

Inflated to Lead Status (Rough Draft)

By: Firingwall

“And cut! That’s good for now, folks! We’re breaking for lunch!” There were exhausted sighs all over the set as actors and stage crew loosened up. The director had finally given them a break, showing some semblance of mercy.

“FRAN! I need you right now!”

“Yes ma’am!” A redhead named Fran Bailey hurried to the side of the second most important person on set, an anthro fox actress named Linda Mables. The human held up a cup of coffee she had gotten, handing it to the annoyed actress, saying, “Here you are!”

The fox took the cup and sipped it. She licked her chops, brushing some of her long bleach blond hair behind her head. “I suppose this is acceptable,” she muttered, “But really, you should have brought this sooner when I asked of you.”

“But Miss Mables,” Fran meekly responded, “The director was filming, and I couldn’t walk out onto your big-”

“No excuses!” huffed the fox, strutting off, “You interns are so lazy and irresponsible! You all clearly don’t understand the whims of what us stars really...” The words faded as Linda walked out of the makeshift office set mid-rant, heading for whatever she intended on going.

But I’m not an intern, thought the human, rubbing her forehead, *I’m one of the stagehands and... oh never mind. There’s no point.* She wanted to say something, but she just couldn’t bring herself to.

It was another day at Expansive Studios, a lesser known, but still reasonably popular company. It produced many low budget, but still fan favorite movies. Today, they were working on a spy thriller, their biggest stars all brought in to give it as much star power as possible.

Fran, after doing a check of the set and resetting everything that was knocked over during the action, slunking off to a different part of the studio. The thin, lanky woman had been working at the studios for the past few years, doing odd jobs and climbing the ladder all the way to stagehand. However, her hard work had not really changed how people viewed her.

Fran stepped into the storage costume room. Due to the nature of their business and low budgets, costumes and clothing was constantly reused over and over when applicable. However, it was an area that, most often than not, people did not wander into.

As such, the young worker leaned up against one of the walls and slid down onto the floor. She let out an exhausted sigh and pulled out her cell, checking her messages. *Just wait until everyone finishes going to lunch,* she thought, the same thoughts that crossed her mind more than once, *then I can go in and not be hounded by everyone wanting me to do crap...*

She shook her head, a deep, frustrated sigh following soon after. “I feel like I do everything for everybody around here when it's not my damn job. I’m finally promoted, and I’m still some fresh-faced new kid!”

Fran slouched further against the wall, her mood continuously dropping with it. *Maybe if I had some presence or was even starred in a movie maybe everyone... no, frickin’ Linda would still boss me around like she owns the damn place...*

She sighed more time, more exacerbated and exhausted the longer she thought about things. She glanced around the room, looking at many of the outfits that were hanging up or stuffed into boxes and crates. Maybe she could take out her frustrations on one of old costumes that were going to be tossed out?

No, she thought, shaking her head again, *I’m pretty sure I’ll get into trouble for-*

Her train of thought halted as her eyes fell upon a curious item amongst the racks. It was a bright, chestnut brown trench coat, like out of an old noir film. It was the kind of outfit that silly, cartoon characters wore when trying to walk out in public and be inconspicuous.

It hung among many other coats like it. Fran stood up and walked over, examining the piece of clothing more closely. *Oh yeah, Cindy bought a bunch of these for the film. I wonder where she got them.*

Fran looked at the tag attached to the bright coat. It simply read: “A Miss Airbag Original.” *Huh... never heard of them before. Definitely not the usual place we get stuff from.* A quick check of the other trench coats showed they were all from different brands as well.

The young woman looked over the coats for a moment before returning to the Miss Airbag edition. All the coats looked used or partially damaged, probably why they were bought in the first place given recent budget issues the higher ups mentioned. The only exception was the coat that caught Fran’s attention. It looked positively brand-new.

She touched the coat. It had a very nice texture and feel to it, much softer than the one Linda was sporting in the movie. Checking its size, it was much smaller too. *Guess that’s why she isn’t wearing it*, Fran thought, nodding softly, *...heh... kind of a perfect fit for me...*

“Perfect fit”. The words echoed within Miss Bailey’s mind.

She stared at the outfit for a little bit and then checked her phone. She looked back to the trench coat, a soft blush coming to her face. She gulped and slowly pulled the piece of clothing from the rack.

God, I feel so silly doing this... Fran tossed the coat over her, stuffing her hands down the sleeves. Adjusting the jacket, she buttoned herself up. She grabbed the belt, also hanging from the coat hanger, and adjusted it around her waist.

