

Carnival Balloons

"Hank are you sure there's a carnival way out here?" Mariel asked, looking out the car window. "There's nothing but trees and farmland!"

"I swear the advertisement said it was out here. It didn't have an address, all it said was 'ten miles down Swan Falls Road'." Hank told his girlfriend.

"Why would they put a carnival all the way out here?! I feel like we're going to get jumped or something. What if we break down? There's only an hour or so of light left!"

Hank sighed and turned the radio up slightly. "Relax, nothing's going to happen. I told you it wasn't a normal carnival, remember?"

"You said it was for 21 and up." Mariel looked at him, dubious.

"Right. So they want to make sure it's not some place where kids could get in; there's some adult themes and stuff, you know?" Hank tried to explain.

"What kind of adult stuff? This isn't some weird porn convention is it? You know I hate porn." She crossed her arms and looked at him, wanting the truth.

The dull yellow glow from the setting sun made her green eyes shine as she bore a hole through him. She had wavy blonde hair that surrounded her small neck. Her stature was smaller, and as she held her folded arms against her chest Hank could see a bit of cleavage peeking over her tank top, her outer shirt unbuttoned. She must have worn a push-up bra for the occasion, because they looked a bit more pronounced than her usual smaller B cups. Hank loved when she wore a push-up bra. Even if she did it mostly for his benefit. Her legs shuffled in her tight jeans as she looked at him.

Hank looked back and smiled. He and Mariel had been together for nearly three years now. She had always been more on the innocent side of things. Even in bed their sex life was relatively vanilla. But he found her innocence enduring. Hank reassured her. "I know you don't, and it has nothing to do with porn, I swear." He saw her face loosen a little. "Honestly I don't know what to expect! Jake told me about it when he gave me the flyer. Just said it was all the silliness of a regular carnival, but geared towards adults. "

"Alright... But we're leaving if I'm uncomfortable, ok? Jake hasn't always given you the best referrals."

"I wouldn't want you to be uncomfortable! And it's still a carnival, I'm sure it's all in fun."

Mariel uncrossed her arms and ran a hand through her hair. "Hope we get there soon, I'm a little hungry."

"That makes two of us."

They drove on, with only fences and the empty fields of summer to pass them by. Hank squinted his eyes and leaned forward, pointing. "Hey I think I see some lights up there!"

Mariel looked, and sure enough, visible on the horizon, were the tops of two ferris wheels, turning slowly against the twilight sky. "Oh! We have to go on those!" She bounced a little in her seat from excitement.

“We'll put it on the list.” Hank promised.

A few minutes later, the entire carnival was coming into view. Hank parked the car, surprised at how many other cars were there. They both got out, and the sound of games, bells, and a mob of people talking and laughing hit them. Mariel looked up at the two ferris wheels standing next to each other, and frowned slightly. Hank followed her gaze, and started laughing.

“We'll we're definitely going on them now!” He roared.

“They're giant boobs!” Mariel said, almost shocked. “What are they thinking??”

The two wheels were covered in a light tan canvas, centered with two large drawn on nipples that had to be twice the size of one the tires of Hank's truck. They loomed over the carnival like oversized highway billboards, benches spinning along their circumferences. Hank couldn't stop laughing.

“I guess that's *one* reason to keep the carnival way out in the middle of nowhere!” He laughed, walking towards the ticket gate.

Mariel stood for a second, before he looked back at her and held out his hand. “Can't believe we're going to this...” She mumbled.

“Come on, it'll be fun! Don't be such a prude.” He wrapped his arms around her as they walked around a fence to face the ticket counter. Hank started laughing again.

A giant cutout of a classic cartoonish blonde bimbo was there. She sat on the ground with her legs bent and spread, people laughing and entering through the gates located between her legs, while her face was frozen in a look of pleasure above them.

Mariel blushed. “You've got to be kidding me.”

“It's funny!” Hank confessed, stepping up to a ticket booth and purchasing their tickets. The woman behind the glass made sure to card both of them, which partly relieving Mariel. They both received stamps on their hands in the shape of an unopened condom wrapper.

“This better wash off...” Mariel said, looking at the ink on the back of her hand.

A bouncer stood at the gate between the woman's legs, and asked each of them to flash their stamp. After clearing the final check, they entered, and were immediately struck with a wall of lights and sounds. Lewd images and suggestive shapes and cutouts were everywhere. Mariel couldn't look anywhere without seeing some kind of partial nudity or crude reference. Hank was loving it.

Nearly every stand or attraction was themed after some body part, usually female. And to say that the large majority of carnies were scantily clad would be an understatement. Most of the game workers were in some form of lingerie, many leaving little to the imagination. A clown rode past on a unicycle with a giant penis balloon sticking out of his pants. Hank noticed Mariel do a double take when she saw him.

Many of the carnival goers had dressed for the occasion it seemed, many of the women walking around in their bras, others in mostly unbuttoned shirts without bras. Most of the guys looked like they were there for the scenery. Giant sexual plushies were drifting around the park,

giant boob or a cock pillows being carried around by many. Some girls seemed to be wearing giant novelty bras, comically too large for them. Mariel's mouth gaped.

"How you doing?" He asked, rubbing her shoulder.

"It's a bit much... Who would want to bring home any of these prizes?"

"People without kids or guests..." Hank answered with a laugh. "I can't imagine many of the prizes even make it home. We can leave if you want." He suggested half heartedly.

Mariel knew he was being honest, but they had come all this way, and had already paid. She looked as a woman with a pair of bouncing DD breasts clad in a blue bra walked past them. Mariel pulled her neckline up, self conscious. She knew there was no way Hank wasn't looking at the busty women all around him; he was a serial boob-man. She sighed. "No, it's fine. I just need some food!" She looked up at him and forced a grin.

"Don't worry, you'll have a good time! We just gotta embrace the crazy. No one has to know that we even came here!" He winked at his girlfriend. It made her feel a little better. Hank looked around, and pointed to a food stand down an alley of attractions. "How about that, Dave's Big Weiners. Feel like a corn dog?" Mariel nodded and took his arm.

They walked through the crowds, getting in line for food. "What will it be?" The cashier asked.

"One corn dog and one funnel cake please." Hank said.

"With or without mozzarella balls?"

Hank looked at Mariel, and she nodded timidly. "With please."

"Coming right up. That'll be \$14." Hank paid the man, and within minutes their food was ready for pickup.

