

Magic Hat Band

Late Night Carnival 1

Introduction

The backstage area of the traveling carnival tent was a mess. Empty prop boxes were scattered around, along with wadded up pieces of glitter and brightly colored streamers. The air smelled faintly of burnt gunpowder and disappointment.

Fanny, the Magnificent Mathew's wife and assistant, stood amongst the backstage chaos. Her fiery red hair, usually pulled back in a neat bun, was escaping in tendrils around her face, framing her pale skin dusted with a constellation of freckles. Her assistant's costume, once a vibrant emerald green that mirrored her hair, hung limply, the fabric faded and spangled with sequins that lost most of their shine. Layers of once-crisp tulle on her skirt were now limp and snagged, the vibrant color dulled by countless washes and years on the road. A wide, crimson sash, once a bold statement, now hung limply around her waist, its fabric frayed and the color bled to a dull rose. Despite the wear and tear, Fanny still carried herself with a fiery spirit, determined to breathe new life into their act, just like she did their threadbare costumes.

"Get in the cage you fucking bird!" The dove flapped frantically in her hands as she unceremoniously tried to stuff it into its travel crate. She finally managed to close the door and the dove cooed indignantly. Fanny sighed and sat down on the old steamer trunk and began to undo her sparkling costume jewelry and set it aside. Another lackluster show in another lackluster town.

The glamorous life of a magician's assistant wasn't what it was cracked up to be. When she had married Mathew, she had dreamed of the adventurous life they would have together, traveling the country with every new town like a new story. Instead, with every show it seemed like less and less people came to the old magic act. The ringleader had begun to pressure them to update and revamp the show. Bring more life to the old act. "Either that," he leered at her, "we could move you all to the Late Night... Adult Shows?" She did not care for the insinuation the old man gave, but as their takes from each show diminished, something had to be done.

As she began to undo her sparkling costume, she even doubted what it was he was even leering at. It couldn't have been her. Small and frumpy... she typically padded out her costume to give a little bit more glamorous curves. She hung up her dress and put on a robe. Packing up was never easy with all the props.

"Ah shoot." Mathew came into the tent, "Herbert has escaped." Mathew was in his moth-eaten tux and carrying his top hat in his hands. Black sweat matted hair showed how much the little man had been rushing around. He had removed his jacket, but the stained shirt clung to his thin frame. His sleeves were rolled up, but he still had his cuffs on. A small hole was chewed in the side of his old silk hat.

Fanny took the hat and looked through the hole. "Herbert escaped through that?" The hole was smaller than a quarter in size. "How could he squeeze through a hole that small? That fat rabbit couldn't fit a paw through that."

Mathew quizzically was searching around the tent. "Well he would have been reduced of course. Ah!" He suddenly reached forward and caught something in his hands. "Naughty Rabbit!"

Fanny looked into his cupped hands and saw a tiny Herbert, no bigger than her thumb. "Saints preserve us!" she gasped. "How did he become so small?"

"Well how did you think the disappearing rabbit trick worked?" He picked up his hat and carefully pushed Herbert through the hole chewed in the side. As the bunny fell through the brim, it suddenly enlarged and returned to its normal size. Depositing Herbert in his cage, "My uncle enchanted the Hat Band with a size changing spell. Here look." He shoved his arm into the hat and emerging through the worn hole was a hand, no bigger than a doll's hand. His shirt cuff remained its normal size and fell off the tiny arm. He waved with the tiny arm, to Fanny's amazement, before pulling it back out. "It only works on living things though. Too bad or we could throw some gold coins through and solve our problems."

Mathew's uncle was a true magician, or so Mathew had told her. Capable of doing true spellwork and acts of wizardry. Mathew, unfortunately lacked the magic spark. What he did have was the old props he inherited after the old man disappeared in mysterious circumstances.

"Mathew," Fanny wondered, "Do they have to be attached to hats?"

"The hat band?" Mathew pondered, "Well no, I guess not. But the hat does keep Herbert from wandering off... Normally."

Fanny eagerly asked, "And how many of those magic hat bands do we have?"

Mathew shrugged, "I don't know. A few, why?"

Fanny was getting a few ideas of how they might save the show... and maybe have some fun in the process.

