Would You Like To Fly With My Beautiful Balloons (Part 1)

by Helia A. Melonowski

"Hold on! I've got you!"

"No! No! I'm slipping!"

"Don't squirm! I've got you!" Your hand grasping mine was slippery with sweat. You reached up trying to grab at the little bit of fabric left clinging to my neck.

"I'm filling up more! Ooh! Don't let me go!" I cried as my breasts swelled even bigger. My panic was making me breath in gulps of air. The air was making me balloon up larger and larger.

Your grip slackened for a second as you attempted to grab at the collar of my blown out sweater. That was all it took for me to suddenly shoot towards the sky.

"Noooo!" I screamed as I rose into the big blue, flying up one hundred feet...two hundred feet...three hundred feet into the air. The land shrank away as my bulging breasts grew larger and larger and larger...

I shot up in bed, my big breasts plopping in my lap. I gasped as I wiped the perspiration from my forehead. My breasts had blown up in my sleep and were bulging in the see-thru black silk nightie I was wearing. They were a lot bigger than my normal sized 68EE bust.

"Honey, are you okay?" you said, waking and rolling over in bed to face me. I leaned to the side of the bed and clicked the bed-side lamp on. Your eyes widened seeing that my breasts were pushing out in my black nightie. "Oh, baby. Not again!"

I looked at you sorrowfully. For the last two weeks, I had been waking up from nightmares of my breasts or body ballooning up to incredible sizes without control. There was no reason for the dreams. Unfortunately, each time I had the dream, I would be breathing so heavily in my sleep I would wake up with my poor breasts plumpened up to larger than normal (?!) sizes.

You, being the great guy that you were, felt sorry for me. Reaching over, you pulled me to you and kissed me gently. My huge, ballooned up breasts rubbed against you. "Don't worry, baby. Things will be fine," you reassured me.

"But I can't figure out why this is happening. Why am I having these nightmares? What do they mean?" I said buried in your chest, my fingers fumbling under the covers for...something.

"They probably don't mean anything. You just have to thik of something else before you go to sleep," you suggested as you felt my probing fingers.

We settled back under the covers. I crawled on top of you and playfully buffeted you with my ballooned-up soft bosoms.

The balloon cart appeared around the corner. The short fat man pushing smiled at me as it stopped before me. He motioned me closer, holding a rubber hose in one of his pudgy little hands.

"Yes?" I inquired.

"It's time for you to grow bigger," the balloon seller said, holding the hose out towards me.

"But I am big enough," I said, as I felt my big breasts bulging in my summer top.

The man pushed the rubber hose into my mouth. I couldn't let it go or spit it out. I heard a hissing sound and looked up seeing the balloons attached to the cart start to swell.

"It is time to grow bigger," the fat little man said as I felt a tingly taut sensation in my chest. I felt my breasts grow taut, as if groping the outside of a inflating balloon. I shook my head, trying to gesture that I didn't want this to happen.

It was too late. I felt my poor breasts begin to swell bigger and bigger in my little hands. My top stretched with my ballooning bosom. The short man grinned and turned a dial behind the cart and the hissing grew louder. My boobs fattened more rapidly, blowing up bigger and bigger and bigger. My top was soon stretched with giant round breasts. They pushed so hard against the material that my nipples--which were also plumpening--could be felt pressing against the strained top.

"You must grow and stay that big," the little fat man grinned as I blew up and up and up, bigger and bigger. I tried to cry out, but more air rushed into me and into my ballooning breasts.

I was going to explode! I was going to pop!

I woke up drenched in sweat, laying on the lawn chair on the deck near the swimming pool of our place. I gasped seeing the two large round domes of flesh bulging off my chest. My bikini top had blasted away, leaving my gigantic globes exposed under the afternoon sun. I placed my hands on my huge breasts that were now way beyond my normal 68EE size. They felt odd--maybe filled with air, but...

"Sweetie! What happened to you?" you exclaimed as you stepped outside with a pitcher of lemonade. Your eyes were on my naked boobs that were bulging big and firm almost from my chin and partially obscuring my trim tummy.

"I...I had another dream," I said rubbing my hugely swollen breasts. My nipples started to pop up.

"Oh. Is that all. Another one of those irritating dreams," you said, stepping up to me, setting the lemonade down on the little table next to our lawn chairs.