Hank went into another fit of laughter when he got his food, while Mariel stared at her food, embarrassed. His funnel cakes were in two hemispheres on his plate, each topped with a cherry, like two sugary tits. She had been given a corndog in the shape of a large penis, head and all. She looked back at the counter. "Didn't we get mozzarella balls?"

Hank looked at her food, and pointed to the base of the corn dog at two round deep fried balls. "Pretty sure you got 'em!" Mariel's face blushed red. She didn't know how she was supposed to eat this with people watching.

"I'm going to look like I'm giving a blowjob if I eat this!" She cried to hank.

"Pretty sure that's the joke!" Hank laughed. He saw the familiar timidity in her eyes and decided to have pity on her. "How about we eat over behind that booth, hardly anyone is there."

"Thanks..." She said, trying to hide her ridiculous food.

They sat down and Hank tried to comfort her. "Don't worry about it so much! Everything and everyone here is ridiculous. You'd be out of place if you *didn't* have a cock shaped corn dog in your hands. Have fun with it!"

She sighed; he was right. She needed to loosen up a little and have fun. How many people could say they've been to a sex themed carnival? It's best to make memories like these

now so they had them later. She smiled a little, as she saw hank bite the nipple off one of his cakes.

“Hey, Hank.” She cooed softly.

“Yea?” He asked, turning towards her, powdered sugar on his face.

Mareil was holding the stick of the corn dog, gently licking the head. Her tongue began to work around the tip, exploring more of the shaft, before she slowly slid the first half into her mouth. Hank felt his pants tighten as she started pulling it in and out of her mouth slowly, her lush lips sliding across it. She popped it out of her mouth, and gave him a sly smile, despite her red face.

“How’d you like that?” She asked, giving the shaft another lick.

“I’m hoping it’s a preview of something to come!” He admitted, shifting his legs.

“Oh yea? Well what about this?” She continued licking, before suddenly taking a large bite off the top, chewing ravenously. “How about now?”

“Nope, you ruined it.”

They both laughed then, before continuing to eat. Hank was right, she needed to loosen up a little. She was starting to feel more comfortable. It was only a carnival. She looked around at the interesting people walking by them. A girl walked by wearing a bra over her shirt that looked large enough to hold two coconuts, and she didn’t look too far off from actually being able to fill it.

“What’s with all these giant bras people are wearing?” She asked.

“I don’t know, I think it’s probably a prize from some game. We can try and find it if you want!”

“Oh boy, then I would finally have a bra that fits!” She teased.

“I think that size would fit about right.” Hank said, pointing at a bra a woman was carrying, easily big enough to hold two volleyballs.

“Yea you’d like that wouldn’t you? Boobs bigger than my head?” Mariel said, hitting him slightly with her shoulder. They laughed together some more, gathering up their trash and walking around the park.

Many of the games and rides followed a familiar pattern. They played a game similar to ring toss, but the bottles had been switched out for something more suitable for the occasion. There were vendors selling everything from lingerie to fetish gear that Hank thought only existed in movies. Even a game where you could win a dildo. Surprisingly there was actually quite a line of women in front of it.

In typical carnival fashion, there were even carnival freaks. Hank's favorite had been the Lactating Woman, who’s giant breasts never ran out of milk. Mariel wouldn't admit it, but he had seen her stare extra long at Baseball Bat Tony, a man with a freakishly long penis. They had just finished watching a burlesque show on a portable stage and were wandering around when they heard the loud call of a carnny.

“STEP RIGHT UP, STEP RIGHT UP!” She yelled, waltzing around in her booth.
“HOOOOW BIG DO YOU WANT TO BE? FILL ME UP AND WE’LL SEE!”

She had caught both of their attentions. She was an incredibly attractive woman with long curling black hair falling around her shoulders like curtains, heavy makeup brightening her face like glitter. She was wearing a black and gold leotard with black pantyhose, her figure well defined. She looked like a magician's assistant. Her chest was nearly flat, but her rear made up for it. A wall full of bras ranging from small to gigantic stood behind her. Some were so large that they looked like they were meant to hold two pregnant bellies, rather than breasts.

“Hey I think we found where everyone is getting those huge bras!” Hank nudged Mariel.

The woman saw them staring and spoke directly to them now. “How about you? Looks like you could stand to go up a cup size or ten!”

Mariel's face flushed red and she crossed her arms over her breasts. *Big talk coming from someone the same size as me*, she thought, looking the carny over.

“What do you say, Mr. Boyfriend? Want to at least see how big you can make *me*? Only ten bucks for one of the best shows at the carnival!” The carny continued, giving her flat chest a squeeze.

Hank looked at Mariel and smiled questioningly, and she shrugged slightly in response. They approached the booth, placing a ten dollar bill on the counter.

“*Wonderful!*” She called out. “Take a seat and get your trigger finger ready!”

Hank sat on a small plastic bench in front of a mounted swiveling gun. He recognized this game; the goal was to shoot a stream of water into the target across the booth and fill a balloon. The woman walked into his view, standing by the target; a picture of a woman with her mouth open.

“Let's see what you've got; bigger I get the bigger the prize!” She told him before flipping a switch.

Hank didn't fully understand what she meant, but the target in front of him jumped to life and began spinning as lights flashed. He quickly grabbed the gun and began shooting, the hole dodging around quickly. He got a couple shots in, struggling to keep up.

“Here we go, ladies and gentlemen! Watch me grow, watch me grow!” She called out to those walking by.

Mariel didn't know if it was just her imagination, but the carny woman's breasts did actually seem a little bigger, her leotard rounding out slightly around her bust. Hank continued with the squirt gun.

“He's getting the hang of it now! I'm starting to show!” The woman puffed out her chest, making her boobs bulge in front of her. She really was growing. With each bit of water Hank shot into the target's hole, her breasts increased in size.

She wiggled her torso side to side as her breasts gained weight, jiggling around in her tight spandex. She had gone from flat to being a handful, and Hank had missed the large majority

of his shots. “Uh oh, times almost up!” She cooed, squeezing her chest, “Better hurry if you want me any bigger!”

Hank tried his best, getting a few solid shots in, and out of the corner of his eye he could see the woman swell out a few more cup sizes, cleavage bubbling up from under her bodysuit.

BUUUZZZZ

The lights flashed and a loud timer sounded, the flow of water stopping. Hank dropped his hands and let out a sigh of relief; he hadn't been prepared for such a game.

