

Pete whistled as he walked through the woods. Looking around the clearing, he noticed something in the distance, and walked toward it. When he reached it, he was pleasantly surprised to find a slimy pit, full of oozing liquid. Could it be. . . ?

The anthro white cat knelt down in front of the pit, and reached out with one finger. Sticking his finger in the pit, he brought his hand back up to his mouth and gently licked the sample. Upon tasting it, his eyes widened in surprise and delight. This was it! He straightened up, and backed up a few feet.

Meanwhile, Patricia was walking through the forest. The anthro jaguar was humming to herself as she went through the woods, enjoying her nature walk quite a bit. But then she came forward a bit more, and saw Pete. The white cat was going to walk right into a quicksand pit!

“No!” Patricia yelled, running forward. She stopped in front of Pete, blocking his path. “What are you doing? That’s a quicksand pit that’s in front of you!”

“Oh, don’t worry, I know that!” Pete said cheerfully.

“Huh?” Patricia asked. Now she was feeling very confused. “Why on earth do you want to walk into the middle of a quicksand pit?”

Pete gave her an excited smile. “Well, /this/ quicksand is special. I want to have fun sinking into it—it’s ballooning quicksand!”

“Huh? Ballooning what sand?” asked the jaguar.

“Ballooning quicksand,” replied Pete. “It’s an edible type of quicksand with a rich chocolate flavor. And even better than that, unlike ordinary quicksand, which just makes you sink, /this/ quicksand makes you blow up like a balloon when you eat it!”

“Wow,” Patricia said, scratching her chin. “I actually do like to be inflated. . . But why not eat it at the edge of the pit if it’s edible?”

“You’re right in that it’s not necessary to sink into it,” Pete told her, “but it does make it a lot more fun! Plus, it builds up the anticipation of what part of you will blow up when you eat loads of it from sinking.”

“Ok,” the jaguar said, giving Pete a smile. “Let’s do it then!”

Pete grinned. “You want to sink with me?”

“Heck yeah!” Patricia replied. “Let’s sink together and blow up from the ballooning quicksand!”

“Sweet!”

Pete backed up a few feet, and the jaguar backed up to, on the other side of the pit. “Ready?” he asked.

“Ready!” she exclaimed.

The two walked right forward step by step, and didn’t stop until they were right in the middle of the pit. The quicksand bubbled and burbled, responding to their presence, and then, the two of them started to sink.

“I’m Pete, by the way,” the white cat said to Patricia. “What’s your name?”

“Patricia,” she replied. “But you can call me Patty for short.”

“Ok, Patty,” Pete said, giving her a smile. “I guess we’re sinking now.”

And so the two slowly sunk into the quicksand, their bodies disappearing beneath the pit bit by bit. Patty felt it as the muddy substance clung to her fur and skin, refusing to let her go. Ever so slowly, her feet sunk into the quicksand, and after that, her ankles were next to go inside, sliding down into the muck. But there was still a long way to go before all of her was inside.

The quicksand gathered around Pete, slowly going up his leg, traveling up his calves. He also felt the dirty substance clinging to his tail behind him, bringing that down into the muddy waters. He smiled as more and more of him sank into the sand. This. . . This was nice. This was exactly what he wanted.

As Patty felt her thighs go down into the oozing muck, it was hard for her not to feel a little bit panicked. For crying out loud, she was /sinking/ in /quicksand/ right now—everything in her body was screaming at her to get out of this situation, to escape it before all of her sunk and it was impossible for her to escape! But she instead took a deep breath, trying to calm herself down, and let herself sink. As weird as it all sounded, she trusted Pete’s information about the ballooning quicksand, even though he was a complete stranger. Besides, most of her was eagerly anticipating what parts of her were going to blow up with air once all of them was inside. . .

The mud reached Pete’s waist. All of his legs and tail were now inside of the quicksand, and the muck clung around his hips, pulling him inside. It crawled up, getting Pete’s hands as well, and he let the quicksand start taking his arms. It actually felt kind of nice, sinking like this. In a lot of ways, it was a relaxing process, a calming one, and he didn’t mind the slowness of it—rather, he basked in it. Soon all of him would be down in the ballooning dirt, and that was the best feeling in the world.

Patty felt the quicksand cling around her as it reached her chest, pulling her breasts and back into the muddy waters. The parts of her that had sunk into the muck could still move, though not that much; her legs could only move as effectively as you’d imagine them moving in a thick layer of sludge. She wondered if anybody was going to pass by and see her and Pete—what on earth would someone think if they saw what she and Pete were doing? Then again, they were both in a rather deep part of the forest, quite far away from civilization—the chances of somebody else coming by were slim. At least, that’s what she told herself.