"I think it's more than a dream."

"Huh?" you said incredulously.

"There..there was a little man in this dream and he said I was going to stay this way," I sobbed, as I dropped my hands from my gigantic boobs. I just stood there with them sticking out before me.

"You're going to stay that big? Stay that size?"

"I think so," I replied. "Are you upset?"

"Upset! Are you kidding!" you exclaimed as you moved even closer, your eyes on my humongus chest. "I think it's great!"

As you physically admired my breasts I decided not to tell you that something like this had happened before, a year or two ago. I had gone from a paltry 38D to my current 68EE after a series of bizarre dreams. Now, I had gone from a rather large 68EE to...what? Only my seamstress would know...

Would You Like To Fly With My Beautiful Balloons (Part 2)

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"You're going to stay that big? Stay that size?"

"I think so," I replied. "Are you upset?"

"Upset! Are you kidding?!" you exclaimed as you moved even closer, your eyes on my humongus chest. "I think it's great!"

As you physically admired my breasts, I decided not to tell you that something like this had happened before, a year or two ago. I had gone from a paltry 38D to my current 68EE after a series of bizarre dreams. Now, I had gone from a rather large 68EE to...what? Only my seamstress could know...

The old oak door opened, causing the little bell attached to the door frame above to jingle loudly. I pushed open the door, seeing my seamstress and two other older women standing within the small dress shoppe. All three turned with the ring of the little bell. I started to move through the door, my bulging top rubbing against the sides of the door frame.

"Ooh! This isn't good," I exclaimed as I found myself wedged in the door way. My breasts were so large and wide that they wouldn't totally fit through the structure.

"Oh my goodness, child!" said my seamstress, Mrs. Seegler, as she hurriedly moved to assist me. I squeezed my arms around my chest and she took hold of my hands and started to pull.

"Here. I will help," one of the women in the shoppe said, joining Mrs. Seegler. Mrs. Seegler had my right hand and the other woman took hold of my left. They both began to gently tug. The ancient door frame could be heard splintering from the pressure my huge bust was putting upon it.

"Ow! I'm getting wedged in tighter!" I cried as my boobs bulged against the door on both sides of the opening.

Mrs. Seegler called out to the other woman in the shoppe, "Linda, go out through the back and try pushing her from behind."

"I am so embarrassed," I said, looking at Mrs. Seegler. I had been seeing her for years now. She was a friend of the family and had been making my custom-made undergarments and outfits since I was 14.

I felt Linda's hands on the small of my back.

"Push!" Mrs. Seegler called out, as she and her friend pulled and the other woman pushed.

The wood frame work creaked and splintered as I was slowly pulled through the door. My boobs were pinched painfully in the doorway, but things became better as I moved through the opening inch by inch.

"Just a little more!" Mrs. Seegler said. A single bead of sweat rolled down her wrinkled brow.

I gasped as I suddenly popped through the door opening almost knocking the two women over as my boobs were released. My big breasts ached a bit and I ran my little hands over their massive roundness.

Linda came through the door behind me, giving me a sour look as she moved around in front of me. "My word! What are you young women doing growing so...so..."

"Please, I am sure the poor dear has been through enough," Mrs. Seegler cut her friend off and took me by the elbow and ushered me deeper into the little shoppe. Her friends stayed behind, talking amongst themselves.

I sat in a comfortable chair, topless with my humongusly round and protruding boobs sticking out before me. My nipples were the size of shotglasses, surrounded by areolas the size of saucers. Mrs. Seegler had finished measuring my enlarged chest and was doing some calculations on how much fabric she'd need to let my bras and tops out to contain my newly acquired size.

"How big am I, by the way?" I asked the seamstress. I wiped a trickle of sweat from between my breasts. It was unbelievably hot in the back room of her shoppe. I would have asked her to crack a window but there wasn't one. I wished she would have taken me to the other room with the back door. I was burning up.

Mrs. Seegler just shook her head and continued writing things done and drawing little sketches on her pad of paper.

"Please...I need to know," I said. I felt woozy. The heat was making my head swim.

The pencil the old woman was using suddenly snapped, breaking the lead. "Poo! I will be right back." And she left the room.