“Not too bad!” The carny admitted, hefting her boobs in her hands. “Nice pair of respectable milkers here!” They were each a bit larger than grapefruits, and stood out perky on her chest like tight mounds, her leotard working to keep them up.

Mariel was speechless. It had to have been some trick. They looked so real, right down to her new cleavage, curving together high on her chest. The woman saw her looking and smiled. “You like them? Why don't you give them a shot yourself, you're boyfriend worked hard for them after all!” She turned around and looked at her wall of bras. “Ide say I'm easily an F cup; here's your prize!” She handed Mariel a large green bra, each cup big enough to fit two of her fists.

“T-Thanks...” She wasn't exactly sure what to say.

“Well go on, put it on! Get in the spirit!” The carny suggested.

Mariel blushed hard, but decided to go with it. She had seen countless girls walking around with oversized bras all night. She clipped the bra around her back and threw the straps over her shoulders. The bra stood out from her chest like two round cup holders.

“Fabulous!” The carny awed. “You'll have to let me know how you like it!” Mariel could see that the woman's breasts were already nearly back to their original size. She looked to Hank to see where he wanted to go next, but he had his wallet out.

Another ten dollar bill was placed on the counter. “One more time! I'm ready for it now.” Hank declared with confidence. Mariel thought it was more from horniness.

“Woohoo we're going again!” She yelled, taking the bill. She flicked a switch, and again the booth came to life.

Hank was ready. From the start, the stream of water was going through the target, his eyes tight with concentration.

“Ooo, ladies and gentlemen, we've got a strong contender here now!” She declared. Her boobs were already swollen, puffing the front of her suit as her mounds grew. Mariel couldn't take her eyes off of them.

Hank was hitting the target on point, and her chest only reflected it. Like balloons her breasts grew out, quickly reaching the size they had ended at previously. A deep **Y** shape began to form as her chest squeezed together, incredibly soft cleavage rising up and up.

“Give it all ya got! The more you go the bigger I'll grow and grow!” She rhymed, bouncing her breasts seductively. She was trying to distract Hank, and he knew it. He wouldn't fall for it.

“Oh!” She squealed, her bust overflowing. They were becoming larger and larger, well past the F cups they had been just a minute ago. Large hills were expanding out of the top of her suit, as it stretched and stretched to hold her ever growing body inside. “My boobs are getting *so full*!! Please, go slower! You need to take it easy on this girl!!” Mariel thought the carny was referred to her for some reason with her last sentence.

Other carnival guests were taking notice as they walked by. “Dude check out this woman's rack! It grows the better you do!” Mariel heard one guy yell.

“Do you win if you make her blow her top?” Another asked.

“I've got next! My girlfriend has been dying to get one of these bras; I'm going to get the biggest one possible!” Someone declared.

The woman was quickly passing by regular sizes, her breasts looking like two melons. Vast amounts of skin were showing as her suit struggled more and more to hold her in, and she was forced to lean back to keep from falling forward as their weight bobbed. “Careful, don't pop me!” She called out, being met with laughter from the growing audience. “I need this job; how all I supposed to work if I can't stand up?!”

“Bigger! Bigger! Bigger!” Someone started chanting. Others joined in, and Mariel could feel the excitement emanating from Hank. He was blocking everything out in order to make this woman's tits balloon.

She pressed her hands into her front, squishing her mammoth boobs flat, filling her arms to her elbows. “Ooooooh, I can't remember the last time I was so *big*! My titties are getting so full, don't make me burst!” They looked gargantuan, spilling over the sides and top of her leotard. The carny knew she had an audience that was willing to pay for her game, and she was milking it for all her tits were worth. “You're aware this isn't a petting zoo right? I'm no cow!”

She dropped her hands, and her tits rounded out, falling heavy in front of her like water balloons held by one end. Mariel heard her suit groan from the stress, and even saw pale veins striking across her new curves. They hung almost to her hips and stood out on either side of her waist. A giant smile spread across her face as a loud ripping sound rang out. “This is it! My body can't take anymore! I might be the next thing to burst after my suit!”

The woman's suit split at the seams, releasing her boobs as a rippling mass of flesh for the audience. Her hands flew to her nipples, Mariel catching a brief glimpse of them; they had to have each been like half a roll of quarters.

BUUUUUZZZZ

The game ended, and Hank released his grip, sweating from the excitement. He looked at the carnival worker, cradling the two largest breasts he had seen in his life as if they were beach balls, swallowing her arms as she reigned them in.

The crowd cheered and applauded, the carny taking a slight bow, nearly falling over while trying to keep her chest in check. “Let's hear it for our master marksman!” She congratulated. “You get the biggest prize!” She turned her back to them, and let her breasts drop as she reached for the largest bra on the wall. Her breasts swayed out from either side of her as

she moved; Mariel knew she was doing everything in her power to get the guys in the crowd excited. She gathered back up her boobs, and turned back around, trying to hand Mariel a comically enormous giant pink bra with one hand, her other arm trying to cover both nipples. They were both too large to cover, her areolas showing over her arm.

“You guys have fun tonight, he's earned that.” She told Mariel, winking as she took it. The carny stood back, saying, “I'll be taking a five minute break now; I need to find some new clothes! Please have your money ready!” She was met with groans and laughs as she went behind a heavy curtain.

Hank got up and looked at Mariel, grinning from ear to ear. “Are you proud of yourself?” She asked, crossing her arms under the oversized bra she was wearing.

“Very! That looks good on you.” He said, poking the bra enveloping her tiny breasts.

She giggled. “Good, because there's no way I'm wearing this one!” She held up the second bra he won. It was enormous and shimmering pink, and looked big enough to hold at least five gallons of milk in each cup. Exactly the same size Hank had just blown the carny woman up to. The image stuck in Mariel's head. She almost felt envious of her.

“Did you see how big she got?” Mariel leaned in, whispering. “I really thought she was going to fall down or something! She was pretty unsteady...”

Hank laughed. “It's all just smoke and mirrors; carny tricks! Probably got some special prosthetic and a garden hose running behind the booth. I'm sure if we went behind there right now we would see her emptying them.”

