

He's A Lady's Best Friend –

For shockbob <https://www.patreon.com/user/creators?u=3193473>

Premise/Request:

a story where a woman inflates a man into a balloon, takes him home, shrinks him down and then turns him into a dress. I'd like him to end up a nice long skirt like <https://www.pinterest.com/pin/467248530073851211/> I'd like the story to be where he's a submissive friend online with someone claiming to be a witch, and agrees to let her be his owner. a few days later she shows up in person, makes him unable to talk, and takes him away. he should be helpless and have no say in what he's turned into but be very into it.

totally round, just stubs for a head, hands and feet. I'd like him to inflate to a big balloon to be tied to a string, taken home and played with, then shrunken to a balloon a foot long to be played with some more. Maybe she could get some friends involved to play with him



Story:

Bob bit his lip and typed his response into Discord. The 'woman' he was role playing with, as he hesitated to believe anyone was who they said they were online, had been typing for a rather long time and had just posted a paragraph of 'what happened next' in the role play they were having.

"Damn that's hot." Kelly always knew exactly how to push his buttons and right now, she was hitting them all. He banged out a quick response, he was so close to cumming, and before he could help it typed 'I wish we could do this in real life.'

'Oh really?' came the reply. He hurriedly deleted what he'd typed, leaving the RP part of it but got a laughing emoji from Kelly. 'You know I already read it, why are you deleting it?'

'I have my fantasies, and this is an amazingly hot one, I just don't want to be one of those creepers online that begs to know someone offline. I'm happy with the fantasy.'

'Why not make it happen IRL, I'm a witch after all.'

Bob held back a laugh and wanted to type something along the lines of *back to the RP then?* if she was going to drop lines like that.

Before he got the chance, he saw her typing more. 'I could bring you so much satisfaction, bring us BOTH so much. I know you're such an Alpha in real life, and so submissive to me online, but would

you promise to me, and I mean really promise, to set that alpha aside and be my submissive man toy and be owned by me for the next few days?’

He hesitated. It was just a game, right? Just a bit of fun between online friends? This felt different... like the time she had written a RP with him about the two of them melting down together under a full moon, and had gotten him to set a bucket under his feet in real life, and the two had wove such an amazing story of what it would be like to be melted together, swirled, every inch of each of them rubbing and grinding together, feeling and sensing each other so intimately... that when he’d awoken, naked, at one am still in his chair, feet still in the rubber tub, it felt like he’d really been melted and she’d melted with him.

His cock still throbbed just thinking about it.

This moment in time felt like that, so real that it felt like reality was bending at the edges. And he didn’t want to let go.

‘Yes.’

‘You promise, really truly, to be my submissive toy till you have to be to work on Monday?’

‘I promise.’

‘Say the words.’ For just a moment, the voice he always attributed to Kelly in his mind felt like it was in his ear. He typed and said his response aloud.

“I promise, Kelly the Witch, to be your submissive toy till I have to be to work on Monday.”

“Great.” Kelly’s voice tickled his ear, even as he felt her long black curls fall across his shoulder as she leaned over it to close his laptop down. “Now you won’t be needing this for a bit.”

He whirled around, spinning his swivel computer chair to face the voice, the face, the woman who’d just appeared in his room. He didn’t want whatever spell this was to break, and yet was frightened about what had just happened.

Instead he got a face full of pale corseted cleavage as she leaned forward to match his move and heard her moan as his face rubbed against her plump pillows. “That’s my little man.” Then her hands found his cock, still out and free and hard from their unfinished RP and glided down it, giving it a good hard squeeze. “And that’s my BIG man!”

She pulled back from him long enough to sink to her knees and grin up at him from a kneeling position. With her left hand she stroked his cock while tucking a few of her tumultuous curls behind an ear with her right hand. She shot him a grin before leaning forward and gathering up the head of his cock between a pair of plump ruby red lips.

“K-Kelly?”

