

GELITECH

SIDE STORIES

- INFLATION -

INFLATION

A sharp tingle ran down Shurie's spine as she watched the pretty violet elf-ear squirm upon the softly padded table. The air in the small chamber was heavily steeped in the piquant scent of fresh latex rubber, freshly sprayed from a commercial style aerosol can. The can itself was held in the grip of a robotic arm which dangled from a mounting on the ceiling. This seemed poised to let loose with another squirt at any moment, though given the astonishing effect that the clear droplets had already had upon the elf-ear's increasingly helpless body, it would almost certainly have been quite superfluous to spray her with more. Then again, this was Gelitech, where there was definitely no such thing as too much rubber.

A cacophony of rubbery squips, squerks, and squeaks filled the air as the rapidly transforming subject strained against the increasingly restricted movement which the process was imposing upon her now nearly helpless body. This strange, rubbery transfiguration had already reached her chest and showed no sign of slowing. What it left in its wake was little more a hollow, inflated skin of highly polished, transparent violet rubber, complete with faux-seams and 'simplified' anatomical features. Together, these combined to created the perfect illusion that she was being transformed into a cheap looking inflatable sex doll.

Shurie bit her lip and watched the transformation flow upwards over the elf-ear's perky little breasts, eliciting a sharp gasp from their barely mobile owner. The soft lumps of tender flesh became glossy and their hard little nipples vanished. They then rumbled up a bit,

before turning clear and inflating into generic looking bulbous protrusions upon her chest.

That's... that's just plain nuts, the jaguaress thought in silence as she sat cross-legged atop her own padded experiment table. No matter how she tried, she just couldn't get her head around the idea that someone might seriously consider having themselves transformed into such an unpleasantly basic looking toy. I mean... those shiny black gummies. There's so unique. So strange. So... sexy. Why would anyone do this when they could do that if they wanted to? And for free!

The jaguaress' nose wrinkled as a particularly strong waft of rubbery something filled her sinuses. There was absolutely no doubt in her mind that the air was absolutely filled with countless invisible droplets of that rubbery concoction. She was breathing them in. They were landing on her fur. Ever so slowly, it was all building up toward some threshold. One invisible drop past the limit and she'd be helplessly

wiggling and squirming her way through exactly the same sort of ridiculous inflatable dollification as the elf-ear's.

Exactly where the threshold was, no one seemed to know. Or perhaps they just didn't care to tell her. After all, the exact quantity didn't really have much bearing on the current experiment. All that mattered at the moment was just how safe it was to be in close proximity to a target of the aerosol, within a closely confined space, and apparently with somewhat poor ventilation.

As to just why this question required such a perilous live experiment, Shurie couldn't even begin to fathom. Nor did she particularly care. The offered compensation had been far too generous to pass up.

Why did I agree to do this again? the jaguaress asked herself as the elf-ear's transformation reached the base of her neck, accompanied by a serenade of rapid and increasingly rubbery

sounding huffing. At first she'd dismissed the whole bit about there being a rather less than fifty percent chance of coming out with her tail intact and the big payday. Gelitech liked to play on the whole 'peril' thing when advertising for test subjects. It wouldn't be nearly as exciting if everyone thought they'd be actually have a good chance of walking away with all that cash and Gelitech store credit, would it?

“Ah... ah... AH!” the elf-ear panted as the rubber doll transformation flowed over her upstretched chin. “Oh... oh... ohno... no... oh... OH!”

Shurie held her breath and gawked as the transformation flowed up over the woman's gasping, wide-eyed face. It was almost the perfect visual representation of how the jaguaress was now feeling about the whole affair. It had been one thing to hear the dry, dispassionate description of the basic idea behind test. But now that she was actually locked in the test chamber, seeing exactly

what 'Form 334B' was, and with all that rubbery aerosol threatening to turn her into an example of it...

It was clear that Gelitech hadn't been exaggerating. When they'd said the chance of getting out with one's tail intact was less than fifty percent, they'd actually meant it. Indeed, it seemed that for this particular test, fifty percent was just the base, guaranteed dollification rate!