“It looked so real though...” Mariel admitted. They began walking away from the crowd, and Mariel felt eyes on her, either for the giant bra she was wearing, or the even bigger one in her hands. She felt like the attention was making her notice her breasts bouncing more than usual. She looked down into the large empty cups, her own breasts doing their best to fill them, not even a quarter full, as her push-up bra bulged against her tank top. She had never really noticed how much lift it actually gave her. Even being overshadowed by the new bra, her chest seemed ample, cleavage rising over her neckline. Her button up seemed to be sitting awkwardly around her torso.

“Want to do your ferris wheel?” Hank asked, putting his arm around her.

She looked up from her chest. “Mhm!” She held up her enormous bra. “And if we get stuck at the top, we have a parachute ready!” That had made Hank laugh. She was enjoying seeing him so happy at the fair, even if she still felt a little out of place.

Many were pointing at the bra draped over her arms, mostly with looks of awe. “Wish I had been there to see *that* game played!” Someone said in passing. It seemed like people were impressed by the size of it; it made her feel a certain kind of pride towards her boyfriend, like she was carrying his trophy or something.

They got in line for the ferris wheel; it was looking to be at least a ten minute wait. Mariel couldn't help but feel like her new bra was actually too tight for her, despite the huge cups. But she didn't want to take it off; Hank had worked hard to get them for her. It seemed like

each time she looked down at her own breasts, there was more cleavage, and less room inside the cups sitting on top of her shirt.

Seeing that carny woman blow up like that must have really affected me... She thought, adjusting her bra, *I'm imagining my own breasts growing!* She tried to discreetly twist her bra strap under her layers, attempting to find relief. Even her back felt a little tired, presumably from the two bras she was wearing. *A push-up bra was a bad choice...*

By the time the two of them had reached the front of the line, Mariel was having a difficult time keeping her tank top above her cleavage, her breasts seemingly climbing out on their own. They felt incredibly bouncy, more jiggle in her steps than she had ever had. She couldn't explain it, but they almost felt swollen. Looking down, it looked like she was actually filling out half of the big bra, her chest bulging out of her original tiny bra.

"How's the bra?" Hank asked quietly.

"Huh?" She questioned.

"The bra, you keep looking down at it. I think it looks nice! I swear you almost fill it out..."

"Please, you know I could never fill this thing out." She said, patting the front of the empty cups. Her hands pressed into her boobs much sooner than she had expected. Something didn't feel right.

"You sure you're going to be able to stand when you wear that thing?" A female voice asked behind them in line. They both looked to see who it was; it had been a woman hugging her boyfriend's arm, wearing a bra slightly larger than the one Mariel was currently wearing. "Sorry, didn't mean to interrupt! I was just curious; I've only been wearing this huge thing for fifteen minutes now and my back is killing me! You're going to be more boobs than person when you wear that!"

Hank and Mariel looked down, the woman's chest nearly filling out her large blue G or H cup bra. Her shirt looked tight and stretched. Mariel looked at her, confused. "What do you mean?"

The woman laughed. "The bra! When it makes your tits grow! Sean really wanted to get one of the giant ones like yours so I could wear it, but this was the best he could do. But he gets better playing that game every year we come here." She patted her boyfriend on his arm and he chuckled. "It's still making the girls look amazing though." She lifted her chest up a little and bounced them, giggling. "We can't wait until it pops off! Sean has been eyeing them all night. It's going to be a challenge keeping him off them while they're still big!"

Hank was at a total loss. Mariel thought she was catching on, but wasn't sure she wanted to. "Make them grow? Is that not your normal size?" She questioned.

"Oh goodness no! I wish! My little C cups were *nothing* compared to these puppies!"

"Wha-" Hank started to ask.

“You guys are up!” The ferris wheel operator called to them. They turned around and saw the line in front of them was gone, an empty seat waiting on the stopped ride. The operator waved them on hurriedly.

They speed walked up the steps, and sat down heavily on the plastic seat. Mariel felt her chest bounce like heavy weights on a rubber band, her push up bra digging into her shoulders. She was quickly realizing exactly what the woman had been talking about.

“Hank I-” She started to say.

He interrupted her. “Do you have any idea what that woman was talking about? Her boobs growing?”

The operator lowered the bar over their heads and it locked closed. Mariel gulped.

The wheel started to turn, and their feet left the ground. “Had to have been crazy...” Hank said, looking at his girlfriend sitting next to him, and saw her looking at her breasts. His eyes followed. More cleavage than he had ever seen on her was brimming over her tight top, a large shelf of tit flesh overflowing her tiny bra. She looked about ready to pop out of it, the top of her button up flared as they pushed it open.

“Hey you know, you do look a bit swollen...” He said cautiously. “You feeling alright?”

Mariel heard him, but his voice was far off. It was becoming clear to her now, it was too much to write off. Her breasts were definitely larger. Her pointer finger poked at her left breast, and she quickly released, watching as they wobbled back and forth like jello. Her body rocked a little from their inertia.

“Hank, I think I really *am* growing!” She finally said. “These are at least D cups!”

Hank stared at her, mostly at her chest. “Come on...”

“No, I'm serious! Look at these! I thought I was just imagining it since I put this bra on, but these are too big to ignore!”

“Mariel... Boobs don't-”

She turned to him and looked him in the eyes, pulling down the front of her tank top and outer bra, flashing her tiny pink push-up bra. Hank's breath stuck in his throat. Her breasts looked swollen and bulbous, trying to fit into the tiny thing. The wheel jolted to a stop suddenly, and her creamy white mounds bounced tightly. The rim of her areolas were peeking over the edge, nipples threatening to pop out.

It was undeniable; her tits were bigger. Bigger than any past minor swelling had brought them. These had had multiple cups added to them, and Hank thought they looked incredible. Each looked like more than a handful, and her tiny frame made them stand out even more, soft cushioned mounds sprouting from her chest.

“See?” She asked. Pulling her shirt back up. She placed the bigger bra back over her shirt, and looked down. “I'm almost filling out these cups!” Less than an inch of space remained between her breasts and the inside of the bra.

“Well are you ok??” Hank looked worried.

“Yea, I think so... I had noticed them bouncing a bit more after I put on the bra, but I didn't think they were growing like this.”

“How big are they going to get you think?”

“I think the size of the bra I'm wearing, according to that lady!”

Hank's eyes grew wide. “You're going to have F cups?”

She looked down at herself, her eyes just as wide. *F....* Her mind thought. *F is so big...* Her face twisted as she winced in pain.

“What is it? Do they hurt??” Hank was quick to come to her aid.

“N-No, it's my bra, it's too tight...”

