

A Buoyant Beachside Birthday (TG, Rubberization, 2nd Person)

Leaving the car park behind you, you approach the beach with a smile, the scorching morning sun already searing your pale skin—thankfully, you packed lotion. As you well know, it's your birthday, and you couldn't have picked a better way to treat yourself than by spending a nice day at the beach with all the beautiful women. Not to mention all the pooltoys.

Reaching the boundary line, you kick off a flip-flop and place your naked sole on the hot sand. Now, you don't *hear* the sizzle of your foot burning like a patty on the grill, but you certainly feel it. Snatching your foot away with a hiss, you slip it back into your flip-flop and step onto the beach, already looking for a good place to put your towel. Your icebox rattles as you walk, soda cans bouncing against one another.

Halfway down the beach, you spot something a little unusual. It's a metal cubicle, like an elevator car that's been flung out of its shaft to land all the way here on the sand. You look around, just in case, but no, there aren't any tall buildings in the area. What exactly are you looking at?

Curiosity overwhelming you, you pick a spot nearby and plant your towel and your icebox and your sunshade. Before you put on your sunscreen, you decide to amble over and take a closer look—there's a woman there with a sign—you can't read it from this distance, but she's clear offering some kind of service. Something to do with pooltoys?

As you grow closer, the woman turns to you with a grin of amusement. "Hi there," she says, waving you over. "Interested in a pooltoy?" She has something of an accent—you're not sure you're hearing her correctly. She's definitely not a native Englisher.

"You're selling pooltoys?" She doesn't seem to have any around her. Maybe the cubicle is some kind of weird storage device?

"That's right!" says the woman, clapping her hands excitedly. "Personal pooltoys, made to fit especially!"

"Made to fit especially?" You wonder what the hell that means. Poking your head past her, you study the metal tube. "Are they in there?"

"That's right! All you gotta do is tell me what you want and go in the tube to receive your personalized toy!" She holds up a clipboard with a list of different designs for you to choose from. There are rings and sharks and palm trees and these really crazy lewd ones that look like busty women lying on their front—you're not too comfortable with those.

There's also the option for a more humanoid kind of toy, one resembling a cute anime girl. The clipboard describes these as 'ambulatory', which seems like a weird descriptor to apply to a pooltoy, but maybe it just means they can stand on their own? Regardless, it's definitely the kind that most interests you. You tick the box and hand the sheet back to the woman.

“Ambulatory!” She giggles. “That’s a cute choice! What kinda girl do you want?” Her accent is so thick it’s impossible to tell if you’ve heard her correctly.

You blush—you’d expected her to decide that part for you. “Um, well, how...” You swallow. “How about a cute foxgirl in a, er, in a sailor uniform?”

The attendant’s grin grows wider and wider with every word out of your mouth. “Oh! A skimpy sailor bikini, huh? And big curves to go inside it?” She winks.

Your blush grows even redder. “Well, um, you said it, not me.”

Laughing, the woman disappears behind what you’re now assuming is some kind of custom pooltoy-making device. “One second! Need to input specifics... Okay, all ready!” Reappearing, she pulls a lever, and the machine’s doors slide open, revealing its tight, metallic interior. “Okay, in you go!”

Frowning, you look around. “You want me to go in there?”

“That’s right!” she says, patting you on the back. “In you go!” And before you even have a chance to protest, she raises a leg and gives you an emphatic kick to the backside. You fly forward, straight into the machine. *Clunk!*

Lying there with your ass up in the air, head hurting, you struggle groaning back to your feet and cling to the wall for support. Before you have a chance to get out, the doors slam shut with all the finality of a guillotine’s blade. All you can do is stand there, shivering in shock. What the hell are you supposed to do now?

You settle for pounding on the walls, begging to be let out, but it doesn’t accomplish much more than hurting your knuckles. Just as you’re about to give up, you hear a clunk, followed by the gurgling of a pipe somewhere behind the walls. You whirl around, heart pounding in shock. *Wh-?*

Something lands with a little plop on your face—your skin tingles at its touch. You look up. Just in time for a whole shower of the stuff to land on your face. Squealing as your features start to tingle, you spin back around and start pounding again, even harder than you were before. Soon your hands are red and hurting.

The mysterious fluid’s effects on your skin is worrying enough, but its effect on your swimsuit and flip-flops is terrifying. As you watch, chest rising and falling, they run from your skin like wax, leaving you naked and exposed to the rain.

A minute passes like this: long enough for the fluid to coat almost every inch of your body. The only spots it can’t reach are your armpits and your crotch, but you find them tingling all the same. And the effect of the awful substance on your cock is... You bite your lip. When you get out of here, you’re going to give that attendant a real—

The shower cuts off, and from around you comes a new sound, even more intense than the first. Heart thudding, you whirl around in search of the source and are just in time to see a pair of hatches open on the rear wall. What exactly...?

A pair of mechanical claws fly from the wall and grab your upper arms. Spinning you around, they wrench you back and hold you in place, squirming like a bug, as another hatch opens on the ceiling and something even worse drops from above.

It's a little like a pipe and a little like an icing sac, but whatever the comparison, it takes advantage of your scream to slam straight down your throat, coming to a stop deep in your gullet. You choke.

