

Burgeoning Desires

(Something new by Morphy & Anima. *warning* This tale dwells on balloonies/inflatables, yet includes Unbirth, and conventional vore. ;K)

"Oh! Sir! How about that one?"

"No...he doesn't want to be bothered."

"Well, what about that woman over there!?"

"Mmmm, maybe...no. She's happily married. There could be problems."

"Man, we're never going to get rid of these..." The man with the higher voice, Mr. James Free, sighed, looking up at a bunch of balloons bobbing over his head. He held the strings in his fist, leaning his elbows on the counter of the little booth. Beside him stood Mr. Scott, the one who'd been turning down people as they walked by. Scott was a big man, who wore a trench coat everywhere, in all weather. His hair was silver, as were his eyes. The younger man had never seen what the frame under that coat looked like, but he'd seen Scott easily heft crates weighing upwards of two hundred pounds. James had decided awhile ago *never* to argue with his boss.

Just as Mr. Free was about to take a seat, Scott grabbed ahold of one of the strings the smaller man was holding. James searched the milling crowd for the person who'd been chosen, but could only see a couple walking by. Young yes, but they obviously liked each other. It couldn't be for one of them, could it?

"Sir! Yes, you. We're giving away balloons, would you like one?"

A dark-haired youth paused with his girlfriend, peering into the rather shadowy midway booth. A collection of huge balloons bobbed softly in the slight breeze, of varying colors. They were all man-sized, and crowded the two men inside the booth.

"Well, sure... You want one too Misty?"

Smiling cutely, the girl shook her head. Mr. Scott handed the young man the string and tipped his wide-brimmed hat.

"Take good care of her..."

"What was THAT all about?" Misty murmured, throwing a look over her shoulder.

Terry shrugged, and smiled up at the balloon. "Who cares, I got a balloon!"

Misty rolled her eyes. "Just like a little kid. What's it supposed to be anyway? Looks weird."

Terry frowned a little in thought, hauling the balloon down to eye level. It was red, translucent, and in the shape of-- "A vixen. Yep..."

Misty made a face, and batted the balloon. It swayed gently at the blow, then rocked back. Its muzzle bumped Terry's lips in a 'kiss' before it steadied again. "Is not! Vixens look like little dogs! That thing looks more like a woman! Its even got breasts." Now it was Terry's turn to make a face.

"I told you about this before, it's an *anthropomorphic* vix-" Misty seemed about to say something

cutting when a food cart resplendent with bright lights caught her eye. She squealed and pointed.

"Elephant ears! Get me one Terry, please?"

Not willing to hand the balloon to someone who obviously didn't appreciate it, Terry tied the string around his wrist. Then he dug in his pockets for change. Women and their elephant ears...sheesh!

Terry and Misty walked around the fair for another hour, before deciding to turn back for home. The red balloon vixen still bobbed along behind Terry, glowing like a foxie beacon every time a bright light lit it from behind. Terry took a doubletake as they passed the booth where the balloon had come from on their way out. The small wooden construction was deserted, and in fact, looked long-unused...

"That's weird," he mumbled, thinking hard as the lights and sounds of the midway faded behind him. Soon his shoes crunched through the gravel of the parking lot. Misty seemed anxious to get home, and was waiting for him in the car when he arrived.

"Slowpoke!" she teased, grabbing the rubber vixen and shoving her into the back seat. Terry leaned back and threw his jacket over his balloon to keep it from floating up and obscuring his view of the road. It squeaked as he covered it, in what Terry thought sounded like a plaintive tone. He dismissed the thought as too strange, and started the car. Misty didn't live far from the fairgrounds, and soon she was slipping out of the car and mincing up the driveway in her heels.

"See ya Terry, thanks for the fun night!" She called over her shoulder. The young man nodded, waved, and backed out into the street. Ten minutes later of uneventful driving, Terry pulled into his driveway. A glance into the empty garage told Terry his folks weren't home yet, as he and his inflated companion entered the house. Terry didn't bother turning on any lights until he reached his room. Releasing the string, the vixen floated up to gently bump the ceiling. Sighing softly, he emptied his pockets onto his dresser, pausing to look at the picture of Misty in his wallet... As he undressed for bed, Terry had the distinct feeling someone was watching him... The feeling persisted as he slid beneath his sheets and tried to sleep. Directly above, the balloon vixen grinned down at him mutely.

The next day was as much hell and the night before had been heaven. One of his professors made an example out of his paper, on how NOT to do assignments for his class. Did he **have** to tell everyone who'd written it?! Misty seemed distant when he sat with her at lunch, and later, ignored him completely in Economics class. Terry's worst fears were confirmed that night when he called Misty.

"What's up Mist? You've treated me like dirt all day!" He could imagine Misty flinch as the hurt in his voice clearly carried to her.

"I, I don't know how to break this to you. You're a nice guy Terry, but I think you're strange. I don't want to be associated with a weird guy. Please understand when I say t-that I can't see you anymore." Obviously, Misty got the message Terry **didn't** understand when he slammed the phone into its cradle. He flopped back on his bed, stretched out, and fumed. Why? They'd been going out for two months! Why would she cut it short **now**? Terry's gaze drifted to the foxy reclining on his ceiling.

"Was it you? Did Misty finally give up on me when she saw you?" Terry'd always had a thing for balloons, latex, rubber; the feel of those materials sliding across his skin always gave him such pleasure...and he loved squeezing the things against him... Misty couldn't be expected to understand. If he'd mentioned how often his fantasies had involved oiling her body and dressing her up in black latex...**shiver**

Outside, dusk was soaking the world in shadow, and bars of black crept down the plain walls of the bedroom. Of course, the vixen made no reply to his question, but to bob a little. That was odd, if Terry had taken the time to think about it. No windows were open, the balloon had no reason to be moving at all. But the troubled young man was far too perplexed to concern himself with that. Gradually, Terry's

ire cooled enough to let him sleep. Lonely and cold in the empty house, he curled into himself and hoped to God he wouldn't dream.

Terry's heart nearly stopped during the night. Some long-dormant warning instinct roused him at 3:00 am, forcing Terry to swim up through the blanket of sleep wrapped around his brain. Staring at him from less than two inches away were a pair of red, glowing eyes! There was a slight weight covering his body, from head to toe, something he noticed only after his scream of fright gave out. It was only the vixen-balloon... Its helium must've denatured during the night and let it drift down to lie on top of him. By some freak chance, the balloon's hand/paw was pressed against the front of his boxers, a rubbery fingertip penetrating his fly. Terry grinned and shook his head, trying to rise off the bed.

"Going so soon? I thought you would've liked company..." The foxy balloon winked at him deliberately, licking her smooth lips with a heretofore-unseen tongue. Terry blanched, frightened eyes gazing up at this, this balloony *thing* on top of him. This *beautiful* balloony thing...

"Uh, well, guess not..." Terry said lamely, as the balloon actually *breathed* on him warmly. "Who are you?"

She grinned and bumped her nose against his with a squeak. "Whoever you want me to be... I hope you'll give me a name later." She smiled again, the glow in her eyes dancing in what could only be interpreted as happiness. Terry smiled back up at her weakly. The vixen nuzzled the man's cheek. "You're probably wondering why I'm doing this, right? You need something only I can give you right now..." The balloon drifted up off him somehow, and settled lightly to Terry's left. His eyes were drawn to her absurdly impressive bosom and something he could've sworn she hadn't had last night... Between the vixen's red squeaky thighs lay an opening, a slit glistening with some sort of fluid. It was as if she had undergone puberty during the night!

