

The Night Carnival

The grey haired beauty sat in a lushly upholstered tent of purple and midnight blue silks that was swathed in black velvet adorned by silver thread stars.

On a silken pillow sat a crystal ball. The scent of spice filled the space. Cardamom and sage. Smoke swirling around the long manicured fingers of the diviner.

A quirk to the left side of her mouth. A small hum.

“Goddamit Sue! If I can’t even trust you to keep hold of a credit card, what the fuck am I supposed to do with you?”

Devin was a picture perfect suburbanite asshole. Right down to the socks and sandals. His baseball cap pulled low on his head and the golf shorts clinging to his beer gut.

He glowered at his wife Sue. A mousy, twiggy, brunette who lived in grey sweatshirts and hadn’t had time to use mascara let alone do a full face in god knew how long. She had bore 4 sons and taken on the responsibilities of personal chef, chauffeur, and appointment scheduling assistant for the last twenty-two years. With their youngest out of the house, the empty nest echoed in the hollow spaces of their relationship. The most recent attempt to reconnect had led them to a traveling carnival. The current squabble incited by Sue having bought Devin a beer at the refreshments and then not knowing where the card was when he wanted to buy another.

“I’m sor-“ the apology was cut off as a stilt walker brushed past and Sue had to step out of the way. She stumbled backward into the tent she didn’t remember standing in front of. The smell was mind fogging. She needed to get back. She needed to find...

“Hello, welcome.” The fortune teller sat at her card table. The deck fanned face down. “Care for a reading?”

Sue was confused. She was just talking to... She’d forgotten. Her credit card. That’s right the credit card.

"I can't. I don't have a way to pay." Sue held her hands up in apology and started to turn away.

"Oh my sweet child, the first reading is always free." She beckoned with that perfectly pointed and polished nail. "Sit." She gestured to the seat opposite her "it won't take long."

Without realizing she had started moving, Sue found herself lowering into the seat. "I guess if it's quick."

The woman smiles and turns over the first card.

"Ahh. The fool. What an auspicious way to start."

Sue leans forward in the chair, "Like, like an idiot."

"No, it is beginnings, fresh starts, optimism."

Sue sits back against the plush cushions. "Could use that."

The oracle smiles. "The cards know, let them work their will."

With that the second card flips. The three of pentacles. Sue feels warmth along her hips and thighs. Pressing her knees together she knows that the space between her thighs is not quite right. Didn't they used to touch at her juncture. The smoke swirling around her intensifies and the thought dissipates.

The third card flips. The six of cups. Sue bends forward. The heat and weight too much as the seams of her B cup bra creak and the straps dig into flesh now measuring a bust she never dreamed of even when breastfeeding. Her hands attempt to span the warm expanse of titflesh and a thrill of excitement runs up her spine. I'm so sexy. The thought pops into her mind. She hasn't felt so good in far too long.

Before she can explore her body further, the fourth card flips. The Sun. The wrinkles between her brow, the lines bordering her mouth, the pull of gravity on every inch of her forty something body. All reverse. Youth and vitality restore. If Sue were to look in a mirror she would see a young woman she put away 19 years ago in the struggle of young motherhood. Her ass so tight and firm she

could bounce a quarter off it. Her hair thick and shining as it sways past her hips. The golden strands catch and reflect the candle light.

The fifth card flips. The four of swords. Her mouth tingles. Her lips swell to the thickness of her thumb and drool begins to pool in her mouth. Moments before she would have been embarrassed but the worry just isn't there. In fact, she is very proud of her plush cocksuckers so wet and ready.

The sixth card flips. The king of pentacles. Her ass and hips spread slowly and begin to spill over the chair. The ballooning mass of her cheeks creating so much pressure on the seat that it begins to creak and her hips stretching to easily five feet across causing the chair to sway. The chair gives way and Sue feels the impact as it creates jiggling waves of pleasurable motion through her breasts and her mouth pops open in a pleasantly surprised o.

"Perhaps moving to the cushions on the floor would be more appropriate." The fortune teller is warm as she lifts Sue from the wreckage of the once sturdy furniture.

Reclining on the mauve and violet cushions Sue waits in delight to see what the pretty cards will make happen next.

The seventh card flips. The Empress. Sue moans as her breasts swell. Within moments her breasts go from high set Gs to a pendulous duet of milky mammaries hanging well below her navel. Milk begins to puddle in her lap and her fingers splash lightly in the creamy fluid. A breathy giggle escapes her thick lips. Her pussy clenches, flooding with damp need.

The eighth card flips. The Chariot. Reversed. Why did she spend so much time worrying? Someone always took care of her needs. No man could turn her down. With her cinched waist and giant ass, not to mention the mountains on her chest and the hips practically designed to be fuck handles. And her lips. So thick and juicy she couldn't close her mouth. The drool pooling out her mouth keeping her hole wet and ready for her next cock. Her pussy clenched. Where was her next cock. Her holes were so empty.

The ninth card flips. The Page of wands. Devin stumbles into the tent. "What? Sue...what happened? What's..." Devin drops to his knees, his gut shrinking and firming into a six pack. He grunts as his shorts tent with his swelling member. What once was a serviceable five and a half inches begins to lengthen and thicken to an appendage that could only be a cock. A forearm circumfenced sixteen inch schlong built to destroy tight little pussies and fill them with cum. Balls churning with potent seed and a

refractory period that was nonexistent. His hard length jutted from the fly of his shorts. His heat seeking missile aimed straight for the apex of Sue's thighs.

The tenth card flips. The Lovers. Devin is on Sue in a flash. Grabbing her head he sinks his cock inch by inch into her waiting mouth . She moans contentedly as her dim and glazed eyes stare up at him. His balls slap her chin in wet plaps as he bottoms out in her perfectly trained throat.

Her mouth so wet and warm he reaches climax faster than he wants. His cock pulses in her cum guzzler as he presses her hard into his pelvis. Her fists thud weakly against his thighs as she battles for breath around the absolute behemoth cock churning up her throat and feeding her such tasty jizz. Devin pulls her by the hair to get her mouth off him and falls still half hard out of her with a wet pop.

Before she can have much of a break he flips Sue face down into the pillows and grabs at her hips. In one fluid motion he thrusts balls deep, wrenching a guttural moan from his now 22 year old wife. "Oh fuck. So fucking tight. How can you be so fucking huge and still so goddamn tight?"

Sue can't answer. Her existence has narrowed to the sensation of cock in cunt. Her breasts swing with every thrust. Her hips bruising in her husband's grasp. The gap between her thighs her whole world.

Devin's thrusts take on a staccato rhythm as the familiar pressure builds at the base of his spine. "Fuck...gonna cum..." Sue's pussy clenches and clamps around his giant cock as it pounds her into oblivion. Her orgasm hits just as Devin unloads with a satisfied hiss. Liters of cum shooting into her primed and fertile womb. Pooling with her creamy milk and pussy juice on the silken floor of the tent. Sue continues to spasm and twitch as Devin rolls off of her to recuperate amongst the silk and lace.

The tarot reader smiles from her place at her table, watching the two find each other in the night carnival.