older woman’s smile grew warmer. “I insist. Why don’t you come with-”

But then, she trailed off. Her eyes left Monica’s face and fell downward. Her expression changed, puzzlement and confusion filling it.

“Umm... something wrong?”

Rodríguez twitched and looked back at her. “Oh...” She looked back down again. “Oh my! I think you have something stuck to your leg.”

“My leg?” Monica looked down. She couldn’t see anything. Anything obvious at least. Her neighbor wasn’t the kind of person to joke, so Monica quickly said her goodbyes and hurried into her apartment, closing the door behind her.

Inside, she was hit by an intense blast of heat. Her apartment always seemed to feel like a sweatbox (a reason why she left it in the first place). That didn’t matter at the moment. She hurried over to her sofa and turned on all the fans surrounding it.

Monica sat down and got to business. “My leg...”

She lifted her left leg and tried bending and twisting it. After a bit of searching, she saw something white. Something white upon her dark skin, but just out of sight with it angled around the back of her thigh.

She reached around the area and hit something... rubbery? Gently feeling it, it had a circular base with a cylinder-shaped appendage rising from its center. At its top was... a cap? Wait, this seemed familiar.

She pulled out her phone and angled it below, snapping a picture for a better look. However, the better look only confused her.

A nozzle? It was a nozzle for a pool toy or inflatable sticking to her skin. It looked a lot like the ones that came out of that box that toon was carrying around.

I need them for my summer wear line, and I can't misplace a single one...

Well, tough shit, dog. You lost one. Monica reached for the nozzle and tugged on it.

It didn't come off. When she pulled on it, she felt a pinching sensation. It was almost like... like it was a part of her?

She shook her head. Crazy thought that was. She grabbed the nozzle again and tugged. Not much happened. She tugged again. The nozzle... moved?

She tugged some more. The nozzle definitely moved. She pulled and pulled, the nozzle moving now.

It moved all the way around the outer side of her thigh, right below her short jean shorts. She could better see it now, but, despite it moving... it looked attached to her. Her skin and its rubber nozzle base had melded together.

The room went silent, the only thing heard in her head was her heartbeat. The room itself felt hotter now, more uncomfortable. Everything... everything wasn't right.

This... this can't be real. Her teeth chattered. *This can't! It... it'll come off!*

She grabbed the nozzle one more time and yanked, yanked as hard as she could. This time, it would not budge. It would not move or shift from where it was.

Although, there was a light pop! The cap popped right off, hanging there as a new hole in her body opened up. It felt almost as if her heart skipped a beat there. This couldn't possibly be good, right?

ppppppppp. What was that? It was so faint, so quiet. It was almost impossible to hear.

Monica leaned in. *ppppppppppppp.* Such a strange sound. She closed her eyes and focused. *ppppppppppppp.* It... it sounded like air being pumped into a balloon continuously.

Ppppppppppppppp! That weird sound was louder now. Monica's eyes opened and looked at the nozzle again. That sound wasn't the only thing strange now. The skin around the nozzle felt numb... and light? It was almost... synthetic.

Ba-thump. Her heartbeat came in loud and clear as she stared at the spot. The weird tone of her skin was just confined to around the nozzle, but then it spread. It spread fast and around her thigh, her skin shiny and vinyl plasticity.

N-no way. The feeling fully spread over her thigh and began moving onto her hip, just out of sight beneath her jean shorts. Though, she saw enough. Her dark skin began to brighten, spreading out again from the nozzle. However, the color was wild, bright, gaudy neon green.

In seconds, her upper thigh was different, inhuman. A seam popped out the top and bottom of her nozzle. It stretched up and down, running to the edge of where the vinyl texture stopped. It was like staring at an infla-

NO! Can't think of that shit. This is crazy!! Monica's heart was racing uncomfortably, sweat pouring from her forehead. There was no way this could be real. She had to be dreaming. She had to be out of it on some level.

She... she had to know. Mustering up as much courage as she could, she reached down and placed a finger on her green "skin". It felt cool and latex-like to the touch.

She pushed down on it. **Squeak.** The area felt even soft and squishier. She pushed harder down, her finger going deeper and deeper into her vinyl skin. It was unreal. It felt like there were no muscles or bones there at all.