Terry squeaked, trying to slip off the bed. He wasn't ready for this! The balloon-fox caught his arm and tugged, with the result of resuming her position on top of him. With her other chubby hand, she tugged off the man's boxers. Terry could've easily thrown her off...in theory. In practice, he was helpless! What surprised him more than that was the fact that he was enjoying being dominated! The balloon spoke again, her sexy voice calming him somewhat.

"No no, you're not getting away that easy! Relax, you'll enjoy it more. You NEED this," she murred, wriggling her smooth hips against him. Her balloony skin was cool, but warmed after a second or two of contact with Terry's bare skin. He moaned softly, and reflexively wrapped his arms around the demanding vixen. She felt sooooo good gliding against him... Suddenly, Terry felt his erect member thumping her belly, then sliding down towards that slit with another wet squeak. She giggled, then ooooohed as Terry's penis nudged against the petals of her sex. Her stiff, rubbery labia refused to part enough to admit him, leaving both suddenly frustrated.

"Please lover, let me in..." Terry whined, his own hips thrusting lightly against hers. Given *that* request, she didn't hesitate, but reached down and tucked her fingers into her mound. Prying with her fingertips, the inflatable femme spread herself wide open. The fluid Terry had noticed before doubled its flow, dribbling onto the aching flesh of his member. Almost painfully aroused, Terry grabbed the vixen's plump, smooth ass and thrust it down towards him! Her body *squeaked* once more as in a single movement, her loins were filled totally with a nice warm cock. She growled in satisfaction, leaned down and rubbed her huge breasts against Terry's chest. They flattened out warmly against him, stiff little nipples growing larger in response to the friction.

Terry's glazed eyes blurrily registered the moon outside his window, its image filtering *through* his lover's body. The silver disk acquired a red hue, as it shone through the balloon's cherry-hued skin.

Terry's cool green eyes drifted towards each other as an ecstatic smile stretched his mouth. Sounds of pleasure mixed with giggles as the foxy snuggled herself tightly against her new lover.

"Like this, huh? This is your first too, isn't it? Well, let me do all the work then."

Terry nodded numbly, still smiling and panting heavily. His new-found mate jerked her hips up, releasing a good five inches of slick Terry, then quickly impaled herself again. The sound of wet rubber on wet rubber and flesh, and increasingly more frequent squeaks filled the room, the coupled beings' thrusting building them both towards climax. The balloon's own body seemed to swell as her excitement grew, her breasts and thighs growing against the human and visibly thinning, as the material stretched. Perhaps it was merely the result of Terry squeezing the balloon sex-toy against him... Terry buried his face between the breasts now beating against his chest, making his mate cry out in pleasure!

"Good! GOOD! Yessss, I knew you'd make a FINE partner..." She growled, raising her tail high in the air behind her. The tail was balloon-material as well, but cunningly crafted to look like a cartoon vixen's fluffy tail. It would've frizzed wildly at this point if it'd been capable as the vixen began to cum... Her tight, squeaky vagina clamped down on Terry, milking him for everything he had, while she shivered and twitched. Her eyes were squeezed tightly shut, and her mouth gaped to let her whimpers of ecstasy escape. Terry tried to still his lover's trembling with his own none-too-steady embrace, but soon yielded to his climax as well. A little twinge in his balls raised the floodgates, and Terry cried out as a long-unused path in his member flared and gushed with semen. Fascinated, he watched as his cream exited his body, splattering the inside of the vixen.

Incredibly, the spooge defied gravity and flowed further up inside her. The coating became thinner and thinner as the seed was evenly distributed everywhere on the balloon's inner surface, quickly becoming invisible.

Shuddering, Terry collapsed back into the sheets. For a few minutes, the new lovers just stroked each other...Terry hardly believing this wasn't a dream.

"MMMmmmm, lovely...especially for your first time. I hope it was special for you..." What a thing to say! "Feeling better?" The rubber fox murrred, holding Terry's hands against her breasts.

He nodded dreamily, and tried kissing the vixen. She responded eagerly, tongue slipping past his lips. Her tongue had a...*different* taste, kind of rubbery and plastic at the same time, and satiny smooth. The vibrations of her sexy murrrr buzzed pleasantly in Terry's skull. His breath rushed into her as he gasped from his exertion. The moist air helped bloat the vixen even further, and when their lips parted, she wore a smile to match Terry's.

"I'm feeling better too now, you know... I *crave* your seed, your cream, Terry. I *need* it. My body can convert it into almost anything I need. It'll be my breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Snacks too if I'm so inclined!" She grinned seductively, running her fat paws down her sides. Terry watched appreciatively, then pulled her down close to him again.

"Hope I can keep up... Do you need anything else?" he whispered, hands sliding here and there on her smooth, voluptuous body.

She nodded slowly, planting another kiss on Terry's cheek. It was wonderfully different, kisses from a muzzle instead of a flat human face. Surely that muzzle was narrow enough to get into some very interesting places... "Well, first of all I'd like a name..." She pouted a little, placing her arms on either side of her human's neck. Terry hummed, eyes sliding half-shut as he considered. What name would do this, this *vision* credit?

"How about Talia? I was just reading a book by Lackey, and--" Talia interrupted him with an ecstatic kiss. Guess she liked that! When the blood had stopped pounding in his ears, Terry heard his

lover continuing.

"I need your physical love, but eventually, I want... Well, there's plenty of time for that later. For now just remember, I may be a balloon, but I have feelings too!" She bared her teeth at him, then gnawed ferally on Terry's fingers. If those teeth in her maw hadn't been soft, the young man would've needed stitches! As it was, the teeth just tickled. Terry sighed softly, rubbing his hands up and down Talia's smooth back. A static charge slowly built, spending itself in a big, fat spark as she leaned down for another kiss. Terry yelped! as the foxy broke down giggling.

"Y, your hair!" She shook her head, clutching herself as giggles claimed her again. Raising a hand to touch his hair, Terry found it standing straight up.

"Oh!? Well, take this!" Terry grinned, easily plucking Talia off his hips and shoving her against the wall. He rubbed her briskly against the wall, then let go. She 'stood' there, pouting, suspended like a fly in a web.

"Well! That's no way to treat a lady..." Terry just shook his head, trying to smooth his hair as he laughed. To show there were no hard feelings, (Well, not until Terry had been given a minute or two to recover,) Terry took the living-balloon in his arms again. After another lingering, inflating kiss, Terry gazed affectionately into Talia's shining eyes.

"I have no idea how I ended up with you, but I'm glad you're here now... YOU'RE not likely to leave me 'cuz I'm weird." Talia nodded, squeakily rubbing her cheek against Terry's.

"Nope, so long as you take good care of me, I'm not going anywhere. Speaking of care, I could use some more love..." Love Terry was only too happy to provide.

Chapter 2

Morning brought some problems to light, even as the sun banished the shadows from last night. Terry awoke, delighted to see Talia snoring softly beside him. It hadn't been just a glorious dream...though his lover was rather unreal! She lay suspended a few inches above the bed itself, her tail balancing her expertly. He roused her with a peck on the cheek.

