

Inflated to Lead Status 2

By: Firingwall

“And I must say that each of the Chris’s are just as handsome and wonderful as you think they are,” chuckled Fiona, fluffing her hair casually as she gazed into her hand mirror, “Though, some are better than others of course. You would know that if you ever meet them.”

“Stupid cow-chested rodent floozy,” grumbled Linda Mables, storming off from the movie set, “I’ll be in my room until I’m needed.”

Once she had gone, Fiona giggled, asking everyone around her, “What? Was it something that I said?”

The room chuckled as everyone went about her business. Everyone always loved seeing the former popular, ego-centric actress at Expansive Studios being knocked down a peg. This was especially true with their newest, and much nicer lead star being the one to do it.

Fiona Blownella was a lovely, striking squirrel woman. While her presence and figure were otherworldly, her skills as an actress and humble attitude made her an undeniable sweetheart. She stood up for others, helped them on set when needed, and loved meeting with her fans. Her love for wearing gowns only added to her unique charm. She was one in a million.

“Your coffee Ms. Blownella,” an intern named Brandy spoke, handing her a cup.

“Thank you, Ms. Greene,” the squirrel answered with a coo. She flashed the young lady a smile; Brandy’s cheeks flushed.

She’s so beautiful. Hard to believe who she used to be... thought the intern. She started working at the studios only recently but heard stories that Blownella used to be someone much different than what she was now. In fact, it was said she was another intern, or something called Fran who stumbled into something that made her rather big.

Brandy shook her head, turning to walk away to do other things. *Nonsense, it’s just silly. I better just get back to-*

“Miss Greene,” cooed the squirrel again. The intern stopped in her tracks and turned her head. The anthro had placed a hand upon her shoulder. She gazed deeply, warmly into the lady’s eyes. “Do you mind coming to my dressing room? I need you personally for something.”

“Wow,” whispered Brandy as she stepped into the room for the first time, “Everything is so... you.”

“Thank you,” Fiona giggled, squeezing her big, hoodie-styled gown through the doorway, “I try my best to make this my home away from home.” The dressing room was quite the scene. Elegant carpeting, dazzling wallpaper, a closet and rack full of beautiful dresses and gowns, a nice

sofa to sit upon with an elegant coffee table in front of it, awards on the counters, and frame photos upon the walls.

It was, indeed, fitting for such a figure as Fiona.

Fiona took Brandy's hand and led her over to the sofa, the two of them taking a seat. The young human blushed, sitting next to the busty star, who had this elegant, wise glow about her. The squirrel took a sip of her coffee, asking politely, "So, I have seen you around, but we've never had to chance to talk since you started."

"Oh! Umm, I'm sure you wouldn't want to talk to me. I'm really nobody." Brandy spoke, brushing off the comment and feeling rather awkward.

The squirrel giggled softly, waving the remark off herself, and added, "Nonsense. You remind me of myself once upon a time ago. So, how do you like working at our little studios?"

"Well, it's quite nice. I do like meeting all of the people here, learning the ins and outs of filmmaking hands on, and seeing all the behind the scenes footage but..." Brandy stopped herself, a feeling of hesitation washing over her. She didn't want to say anything that would offend the darling actress.

However, Fiona coughed, adding, "Please. Go on. This is between us."

Those words and the look the actress gave her... Brandy felt she could trust her completely. "Well, I'll be honest... it's... it's kind of tiring. I feel so... small here. I'm on the bottom run of the ladder and it feels like no one ever appreciates all the hard work I put in or I'm doing tasks that I'm not supposed to do."

Fiona took another sip of her coffee, a bit longer at that. She nodded her head, licking her chops before answering, "I see. I can't say I'm surprised. I felt the same way before when I was in your shoes. Even though I was a stagehand, I didn't feel like I was ever given the respect I deserve either."

Brandy blushed, her mind picturing Fiona having to do all the work she has to do now; doing it all within one of her big dresses. She couldn't fathom the star in such a state!

"I see from the look on your face that you don't believe me." The intern flinched, her face reddening even more. The squirrel was staring deeply into her eyes, quite intensely at that. There was no sign of anger or frustration, but a sense of understanding and acknowledgment as well.

