

The New Meta: You Two

DragonAirforce was here. He was in your home. In your heart. In your eyes. You'd never met him, never chatted before today, but already, he was the most important thing in your world. Tall. Not thin, but a comfortable, broad shape for your frozen expression to take in. He set himself to stopping the music that made your brain buzz, and closed out your stream, removing you from chat's praise and criticisms alike. So possessed of new shape and existence as you were, you could not detect his scent over your own, the world a rubber place whose existence was now walled off from you.

When he put his hands on you, you squeaked. Not for alarm, though it was surprising. It was good. Beyond good. Right. Purposeful. The air you'd been made to contain reached for him through you, holding your shape vividly against his fingers and palms. You gave enough to let him get a grip, the resultant shift in pressure making you feel as if he was caressing you everywhere. He lifted you without struggle, and carried you away from your gaming chair. You wanted to tell him you were ready for him. That you could and would do absolutely whatever he asked. More than that, it would be your pleasure. You could scarcely bat your eyelashes, much less form the words. In your pairing, you would be the silent partner, unless he deemed otherwise.

Before, this would have been some cause for anxiety, but also, a secret fantasy. The life of the perfect submissive. To be what someone else wanted. For them to understand your needs and desires. A shorthand of exchange. For each, to be what the other needed. Today altered your trajectory, irrevocably. Now, your mind could rest at ease, quiet but for the air-filled thoughts that bubbled up, wondering where he was going with you, but knowing that it did not matter. It was not as if you could object.

He sat you on the couch in your living room. Ironically, the old you had considered getting a cover for the couch, since the living room wasn't often used, and you wished to keep dust off it. Today, rubber was placed instead of plastic. He stepped before you again, looking you over. You were able to reciprocate. Brilliant blue eyes traced your form. A trimmed goatee. Weathered lips, you found yourself longing for. For a kiss? Maybe. But something more. The movement of his breath, against you, awakened a new desire. Your own body was filled with breath that used to be yours. Air taken from the world, and now rested within. Could you have more? Did he want to give that to you?

He pulled your chair over so he could sit and face you more closely. He was going to speak! You tensed tighter in anticipation of his words. "You changed just like I asked you, didn't you Violet?" You wanted to nod. To tell him yes, you had. Your eyes on your smiling face simply blinked their assent. Yes. Of course you had! You could feel yourself actually vibrating with excitement, that now that he was here, he would find other desires, that he might share them with you.

He laughed a little at this response, and the heat inside you made you want to laugh, too. He leaned onto an elbow, eyes dancing with possibility. "All things considered, I thought you'd get bigger." That took a moment to settle. A thread of worry worked its way within you. You weren't what he needed. No. No. You could fix it, you would fix it. But even then, he was raising a hand slow, as if he'd heard your innermost thoughts. "Don't worry. That's why I'm here. To help you finish this little change, and make sure you're as happy as I can make you," his words answered your unspoken concern, and you found a warm glow emanating from you. You were ready to be whatever he wanted you to be.

His hand reached for you. You trembled with anticipation, lubrication glistening from your once-lips, and from the needing hole in your crotch. His warmth did not land there. On your thigh, he took your plug in hand. The edge of his finger raised it from your surface, the rubber standing firm into the air. Inside, your eyes rolled up. That was what held all the luscious, filling pressure in. His fingers around it was like

the stroking of... well. Something you didn't have anymore. When his fingernails dug in, the air anticipated as well. He was bending down. He didn't need to eat you out, haha, not that you'd ever object...

And then, you were open. A hiss of air ran from you at the chance, before his thumb could cover. You sagged just a touch in response. Oh. Oh! That was something in you that escaped, and was now wandering around the room on its own. Should you be worried about that? Could he just let all of the rest of your filling out? Leave you silent, still, and deflated? The questions escaped you, as he wrapped his warm lips around your nozzle, and blew. His breath fluttered within you, and what was lost was restored, and more.