"Good morning lover. Sleep well?" He murmured, rolling over on top of her. Claspings her with his thighs, Terry again reveled in the feel of her skin on his. The temperature of the rubber again quickly jumped to match that of his skin.

"Sleeping next to you, who wouldn't?" she answered readily, smiling up at him. Terry chuckled, blushing a tad, and began kneading Talia's body. His hands dented her pliable skin inward, sinking in about two or three inches, then bouncing back again. She mmmmmmed, wriggling a little under her lover.

"That's nice! Yeah...do that *everywhere!*" Terry complied happily, exploring the lovely body of his vixen. He squashed her breasts inward until they turned concave, smiling as Talia's nipples instantly sprang to attention. Teasingly, he left them and squeezed her smooth sides. Not wanting to neglect her back, Terry flipped Talia over and kneaded her shiny back too. She moaned softly when his hands found her buttocks, cupping the plump cheeks and warming them. Terry boldly probed between those cheeks with a finger, and surprised himself by locating a sphincter there. An anus!?

"That's one of my vents love...I take in air and...other substances through it." Talia giggled, and thrust herself back on the finger, briefly impaling that tight little ring on it. Terry yelped, yanking the finger back.

"Maybe we'll do that later," he mumbled, and flipped Talia back over.

"Don't sit too heavily, I might pop," she added, as he re-straddled her and leaned down for another kiss. Terry went white, and scrambled off of his vixen.

"Y, you can pop?! You'd die..." Talia shrugged, turning on her side to face him. Boy those teats of hers were distracting.

"I wouldn't be happy, but you could always throw the scraps together again, and they'd reconstitute. Don't tell me how I know that, there are a few unpleasant memories along those lines... But after a bit of sustenance, you won't have to worry about that. If you could find me some latex, rubber, anything like that, it would be a nice addition to my diet." Talia looked around the room, and pointed out a raincoat in Terry's closet. "That would keep me fed for a week!"

Terry giggled, then slid off the bed. He stepped over to his desk, pulled out a drawer and returned to the bed with it. Inside were packages of balloons, latex condoms, several pairs of latex gloves, and assorted other items. She grinned knowingly, plucking one of the gloves from the pile.

"I've always liked the feel of that against me...you're like a dream come true Talia."

Talia looked up at the human and cocked her head, her smile softening. "Really? I've never been a dream-fulfilled before. Well, I've never really been anything before! But that feels good!" Talia fed the glove into her mouth, then gulped it down. Her smooth neck bulged for a moment with the passage of the balled up glove. Terry watched as it tumbled down with a rustle into the cavity of her body. It was soon followed by four condoms, another pair of gloves, and a package of jumbo-balloons. Terry surveyed the mass resting in the balloon's belly skeptically.

"Now what?" He asked, turning his attention back to Talia's face.

She licked his lips and giggled. "Just watch." She drifted down to sprawl on the bed, the white sheets making a perfect backdrop to watch her innards at work. The jumble of rubbery items in her abdomen appeared as a darker mass within. Slowly, that mass grew darker still, and spread across the inside of Talia's back. It looked like the stuff was melting! And indeed, it had turned to a liquid. The vixen sat up, and let the stuff ooze down into her legs. Terry studied the liquefied material then turned curious eyes back to Talia's.

"Now, that stuff will become a permanent part of me. It'll make my skin tougher and more flexible, and some of it will go towards my lovely feminine lubricant... Have you noticed anything about your cock after last night?" Talia thrust her pudgy paw into Terry's shorts, drawing out his member. It stiffened immediately as her soft, rubber pads rubbed against the warm flesh. Terry flinched, then relaxed. It was going to take some getting used to, living with a horny vixen!

"Uhh, no. I don't usually look at it that closely..."

Talia giggled, and rolled the penis between her paws. Then, gently, she tugged at it. Terry's eyes bulged as he saw his member *stretch* a couple of inches! She saw his expression and dropped his cock. To the man's relief, it returned to normal once released.

"Everywhere my liquids touch you, you'll grow more elastic. Might be advantageous to have an elastic tongue, no?" Talia winked at him, reaching down and spreading herself. Beads of moisture glinted on her full, pouting pussy-lips.

Hypnotized, Terry nodded dumbly...then shook himself. "Though they aren't home much, I don't think my parents should see your, um, lovely assets. Do you have any problem with wearing clothes?"

Talia nodded firmly. "Yep, I do. Mostly because there's no need. Watch!" She concentrated, and her

surface began to ripple. Slowly, the uniform red of her skin turned opaque in places. Green appeared, spreading across her chest and hips. A minute later, Talia was clad in what looked like a tank top and shorts. And when she looked back up at him, Terry startled to see her eyes were now green as well. Like his. "I thought you might like these," she murred, batting imaginary eyelashes at him.

Eagerly, Terry scooped his vixen into his arms. "You're so gorgeous... You drive me wild, you know."

Talia grinned, nuzzling her mate's cheek. "Awww, you're making me blush..." And she was! Talia's cheeks flushed a darker crimson for a moment. When Terry loosened his embrace, she slipped away and off the bed. To his surprise, she managed to stand on her own feet. Talia noticed his surprise, and explained.

"I've gained some weight, and by shifting it about, I can stand and move around. I'm kinda learning this as I go along. My life so far hasn't given me any opportunity to really *live*." Sliding off the bed to join her in the middle of his room, Terry stepped into her.

"Tell me about your life. How were you made? Why are you different than, well, other balloons?"

Talia grinned and tossed her head. "Ah, well, it isn't a very interesting story. That guy who gave me to you? His name is Scott. He's not a scientist or inventor, he's a magician. But he didn't make me, he just works for another magician who did. I won't tell you the big cheese's name, 'cuz he's kind of famous and doesn't like word of his side-business spread around. Anyways, he made me and others like me to entertain himself and make others happy. Like you! Scott's just a middleman, there to match a balloon to someone who needs one."

"Well, I really needed you...would any of those balloons have been the right one? like you?"

Talia growled, and shook her head. "No, *I'm* the one who was chosen! So obviously the others wouldn't have been compatible with you for one reason or another."

Terry winced, and quickly tried to make amends. "Sorry love, I didn't mean to sound-"

Talia sighed in impatience and cut off Terry's words with a fat finger against his lips. "Shush, I know. It's you and me, and no one else. Now, lemme have some breakfast!" As quickly as they'd appeared, Talia's clothes vanished. They never even made it to the bed...

Chapter 3

Mr. Scott sat back in his armchair, glaring at his assistant. His silver eyes sparked with anger. "Why?! Why is it every time I give you a task to do, you bungle it! I don't know why I put up with you..."

James cringed under the verbal assault, and wrung his hands. "But I'm sorry sir! I'm doing my best to find them..."

Tired and worried, Scott wiped a hand down over his face. "Tell me again how it happened, so I can phrase a report for the boss."

James nodded miserably, and cleared his throat. "Well, I herded the undistributed balloons into the closet like you told me to, and shut the door. Maybe I forgot to lock it...but somehow, they got out. You never told me, why does that closet look so funny on the inside? It's like a shower stall almost."

Scott glared at James. The assistant suddenly forgot he'd asked a question. "Anyways, the door was

open when I came down this morning. The basement door was still locked though...but the window was open. That's all I know, no one on the grounds saw anything, and neither did any of the neighbors I called."