“Do you want to take it off? I can hold on to it if you want.” Hank suggested, cracking a small smile.

Mariel looked at him, almost glared. But then she winced again, her bra tightening around her as if her boobs protested. “Ahh, ok ok.” She looked around. Luckily they were stopped near the top of the wheel.

She slid her arms through the sleeves of her button up, and slid the straps of the larger bra and tank top down her shoulders. She sat there in her dangerously tight bra, shivering slightly in the night air. Her boobs shook with her. She reached behind her and undid the clasp with expert skill, and her bra lurched forward, springing off her breasts and nearly down to the ground below before she caught it

Her chest fell against her with a soft smack. Hank could only stare. They had grown beautifully, and looked full and perky jutting from her ribs, each like an overgrown grapefruit. Even her nipples had grown.

She placed her bra in his lap, and started getting dressed again, but stopped when she looked at her boobs, hanging out from her chest. “Oh wow...” Mariel awed. She cupped them in her hands, feeling their weight force her skin between her fingers. She bounced them a little, and they hopped and rippled just as she had always dreamed a larger chest would. Gingerly she pinched a nipple, and shudders ran down her body. The wheel jolted to life, startling her out of her titty trance. She resumed dressing again. “Hope you enjoyed your little show...” She cooed to Hank. His erection was obvious to her, and she liked it.

The feeling of her cotton tank top rubbing against her nipples made them harden, and made her shirt tent out slightly. Replacing her larger bra back over her clothes, she could see that there was even less empty space now. It was like the growth increased in speed the nearer and nearer she came to filling it.

“Hank, I think I'm really to go fill this thing out...” She declared in disbelief. “I don't know how, or what kind of carnival prize this is, but this is really happening.”

“You can take the bra off you know...” Hank suggested, less than half heartedly.

Mariel was surprised how quickly she had rejected the idea. “No!” She startled herself. “I mean, no... It's all in fun! Besides, that lady made it sound like they were only temporary...”

The wheel continued to turn, but neither of them were really staring at the sights around them. The real view was down the front of Mariel's shirt, where her swelling breasts hid. It seemed every time either of them looked back, there was less and less space in the large cups, her breasts swelling bigger and bigger by the minute. Her tank top stretched as her front rounded out in two curved shapes, and they both saw the bump of her nipples disappear inside the cups.

Her growth increased noticeably. Mariel felt her breasts pulse out, the cups cradling each of her boobs as they filled them. "H-Haaaank..." Mariel started to say as she grew frightened, feeling the bra start to pull tight against her. She tensed up, and she grabbed Hank's hand as she squirmed in her seat, not know what would happen next.

Her breasts bulged and pushed out, the bra filling her to its limit. The band pulled tight around her like a sling, and their breath caught in both of their throats. As if in a grand finale, her breasts plumped up, quickly rounding out and pushing into each other between each of the cups, forming a canyon of erotic cleavage. In the back of Hank's mind as he watched this, he imagined a sound similar to the last bit of a bottle being filled under a faucet, as water raced up the thinning neck.

"Ah!" Mariel gasped softly, sensing something about to happen, and she held her breath. Her breasts bounced slightly from this last bit of rapid growth, and her bra gave a loud creak. Mariel felt it pull tight against them, as they bulged into it. With a loud groan, the bra split in multiple places, as if it were made of paper. It fell from her body and into the seat around her, leaving a pair of beautiful, full wobbling jugs behind.

Her breath came out in short bursts, long pauses between them. She stared down at the large mammaries that hung off of her, pulling at the buttons of her over shirt. Her tank top was pulled down, and revealed more skin than it hid. Placing her hands on them, she squeezed gently, cautious of what might happen.

They felt incredible. Like two full breasts should feel, overfilling her hands and changing shape as she massaged them.

"Mariel, you look..." Hank began to say. He didn't know how to finish.

She took his hand, and thrust it onto her breast. "Feel them, Hank! They feel so real! Squeeze my boobs!!" She didn't care who saw them groping her tits as the wheel spun round.

Hank's strong grip latched onto her breasts, and she shook with arousal. She couldn't describe how it felt to have him grab her breasts like this. Mariel had never expected it to feel this way.

"You're so big!" Hank finally said. He couldn't look away from her. They hung almost halfway to her belly button and were as wide as her own torso.

She had started leaning forward in their chair, unaccustomed to her new top heavy life style. She giggled, as they pressed into the safety bar. "These are heavier than I thought they would be...!" She couldn't stop grinning.

Hank's hand fell away from her. She looked up and noticed his eyes were somewhere else. Following them, she saw he was looking at the enormous bra he had won, stuffed between them on the seat. A smile flashed on his face. Mariel's eyes widened.

"No! No no no! Absolutely not!" She said.

Hank pouted.

"I'm already bigger than any kind of implants could have gotten me! I...I'm not even sure my breasts could handle going that big! These already feel swollen and full; I wouldn't be able to stand either, even if I could go that big!"

"The carny lady did..." Hank reminded her.

"She's probably had years of practice!" She looked at him sternly. "Look, I know you like big tits," she turned her chest towards him and pulled the front of her shirt down with her finger, "so why don't we put these new puppies to use before they're gone?" She leaned in and bit his ear before whispering, "I'm going to give you the tit fuck of your life." She saw the front of his pants throb; she had him.

Mariel couldn't explain it, but she was brimming with confidence. She felt sexy, and like she needed to ride Hank until she was gasping and out of breath, her tits bouncing around on her as he rocked her.

The wheel jolted to a stop, and the safety bar rose; their ride was over. They smiled at each other before standing up. The operator looked at the tattered bra pieces they were gathering up, saying, "Have a good ride?" They both nodded.

Walking down the steps, the same woman from behind them in line called out, "Those look great on you! Aren't these bras incredible?? It's too bad they're one use only!" Mariel smiled and nodded, as Hank took her by the hand, leading her away.

The bra with cups large enough to each fit a curled up toddler was folded over his arm, and Mariel marveled at how her breasts felt as each foot struck the ground. It went without saying, and both of them knew that they had no idea how long her swollen breasts would stick around. The sooner they got somewhere private, the better.

To their surprise, Mariel's breasts stayed full for three days, and each and every one of those days they made full use of her tits. Hank fell asleep on them every night, and when he was awake, he couldn't keep his hands off of her. She thought he was going to suck her nipples raw at some point, he was so latched on. The large bra they took home with them had been thrown in the closet, a trophy of their night, Mariel hoping Hank would forget about it in time.

