

Nehm kept poking the odd creature she'd discovered. It looked *more or less* like a fox woman with three tails apart from being some kind of inflatable that was walking around all on its own. In response, the creature poked her back and squeaked.

“Hey! Look at you – how does this work even? Whatever's got you moving around feels so.. weird. Vital, but still floaty and artificial. I'd love to sort that out.. You don't mind if I peek under the hood do you? Squeak twice for no. Or just-”

The impish little thing reached a hand out, touching the tall inflatable fox creature with more than just flesh to.. latex? Probably latex. Either way, Nehm reached deeper than that looking for some kind of hint as to the nature of her – and found exactly what she was looking for. Animating force, a mind buried in there, and *magic*. Not a small amount of it either.

About three tails worth to be precise. Which, with Nehm unprepared as she was, turned out to be too much. A ferocious pull followed that, an attachment forming as one well of power touched another and they joined like drops of water.. with the bigger of the two having the stronger force behind it. Nehm was shocked to find that wasn't herself.

“W-wha... *whrf*.. th.. fck-”

It was a merciless pull, almost like having the air sucked out of her lungs. Nehm felt *emptied* by the contact, light headed, and she couldn't pull her hand away either. Not even when she got a clear impression of just how serious this was, when what power there was still in her diminished form started to pour out of her entirely. Which, as she felt it leave, seemed to be causing *other* problems. Like how the edges of her hand were starting to look awfully smooth and shiny, just like the fox woman's body.

That phenomenon seemed to be spreading, too. Nehm tried to grab at her arm to pull away and it was happening to her other hand, everything going smooth and just a little see-through up to near the elbow now, and that came with fresh problems. Her efforts to pull away were getting weaker despite the urgency. She tried to focus, to wrench away with more force, and she just went kind of limp for a moment instead.

“H-hey! Ease off, okay? Am I getting *smaller*?!”

A bit of grumping followed that. Nehm was small enough as it was and had no desire to get shrunken down even further lest she have to deal with *even more* annoying comments from her family about it. This was something that *had* to be avoided, and it didn't help that it was coming

paired to having even more of her body start to hollow itself out and leave her devoid of power. Nehm's body was getting lighter by the moment. This included her head. She *wanted* to resist, to get herself loose and collect herself, but.. Well, she was pretty sure she wanted that. It kept running through her head at least. But then, when Nehm opened her mouth to try and convince herself she meant it-

“T-thatss.. Ssso weird, I sh- *ssshh.. squeak.*”

Nehm hadn't *meant* to squeak, but her insides were going distinctly hollow and that included her chest – her throat – and now she found her lips slipping into a distinctly 'O' shaped position that they didn't want to leave one they got there. There was some flex to it, there was *some* flex to all of her even as the transformation worked its way across the rest of Nehm's body and swept through her head and around to her ass, but moving was hard. It took a sizable amount of concentration just to stumble back and take herself in.

In the broad strokes she had the same shape, short and wide and curvy, but the similarities ended there. Nehm's whole body was sleek, squeaky, and hollow. It moved in sluggish and jerky bursts as she coaxed it into doing so and she felt *no power* anywhere in it. At least, not like she ought to. What tiny amounts of it were left were what kept her inflatable frame moving at all and were mostly rooted right around her ass. Her tail, specifically. Just the one tail, no the three the taller creature had. Or..

No, it wasn't three. A slow blink *would* have followed if she *could* blink. The towering vixen was shivering where she stood and squeaking up a storm as her ass bounced and vibrated, and *grew*. Both in terms of getting visibly wider and using the extra space to help make room for a fourth tail.

Both inflatable women were left pawing at themselves. Nehm found that, even with her body changed as it was, she could still *feel* everything. A lot of her was heavily oversensitive in fact. The bouncy heaving breasts she sported, the big curvy hips, the soft cleft between her legs – all of it. Hollow inside, waiting to be used, needing to be filled.. To have things inside her. She tried to say as much but it just came out of her fuckable lips as yet more squeaking sounds, and yet the bigger fox seemed to understand just fine as she reached down, grasping Nehm by her shoulders and pulling her in closer for what seemed at first like an embrace.

It kind of *was* an embrace. Nehm found herself pulled close and pressed to the fox woman's waist, muzzle right up to the slick folds of her inflatable pussy. The whole thing, Nehm found, was

*amazingly* stretchy. But then.. so was she, and she squeezed and bent awfully easily like this. With how much of a struggle it was just to convince this mostly inanimate body to move at all Nehm wasn't able to do much about the big fox pushing her inside. There was a lot of squeaking, the bizarre sensation of her head squishing into different shapes, and then a loud 'pop' as she felt her face slip up inside entirely. After that it was just a question of a bit more squeezing and squirming when the big fox woman crouched down and started to work the rest of Nehm inside.

This was far from the weirdest thing Nehm had ever experienced, but she usually wasn't quite so powerless to stop it. There was a spice that added to things, being stuffed up into this creature, feeling an odd connection forming. Something that took root around the little air spout where her belly button ought to be and left a kind of warm, comforting wholeness pouring into it. The kind of thing one could sink into and get good and sleepy, safe and sound.

Who cared if getting herself transformed, drained, and stuffed into some odd four-tail sex doll's cunt might make regaining her old station take a good deal longer? Nehm could worry about fixing this later.. a nice long near weightless nap was sounding *really* nice suddenly. Maybe, when she slid back out, she could ask her next mom for help with that.