You longed to express the bliss you found in this. Who cares if some of what you had escaped? What he was giving you was hot, fresh, and vitalizing. It simmered inside you, and as easy as your changes before had been, this action from without swayed you more quickly. You bit a lip inside your mind, each rhythmic puff of his breath stirring your interior, stretching you like a lover's thrust, pressing you to greater heights. Your hips were so womanly now. Thighs thick. The air gathered around your new lower entry, putting pressure on it from the outside. And as nice as that was, making your eyes roll up, wishing he'd put his lips there instead, it was absolutely the next best thing. If he kept blowing, maybe it was better.

A form that had not been yours was ready to become the shape of you. Now, even femininity so long desired felt slight in the face of what you could be. What you would be. What every breath delivered down that nozzle made you more of.

Your rubber body stiffened. Delivered a sweet and aching feeling that trembled through you in wave after wave. Yes. Yes yes YES! You could be made for this. His lips on you. His air in you. However much he had for you, you would gladly, emphatically have it. You might have wondered if you could still cum. If he kept this up, you knew you would.

Hips widened from your narrow waist. A bubbled butt, already too thick for the arms of your gaming chair, exalted their curve from the small of your back, and curved down into the incredible width of your thighs. As far apart as your thighs had gone from each other, they were slowly rising fuller against each other, particularly below his goatee, where that mound strained within the chamber of you, and yet, aching to be pressed in another way. But this could all not be visually confirmed, because of your breasts.

They'd been huge, by your reckoning. The balloons of a sex goddess, the perfect toy. With your quiet interests, you'd seen larger, but to see them always there, hovering at the bottom of your vision, they were a constant reminder of your new status. And now, they were bigger still. Bigger than your head. Bigger than your torso, ready to widen above your shoulders and beyond your stiffened arms. Bigger than you could hope to hold. Bigger than you could hope to reach. But then, you didn't have to worry about touching yourself. There was someone for that.

A thread of tightness was running through you. Something beyond the rubber exaggeration of womanhood. So far, your new body had adjusted just how it was supposed to, no matter what was asked. Now, a promise of tension whispered from within, making the whole of you feel taut. Taut felt good. Beyond good. It was the edge of a bliss you'd only imagined, and everywhere you rubbed against yourself, or he touched you, made you long to see what the limits could feel like. Just a little more. A little more. You'd be stiff. Endlessly shiny. Ready to do something. That thing balloons did when they got too big. It made you feel so intoxicated, that you couldn't quite put a word to it as you slowly creaked larger.

You were vibrating when his lips finally lifted from you. A gasp of attempted escape, before he pressed

your nozzle closed, and plugged it down beneath your surface. The delicious pressure was trapped inside. The guardian against its escape, and the prize for this was looking so full, so perfect. Irresistible. It made your new skin tingle, made you ache with a need that had always been somewhere in the back of your mind, unspoken. It, too, had risen, and firmed as your career in front of your webcam gained momentum, but terms of service always restricted what you could actually portray.

Now, with the aid of a man you found yourself ready to do anything for, in his command, you found purpose and freedom to be what you could not be for yourself. He was staring at you, too. You could feel it as his eyes crossed over you, hungry for the expanse you now projected. You quivered in response, ready for his inspection. Your heart fluttered when he grinned. "I'm going to enjoy you." Was this reflection, or intent?

Even as he lifted you now, your bulging and sensitive curves were unavoidable. With every contact, inadvertent or earnest, creaks escaped. As if your rubber frame decided to moan for you. This was fortunate. The feeling of being stretched, of there being so little you dividing air within from air without was endlessly delightful. And as he moved you, more of it was inevitable.

As happy as you were, one thing remained. You'd been given the shape. It only remained for form to follow function. To be used as you were made. In his arms felt right. But that was only the beginning of what you needed to culminate this.

His hands explored you, eager to find every sensitive spot in turn. How every given part of you felt beneath his calloused fingers. You overfilled his palms when he grasped at one of your breasts, but none of it felt wasted. You creaked as he traced the line where they met, then fullness of your hips. And finally, his fingers sank over the ridges and molded folds of your sex, and down into the space between. A bolt of electricity ran through you. Yes. Yes!

