

Powerful Fantasies

By Victor Waite

A commission for Doom7951, owner of David and Cathy

A quiet night in gets decidedly less so when Cathy finds a smutty story that inspires a new set of fantasies. David experiences them firsthand when he takes a central role in Cathy's rendition, and they spend the rest of the evening exploring the limits of the fantasy.

Content Warning: This story is intended for adult readers and contains Male and Female Humans, Surprise Transformation, Latex Suiting, Bondage, Teasing and Groping, Gradual Transformation, Handjobs, Anal Sex, Latex Cum Inflation, Belly Expansion, Hip/Ass Expansion, Ball and Cock Growth, Breast Expansion, and Latex Lactation.

A cooking show played in the small living room, masking the subtle sounds of the room's occupants. David and Cathy sat near each other, he in front of the TV and her in a recliner to his side, each engrossed in their own entertainment. David idly rubbed his soft paunch as he watched, still full from dinner, but regaining his hunger thanks to the delectable treats on screen. Cathy leaned laid back in her seat and browsed the internet on her tablet, searching for a story that grabbed her interest. She idly skimmed over a hundred titles while she perused the site's archives, and the thought of ending her search early crossed her mind, though a title leapt out to her before she closed the page. The woman tapped on it and glanced through its tags, and an intrigued grin spread across her face. The tale heavily featured latex and transformation, a combination she felt she hadn't explored enough. The cover art sold her, and she eagerly downloaded the story and opened it up. The opening paragraphs described an amateur knight undertaking a quest to free a kingdom from a foul witch, and Cathy threw herself into the fantastic world in their tracks.

David shifted in his seat and made himself comfortable while Cathy tore through the pages, more interested in the smut than the plot. Sentences flew passed her mind's eye at inhuman speeds as she raced through the knight's opening encounters, fighting off creatures that would happily see their lewd downfall. Some battles tested their skills more than others, and one nearly saw their ruin, but they always evaded a terrible fate and continued on their quest. The woman made a mental note to reread the story and take in its details later, but for the moment her interest lied in the protagonist's final battle. Cathy's voracious pace slowed when the valiant knight kicked in the castle's door and stormed the main hall, charging through room after room until they faced the powerful witch in the main chamber. The fight was long and difficult, reflecting the knight's growth since the start of their journey, but as the writer would have it, their practice wasn't enough. As they knocked the witch to the ground and raised their sword to deliver the final blow, the witch expended her power in a desperate act and turned the tables.

Inky black latex rushed from under her clothes and swarmed over her skin, granting her a layer of armor that clung to her form and grew with her transformation. The knight's sword bounced off her shiny skin as she stood, quickly rising an imposing height and towering over the gobsmacked knight. A glossy claw knocked their sword and shield across the floor, and a heavy tail coiled around them and lifted them to the latex dragon's eyes. Cathy took particular interest in the villainous smile that spread across her snout, and the woman's fantasies ignited when the villain imparted her will on the helpless knight. The scene pulled her in as she visualized the knight's plight, starting with the creeping latex that dissolved their boots and bound their ankles. Cathy's eyes shimmered as her eldritch nature surfaced, and David shifted in his seat as realities mingled. A faint, flowing sensation swirled over his feet and climbed his ankles, light enough to evade his full attention but substantial enough to tug at it. The coating thickened and coalesced into a thick black ooze, matching his body temperature to further mask its presence. The man only noticed his bindings when he tried to move his legs, and by then it was far too late.

He started to get Cathy's attention, but second occurrence stopped his words in his throat. A similar sensation encased his hands, as if he'd dipped them in paint, and more of

the inky black substance flowed from his fingertips to his wrists. The fluid scattered light like spilled oil as it thickened and inched up his arms, gradually covering his skin at a leisurely pace. The ooze stubbornly resisted his attempts to wipe it away, until it stuck to itself and bound his hands together. It matched and overpowered his strength every time he tried to pull it apart, and he tired himself out after a few attempts. Under normal circumstances he'd start panicking, but spontaneous bondage was hardly the strangest thing to happen to him since moving in with Cathy. There was little doubt in his mind it was her doing, it was just a question of how aware of it she was. David struggled again after recovering some energy, and he failed once more to break free, but he earned a reaction from the heavy tar. It's surface bubbled and boiled before it surged up his body, forming into a set of thigh-high boots and long gloves. It dissolved his clothes where they met, and a faint tingling seeped into his skin as it finally stopped.