She turned to the dusty mirror in the corner and stepped up to it. She blushed seeing herself. She looked unbelievably goofy wearing that trench coat, just confirming how silly she felt.

This is stupid. She thought, shaking her head, *just so stupid. This thing would look so much better on Miss Mables... oh well... at least it's pretty comfortable.*

She looked down and smiled, patting the coat down carefully. Looking back to the mirror, she had a cheeky look on her face. “Stop Mr. Stevens, or prepared to be hit by a smooth spy,” she playfully spoke, striking up a pose from the movie.

She proceeded to do several more poses, feeling sillier and goofier by the second. She spun and turned with each movement, rapid firing every pose she could muster or remember from the movie. *Heh*, she thought, shaking her head, *yeah... Linda definitely has the edge on...*

On her latest pose, she twisted and turned, something shaking loose. From underneath the flattened collar on the chest of the coat, a string with a plastic ring attached fell out. It swung casually before resting upon her small chest.

Fran looked down again, spotting the odd string and ring. “What?” she mumbled, reaching up and fiddling with the string, “Was this part of a tag or something?”

Her brow furrowed, pouting her lip just slightly. Whatever it was, probably was best to snap it off now. She shrugged and yanked.

YANK! PUFF! Her short, red hair, done up in a bun, exploded. From the roots to their tips, the color drained until there was nothing but a silverish, dazzling white. The hair on her forehead straightened while the fluff in front of her ears curled. Her hair bun, however, inflated massively, quadrupled in size before parts of it flowed down her head and curled as well.

“What the *heck?*” she muttered, her eyes going wide as her voice gained this low, but sultry, old-fashioned Hollywood vibe to it.

WOBBLE-WOBBLE! BLUUUF! Her rear wiggled and shook, a large hole suddenly opening in the back of her trench coat. With the opening, out shot a large, fluffy, mahogany red squirrel tail. It was longer than her torso and head combined, a streak of white puff covering its underside completely.

It curled up at its end, swaying a little bit. Its presence surprised Fran, seeing it in the mirror. However, the rest of the puffing and fluffing happening to her body resulted in the same reaction as well.

FLOOF! Fur bloomed across her entire body, rolling over from the top of her head to the tips of each finger and toe. Not a trace of visible skin was to be found, sort of. Her nose remained furless but found itself susceptible to the changes as well. It turned dark pink and bumpy, flaring out and shifting into an animal-like snout.

BOOF! Her face shot forward into a cute, but short muzzle. It was very dainty, white fur growing over it in comparison to the mahogany red that covered most of the rest of her. Besides for her face and tail, white fluff coated the front of her neck, her chest, and her stomach.

POP! POP! The final changes struck her then, her ears swelling and shooting to the top of her head. They stretched and pulled, thinning out while concaving within. Red fur covered the back while white coated the front. They twitched slightly once fully changed, only adding to her new look.

Fran stared into the mirror. Her “reflection” stared back with equal amounts of shock and confusion. She did not see herself. She only saw a moderately-sized squirrel woman looking back.

“Holy hell!” she stammered, gripping her forehead. She rapidly grabbed at different parts of herself, from her mug to her ears to her big, fluffy tail. Yep, it was all real [and rather soft].

“I’m a frickin’ squirrel! H-how is th-this poss-” Fran stopped right there, noticing the string and ring resting upon her chest. She stared at it and where the tag was on the coat.

After a moment, she grabbed her cellphone, still sitting on the table beside the mirror where she left it. She quickly typed “Miss Airbag” into her search bar and the results hit her like truck. Her face went red beneath her fur as she saw what the clothing line was all about.

“Crap,” she muttered as she slowly read, “*“Miss Airbag delightfully brings sophistication and larger than life values to all our clothing. When buying with us, you’ll find that your life takes on a whole new meaning, filled with airy fun and inflating goodness. With us, you’ll discover the beauty deep within.”* Oh no... this is... this is a... a...”

It was a clothing line specialized in transformations. The website featured many images of regular women, and even some men, donning their outfits and becoming larger than life. By that, it was becoming big, anthro women with incredible figures in rather fetching, poofy gowns and dresses. Even outfits that weren’t gowns or dresses at first took on that trait in the end.

Fran gulped, blushing more and more. “I’m a squirrel because of this trench coat... great...”

Fran could hardly wait to explain how she ended up as a squirrel to her bosses and co-workers. There’s going to be so many questions, a full inquiry, and the butt of so many jokes that it was going to drive her up the wall before the end of the day.