“Mhmmm!” she replied even as she bobbed on his cock, making it slick with her saliva, eyes fluttering at his taste. She popped free for a moment and reached up with her left hand and placed a finger to his lips. “Now shhhhh, toys don’t talk.”

Bob opened his mouth to reply with an in character "yes, mistress," but no sound came out. The was an urge to scream, and then, he started to feel content about never speaking again. He didn't know if it was a spell, or him just listening to his mistress and falling into the part he'd promised to play, but he fell silent and just let the sensations play out. He wanted to reach out and run his fingers through her hair, grab her bobbing head and force all of his cock down her wonderful throat, but toys didn't do that, and his hand stayed gripping his armrest.

Then, just as she was bringing him close to cumming, the blowjob took a whole new turn. She pulled back to just the tip and sucked hard, he could feel himself ready to blow, boiling over and then... and then... she blew *into* him. Instead of his cum flowing up his cock and into her magical mouth, he felt what might have been the biggest load he'd ever had pushed back into his balls, along with her hot breath, inflating his balls to a pair of soft balls, followed by his cock blowing up like one of those long balloons used at a fair. He groaned in frustrated delight as she removed her mouth long enough to take a deep breath, his eyes widening as her breasts seem to inflate with the intake before she put her lips to his cock again and blew even harder.

Instead of his cock or balls, he felt his whole body give a tense feeling and then... *he began inflating*. Puff after puff went down his cock, past his balls and into his body. Each time her breasts would inflate and then deflate as he just got bigger and bigger and bigger, his body pulling tighter, tenser, his skin having less and less give as he became a perfect totally round balloon, just stubs for a head, hands and feet. He knew he couldn't take much more, that the next puff into his cock might be his last and... and...

Kelly gave a final kiss and light puff into his cock before patting her own breast, checking to make sure they were back to their original size and plushness, showing off nearly a foot of cleavage in her tight corset. "Did you like that, my toy? Look at you, you're so big! So round!" She giggled as she stroked her hands across his wide expanse, her long fingernails scraping against his tight, tight drum of skin. "You're almost see through, my own personal party balloon."

She stood up and pressed herself against him, hugging her incredible curvy body against his spherical balloon one. She placed one kiss against his dome of skin and he felt the hot breath inside him change to something else. Helium? Hydrogen? He wasn't sure and didn't care as he rose and bumped against the ceiling, some part of him happy he'd changed the light in here to an LED bulb that emitted low heat and was simply a light warmth against his back.

Beneath him, Kelly smiled and hugged him again before reaching into her cleavage and pulling out a string. Carefully she tied it around his 'nozzle' she'd used to blow him up and walked him out of his apartment and down the hallway. He simply bounced along behind her, being trailed behind the dark haired witch by the magic string she tied to her own left wrist and trying hard not to moan at the tug each step brought to him as he was pulled down, then again as he rose up to the strings maximum length and tugged against it in an internal need to float up.

How they made it past doors and through hallways certainly too small or short to hold a man inflated into a six foot wide balloon, he didn't know and didn't care. He was his mistress balloon and she was showing him off.

They passed Tanda, the curvaceous neighbor that every eligible bachelor in the apartment building pined for and the gorgeous curvy woman looked up at Bob and covered her pretty lips in a gasp of surprise and... lust?

"Is that... Bob?" Tanda wondered aloud, bringing Kelly up short... and then a moment later Bob at the end of his string tugging short as well. Standing next to Kelly, Bob was shocked to realize the raven haired witch was even curvier than the blonde bombshell.

"No, this is my toy for the weekend. Bob will be back here... probably after work on Monday, I assume, unless I can... talk him into staying my toy even longer." Kelly replied, noting the disappointment in the pretty blonde's face. "Oh-ho, do you have a thing for him too? Don't worry, sweetie, you're not the only one who's spent way too long trying to get that man to just notice your affections. So here, a parting gift."

Before Bob's eyes, and right beneath his big inflated spherical body, with his huge inflated cock and balls pointed right at them, Kelly leaned forward, lips puckered in a kiss. Tanda didn't hesitate and stepped into the kiss, wrapping her arms around the witch who equally returned the embrace.