David's cheeks flushed as his lusts stirred, but he resisted giving into them until he got Cathy to look up from her tablet. It took him a few tries, but he eventually succeeded. Her eyes flickered when she glanced away from her story, and a somewhat bashful, apologetic smile spread across her face, but the hunger in her eyes was undeniable. It only deepened when she looked him over and saw her fantasy brought to reality, and once David gave her the go ahead, she gleefully indulged herself. Cathy stood and moved to the seat beside him, then explored the details of his unintended transformation. She traced her fingers over the curves of his legs, starting at his calves and working up to his thighs, sending sparks of pleasure up his spine. A small part of David was worried that he could feel her light touch through the material, but she washed that concern away when she reached his thighs. She squeezed the soft flab that had accumulated over their time together, stealing his breath away in an needy groan. Her partner's cheeks flushed red with the lapse of composure, and she devilishly smiled and capitalized on his apparent weakness.

The woman's fingers sank deep into his thighs, filling David with bursts of writhing pleasure and blinding him to the advancing changes. The top rim of his glossy boots squirmed and bubbled, then climbed father up his body. His head rolled back in shameless bliss as the latex oozed over his hips dissolved his shorts, leaving his pulsing cock exposed for a brief instant before the thick goo encased it. His moans filled the room and drowned the TV out as it perfectly molded to his spire, leaving nothing to the imagination. Cathy giggled to herself and played with the rolls of his belly as he bucked and writhed his hips, teasing him almost as much as the viscous slime. It's creeping growth over his arms went unnoticed as it fully encased his lower body, then advanced up the soft curves of his middle. David's breath rushed out in ragged pants as it glossed over his belly button and heightened his sensitivity, leaving him even weaker to Cathy's indulgent groping. She pulled him into her lap as the latex cupped and covered his modest chest, where she further explored him. The goo thickened and stiffened as it settled, gradually restricting his movement until he he couldn't even twitch where it covered him.

His rubber sleeves met with the latex on his chest and merged together, completely covering him save for his neck and head. The ooze slowed its tectonic advance at his collar,

granting both of them a moment to appreciate and investigate the change. Though David couldn't move, his body bristled with pleasure that only deepened as the latex melded with him. Lances of bliss shot up his spine as its tingling reach touched his nerves, linking his senses to the glossy covering. The man couldn't tell where his body ended and the latex began, and Cathy seemingly wouldn't have it any other way. She continuously poked and prodded to check its progress, occasionally breaking away to stroke his throbbing cock, but was mostly interested in his texture. She pressed her fingers against the glossy surface and rubbed, filling the air with squeaks loud enough to cover his helpless groaning. Cathy traced and retraced paths all over his body, gradually working her way up to his neck, then playfully stroked his chin. She murmured something about toys not making noise, then grabbed a rubber ridge on his back and pulled it over his head.

David jumped as much as his binding allowed when she plunged him into darkness, and a coating of latex muffled his gasp of surprise. He distantly felt the mask seal with the rubber around his neck, and the seam vanished as the sheets fused together. His pulse raced as a lack of air gripped his chest, but thankfully the magical substance didn't suffocate him. It did, however, block his vision until a faint tingling washed across his face. David's arousal pulsed and throbbed as pleasure rose in its wake, and he hardly noticed the slightly transparent patch stretching across his eyes. Another muffled moan resonated in his chest as the sensational wave swept down the rest of his body, finalizing his fusion with the latex. His mobility returned as he became one with the coating, and he brought his hands up to get a better look his girlfriend's latest fantasy-turned-experiment. He couldn't gather many details through his form-fitting visor, but it was obvious he wasn't simply imagining the shift. His next glance went to Cathy, who brushed her fingers under his chin and brought him in for a kiss. Her touch was electric, even through his insulation, and it nearly shorted his senses enough for her words to go unnoticed.

"This is a good look for you darling, but I can think of a few ways to improve it."

A muffled, inquisitive noise resonated in David's mouth before she made her intentions obvious. Cathy shuffled her boyfriend-turned-toy to the edge of her lap and unzipped her shorts, freeing her modest length. She slid him back in place and worked her cock between his cheeks, then rolled her hips and worked herself to full hardness. David's rubbery face warmed with her teasing and fully ignited when she groped and squeezed the glossy rolls of his belly. It only took a few minutes for Cathy's carnal needs to overcome her patience, and she lifted his hips off her lap as it happened. She took aim at his rear entrance, and his low moan announced she found her mark. His newly endowed flexibility made for an easy entry, and she hilted herself in a single, languid motion. Cathy wrapped her arms around his belly and relished the moment, granting him a few seconds to adjust to her girth. David's own arousal twitched and bounced against his stomach's lower curve while his inner muscles rippled around her, flooding his mind with a powerful pleasure. And then she started to move.