Meanwhile, Mariel found it was an entirely new life having a pair of full F cup breasts. Not only was sex completely different, but everyday things had changed as well. Her neck was often sore, and she caught herself rubbing it every now and then. She would ram her chest into objects, or knock things over as she went about daily tasks. It wasn't easy getting used to them. They always brushed against her arms when she would raise them, but feeling them squish

between her and Hank when they hugged was exquisite. They had shared a laugh when she had mashed them into a plate of spaghetti one night, reaching for the salt.

Showering had become one of her new favorite things to do, second to having sex and looking at her boobs in the mirror. She looked forward to having to rub her chest with a soapy luffa, feeling them flow and stretch as she washed them. Even moving them to one side so she could see below them as she washed the rest of her body made her tingle with excitement. She couldn't remember a time when she had played with her nipples so much, her taut rounded breasts warm and slippery in her hands as water ran over them.

Unfortunately, the morning after three days, she awoke to find that her chest had returned to normal, not even enough to fill her hands.

“Hank! They're gone!” She had cried out when she made her discovery.

Hank looked at her, then at her flat chest, his girlfriend back to her original self. She looked close to actually crying. “They look like nothing ever happened, do they feel ok?”

She touched them tenderly, missing the wide expanse of flesh from the previous day's. “They feel fine...” She pouted.

Hank had held her for a while after that, telling her that he loved her regardless of her size. Mariel believed him, but the breasts hadn't been only his joy. She had adored them. Often that morning, she would expect to feel them against her arm, or find them to squeeze, only to find empty space.

Mariel was relieved to not have any stretch marks or discomfort, but she found that she actually very much missed having tits. It was clear that Hank did too, although he made every effort to make her feel secure in her normal size. Their sex still felt closer than ever, but she missed the feeling of having her chest bouncing back and forth, stretching and pulling her skin in every direction.

This longing didn't cease for either of them, especially for Mariel. For Hank, he was used to craving big boobs to grab and suck, but for Mariel, she had been given something she had never known she had wanted so much. And then it was taken away from her. She had always been curious about what her life would be like had she been well endowed, and now that she had gotten a taste of it, she constantly found herself only wanting to feel the sensation of her chest bouncing as she walked, or to be able to bury Hank's face with her breasts again. She had never felt so womanly as during those times.

It soon became unbearable, nearly two weeks after her breasts had returned to normal. Hank had gone to the store, and Mariel had found her mind wandering back to the sight of her breasts overflowing her bra like a pillowy avalanche. She couldn't take it anymore. Grabbing her phone and taking off her shirt and snapping a picture, she texted Hank.



Remember when these were nearly as big as my head? ;)

Her heart was racing, waiting for a response. She thought about the enormous bra from the carnival, still stuffed in the back of their closet. If she was being honest, it hadn't really ever left her mind. Her phone buzzed.

How could I forget? You spent an entire 3 days bouncing around topless because nothing fit! Best time of my summer ;)

I miss them :(

I do too if I'm being honest. But the carnival is long gone, it won't be back for another year, if at all. And I still love your chest as it is!

That had been something she noticed now. Until she had grown, Hank had never referred to her breasts as 'tits' or 'boobs'. He had even called them knockers and fun-bags a few times during her few swollen days, which she had come to love. But now, he only ever said chest, or breasts. Mariel took a slow breath before she sent the next message.

We have the other bra...

The wait for his response was agonizing. She had been so adamant about never using before.

I thought you didn't want to use that one because you were scared you would get to big!

I changed my mind.

Mariel are you being serious? That's REALLY big

In 20 minutes I'm going put it on ;) If you wanna watch, better be here ;)

She thought for a moment, then sent a second text with some emoticons.

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She put her phone down, proud of her little graphic addition, and walked to their bedroom, leaving her shirt on the couch. It didn't take long for her to find the parachute like bra, still where they had left it. Mariel held it out of front of her, each of the cups wider than her own body, somehow stitched to a band that would fit her. It was goofy looking, honestly. She pondered as she looked at it; only two weeks ago she had been so adamant about never putting it on. But now, the thought of seeing her breasts fill out these gargantuan cups made her tingle. She threw it in the bed and removed her pants, sitting cross legged in front of it in her underwear. Mariel said she would wait twenty minutes; she doubted Hank would take more than five to get there.

The seconds ticked by painfully. *Am I really going to do this?* Mariel thought. *I might not be able to get up for days... And what if these bras have expiration dates? What if it's broken now and I don't stop growing? Could I get to big?*

All of these questions were met with the same response: *I don't care.* Mariel had made up her mind. She heard a key click in their door and it fly open, Hank quickly finding her in their room. Funny enough, he didn't have any groceries.

"Mariel..." He gasped. He must have been running. His eyes fell on her bare body, wrapped only in her tiny dark purple panties.

She smiled slyly. "You're just in time for the show!" She hopped off the bed and walked to him, pressing her flat front into him. "Better hug me now while your arms can still reach around me." She felt his member harden into her thigh as they embraced. He was going to enjoy this as much as she was.

She grabbed the bra and handed it to him. "Help a girl out?" She turned her back to him so he could clasp it.

He fumbled for a second, but lowered the front over her raised arms, pulling the band across her bust. Claspng it was an odd sensation; usually he undid her bras. The elastic snapped to her back, a perfect fit. She giggled, and turned back to face him.

"This thing looks ridiculous!" Mariel giggled some more. Hank had to agree; she looked comical, like two pink beach ball sized bug eyes had attached themselves to her front. Inside the cups, her tiny chest looked like someone trying to stand up to the height of a mountain with a pair of stilts. Two empty caverns of space yawned in front of her like empty feeding bags.

She looked up at him. "Promise you'll take care of me while these things stick around?"

"Absolutely." He nodded.

"Good... Because I think..." Her eyes fluttered a little and her breathing rate changed, "It might be too late to turn back...."

They both looked at her breasts expectantly. For a second, nothing happened. "I wonder how fast it's supposed to happen." Hank said.

"Something tells me...mmm...it's not gonna to be slow." Mariel stated. She could feel something stirring in her, something much larger than the last time she had gone through this. "I-I think...they're going to grow this large, but in the same amount of time as the other bra..."

They both saw her breasts shift slightly, as if a tiny puff of force had pressed them from behind her nipples. They looked a little plump, slightly more rounded. But then it increased.