Unfortunately, it isn't the only one: as you struggled to cough the first up, another rises from the floor, coils snake-like around your thigh, and slams itself straight between your buttocks, burying itself so deep in your ass it practically penetrates your prostate. Your cock rises, harder than ever.

As you struggle to escape your vertical spitroasting, the pipes gurgle, and a strange gas—definitely not something you want inside you—pours down (or up) them and straight into your body. Your gut bulges, struggling to contain your new contents—the strain makes you want to explode.

Meanwhile, the gas from the pumps travels through your body, accompanied by a bizarre sense of tingling, like pins and needles applied to your whole form. You pant for breath, struggling to keep control of yourself. You feel as if your body is on fire, growing more erogenous with the second—it takes every ounce of willpower you have not to take your cock in your hands and stroke and stroke and— Slamming your eyes tight, you moan in pleasure, pre-cum dripping from your tip like water dribbling from a hose. With every second, a fresh pang of lust strikes you.

Unfortunately, your situation has a way to go before it stops getting worse. Even as you struggle, fighting to escape the pumps filling you, the walls of the cubicle ripple and change and *shrink*, closing in on you like the walls of a vacuum bag. Squealing a muffled squeal, you thrash even harder, fighting desperately to pull away, but there's nothing you can do to save yourself: in the end, the walls wrap tight around your legs and work their way slowly up your body, pinching your calves and squeezing in on your waist and shoulders and pressing hard down on your head till it feels as if your skin is going to collapse in on itself. When it tightens on your cock, you scream inside, shaking and thrashing and throwing back your head as if you're about to explode—you've never felt such a strong sensation in your life.

All the while, the pumps continue to work, filling you and filling you till you're just about ready to burst. The pressure inside and outside you is intolerable, so intense you're afraid you'll pop and collapse all at once. Strangely, there's no pain. Despite the enormous forces working on it, your body appears to have turned into rubber, durable enough to take everything the machine throws at you.

Naturally, this isn't far from the truth.

As the gas pumps you thicker, the machine tightens its grip, squeezing your waist and shoulders inward and pressing down on your head till you're a more adorable height. At the same time, it expands around your thighs, giving the gas plenty of opportunity to pump them nice and thick and round and squeezable. You feel the entire process, especially when they start to squeeze your cock tight.

A second later, the machine does something very similar to your chest and your rear: as it pulls back, the gas rushes to expand you, and with a pair of tremendous *boings*, your chest explodes into a pair of enormous, rubbery boobs, while your ass fattens into two giant, jiggling mounds of buttflesh. You squeal again, writhing in pleasure, as fresh bolts of sensation roll screaming out of them and up into your brain, slamming it with shock after shock of bubbling, unbearable ecstasy.

Unfortunately for your delight, the machine soon turns its attention to your cock: having already given it a nice little massage, it now plants its finger on its tip and presses it slowly, slowly inward, forcing it deep into your body and away and inside and tucking you balls neatly after it, leaving only two plump little lips where your penis and balls formerly sat. Naturally, the machine then keeps going, forcing its way deep, deep inside you—you scream, writhing in delight.

At last, the pressure on your body reaches an extreme and ceases growing, having apparently reached its limit. Trapped, you can only moan as the walls and the pumps retract, leaving you to stand there shivering and looking down at yourself, too stunned even to raise your hands and touch your new body. You—you look like...

More arms emerge from the wall: suction cups and clamps, glowing with heat. Two slam onto your nipples and sucker them tight, making you scream in fresh ecstasy. Another, larger one, like a hairdryer, snaps to your head and starts to suck on it like an infant at a nipple.

Several seconds later, they pop off, revealing a pair of plastic poolcaps in place of your nipples and two giant masses of inflatable plastic, shaped like gigantic twintails, in place of your former hair. You touch them and hear a squeak.

As this first group of clamps retracts, another trios of arms emerges from the wall. Two snap to your head, while the third attaches itself to a spot above your butt. You squeal, thrashing and squirming as they go to work, heating your plastic new skin and sucking it outward, forcing it to expand into its strange new shape. It takes you a moment to put together the significance of their place: two on your head, and one on your tailbone... can it be?

With a pop, they retract, leaving you with a big new pair of ears and a matching fluffy tail. Well, it's more smooth and squeaky, really, but it *represents* a big fluffy tail.

Finally, the machine produces one last set of arms, carrying the skimpy school uniform/bikini the attendant suggested you wear. This, it heats and applies directly to your body, making you moan as it fuses to your rubbery new skin. "St-stop! Take it off!" You try to fight, but you're simply too weak.

With your new clothes applied, the arms retracted, and the machine's whirring slowly dies down. Standing there, your heart pounding, you run your hands down your egregious new front. Over your taut new breasts and your smooth plastic stomach with its little see-through cap and down past it, down over the soft expanse of your crotch into the gap between your legs. You blush at what you find under your fingers. You've... You've become the pooltoy yourself?

The machine stops, and the doors snap open. Wincing at the sudden light, you stumble forward and out.

Outside, the attendant is waiting for you. "Look at you!" she says, clapping her hands with a giggle. "You came out so well!"

The sand scolds your naked, rubbery soles. Standing there, blush growing deeper with the second, you look around in shock. What the hell are you supposed to do now?

You take a step, and your thighs squeak as they rub together. You blush, biting your lip. Maybe your birthday isn't ruined *just yet*.