The Show

The spotlight bathed the stage of the Late Night Adult Carnival. The Audience hushed as the light pivoted, revealing The Magnificent Mathew, small and nervous in a sparkling top hat and cape. A flourish of his gloved hand introduced Fabulous Fanny. "Ahem... Welcome, welcome,

all you lovely skeptics!" said Mathew, a bundle of nerves. "Tonight, we bend the laws of physics and reality itself!"

Fanny, on cue, tossed a small pouch through the mirror frame in center stage. The Doves, reduced within the pouch, burst out in a flurry of white feathers. Seeming to the audience to have suddenly appeared from nowhere, the Doves flew around before coming to roost backstage. A modest applause followed. Fanny and Mathew spun the mirror frame to show it had no gimmicks. What the audience didn't know was that there were the unraveled hat bands bound within the mirror's frame, creating a large magic reduction/enlargement band.

Fanny called out to the audience, "What kind of show are we going to do tonight?" She took off her hat and reached deep, her arm appearing to disappear into nowhere. After a moment of light applause she pulled Herbert the Rabbit out of the hat, him seeming to magically appear out of nowhere. "Will we do the old classics?"

Mathew cleared his throat, "Uh no... No! Rabbits are old hat," Light chuckle, "Tonight we are going to fulfill every man's dream!"

"And just what would that be?" Fanny asked, depositing the rabbit on a stage prop and secretly bringing a set of handcuffs forward. "Would it be grand wealth?"

Mathew reached into his pocket and began to pull a long string of fake dollar bills. "No! Grand wealth just brings grand taxes!"

After he finished, Fanny clapped his hands in the handcuffs. "Perhaps it is Freedom that all men dream of?" She then presented her hat to him.

Mathew placed his arms into her hat and the handcuffs slipped off his reduced hands. "Every man is free if he keeps freedom in his heart." He spun the handcuffs off a finger. "It's helpful for the taxes."

Fanny took the opportunity of the distraction and reversed the hatband on her hat. She spun the hat in her hands in a flashy show, giving Mathew a chance to discard the handcuffs subtly. She smiled and took center stage. "This is it," she thought, "Time to live up to the Late Night Adult Show."

"Of course!" She announced, "But we all know what a fella truly desires in his heart, don't we now ladies?" Fanny pushed the hat quickly over her chest. Rapidly her modest chest swelled. Anticipating this moment, Fanny had not worn a bra and her shirt was modified with snaps instead of buttons. She felt her nipples rub against the fabric as they rapidly filled the interior of the hat. Her sensitive breasts pushed hard against the silk and for a moment, she feared the hat would fail to burst, trapping her tits within. But finally, with a sharp crack, the hat burst open along the seams she had carefully weakened, leaving the hat brim and band snugly around the base of her chest. Her breasts, freed from their silky prison, erupted out. The momentum nearly

threw Fanny off balance. Each breast was nearly as large as a watermelon and she struggled to grasp them in her arms. She fell to her knees. She had not anticipated the enhanced sensations from her chest. Then she struggled out, almost a moan more than anything, "Enlarged Assets!"

As if on cue, the audience gasped. Fanny could see the men's eyes nearly pop out of their heads. Women reflexively grasped at their own, now miniscule in comparison, bosoms. Fanny slowly turned from her kneeling position, to give them a side profile and to show off that this was not a fake or a prop. She squeezed them to show the weight and heft. Goosebumps ran up her skin dancing among her freckles. Sliding her hands across the wide expanse of skin ran shivers up and down her spine. Her nipples, as fat and thick as her thumbs, stood erect as she showed off to the audience. Her face blushed as she watched their lustful eyes disassemble every part of her. She was surprised to find that it was immensely thrilling. She bit her lower lip and stifled a moan, heart racing.

A pregnant pause and she knew Mathew had missed his cue. Fanny looked over at Mathew, and saw that he was frozen. His eyes locked on her. His cock hard and tenting the fabric of his trousers. She smiled and gave him an exaggerated wink. She whispered, "Come on big boy. Don't keep them waiting." This finally seemed to snap him out of his reverie.

"Cl-Close!" He stammered out, moving his own hat downward. "But wrong Assets!" He brought his hat up to his groin and with a great tearing sound, out from the top hat burst a three foot schlong with grapefruit sized balls. "Ah!" He cried out, staggering. He came, a thick rope of cum hitting Fanny right in the face and chest. The audience gasped, amazed and at the same time aroused by the mystical wonders that were presented before them.