And then... Kelly blew into Tanda.

Not nearly as much as she had into Bob, but enough. When the two women separated, Tanda now sported the overly plump hourglass curves of a certain curly haired witch and with great delight she ran her hands over them as Kelly took a few breaths to get her own curves back to their former corset straining glory.

"There you go. And here's a challenge, keep from cumming till Monday morning, until... let's say until Bob must go into work, and you get to keep those curves. Don't meet the challenge and maybe I'll have two toys by Monday." Kelly gave Tanda a peck on the cheek as the blonde gave a small squeal of delight at the challenge. "Although I will caution you to stay away from any sharp objects this weekend as well."

"Challenge accepted!" Tanda giggled, sounding a bit more airheaded than usual. As Kelly and her balloon walked or floated respectively away, Tanda gave one last shout before ducking into her apartment. "See you later B- I mean, see you Monday, Kelly's toy!"

Kelly sang a happy little song and Bob the balloon felt the warmth of the sun as they made it outside and into the warm Californian sun. But it didn't feel like California, too humid. With a bit of a start he realized that the dark-haired witch had stepped out of his apartment and into someplace far away and far different than his native desert. He looked at the gayly painted houses and realized this had to be Kelly's home state of Louisiana and she was walking him down none other than Bourbon Street.

Bouncy coeds and attractive mature women looked up and marveled at the balloon man Kelly walked along with. Some gasped in surprise and more than a little lust, some in shock and more than a little desire, but none had the guts to run up to Kelly like Tanda had.

Kelly preened as she walked past booths selling overpriced knickknacks and costumed sales people fleecing the tourist for everything they could. All looked up at her toy and she LOVED it. She gave a special smile to the couple she passed right at the end, when the woman turned to her man and stated

that she wished she could inflate him like that. Bob could almost sense the tingle of magic that passed from Kelly around the couple and sent pleasant thoughts of what their night was going to be like later.

Soon Kelly took a left and Bob found himself not on the busiest tourist trap in the state but a calm neighborhood that he assumed was a few hundred miles away from where they'd just been. They came to a squat little house that couldn't have been painted more garishly and Bob in an instant knew this was the witch's house. She'd told him once about how she'd painted it this way to keep the bad spirits out, bright colors keeping them away.

She unlocked the door with a swing of her left hand and a whispered word instead of a key, the swift movement making the man balloon bounce against her front porch ceiling. Soon he was inside and could feel the cool AC blowing out of several vents against his skin.

She reached up with both arms and hugged him tightly against her curvy body and buried her face in his side. "Oh Bob, I've been waiting to do this for over a year. Thank you for saying yes. Thank you." Kelly sighed and rubbed her face back and forth against his huge inflated body. "But now, it's time for you to be a proper toy."

He wasn't sure what she meant until he felt her arms squeeze against him, hugging him together. His body bulged around her arms as her hug became even tighter. He felt the air push back inside of him, making his tight body creak ominously on the onslaught of witch outside him and witch's air inside him. He didn't know which would win, but was suddenly afraid... and excited... that he might pop in the resulting battle of wills.

Instead, another option presented itself, and inch by inch he shrunk. Not by losing air, if anything the pressure inside him became even greater, making his skin all the more sensitive, but it didn't matter as he shrunk until he was no more than a simple, round balloon, no different from any other party accessory. He was maybe a foot long and just a normal perfectly round balloon man with his stubs for his head, his hands, his feet, and still with a nozzle of impressive cock and inflated balls, and with a mind and a consciousness named Bob. Or rather, named Kelly's Toy.

She let him glide back up to the end of the string still tied around her wrist and giggled a few times as she bounced him there like a reverse yo-yo, yanking him down just to bat him back up again. Bob felt humiliated to be used like this, and loved every moment of his mistress playing with her inflated toy. After a few minutes her eyes lit up and she untied her balloon from her left wrist and tugged it down so she could face Bob properly, face to tiny face.