Please don't be me. Please don't be me! the jaguaress cringed as another, even more intense wave of rubbery something filled her nose. The elf-ear's final moments of transformation swept away what little was left of the top of her head, leaving behind the most oddly unsettling of plain, oval shapes. *Just a little bit longer. I just have to last a little bit longer.*

The elf-ear made one last crinkly squeak as her fully transformed body stiffened. Shurie couldn't help herself but stare at the new doll's disturbingly

basic looking sex doll mouth. It was the only real feature on her face aside from the horribly generic looking faux-printed nose and eyes. The elf-ear's long, deep purple hair had been transformed into an oddly balloon-like set of bangs, with a long ponytail hanging down in back. The tip of the ponytail was fitted with a pool-toy style air valve that completed the illusion that the new doll was nothing more than just that.

I can't believe I just watched that happen, the jaguaress though as the chamber finally fell into silence. She began to ponder whether or not the elf-ear had become a literal, inanimate, perhaps even 'dead' doll. Dammit... that... that could have been me! That could have been me! Goddesses above... is she... is she dead? Or is she... is she like... an actual gummy?

Shurie had heard the so-called 'Form 334B' referred to as an 'inflato-gummy'. If it was actually like other kinds of gummy, that meant the doll was still alive. It might have been deaf, blind,

and bereft of taste and smell, but it could still feel. And when it wasn't feeling anything sufficiently stimulating, it would dream. That was the theory, at least. Science had confirmed it, but still... she had to wonder.

The jaguaress sat in silence, staring at the completely inanimate doll while the robot arm and its aerosol can hovered menacingly overhead. Just because it was facing the other way didn't make it any less of a cause for concern. It had been facing in her direction only a few minutes before, as it went round and round in a circle before its target had been 'randomly' picked for a squirt between the legs.

Shurie wasn't entirely convinced that the robot's choice had actually been random. The scientists seemed to have been rather interested in the elf-ear's particularly attractive physique. She had that kind of expressiveness that made for the kind of candid xenoexperience experiment video that people seemed to find most enjoyable too.

The nervously stiff jaguaress had been far more reluctant to spread her legs for the camera, let alone for the robot and its menacing spray can. But spread her legs the jaguaress had, and the robot had made ‘its’ choice. That choice had been the elf-ear, much to the jaguaress’ relief. Whether or not that relief was misplaced was yet to be seen, but it was definitely looking like she was going to be escaping with her fluffy rump intact.

As Shurie waited, her mind started to wander. *I wonder what I’m going to buy with all that Gelitech store credit, she pondered. All that fancy decorative furniture with embedded gummies! So many things I’d love to have. Or... or should I really give it a try? Buy the full bedroom. Live inside the blackness. I could use all the cash too. Get a remodel, starship style. Everything biogel. That would be...*

The jaguaress shook off the daydreams that threatened to take her just a little too far off the

deep end. Reality had other ideas for her at the moment, and those seemed to include a long spate of interminable waiting. How long would it take before they declared that the aerosol wasn't a hazard? Minutes? Hours?

Doubt set in. *They are going to declare it isn't a hazard, aren't they? Oh... oh hell. What if I've already gotten enough to get turned into a doll? What if it's just taking a long time to start?*

Almost as if on cue, the silky computerized voice that had given out instructions at the beginning of the experiment came back to life. "Congratulations, subject gamma eight-hundred forty-nine dash fifty-eight! Phase one of this experiment is now complete," the disturbingly impersonal machine declared. "Phase two of this experiment will now begin."

"Phase two?" Shurie sputtered. She hadn't been told anything about a phase two. "No one ever said anything about a second part!"

“Phase two of this three phase experiment is purely voluntary,” the computer noted. “Subject gamma eight-hundred forty-nine dash fifty-eight shall be offered a short time to interact with the new inflato-gummy if the subject so chooses. If the subject does choose to interact with the new inflato-gummy, the subject should be sure to check for personally acceptable levels of surface texture, firmness, joint flexibility, and functional orifice tightness, stretch, and lubricity.”

“Oh,” Shurie replied with a sigh of relief. “I guess that’s okay. I’ll have a feel. I guess.”

“Excellent,” the computer responded. “The subject’s consent has been noted. The subject may now proceed to examine the new inflato-gummy.”

The contract hadn’t mentioned anything about interacting with the results of the experiment. Granted, it seemed harmless enough. She’d just watched the pretty elf-ear get turned into a new

kind of doll. That had left her some newly formed curiosities to fulfill, even if she did happen to find the appearance of the thing so distastefully cheap. It was nice of them to give her a chance to fulfill them. And that chance would lead to new opinions that they'd certainly be interested in hearing during the phase three exit interview. Phase three was the exit interview, wasn't it?