She ran her hand over her face, hitting the bump that was her new muzzle and realizing she couldn’t do that as easy as before. *Great great great*, she thought in a muttery tone, *just great... this is just what I need. Now I’m just a big, busty squirrel...*

She stopped at that thought, something about it being rather off. She looked at the images in the website again, examining all of the “after” women. She then looked at some of the extra things being written around them before looking at herself.

I'm not big...

It was true. Sure, Fran definitely changed. Between that fur and poofy tail, there was no denying it. But the big, busty, curvy form that all the other women had? She didn't have that.

Staring back at a certain phrase in the website, "boosts in waves", she pocketed the cellphone in a jacket pocket. She turned back to the string from earlier, staring at it long and hard. *This... this will boost me again...*

Beneath her fur, her face was entirely red. *I should take this coat off and just leave*, she thought, biting her bottom lip, *I shouldn't wear this. This is only going to get worse...*

...but... but wh-why not? I-I mean, it's... it's not like things can get worse...

Fran took a deep breath, closing her eyes and letting her shoulders droop. She reached up and gripped the string. It felt a little different with her pads and pelt, but it made no difference on her decision. She simply yanked.

POOOOOOOOOOF! She shivered gently as the sound of rushing air came through her. Her hair quivered, her hair bun swelling and swelling more and more, becoming almost larger than her head. Part of the hair pulled out of the bun and extended down her neck, curling out.

Her body started swelling as well, getting in on the inflation. While her waist narrowed just a bit, her breasts inflated up two, full-cup sizes to D. Her bra within her jacket rapidly evolved to support her. Her hips widened while her butt expanded just a little. Wrapping it all together, she extended up just a few inches, putting nearly half a foot on her.

Fran panted softly, wiping her brow. She stared into the mirror, checking out the results before her. She looked rather... rather.

Good. A small smile came to her furry face. *That felt good and... wow... I look pretty good too.* Her hands crept up before her chest, gently pushing up on them. While bigger, her breasts oddly didn't feel all that heavy to her.

"Damn, do I look good," she spoke, her voice now a sensual, sultry, low tone. It was amazing that one simple pull on the string could do all of this for her.

Her eyes fell upon the reflection of the string in the mirror. Her smile turned to a smirk. It wouldn't hurt to pull it again, right?

With a bit more assurance, Fran grabbed the string and yanked harder. **PSSSSSSSSS.** The rushing air came back as her body began expanding further and further. She jumped up a full foot now, passing the six-foot mark. Her breasts jump up to E-cups as her hips widen more, her thighs inflating to where they would rub against one another.

Fran laughed, playfully shoving her chest out with pride, cocking her hips to the side. "Oh yes, now I'm something, something pretty! Let's see Mables compete with someone like me now!"

Miss Mables... The thought of the actress came to her mind, causing her to frown. She looked down at her body again. It certainly was better, but...

Fran grabbed the string and pulled even harder on it. **POOOOF! PSSSSSS.** Her breasts jump up to F-cups now, stretching the trench coat a lot. Curiously, it conformed to her breasts, wrapping around them almost like latex or spandex.

As she went another half foot, Fran grinned, full of confidence and self-assurance. She never had that look on her face before in her life. She was always kind of meek, kind of worried, always easily pushed around despite her role at the movie studio.

“Not anymore,” she cooed, blowing a kiss at the mirror, “No one can stop a beauty like me, nor should they. Oh Linda, you’ll be second rate in no time.”

Fran quivered. She didn’t know where that thought came from. She just liked being bigger and the feeling she was getting from this. However... this new change was really starting to awaken something within her, something she rather liked.

Licking her chops, she grabbed the string on her her jacket and gave another pull, even harder than last time.

SNAP! The string snapped right off her jacket, much to her shock. No more boosting for her after this.

PSSSSSSSSSS! Despite the broken string, her body didn’t stop growing. She shot up all the way past seven feet tall, nearly standing taller than the whole mirror. Her rear inflated more, pushing against the bottom of her trench coat as it turned into a full bubble butt. Her breasts jumped up to a full G-cup, sitting up her chest without losing form or sagging.

POOOOF! Just when she thought it was over, Fran’s coat quivered itself. The shoulder blades swelled just a little, gaining a bit of poofness to them like out of some sort of dress. The belt tightened around her narrow waist as the bottom of the trench coat swelled massively. It expanded out wide and long, forming into the bell-shaped skirt of a gown. Her shoes turned into black high heels just as the skirt covered her shoes.

