

Requested by Actually Embarrassed on Patreon

The Unwind

Ten, careful minutes in this spa were meant to smoothen a lady's skin better than a month's use of the leading lotion brands. That's what the sign had said. Miranda, that clearheaded redhead with a triangle head, went ahead and booked ten minutes in the pool. She pushed aside her shoulder length hair, and pressed an instinctive finger against a pair of intelligent-looking spectacles, recalling that her former roommate had liked to come here a lot before she popped herself trying to get into a pair of pants.

It had seemed an okay idea in the midst her boredom, though now that she was standing on the blue shaded marble floor and looking down that pool... well...

It was more apt to call it a ball pit than a swimming hole or jacuzzi. Though these balls were not made up of bright, plastic colors that didn't exist anywhere in nature. Rather, they were various shades of skin colors. These human women were inflated to their max and shrunk down with some sort of malleability technology that Miranda didn't quite understand but reasoned had something to do with the way people's cells shift when they inflate. The fleshy balls squirmed about the pit like a sort of pulsating mass of goosepimples. Each of their belly/torso area was no larger than the average grapefruit, with little heads pointed straight up from the massive dimples at the top of their bodies. Miranda found the display to be just a bit grotesque, though not without enough tantalization to keep from turning tail. She imagined it was the same emotion one might experience looking upon a particularly sexy movie monster.

Miranda's bare skin began to tickle via the sweat droplets. This period staring must have been ebbing into her allotted time, which had cost sixty dollars... A mist spewed from the ceiling, not unlike that which sprays the vegetables at a grocery store. This gentle spray suddenly whisked itself across the shrunken women and peppered Miranda's bare breasts, making her just a bit more moist and a hair less warm than she had been before. The room was kept at a decently comfortable balm that elicited such a sweat and was probably to leave the balloon of the pit elastic. Thus, the mist did send a bit of a shiver down her spine, causing her nude form to jiggle in much the same manner as a pile of gelatin would.

She shook her head at the slight rise in squeaky moans from below. She would've expected a shrunken balloon to sound like a sped up record player, though the moaning voices all seemed to have normal pitches... how queer.

She shrugged, before lifting her left foot off the wooden platform just off the pool's side. Time must've been wearing thin, yet she still lowered her slightly chunky leg in without haste. First, she felt her toe forming a new dimple against the side of a balloon girl. She pushed in deeper and allowed herself a small coo at the feeling the balloons so kindly wrapping around her lower leg. The sensation was akin to a cool anklet of bubble wrap, until her foot touched a generously smooth floor that couldn't have been three layers of balloons down.

"Fuckin..." she wobbled a little at the sudden tickling sensation. The promise of countless little tongues hungrily sliding their tiny buds over her naked body had taken a few moments to be fulfilled, thus catching her off guard. Indeed however, the numerous balloons who were fortunate enough to have their head pointed towards her pale, fleshy leg were now tasting the sweat that had run down it. What compelled their shrunken minds to do such a thing? Miranda wasn't sure she wanted to know.

The sensation had proved a lot, and though she had half the mind to bring her other leg in, she hadn't put the other half on planting her right foot firmly. Thus, when she lifted her other leg off the platform, Miranda had toppled forward, sending her basketball sized breasts to be the next thing that planted themselves in the cushiony sea of rounded, rubbery girls beneath her.

"Uh oh." Was all she thought as her somewhat heavy body flattened itself against the tiny balloons, compressing them against that strikingly flat floor beneath them. What could only be described as a sea of moans washed across the room as her whole front half came to rest, face down, atop the tiny balloon babes. The sea's crashing waves took the form of several small POPS as some of the less fortunate balls were crushed under Miranda's weight.

The ones that remained in tact however, got right to work. The moans soon became her own as dozens upon dozens of balloon balls took to lustily dragging their tongues up and down the ginger girl's form. Wet, circular massages pecked at her thighs. Gentle, breathy teasing no more intense than a bumblebee's wings flapping, surrounded her hardened nipples. Though she couldn't really see as a balloon had wrapped around her face like a bloated blindfold, she was certain at least three tiny mouths were attempting to make out with her lips. She felt her comparatively larger lips slowly wrapping around the length of one of those balloon women, as though

she were bobbing for apples. She spread tongue across the length of the balloon's dimpled head, reveling in the power of lapping up one hundred percent of a woman's face in her makeout session. When this became boring, Miranda slowly brought those lips together, displacing the air in the balloon like a squishy stress toy wrapped in netting. It was only a few moments before another POP, and Miranda was tasting the salty, scrubbed remains of the poor girl she took into her lips.