The jaguaress stood up and walked over to the side of the new inflato-gummy's padded table. She began to wonder if there was some sort of catch. It was Gelitech, after all. There was always a catch, even if that catch was 'merely' being subject to unreasonably irresistible temptation. Were they trying to tempt her into becoming an inflato-gummy herself?

With considerable hesitance, Shurie reached out with one hand to touch the doll's shoulder, half-expecting it to jump up and slap her for being so presumptuous. That certainly would have been quite the surprise. Thankfully, nothing of the sort

occurred, but that didn't mean she wasn't in for a shock. The doll definitely should have had some residual warmth left, even if it was filled with air. Instead, it was cold. Colder than the table. Colder than the air in the room. Not quite icy but quite close to it.

“Oh, she's... chilly!” the jaguaress murmured to herself as she began to run her fingers over the perfectly polished rubber. It was smooth. Almost slick. And if she pressed into its oddly firm softness, it gave off a very satisfying squeak. All in all, it didn't seem very much unlike the real gummies she'd touched at the Gelitech Gelarium.

Shurie smiled to herself and gave the doll's arm a squeeze. She couldn't feel the faux-seam at all. It was entirely an illusion created by a darkening of the biogel color through the two millimeter or so thickness of the pleasantly supple rubber. While the doll had felt rather firm around the shoulders, her arm felt softer. It wasn't nearly the sort of softness backed by firmness one might expect of

an actual arm. Instead, it was something that seemed far less real, and far more like a figment of her imagination. It was a cold, soft tube that held its overall stiffness between the joints no matter how firmly she squeezed it. It was... strange. Bizarre. And she couldn't help but start to wonder what it felt like to the captive consciousness within it.

A shudder ran down the jaguaress' spine as she pondered whether or not the new doll could actually feel her touch as her hands slid over its chest and squeezed its puffy little breasts with their faux-printed nipples. They were about as far from being pleasingly jiggly as could be. They were squishy, though, and in an odd way that the jaguaress found rather amusing. Boobs were nature's stress balls, after all, and these felt far more the part than the natural variety.

Shurie's hands slid down to the doll's legs, where she began to explore how readily those limbs actually moved when manipulated. Much to

her surprise, the non-existent joints moved about in astonishingly natural fashion, albeit requiring quite a bit of carefully directed force to shift. The doll's hollow skin seemed to stretch and compress as each leg was shifted, all the time looking as if the current pose was exactly how the doll had been first crafted. There were no rumples or creases to be seen anywhere, even those that would have been present on the body of the woman from whom the doll had been made.

The jaguaress began to feel more than just a bit awkward as she began to caress the doll's tummy. Supposedly, gummies could only feel when they'd been woken by warmth. Were these inflato-gummies different? Could they feel even when they were cold?

Shurie opted not to think too much about it, lest she start to feel guilty about where she was about to put her fingers. The new doll was certainly interesting enough to touch and squeeze from the outside, but she hadn't just been asked to examine

the dolls exterior qualities. Exactly what the computer had meant about interior lubricity was a mystery, but if what she'd felt of the proper gummies displayed in the Gelitech Gelarium, she could very well imagine that the interior tubes of the inflato-gummy were just as oily-slick.

While the rest of the inflato-gummy had felt suspiciously solid, the orifices provided for user entertainment purposes revealed that it was indeed filled with air. Each of the interior tubes extended straight inward from each of the three openings. They were somewhat stiff, tight, and slick to the touch, but were only anchored to the doll's outer skin. As a result, they wobbled about quite freely inside the doll when manipulated from within. This felt quite unnatural, but on the more pleasant side, they did seem to be quite happy to conform to whatever shape protrusion was inserted.

Shurie was curious about exactly how big a protrusion would fit up there between the new doll's legs. She was sorely tempted to try her

whole forearm. But it wasn't just a doll, was it? She just couldn't shake the sense that the elf-ear was still very much aware, and judging every little touch and toke.