The quicksand reached Pete's shoulders—most of him was submerged in the mud now. The sludge had taken over his body, and he submitted to it, letting it completely submerge his form as more and more of him sunk into the waters. The muck steadily traveled up his body, inch by precious inch, threatening to completely take over. Any second now. . .

The quicksand was up to their necks. Pete looked around, then tilted his head upwards to look at the sky above. "If you look at the clouds," he said to Patty, "it makes you anticipate the ballooning even more! Because your vision slowly fades away as it gets covered by the quicksand!"

"Huh," Patty said. She copied him, and did the same thing. "Good to know."

She stared up at the sky as the mud took her neck, and reached her face. It bubbled as it clung to her chin and the sides of her face, slowly taking her in more and more. It traveled up to her mouth, and Patty breathed in through her nose as she sunk down into the quicksand. It soon covered her nose, and her breathing became shallower as she took in air through the quicksand. The substance quickly traveled up to her eyes, and as she watched, her vision got covered in the quicksand, and everything faded. Finally, it took in her ears and the back of her head, and with that, all of her sunk into the quicksand. Next to her, the last of Pete was consumed, too.

As the two were devoured by the pit, Pete quickly started swallowing up the edible quicksand, getting that chocolate flavor all in his mouth. Patricia was doing the same thing, gulping it down quickly. Her eyes widened as she tasted the quicksand—this was easily some of the best chocolate she had ever had; it was amazing! It didn't taste at all like she was eating dirt—and knowing how it would change her body made things all that much better.

Immediately, their bodies reacted to the new substance, and started to change.

Patty felt her body shiver and tingle as she gulped down the quicksand, and once she felt she had eaten enough of the stuff, she stopped. The tingling started at her head and went downward, covering her face and making her ears and nose feel like they were shaking. After that, it kept going, slowly traveling down to her neck and shoulders, then to her chest—now even her breasts were shaking a bit! The feeling continued its journey, and went down her stomach and thighs, finally ending at her calves and feet. Finally, after what felt like a long time, the sensation stopped, and the tingling went away, starting at Patty's feet and moving upwards until the strange feeling was gone from her face.

Then her body started to balloon.

Patty felt a puffy feeling in her face, and realized that the inflation was starting to begin! She smiled and held her breath as the sensation took over her head. It made her cheeks start to swell up, bit by bit, inch by inch, and they got rounder and bigger with every passing second. She could feel air flowing into them from the inside—how on

earth was the quicksand doing that?! It was a magical sensation that far surpassed any inflation she had experienced before. It was . . . beautiful.

The jaguar's face continued to inflate, her cheeks growing in size and shape as she sunk down in the quicksand. They grew larger and larger, swelling to an astronomical size as she sunk down in the muddy waters, filling up with air and making the areas under her nose and above her chin puff out with air. Finally, when it was all over, her cheeks had grown to an amazing size, completely filled with oxygen thanks to the inflation, and her face was puffy with air.

But this was just the start of it.

Patty felt air traveling down her throat, going down her esophagus and making it bulge out with air. It started out small, as if she had swallowed a bit too much and it was showing in her throat, but quickly grew to a larger size. It went from the size of a marble to the size of a baseball, all in a matter of seconds, and from there, it grew to the size of a basketball! The bulge increased in size more and more, until it was double the size of a bowling ball, hanging on to Patty's throat and making her feel swollen. It was a delightful, amazing feeling, and she loved it wholeheartedly.

The inflation continued traveling down her throat, and it reached the jaguar's shoulders. It puffed out her shoulders from the inside, making them feel stiff and immovable as more and more oxygen came inside of them. When it was finally done, her shoulders really /were/ immovable, and her arms were forced to spread out thanks to how the air had landed inside of her.

Then the oxygen traveled down Patty's arms. It started at her upper left arm, swelling it up and puffing it out, making it much bigger than it had been at its original size. The air rounded out her upper arm, making the cylinder it was more circular in comparison to its original shape, and air gushed inside at a rapid pace. After that, the oxygen went down to her elbow and forearm, turning the limbs from a loose, free, and relaxed position, to a tight, secure, and immovable one. At this point, it felt like Patty's arm would pop at any moment, and that was quite the wonderful feeling—it made her blush bright red.

