

An Expansive Mardi Gras

Melanie and her friends Alexa and Steffanie had spontaneously taken a road trip to New Orleans for the last day of Mardi Gras, none of them had done anything fun in years and they decided it would make a great end to college.

The girls found themselves on a bustling city street as the sun started to set, surrounded by loud music, great-smelling food, and a festive crowd. They stuck close together as they made their way down Bourbon Street, listening to music and slamming drinks, their goal was to get as drunk as possible before they called it a night.

The group stumbled into another group of boys, each of them had a large number of beaded necklaces in hand. "Hey ladies," one said, his speech slurring from the drinks "I'll give you a necklace if you give me a peak."

None of the girls responded until Alexa, who had had the most to drink finally stirred, she grabbed the bottom of her tank top and lifted it in one fluid motion. Her small B-cup tits dropped out, showing her tiny pink nipples, before hastily covering herself.

The boys cheered and handed her one of the necklaces before going on their way, the girls staring in awe at their friend whose face was beet red. "Sorry," she said sheepishly, "I've heard it's a thing at Mardi Gras."

Melanie took another swig of her drink and said with a grin, "Why don't we see who can collect the most beads before midnight?"

"That's a great idea," Steffanie said, "let's meet back at our hotel by midnight, if you are more than 15 minutes late you get disqualified."

"Deal," Alexa said as she spun around "Hope you guys are ready to lose." She called over her shoulder as she disappeared into the crowd.

Melanie walked a short way down the street, looking for anyone with beads that she thought would want to trade for a flash. It wasn't long before she spotted a man stumble out of a bar, several beads around his neck.

"Hey!" she called out as she approached him "If you give me one of those beads, I'll give you a treat."

The man drunkenly looked at her eyes, then down to her chest before his hands came up to the necklaces around his neck, wordlessly sliding one off.

Once he handed them to her, she put them around her neck and grabbed her shirt by the hem, she shimmied it up, revealing her trim stomach until her hand met her bra. She hooked her fingers beneath the cup and dropped her tits out of her bra letting the man look with his mouth agape, his eyes drunk in her breasts. She didn't have the biggest boobs, but she never heard any complaints, they sat nice and perky on her chest and she always looked good in a lowcut shirt.

She covered herself and said bye to the man before turning back toward the crowd, another man was standing behind her and saw what she did but didn't catch a glimpse of her tits.

“What do you say I give you a bead and you give me the same treat you gave him?”

“Sure thing,” she said and quickly flashed her tits, continuing until he handed over the beads and she dropped her shirt again to accept them. This was going faster than she thought, she had just received two necklaces in less than a minute and they had only been playing for five. She wondered how Alexa and Steffanie were doing, Steffanie had the biggest boobs in the group, so she was probably having the most success.

“You boys want to trade a flash for some beads?” Melanie asked two boys as she lifted her shirt partway up her stomach. Both the boys in front of her reached out to give her a bead so she hefted her shirt, giving them a slight shake since she was getting two for one. The boys handed her the beads and she started to cover herself up, this time though, her tits did not seem to want to fit back into her bra. *What the hell* she wondered to herself but brushed it aside, assuming the alcohol was making her clumsy.

As the night dragged on, she figured people would be even more drunk and would be more willing to trade. Her theory proved true when a shy-looking man approached her. “I saw you have quite a few beads,” he said sheepishly “Want another?”

She looked at the man and smiled, she lifted her shirt in a fluid motion and let her tits drop out. She was getting better at making a show of it now that she was gaining confidence, “I’ll shake them for two, and let you touch them for five.” the man hastily grabbed a handful and slung them on his arm as he quickly grabbed her tits, squeezing them roughly and then backing away. He slid the necklaces off his arm and handed them to her before he rushed off. Melanie smiled as she lowered her shirt but frowned, her boobs weren’t fitting in her bra and this time she was sure it wasn’t her imagination.

She rushed into a bar and found a bathroom, locking the door behind her. Melanie quickly stripped her shirt and bra off and looked at her reflection in stunned silence. Her boobs were definitely bigger now, they originally fit in a B cup, but they were now nearing D cups by her best guess. Each breath made her enhanced bust heave, they retained their perky shape, despite their additional size, but her once small nipples were slightly larger, looking like pencil erasers.

It dawned on her that the beads must be making her grow, she wasn’t sure how but after each one she received they had seemed bigger, and it wasn’t until the last man gave her six necklaces at the same time that she saw a noticeable difference. If it weren’t for the liquor that she had in her system she would be panicking, but she was honestly turned on and wanted to experiment to see if it really was the beads. She put her shirt back on and threw away the bra before leaving the bathroom, *it’s not like it would fit anymore* she thought with a giggle. She ordered and paid for two tequila shots and downed them before leaving the bar.

Melanie stood outside the bar, swaying slightly from the shots as they mixed with the alcohol she drank earlier. She just took as she surveyed the crowd, the people all seemed to be enjoying the festivities and she couldn’t wait to add to it in her own way. Stepping off the curb she saw a group of boys about her age walk by, she reached out and gently grabbed one of their arms.

"I like those beads you have there," Melanie said, gesturing at his neck. "Why don't you give me one, I'll make it worth your while." She said as she brushed her bust against him.