Mr. Scott shook his head, long silver hair flying back and forth. "You should be hanged for this, you know. Fired at the least. But you've shown before this that you're good with the balloons, so I'm keeping you around." James sighed with relief. "But, you'll be docked a week's pay for this. And until further notice, you're assigned to find those vixens!"

Walking backwards out of the room and exclaiming his gratefulness, James made as if to do just that. But as soon as he was out of sight, James let out a groan and slumped against the wall. "I gotta get out of this job...maybe I should go into jewelry like Mom said..."

Terry spent the rest of Sunday with Talia, 'feeding' her and teaching the vixen whatever she wished to know. Steadily, the supply of rubber and latex items in Terry's drawer dwindled. By nightfall, only a lone condom slid around in the bottom of the drawer. Talia grinned sheepishly, tucking the little package away for a midnight snack later.

"I won't always eat this much, I'm just building myself up. With all I've eaten today, and all the wonderful love you've made to me, I rather doubt you *could* pop me now. But...it would be nice to have some stuff around to eat, especially when you can't be around." Talia hugged her new mate gently, her soft bosom pancaking against his firm chest.

He smiled, touching his nose to Talia's. Every moment he spent with her, she became more and more wonderful in his eyes... "No problem, I'll just go to the store tomorrow. There's a balloon shop about twenty minutes away; I buy most of my stuff from them. The owner's a nice guy."

Talia grinned, lolling her smooth tongue out. "Great! Can you take me? I wanna pick out some of my own snacks."

"I don't see why not. Just be sure to wear more than you are at the moment..." Terry chuckled, circling one of Talia's cute nipples with a fingertip. He smiled gently when he noticed the little nub turn a blushing shade of pink.

Talia moaned and shivered, clutching herself to Terry. "O, okay... I think it's time for my dinner..." She floated up onto the bed, and reclined in a supine position. Her beautiful emerald eyes projected a definite 'come-hither' look... Terry needed no other encouragement!

A bell jingled on the door as Terry shoved it open with his hip, supporting Talia with his arms. The vixen's eyes widened as she took in the vast array of balloons in the store. Silvery mylar, opaque rubber, and similarly composed spheres and oblongs bobbed everywhere, and in all different shapes and sizes. A young man in glasses pushed through a shifting 'herd' of balloon animals to reach the potential customer. His expression brightened when he recognized Terry.

"Good afternoon Terry, what d'you need today? Mr. Farman got in a bunch of...oh, I see you've already got one." The clerk was obviously disappointed he couldn't spring a surprise on the other young man.

Terry frowned, glancing at Talia. "Actually, I won this at a fair. What're you talking about?" Talia was holding still and trying to appear balloony.

The clerk frowned a little, and beckoned. "There's a bunch just like that one in the corner over here, only they don't have clothes."

Terry followed through the squeaky jungle to a little plastic shed stuffed with balloons. They *were* just like Talia! Or, more correctly, just like Talia *used* to appear, like the night at the fair. Smiling at the rapt look on Terry's face, the clerk began calculating the sale in his head.

"Umm, Tim, could you go get Mr. Farman? I need to ask where he got these." Tim stared a minute at Terry, nodded, and retreated to the rear of the store. Talia animated and tugged on Terry's sleeve.

"Those are my batch-mates! I'm speaking with them mentally... They escaped from Mr. Scott! He was going to destroy them! He probably does that to all the leftover balloons..." Talia growled, clenching her puffy fists in rage. Her crimson color blushed darker in a heartbeat.

"I'll buy them all I suppose..." Terry murmured, and shrugged helplessly.

"Oh you will? That's wonderful!" Mr. Farman's cheerful voice whipped Terry around. Talia nudged him surreptitiously.

"Mr. Farman, where'd you get these balloon vixens?" He asked, waving a hand at the bin. The owner's eyebrows raised in surprise.

"It's a strange thing, really! I found them tied to the parking meter right outside the shop. I figured someone had left to them me as a gift, and they were so lovely, I decided to put them up for sale. I kept one for myself too, it's at home."

Terry nearly choked with laughter! Wait until that cheerful, bald, little widower realized what kind of creature was really on his hands... But there were fourteen vixens that needed a home. If someone bought one and popped it...and didn't know anything about them... Terry shuddered. "Yes, I'll take them all. Do you have some cord I can use to tie them to my car?"

Mr. Farman grinned and nodded. Fifteen minutes later, his wallet was empty and his fist was full of balloon strings. As soon as the group was outside with him, the vixens had all begun thanking him and thumping him on the back with airy limbs. Terry smiled and acknowledged them, but let Talia handle the rowdy bunch. His car looked like a parade float on the way home, a bunch of huge balloons tied to his bumper on a six foot cord! Again, fortuitously, Terry's parents weren't home. He'd felt like a sheepdog herding the balloons into the house and down the hall to his room! Once there, an impromptu party ensued. The decorations were simply the brilliant and varied colors of the balloons, and the refreshments were pieces of Terry's yellow raincoat! Surrounded by the chatting female foxes, Terry put his head in his hands and moaned. How did he get himself into this!

"Terry, don't be like that! You can find them homes. But in the meantime, won't you play with us?" Talia murred, pushing Terry's hands away from his face and plopping into his lap. Giggling shyly, the other balloons circled around him. Terry blinked.

"Play? You don't mean...all of you...with me..." Talia and the rest nodded, every single rubber-vulpine suddenly affecting a sultry pose. Terry moaned, and flopped back on the bed. At least he was young... Taking his flop for surrender, the young man was swarmed with the smooth, squeaky bodies of the vixen pack. Talia was first of course, sliding Terry's shorts and shirt off and then impaling herself on his warm cock. Impatient, the others stroked themselves and cuddled as close as they could to the mating couple. The poor overwhelmed human was on cloud nine, lost in a sea of rubbing and stroking balloon-flesh. He reached out, tweaking a nipple here, squeaking a clit there, giving the crowd tantalizing tastes of what was to come. Talia pressed so tightly against him, (either by her own design or Terry's embrace,) her body sank over his.

He found his mouth captured by Talia's, his breath drawing directly from her inner reservoir of air. She molded to him, her crimson rubber sides creeping down over his. Instead of thrusting, she was now making use of her inner muscles. Muscles?! Sheesh, she was learning fast! Under the onslaught of that

slick, rippling canal, Terry wasn't long in cumming, spilling his sustaining seed into Talia's grateful body.

As soon as Talia tugged herself free, another vixen bobbed up and straddled the man. Like Talia the first time, this new lover's slit was very tight. Terry didn't wait for her to stretch herself, but grabbed her buttocks and shoved his cock deep inside the smooth, warm, rubbery tightness. The new balloon-fox let out a harsh yelp of mingled shock and pleasure, then dissolved into happy cries. Talia watched, grinning, and helped keep one of her 'sisters' stay nice and slick where it counted.

