

You can't believe it's happening, you're in the middle of the frantic excited crowds of your favorite band. The smell of beer and sweat waft through the warm summer air. People jumping and dancing to the beats blasting out of the speakers far ahead, where your destination lies.

Struggling past the hordes of shoving, screaming fans you work your way right up to the front of the stage. You can feel the music in your bones, infinitely better than any recording. Your view is almost perfect now, with the band being a mere ten feet away.

As the band gets halfway through their long set, they stop for a break. The lead singer remaining at the mic, his voice booming in the speakers, "Ladies and gentleman, this town has given us the loudest and most excited audience! And to thank you we're going to bring out our new act! They're still experimental but they're going to blow your minds, the Pneumatic Pixies!"

Immediately after his last statement a loud hissing sound can be heard over the speakers. Three dark shapes slowly and awkwardly walk onto the stage from off the right side as the audience is still cheering as they watch. Once the figures are just to the right of center stage, bright spotlights shine on each of them. Standing there are three outrageously curvy backup dancers around 5 and a half feet tall, wearing black latex hooded catsuits. The once loud audience is now almost completely silent, in awe of the almost inhumanly exaggerated shapes. You look over the dancers starting at their long black stiletto heels, thick calves attached to huge thighs going up to ass cheeks the size of beach balls, a belt wrapped around a wasp small waist, with breasts of similar size to their backside. All of this with a bright glaring shine from the spotlights reflecting off their latex catsuits. When looking at their faces you notice an almost painted on look, with large puffy lips forming a wide fixed smile and eyes seemingly staring off into the distance. You couldn't believe that women like this could actually exist, nonetheless three of them!

Just as the audience starts to comprehend the shapes on stage, the band begins playing a fast, steady bassy beat. In unison the backup dancers swivel on their heels in a short, somewhat rigid and awkward movement. As they do so they bend over, exposing their overly generous shiny backsides and begin twerking. Booty and boobs start bouncing everywhere, almost unnaturally in how much they bounce. The audience erupts in a roar at the sight of the three latex goddesses gyrating on stage.

After several minutes the beat starts to get quieter and slow, the twerking dancers slowly and awkwardly swivel back around to face the crowd. A spotlight shines on the lead singer as he approaches and yells over the mic, "Sounds like this town loves our new act! As an extra thanks we're going to have three audience members come up onto the stage!" At this the audience goes absolutely crazy, yelling and pleading to be chosen.

Within an instant the spotlight moves and shines on a young man in his early 20s and two muscled bouncers escort him up to the stage, knocking back rowdy audience members in the process.

At almost the same time a second spotlight turns on a woman in her 30s, more muscled bouncers come and escort her on to the stage, holding back an increasingly excited audience.

A third spotlight turns on, this time directly on you, the hot bright light making it impossible to see, you feel two strong bouncers grab your arms and quickly move you towards the stage, you can hear other audience members yelling a mix of profanities and encouragements. Before you know it you're standing on the stage with a cool breeze blowing past, as the hot spotlights shine on you. The young man stands

to the left of you and the woman to the right, six feet away are three of the sexiest latex clad dancers from your wildest dreams come to life.

A hissing noise is heard again as the backup dancers start awkwardly moving on their stiletto heels towards you and the other lucky two. Looking like they're almost going to fall over with their curves wobbling everywhere. The middle dancer walks directly up to you until she's exactly a foot away, stopping abruptly with an almost unending jiggle, while the other two dancers do the same in front of the young man and woman. Their figures looking absolutely humongous now that you're standing immediately in front of one of the dancers. You also get a closer look at their seemingly painted faces, with their wide unmoving smiles, their fixed eyes staring past you into the distance. The smell of latex is extremely strong in the air from their black latex catsuits.

As you're taking in as much of the vision as you can the beat starts up faster again as the same hissing sound is heard. The three dancers abruptly turn around in a strange almost floating motion, stick their asses into the air and immediately start twerking. Each dancer grinding up against their selected partner from the audience, their catsuits squeaking all over.

As your dancer gyrates her incredibly soft beach ball sized bottom up against you in rhythm with the beat, you almost pass out from the sensation. You look over to see the woman on your right almost completely engulfed up to her chest in her dancers booty. Amazed, you realize this must be how you look to the audience. You also notice several small black hoses leading into the belt of the woman's dancer and you figure they must be wearing some kind of pneumatic suits. The name 'Pneumatic Pixies' making way more sense now.

Turning back to look at your dancer you think to yourself, "you only live once" and reaching up over her booty, you grab the belt around the tiny waist of the bouncing curvy goddess. You apply more force grinding into her twerking backside, sinking into her soft ballooned booty several more inches.

With you being surrounded by her posterior and her gyrating against you, the catsuit's latex rubs all over your loose fitting pants, causing them to slide down and hang at your thighs. She continues to grind on your exposed silk boxers and your manhood underneath, seemingly unaware. You can't believe how incredible this feels as you wish it never ends.

A jealous audience member upon seeing all the action on stage hurls a beer bottle and hits a slightly hidden control panel. You're too focused on the feeling and movements of your dancer to notice the sparks followed by hissing and popping noises coming from the control panel.

Upon seeing the sparks the band yells for everyone to run while abruptly stopping the music, jumping off the stage into the crowd below, the two other doll's partners follow their direction, leaving their still twerking exaggerated dancers and jumping off the stage. Immediately all three of the Pneumatic Pixies begin twerking faster and faster, their bodies shaking crazily.