"Sure," he said as he slid one off and handed it to her, she smiled as she felt her shirt grow tighter against her tits before flashing him. Before he could react, she covered herself back up and another of the boys in her group turned to see her adjusting herself.

"Hey, I'll give you one too!"

"Yeah, me too" another one called.

"Sure thing boys," Melanie said with a wink, as they handed over their beads. She once again flashed her tits, already feeling the additional weight as they grew from the numerous necklaces she received simultaneously.

The boys laughed amongst themselves as they left, and Melanie added the beads to her growing collection. Her shirt was now so tight that it was beginning to restrict her breathing, she would need to find a new shirt at a shop before she burst right out of her top, her increased size was making her shirt into a crop top as it fought a losing battle to cover them.

She found a store that was still open even though it was getting late and wandered inside. While she was there, she collected three more necklaces. Melanie found a cute shirt she liked, it was a plain white crop top, and it was made of a stretchy material that would accommodate any additional growth, but the fabric was also thin so her enlarged nipples were on display.

She paid and changed in the bathroom, she once again admired how large her tits had grown, *they must be G cups by now*, she thought to herself before leaving, ditching her old shirt in the trash just like her bra. Between her new shirt and her bigger bust, she was sure she would win the competition.

As the night drew on Melanie continued to get bead after bead, between the numerous necklaces weighing her down and her ever-growing tits, her back was starting to hurt. Before she knew it her phone said it was 11:45, and she had about fifteen minutes to get back to the hotel. She began the short walk back to the hotel when she was suddenly stopped by a man, it took her a second to recognize him, but it was the shy man from before. He was holding almost twenty beaded necklaces in his hands and his eyes went wide when he noticed her chest.

"Woah what happened to you? I don't remember those being that big!" He asked with bewilderment in his voice.

"I'm not sure" Melanie replied as she adjusted her tits, each on the size of basketballs, the fabric stretching to its limits, her pink nipples visible in the almost translucent material, her underboob peeking out from beneath the bottom. "It seems like each time someone gave me a necklace my tits grew!"

The man looked at the beads in his hands and then back to her, their eyes locking. In that moment they both came to a silent agreement, and he reached out to put them around her neck. Almost immediately her tits started swelling, and her shirt stretched and split slightly in the middle. She moaned sharply as her boobs squeezed out of the bottom of her crop top, it could no longer contain them, and slid up the surface of her chest as her heavy tits fell out of the bottom, jiggling wildly. Her nipples were the size of ripe strawberries and continued growing, the areolas were as big as her palm.

Her tits finally stopped expanding, they were so big now she could barely stand straight so she sat down on the curb, her boobs resting on her thighs as she bent her legs. The man offered to help her find something to cover up with, but she turned him down, instead, she had him help her cram them back into her shirt which caused them to spill out of every crack and crevice.

She let him get one more squeeze before going back to the hotel room, barely making it by midnight. She sat on the bed waiting for her friends to show up, her accrued necklaces sat on the bed next to her.

She heard a knock at the door and went to open it, but before she could Alexa burst through, her massive jugs leading the way. It turns out she wasn't the only one who grew that night.

Alexa spotted Melanie a huge smile breaking out across her face "Looks like we both had a productive night" she said.

"Oh yeah," Melanie replied, "I got 67 beads and a couple of fat tits how about you?"

Alexa hefted her tits within her maxed-out tank top and said, "damn you beat me I only got 52"

The two waited for Stephanie to return, the clock slowly ticking away.

"If she isn't here in the next few minutes she's going to be disqualified," Alexa said as she checked her watch.

"You don't think anything bad happened to her do you think?" Melanie offered, a little worry creeping into her voice.

Before she could respond the door swung open and smashed against the wall, making both the girls jump. They heard Stephanie grunting as she walked into the room backward.

"Holy shit!" Melanie and Alexa exclaimed in unison as Stephanie carted herself into the room. Stephanie had grown so large that she could no longer walk properly on her own. "There you two are, I had to hijack a luggage trolley just to get to the room." She said with a huff as she fell on the sofa.

Each of Stephanie's tits was the size of yoga balls, with so much surface area that Melanie and Alexa could both lay on one comfortably. Her nipples had grown from tiny, cute little bumps to doorknob-sized nipples.

"How many beads did you get?" Alexa asked.

"180, and it would have been more if my tits didn't start growing every time someone gave me one."

"Well, we figured that much out, but where did you find so many beads?"

"I found a strip club that was doing an open night for Mardi Gras," she said between breaths, still winded from lugging her tits to the room. "Instead of cash people were throwing beads at me and things got out of hand quick."

"Does it hurt?" Alexa asked.

“No, honestly, they feel super sensitive.”

“So, you don’t mind if I do this?” Alexa said as she grabbed Stephanie’s massive nipple in her hand and tweaked it. The poor girl let out a moan and her face went red.

“Like I said it feels good.”

Melanie watched as Alexa wedged her way between Stephanie’s beach ball-sized tits and motor-boated them, her giant jugs quaking.

“Don’t just stand there Melanie,” Stephanie ordered. “I know you want some too.”

The girls spent the night fucking each other, sucking on one another’s tits, and eating pussy, but the center of attention was Stephanie. The girls took turns teasing her, playing with her nipples, and smacking her tits as she lay helpless but horny on the couch.