It looked like a small faucet had been turned on behind each of her breasts, as her skin pushed and pulled from some inner force, like two balloons had started inflating under her skin. In a matter of seconds, each one bulged and bubbled forward, her skin quickly pulling tight and rounding out as it looked like she was already at her limit, barely even the size of softballs. They stood out straight, her tight skin refusing to bend to gravity as she was pumped full, as if she had gotten implants much to large for her.

Mariel released an audible gasp as her boobs shook a little, pressure building inside of them, fighting against her skin as her tiny breasts fought to keep up with the expensive force of the bra. They seemed to bubble forward, her nipples standing out straight like caps on pressurized capsules. Hank became concerned as bright blue veins spidered across their surfaces, like a woman about to experience a massive let down of milk from overly engorged breasts.

But then a deep sigh escaped Mariel, and she bit her lip as her mammaries seemed to loosen up. Her skin grew creamy white and seemed to gain stretch as her breasts continued to swell, their weight now able to pull them down, a crease forming as they folded against her ribs. In less than a minute she had grown from a tiny B cup to a full heaving DD. And still she was nowhere near filling out the cups in front of her.

"Mmmm, there we go..." Mariel cooed, jiggling her growing tits, "My little titties just needed a second to adjust! But they're really going now." She couldn't have been more right; Hank watched as still her breasts slowly distended, gaining size in every direction like fleshy water balloons, growing not only wider but also further out from her.

Mariel grabbed his hand, and pulled him towards the bed. "Come on, I want you to play with them while I grow." She wasn't asking. Hank followed her as she laid him back and took off his shirt, climbing on top of him. Her entire top was still swallowed by the bra, and he could only see her face between the cups as she looked down at him. "Massage me..." She pleaded, taking his hands and putting them under the band of her bra. His hands felt for her breasts, finding them quickly, feeling their full forms more than fill out his hands. She was growing at an increased rate.

Already she was a ample F cup, and quickly surpassing where she had previously grown to, and the thought made Hank's cock pulse into Mariel's crotch as it pressed into him. He began massaging them, pinching her puffy nipples between his fingers. "Oooh don't stop... That feels...I don't even know..." She sighed in a breathy voice. "Mmmm I missed having *tits*!" She proclaimed loudly.

Her growth increased and Hank could feel her skin stretch and pull at his hands. He pushed into them, testing their weight, and they swallowed his palms, overflowing as they bloated bigger and bigger. Her nipples pulsed lightly against him, swelling tightly as they grew harder and harder, discovering their new size.

“Hank I'm growing so big!” She gasped, “I wish you could know what this feels like! There's this pressure just...running through my body! I can even feel it in my pussy... I need you to suck them. Make them grow!” She begged.

Mariel leaned forward, dangling her full tits into Hank's face, like melons hanging off a tree. His hands, still under her bra, wrapped around each of them, pushing them together as he pressed his face into the wall of tit flesh. A nipple the size of a pinky knuckle poked into his mouth, and he began sucking as if his life depended on it.

“*Aghhh!!*” Mariel screamed, collapsing on top of him. Her pussy seemed to swell and push against his dick as she rode an orgasm. Hank's face was completely buried instead the giant bra, covered ear to ear in breasts. He squeezed the sides of them, feeling her skin squish tightly as he dug in. He nipped at her nipple, and felt her shudder with pleasure. “*Mmmmm, Hank!!*” Mariel cried.

She began rocking back and forth, her overgrown mammaries jiggling on his face. Her growth was increasing again, and he could feel her skin tightening against his forehead as she blew outwards. Her nipple seemed to lengthen, gaining thickness as his tongue was forced to the roof of his mouth.

With a audible pop, her moist nipple sprang from his mouth, wiggling slightly as it hit the cool air. Mariel struggled to straighten her back as she continued to grow, still recovering from the orgasmic suckling. Hank pressed into her breasts, helping her up. Her size struck both of them immediately.

Her breasts had surpassed watermelons, hanging full and round as they pulled at her torso. Her nipples looked like swollen pink half-thumbs on top of areolas like coasters. She looked down at him through half open eyes, breath heavy with lust for him and her burgeoning knockers.

“Look...look how big I am...!” She declared. “Now *these* are a pair of fun-bags.” She pressed into the sides of the bra; they were actually approaching the halfway point, and she could feel them pressing against the sides. She pushed, and they strained against each other, a chasm of cleavage forming in front of her.

“I can feel you getting bigger, Mariel...” Hank awed, as he took in his expanding girlfriend.

“Oh you better, because I'm nowhere *near* finished.” She glared at him. She adjusted her body, sliding her hips down as she pressed her chest into his. She bulged over the cups as they were forced flat, his hands trapped between them. He could feel her warm skin press into his. Their faces met, and she was quick to begin kissing him. She seemed to exude passion and heat,

lustfulness radiating from her. Hank could feel her gaining weight as her chest pushed more and more into him.

Mariel's hands traced a path down his chest, finding the button of his pants. She deftly worked at it, opening it up and pulling down both his jeans and boxers. Hank felt his cock spring up, and his head brushed against the bottom curve of her bra. It felt warm and taut, her boobs pressing against the other side. Her fingers tickled the shaft of his cock as they wrapped around it, lightly stroking it.

"M-Mariel," Hank began to say. His hands were trapped inside her bra, her breasts now pressing into them tightly. Giant nipples prodded into him.

"Shhh..." She hushed him. She lifted the bottom of her bra, and Hank slid his hands out, tingling from the weight and pressure. She hefted her breasts in her arms, large enough to rival any boob model. The bra was quickly filling up, and she could feel the bottom curves of her tits rubbing against the cups. "There's something I wanna do with these puppies." She smiled.

Sliding down, she grasped his cock tightly, holding it upwards. Lifting the bottom of her bra, she slid his head under the band and between her massive cleavage, letting his cock thrust between her jugs. He was absolutely swallowed up, and Hank nearly came as he felt her chest press against every inch of his member.

Mariel began moving up and down, her tight skin sliding against his dick. Her skin pulled tight, stretching more and more as she grew. Hank thought he was going to explode at any second.

"Mmmmmm I don't know how much bigger I can get, Hank! Look at them! M-My nipples are rubbing against the cups!" She continued working his cock, but brought her hands to her front. She grabbed each of her nipples in a hand. They had ceased getting longer, and were now just swelling wider and fuller, each one likely to fill a teacup. She filled her palms with them, and rubbed as her breasts grew and grew. Pressure built against Hank's cock as if it were between two inflating walls, and Mariel could feel herself reaching the edge.