Air continued to travel inside of her arm, filling up the forearm bit by bit, until finally, it could be filled no more. Then, the oxygen moved onto her hand: it first traveled into her wrist, swelling that up and making it puff out. Then, it reached her palm and the top of her hand, swelling both of them up and turning the hand from flat to circular, all in just under a minute of time! Then the air went into each of Patty's fingers, one by one. She giggled to herself as the oxygen traveled into each finger: first her pinky finger was taken over by the air, tightening and swelling up until it couldn't move. Then her ring finger was dominated by the substance, and her middle finger after that. Her index finger was filled with oxygen, and finally, her thumb was forced to be filled up. When it was over, all of her fingers on her left arm couldn't move, along with her hand, and her entire arm was so swollen from the inflation, that it couldn't move one bit.

After that, it was time for her other arm to change. The air poured into her shoulder, filling it up more and more; then, it went down to her upper arm. The oxygen slowly took over that part of her limb and moved on to her lower arm, which it also dominated, tightening the area completely. Finally, it filled up her hand, first going into her wrist and palm, then moving onto her fingers, which it gushed inside. When it was all over, just like with her left arm, her right arm couldn't move.

Next, the air went down to her chest, filling up the area above her collarbone first. Then, the oxygen gushed into Patty's breasts, making the jaguar turn red with both embarrassment and delight. Luckily for her, the air didn't take much of its time here, and it simply swelled up her chest a bit more (from a B cup to a C cup) before moving on. Her bra didn't pop up from the pressure, thankfully, though it did feel a bit tighter now underneath her shirt.

After that, the air went down into her belly. Patty could feel it as the oxygen started filling up her empty stomach—it was a lovely sensation, and the jaguar sighed in relaxation. She welcomed the air graciously and felt her gut slowly filling up with the stuff, bit by little bit. Soon she could feel her waistline tightening, and she grinned—the jaguar had a feeling she knew what was about to happen.

Sure enough, her stomach tightened more and more, and it inflated to a bigger and bigger size. At first, it looked like she had just overeaten a bit, with her stomach growing slightly larger than it had before. But then, as it grew and grew, she began to look pregnant. After that, the growth got out of control, increasing the size of her belly to make it look larger and larger! By the time the inflation was complete, it looked like Patty had swallowed two whole people inside of that enormous gut—it was absolutely huge now!

And the air wasn't done changing her, oh no. The oxygen went down to her hips, and began to grow their size as well, also increasing the size of the jaguar's ass. She laughed to herself as she was dominated by the flowing air, which increased her waistline until it was just as wide as her stomach, and made her butt bigger in the process. Patty imagined how big her ass must be now, and found that quite hilarious to think about.

The inflation finished off by traveling down to the jaguar's legs, puffing them up too. It started at her left leg, increasing the length of her thigh, rounding it out and puffing it up until it had increased to a much bigger size. Like with her arms, the air rounded out her leg, making the cylinder more circular than it had been compared to before. Then the oxygen went down to Patty's knee and calf, rendering the limbs much tighter than they had been before, until they couldn't even move. Which was awesome.

Air continued to go down the jaguar's leg, filling it up bit by bit, minute by minute, until finally, it was done with that area, and went down to her foot. The oxygen filled up the bridge and heel of her foot first, swelling them up enormously, then went down to the instep and sole of her foot, until all were equally huge. Then the air reached her toes,

and Patty found herself giggling again as the oxygen traveled inside of them—she couldn't help it, it was such a funny sensation! Air gushed into her pinky toe first, which blew up in size and tightened, then her ring toe was filled up by the oxygen; then her middle toe. Finally, her index toe was forced to be filled with air, and finally, her thumb toe was given a strong helping of oxygen. When it was done, all of the toes on her left leg couldn't move one bit—they were just so big and swollen! Her leg couldn't move either.

The air moved onto her right leg, and did the same transformation. First, her thigh's size was increased, and it puffed out massively thanks to the air traveling inside. Then, it filled up her knee and calf, rendering both immovable thanks to the massive size. Finally, the air went into her foot, filling it up enormously with oxygen, until it couldn't move anymore at all.

Once her feet were filled, her body finally gained enough air to fight back against the quicksand, and she felt herself starting to rise up from inside of the pit. Soon, she would be back on land, and be securely on the ground—at least, that was what she hoped.

Pete, meanwhile, had been having both a similar and different experience in the quicksand. He felt the air go inside of him, making his body tingle like it had for Patty. After that, his ballooning began.

Air gushed inside of his mouth, filling it up and making his cheeks puff out. At this, the cat smiled and held his breath, only breathing in sparingly through his nose, trying not to let any air escape him. He wanted to make sure he got the most air possible from the ballooning quicksand—and since he had done this before, he knew what to do and what not to do.