The changes continued to spread after a small momentary lapse. That green, fake tone rolled down and over her knee, its shape and figure fading and inflating to match with her thigh. It flowed all down to her sandal, seams following close behind it.

There, at her foot, her confusion and shock only got worse. Her toes began merging, the sandal strap snapping apart. The area itself where the toes were turned light, grayish blue and a seam appeared, circling the sole of her foot.

With her toes no more, pushing slightly inward, her foot inflated. Everything grew circular and rounded, its shape stubby and flat on the bottom. The blue spread up as the green reached it. The green skin reached the blue and formed a rounded, spiky outline around it.

She had a hoof, a blue hoof with green fur falling over its top. At least, a painted-on, synthetic, plastic version of it. A green leg and blue hoof-like shape of a leg.

Monica's breathing deepened. It felt like she was going to explode. She tried to move her leg. It felt so light and weightless. She placed it on the ground and pushed down on it. It felt squishy, her leg bending in ways it couldn't.

For a moment, she considered trying to run for help. She tried to stand up with it but was suddenly bounced back. **FWOOMP!** Her inflatable leg ballooned suddenly! Several centimeters were added on, starting in her hoof and expanding upwards.

And the hoof was the narrowest part. Her leg nearly doubled in size, almost like she had muscles again (though for someone much bigger). When the growth reached her short shorts, they swelled and swelled, the sound of squeaky rubber trying to break free of its confines.

Eventually, **SNAP!** Her left leg hole burst open, revealing her leg in its entirety. There was now a clear distinction in where the inflatable vinyl skin started and ended, a seam circling around her hip joint. She literally had the leg of a pool toy horse now!

Monica slapped her face. She needed to wake up. She needed to act. Sitting around staring at her leg wasn't going to do anything. Action had to be done. No matter how lopsided her large leg was, she had to get help.

So, Monica got up. The feeling was immediate. It felt so unnatural to have a leg this different from your other, especially with how tall it was.

Still, she tried moving towards the door. **Squeak.** It was awkward. **Squeak.** Just as lopsided as she thought it would be. **Squeak.** That noise her hoof made when it "clomped" against the ground... **Squeak.** So annoying. **Squeak squeak.**

Squeak. Squeak. Squeak. Squeak. Her pace slowed. **Squeak.** As annoying as it was, that noise was also oddly... comforting? **Squeak.** Strangely satisfying. **Squeak.** Fun. That last step echoed in her mind. Things just felt so much lighter inside hearing that sound.

Squeak. Pffffffft. She stopped. That was that balloon inflating sound. However, it wasn't coming from her left leg anymore. Instead, it was coming from the right.

Soon, a familiar, light feeling invaded it. Even with no nozzle, a vinyl plasticity tone came to her upper leg, followed by that green. This go-around though, it did not take its time. Her leg rapidly underwent its inflating enhancement from a "bulky" leg down to her new hoof.

Snap! Snap! There went another sandal and the other leg hole, her shorts barely hanging on at this point. She now had two pool toy horse legs, both so thick and "buff" looking.

She was of two minds. First, this was unbelievably shocking. Just... just hard to even know what to say in the presence of such new additions. Second, a thought, brief as it was, that was somewhat comforting. At least having matching legs made it easier for walking?

It was... nice? That couldn't be it... yet, it wasn't bad? She didn't care that much? She couldn't comprehend it, these thoughts and feelings. **Squeak.** Though, when she moved a leg

and bumped them together, that sharp sound and smoothness of it all brought a level of comfort to her heated mind.

Monica looked at her legs. Two inflatable, horse legs. She reached down and gently grabbed and squeezed them. So light and soft... and empty. She shivered. Yet, they were also strangely powerful. She could feel it despite their squishiness. She could sense it.

She... liked it? Did she like this?

RIIIIP! Her thoughts interrupted as her shorts finally gave way and plopped to the ground. At least her underwear did a good job of staying on at least?

Not that it mattered for long. The neon green vinyl skin left her hips and spread across the rest of her bottom half. It spread gently across her crotch and between her legs. She could feel it go over her butt cheeks, dipping between them. It was reaching her holes then.

And at that moment, she felt hot. Hotter than she ever had before. That substance overtaking her body was bringing such a strange, pleasant pleasure. Weird, but so oddly inviting and wonderful. Her entire body shook...