"Ok my wonderful balloon boy toy, I'm going to invite a few friends over and we're going to have some balloon fun with you, so you just stay here in the meantime. Ha! What am I saying, you're a balloon boy, you're not going anywhere but up to the ceiling!" And with that, she let him go. He bounced across her ceiling, silently moaning in delight as she walked out of the room, admiring her wide hips that nearly brushed both sides of the door frame.

For a while, that was his whole existence, just a balloon man on a ceiling, just a toy to be played with that was missing his mistress. Then there was a knock at the door and Kelly jiggled back into the room, her hips sashaying quickly to the door as Bob got an eyeful of her amazing cleavage and bouncy curly hair.

The door opened and in paraded a list of women of every descript, each impossibly beautiful in their own ways that Bob recognized as being as unique to them as Kelly's curves and hair were to her. Two were huge soft women with heavy breasts, that Bob recognized as being BBWs and were clearly a couple. Another was a gorgeous cougar right down to the beehive hairdo and tight leopard spot print spandex, she was gushing about her latest conquest of a rich young executive and didn't seem to care who heard about her gold digging.

Another was what he could only describe as a goth princess. Tiny Lolita curves with a mature face and didn't top five feet in height even with her incredible boots. She had all the requisite things of a puffed skirt in black, lace stockings and even a parasol to keep her pale skin just as fair in the Louisiana sun. What shocked him next was a woman who looked like a gothic black-haired beauty and a blonde bimbo from the beaches of California had been through a blender together. Different spots of her being the perfect bubblegum pink and fake curves of implants, and other spots the midnight black that put even the Goth Princess to shame.

"Wow are you too still mixed together like that?" Kelly asked the goth bimbo... *gimbo*? Bob wondered.

"Just for a bit longer." Came the serious, deep tones of someone who could give Raven from Teen Titans a run for her money, followed by a high-pitched giggle that completely mismatched the voice from before.

"You said that two months ago." Kelly sighed but smiled at the gimbo. "Just put a ring on your finger and admit it."

The women, thirteen in all, gathered in the room and gabbed like a bunch of hens in the yard for a bit, a few looking up and stole glances at Kelly's balloon toy before one of them got curious enough to ask Kelly if it was OK to play. Kelly demurely smiled, though the excited look she shot Bob let him know she'd been playing coy this whole time to build the anticipation for the ladies and for her balloon. "Oh, go ahead, be as *rough* as you like. Pass him around."

And pass him around they did, embarrassing him with tickles and squeezes and treating him like just the balloon man he was, just an inflated Ken doll with a huge cock and tight balls, and rough didn't begin to describe what he went through. Women sat on him with plump asses, trapped him between breasts as they bumped chests together. He was glided against soft bellies and rock-hard abs. Trapped between thighs that could crack walnuts and thicc thighs ready to save some lives. Soon clothing was cast aside, and he was grinded against much more intimate places, as the women around him engaged in some sapphic pleasure, only Kelly's Balloon around to see the orgy that came from playing with a simple little balloon man and a bevy of horny witches.

Over the next four hours, one by one each of the women came, some explosively, some quietly, but all seemed to dissolve into smoke moments afterwards until only Kelly remained. With a happy sigh she trapped him under her incredible, plump, naked breasts and walked without a hand on her balloon into the bedroom, depending on the weight of her plump tits to hold him there. She flopped forward onto her bed and sighed happily, feeling him squish beneath her.

"Did you enjoy that, my little toy?" She squirmed atop him, poking him in the side, careful to use her finger instead of her nail. "Did you enjoy a whole coven of sexy women having their way with your

little balloon body? Or did it embarrass you horribly? *Or both?* I enjoyed watching my toy be used and using you myself. But now, I think it's time for some beauty sleep. I've got another party tomorrow night I need some rest for it after bathing in all that orgasmic energy. And poor you, with my magic string around your cock and balls, you haven't cum once, have you? Oh but toys don't get to cum, do they? They're just meant to be used."