"I assure you Ms. Greene, what I speak is the truth. It was rewarding at times, but very tough and exhausting. I understand what you are going through now... and that's why I would like to help you."

There was silence, followed by an odd, but curious response from the lady, "Wh-what?"

The actress smiled, stroking Ms. Greene's face. She leaned in and cooed, "I would like to offer you the chance to escape your lowly position and join me in the spotlight, join me on stage or on set. I would like to offer you the chance to become a star, just like me."

Brandy's jaw dropped. "N-n-no," she muttered, a cracked, bemused smile appearing on her face, "Y-you must be joking. I'm not a star. I'm not even all that-"

A soft, fuzzy finger gently pressed onto her lip as Fiona leaned in, giving an airy, soft giggle. "Oh sweetie," she cooed, "You don't have to put up any fronts here. I've seen you before; after hours on set; a script in one hand while putting on a one man show."

The human's eyes widened, a deep blush radiating off her cheeks. She was totally figured out. "O-okay, y-you got me. I'm not very good, but I do want to try acting. B-b-b-but I'm not really sure that I'm cut out for it either."

Brandy's eyes wandered to the side, but Fiona just shook her head and continued, "You are good. Rough, but good. I see talent in you. It just needs some "special boosting" is all.

"As such, perhaps you would like the chance to prove yourself? You would like to be as "big" as me, correct? I can make it happen." Fiona flashed a dazzling smile, the young woman blushing even harder, even finding her heart beating faster.

Brandy looked off to the side, her legs fidgeting gently. *I'm not an actress, she thought, I'm just an intern... I'm not like her. I couldn't possibly be like her... but... but...*

Looking into her eyes, she whimpered out, "I... I wouldn't mind the chance."

"Wonderful!" beamed Fiona, positively lighting up with joy as she grasped her hands together, "This will be most wonderful! You simply won't regret it!" She quickly stood up and hurried over to one of the gown racks she had nearby.

Brandy twitched, stuttering, "W-w-wait! Y-you know wha-what? I'm not sure-"

"Na-ah!" the squirrel chimed, winking playfully at her, "No backing out now! You wanted a chance, so I'm going to offer it to you right now! And it's quite simple, starting with just a dashing, stunning change of wardrobe!"

A moment later, the squirrel trotted over with a new large gown. It was just a poofy as the one she was wearing, but with key differences. It was bright purple with green lacing at the bottom. It had exposed shoulders and dipped quite low in the chest to display plenty of cleavage. There were some big, puffy, faded purple shoulder-like arm holes as well.

Brandy blushed looking at, imagining the star in such a dress. However, her imagination was interrupted by a cheerful cry, "Here you are, Ms. Greene. The perfect dress for you!"

Brandy looked at the dress, looked at Fiona, and then looked back at the dress again. "Ah, ummmmm, wha-what?" she stuttered, "It's... it's lovely... but-but... I don't understand."

Fiona simply smiled, holding it up more. “This is yours now. It’s the perfect dress for you and will serve you well, my dear.”

There was no way Brandy could understand it. That dress was simply much too big for her. While the waistline seemed perfect for her own lanky body, she neither had the hips, the height... or even the breasts for such a pretty, but peculiar dress.

Looking at Fiona again, she opened her mouth to turn her down. But looking into the squirrel’s eyes again, she couldn’t help but feel... open to it. If she was just going to offer a dress out of the kindness of her heart, it would be rude to turn it down... right?

“Th-thank you,” she responded softly, standing up and taking the dress.

“Now, get changed into it please!” Brandy blushed, looking at the clothing and then at the actress. Did she really think she could fit into such a thing or even expect her to just undress and put it on?

However, another warm look into the eyes and Brandy melted into her. She nodded softly and stepped over to a corner of the room, removing her top layers until she was just in her underwear. She slipped the dress on, finding its large size making it quite easy to do.

Unsurprisingly, the dress was much too big for such a lady, the gown portion really sagging on the ground. Brandy had to grab bunches of it just to walk back over to Fiona so she wouldn’t trip over it. Her chest portion of the dress hung wide open, giving the actress a good view of her small breasts confined in their bra.