...and the feeling faded. As the vinyl rubbery skin cloaked the most private of areas, it also closed them. Her butt, vagina, everything there that was hole or opening-related was sealed. It was all barren except for the pool toy seams that formed.

The heat faded, even taking her concern and worries with it. Almost nothing was left. Monica blinked and looked down. This should be worth worrying over, but that smooth, empty, calming, light sensation that remained.

Besides the emptiness and closings, there were also some other, subtler changes. Just out of sight, her rear was looking a lot less flat. No bit of shape or roundness at all. Her hips were narrower as well, no longer as curvy as they once were.

Monica scratched her face. *What... what do I do now? I don't know anymore. Everything is just so...* **Squeak.** She quivered. *So light and airy...*

That plasticity vinyl was on the move again. It finally left her hips and nether regions behind, going up her torso. It spread quickly, flowing over her belly button and closing that like the other holes. A seam formed in the center of her crotch and ran upwards towards her neck. Again, that light feeling was growing more prevalent within her.

Shirt off. She grabbed her top and yanked it off before it could tear. She needed this. She needed to see what was happening. She needed to see more of her humanity fade away.

And deep down, she felt she didn't need it. *Why hide myself? Heh, gotta show off this hot, inflatable bod, and shirts are so lame~.*

Where did that come from? It wasn't a bad thought honestly. It was rather pleasing and airy (*heh, I'm feelin' so airy~*). Just weird how it was out of nowhere and yet natural.

And speaking of air, that low inflation noise rose again. Her rather narrow waist, now completely inflatable-like, began to expand. It quickly widened to match her lower half, even a tad bit past that. In fact, her torso seemed to be widening and swelling to a bulkier-looking shape in general.

The inflatable changes finally reached her breasts. The latex-esque substance rolled right over them, instantly converting them into protruding, round bumps upon her chest. Her nipples sunk into the skin, vanishing and leaving no trace behind.

The same thing followed her breasts soon after. After looking like they would fit fine on her developing form, they deflated with rather loud **PFFFFFFTTTTs**. They just melded right in, like she never had breasts to begin with. Her bra looked rather limb and loose on her now.

The vinyl coating reached the top. The outline of her collarbone faded, a seam running over them and around the base of her neck. Seams went around her shoulders, right before the joints of her arms. Her entire torso was now looking pool toyish.

PFFFFFFTTTTT! The inflation sound blared even louder, knocking sense into her. She had just been gaping like an idiot until then. Her shoulders had swollen and stretched out, looking bulky and broader. Her chest inflated to match, making her body Dorito-shaped to a degree and snapping her bra off.

But it wasn't enough. A hint of slightly darker, neon green lines appeared around her chest and stomach. The way they were on almost looked like abs and pecs. **Pfft.** That was until some air flowed in, bulging each spot to make them not just painted-on.

Her form was so manly and muscular. *Whoooooaa...* Monica brought her hand to her abs, running them across the inflatable bumps. She bit her lip as she brought them up, squeezing her chest. **Squeak.** "I'm so swollen... so swolle after swelling~. Hehe, swolle~."

Swolle. She liked it. She smiled. How big could she be getting?

Squeeeeeeeak~. Her arms felt lighter and funny all of a sudden. The vinyl coating was passing down from her shoulders at long last, bringing their green sheen.

It ran to her hands. **Squeeeeeeeeeeeak.** As the substance made its way up them, it slowly pushed her ring and pinkie fingers against one another. They pushed and pushed until they were made into one digit. The green turned to the same grayish blue as her feet, but her mitts kept their shape and digits.

Nice~. Monica smirked as she rubbed her digits together. **Squeak-squeak-squeak.** *No... not nice.* Why did she... no... why did they think that? This wasn't nice?

Squeak-squeak. It... it was pretty nice. **Squeak.** Would be nicer if they were big and buff. *But... but... it couldn't be-* **SQUEAK SQUEAK!** *Need to pump some air in these guns.*

PPFFFFFFT. Such sounds made their heart flutter with joy... they did have one, right? Either way, both arms got a bit of a boost, adding several centimeters in width to them. Sure, their shape, in the end, wasn't as obviously muscular as the torso, but they were still big.