With a warm chuckle the raven-haired woman let her curls fall about her face as she fell asleep atop Bob the balloon man, her lovely little toy.

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She woke up a few hours later and blinked herself awake, looking up at the ceiling. At some point she'd rolled over and now her toy was trapped under her ass. She giggled and gave a roll to her hips, enjoying the fill of her toy underneath her. Putting a hand on him she sat up in bed and gave a few speculative bounces before fully standing and holding him up to her face. She smirked devilishly at her toy. "Mmmm that was a good rest, but it's party time. It's not quite the party for a balloon boy like you though. I know exactly what to make of you!"

She held him out at arm's length and blew lightly across his surface. For the first time since typing that fateful message to a private chat after work yesterday, he felt not like a tight inflated balloon, but a soft warm feeling spread across his skin. He crumpled out over her hand, spilling to the floor a gorgeous maroon color. Kelly frowned and blew again, changing the color to silver before letting him puddle on the floor. Carefully she stepped into him and then reached down and pulled him up. With a start, Bob suddenly realized what he was.

A gorgeous pleated silver skirt.

"Oh, you're perfect! I hope you like it, not that you have any say in the matter." Kelly giggled, rolling her hips side to side, and for once Bob really feeling just how much her hips rocked with each step, and knowing that was all he was going to feel, the swish of those hips, those plump thighs, amazing calves, the lower curves of a woman that was his owner... at least until she changed him again into whatever she wanted.

She stepped through the doorway of her bedroom, and he felt himself touch both sides of the door frame as she did. Had she inflated her curves even more for the party? Or just to wear him that much better? He wanted to shiver at the thought but couldn't move, couldn't control anything that was happening. He was just Mistress' toy, and toys didn't shiver or talk.

Instead of her parlour, they stepped into some strange cross between a victorian masquerade party and a rave night club. The lights dance, shapes changed, and Mistress' toy swished with each of her movements in time with the techno remix of Mozart. Different men sought his Mistress' attention, rough hands grabbing her ass through her silver skirt, squeezing her to her skirt's embarrassment. Worse, she'd whisper to them that the last guy to get close to her *was* that skirt. Most recoiled... one asked if she wanted a new top. She demurely told him to fuck off.

"Brave," she said after he left. "But not worthy of my tits. Not even you're worthy of that, my toy." Her fingers fiddled with the hem of her skirt, showing off her incredible legs.

“Kelly you evil fucker.” A black woman with enormous round tits and tattooed leopard spots down the sides of her neck strutted up to Kelly and roughly grabbed her by the hips, their breasts, one set so natural, one set so obviously fake, rubbing together. “Did you turn another man into a toy?”

“And if I did?” Kelly said archly, though smiled to show it was all in good fun. Mistress’ toy briefly wondered how many had come before and if he was really meant to last the weekend.

“Shit, baby, the last one didn’t last a day.” The black woman reached down and tugged at the waistband, letting it snap back into place. “Oh but this one seems so durable.”

If he could have blushed at being used, at how casually Mistress told people he had been a man just a day or two ago, and how much they all seemed to enjoy teasing him, he would have... but blushing was something people did.

“Think he could last an around the world?”

Mistress’ toy felt Kelly shiver at the thought before planting a kiss on the black woman’s lips, their hips grinding together much to her toy’s delight. “Mmmmm... maybe later.”

And so the evening went, mistress’ toy being embarrassed, used, played with at every opportunity. One lucky woman even flicking him up to use her fingers to bring Mistress to a pleasant orgasm, and even using the dress to clean up. But that’s all he was now. He wasn’t a man after all, he was a toy. And when and if Monday came, if she even asked if he wanted to change back, something he was quickly realizing probably was never coming, he was going to beg her to stay her toy. He didn’t know if she’d twisted his mind or if this was what he wanted, but a toy he was, and a toy he’d stay.

And he wouldn’t have wanted it any other way.