The pad was there on the table along with sheets of cloth and sewing needles. A measuring tape had uncoiled and lay on the floor. It was not the normal type of measuring tape, but one she had taken out when I had achieved my 68EE size. I slowly got up, my big boobs shifting slightly. I moved to the little table. My huge breasts swayed. I glanced down at the paper and the heat seemed to rise as my eyes gazed down on the number she had written down pertaining to my new bust size.

I staggered backwards, falling back into the comfy chair. My mind spun, seemingly whipping around and around but stopping just long enough to flash a number before my mind's eye. Spin, spin, spin. 92 inches. Spin, spin, spin. 92 inches. 92 inches. 92 inches.

A small rough hand shook my bare shoulder. I opened my eyes, blinking until my surroundings came in clearly.

"Hello, my big balloon-chested lass. It is time to grow." It was the short fat man who I had seen before. Seen before in my dreams? But now...in reality!

"No! Stay away!" I exclaimed trying to lift my hands to push him away but found them tied down snugly to the arms of the comfy chair.

The fat little man moved closer, a red air hose in his stumpy little hand. I tried to cry out but he shoved the hose into my mouth. Once my lips wrapped around it I couldn't open my mouth. I blinked and found him hooking up two rubber cups to the ends of my bulging naked breasts. The rubber cups looked like soup bowls and fit neatly over my nipples and areolas. At the end of the cups, facing outward, were another pair of air hoses. The air hoses went down to the floor and behind the dwarfish fat man, connecting to a huge air tank. I couldn't remember seeing the air tank in Mrs. Seegler's shoppe before.

"Ready to grow?" the fleshy squat man grinned, as he reached behind him and twisted a handle on the air tank. He twisted it once, twice, three times.

I shook my head NO! as the air hoses quivered and grew taut, the air racing up to meet my body. I felt a pinching sensation on my nipples, then pressure--pressure that seemed to fill my breasts, pushing them outwards. The hose in my mouth began to pump blasts of air down into my body.

"Bigger. Bigger, young lady. That is what is meant to be," the short fat man snickered as his eyes lit up as I blew up.

A small rough hand shook my bare shoulder. I opened my eyes, blinking until my surroundings came in clearly.

"Are you all right, child?" Mrs. Seegler asked with her face close to mine. Her breath smelled like peppermint.

I looked around. There was no little fat man nor any air hoses or air tanks to be seen.

Then I looked down at my still bare breasts...

"I want you to measure me again," I told the seamstress.

"Honey, I think the heat is getting to you. Maybe we should go into the other room," she said.

"No, please. Measure my chest again. I think I have gotten bigger." She looked at me oddly and retrieved the measuring tape.

I lifted my arms as she ran the large tape measure around my back, under my arms. She couldn't avoid brushing against the projecting spheres as she pulled the tape around out to the end of my gigantic bust. The ends of the tape didn't reach each other this time.

"Oh my! How did I miscalculate so?" Mrs. Seegler said looking at the tape measure. "You're over 100 inches!"

I felt faint.

Mrs. Seegler gave me a XXXXL t-shirt that actually tucked into my pants. She said she'd have new brassieres and some cute tops for me in a few days, knowing I was in need of some new garments quickly. I had walked to the shoppe so I called my friend to come pick me up. Mrs. Seegler and her friends squeezed me back outside of the place and waited until my ride arrived.

"Thanks for all your help...and sorry about the door frame," I said blushing.

"No problem. I needed to get that fixed anyway." Mrs. Seegler smiled and waved as a blue full-sized Chevy van pulled up to the curb.

I stepped up to the passenger side door and almost broke a nail trying to pull the handle that didn't budge. My girlfriend inside at the wheel motioned me to use the slider door on the side of the van to get in.

I waved again to my seamstress and opened the sliding van door and climbed into the back. When I shut the door the lock snapped down. I glanced up at my girlfriend and gasped.

"Hello, my plump-chested philly," said the short fat man, smiling mischieviously at me and looking down at my giant boobs. "It's time to blow those beauties up to their fullest potential."

Would You Like To Fly With My Beautiful Balloons (Part 3)

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Mrs. Seegler gave me a XXXXL t-shirt that actually tucked into my pants. She said she'd have new brassieres and some cute tops for me in a few days knowing I was in need of some new garments quickly. I had walked to the shoppe so I called my friend to come pick me up. Mrs. Seegler and her friends squeezed me back outside of the place and waited until my ride arrived.