Mathew collapsed and fell backward, his cock becoming a flagpole. Cum dripped down its length as he moaned. "Oh Fuck! Fanny Oh Fuck!" Fanny gasped. She suddenly realized, if the sensations of her breasts were so intense, she couldn't imagine what he was feeling from his cock!

"Mathew!" Fanny started to stand up, but thought better of it. Not trusting her balance with such massive breasts dangling from her chest. Instead she crawled over to him, feeling her nipples occasionally drag against the polished wood of the stage.

"Are you okay Mathew?" He cock hadn't softened with his ejaculation. Fanny could see his pulse though its veiny meat and red glans. It was glorious. Fanny licked her lips. "Mathew?" He moaned but gave no real coherent response. Fanny looked out to the audience. "Lets not disappoint," she thought and moved to straddle Mathews legs. "Sit tight love, I'll help you."

Using his cum to lubricate her cleavage, Fanny wrapped her breasts around the mast of man meat that stood before her. She began to work her breasts back and forth, the slick veins of his cock in turn massaging her breasts. She pinched her nipples as she worked, rubbing them furiously as her own orgasm began to build. His cock was so big, that even her massive assets

couldn't completely contain them. His tip emerged from her cleavage, oozing pre-cum, that is until she began to lick and suck at the angry head. She slurped and licked eagerly.

"Fanny! Oh Fanny liiii-I'm Nnnnggg" and Mathew came. He came with such force that Fanny was unprepared for it. She could feel the bulk of the load push its way up his cock through her cleavage. The first shot filled her mouth and shot out her nose. In a desperate bid to keep from drowning, Fanny chugged his load, rapidly swallowing what had to be a gallon of sticky salty cum. She felt her stomach bloat with baby batter and felt a button pop off her shirt. Eventually, Mathew's mighty ejaculation petered out and Fanny released his anaconda from its prison.

Someone in the audience began to applaud, followed by others until the crowd was cheering. Fanny sat back, lost in lust. Coughing and yet grinding her one hand against her cunt through her pants. They cheered as she came. Her moans were lost in their applause. Her exaltations to God drowned out in cries for an encore. It felt like minutes as she came again and again.

Somehow, during this Mathew had managed to collect himself and moved over to Fanny. "Fanny, it's time for the bow."

"Alright... Help me up." Knees weak, the enlarged couple unsteadily got to their feet and stood before their adoring audience. Men blew wolf whistles as she bowed, her chest nearly bringing her back to the ground. Her stomach sloshed with cum. Flowers were thrown onto the stage. "Encore!" they cried, "Encore!"

Mathew managed to find his line. "What do you say, Fanny?!" He called out to the audience. "I know what would give them a real show!"

Fanny looked down at his massive cock, and in spite of what she really felt, cried out, "With that Python? You've gotta be kidding!?" And she ducked back through the mirror frame loop behind her.

What was supposed to happen, that is to say what they had planned to happen was that as Fanny passed through the hoop, she would reduce. Shrinking down to a miniscule size. The hatband wrapped around her chest would become loose, as well as the rest of her clothes. Returning her to her natural scale, if only 6 inches tall. From the audience's perspective, she would have disappeared, leaving behind her clothes and Mathew would make a comical quip about 'losing more assistants that way.' They would then enlarge her again backstage after the show. Unfortunately (or fortunately for you) the hoop was facing the other way than what she had expected.

Passing through the hoop, Fanny immediately enlarged. Her clothes tore away and shredded into tatters as she burst out of them. Crashing into the back of the stage, the whole tent swayed and began to topple as Fanny tried to orient herself. She kicked over the mirror frame, snapping it to splinters. The tent tore and collapsed all around them, Unfolding herself and getting to her

knees, she was now 15 feet tall. Her chest was still enlarged and dragging against the stage. "F-Fuck!" Intense sensations bombarded her.

Fanny began to finger herself, spreading her immense legs for the trapped audience. "FUCK! MORE!" She brought her other hand down and worked away at her cunt. It was animalistic, brutal. Nothing more than pure lust and animal instinct. Desire. She was little more than an orgasim building and mounting.

"Fanny!" Mathew came up to her side. She could barely hear him. "Fanny!" She finally took notice of him, or more importantly his erect cock. Hunger in her eyes. Lust on her lips. Fanny shoved Mathew onto his back and immediately mounted his massive cock. It was good. Finally her loins could be satisfied. It was like she was finally complete.