"I hope you can keep up love, these ladies aren't going to take no for an answer!" She called above the collective moans, grunts, and howls of pleasure and lust. Terry just croaked out a forced laugh, then cried out himself as a second orgasm wracked his sweat-sheened body. At least these new vixens were inexperienced, and easy to please! The most recently reamed balloon floated gently to the floor with a sated smile, lightly caressing her heaving breasts and absorbing the milky gift Terry had bestowed on her. Seeing the look of intense satisfaction on her face, the remaining femmes were more eager than ever to get theirs... Terry's perception faded to wet squeaking thrusts, firm breasts in his hands and on his face, and long breathy kisses. His life became sex, passion, lust, slimy goo and slick rubber. This vortex of sensation swirled around him, faster and faster, ultimately dragging him down into a soothing darkness.

Chapter 4

Talia woke to find Terry sitting upright for the first time in two days, looking around muzzily. The fourteen rescued vixen-balloons lounged around, most resting from their 'ordeal.' Already many had experimented with clothing and color-changes, and Talia could see that their hide was marginally thicker. Satisfied that Terry's delicious cum had done its job, she leaned over and kissed him.

"You did it love! All fifteen of us got a taste of your lovely spooge, and are sturdier for it. You may, um, want to buy us some scrap rubber and plastic for awhile before taking all of us on again though..."

Terry groaned, nodding, and wrapped himself around Talia's nubile body. She murrred in delighted pleasure, embracing her human back.

"I could almost say I never want to have sex again... Almost." He grinned weakly, and several in the room chuckled. Suddenly, a rapping sounded on Terry's door. He straightened in alarm, and waved his hands frantically at the herd of balloons! In seconds, they were all suitably clothed, and floating at ceiling level. The door opened to admit Martha, Terry's mom.

"I've been calling you dear! Someone named Mr. Farman's on the phone." She stood in the doorway, hands on her hips, looking around the room. 'Please don't look up!' was Terry's prayer as he watched her survey her son's dwelling. Satisfied all was well, Martha vanished in a swirl of skirts.

Terry sighed, switched the ringer on his phone back on and picked up.

"Uh, Terry? Did you know that those balloons..." Mr. Farman sounded like he'd been hit by a truck. Terry chuckled, and replied quickly.

"Yeah, I know. I knew when I bought those balloons. And no, I'm *not* keeping them all. I'll find them good homes...get them gentle mates who deserve them."

Mr. Farman expressed his intense gratitude, but was called away from the phone. "Sorry son, Roxy needs me."

Terry laughed as he hung up; it didn't take much brainpower to figure out who Roxy was. Outside, the light was failing fast.

Talia nosed her lover, snuggling close to him. "Goodnight Terry..."

That primitive alarm-sense woke Terry again that night, to the sight of fifteen pairs of green glowing eyes staring at him in the dark.

"Sorry Terry, it's time for dinner..." The eyes drew closer. Terry sighed, and stripped off his boxers.

Chapter 5

Everyone noticed Terry's new 'look,' at school and at home. Dark circles ringed his eyes, he couldn't keep his head up in class, and there was always a peculiar smell about him. Like rubber. Luckily, no one noticed the balloon he kept in his pocket, (Talia was so adamant about staying near her mate that she let out most of her air to make herself portable.) Terry's grades began to slide... Finally, Talia made a suggestion.

"Terry love, why not take us out tonight? Perhaps a little exercise will help us burn off, our, um, exuberance." This suggestion was greeted with yips and yaps of concurrence!

Nodding sleepily, Terry looked at the clock by his bed. 10:00. "Well, the pool will be deserted by now...and no one bothers to lock it up anymore. What do you gals say to a pool party?"

Terry had been correct, the pool **was** deserted. Somehow, the band of balloony vixens had compressed and torqued themselves into the backseat of Terry's little car. It made for a hilarious scene, like the clown car at the circus, as fifteen foxies bounded happily from the tiny back seat. Terry got them all in a column behind him, and made a beeline for the fence surrounding the pool. The gate swung open at his touch, admitting the curious group.

"Okay, here're the ground rules. Don't make too much noise. The nearest neighbors are more than a mile away, but I'm not taking any chances! Also, put everything back the way you found it when we arrived. Other than that, have a ball!" Thus unleashed, Talia and the rest all plunged into the pool.

Terry giggled when he saw the balloons couldn't submerge, but crawled around on top of the dark, rippling water. The moon peeped out from behind a cloud, illuminating the crazy scene. It looked like some group of aliens roaming crystal plains, looking for food... Suddenly, one of the vixens disappeared beneath the water! Talia cried out and swam over to the spot, then began laughing.

"She swallowed some water! Hey everyone, gulp the water! Fill yourselves up with both holes." Terry grinned as the wet, rubbery foxies replaced their air with water and sank to the bottom of the pool. He guessed they must've used those 'anus' sphincters too to speed the filling process... Unable to resist the fun, Terry stripped bare and dived in after the ladies. He swam teasingly out of their reach, his kicking legs bare inches from their outstretched fingers. Outsmarted, the vixens could only walk back and forth on the bottom underwater, shaking their pudgy fists at him in mock rage! When his muscles began to ache, Terry quit doing laps and rolled onto his back.

Above, the moon sailed across its own starry pool. Terry closed his tired eyes. The warm water

lapped at him, caressing his skin...lulling him to sleep...

"No, make sure he can't move. Shhhh! You'll wake him up!" His eyelids fluttered. What was going on now? He could still feel the water rippling against him, but it felt different somehow. Finally, (and reluctantly,)

Terry opened his eyes. Ahh, he was out of the pool, and lying on a water-bloated vixen... It was Talia, in fact. He wasn't sure how he knew it was his mate...she just 'felt' different to him than the others. Five other H2O-filled balloons stood, sat, and squatted near him. They looked much more solid filled with water, and were probably about the same weight a real flesh and blood anthro-vix would be. Their grins and knowing glances unnerved him though...and when they began to stroke themselves...

"Talia, what's going on? Talia?!" He tried to get up. His mate just giggled, and wrapped her gently sloshing arms around him. It was just like being held by a water-balloon...wait, he WAS being held by a water-balloon! Terry's brain laughed hysterically. The water within Talia was warm too, nearly matching the human's body temp.

"We're just going to have some fun without wearing out your poor cock!" she murmured, then nodded to the others. Each of the five vixens took up a position at each of Terry's limbs and his head. All five sat down, their legs spread wide. Ten pudgy hands gripped his body, and only then did he realize what they wanted to do. Shrugging, he made a fist and let one foxy impale her warm slit on it. She hissssed in shocked pleasure, then moaned and arched her back as Terry plunged his entire arm up inside her rubbery body. He saw his limb inside her, shrouded by two layers of green rubber and a few pounds of water. He'd done this before with water balloons, shoving his cock into one and bulging the skin of the balloon inwards.

It had never worked well...this was *much* better! Muscles rippled up and down his arm as the impaled foxy began to hump that deliciously *huge* intrusion! On his left, the second fox tucked Terry's hand into her own cleft and scooted forward. Soon two vixen-groins were pressed up around his armpits, while their owners stroked and pleased themselves. Now THIS was something Terry had never dreamed of! His vision was abruptly obscured as a third balloon-fox sat on his face. Her firm, water-filled thighs pressed coolly against his face, and her thick, warmer labia spread to invite his tongue. Her delicious, musky-rubber scent filled his nostrils. Terry smiled, stiffened his tongue, and drove it as deeply as he could into this new lover's depths. Distantly, he felt two other warm, tight passages slipping up his long, muscular legs and engulfing them. Their crotches came to rest snugly against his balls, bathing them in warm sex-honey. Now only his cock and chest were exposed, his fully erect member a pink beacon to the unoccupied, (in more than one sense,) vixens.