Speaking of lips, Miranda's puffy pussy had managed to push one of the balloon balls' faces between them during her initial fall. It had taken this brave little balloon a few moments to shift enough, but Miranda soon learned of the joy's of a tongue softer than wool and no thicker than a bit of yarn dancing across her clitoris.

She lifted her head, a wicked, clenched smile almost interrupting her need to catch a breath. She just barely resisted squeezing her legs shut for the moment, as she just let the spa treatment do everything it was invented for and more. The moisture of hundreds of minute, horny tongues was supposed to leave her with a bit more youth once she'd stepped out. At this rate however, she would be looking hundreds of years younger, given she had no intention of leaving after the allotted ten minutes. As she planted her arms against the surface and wiggled her lower half to bury it beneath the balloons, she acknowledged to herself that she now understood the appeal of this place whole-heartedly. Her butt soon disappeared below the surface of the "water", its wide cheeks soon getting drenched with the lusty saliva of the horny, cloying balloons fulfilling their duties as spa-orbs.

But what of those balls that weren't in direct contact with her skin? She looked down, ignoring the fact that a line of drool had formed down her chin. She squinted at the ball just below her head. It had a doll's worth of golden, yellow hair emerging from that dimpled space for her cherry-sized head. Upon closer inspection, Miranda recognized a small birthmark at the collar area of the balloon's white, rounded form. It was many times smaller, but she knew that pistol-shaped blemish anywhere! "Oh, hi Paula, this is where you wound up? It's a good gig. Ohhhh~" Her friend Paula had been looking for work last time Miranda saw her at the gym. Looks like she'd found it.

Paula only replied with a little moan. Guess they didn't have much to say all shrunk down like this.

That unseen messenger of joy between her legs must've have craned her neck to lick across her clit like it was a large candy, because Miranda suddenly shuttered in a loud orgasm. It lead to her finally clamping her legs together, popping her little savior between them. She rubbed her thighs together as though working them, feeling

the balloon's tiny's scraps ball up and roll about between them with another delighted coo.

"Excuse me, miss." Her comedown was interrupted by a voice at the edge of the spa. Miranda bit her lip as she turned to look. Not a customer, the brown haired woman was fully clothed in a dark blue uniform that resembled a nurse's scrubs. Her round face somehow had a bit of authority to it, perhaps helped along by the firm wrinkle down the middle of her forehead. "You were strictly asked not to pop any of the balls."

Miranda nodded with a submitting expression. "Yes, I apologize, I found it... oohhhhh... sorry, I found it a more difficult task than anticipated."

"You do understand this means you will have to work for us now, as per the contract?"

"I... huh? Can you do that?" Miranda shook her head with a squint.

"If you will please step out..."

"-Ah ah, I paid for the ten minutes."

"Fine, stay there then." The employee responded.

Miranda nodded with a smile, before letting her head drop into the ball pit once again. She sort of drifted off before too long, which meant she took no notice of the shifting, rubbery sounds behind her. It was only when she lifted her head to see that employee now knee deep in inflated women and wielding a hose, did she react properly. Unfortunately, that reaction meant opening her mouth, allowing the employee to shove that hose in it.

Miranda gasped, then moaned, as the suspicious-tasting gas flooded and cooled her

warm belly. Upon feeling as it distended and pushed aside her spa treatment, she couldn't help but reach beneath the pool to rub it with a little moan. She began what at first appeared to be a standard, full body inflation with a pump that wouldn't leave her mouth. However, as she gulped down the gas, her belly rounding out to absorb her limbs and pelvic area, she noted that she didn't seem to be taking up any more room. As her rounded, rubberizing belly squawked up against the other, smaller tummies, she ascertained that she must be shrinking to join their ranks and simply resigned herself to such a fate. Once Miranda felt her ballooning collar area squeaking against her chin, her head was forced up to look at the ceiling and she noted just how far away it was.

As her rounded ass was overtaken by the inflation, leaving her with two flat cheeks against her spherical form and a couple of wet holes at her base, she felt her shrinking mouth unable to hold that hose nozzle anymore. Soon, it simply popped out like a suction cup being removed from a wall, and Miranda became lost, in body in mind, in a sea of tiny little ballooned balls. Though her mouth was free, she didn't really feel like saying anything...