And Monica liked that. Biting their bottom lip, they lift one of their arms up. **Squeak.** They had to do it, right? With arms like these, it would be a shame not to. *Gotta see them gains~.*

Squu-EEEEAK! Monica quivered. Their arm slightly bulged? Where the bicep should've been, the vinyl expanded and stretched. It did look briefly like muscle.

Good enough for Monica! They let out a chuckle, "Yeah, totally swolle and airy beefy~." Their tone... it was deep, yet also high.

FWOMP! Right behind them, above where their butt used to be, something popped right out and exploded immensely in size. It was a tail. A super big horse tail shaped to be curled up and then downward with three points at its end to indicate "bushy" tail hair.

It wobbled and let out a squeak or two as it swayed back and forth behind them. Such a new edition was loud in its entrance and certainly felt off, giving them a peculiar new balance.

Yet, they were far busy with their own things. "Awwww, yeah!" **Squeak-squeak!** Monica flexed both arms. "I'm so big and such a stud~!" The vinyl made its way up their neck, beginning to thicken. "**Duuuude, I'm a total himbo of a pool toy!**"

Monica twitched. *N-no... A small voice squeaked out deep within her head. I'm... a human. I'm not an inflatable. It's... it's that fucking dog's fault. Her stupid nozzles did this.*

Monica smiled. "**Heh, that pupper babe made me so huge and bulgy.**" Their dreadlocks began to turn dark green, strands melding into one another.

I... I guess she was pretty cute... a total babe~. Those big, bouncy boobs and wide buuuuuuOOH! Gotta... gotta focus. Must fight this...

Right? Monica shivered. Their head felt so light and empty. Her hair had pulled out to the center of her head and back of her neck. It turned into a wavy, wobbly mane.

This body... She reached up and squeezed their pecs again, sliding her hands down her form too to the sound of loud, pleasant squeaks. *This does feel nice. Very nice. This really is, like, totally nice~.*

I feel rad... and cool~. This is pretty good! The vinyl ran over her ears, cloaking and letting them sink into her head. However, on both sides of their mane at the top of their head... **BALOOOP-BALOOOP!** Two horse ears popped right, jiggling as they settled into place.

Wait... cool. When they started to think about it, the heat was barely noticeable. Everything about the room felt good. Monica could still sense the heat was present and around, but... it wasn't affecting them. They no longer felt tired or worn down.

They felt light! They felt great! They felt big. Monica smiled wider than ever as the rest of their face started to turn green. "**Yeah! Heh, why fight this?**"

They snorted, their nose pulling into their head, leaving behind two slim "holes". Their face, fully green and plasticity now, began to push out. "**Heh, what's there to, like, fight?**"

Pffffffffffffffffft! That sound blared louder than ever before. Down in their underwear, something began to bulge and stretch. Extending out of their crotch, a dark green tube began to push forward. Thick as a soda can, it pushed and pushed. Another green bulge appeared beneath, growing downward in a rounder shape.

Monica's eyes turned dark green. "**FUCK YEAH! Himbo inflatable stud is where it's at!**"

WOOOOMP! His face shot forward as the rest of his head reshaped itself. No longer human, only equine was left for Monica. The new stud let out a huge, happy neigh... along with a few squeaks as well.

RIIIIIIP! There went the underwear at long last. **BOI-OING!** Out popped a two-foot, inflatable horse cock with a large sphere-ish extension beneath for his balls. The new cock wobbled and vibrated as it shook after escaping its freedom.

With that, unseen by him, the cap on the nozzle magically closed itself up. The inflation sounds ceased. The new pool horse anthro was complete!

“Bwahaha!” The pool toy laughed, brushing his mane back all suave-like (it only wobbled and shook in place). **“Now, this is something! Look ‘em muscles! Why I was being such a buzz kill ‘bout this? This bod is ta die for!”**

Squeak-squeak. He lifted both arms up and kissed them. He was a total hunk of an inflatable hunk! A godly, swolle, squeak hunk!

Ooooooh stud, you’re sooooo big!

Look at that bod! I just wanna rub all over him!

Mr. Big and Beefy Stud? Can I lay on you in the pool? The horse chuckled. He could already picture a beautiful future for himself. Just him, tons of hawt babes, all a pool getting-

He snorted as an annoying thought reentered his mind. **Pool... right. Closed earlier.**

He snorted again, louder than before. This sucked! The pool had to be opened! No one could enjoy or play with him if it was closed. Everyone needed to enjoy him, especially everyone with the big boobs!