You pouted when he laid you down on the cushions, wondering why he might bring you so close, then pull away. But then he stood, and on the periphery of your vision, he unbuckled his belt, and let his pants and boxers fall. Oh! But before they could, your eyes could see his own excitement. His own swollen growth. With how you felt, anything would do. But his pulsing desire and eager cock throbbed with something that would surely stretch the depths you'd just been given.

One leg lifted and crossed over you, sinking into the cushion. He leaned his weight against you, pulling off his shirt. You pillowed, tightening beneath his thighs. The pressure caught him, making you only feel fuller. Your airy pillows rose to attention. He put a hand upon them, sliding another around your scarce waist. Your thighs tried to repel him with their fullness, but he proved able fold them up at your sides, revealing the hot center between. His pelvis positioned right against the waiting, lubricated fold. You realized you were trembling. He was right against you. He was going to be inside you. Your body creaked in ecstatic delight as he notched his head against your new pussy, and slid himself down slow, savoring the feeling of flesh to rubber as you enveloped his dick.

The pressure clutched him there, and he groaned, echoing your body's own noise. Of all the music, all the commands, this made you blush the fiercest. A praise you had earned. His hips shifted, and you squeaked, the angle of entry twisting in the crux between the two of you, until his hips tried to buck unheeded, now in what felt like the right position.

The deeper he went, the more you hugged. The more the pressure rippled the whole of you. It was as if he was fucking every inch, all of your ballooned frame swelling to take what he gave, and relaxing once more as he drew back to give it to you again. A sensual, sexual breathing. A building ecstasy that never seemed to finish running through you.

His eyes were wild after only a few such passes, his breathing reduced to a series of low pants. He

clutched you tighter, making you creak more desperately. The rhythm of movement he'd established failed to keep its meter, and he pushed quicker and quicker, not able to hold himself back against you, much less within. "Didn't know you'd feel so incredible," fell from his mouth, an earnest and loving whisper, just for you. His arms pulled over shoulders and under your back, clinging tighter, pulling you up as best he could, squishing your balloons to your chest until they simply refused to press any flatter.

You could feel his heartbeat pounding through you. He was so warm. The heat reached a peak in the space between you. His eyes closed. His expression clenched with intensity, before it broke through, and gave way to spreading relief.

Your tautness measured his own swelling, the throbs that pushed against you from within, and felt so keenly as he stiffened one last bit. As he pulled tighter against you, body shaking. As the panting fell to a long, low grunt, that shook into a deepening rasp, as if all had been taken from him. Heat and wet splattered against you down below. And then, again. And again. His hips shifted in sheer instinct, rational thoughts banished from the both of you.

No longer able to hold upright, he fell back down with you, head landing atop your bust. The ragged, empty breaths slowed, and his heart pounded through your flesh less notably. "Mmm," he cleared his throat, not quite able to speak yet.

You were still riding what had just happened, his claiming of you, when his hand reached down, and grasped the nozzle at your thigh. Your focus rushed to it. You trusted him. This wasn't a threat. You felt him slowly pull out the stopper, a loud hiss rushing from you. With his weight upon you, the nozzle felt at capacity, air running out of you as quickly as it could. You felt breathless as all that you'd been given, all that collected within, fell from tension. Increasingly breathless, vision trying to wander to take it all in, you could see your incredible bust falling in against itself. Your waist giving out, and pressing front to back. The more of it escaped, the stiller you felt. It could have been alarming. There was a building darkness around you, as if you needed the air to be you.

But, the darkness wasn't frightening. It was warm. A weighted blanket bearing you down, smoothing you flat. Taking away unwanted thought and perception. As the hiss lowered in intensity, as you felt only lazy air left, the weight of DragonAirforce pushing out what remained, he smiled at you through your increasingly hazy vision. "Soon, you'll be where you belong." You would have wondered where that was, but there was no longer enough air to think with, much less worry. You felt him starting to fold you up, before the world fell away entirely.