

Edwin eagerly leaned into the microphone and depressed the button. The speaker inside the birthing nexus crackled to life again. "That's it. Just stay on all fours there and relax, maybe widen your knees a little." Sam tapped on the observation window and gave a thumbs-up sign and then remembered his mike was still on, and added "That's it, sweetie! Good girl!"

Chloe stared helplessly back at the observation window. She could see Edwin lit up by the monitors in the dark control room. He looked like an inventor who had stepped out of the 1950's with a tweed jacket, a bowtie, and even a pipe- only he didn't seem to be smoking tobacco. She wanted to scream for help, to throttle him, to break the glass, but she couldn't do anything except what the crackling little speaker told her to do.

Edwin looked carefully at her face and pushed the button again. "Honey, I know you're mad at me, but there's nothing you can do about it. The gas you heard hissing in there is making you do what I say, so just try to go with it, OK? Really feel yourself stretching your flower open. You need to invite the balloons in, or they won't come to you and merge with you." Chloe felt her vag respond to his voice against her will. It moistened on command and grew more inviting and elastic.

Ed nodded enthusiastically while taking a huge pull on his pipe. He then deposited his mighty lungfull into another balloon and absentmindedly tied the neck while staring at her pussy like he was a pilot about to land a 747. He deposited it into the transfer chute and watched the blue balloon gently drift down from the chute and then suddenly snap to her snatch, like it was a magnet.

"I call it the Breath of Life, sweetie, and that one is the Primer. It's a nanocloud that fuses with the latex balloon walls. Already, it's off-gassing a trigger compound which is telling the other balloons to follow it. When the outer balloon wall meets your pussy juices, that's when it activates its primary directive, which is to rubberize your DNA and cellular structure, basically to prepare you. " Edwin tapped out the ashes from his pipe as the balloon filled and liquefied inside her. Chloe began to feel a strange sensation in her breasts and belly, like the keen need for lotion when it was dry, but now her skin felt too stiff. She felt a burning skin-hunger for the milky latex to flow through her body into her breasts and belly, so that it could stretch them out. The craving was met with the feeling of the balloon fluid merging with her body, slowly drifting to her belly and breasts, like a wave of foamy, elastic warmth.

Edwin looked apologetic and fished around for the microphone button again, "Oh I'm so sorry, where are my manners? You can talk now! Is there anything you'd like to say?"





Released by his command, the questions flowed: "What are you doing to me? Why are you doing this? What did I do to you? Please let me go! I just want to go home!"

Ed straightened his tie. "I am turning you into something else. It's kind of a surprise, but you should know that you're the first to do this. You're making history right now. We're making history together. Isn't that exciting?"

Chloe felt the blue balloon slip past the halfway mark. Ed continued, "Sweetie, I need you to make micro-contractions of your labia in order to kind of inch it in through the middle bit. It's going to be a lot of work, and it's going to wear your pussy out, but you should be noticing by now how badly your body wants to drink up the milky latex."

Chloe's labia did exactly as instructed. The feeling of it squeaking bit by bit past her pussy lips was making her nipples hard. She could see the other balloons gathering, eager to watch as the next balloon approached.

"Honey, I need you to get your hands up on the wall. Keep looking

at the observation window. It's important for you to look at your reflection and to realize how badly you want those balloons to fill you. You see how they're gathering? They can see and smell that you love them now. They all want to go inside you now. The Secondary is lining up, and the Primary is almost fully absorbed."

As the blue balloon got to the last bit, it suddenly snapped the rest of the way in, and as her pussy lips closed around it, it felt like a massive contraction as if she was squeezing down hard on a cock to suck every last drop of its latex milk dry. It caused a sudden orgasm that hit her like a heart attack. She bit her lip to keep from letting Edwin know how good it felt. She refused to give him the satisfaction.

"What's happening to my body?" cried Chloe. Her breasts and belly began swelling, which created a strong, negative pressure on her pussy. She had to clamp shut for fear of sucking in more balloons and swelling even larger.

Edwin switched to the ceiling monitor to get a better look at her face. "Oh wow, sweetie. You're starting to have some trouble hiding what that feels like. Your eyelids have swollen. It's making you want to close them to let the pleasure overtake you. The Secondary is positioned. All you have to do is unclench, and it'll suck right into you like you're a balloon vacuum cleaner!"

"I won't do it!" Chloe fought with the last of her strength to keep her pussy lips clenched, but she could feel the nozzle trying to burrow in. With every moment, she felt the gas compelling her to obey the speaker, and to accept the balloon into her.

"Oh that's adorable, honey! Listen, I'm going to let you choose. You can choose to let the silky, rubbery green balloon inside you, or you can.." but he didn't get any further. Chloe had chosen, and her pussy stretched wide and fast to let the green balloon in with one huge "gulp".

She screamed with pleasure. "What's happening to me? Why am I stretching? Why does it feel like a building orgasm as I swell larger? Why do I want this?"





"I can be a kind kidnapper. I could have designed the process to be very painful, you know. It's a lot easier that way. Didn't have to rewire your brain to flood you with endorphins and trigger all your pleasure centers. That's some tricky wiring up there." Ed tapped his noggin to indicate what was left of her brains. "Be thankful!"

"Thank you!" Chloe moaned, unable to stop herself because she was instructed to be thankful.

With a squeaky entrance so fast that it popped the last balloon with a muffled "poompf" inside her, she hit a new level of earthquake-like orgasm. Chloe lost her grip on the wall after her fourth, and came to rest on the soft white floor.

This was not an ideal position for the balloons to enter her, but not to be deterred, they simply shimmied underneath her, forcing her legs apart with the sheer size of her belly, making her more helplessly round and hopelessly lost in her hormonal bliss with every thrust.

Edwin gave her a skeptical look. "I'm not convinced."

Chloe started moaning louder, "Please believe me! Thank you! I love you. I love you for what you're doing to me! I want to grow bigger. I want all the balloons in here to merge with me. I want to grow larger!" She could scarcely believe what was coming out of her mouth. The person who hated this man was there still, just very far away and hard to hear. She had a faint sense of dread, like letting go would be bad, but every cell in her body was screaming otherwise, begging to merge with the latex and to swell ever larger.

Chloe leaned back with one hand and felt her belly with the other, swelling gradually with each balloon entering her. Her breasts and belly were now swelling fast, and she could feel the last of her resolve melt away. "I want this. Please more. I just want to grow. I want to float away, like a, like a ... oh!" And with that last realization, she left the ground and floated up to the high ceiling, more balloon than woman, feeling a huge brood of balloon babies filling her pregnant belly.

"Please," Chloe begged, "Come inside me. I know now I need your seed to fertilize my balloon brood. We will create a race of balloons and will fill the world with our love. I am your balloon queen. Please be my balloon king. Come!" And with that, the tables were turned. Edwin at last obeyed Chloe and prepared to enter the airlock.



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Written by Lucky
Inspired by Morphs by Nexus T
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