Starting to feel just a bit embarrassed, the jaguaress withdrew from the new inflato-gummy and took a step back from the table. Out of the corner of her eye, she sensed movement. She looked up toward the robotic arm. It was still hanging from the ceiling, aerosol can still in its grasp. Maybe she was just imagining things, but it seemed to have shifted from aiming directly at the doll, and toward the place where she was now standing.

“Does subject gamma eight-hundred forty-nine dash fifty-eight find the new inflato-gummy's surface texture within the range which she considers personally acceptable?” the computer inquired.

“Yeah,” Shurie replied. “It's kind of nice.”

“Does subject gamma eight-hundred forty-nine dash fifty-eight find the new inflato-gummy’s variations in firmness and softness within the range which she considers personally acceptable?” the computer asked.

“Well, I... I don’t know,” Shurie replied, finally noticing the odd language the computer was using. Shouldn’t it have asked whether or not she personally considered it acceptable? Considering it personally acceptable could mean something very different. “It’s... interesting. So... I... guess?”

“Does subject gamma eight-hundred forty-nine dash fifty-eight find the new inflato-gummy’s ranges of externally induced motion within the range which she considers personally acceptable?” the computer inquired.

“Yes,” Shurie responded. Regardless of the computer’s language, it seemed like a safe

response. It was natural enough, or at least close enough to a normal gummy. “I mean, it seems pretty normal, right?”

“Does subject gamma eight-hundred forty-nine dash fifty-eight find the new inflato-gummy’s interior orifice tightness within the range which she considers personally acceptable?” the computer inquired.

“Sure,” Shurie answered, still wondering why the computer was using the language it was. Was it an oversight on the part of those running the experiment, or was the computer trying to put an idea in her head?

“Does subject gamma eight-hundred forty-nine dash fifty-eight find the new inflato-gummy’s interior orifice ability to stretch within the range which she considers personally acceptable?” the computer inquired.

“Yeah,” Shurie replied. Did the computer really have to repeat her contract number every time it addressed her?

“Does subject gamma eight-hundred forty-nine dash fifty-eight find the new inflato-gummy’s interior orifice lubricity within the range which she considers personally acceptable?” the computer inquired.

“It’s nice,” Shurie answered. At this point, all she wanted to do was be done with the questions.

“The opinions of subject gamma eight-hundred forty-nine dash fifty-eight with respects to the studied physical qualities of the new inflato-gummy have been duly recorded,” the computer stated. “Phase two of this experiment is now complete. “Phase three of the experiment shall now commence.”

“Thank heavens,” Shuri responded with a thoroughly relieved sigh. She still assumed that

phase three was the exit interview, and the quicker she got away from that menacing aerosol can, the better. She didn't quite trust the robot to not have an 'accident' while she was still in the room. The last thing she wanted was to get sprayed right when she was about to get away with her tail intact.

“Given that subject gamma eight-hundred forty-nine dash fifty-eight has found all significant qualities of the inflato-gummy to be personally acceptable,” the computer stated, “it has been deemed extremely desirable for inclusion in the next stage of inflato-gummy trials.”

“What? Nest stage of trials?” Shurie replied, crossing her arms and glaring at the still locked test chamber door. She'd been wondering what the catch was. Now she knew. “I definitely didn't sign up for any more trials.”

“Subject gamma eight-hundred forty-nine dash fifty-eight is instructed to return to its designated

test table and restore itself to a seated position,” the computer stated. “Once this has been done, an appropriate period of time shall be provided for the subject to contemplate consenting to its inclusion in the next stage trials.”

“I’m really not interested,” Shurie huffed. “Like, really. Seriously.”

“Subject gamma eight-hundred forty-nine dash fifty-eight may declare her consent to participation in the next stage trials by spreading her legs toward the aerosol applicator at any time,” the computer stated. “Should the subject fail to do so, the experiment will end once the allotted contemplation time has passed.”

“Fine!” Shurie sighed. “I’ll sit down. But how long am I going to have to wait?”

“Subject gamma eight-hundred forty-nine dash fifty-eight shall wait until the next research

assistant is available,” the computer replied. “No further information shall be provided.”

“Fine,” The jaguaress sighed. There was no point in arguing. The contract had said the test could take up to four hours. As far as she could tell, only about three quarters of an hour had passed since she’d undressed for the experiment. Maybe a bit more. Knowing Gelitech and their tempting ways, there was a good chance that she was going to be sitting there for the rest of the full four hours.