“Okay then... I put it on,” mumbled Brandy, “But... but I don’t understand...”

Fiona smiled, flashing her teeth. She leaned forward, stroking the girl’s chin and saying, “It’s okay. Just let the airy goodness fill your heart... and the rest of you with joy and warmth.”

“Wha-what do you mean byOOOOOOO~” A strong chill rushed through Brandy’s body, goosebumps rising on her skin as she bit down on her bottom lip. Something quite wonderful struck her right there and then. Something that made her quite pippy.

Brandy hopped gently as the chill rush down her spine... but the oddest thing happened. After hopping into the air, she didn’t fall back. She stood in the air, now at perfect eye level with the squirrel actress.

Brandy stuttered slightly, looking downward. She now stood higher than before, the dress no longer dragging itself upon the ground. Instead, the bottom of it merely grazed the ground itself, much like Fiona’s dress did.

“Oh my goodness!” breathed the intern, “What happened? Why did I... I...”

“Calm now Ms. Greene,” cooed the actress, placing a hand upon her shoulder, “Do not fret or worry. You are simply growing into your new role and life.”

“Wh-what?” Brandy blushed, feeling just a touch nervous by the remark. Her muscles twitched gently and started to grow. Not by much, but in a way that added to her figure. Her arms, her legs, her waist, and even her stomach toned, giving her the shape of an athletic runner. It was a body type similar to Fiona’s own.

“It’s as we discussed my dear, you’re gonna be big,” Fiona cheerfully explained, “You’re going to be big in all the best ways, just like me.”

Her face grew redder, her hands trembling. *Bigger... bigger like... like not just being a movie star. I’m going to be bigger... all over...*

As she made the connection, there was a cute **FLOOOF** sound. Brandy’s short, dirty brown hair suddenly ballooned out into a large ball, almost like an afro before just as quickly deflating and falling. In the split second it did, its color turned to a neon green, its form slicker and with less knots in it.

As her hair came down, it fell in a new, rather odd way. It came down much longer and wavier, curvier in some parts as it descended past her shoulders in the back. Hair on the left side of her head was brushed off to the right. The hair on the right side curled upward and held firm, like it was held by hairspray. It elegantly flowed down to her collarbone, giving her new style a beautiful striking look.

Brandy glanced to the right, spotting the large mirror on the wall and seeing reflection in it. She placed her hands upon her face, gasping. “My hair! What’s happened to my hair.”

“Again, it was just given a simple boosting, darling,” Fiona spoke calmly, giving her a warm, caring, understanding look. “For your transformation into stardom, you simply must have the look and aura needed. Come now, don’t you like your new style?”

Brandy looked back to the mirror, gazing at it from a distance before walking over to it. She looked upon her reflection, her expression dimming as she stared quietly. Her head tilted, her locks falling with it. She gently brushed them back into place.

After a moment, she blushed, turning to Fiona. She spoke quietly, “It’s... it’s quite nice, isn’t it?”

“It really is, my dear,” Fiona answered back, strolling up to her and placing a hand upon her shoulder, “It truly is. Green and purple are so your colors.”

Brandy looked closely at the dress and her hair further, taking in their bright colors. Eventually, she simply nodded. “You’re... you’re quite right. They are nice. I don’t know, but... but I do feel more elegant and glamorous now.”

“Oh? How does that feel?”

The human's heart beat heavily, like a drum pounding within her head. She bit gently on her bottom lip, her legs quivering as she mustered the right words in her mind. Eventually, she managed to say, "It feels... rather good."

As the words left her lips, she felt a small shiver roll over her spine and come to rest in her shoulders and chest. She panted softly, looking back to her reflection. Her eyes widened, her jaw slacking as she saw a dash of pale purple upon her shoulder blades.

Reaching over ever so gently, her soft hands brushed against a fine, coarse texture. They were scales, much like that of a lizard's. Purple scales were sprouting and spreading across her shoulders and straight down her arms. They flowed all the way to her fingers, her nails extending out, turning into that of dark green, short claws.

Speaking of green, as the scales moved onto her collarbone and chest, the coloring changed to a faded green. The scales' texture turned to that of a snake's, rather smooth in its own way. The new coating covered her breasts and stomach, flowing up her neck as well.