The air went into his cheeks, puffing them out quite a bit as oxygen poured inside more and more. First his cheeks started out small, but they quickly grew more swollen, until they were completely puffed out at the sides of his face.

Then the air traveled down his neck, making a bulge form in his throat—and that bulge kept getting larger and larger! It increased in size until the cat felt like a croaking frog with how large it was.

The oxygen went down Pete's shoulders, making them swell up in size, and they puffed up his arms and hands, too. Then the air reached Pete's chest, and the cat felt his pecs tingle. After that, they started to grow.

His chest area quickly turned into giant breasts, growing massively underneath the cat's neck. First they were small, an A cup at best, but they didn't stay that way for long. They quickly inflated to a B cup, then a C, then a D and even a double D cup! The air just kept pouring inside of him, filling up his chest and causing the cat to blush.

His new breasts kept inflating, increasing in size even further. They grew until they were an F cup, then a G cup, and finally, they ended at an H cup! Luckily Pete had

been shirtless this entire time; otherwise, if he had been wearing a shirt, the fabric would have surely torn.

The air moved onto his stomach, where it settled there and made his belly grow. It increased in size underneath him, inflating massively before his very eyes, until it was absolutely massive—almost as big as Patty’s belly (but not quite)!

The air increased the size of his hips, rounding them out and making them reach his chest in size. To end things off, the oxygen went down his legs. It filled up his left leg first, going down his thigh and calf, and to his feet, and then went to his right leg, using the same process as before. When it was all over, the cat was huge and ballooned. Unlike Patty, however, most of the air had been directed into his breasts, so he could still move his arms and legs.

Both Pete and Patty’s heads popped up onto the surface, and they began floating out of the ballooning quicksand. “Ah, that felt nice! It was really fun to sink in there,” the jaguar remarked. She reached down and patted her belly. “And my stomach’s nice and inflated!”

She turned to Pete—and a laugh escaped her mouth once she saw his giant breasts. /Those have to be AT LEAST a G cup!/ she thought to herself. Pete didn’t reply—he just squeezed his inflated breasts as the two traveled upwards, redirecting the air from his chest to his stomach, making his belly bigger. “There! Much better!” the white cat remarked, turning to Patty with a grin.

She blushed. “Sorry for laughing. Maybe I shouldn’t have—”

“No, no, it’s fine,” Pete assured her. “I know it’s random where the air goes when you inflate in the ballooning quicksand. Besides—it was an easy fix!”

The two of them floated above the quicksand pit, and Patricia released some air from her mouth so that she could float back down to the ground (and so she could move her arms and legs again). Pete did the same, and the two of them landed at the edges of the pit. Patricia and Pete waded out of the quicksand and met around it. Their bellies were still quite inflated.

“Well, that was fun,” Patricia said, giving Pete a smile. “Thanks for introducing me to this ballooning quicksand. I really had a blast!”

“Hey, anytime!” Pete said cheerfully. “I’m happy somebody else enjoyed it as much as I did. Say, do you want to exchange contact information, so we can stay in touch?”

At that, the jaguar fidgeted uncomfortably. “Oh . . . I actually have a boyfriend, if that’s what your asking,” she told him.

“Oh, that’s perfectly fine; I just wanted to stay in contact!” Pete assured her.

“Well, in that case,” Patty said, taking out her phone, “let me give you my number! It’s always nice to meet new people who like inflation.”

“Agreed!”

She told him her number, and he typed it into his phone. Then he told her his number, and she put it into her cell. “Great!” Patty said, texting him. “You should get a text now.”

Pete’s phone buzz, confirming he had a message. “Looks like I got it!” he said, smiling. “Thanks—it’ll be great to stay in touch.”

“Yeah!” Patty exclaimed. She cleared her throat. “Alright . . . I better get back to my nature walk then. It was great to meet you!”

“It was great to meet you too!” said Pete, who gave her a big smile. “I’ll talk to you soon!”

As Pete walked away, he smiled and whistled, happy today had gone so well. Not only had he found a ballooning quicksand pit to indulge in, he also found somebody who was willing to indulge in it with him! And that was pretty awesome. The inflation had been quite fun as well—he patted his oversized belly, which was still full of air.

As Patricia left, she grinned to herself. She certainly hadn’t expected to find a friend during her nature walk today—much less a pit made of the quicksand of her dreams—but she found both, and was pretty happy about it! She poked at her inflated stomach, loving how round and cute it was. She couldn’t wait to tell her boyfriend all about what had happened.

The two of them knew one thing for sure:

Today had been a great day.