As she ravenously humped away at Mathews enormous member, Fanny cried out in lustful moans. As she humped away she came again and again, her wet cunt soaking Mathew, thoroughly wetting his shaft as her juices mixed with his cum and drifted down, until it reached the fabric ring of runes still working to enlarge Mathew's genitalia.

The ink of some of the arcane runes began to blur, and its spell states began to be lost. His cock, no longer bound by the limits of the enchantment, began to further swell and expand. Slowly, his cock began to swell within her. His balls began to swell out across the floor, and deep rumbling gurgles emanated from them. "Ah! Fanny! FANNY!"

Fanny quickly noticed the enlarging assets within as his cock began to spread her wider and wider. The shaft of his cock became evident across her belly as the head bulged within. Fanny leaned back and displayed the lurid scene to the ravenous audience. "MORE!" she cried as his cock continued to spread her wider. Deep inside a little rational voice cried against the lustful storm "He'll split me in half!" It cried, "I'll be torn apart!" Fanny and The Storm answered, "GOOD!" With each thrust of her hips, she could feel the bulge of his cock pushing deeper and deeper.

Mathew's endurance finally reached its end as with a great erupting cry, he came. Great glubbing gallons of cum shot out of his cock. Fanny's belly, which a moment before was wrapped skin tight to his shaft, began to rapidly inflate with the geyser of cum erupting within. Within moments, it bloated outward with a great quantity of thick sticky baby batter. Mathew came unlike anything he had ever felt. It was less an orgasim and more an eruption as his balls clenched and forced a torrent of cum up and out of his massive cock. The audience marveled as they watched a biblical flood emerge into her. Her belly smothered Mathew and spread to engulf him. Fanny felt herself being lifted by the inflating womb.

A creak and a crack, and the stage upon which they were so violently fucking upon buckled, sinking as her bulk exceeded the structural capabilities of the lumber. The audience roared! Incredible, Immense! Fanny verged on the edge of blacking out as the divine sensations

bombarded her mortal mind. After what felt like an eternity, she finally came down from her olympiatic, orgasmic high.

Sweat glistened in the stage lights, highlighting her immense curves and bare skin. Steamy fog surrounded them. She sat, immobilized and speared upon Mathews still erect cock. Her giant bloated belly covered her entire front, outmassing her and shoving her breasts up to obscure her vision. She was forced upright by their bulk and couldn't have leaned forward if she tried. Mathew was buried deep under her belly and thighs. He soaked in a slowly widening lake of cum, leaking out of Fanny. Were it not for his legs and two testicles as round as a man was tall, one might have forgotten he even existed amongst the stage's rubble.

Catching her breath, Fanny finally remembered the spent audience. Turning to them with a smile, she weakly said, "Ta Da?"

Epilogue

"STEP RIGHT UP! STEP RIGHT UP!" the carnival barker cried, "COME SEE THE 8TH WONDER OF THE WORLD!"

Fanny reclined in her custom padded, industrial strength chaise lounge and smiled contentedly. 15 feet tall, plush curves and creamy white skin defined her glorious body. She had let her red hair grow out these last 8 months. Her locks draped over her breasts. That and the skimpy skirt of palm leaves were her only form of modesty. She had some costumes utilized in some of the more modest daytime shows, but most of the time she preferred being in the buff. Besides almost none of the costumes would comfortably contain her overflowing chest, especially now that she was expressing milk.

"COME SEE THE FERTILITY GODDESS! BLESSED BY APHRODITE OF THE ORIENT HERSELF! A BLESSED ANGEL SENT FROM HEAVEN HERSELF!"

One hand gently pressed Mathew's head to her teat, while her other was jacking off his massive 4-foot cock. Perhaps from his influx of rich breastmilk, or the set of testicles the size of soccer balls, Mathew had put on dense muscles that made him her own glorious Adonis. He wore nothing but a bowtie.

"COME SEE HER IMMENSITY, HER ENORMITY! HER BOUNTY! COME BE BLESSED BY THE GREATEST MOTHER OF THE WORLD!"

