

## Voodoo Balloons Part 2

### ***CONTAINS BREAST, BUTT, MALE EXPANSION, AND CUM-BASED BELLY INFLATION***

John watched with anticipation from his helpless position on the bed. Standing over him and providing nothing less than a fantastic view of her body hugged by lace was Clara grinning from ear to ear with devilish intentions. The erect nubs of her nipples were just as prominent through her bra as John's bulge was through his boxers. At her request, John had worn an old pair of underwear too small for his frame. Already his package was deforming the front and opening the fly to reveal his excitement.

"You know, you almost look like you have a plan for tonight," he teased.

"You could say that..." she hummed. "Now hush; enjoy the preshow."

John was happy to oblige and watched with a growing sexual hunger as Clara's C-cup breasts bounced and wobbled overhead like some sort of erotic, adult-themed mobile. Her hands worked at a set of bonds around his wrists and the headboard. A simple tug proved he was secured and stood no chance of escape. "Not very often *I'm* the one tied to a bed!" he laughed.

"Can't have you running off on me now, can I?" Satisfied with her knots, Clara leaned down and kissed John, pressing her chest into his and exploring the contents of his boxers with an eager hand. Tingles broke out over his body when she squeezed his shaft and whispered, "Not that you'll be able to run pretty soon anyway."

Giving a final squeeze, Clara straightened up and admired her handiwork. John was spread out on their sheets with his wrists tied above his head. He was right; it wasn't very often he was the one strapped down and helpless. As a matter of fact, it was the first time. Looking down at his immobile form, Clara couldn't help but feel a strange sensation bubble in her core. It brought a sense of power and domination she had never felt. John might as well have been a toy; powerless against her every will. The thought of such a thing was beyond arousing.

Biting her lip and eager to start, she said, "Be right back."

John almost couldn't bear to watch her leave the bedroom but the black lace hugging her rear end made it tolerable. "If you're going to take a few sexy pictures to send to my phone, you know I like the ones where you're bending over and putting your hand--"

He stopped, listening to the sound of running water from the bathtub. A twitch assaulted his eye when warmth and tingles washed over his manhood. Eyes widening with realization, he craned his neck to see the front of his boxers tightening across a hardening shaft. "Uhh... Clara?" he called out, feeling himself swelling his natural record size.

"You fill those boxers out nicely," she cooed from the bathroom door, leaning on the frame and watching him squirm. Both eyes were glued to the bulges shifting inside the small garment. "Don't worry, I left it on a nice, *slow* trickle."

The bonds creaked against the headboard when John pulled, fighting the heated sensations of his growing cock from the filling balloon. “*Nnngh*, so this is why you tied me down? Is this...*nnmmgh*...payback for what I did with your balloon and the leafblower?”

Clara strode to his side, massaging one of her breasts at the sight of his head creeping out from under the boxer’s waistband as he neared eight inches. One hand was behind her back when she straddled his hips and pressed her crotch against his thickening shaft. “Would I do something so *childish*?” They kissed again and she placed something in his restrained hands. “Don’t worry, you get to some fun too.”

John looked up to see a small remote in his palm. It had only one button and was no larger than a silver dollar. “*Ooooh*, what’s this for?” he asked, thumb itching to press.

“It *might* be connected to our garden hose which is connected to my balloon... Maybe pressing it lets water flow for a second and--”

*CLICK!*

*CLICK!*

*CLICK!*

“*MMM!!!*” Clara fell forward with sudden convulsions.

Water vibrated through her mammaries against John’s chest and they swelled between them like fluid-filled pillows. An audible creak came from Clara’s bra at the sudden increase in mass and she struggled to breathe. Panting from rising arousal, she supported herself over John with wobbly arms and felt a pair of heavy volleyballs hanging off her front. At the same time, Clara’s butt plumped and slid across John’s hips. The lace pulled into her cheeks, threatening to vanish between them should they become any larger.

“*E-Easy there...tiger...*” she panted, smiling at her boyfriend’s amused face. “Don’t make me...turn the bathtub faucet higher. Those tiny boxers of yours are already on borrowed time.”

A hand slid between Clara’s thighs and rubbed a golfball-sized head protruding several inches into the open. John could feel stress lines cutting across his shaft and over his balls, each one fighting for space between his legs.

*CLICK!*

*CLICK!*

“*NNGH!!*” Clara leaned back and hugged her chest as it filled with more water, lurching forward several cup sizes. Pink areolas rose over her cups and water-logged skin overflowed into jiggling cleavage. Behind her, Clara felt her panties snap between her ass cheeks from the surge of growth.

“I bet your bra gives up before my boxers do,” John challenged.

“*I...mmm...*” Clara had to breathe, losing herself to the thrill of her tits bloating like water balloons. Apple-sized balls pressed on the bottom of her thighs and a cock like a water bottle teased her groin. Stitches were popping in John’s boxers, but not fast enough.

“Don’t...Don’t make me regret giving you that...r-remote...” she moaned, looking down at her body.

*CLICK!*

*“M-MMM!!”*

“Bit late for that, I think.”

More of John’s manhood was exposed from the top of his boxers than was hidden. The tight, rounding skin of his balls was more than enough to fill the garment alone and they were starting to threaten escape through the legs.

*CLICK!*

*“NNNGH GOD!!”* Clara heaved, her chest engorging to watermelons. A shoulder strap popped open, slapping across her bosom and sending ripples over her cleavage. The sight of John’s monster ten-inch dick straining his boxers was far too much to take at this point. *“Ah fuck it!”* she groaned.

It didn’t take much force for her to tear the boxers down the middle by pulling open the fly. John’s member stood at attention, rising into the air now free of its prison and throbbing with fluid. Thick veins coursed over its surface before rushing towards a base nestled between two bulging grapefruits. The sight made Clara’s mouth water.

