

Inflated Ego

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Chapter 1

Slinking silently through a featureless maze of identical corridors, Ako smiled to herself as she passed by inactive security cameras and through unlocked doors. The facility was huge and heavily guarded, but with the computer system infiltrated all those expert mercenaries were wholly oblivious to her presence.

That was natural, when they were up against Gehenna graduates – the Academy had taught her everything she could ever want to learn about tactical combat operations, search and rescue, even intelligence work – and after reaching adulthood, Ako had developed a few more tricks of her own.

Those she passed nodded to her as they would a colleague, never dreaming that her face was a mask, perfectly sculpted to disguise their foe as an officer, on her way to interview their recently-acquired captive.

As her purloined password and card opened another checkpoint, she stepped into the highest-security sector of the base, and allowed herself a small laugh.

After learning that Hina had been captured by this outfit she'd feared that the mission could be difficult; however the buffoons she'd encountered were no match for her wits or training.

They were practically ready to wheel her precious Hina out for her to reclaim.

It was all deeply exciting – in mere minutes she'd have saved her friend, humiliated their foes and proved her indispensability.

Hina was... so very lovely... beautiful and stern.... This might, finally, be her chance to get closer to her.

Ako's eager little sniff of mirth seemed to dislodge something around her nose, but she was too focused on her fantasy to notice, as the rubber mask peeled away at that minute edge.

The guards, however, stared as she approached the next security point.

"Stop there," the lead man said.

She froze, hand already extended with her keycard.

"Something wrong?" she asked, innocently.

In answer, he grabbed her roughly by the chin.

She understood at once that her cover was blown, but even as she reached for her pistol he was already ripping away her mask.

The plain, tan visage peeled off, fake hair pulled away with it to reveal a pale, elegant beauty beneath, blue hair unfurling in long locks, her halo glowing above.

"It's Ako!" the other man shouted into his radio. "Section 13, Interchange B-oof!"

Struck in the chest by her boot, the winded man fell back, while his friend opened fire on the intruder.

Unfortunately for him, a single firearm was little use against a Gehenna graduate, armed as she was with superhuman strength, speed and regeneration.

His first shot scored a welt along her nose and bounced off her cheekbone.

Ako just laughed, a trickle of blood all the round had cost her.

The followup shots flew wide as she closed in, and her cut had already started to seal itself as she incapacitated the man.

"If this is the best you have, perhaps I wasted my time on stealth."

Naturally, he couldn't hear her.

Snatching the key from his fallen form, she opened the door ahead, revealing another long corridor.

Guards were visible ahead, sheltering in the doorways, rifles already aimed in her direction.

"You should really just surrender you know," Ako called out, "it's not like you stand a chance trying to kill me."

A woman's head poked out, around the nearest doorframe.

"We may not be able to kill a halo-user," she said, "but you really think we didn't prepare for them? Or expect more of you lovely halo girls than to come looking for your little friend?"

"What are you going to do then?" Ako asked, defiant as ever, despite how the unexpected compliment made her blush.

"This!"

Lobbed underarm, the grenade bounced down the hall towards her, making an odd squeak where it struck the polished metal.

Ako dodged back, naturally, but she couldn't get her entire body behind the door in time.

Raising her hands, she shielded her face behind her gun.

But the explosion she expected never came – instead the bomb *burst*, popping like a balloon, hurling chunks of fraying rubber everywhere.

A few stuck her pistol and glanced off her collar and hair band, but most missed entirely.

"What was that meant to do?" she asked no-one in particular. "Are they hurling balloons at me?"

Peeking out from the doorway, she leveled her firearm at the offending thrower, and squeezed the trigger.

It *squished* in her hand.

Only then did she notice how light, how impossibly *soft* her weapon felt to hold.

Ako stared down at the gun as she gave it a squeeze, and watched the inflatable barrel bulge.

She was holding an inflatable rubber toy, instead of her prized pistol.

"Not gonna do much damage with that!" the guardswoman jeered, stepping out openly now. "Love the new accessories too, really gives you a light, airy look."

Baffled, Ako surveyed her person... and gasped as she felt her collar and belt... rendered now in the same hollow latex as her weapon, seams bulging, matte surfaces turned shiny and soft. Her hairband was affected too, she noticed belatedly, remade into an inflatable ring around the top of her head, the stylish bow by one ear now a rounded, wobbling balloon, retaining only a crude simplification of its shape.

"How did you do that?!" she demanded.

"A little surprise we prepared for halo-users," the guard replied, "here, let me show you."

Ako's eyes widened as the woman hurled another bomb at her.

But shocked as she might be, she couldn't be beaten that easily.

Forewarned as she was, she kicked the explosive back the way it came before it could detonate.

It flew over the guardswoman's head, and exploded between two men standing a few meters back. Both recoiled from the blast, groaning as rubber shrapnel plastered their bodies.