The mere mention of her title sent shivers down her spine and goosebumps across her gravid belly. She had been rendered practically immobilized by her 4th month of pregnancy. The doctors had no clue how many children she carried, their estimates varied wildly based on whether they were to her scale, or Mathew's. At this point her womb dwarfed even her amazonian body. From the right angle she was two boobs and a hyper belly bigger than most

barn doors that happened to be attached to an Irish girl taller than a house. She felt one of her growing brood kick deep within and she pressed Mathew's cock up against her belly, still stroking. She whispered to him, "Once I've pushed out his litter, you'll need to pop another set into me right away." She held him tight to her teat, feeling his tongue and teeth tease out more of her motherly cream. "It wouldn't do to have this fertility goddess not overflowing with her bounty." Mathew came, and she stroked faster letting his cum spray over the taught skin of her belly. She heard a few moans as members of the audience came sympathetically with him.

This probably was her favorite part of the late night act.

The circular stage was placed in the center of her tent so that the audience could surround her on all sides. Bright lights illuminated her glorious body, but the audience was kept in a dimmer light to give them some privacy. Their tent was the centerpiece of the Late Night Adult Show for the traveling carnival and was typically packed every night. Men and Women, (and those young teens who snuck in) would travel for miles around to witness her glory. When she did her show right, the audience rode right on the edge of being a pagan orgy, with everyone pleasuring themselves or each other to her and her husband's grand image.

Mathew had finished, and so he finished drinking her sweet milk, leaving still plenty in her glorious udders. Fanny called to the audience, "And so you see how it is that I am kept drained ladies and gentlemen! My milk is a powerful elixir as you can see by its effects upon my loyal priest, my dearest lover, and husband! Dozens of children grow within me and all have sprung from his prodigious loins. These fertile blessings I have come unto you to spread."

Fanny hefted her breast, still streaming milk. "My milk is finer than the richest butter cream of the fattest Holstein of Derry! Any couples in the audience step right up and come on the stage! Drink of me and you too will be bountiful and prosperous for all your days." A few couples, either braver or hornier than their moral resistances lined up to mount the stage. After paying a premium fee of course.

"Beware though! After one sip of my majestic milk and all other milk shall taste like water to thee, for there is no comparison! You will find your lust well up, overwhelming, until it is impossible to resist each other!" The first couple approached and Fanny spoke to them in a normal voice. "What are your names, children?"

"Helen," said the blushing woman, "And my husband, Thomas." Helen seemed very eager as her blushes indicated but Thomas seemed more reluctant, trying to avert his eyes away from her nudity. Fanny could still sense his arousal however. She smiled gently.

"Good. Helen, kneel here and drink of my right teat. Thomas, stand next to her and drink deeply of this one."

Helen went at it as eager as a pig to sow, but Thomas at first resisted. Fanny whispered to him. "Drink, lest you be unable to sate your wife's desires. Lustful women need a powerful bull to bring them to heel. If you cannot provide, my husband might have to make do." Thomas looked like he might speak up, but Fanny cut him off, "Those that feed off me must be bred, or their lust

might just drive them to madness. Screw yourself to the sticking place Thomas and breed your wife before me!" She then forcefully gripped his head and drove it into her breast, giving him no choice but to drink. "Drink!" At first, he struggled against her immense strength, but as her creamy milk flooded his mouth he began to suckle.

As Helen and Thomas drank, Mathew moved up behind her and whispered into her ear. "Don't get too over eager." His cock, erect and eager, pressed against her upper back as he leaned against her. "Remember this is just a show."

Just a show? Helen had begun to finger herself, even as her belly bloated from the quarts of milk she guzzled. Even uneager Thomas began to grind up against her as he drank, his cock hardening.

"I wouldn't be so sure Mathew." Helen and Thomas suckled away. "To the Ringmaster this all might just be an act. Maybe even to you it is an act." Fanny whispered, "But not to me. Three times a night, they become my congregation and I become their Goddess." Helen finally could drink no more and pulled away gasping and burping. Dress tight around her bloated belly, front soaked in milk. Breasts plump and nipples hard. "They want this great lustful deity, and I want to be their ideal whore." Helen pulled Thomas to the floor and began to strip his pants off him right there on the stage before beginning to ride him before the whole audience. Thomas saw no one but her. "And so they fuck to pay homage to me."

Another young couple came onto the stage and approached her, eager and wanting. The man was undoing his pants, and the woman began to slip out of her dress. "So make use of the gifts your Goddess has given you Mathew, and fuck me like a proper heathen priest should." Mathew did just as his Goddess commanded.