Straddling John on her hands and knees, she pressed her body into his, lifted her butt into the air, and panted, “H-Help...a girl undress?”

*CLICK!*

*CLICK!*

*CLICK!*

*CLICK!*

*CLICK!*

*CLICK!*

*“MMMMM!!!”* Water was heard rushing into Clara’s waiting curves. Her skin swelled and bulged, overflowing her lingerie in seconds. Tits like beach balls filled the space between her and John, rubbing between their chests and stomachs as she engorged around her bra on all sides. Gazing down her back, John could see her ass rising and widening with water as well. Heavy thighs rubbed against his and Clara endured an extreme hourglass deformed by her lace before:

*SNAP!!*

*POW!!*

Her bra and panties burst open, releasing jiggling flesh in all directions. Feeling John’s pulsing serpent in her hands, Clara didn’t waste a second and lifted her chair-overflowing hips into the air before bringing her crotch down onto his shaft. A dick like a forearm entered Clara’s body in an instant, stretching every inch of her pussy.

*“G-God!!”* she cried out, feeling his baseball-like head slide up her navel and into her abdomen. John’s eyes widened and watch his head move as a bulge under her skin before vanishing behind her breasts.

*CLICK!*

*CLICK!*

“MmmmmMMMNNGH!!” Clara gathered her chest in her arms as best she could. There was no more time for teasing. Thick, wet slaps echoed in the bedroom as she began riding John as best her water-balloon frame would allow. Every drop of her hips was greeted by a new girth to John’s cock, as well as an ever-growing cushion of his balls. Neither of them could see, but both felt like two bowling balls were stuffed under Clara’s ass and between John’s legs.

*CLICK!*

“GOD I CAN FEEL YOU GROWING INSIDE OF ME!!” Clara howled, pulling at strawberry nipples. Left in the tub, John’s balloon continued to swell with water and fill his manhood. “*I-I feel like...NNNGH God, that’s tight!!! It feels like I’m fucking a baseball bat!! How big are your balls going to get?!*”

*CLICK!*

*CLICK!*

*CLICK!*

“Oooohhh I’m full!! There’s so much water in me!!” Loud sloshes filled the room from Clara’s heaving, jiggling form. “*I can feel it all...s-swirling around!!*”

There was no handling the size of her breasts at this point and they tumbled from her arms to slam into John’s stomach. Engorged, puffy nipples stared at him before Clara’s hands started massaging them once more. An ass enough to fill a loveseat buried his legs and overflowed onto the bed, swallowing the top of Clara’s thighs.

The larger Clara swelled, the more jiggly she became. John on the other hand, could feel the water pushing him to his limits. Every ounce made him push the boundaries of stiffness, making his member thicken and elongate to monstrous proportions. Every finger-sized vein teased Clara on its way in and out of her pussy. As the minutes wore on and the tub continued to run, Clara found herself unable to take in his full girth.

*CLICK!*

“Nnnngh!!” they moaned together. John was tensing and Clara could feel his shaft flexing against her belly. Balls like bounders burned underneath her ass; he couldn’t hold out much longer.

Clara could barely breathe from anticipation, straining to stretch herself around his shaft as far as her body would allow. “G-Give...it to me! Nnnnghhh! I want...to feel you pump all of that cum...i-inside of me!! F-FILL ME UP LIKE CUM BALLOON!!”

Her words were the breaking point. John dropped the remote when his body shook with an uncontrollable release and his dick flared. “NNNNGGGGHHH!!!”

“A-Ahhhhh!!! O-OHH MY GOD!!”

There was no turning back. Pressure shot up John’s shaft and added several inches to his girth before intense pressure flared against Clara’s belly. John’s balls began to throb underneath her bulk.

Eyes like saucers, she leaned back against her ass and pressed her hands into the sides of her waist as it rounded out the space between her hips and ribs. Silent save for their gasps, only to the sound of John's cum gushing into Clara's belly passed between them.

*"Ahh!! A-A-AHH!!"* she panted, feeling thick, hot fluid gurgling against her skin. The front of her belly pressing into the back of her breasts before fighting for room. They held their breath and John watched as Clara's titanic tits lifted higher into the air with every firm beat of his dick. A swelling belly revealed itself below like a balloon, growing in all directions as cum was forced into Clara. It made her navel bulge between her hips and skin rub against John, her stomach growing tighter and fuller by the second.

*"MMM!! M-M-MMM!!!"* Clara's vocabulary was reduced to whimpers, helpless to John's fluids filling her from the inside. Water-laden cleavage inched higher before her, engulfing her chin and rubbing against her cheeks with sloshing motions. With her hands clamped against the sides of her gut, Clara could feel it shudder and vibrate with every pulsating release.

*"MMMMM!!!"*

The front of her belly inched up John's chest and her nipples angled towards the ceiling. Feeling his release come to a climax and Clara groan somewhere behind her mass, John pressed his head into the bed when an angry belly button bloated towards his face. Cum sprayed from Clara's pussy around a calf-sized cock from the sheer pressure before the flow came to a stop.

Neither moved. Clara was pinned between a gargantuan ass and a pair of tits jiggling atop a belly like a yoga ball. John found himself somehow even more helpless than before, now trapped under his girlfriend's weight.

*"H-Holy...shit that was...good..."* Clara panted, head cradled in sloshing cleavage while she hugged her abdomen. "I didn't think...mmm...there would be that much! I can barely move!"

John was about to say something about the heaving belly pressing into his nose but stopped when he felt a familiar tingling along his shaft, plunged deep inside Clara and the sea of his swirling cum.

"So...how do you plan on turning off the bathtub?" he asked, still feeling his balloon's effects.

Clara was silent for a moment. "That is a *VERY* good question."