However the other guards were still throwing bombs of their own.

Ako dived out of range of one, but another, bounding and arcing unevenly thanks to that lopsided shape, sprung right into her face.

She blocked with both hands, and her nonsensically remade pistol, and Ako felt the impact of rubber against her fingers.

It was a hot, throbbing sensation that attacked her hands, a feeling of flesh swelling, expanding yet growing bizarrely light, her skin developing a synthetic, surreal shine as recessed seams took shape along impossibly-fusing fingers.

In mere seconds, her hands were reduced to crude, simplistic mittens, fingerless like a child's gloves, flesh-toned yet absent any muscle or bone – a cartoonish rubber balloon grew from each of her wrists instead, hollow, inflated, and achingly sensitive.

She tried to hit her radio – to call for backup – but her paw squished against the button, too soft even to activate the emergency switch.

Ako's hands were totally useless.

She would have to escape on her own.

"You won't get away with this! Give me back my fingers!"

The guards laughed at that... save for two, those struck full on by this bizarre new weapon. They were wobbling on rounded, hollow legs, groping at their newly-toyified bodies, their clothing and bodies merged into a single surface, pure latex, recreating a comical caricature of their attire and features, all totally two-dimensional, printed on flat faces and chests. The only actual openings they retained were the plush O-rings of their mouths and the surreal mounds of their crotches.

Despite both having been men, they had perfectly matching new slits between their legs, set into rubber rings that Ako recognized with great embarrassment.

Their genitals had become onaholes.

"No way," she gasped, feeling her whole face turning red, "you can't do that to me! I won't let you!"

Staggering to her feet, steadying herself against the wall, she groaned as she felt her toy-hand squish, flattening against her wrist.

“Who said anything about letting us?” the lead guard asked.

Ako squealed as more grenades came bouncing her way.

They were a weapon unlike anything she’d trained for, an attack she had no idea how to repel.

This time, exploding all around her, she was hapless to escape being peppered with pieces.

Several struck her clothes, which immediately began to transform into rubber. That was a disaster, her backup weapons, her communication gear and all her supplies already being subsumed into the spreading latex infection. She might even have to tear the twisted, parodic garments off entirely, if they didn’t stop transforming.

Assuming her hands could even accomplish the task.

But Ako forgot all about that, as another chunk of rubber struck, wrapping itself around her precious, pristine halo.

“Nooooo,” she groaned, pawing pathetically at her radiant aura.

Already, even as her rubber hand-forms felt at it, she could feel the supernatural expression of her self being transformed... reduced to a silicone toy, hovering atop her hair.

Groping, struggling to somehow pull away the corruptive latex lump that had started it, she whined at the way her hands creaked against her squeaking new toy halo.

Squeezing it, she saw the front edge bulge out, and felt that light yet solid stuff of her ruined ornament.

But the guards spared her no more time to reflect on her denigration – more bombs were coming.

Running for cover, she felt the blast slap rubber against her trailing arm and thigh.

In mere moments the latex penetrated her skin, spreading a soft, slightly pinker tone of silicone through her flesh. She felt muscle and bone melt into mere air, inflating that thin surface later of seamed and stretchy synthetics... all shockingly erogenous, burning sensually at the slightest touch.

Putting down her transforming foot, the whole leg bowed under her weight. Lacking bones, it was as soft as any other balloon, and similarly light.

Her run became a hop, the leg trailing in the air, as did her arm, both too weak, too squishy to control as she lurched away from the continuing onslaught.

It was hopeless, trying to escape like that.

Grenades were all around her now, and the detonations coated her from head to toe.

Ako moaned aloud, at the surreal, shocking sensations of her whole body being remade, unleashing a perverse, pulsating pleasure throughout her form.

Her limbs felt slow and clumsy, too light and soft to exert any strength.

With her whole body hollow, her legs could hold her up easily, yet with each step she practically floated, her muscle-less limbs losing the struggle with air resistance as she tried to wade through a substance almost as dense as she herself.

Just flexing her body was a trial, but she brought her hands up, to feel the wave of pressure spreading under her eyes and nose... and to whimper in humiliated, impossible lust, at the feeling of her face, flattening out into a two-dimensional printing of her former features.

The sight was plainly visible in the polished metal of the walls... a ridiculous cartoon recreation of her looks, frozen in a bashful smile, eyes, nose, all those signifiers of her humanity a mere decal on the front of a blank, nullified head.

“No,” she groaned, “stop this! You canhhh... it felsh sho... gooooods... mmmmp!”

Her lips were puffing up, stifling her words as they became a plush, creasing sex-sleeve, but she could still moan, still *whimper* with the intense, intoxicating arousal, as the transformation overtook her crotch.

Clothing had sunk and merged into her skin in other areas, imparting the print of her outfit onto her now-naked body, but there, at her loins, the fabric had simply receded instead, as it had at her tits and pits, exposing all those sensitive and private parts for all to see as they turned to rubber.