Hank looked up at the sight before him, praying he could last. Two sloping mountainous mammaries stood before him, each wider than his swelling girlfriend. They looked full and swollen, her creamy white skin jiggling with each move she made. As she grabbed at her nipples, her eyes closed in pleasure, her breasts swallowed her hands, overflowing them as her pillowy form enveloped them. She tried desperately to raise one of them to her mouth to suck on, but found them too heavy.

Her skin looked tight and firm as she began to round out, filling out to the shape of the cups. Thick veins began to show and Hank knew she was nearing her final size.

"H-Hank..." Mariel moaned. She lifted her breasts up, freeing his cock. It slapped against his stomach, begging for release. Shuffling up, Mariel pressed her crotch into his. He could feel her, hot and wet, pressing into him. "I feel like...my chest...*aaghn*...is so full...like it could burst!" She wrapped her arms around her front, unable to make her hands meet now. Her bra looked nearly full, as her breasts began to bulge near the top.

“No... No! I'm not ready to stop...! Please, get bigger!!” Mariel cried out. She began to bulge over the cups, her breasts becoming tight and distended.

Hank had replayed this moment from her last growth countless times in his head, when her breasts had rapidly plumped up to fill any remaining space in the bra. And now he was about to see it happen again, on a scale magnitudes of times bigger. He held his breath, as he felt her breasts puff into his chest.

Mariel's cups pulled tight as she ballooned into them, flesh rising out the top. Her eyes grew wide as Hank's face disappeared below her, cleavage flooding the gaps between breasts as she swelled. “Come on, come on! Mmmmm *grow!*” She yelled.

Her titanic tits rounded out along their tops, her bra now fully supporting them. Cleavage bubbled, puffing higher and higher towards her collarbones as her skin gave out any last bit of stretch it had. The bra began to creak. Hank braced himself for the avalanche of tit that would surely hit him as she fell unsupported.

“*No!*” Mariel declared. Her bra groaned in response, her breasts shimmying. Wrapping her arms around her overgrown breasts, she held them up, squeezing them into her. Her hands clawed at the tight bra, trying to hold it together.

“Mariel what are you doing?!” Hank yelled, as he saw her continue growing, clearly past the limits of the bra.

“I want to keep swelling, Hank!” She cried. “It feels so incredible to be this big! I never knew how much I wanted to have *tits!*” She hugged them tighter, and they began to balloon out the top and bottom of the bra. Massive under-boob bulged out, tight with weight and veins, the tops of her breasts pushing into her face as she embraced them.

The bra creaked louder than ever, angrily almost, like the ropes on a great ship were about to snap. Mariel held her grip, but she was growing incredibly fast, her arms being pulled apart as her tits pressed outwards, nearly two feet in front of her. A seam popped on the bra.

“No please no! I-I feel like they're too big... but...but I don't really care!” She admitted.

“Mariel you need to stop! Your breasts!!” Hank yelled. She couldn't take much more, it was obvious. Veins pulsed and marbled across her, and her skin shone bright. She had been so small before; Hank wondered how she could have ever blown so large.

“M-Maybe if I just get them a little bigger, they'll stay a little bigger! And I won't go back to being flat!” The bra sounded like it was yelling at her. It snapped across her bust like a belt, her chest squeezing out of it everywhere it could. Hank felt fluids rushing across his hips, her crotch gyrating and heaving uncontrollably.

With one final shudder, the bra groaned, and Mariel groaned with it. It exploded off of her, tatters flying across the room like confetti. Her breasts reshaped themselves, and fell from her weakened grip, smacking onto Hank. Mariel fell on top of them, panting with exhaustion, as Hank flailed his hands underneath her bust. Each slap sent ripples through her taut skin, and his head was just barely exposed to the air between her cleavage.

“I...I’m sorry, Hank... I had to...I had to try...” She puffed out through gasps. “I’m so big... Bigger than that carny had gotten!”

“You don’t need to tell me.” Hank managed to say, her weight incredible on top of him. Neither of them had ever come so hard in their lives.

Hank found that one hand had been pinned under a soda can sized nipple. He firmly grasp it, and squeezed. “*Ahhhhhgg!!*” Mariel screamed, her body tensing as he forced an orgasm through her.

He gave her a second, as she lay breathing on top of her mammaries. “W-Why did you do that?? I feel like I’m going to faint!” She yelled.

“That’s for getting too big!” He scolded her. They both knew they had a long few days ahead of them. Mariel couldn’t help but smile as she rested however.

Waiting for her to return to normal had been rough. After some rest, and some effort, they had managed to get a full idea of what she had done to herself. She could only stand with assistance, and could only lean against a wall. But when she did, her breasts completely covered her hips, each reaching out nearly a foot from each side of her waist. They didn’t have a tape measure long enough to measure her around, but her bust stood a more than two feet out in front of her.

They had more than doubled her own weight, and looked like had they gone any bigger, she would have been in trouble. Even as heavy as they were, her skin was forced to pull them into a rounder shape, tight as a drum. Her nipples were bigger than her own originally sized chest had been, by multiple times. Mariel didn’t seem to regret a thing.

“What if they don’t go down?” Hank asked her seriously.

“They will... I’m not sure how I know, but I can feel that they will...” True to Hank’s word, he helped her through the days until that happened.

The morning after the third day, Mariel stirred sleepily. She noticed that for the first time since her growth, she had woken up lying on her stomach.

She leapt up, nearly falling over as a different weight threw her off balance. She clutched her chest. A smile cracked across her face like a lightning bolt; her hands were full, brimming even. She looked down, and saw two full breasts filling her hands like ten inch water balloons.

“HANK!” She yelled, waking him up.

“What do you nee-” He stopped when he saw her.

“It worked! I forced them to be overgrown and it worked! The bra only took away as much as it was meant to make me grow!” She let her breasts fall as she jumped for joy. They bounced around, slapping against her.

They were easily larger than they had been from her first round of growth. Firm and round they stood out from her, large enough to push into each other even without the help of a bra. Thick nipples like grape halves topped them, begging to be sucked.

“Mariel, those are...” He started.

“Bigger than my freaking head! I know!” She exclaimed, squeezing them again. “We're going to that carnival every year, from now on!”