

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. The large stage lit in different colors as the screaming crowd surrounds you.

Dusk is well underway as the band gets halfway through their long set, they stop for a break. The lead singer remaining at the mic, his voice booming from the speakers, "You've been the loudest audience we've ever had! And to thank you we're going to bring out our new act! They may still be experimental but they're going to blow your minds, The Pneumatic Pixies!"

Immediately the lights go out as a loud hissing sound can be heard over the speakers. Three dark shapes slowly and awkwardly walk onto the stage from the right side as the awaiting audience watches. 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 five and a half feet tall, wearing black latex hooded catsuits with little pixie wings on their backs. Each set of pixie wings a different color, pink, purple and red. The once loud audience is now almost completely silent, in awe of the inhumanly exaggerated shapes. You look over the dancers starting at their long black stiletto heels, thick calves attached to huge thighs going up to flared out hips with cheeks the size of beach balls, a belt wrapped around a wasp small waist and 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 can't believe that women like this 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. More hissing is heard as in unison the backup dancers suddenly swivel on their heels in a short, somewhat rigid and awkward movement. As they do so they bend over while arching their backs and start twerking. Booty and boobs start bouncing everywhere, unnatural in how much they bounce. Their black catsuits tightly hugging their bodies, running up their backsides, latex separating each massive cheek. The audience erupts in a roar at the sight of the three goddesses gyrating on stage.

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

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

A second spotlight turns on a woman in her 30s, more muscled bouncers come and escort her up to the stage, holding back increasingly excited fans.

A third spotlight turns on, this time directly on you, the hot bright light making it impossible to see, feeling two strong bouncers grab your arms as they quickly move you towards the stage. You can hear

other audience members yelling a mix of profanities and encouragements as you're rushed past them. Before you know it you're standing on the hard stage, the hot spotlights shine on you as a cool breeze blows past. The guy 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, their overly abundant shapes outlined against the dark stage background.

The hissing noise is startling 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, huge hips swaying side to side. The purple pixie dancer walks directly up to you until she's exactly a foot away, stopping abruptly with an almost unending jiggle. While the other dancers do the same to each of your neighbors, pink pixie to your left, red pixie to your right. The hissing sound fades away, all three figures stand there in a stiff fashion with their hands pointed towards the floor. Their proportions absolutely humongous up close. You vividly imagine what it must be like to hug one of them, her soft latex hourglass body pressing up against yours. The backup dancer's giant breasts are so huge they're almost rubbing against your shirt, you desperately want to reach out and squeeze them as they bounce slightly. With a wide unmoving smile and fixed eyes, she stares past you into the distance. The smell of latex extremely strong in the air from the catsuits, while you hear the crowd screaming behind you.

As you're taking in as much of the vision as you can the band starts playing the beat faster again as the hissing sound is heard. The three dancers abruptly turn around on their heels in an almost floating motion. With their backs facing you, they stick their asses into the air and immediately start twerking. Your dancer's giant booty grinding up against you, her catsuit 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 booty. 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 reach up over her booty, grabbing the belt around the tiny waist of the bouncing curvy goddess. You feel the small hoses sticking out of her belt against your hands as they vibrate from the air flowing in them. You apply more force grinding into her twerking backside, sinking into her soft ballooned booty until you're also up to your chest deep.

While being pressed between her bubble butt, she gyrates against you. Your loose fitting pants start to slide down from all the latex rubbing against them until they 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, wishing 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, turning around midjump and jerkily locks her hands around your lower back. With a series of squeaks she forces you against her wildly gyrating body, your silk boxed groin buried between her wide hips, huge breasts surrounding your upper torso. 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 doll's 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 starts pointing at the show on stage, 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 as it plays 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 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 with hips to match, their curves starting to rub against each other. 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, falling 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. Her ginormous boobs and thighs inflate behind you, pushing 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 sink slightly deeper into her breasts and thighs towards the floor, bouncing slightly in her latex. 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 your doll rotates back around placing you on top, your cock slides all the way in. 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 latex.

The extra force on the helium cylinder causes the other two pneumatic pixie blimps to quickly float over and bounce against the third. The pink, purple and red wings now miniscule compared to their bodies. 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 in the night sky.