Terry was unable to protest as a sixth vixen bounced up, and slid herself down around that delightful penis... His moan vibrated the crotch of the balloon sitting on his face, making her shudder in further ecstasy. Being inside a water-filled vixen made a big difference... Terry filed it away in his head to make love to Talia this way later. In and around the pool, the balloons not in on the gang-banging experimented with pleasing each other, though they hoped they'd get their turn with the nice, warm human! Terry squirmed and moaned under the vixens humping him, cumming in a small geyser. Distractedly, he imagined the vixen absorbing the cum through the rubber around his cock, letting it drift like strands of milky seaweed in her internal reservoir... Again, the world began spinning away from him as his awareness narrowed to wet thrusts, balloony squeaks, and cries of orgasm. Before long though, the balloons enveloping his limbs began to pull off of him. Terry winced, would the others now leap on him? Beneath him, Terry felt Talia wriggle out from under his body. Now, grinning, she took *both* his feet.

"Ever wanted to return to the womb, love?" She murred, teasing herself with Terry's toes, dipping them in her honeyed sex. Terry nodded, chuckling.

"It's a desire most men have... Usually however, only one part of them makes the trip."

Talia giggled, nodding, then inserted one of her lover's feet. It slid fairly easily up her slick, clinging canal. Terry raised himself up on his elbows to watch, as the vixen worked his second foot in against the first. Soon, his ankles were pressed tightly together, and squeezing even further up inside Talia's translucent body. He could see himself inside her, a slightly paler patch underneath her red rubber skin.

"MMMmmmm, you have no idea how good it will feel to be filled like *this!*" She yipped, closing her eyes. Her pudgy paws slid for a moment on his calves before gripping, and Terry's motion resumed. Fascinated, the human watched as Talia stretched herself over his legs. The rest of her body rippled against him like a water bottle...warm and yielding. When she'd nearly reached his waist, Terry could see his feet had risen to the level of Talia's breasts inside her. Mischievously, he kicked a little, his toes distending the perfect mounds of her shiny breasts. Talia *ooooohed* and bent her head down to tongue her nipple wantonly.

"Um, Talia, exactly how far is this going to go?" Terry whispered, as the balloon's labia slurped up over his navel. Talia just opened her eyes long enough to wink, then went back to 'feeding the kitty.' Terry shrugged, and lay back on the ground, arms at his sides. What harm could there be in it? She wouldn't let him suffocate... Besides, wasn't it kinda sexy, the thought of being engulfed in your lover's pussy? Terry shuddered a little, his member suddenly poker-stiff again and rubbing against the inner-skin of Talia's belly. Little ripples and contractions stroked Terry's body as he sank deeper, just like a human woman's vagina might react...(If it could have managed such a feat!) Terry watched that fantastically-stretched slit advance up his chest inch by slick inch, then bump his chin. Smiling, he nudged forward and took Talia's clit in his mouth. Like her tongue, it tasted rubbery, but the little fleshy nub was flavored with the vixen's sexual essence... He sucked *hard* on that delicious little clit, knowing his actions were driving Talia absolutely nuts! She screamed, barked, growled and yipped! as sensation piled on sensation and rocketed her up the ladder to orgasm! It came suddenly, a series of contractions so fierce, Terry couldn't fight them. His head was roughly tugged up and in! Talia flopped back onto the ground, water-filled body sloshing a bit around Terry.

He wasn't actually immersed in water; she'd made her sex a mere deep indentation in her skin, like a finger plunged into a balloon's surface. It doesn't truly penetrate the sphere, but you can see your finger 'within' it. Her paws played idly, happily, across her body. Terry was curled up in a fetal position, cozied around the general area of Talia's tummy. She stroked him through her skin, murmuring little words of affection and gratitude. Inside the amorous balloon, Terry's world had become red, wet, and *very* small, not to mention warm. He caught himself dozing once or twice, and realized that the party was over.

"Talia! We have to leave! You'll have to birth me so I can drive us home!" He shouted, hoping she'd understand him. Talia pretended not to hear, and just motioned for the other balloons to caress her life-distended stomach even as she hugged that belly to her joyfully. Giving it up as a lost cause, Terry let sleep take him over.

As Terry slumbered inside Talia, the balloon-critters all piled into the car. One of them drove, having paid close attention to how Terry had operated the car. Luckily, not too many people were on the road that night... And even if a crash had occurred, Terry was safe enough in his watery cushion of a womb...

Chapter 6

Friday went better than the rest of the week had. Terry managed to stay awake in class, and found the time that night, (between orgies,) to do a paper. He figured his stamina must have increased... At this rate, his grades would pick up in no time! And according to the school's public electronic records, they had!

Over the weekend, Terry had a brainstorm. Sitting down at his computer, he linked himself into the internet and tapped merrily away. Talia padded over, and looked over his shoulder. She'd drained herself and replaced the water with air again, claiming she had gotten tired of being so heavy.

"Whatcha up to love?" she whispered, tickling Terry's ear with her newly-manufactured whiskers. He smiled and ducked away from the tickly little filaments. They were a nice touch!

"I don't visit these sites often, but there are some people on the internet who like balloons, latex, and other inflatables *almost* as much as I do. A lot of their fantasies include things like you, Talia."

The vixen startled, looking down at her mate. "I don't believe it! That's just too unlikely..."

Terry shook his head, grinning, and punched up one of his bookmarks. Talia stared as pictures took shape: A man making love to an inflatable pool toy; a pool toy making love *back* to the man; a cartoonish depiction of a balloon-fox with a mammoth cock stroking himself... *That* one had *all* the vixens in the room crowding to see Terry's monitor!

"Anyways, I was thinking that maybe some of you wonderful vixens would like to go and make these folks *very* happy..." Terry smiled, indicating the screen.

Fascinated, several of the ladies nodded and unconsciously let their 'clothes' flicker off. Permission secured, Terry took pictures of the balloons with a Polaroid, scanned them into the computer, then posted messages on the more popular bulleting boards.

"I'll check again tonight to see if anyone's responded." He said, switching off the computer's power.

Talia cocked her head. "How will you get them to these people Terry?" She asked.

The human considered, then got up and walked over to his closet. After rummaging around for a minute or two, he surfaced with a manila envelope. "Can you ladies deflate yourselves, and fit into an envelope like this? That's the best way to do it, is by mail..."

One of the unattached balloons volunteered to try. Everyone watched, nervously, as she let out all her air and collapsed into a rubber patch on the floor. Terry took the limp vixen in his hands, then slid it into the envelope. She fit easily. Quickly, Terry took her back out, located her mouth, and breathed into her. After the first few breaths, the balloon began to move. Warm moist air flowed into her from Terry's young lungs, bulging her voluptuous body back into its alluring proportions... As soon as the experimental vixen was restored to her proper size, Terry broke the kiss. She stared at the human, her mouth hanging open.

"Ohhhhhh, YES!" She murrred, shuddering as she came on the spot. Slick fluid rolled down her squeaky thighs. Amazed, the vixen stroked herself and smiled. "I feel so warm...and personable..." She grinned ferally at Terry, and pounced him. As the foxy lady began ripping off his clothes, Terry wondered in the back of his mind if being inflated with a particular human's breath formed a bond between balloon and person... If that was the case, he may never get rid of this vixen! Well, *maybe* he could handle two... A wave of pleasure washed away his train of thought and brought a gasp to his lips as the enthusiastic inflatable squashed Terry's member up inside her slick passage. Yes...he would handle two...