If David still needed to breathe, the first pump of her hips would have stolen it away. His arms and legs went limp as she established a brisk rhythm, and he fell totally under her

control in a few short seconds. Cathy eagerly took the lead and bounced him in her lap, filling the room with the distinct sounds of rubber slapping against bare skin. It only paused when she decided to change positions, grabbing his love handles and pulling him down onto the couch with her. The woman held him tight as they fell onto their sides, laying as big spoon and little spoon. The couch's depth left her with less space to pump her hips, but the added control more than made up for it. One of her hands kept rubbing and stroking and David's middle while the other found his thigh and lifted it. The new angle and position gave her a perfect line on his prostate, and his orgasm mounted as quickly as hers. Her pace accelerated as she neared her release, reducing David to a moaning, squirming mess in her grip. A bubble of his cum grew at the tip of his shaft, held in place by his glossy coating and wobbling with every pump of Cathy's hips. His inner walls trembled with his orgasms and sped his girlfriend to her own release that much faster, creating a feedback loop that sent her over the edge soon after.

The carnal slapping ended when she pressed to his back and delved deep into his inner reaches, and a pair of heated moans filled the aural void when she came. David convulsed in her arms and came in sympathy, but his output was nothing compared to hers. The reservoir at the tip of his length grew and sagged in pulsing waves, though his expanding belly almost totally eclipsed it. Cathy practically wrapped herself around him as she pumped gallons of her lust deep into his core, bulging his middle out with her thick virility. The growing dome maintained its tightness as it crept toward the edge of the couch, only deforming when it spilled over the cushion's edge. A thick slosh accompanied its fall, as did the sudden tug of its substantial weight, but Cathy's hold kept him from following. Her orgasm tapered off soon after, and her grip relaxed as she slipped into a pleasant afterglow. She giggled to herself while she explored the results of her efforts, tracing over David's curves with her fingertips and teasing him yet again. The majority of her attention focused on his rounded gut, which she delightedly sloshed and bounced. The fluid within sat heavily in his stomach despite her ministrations, inspiring her to switch gears and squeeze him instead. A thick gurgling filled the air when she did, catching their shared attention and curiosity.

David's stomach squished in under Cathy's touch but to his surprise, there was no build up of pressure. Instead, the viscous fluid flowed into other parts of his body, granting his girlfriend another degree of control over his figure. She grinned broadly with the discovery and wasted no time pushing it to its limits. The woman pressed her palms into the middle of his pliant belly and rolled down, shifting the viscous mass into his hips and thighs. David squirmed and groaned with the bizarre but pleasant sensation, and Cathy took it as a sign to continue. She kneaded more and more of the ooze into his thighs, bloating them out large enough to lift him from his seat. A few more gropes pressed latex into his calves and balanced him out, and yet more pushed the excess into his crotch. The man squeezed his thighs together and groaned as his cock and balls swelled, growing well beyond human proportions. His heavy sac inched toward the edge of the cushion and flopped over it as his belly had, but his hardening cock resisted the drop. Black latex pulsed from his tip in thin rivers as his arousal bloomed and he idly rolled his hips against his lover while she continued manipulating his figure.

Cathy spent a few moments sculpting an ass to go with his doorway-destroying hips, then turned her attention to his upper body. She bucked her hips and replenished some of the latex she'd spread below his belt, then squished and rolled his stomach up. David's chest filled and swelled out with her attention, rolling down his middle and across the increasingly crowded couch. She only relented when his new breasts rivaled his hips in size, moving her focus out to their peaks. His low moaning caught in his throat when she pinched where his nipples were previously, gingerly molding a new pair from the featureless latex. David's hips twitched and a glossy streamer of lust shot across the room once she finished, and she christened them with a light twist. Drops of latex emerged in response, then grew and collected into small rivers while she played with her creations. David's muffled moans filled the room as she collected the thick ooze in her palm and rubbed it across his belly, giving it a glossy shine before her hand drifted lower yet. Her rubbery toy froze when she grabbed the tip of his cock, which drained the last of his endurance and pushed him into orgasm.

She gingerly stroked his spire while it pulsed in her fingers, teasing and prolonging his climax as long as she could. Thick ribbons of latex covered the floor by the time he finally came down from his high, and Cathy gingerly rubbed and patted his belly as he slipped into afterglow. His rippling inner walls jump started her libido, but for that moment, she was content to bask in their shared moment.

Until her imagination fed back into her fantasies and struck her with inspiration.

"I hope you're enjoying this as much as you seem to be, darling," she murmured. "There's more I want to try with this new body of yours."

David wiggled his hips and pushed back into her lap, the best consent he could give in the moment. He hoped the sooner he indulged her, the sooner she'd turn him back to normal.

"Of course, I might discover that I like you better this way~" Cathy slid her hands over his belly, then squeezed and pulled him against her front. "I think I'll start with testing your capacity. I've been looking to replace my mattress."