Even though she could not see it, Brandy could feel the scale covering pass over the rest of her body, leaving only her head unchanged. Her eyes creaked slowly over to Fiona, a small, scared question leaving her mouth, "What... what is happening to me?"

"I told you, Ms. Green," Fiona explained simply, "This is part of your boosting to be big and special. To reach that, you must simply grow into your new role and life, and I must say, you are growing into quite the stunner. Different than how I changed, but still just as special and wondrous."

Brandy blushed, the gears turning in her head. *S-s-so it is true. She did used to be another girl like me... She used to be small... human... and now, I'm... I'm...*

Another wave of wonderful chills rolled up her back, a soft, excited moan leaving the intern's mouth. The feeling emanated from down below, towards her hip region. It wasn't so much sensual or pleasurable, but still quite invigorating that she just couldn't help but feel a tad more joyful.

Beneath her dress, her lower region quivered. Her legs gently rubbed up against each other before being pushed apart. Her thighs were expanding ever so slightly, growing thicker until they naturally pressed each other without her help. Her hips expanded soon after, widening considerably into a very pleasant, round shape. Her enlarged hips made the dress fit just ever so better now.

Then came her rear, her underwear slipping between her buttocks as they grew. Their flat, shapeless forms swelled swiftly, ballooning out as if someone had hooked an air hose into each of them. They soon plumped into a full bubble butt, fitting quite well with her hips.

Brandy blushed, feeling her tush brush against the back of her dress. She reached behind herself and felt her rear, quivering again. "Oh my," she spoke, her voice sounding rather airy and high now as well, "I'm so much bigger."

“Just like me,” explained the squirrel, “See? There’s nothing to worry about. You are just turning into a fine woman, a proud wearer of the Miss Airbag Family.”

“What?”

“They’re the ones who made the dress! It helps people find their inner beauty and bring new meaning and fun to their lives. It’s helping you now.” Brandy blushed, looking back at the mirror and then down at her dress. She was getting bigger, more animalistic...

But yet, she thought, her blushing fading as she small smile began forming, I’m... I’m looking more and more beautiful... so gorgeous... so elegant~

FWOMP! She gasped gently and looked behind herself quickly. A slit had opened up in the back of her dress and out of it burst a rather large tail. It had an arrowhead fluke at the end, from base to tip covered in lovely purple scales. Green ridges rolled down from the base of her tail to almost the end, adding to her reptilian appearance.

Her tail happily swished from side to side before gently going limp and brushing against the ground. However, Brandy felt no fear or shock, she just felt a sense of pride and beauty. “My my,” she spoke, feeling more airy and happy, “My tail is quite nice, isn’t it?”

“It is, but not as much as mine,” Fiona spoke with a wink, brushing her large, fluffy squirrel tail. Brandy couldn’t help but giggle and think about how both weird, but right it felt to be discussing one’s tail with another anthro.

She felt another rush going through her, this one feeling rather warm and comforting. It made her feel so happy, so pleasant, so fine with all of these changes. If shedding her old, bland self was the price to pay to become something so more “big”, than it would be a price worth paying.

Scales completely engulfed her neck before moving on over her face. Her ears twitched, turning pale green like her scales before stretching. They stretched and stretched, pulling up into these jagged, round points, almost like horns.

Purple scales plastered every inch of her face, leaving no trace of skin on her. Not only that, but a few fine, elegant features were changed with her visage. Her pale blue eyes lit up to a positively emerald green, giving her a warmer, more striking look. Her eyelashes grew longer, giving her a dazzling flutter with each blink. Her eyebrows trimmed, almost if done by a professional makeup artist.

But nothing compared to the new addition that came to her mug. Her nose twitched before fading into her face, her nostrils leaving behind small slits to breathe out of. Her face pushed forward gently, her jawbones stretching while her teeth sharpened to fangs. Her lovely mug pulled out into a short, but elegant reptilian muzzle, one befitting of her body.

“So beautiful,” the intern remarked, leaning forward and feeling her face, “I have never looked so gorgeous before in my life. I feel like a whole new woman!”