"Thanks for all your help...and sorry about the door frame," I said blushing. "No problem. I needed to get that fixed anyway," Mrs. Seegler smiled, as a blue full-sized Chevy van pulled up to the curb.

I stepped up to the passenger side door and almost broke a nail trying to pull the handle; it didn't budge. My girlfriend inside at the wheel motioned me to use the slider door on the side of the van to get in.

I waved again to my seamstress and opened the sliding van door and climbed into the back. When I shut the door, the lock snapped down. I glanced up at my girlfriend and gasped.

"Hello, my plump-chested philly." The short fat man smiled mischieviously at me, looking down at my giant boobs. "It's time to blow those beauties up to their fullest potential."

"Wh-who are you?" I asked him, as I backed away towards the rear of the van. I was bending over to keep from hitting my head along the roof. My big boobs were against my knees and bounced every time I took a step.

"My associates from where I'm from call me Xrynere," the man said chuckling as the van moved out onto the street rather quickly. He turned, taking his hands off the steering wheel. The van still moved forward.

It was the first time I really got a good look at him. He wasn't a man at all, at least not any sort of human I had ever seen. His hair was a dark green, as were his eyes. He only had four fingers on each hand. His outfit was something out of a old fairy tale.

"You can call me Mr. Dumpling." He grinned as the van picked up speed.

"Aah!" I was thrown back into the rear door, landing on my bottom. My big boobs jumped and walloped me in the face. I laid there, looking over my miniature mountains at the THING in the front seat.

"What do you want with me? Where are you taking me?" I cried, as I felt the van moving faster and faster. I glanced up at the rear windows, seeing all sorts of multi-color lights flashing in.

"I already told you, my sweet little balloon-chested girl. You are going to be have the biggest pair of balloons...er, breasts...in all of Tonwondaland." He smiled as the lights that flashed and swirled in the windshield before him began to blot out his person. "And that, my dirigible dear, is where I am taking you."

The colors flashing into the van grew so intense I had to shut my eyes. As the light enveloped the inside and outside of the van, I felt these strange pirckly sensations in my chest. They spread throughout my whole body. The prickly sensation ran up and down my legs. I cried out as the sensations vibrated my midsection, below my abdomen, against my crotch. It was...it was a...

My brain fell over and tumbled into a black hole, pulling the rest of me into unconsciousness.

I realized the van wasn't moving.

The rear doors suddenly swung open. I looked back, seeing Mr. Dumpling standing there. "Where are we?" I asked him. I tried to roll over but my huge boobs bounced off the sides of the van.

"We've stopped, my bouncy bunny," the fat little man said as he waved the nozzle of a gas pump before me. "We're at a filling station."

"I..." I was cut off when he popped the end of the pump nozzle into my open mouth. He pulled back on the lever on the handle and, much to my glee, didn't pour gasoline down my throat. My eyes widened, though, when I felt what did come out.

It was air!

"I think you're about ten gallons low, my helium-inhaling honey," grinned the fat short man, as the air rushed down the hose, through the nozzle and into my mouth, down my throat.

My cheeks puffed out as my chest did the same. The t-shirt grew tighter and tighter as my boobs grew fatter and fatter. I could feel the air rushing in, rushing down my throat and going right to my chest, filling my already enormous breasts.

"I think I will go in and buy a soda or something," Mr. Dumpling said as he flipped up the little device that holds the nozzle lever in place, in the open position, and walked away towards the building where the "gas" was purchased.

"NnnmmF! Nn!" I struggled as my boobs hit the sides of the van and wedged me in place. They were four feet in diameter each and continuing to gain.

I struggled as my boobs expanded larger and larger, filling with air. My poor oversized boob-balloons were pressing against the interior of the van wedging me in tighter and tighter. I realized I had to get out soon or I'd be suffocated and squished.

Placing my feet flat on the van floor, I pushed myself. It was fairly hard to do, to get myself to move even an inch, with my growing boobs pressing against the van walls. The carpeting below my bottom was just a strip laid unfastened on the cold metal floor. The tennis shoes I was wearing connected with the metal floor outside the rug and as I pushed the whole carpet moved. I slowly made my way out the back of the van, my head and shoulders emerging into the open.