Squuuueak. Hmmm. Squuuuuueak. He stroked his chin. **Hmmm, why were they closed again? Squuuuuueak. Lack of big boobs? Squeak. No, that ain’t it. Needed more air in them? Squeak-squeak. Pfffft, nah. Must be the lack of radical muscle mass. Squeak.**

So difficult to think with the only things on the mind being muscles, air, and boobs.

Bop. Bop. Bop. He bonked on his head a few times. **Need... to remember... ‘member... Bop. Bop. OH! They needed a lifeguard! Can’t open a pool without some dude or babe protectin’ people, right? They were looking for some righteous bro to...**

The horse smiled. Of course! He was such an airhead. He was the perfect candidate to be a lifeguard. Totally built for pools and everything! Plus, everyone would love him, stare at him, and ogle his handsome, big form.

BOI-OING! His horse cock throbbed and wobbled excitedly at the thought. He looked down. Heh, that was some nice, big, thick, horse cock. The perfect rod for a perfectly squeaky kind of guy like him.

Though, it wouldn't play well in a job interview or on the job itself.

The horse grabbed it with both of his hands. **Squeak!** He started pumping it with all of his might. **SQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAK!!!**

The inflatable quivered and shook, his mane and tail vibrating and whipping about. ***Gotta get the air out and get a-movin'!*** He snorted with joy. **SQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAK!**

Now, this felt amazing! He felt more inflated and airy than ever before, his entire rod seeming to expand and grow like someone was pumping air into it. ***God, I love this love stick! Gotta... gotta find some babe to do this... this later!***

SQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAK! The squeaks blared louder and faster, echoing throughout the apartment and even into the hallway. People across the building could hear the odd, annoying sound, interrupting their cooldown.

Just as some people were about to venture out to figure out the noise's cause... **SPLUUURT! PSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSST! NEEEEIIIIIIIGH!**

Then, it was over.

“Well.... Umm... Mister... ah, what was your name again?” Taylor asked. She glanced down at the resume in her hands and back to the person sitting across from her. Her eyes would occasionally look away so as not to stare.

“***Mason MacHunkiscles~!***” The pool toy chuckled, leaning back in the chair with his arms behind his head and his legs spread open. Taylor felt uneasy. Thank god this living inflatable guy had no equipment. Things were awkward enough.

“Okay.” Not much the older woman could say. She cleared her throat and grabbed the resume again, looking at it even closer. It looked like it was filled out in a rush. Most of the handwriting was illegible. Must be difficult to write with inflatable hands like those.

Everything about this was weird. Taylor was in charge of running the city's public pool and its operations. Things had been difficult as of late with hiring and finding qualified people. The city council seemed like they wanted to give up and just shut the place down for the summer. But with this heat? No, the pool had to be open. People needed it.

So there Taylor was, interviewing the handful of people interested today. Not many were all that promising and those who were balked at some of the regulations and details. The pool toy... wasn't so promising either, even if the job details weren't a problem to him. He seemed to be more about flirting and teasing people than being a serious lifeguard.

Taylor sighed. He was still the best and most qualified person she could go with at this point. Plus, he technically would be a natural fit at the pool and seemed impervious to the heat from what he indicated.

"Well, I suppose we can hire you." The inflatable horse sat up straight eagerly. "We just need to do a proper background check and the works. I'm sure it'll be fine."

"Oh sure!" The horse nodded. ***"I ain't got no background as is, but my old, borin' twiggy human self does. That'll work, right?"***

"...pardon?"

"Oh! That's a funny story! You see, I was this babe, who was all not cool or chill with the toon or inflatable lifestyle. Then, this bodacious nozzle got stuck to me (He took a moment to stand up and show his thigh nozzle) ***and then all these awesome noises started happenin'. I got totally big and airy and now, I'm a huge horse with an incredible bod, broette!"***

He reached into the backpack he brought and pulled out an id card. He handed it to Taylor, who took it. ***"Yeah, like, I don't 'member much about before, but I must've been sooo boring. I probably, like, didn't pose and show off much, ya know?"***

Taylor didn't know. She just stared at the ID for someone called Monica. Definitely not his picture on the card, that was for sure.

...why is he still the most qualified candidate after all of this?

THE END