“That’s wonderful to hear, Ms. Greene,” Fiona cheered, giving her a small clap, “It’s nice to know you’re doing well. I must say, you are going to be quite the stunner like me. After we’re done here, how about the two of us go meet with the owner to discuss some future roles that may be up your alley?”

However, Brandy did not hear much of anything after “Ms. Greene” was uttered. Those words stuck out in her mind, especially when the word “Brandy” was added. She frowned softly, turning around and looking to her, “Ummm, really now, I must say that Ms. Greene... Ms. Brandy Greene feels so inappropriate now.”

Fiona’s eyebrow raised, her hand stroking her chin. “Oh, is it now? That’s your name, isn’t it? Pray tell, what would you prefer to be called?”

The intern looked back to the mirror, staring long and hard at the screen. *What would I like to be called? It... it... it must be elegant, wonderful, and big! It must be BIG. I’m a big and I’m going to be big, so the name must reflect what I-*

Her eyes widened, a bright, devious grin spreading across her face. She turned around, her heart racing and the warm, strong feeling returning to her. This time, it was brewing deep within her chest. It was strong, very strong indeed.

She cooed in such an alluring, mature tone, “My name is Barbara Greenscale, the newest star here at Expansive Studios. It is ever the pleasure to meet such a lovely actress as yourself, Ms. Blownella.”

FWOOOOOMP! Her eyes clenched tightly, her shoulders tensing up as her chest thrust forward. Her mounds exploded out like an airbag, blowing up several cup sizes until they were just as firm and wide as Fiona’s own. They were two large, massive breasts that her elegant dress held in, showing off impressive, scaly cleavage.

Fiona grinned widely, grasping her hands together and playing along, “Why, it is such a pleasure to meet you someone like you as well, Ms. Greenscale. I must say, your dress is quite fetching and so lovely!”

“Thank you, Ms. Blownella,” Barbara giggled, giving the squirrel a curtsy, “It is only the latest in the Miss Airbag line. I see you shop from them as well. It’s nice to meet someone with such fine taste~”

“Awww, thank you! It’ll be so nice to work with someone like yourself.”

“Likewise!” The two busty anthros looked at each other with small smiles before both burst into a fit of laughter and giggles. They each grasped each other’s hands and came closer, their soft chests gently pressing against each other. Barbara cooed, “Thank you. Thank you so much for this Fiona. I don’t think I ever felt so wonderful and happy like this.”

“You were perfectly welcome, my dear,” replied the actress, “It’s nice to see you like this. How do you feel about acting now?”

Barbara quivered, gently replying, “I felt quite invigorated and ready to do what I must to prove myself. I feel ready for any challenge or role that the director will throw at me.”

“Good, because the road to stardom is long and difficult. I may make it look easy, but it may not turn out to be so breezy for you.” Fiona’s tone was serious, much more than any other time Barb had ever heard her speak.

However, the dragon woman merely grinned, flashing her fangs. “Please, such a challenge will not daunt the fair and lovely Ms. Greenscale. Like I said, I would accept any issue that comes my way with utter grace, dignity, and strength. There won’t be a single chance of me not becoming a star.”

The squirrel smiled wildly, letting go over her before placing a hand on her shoulder. “That’s what I like to hear. Now then, shall we go meet with the handsome head of the studio and introduce y-”

“HEY! Cow squirrel! Get your ass to set! Your scene is gonna start soon!” The door to the dressing room suddenly opened and in stepped Linda, looking irritated and frustrated.

She huffed, “Move it or lose it you...”

Her anger suddenly dissolved, making way for confusion as the former big star laid eyes on the large, busty figure beside Fiona. Barbara couldn’t help but smile smugly, waving gently at her. The dragon lady spoke coolly, “Good afternoon. I believe you will be a co-worker of mine in the future.”

Linda was quiet. Her eyes twitched before turning to Fiona’s own. “Who... who is this?”

Ms. Blownella giggled, saying, “Why, this is a dear friend of mine, and someone I believe you’ll be getting to know and see around here more often.”

Barbara grinned wider than ever, flashing her sparkling, white fangs and curtsying. “My name is Miss Barbara Greenscale. I am so ever looking forward to working together with such a small star as yourself.”

THE END?