Shurie shook her head and turned back to her own padded table. There really wasn’t anything else she could do but sit down and be very careful about not spreading her legs in the direction of the robot. The robot, in turn, followed her, keeping the spray can pointed directly at her as she made her way to the side of her table and mounted it with considerable caution.

All the increasingly nervous and self-aware jaguaress could think of was what might happen if she accidentally moved the wrong way without thinking. Exactly what ‘spread legs’ were was certainly open to interpretation. Was it spread wide open like the computer had requested at the start of the test? Was it spread just enough for the average person to call it spread? Or was it just flashing her fluffy folds toward the robot for the merest moment?

Despite her worries, Shurie managed to get her legs up onto the table and curled up to one side without exposing herself to the robot. At first, she couldn’t take her eyes off the spray can. All it would take was one little twitch of the robotic ‘finger’ that was resting atop the spray head...

Without warning, the air around the other experiment table began to glow with a strange purple light. Shurie watched in mild astonishment as it spread to completely surround the new inflato-gummy. With a series of rubbery squips,

snaps, and crinkles, the doll rose up to hover over the table in an eerie, almost angelic pose, surrounded by the force field's luminous darkness.

Maybe it doesn't look quite as bad as I thought, the jaguaress thought to herself as she took a second look over the doll. Its shape was certainly rather plain, but not in any particularly unattractive way. *I wouldn't want to be it, but I definitely wouldn't mind giving it a cuddle or two.*

With a soft, airy whoosh, the doll was whisked across the chamber. Shurie almost slipped up as she shifted to avoid it as it seemed to be headed right for her. She caught herself at the very last moment, just as she was about to shift her legs from one side to the other. Instead, she froze and winced at what seemed like an inevitable collision.

Much to her relief, the floating inflatable stopped right beside the table. Its little air filled rubber tits hovered just about level with her nose.

The scent of rubber that still pervaded the room seemed to intensify.

“Really?” the jaguaress muttered, shaking her head at the doll’s chest. As much as she wanted out to squeeze the little rubber tits, she kept herself in check. It was almost surely just a distraction meant to get her to shift the wrong way. “You really think staring at that is going to convince me to get myself turned into a cheap sex toy?”

There was no reply.

The little cap at the end of the doll’s ponytail popped open. It immediately began to deflate, filling the air with a genuinely overpowering odor of latex rubber. But... it wasn’t the only thing making its way into Shurie’s sensitive fey’li nose. that Shurie.

The jaguaress could only just barely smell the other, far more insidious notes that were hidden beneath the scent of rubber. She could smell the

elf-ear. Or, rather, she could smell the pheromones that the woman's body had been pumping out as she lay writhing about in the final throes of her dollification.

While she'd certainly been able to detect the pheromones as the elf-ear's transformation as taking place, they had been at their natural level. That hadn't been nearly concentrated enough to have any noticeable effect on her own body. This was despite fey'li being quite naturally susceptible to involuntary pheromonal manipulation. It was a natural weakness that many completely natural plants, animals, and even other sapient species had evolved to exploit.

It was also a weakness that could be exploited through less than natural means. No wonder, then, that fey'li could be such enthusiastic consumers of xenoexperience offerings even when they were initially quite disinterested. At it took was a bit of the right scents in the air.

The right scents were definitely in the air. They were spewing out of the inflato-gummy in such volume that the jaguaress wondered if all the doll's missing mass had been converted into pheromones. There was no mistaking them. Nor was there any avoiding them.

“Oh! Uh...” Shurie sputtered as a wave of unbidden feelings washed through her. She started to feel a strange, anxious anticipation for something to happen. This quickly intensified into a near need for something to happen. To happen to her. To her body. Something strange. Something uncomfortable. Something unnatural. “Fuck... just... fuck... like... so... not... fair!”

“There's no way she enjoyed that!” Shurie stammered as she struggled to blunt her body's completely involuntary response with rational thought. “There's just... no... way.”

The jaguaress knew that she should look away. That she should focus on something else.

Something solid. Something concrete. Something devoid of enticing emotional attachments. But watching as the purple force field pressed the inflato-gummy flat was just too intensely fascinating to ignore.

Crinkle. Squip. Snap.