The response to Terry's bulletin board message was staggering. Over three-hundred individuals from all over the world, (But mostly in North America,) wrote in begging piteously for one of the vixens! Terry and the fifteen balloons sorted the mail, and picked those out who sounded best. Aside from Talia, the balloon-vix that Terry had inflated, and one more who was too shy to go, all the balloons opted to be packaged and mailed. That made twelve balloons to deflate, fold up, and stuff into envelopes along with instructions Terry printed up for their care. Surely that 'breath-bond' would help ease the bonding between vixen and owner... Then off they went into the mail, soon speeding on their way to their new mates. Before leaving, they'd all promised to email Terry back about their new lives.

A week later...

"Boy am I glad THAT'S over!"

Talia grinned at Terry's outburst, joining him as he crashed onto his bed. "All of them are very happy with their new mates! We can keep in contact, as long as we have email."

Terry nodded, glad to hear it. "I should be thrilled, but I'm so tired..." He moaned. Talia nodded sympathetically, and rolled Terry over. Her plump paws squeezed and rubbed the cords of muscle in the man's back, releasing knots of tension and fatigue. Terry fairly melted under the massage, letting out little grunts and cries of relief as Talia worked her magic.

"OOOOhhhhhhhhhh...I owe you big for this, my mate." He managed at last, through clenched teeth. His body seemed to thrum with joy, and every one of his systems seemed revived. Talia giggled, stopping her massage to lie full-length on top of her human lover. She wasn't feather-weight any longer, her constant meals had given her enough weight to be a comfortable weight atop Terry.

"Wellll, there **was** something. There are actually three things I need from you, not two like I mentioned earlier. Your physical love, yes. But your true love as well! I know I have that now, you treat me so wonderfully...you're always so concerned about me and my feelings...I couldn't ask for someone more wonderful than you! But there's a third thing. I want your body." Terry blinked, confused.

"But you already have that, in my physical love!" He protested. Talia shook her head, trailing her chubby fingertips across the back of Terry's neck.

"No, your **whole** body...inside me. Not in my womb, like earlier. I'm gonna eat you." Terry gasped, and turned over to stare at the fox.

"You can't be serious! You'd trade my undying love and affection for a **MEAL?!**"

Talia grinned, nodding, and licked her lips. The other two vixens, whom Terry had named Kechara and Ashke, politely left the room. Terry's parents were taking a little vacation on the coast... Typical.

Talia leaned down closer to her lover. "I can have my cake and eat it too, so don't worry." She giggled, then grabbed Terry's head.

"NO! Let me go Talia! Now! You can't **mmmmmm! mmmmmph hmmm eeemmmmmmm!**" His words were cut off as his mouth slid past the vixen's thick, rubbery lips! Her mouth stretched easily around his skull, limber tongue teasing and sliding over Terry's face. His pleas and cries buzzed inside Talia's body, muffled to the point of inaudibility. His arms waved about, then fastened on the smooth vixen's shoulders. Terry tried to push himself backwards, out of the gripping suction of Talia's mouth, but couldn't seem to get any leverage! Talia's neck rippled as she swallowed, pulling Terry deeper into the red-lit cavern of her body. His shoulders squeezed inside her seconds later, then his arms became trapped by her lips. Below, Terry realized his love had shaped a digestive system inside her! He was in a tight, rubbery tunnel right now that appeared to empty into a chamber further down. Her, **gulp**,

stomach! He called to mind what had happened to all those things she'd swallowed: condoms, gloves, pieces of raincoat, garbage bags, tupperware dishes, even a shower curtain! They'd all melted into goop and become part of the balloon-vixen. The rippling around his slim body continued dragging him further down the vixen's throat.

Was he destined to become one with his lover like this?! As soon as his hands were absorbed, Terry beat at the tube of rubber surrounding him. He screamed and shouted, hoping the other two would come and rescue him...but realized they were probably in on it too. Would they eat his parents? Had he doomed those internet-people to deaths in the bellies of balloon-vixens? Was this an invasion?!

Talia tilted her head straight back, her lips sliding slowly past Terry's waist. A tight little sphincter of rubber admitted Terry's head into Talia's tummy, a slightly warmer pocket for his body to curl up into.

Talia's hands massaged and rubbed her belly, feeling more and more of Terry underneath her skin with every swallow. Soon, only his feet protruded from her mouth, and she took the time to lick the human's toes thoroughly. In spite of himself, Terry shrieked and laughed, kicking and wriggling in the tight confines of Talia's latexy body. No matter what the situation, Terry would never be immune to tickling! She mmmmed and grinned, mouthing her lover's feet before they vanished down inside her. Terry curled up into a ball, and wasn't too surprised to see Talia banish the esophagus he'd come in through. Awareness of his situation settled in again when Talia made herself opaque, blocking out his view of the outside world.

Talia stroked the massive bloated dome of her gut, murrRRRRing to herself in smug satisfaction. "Kechara, Ashke, you can come back in now. He's stowed." Talia giggled, patting her tummy. "Anyways love, you'll be fine. Trust me." She lay back on the bed, resting both pudgy hands on her belly. Ashke, always the shy one, stepped in and stood at the edge of the bed.

"C, can I touch him?" she whispered, blue eyes wide in her purple-rubber face. Talia nodded, grinning. Ashke reached out tentatively, and stroked the curve of Talia's stomach. She jumped as she felt Terry wiggle inside his rubbery prison. Kechara settled down on the bed beside Talia, curling against her friend's side.

"Didn't think you'd manage it so quickly luv," she laughed, her full tail flicking slightly back and forth across the sheets. Talia smiled dreamily, relaxing. Though she stilled her own body's movements, Talia continued to rock back and forth with Terry's futile struggles. They felt good...like a massage from the inside...

"I just couldn't wait! I wanted him in me so bad... Do you know how hard it's been to wait *this* long?! Ever since I fed him up my sex, I've wanted to feel that again... That feeling of being so full you want to burst!"

Talia turned her head in surprise as a moan escaped Ashke. The shy vixen had been holding her pudgy muzzle shut to avoid just that, as she came explosively! Kechara looked too, blinking. Ashke blushed a darker purple, scooting forward to cover the wet spot on the bed with her smooth bottom.

"S-sorry... I just couldn't help myself when you started talking like that," she whispered, looking intently at the plaid comforter on the bed. Talia and Kechara glanced at each other meaningfully, then shrugged.

Suddenly, Talia's belly growled out a warning. The stretched vixen mmmmed, smiling with delight. "Snuggle closer girls, he's *really* going to start struggling in a minute."

Terry could only make out isolated words from the conversation outside, and the strokes he received through Talia's skin did little to reassure him. With a sigh, he shifted and tried to stretch out a little. Only then did Terry realize the stomach's lining had grown slimy...and in fact, a pool of liquid had

begun collecting against his back! He yelped and tried lifting himself out of the stuff, but there was nowhere to go! The level of warm goo rose quickly, caressing his body with lapping waves. It smelled strongly of rubber, like a balloon factory or something. It was thick too, his limbs moved sluggishly through it when they could move at all... Terry felt it close over his chest. Would this be the end? Dying in the guts of his lover? The goop crept up his neck. What would his parents do? Would they even care? Terry felt the heating liquid-rubber lap at his cheeks. Sheer animal panic gripped him as suffocation threatened...