Getting an arm free from beneath my bloating bosoms I pulled the nozzle out of my mouth. It dropped to the ground, wriggling around abit like a snake. I pulled myself a little further out, both arms becoming free. I was able to squeeze myself out of the back of the van, finally able to put my feet back on solid ground.

"Oh my gosh! I'm huge!" I cried looking down at my enormous breasts. The t-shirt was doing a great job staying in one piece even though it was now stretched only to the ends of my breasts, barely covering my giant areolas. I ran my little hands over the little expanses that I could actually reach with my breasts bulging so far out to the sides and before me. I was glad they were obviously filled with air or they would be pulling me down to the ground. Instead, they bulged out five feet in diameter each, my giant boob-balloons. I pushed on them, trying to squeeze the air out, but it didn't work.

"Ah, so you stepped out to get a breath of fresh air?" I turned around, my big inflated boobs bopping Mr. Dumpling. He just stood there and smiled, holding two bottles of clear soda pop. "Here. I got this for you," the short little fat man said holding out one of the sodas towards me. "Thanks...but what about my boobs? I'm huge! I think I am too huge!" I said, taking the soda he offered. It was some brand I never heard of.

"Well, I told you, my tubby-chested tulip, that you were going to get very large." I ran my little hands around and around what I could reach of my giant breasts, feeling their girth and soft rigidity. "But they are so big. I never expected to be this size. EVER!"

I popped the cap on the soda and took a long draw from it. It was rather bubbly. I gulped it down then took a look at the label on the side of the bottle. It read:

Do not drink this product if you have problems with inflating.

Mr. Dumpling smiled and tipped the bottle back to my lips. The liquid poured in and I swallowed it. When the bottle tipped away I found I had emptied it. "Oh my!" I gasped along with a little burp.

"My gorgeously gigantic girl, you are nowhere near the ultimate size I mentioned," the little man grinned as he looked at my huge breasts bulging before him.

Suddenly my boobs swelled outward, blasting out of the confines of the overstretched t-shirt. I cried out as my poor breasts ballooned out of control. The fat little man had to step to the side of me and step back several feet as my tremendous tits expanded larger and larger and larger.

"No! I'm getting too big!" I shrieked.

Mr. Dumpling chuckled evilly. "I told you, my bountiful beauty, you were going to blow up to your fullest potential."

A station attendant ran out of the building dragging two air hoses behind him. "We're ready," Mr. Dumpling smiled at the kid. The attendant stepped around in front of my huge breasts. I felt something press into my huge nipples.

"Hey! Wait! No! Stop! I don't want to be any bigger!" I cried as the attendant ran back into the building.

Mr. Dumpling picked the nozzle up from the ground and pushed it back into my mouth. He squeezed the nozzle lever and the air began to rush back into me. At the same time I felt the air hoses jerk that were somehow attached to my fat nipples, and then a renewed pressure building in my breasts. "No! No more!"

"Too late," Mr. Dumpling laughed as my ballooning boobs shot forward and to the sides, growing at an incredible rate.

"Noo! Noooo!!" My poor breasts blew up bigger and bigger as the air rushed in. "Oh quit whining! You know your bosoms blow up," Mr. Dumpling humpfed.

"No! I'm starting to rise off the ground! No! I..." I realized...I realized...that I was enjoying the sensations of my giant blossoming boobs growing to colossal sizes. "I...I want to be bigger! Bigger! Make me bigger!"

Mr. Dumpling smiled and signalled to the kid in the station, gesturing for him to turn up the air pressure. "Your desire is my command, my wonderfully-watermelon chested young woman," Mr. Dumpling said as my enormous breasts shot up bigger and bigger and bigger.

"Yes! Yes! More, more, more!" I cried with glee.

Several days later in Tonwondaland, Mr Dumpling unveiled the newest form of air travel. People from miles around lined up to be the first to take a ride.

"Hello. Welcome to Dumpling Air," I smiled, turning my head to look over my shoulder as the first group of people, a large group of men, stepped aboard the gondola I stood upon. All they could see was my backside. My front was covered by a large curtain. They stopped for a moment, looking up at the upper edge of the curtain. Two huge flesh-colored balloon-looking spheres rose to the blue sky twice the size of any regular hot air balloon manufactured. "Please move around to your seats and enjoy the ride."