Shurie gasped as the doll seemed to shrink as it was deflated. In this regard, it was far more like a balloon than a typical inflatable doll. It more or less kept its features and relative proportions as it shrank, and its color became much more intense, albeit also much less transparent. As the final hiss of pheromone laced air exited the open cap, it began to wrinkle like a deflated balloon as well.

The hissing finally came to a stop. The force field had squeezed every last whiff of elf-ear out of the doll. The little cap snapped closed.

The jaguaress wasn't given long to contemplate the shriveled husk that now hovered beside her.

With a series of sharp rubbery crinkles and snaps, the doll was neatly folded up into a little rectangle with its plain, faux-printed face positioned on the front.

Shurie bit her lip as a clear plastic envelope appeared from somewhere beneath her own padded table. The deflated doll dropped inside. The envelope sealed shut. Then it vanished back under the table along with its contents.

“Goddesses above,” the jaguaress murmured at the abrupt and disturbingly unceremonious end to the elf-ear’s journey from vibrantly alive woman to cold, inanimate, inflatable rubber doll. “She’s... it’s...”

Though the doll had vanished, her intense pheromones had not. Over and over the image of its deflation played through Shurie’s mind. It had looked so strange. And it had felt so...

The jaguraess didn't quite know what to make of the second-hand feelings. They didn't seem entirely pleasant, truth be told. But they didn't seem all that unpleasant, either. The elf-ear had certainly been fascinated enough by it. Fascinated enough that among her final expressions was desire.

But... desire for what? Did she really like it so much that she wanted more? Or to go back to the beginning and do it all over again? There was no way for Shurie to know the reason. Not unless she gave in and...

“Subject gamma eight-hundred forty-nine dash fifty-eight,” the computer stated. “Please spread your legs to consent to participation in the next stage trials.”

Shurie's hips rolled to center themselves on the table. She leaned back. Before her conscious mind had caught up with her virtually automatic subconscious response to the computer's

prompting, it was too late. Her legs had fallen to either side, exposing her fluffy folds to the robot and its spray can.

Hisss!

The jaguaress could only stare slack jawed and let out a gasp of horrified fascination as the robot proceeded to completely empty the can all over her thighs and pelvis. Everywhere it touched, her fur instantly dissolved away. This exposed a perfectly polished rubber skin which was colored in a very cartoonish looking mimicry of her natural fur color and pattern. So cartoonish, in fact, that she found herself completely unable to believe that this glossy sheen was actually her own body.

Part of her body it was indeed, a fact which came upon her confused mind as a sudden, strangely pleasing discomfort. The shiny skin was so smooth. So perfect. So... uncomfortably tight. It was pressing inward so firmly. And in places

where it might have felt arousing were it not for the harshness of it.

Shurie's reached down with her right hand to grasp at her dollified womanhood. Her fingers slid inside the slick rubber tube without any effort at all. At first it felt quite warm. The flexing of her fingers seemed to arouse it, making it grip a bit tighter. Amid the discomfort, she could feel a smoother sort of tension within the tube. A pleasurable sensation, imitating arousal with the same sort of cartoonish mimicry as the pattern on her rubber skin. A sensation that felt quite good, yet at the same time didn't feel even remotely real, as physical sensations went.

The solid interior beneath the rubber skin began to dissolve in a wave of electric fizz. Her 'vagina' began to feel a bit less firm. She toked and tugged as the flesh around it vanished, and it began to flop about just like the other doll's rubber 'vagina' had with her own inflated body.

The sense of harsh tautness around the edges of the rubber skin began to spread down her legs and up her fluffy belly, around her rump, and toward the small of her back. Beneath the spreading rubber skin, the electric fizz dissolved her flesh. The emptiness left behind was, no doubt, filled with her own pheromones. Pheromones which expressed her confused fascination with the physical sensations that were consuming her body. That embodied the uncomfortable pleasure being teased forth by her fingers. That made it quite clear that she was feeling unnaturally comfortable with the whole affair.

Indeed, Shurie wasn't at all uncomfortable with what was happening to her body, now that she was in the thrall of it. There were so many things happening, all at once. So many sensations to feel. Sensations that felt different to each part of her body as they spread. She just couldn't help but want to feel them everywhere.

Squip. Squitch. Squeak.

The jaguaress began to squirm as the rubbery transfiguration ran down over her knees and up around her waist. She couldn't move her hips. And then she couldn't move her knees. Or her waist.

