DISCLAIMER: This story contains themes and subjects that people may find offensive if they aren't specifically into them. Bimbofication, body expansion (all over), self pleasure and whatever else. If those people who don't appreciate these things could refrain from reading this story, then we'll all be happier. Thank you!

-

I slide into the inflatable pool, the warm water within it soothing my tired feet.

The lower half of the bikini that I had ordered from online, a pink and purple-splotched number, immediately loosens and starts to tingle beneath the plain white buttoned shirt that I had opted to wear over it. As the site had told me, the fabric contained a dissolving agent, some kind of compound that reacted with the water and created a blissful experience unlike anything before.

It must work fast, I can feel it falling apart and leaving my lower half entirely bare. I quickly lay back against the air-filled cushion behind me, the side of the pool accepting me into it's bubbled embrace as my pussy begins to tingle, the dissolving apparal vibrating over it like popping candy. I sigh and move my hips to grind against nothing in particular, wanting more. This causes me to slide deeper into the water and my top become submerged also, the shirt immediately taking on transparence with the peaks of my C-cups barely touching the surface and breaching the surface repeatedly as I breathe heavily. I am already fighting the urge to plunge my fingers into the wet, to drive them deep and toy with myself. I refrain, and purse my lips against the urge. I press them together hard... and they begin to push out. My tongue darts out from between to explore them, to moisten them. They plump up again, and I withdraw for fear that my tongue may get trapped between.

The tingling has intensified, it grows as I do. Not just my lips now, but my ass has started to billow too. And my breasts... my tits feel taut, as if they're about to surge forward. Or... or was I always like this? I'm not quite sure anymore. I can feel my body changing, becoming smooth. My skin is shiny and stretched, almost as if I was as inflatable as the pool that I sat in. It always has been, but it also feels new. I can't think why I'm even described it as a process. It's just me, fat-lipped and with thighs as thick and pressed together as any that you may have seen before. With breasts peaking above me, shining globes that loom as if they were still growing, enlarging beneath my hands, which are now beginning to roam freely.

My shirt is about to burst open. I knew I should have worn a loose one, but I always liked the way my tits flowed out of the sides of this one, always loved that even the simplest movement could make my cleavage deepen and force a button to pop.

I arch my hips, my fat pussy lips a mirror to those on my face and throbbing hard, aching to be explored. And so I oblige, I have nothing else on my mind. Nothing at all, in fact. I am vacant, a blank slate. All I need is something to excite me, to fill me and please me. That's all I need. The boys practically queue for it, but I save myself for that special one. This is the only reason that I am alone, an inflated girl in an inflated pool, playing with her inflated self in ways that only a real bimbo could appreciate. I refer to myself as a bimbo all the time. Why wouldn't I?

I am one.