Your dancer all of a sudden jumps several feet into the air, turns around and jerkily grabs you locking her hands around your lower back, forcing you into her cleavage and thighs while gyrating wildly. She must have gotten taller as you now look directly into her eyes. You notice her wide smile and unblinking eyes haven't changed. Able to get a better look, you quickly realize it's not face paint, and that the dancer must actually be a pneumatic puppet of some kind. The smell of latex now stronger than ever.

With loud squeaks you try to pull yourself from deep within your inflated dolls cleavage and thighs,

causing her to further bounce around. Her latex embrace is holding you firmly in place though and you can barely move, leaving you stuck, smothered by the backup dancer.

The remaining audience now starts pointing at the show on stage, while cheering and laughing at the obscenely curvy inflated backup dancers moving as if they have no control, the two outside dancers gyrating against nothing while the middle doll grinds frantically against you.

The hissing noise can be heard across the stage while also playing out of the speakers. You notice the pressure is starting to slightly increase around you as your dancing puppet seems to be enveloping you more, her latex stretching around you. You look over in a panic for the source of the hiss and see that some of the black hoses lead to a huge helium tank off the right side of the stage. They must be using helium to make the pneumatic puppets lighter for dancing.

The hissing increases in volume suddenly as the audience sees all three hyper curvy dancers start rapidly inflating, with you stuck in the middle of the show, buried in growing cleavage and thighs.

In the span of one minute all three Pneumatic Pixies look like huge cartoony hourglass shaped lovedolls. They now stand around seven feet tall with breasts and asses the size of weather balloons, thighs the size of inner tubes. Your doll's lips have also inflated to the point that you're forced into a permanent kiss, her lips softly surrounding yours with their inflated size.

Your hugely inflating dancing doll starts creating a strong pull off the ground, causing your very erect member to slide past the slit in your silk boxers. In an instant you lose your footing, slamming hard on top of your hyper hourglass backup dancer, the black catsuit's thin latex snapping from the force of your erect member penetrating it. Your dick slides deep inside of her, shocked you try to quickly pull back out but the latex holds you firm and you bounce back deeper inside.

The feeling is unimaginable as your member is surrounded by incredibly soft yielding latex. The pressure is tight to your movements as you bounce from her motions. You can feel the helium gas moving around inside her as it swirls against the latex surrounding you. You also feel a strong pulling sensation as the pneumatic tubes seem to surround your latex sheathed member as they enter through the doll's belt. The inflating hourglass goddess now fully attached to you, taking all of your mental focus not to immediately climax.

Realizing how incredible it all feels, you start thrusting almost uncontrollably into the seductively dancing doll, causing her to bounce slightly off of the ground. The audience can barely see you as the attached doll has inflated so huge, most of the audience can only tell you're still trapped in the doll by the slight bouncing motion. Her huge boobs swaying and deforming like stretched balloons, while her giant inflated booty is squished on the floor holding you up at an angle on top of her.

The other two massively inflated dancers are now floating off of the ground with their still shaking and gyrating bodies even more exaggerated in the air. Their whole bodies wobbling with each movement. Multiple black hoses start pulling taut against the dolls once they've reached twelve feet in the air. The attached huge helium tank starting to slide along the floor towards where the hoses are pulling up to the two dolls.

The rest of the scene unfolding on stage is unknown to you. Only barely hearing the muffled sounds of the audience inside your blimping doll as you thrust in and out nonstop. Her wild movements causing you to bounce up followed by falling back into her, as her soft latex yields and stretches around your

whole body over and over. Her lips plumping up even more so they feel like kissing two big blow up pillows. She completely surrounds you with her billowing body, now at ten feet from the top of her breasts to her black stiletto heels. The stunned audience completely unaware of the uncharted territory you're exploring deep in your helium inflating pixie.

You feel her start to rotate horizontally, leaving you lying face up wedged inside, her massive wobbling nine foot round booty sticking up into the air for all to see. As her ginormous boobs and thighs inflate behind you they push you deeper into her as they skim the stage floor, to the point your balls are now starting to enter her, the swirling helium massaging them. The hot confines causes you to be covered in sweat, adding extra lubricant, the latex stretching around you as if to take more of you in and secure you for the ride.

The pressure changes and becomes slightly less, you can barely see out if the corner of your eye the stage curtain moving down. You realize in amazement your personal backup dancer is slowly lifting you both into the air, following the path of her latex clad sisters. As you both reach a height of twelve feet, you feel a strong tug as she rotates back around placing you on top. The multitude of hoses coming out of her belt reached their limit, causing a severe jerk on the huge helium cylinder, which in turn pulls on hoses going to the control panel, emitting more sparks. Your dancer immediately switches movements and starts thrusting hard against you in a rhythmic motion. The feeling is absolute bliss as your cock is massaged in and out of her, after only seconds you experience the most explosive climax you've ever had. Your body lies limp smothered by your floating inflated dancer, squeezed on all sides by the now slick pungent latex.

The extra force on the helium cylinder causes the other pneumatic pixie blimps to quickly float over to bounce against yours. With all three pneumatic pixies now pulling in the same direction, the huge helium cylinder slowly starts to lift off the stage. Some in the audience pointing, others laughing, while the rest just stare in disbelief, all watching the extreme erotic display, a bouquet of three gigantic hourglass balloon women wobbling and shaking with a completely hidden passenger, floating off towards the stage's high ceiling.