Shurie gasped as she felt the fingers buried between her legs begin to puff up, forcing them out of her rubber pussy. The transformation had spread to her hand. As the tight, puffy wave spread down toward her feet and up over the base of her ribcage, she stared in wonder at the cartoonish rubber paw that had replaced her hand.

“Goddesses...” the jaguaress murmured as the transformation spread over her feet, turning them into puffy rubber paws just like her hand. She could feel the rubber starting to tug beneath her warm, soft breasts.

“Oh! Oh... oh... oh,” she panted as she gripped her right breast with her transformed left hand. “Ah! Oh. No... oh... ohno... oh!”

Shurie could feel as the skin of her breast transformed into a sheen of glossy rubber. A few final dribbles of creamy milk wet her fingers as her nipples were tugged downward by the spreading rubber. Then, with a sharp, deeply uncomfortable twang, her nipples became part of that rubber. They wrinkled. They shrank. And then they completely vanished.

“Ah! Oh! Ah!” the jaguaress panted as her breasts themselves dissolved away from the inside. She squeezed tightly as the heavy, squishy glands were replaced by springy, rubbery little balloons stuck onto her chest. “Oh... that... that was... that was...”

The transformation didn't wait for her to compose her thoughts into something coherent. Instead, it spread onto her left hand, and began to

advance more rapidly. She began to struggle to breathe as her chest, and her lungs, were dissolved away into air. She wanted to speak, but couldn't manage more than a low, sonorous huffing.

Up her arms the transformation washed as she wiggled her shoulders and tried to feel her rubber body. There was little to feel. Soft, cold air outside. Soft, cold air inside. The soft, cold padded table upon which she so gently rested.

Oh... oh fuck... why? Why did I spread my legs? Shurie asked herself as she stared up at the ceiling and waited for the rubber to spread up from her neck and over her head. It was already tugging beneath her chin. Dammit. I... I... fuck. What does it even matter? I don't really give a shit, do I? I didn't have a choice. I just... had to. Had to know why she liked it...

Shurie's face went taut. Her fur dissolved as she let out her final, rubbery gasps. She could feel her throat turning into a rubber tube. It was vibrating

in a strange, wobbly way. She wanted to feel what it was like to stick something into it. Did it feel like her dollified vagina did?

Her sense of taste got all rubbery, and then faded away as her muzzle was transformed into a cartoonish, puffy version of itself and stuck onto the front of her balloon face. So too did her sense of smell. A translucent something spread over her quivering eyes, and then she went blind. The sound of the test chamber's ventilation began to warble with a rubbery twang. Then she went deaf. Her hair was pulling together. It was forming a ponytail. It was puffing up, with something hard on its very end.

The electric fizz followed the dissolution of her senses. Her brain dissolved away, though at no point was her consciousness impeded in any way. a few moments later, and there was nothing left of the jaguaress. There was only the inflated rubber doll that she'd become.

Shurie felt quite cold as something firm seemed to surround and begin to squeeze her. Her ponytail cap popped open. Her pheromone steeped air flooded out. Her skin was shrinking. She was shrinking. And wrinkling. And being pressed flat.

It was all happening so fast. Was it really going faster, or was it her perception of time that had changed? She didn't know. She couldn't know. All that she knew was that she'd been pressed flat and folded up into a neat little rectangle.

She could feel herself falling into her envelope. She could feel it seal shut. She could feel herself being whisked into a slot. She could feel something being pressed onto one side of her package. And then the other. And then she was falling. Falling onto something. Something that she couldn't help but feel was familiar.

A firm surface pressed down atop one half of the new doll's envelope, and then onto the other. There was a shifting. A shaking. A movement. An

abrupt stop. What was happening? Where had she been taken?

The new inflatable doll couldn't remain fully aware forever. Just like any other gummy, her mind began to cloud. She began to feel much of her individuality melting away into the mist. The world became little more than physical sensation. And then that too faded away into a strange dream. She dreamed of her fingers, exploring between her legs. Twiddling about inside the floppy tube that had once been the source of great pleasure. Twiddling and twiddling and twiddling, for the rest of eternity, each moment seeming like the first moment, with no memory of what had come before, and no anticipation of what might come in the future. Eternity... at least until someone opened her package and offered her the sort of sensations that might bring her back to reality...

THE END