"TALIA! NOOOOOOOOoo-*burble*"

All three vixens heard Terry's last terrified shout before the liquid engulfed his face. Though Talia's body was pretty much opaque, they could all see the mass of something darker within her. Talia mmmmed, closed her eyes, and massaged her sides.

"He's melting now...here, I'll save his essence." Talia manipulated the mass inside her that was quickly becoming more *her* than Terry, and *twisted*. Like twisting off the neck of a balloon, the human's

consciousness was preserved in a bubble of sorts and tugged away from the dissolving mess of his body. Flesh, bone, blood, everything, was quickly converted to a latex soup. It sloshed and gurgled inside the vixen, a lot of fun to touch and rub through her tautly-bulging skin. Then the goo began warming her from head to toe as Talia dissolved the stomach-pocket she'd formed earlier. With her mind, she touched the bubble of Terry that remained. He was just fine, in a 'sleeping' state. Gingerly, Talia sat up and cradled her still-bulging belly where much of the goo still remained. Terry had been a big meal!

She pursed her sensuous lips, and to the delight of the two others, blew a bubble of the stuff swirling inside her. It took on a shape...a human shape, and turned a pale cream in color. When her breath had inflated it to the size of a foot or so, Talia reached up and pinched its connecting material closed. Working the new balloon's malleable surface, she molded that 'umbilical' into a simple nozzle. Giggling, the three vixens took turns blowing their own air into the Terry-balloon.

Half an hour later, four human-sized balloons lay stretched out on the bed. The three ladies watched closely as Terry woke up. He blinked, yawned, and slowly sat up. Turning to Talia, he smiled.

"I had the wildest dream! You...um, why are you smiling Talia? Ashke, why are you blushing...? Kechara! Don't look at me like that!" Terry frowned, then happened to catch a glimpse of himself. He could see through his skin! And there was nothing inside but...air! He sighed and quickly lay back down.

"When am I going to learn? The doctor always told me too much sex can make you a shell of a man..." Terry sighed long and loud, his body shrinking several inches as a result.

"Yes Terry, we seem to have rubbered off on you." Kechara murred, grinning like a loon. Terry rolled his eyes, (somehow,) and snuggled up with the others. Man, the squeaking would NEVER stop now!

Chapter 7

Dressed as an assassin, James Free was quivering with anticipation. After weeks of tracking, he'd finally found where those vixens must've ended up. He now stood beneath the window of the young man's bedroom he'd learned about, holding a smooth flashlight-shaped device in his gloved hand.

Standing on tiptoe, James peered through the window... Inside, he observed some large balloons resting on the bed. Two...no, three of them! The others must be in there as well. A little nervous but still determined, James quietly shoved up the window and threw himself up over the sill. He landed with a loud *THUD* on the bedroom floor, but quickly rose again. The thing in his hand shot purple fire, strands of magical energy that twined around the first balloon that sat up. They wrapped around its body, firmly imprisoning it. While those arcane bonds were still working, James fired at the next balloon, and then the next. Seconds later, all three were trussed up and magically gagged. But...there were no others in the room! And one of those on the bed...it was a *human* balloon! He'd never heard of any transforming power the vixens might've had, but then there *was* a lot he didn't know about them. He chuckled quietly, and began putting away the device when a quiet gasp erupted behind him. The black-clad man spun around to see another vixen, who had already crossed half the room before noticing his presence. Moving like a cat, he cut her off from the door and brandished the device at her.

"You'll tell me where your friends are immediately. I haven't time to look myself." James tried to sound as menacing as he could, and it must've worked, for this timid-seeming vixen trembled!

"P, please, sir, don't hurt me! I don't really know where the others are, Terry mailed them to people..." Her voice came out as hardly more than a whisper, her soft throat constricted by the grip of fear. James sucked in an angry breath, and stalked closer to the balloon. He backed her up against the wall. Mr. Scott would have his hide if even one of those balloons remained at large.

"Did he now? He must have the addresses on the computer. I'll just get you out of the way, then hunt the rest down. Soon, you'll all be back with good 'ol Scott!" James grinned, his perfect teeth flashing in the moonlight, and extended his 'wand' again. Ashke, her eyes so wide they threatened to expand right off her face, ducked. The bolt of violet force struck the wall and dissipated harmlessly. James cursed and adjusted his aim, even as Ashke launched herself off the wall. Why was *this* one giving him so much trouble?!

Ashke's plump arm batted the wand up before it discharged, the purple ray catching the man square in the chin. Sparkling filaments of magic wrapped him up like a Christmas turkey! Bound by his own weapon, James could only stare in mute rage at the vixen hovering uncertainly over him. The others remained silent and paralyzed.

Ashke glanced at them, back at James. A feral light suddenly ignited in her eyes. "We'll never go back to Mr. Scott! I know exactly what to do with you, you, you evil man!" She growled, throwing herself on his body. James squirmed in mingled disgust and fear as the vixen stripped him naked, then kissed him. Ashke pressed her soft lips to the human's, placing a hand on the back of his head and pressing him towards herself. James shrieked around the blob of magic clogging his mouth as Ashke's rubbery lips stretched around his head. Struggling uselessly against the glowing ropes, James slowly became a meal for Ashke. If anything, Ashke had even less trouble enveloping the nice warm human than Talia had had with Terry...

When the other balloons finally felt their bonds dissolve, they looked around the room dazedly. What had happened? Where was the intruder!? Then they saw Ashke. Her stomach was bloated with a dark mass within, a mass that was twitching and moaning loudly. Ashke rested on her back with a lewd smile on her face, playing with herself. When she noticed the others looking at her, she whipped her hands away from her naughty-parts and stammered.

"I, I managed to knock his thingie into his face and, um, ate him. I didn't know how long those magic-ropes would hold him, s-so I thought he'd be safer..." She trailed off, flushing darkly. Terry padded lightly to Ashke's side, and curled himself around her huge wriggly belly.

"Well, you did better than the rest of us! For being shy, you certainly turned aggressive enough

when the need arose..."

Ashke blushed, then giggled as her stomach gurgled.

"Well, go ahead and digest him. We'll see how much *he* likes being a balloon! Maybe we'll deflate him and send him back to his boss, hmm?" Terry grinned, and kissed Ashke firmly. The shy vixen melted under her protector and love, ecstatic to have his approval. All she'd done was fulfill her desire to feel what Talia had felt... The four all cuddled together and made love, their moans and groans masking James' screams as he dissolved into a blob of gooey latex. The squishy, sloshing rubber-sheathed mass engulfed Terry's torso as he pressed close, rippling gently around him. Laughing a little, Ashke kissed the others, forcing some of the goo to her lips and by pursing her lips and squirting, distributed it among them.

When all had a nice share in their tummies, she began to blow a bubble. Terry stopped her. "That can wait. Let him live life as goo awhile longer. It's isn't as if he changed much, slime to goo... Anyway, he deserves it!"

Kechara nodded violently, then tackled Terry. Insatiable, that's what they were! Sheesh, vixens and their sex drives...

THE END