As her body hair, so carefully groomed and trimmed, was reduced to mere patches of blue, stylized images etched into her groin and armpits, and as her nipples became two more big, puffy rings, leading to eagerly aching cocksleeves inside her hollow, bouncing balloon breasts.

But that sensation, that stimulation, was nothing next to the erotic pulses passing through her pussy.

Her womanhood was becoming a far more sophisticated sextoy.

Not the mere cocksleeve of her former mouth, but a plush, squishy series of rings, folded and infused with their own lubricant, to create a flawless plastic facsimile of a sex, the rubber lining impossibly, perversely delicate, making her twist and groan with sheer pleasure as it creased and rubbed.

As it squeaked.

Her whole body was making those lewd latex noises now, and as she struggled to run – or indeed to do more than stagger forward one cumbersome step at a time – she felt a hand grip her shoulder with a creak.

“There, isn’t that better?” the guardswoman asked, grinning, “don’t you love your new look?”

Ako longed to tell the woman just how wrong that was... yet the sound she made was a needy, eager moan. At that same moment she was groping uselessly at her onahole-vulva with her paw, desperately trying to pleasure herself, to satisfy that overwhelming urge, the need to be touched... played with... *used*.

Yet she was incapable even of masturbating, thanks to the useless, squishy balloon-blobs which were all she had for hands and feet.

The guard gave a tug, and Ako felt something extend out, from between her shoulders.

It reeled back into her with a creak, and as it wound back up she felt speech unleashed, from somewhere deep inside her hollow torso.

“What did you do to me?! Turn me back this instant!”

Her squeaky, vapid voice echoed off the walls, even as she aired her displeasure.

Her foes simply snickered at the impotent demand.

“No no no, that’s not what you say at all,” the leader sighed, as she tried again.

“Stop that!” the doll squealed, as she was forced once more to speak. “I’m not your plaything, I’m a-”

The third, harder tug, cut short her protest.

“-a silly squishy airhead!” she crooned, with a creaking giggle. “Thank you for blowing me up! Now I’m Ako the blowup doll! Hee hee!”

It was all wrong – that wasn’t what she wanted to say. And yet... it was still her voice, saying those degrading words.

With another stiff pull, she spoke again, involuntarily yet eagerly.

“I’m your pooltoy playmate, ready to pleasure you! Don’t worry, I won’t pop – my halo makes me totally indestructible! So please use me lots!”

“That’s right,” the guardswoman said, “thanks to the special interaction between your halo and our latex bombs... not only is this totally, utterly irreversible, but you can’t even be cut, melted or burned up! So congratulations, toy, you’re gonna be like this *forever*.”

Ako shuddered at her words, yet worse than the panic that instilled, was that aching, *burning* throb in her warped body, as her sex-holes yearned to be filled, to be *used* as they were meant.

Right in front of all those people, she was actively, pathetically fondling her breasts and tugging at her stretching, squeaking face, kneading her latex form and shaking with pleasure.

She would have died of embarrassment, if only it were possible.

“Don’t worry, we’ll use you three lots,” another guard piped up.

She saw he was carrying their two casualties, one under each arm, the sextoyified men squirming and moaning just like Ako – yet they weren’t openly groping their new pussies the way she was. Her humiliation only deepened, as she realized that she still couldn’t bring herself to stop.

“What a pervert you are,” the leader observed, “I think you really meant it when you thanked us for toyifying you, didn’t you?”

She could only shake her head... even as her voice was forced out again to declare her adoration of being their fucktoy.

“Whew, you’re kinda ripe though,” the woman added, as she took a sniff of the latex doll, and caught the scent of feminine musk, still emanating from her blue-stained armpits and pubic hair. “Well, I’m sure some of us will still enjoy a stinker like you.”

A hand reached for her, and she tried to recoil, but her body was too frail and soft. Her limbs were simple, featureless tubes, flexing all along their lengths, lacking any joints of muscles, let alone fingers or toes that could exert purchase. Her torso was much the same, crudely shaped into the approximation of a person, yet just as hollow and squishy, matching her inflated ball-head and mop of sculpted rubber hair. The pooltoy was trivial to run down and overpower, scooped up into the air with a single hand.

“Damn,” grunted the man to her left, “that thing really is pungent! Smells like it just ran a marathon!”

“Probably those scent patches on the pits and crotch,” his friend proffered, “all that human body odor’s concentrated into those. I can smell her pussy from all the way over here.”

“Fuck, she must be in heat to have a musk this thick!”

“Probably just loves being an inflatable sextoy!”

Ako shuddered, as the waves of humiliation washed over her.

It was so unfair... so cruel... to make her denigration feel this good.

She was still squirming and shuddering in pathetic, depraved desire, synthetic skin squeaking loudly as they carried her off to the holding cells.