And like that, it was done, it was official. Fran Bailey was no mere girl now. She was just like the women on the website. She was a fitting, perfect example of women that the Miss Airbag line catered to.

Fran sighed, running her hands down her chest, her sides, and to her gown. “Simply marvelous,” she breathed, her tone absolutely heavenly, “This is quite the turn for someone such as myself.”

Smiling, she struck a pose from the movie, holding out one arm like she held a gun and spoke, “Stop Mr. Stevens, or prepared to be hit by a smooth spy.”

She quivered as she saw herself in the mirror. Her tone, her expression, her body language. Everything about her was perfect. That whole bit was nothing but perfection. She was sure she did it even better than Miss Mables.

Fran's smile turned to a mischievous grin. "Why wouldn't I be better than her?" she said, lowering her arm, "I'm a better actress than her. I am Fran Bailey after all... or, better yet, I am Fiona Blownella, the newest star about to set this world on fire."

"Fiona" quivered again. She had no clue where this came from, but her mind felt different. She didn't know why or how, she just felt differently, and she knew differently. She knew things were going to be different around here. She knew she had this new talent in her, this new energy and look.

Adjusting her skirt, she turned to the door and strutted out of the costume room. She knew it was time to put everything to the test. It was time that things change right now.

Fiona strolled down the halls, passing by different employees and workers as she did. People stopped in their tracks to look at her. No one recognized her at all. She was like a whole new person; one they couldn't help but be stunned and in awe of.

After only a few minutes, she came back to the studio set. Everyone was already there again, setting up for the next scene. The director was talking with a few workers and cameramen, while her target laid in front of her.

Linda Mables was reading her script at the table on the set, mumbling her lines to herself while having this grumpy, annoyed look on her face. It looked like most people were avoiding her. Fiona smiled and strolled straight up to her.

A few people stopped what they were doing, including the director, to look and whispering amongst themselves at the squirrel in the trench coat gown. Mables only noticed her when she stepped right up to her. The fox flinched, sizing up the large woman before her.

"Ummmmmm... who the hell are you?" she grumpily asked the squirrel, "Never see you around."

Fiona answered without the slightest bit of hesitation, "Why, I'm the one here to take your role, my dear. You see, it is about time someone shows the audience was true talent looks like."

Everyone gasped, looking confused and stunned by the brazenness on the woman. The director blankly stared at her, mumbling to one of his aides about something. Mables' jaw just dropped, looking like she was just personally punched in the face.

"Wha-what-what?! What the hell did you just say to me?"

"You see, my silly, "small" little fox," Fiona cooed, bending forward and stroking the tip of the enraged star, "I'm going to be the new star around here and you will just need to learn your place from now on."

“WHAT?! How dare you!!!” growled Linda, standing on her tippy toes to best stare down the squirrel, “I don’t care who you are! No one is going to upstage Miss Mables and that is...”

Several Months Later...

“Agent Airbagia Squirrel is a massive success! While met with mixed reception from critics, Expansive Studio’s newest star, Fiona Blownella, was loved by all for her charming attitude, wonderful performance, and commanding presence! Who is this mysterious-”

“SHUT IT OFF!” snapped Linda, her hand crushing her coffee cup. Even with the burning liquid covering her fuzzy paws, the inner rage was burning and hurting far more than any drink possibly could.

It had been a wild ride for the past few months. In a matter of days, Fiona Blownella has taken away Linda’s leading role with the movie changing to better accommodate the large, gown-wearing squirrel. It shouldn’t have been possible, but between her charm, charisma, and talent, Fiona has outshined Linda by miles.

Sure, the fox woman still got work at the studio. She was currently at a set for a supporting character role in an upcoming thriller. However, she has been designated just supporting, and no longer leading.

“Ummm, Miss Mables?” an intern named Brandy asked nervously, looking at the steaming coffee rising off the fox’s hand, “Are you okay?”

Linda glared at the intern, who whimpered and backed away nervously. “Get me another cup of coffee stat!!” Brandy squeaked and hurried off in search of more of it.

“Are you going to be okay?” a cameraman asked, adjusting something on his camera.

“FINE! I’m just peachy!” Linda stormed off, heading to the side of the set, “I’ll just be over here, being okay!” Everyone stared at her, quickly getting out of her way as quick as possible.

Wandering off to the corner, the fox woman grumbled under her breath, “Stupid, cow-sized, gown-wearing squirrel...”

THE END?