

Carnival Daze



The number of people running around in revealing clothing was enough to make Elena blush. In the light of the setting summer sun, the heat from her nervousness was all the worse. Dust kicked around her feet from the dirt field.

Screams and cheers rang from all directions. A roller coaster roared by with clacking rails and rickety beams. Seeing that the carts formed a long serpent-like penis made her eyes bulge. Set up in the country, it was hard to believe the Carnal Carnival could possibly be real. It was an oasis of debauchery and whimsical fun in an otherwise uninhabited area.

“Hey! You coming?? Or you just going to stand between a giant woman’s legs all night??”

Elena snapped to attention at her girlfriend’s voice. Several feet ahead, Chrissy had stopped amid a cloud of impatience.

Confused, Elena asked, “Giant woman’s legs...?”

Chrissy pointed above her head with a cheeky grin.

Looming over the entrance to the carnival was a massive wooden cutout of a cowgirl reclining with her legs spread. The gate led between her thighs before opening to the adult-themed world beyond.

“*Ah!! Oh my gosh!*” Elena squeaked, running from the sexual monument as if it might taint her.

Chrissy laughed, “Really snuck up on you, didn’t she??”

“*I didn’t even notice! I was too distracted by...well, everything else!!*”

“It’s a lot to take in, isn’t it? It’s even better than my friend described!! Calling this the Carnal Carnival is an understatement.”

Elena swallowed and stood close to Chrissy. There was a sexual reference or innuendo everywhere she dared to look. In the distance she could see the classic spinning swing ride emblazoned with the name *The Twirling Tassel*. A curtain of swings hung from an umbrella rising from a giant inflatable breast as large as a house, supposedly meant to resemble a fancy stripper’s tassel. She was no prude, but seeing people walking around licking giant penis-shaped popsicles was more than she was prepared for.

“Chris... This place feels a little--”

“*Amazing?!*” Chrissy interrupted with shining eyes.

“I was going to say...*sticky.*”

Elena wished she’d worn a t-shirt and jeans like Chrissy. Given the environment, her sundress didn’t feel very safe. She tugged it down her legs for good measure, unsure of what some of the wilder carnival patrons might feel emboldened to do.

“I feel like someone is going to lift my dress up!” she whined.

“Oh you’re fiiiine.” Chrissy held her hand. “It’s all good, clean pornographic fun! Look! They have dick-shaped corn dogs!! And giant titty balloons!!”

It was all overwhelming, although Elena remained happy to be sharing such a unique experience with her lover. As embarrassing as it felt to attend, so many risque scenes were making her heart flutter.

Three girls approached from ahead, each with a boyfriend grinning ear-to-ear. They were coated in a thick layer of white slime as if they'd just left some kind of splash zone. However, it wasn't their slimy appearances that made Elena's jaw drop.

Gasping, whispered, "*Chris! Did you see their--*"

"Oh, I saw them. It's impossible to miss those things!"

The girls each wore a blouse, though no buttons could be found on their fronts. The garments were blown open to reveal incredible pairs of breasts larger than their heads. Soft, supple, and heavy, Elena would have thought they were fake if not for how real they jiggled with every step.

Chrissy felt her hand being squeezed with the force of sexual tension. Elena had always retained a vast love of breasts. Seeing her awestruck reaction to the girls' massive busts had already made the trip worth it.

"Feeling better about this place now?" Chrissy teased.

"M-Mhm..." Elena pulled her gaze away but the miraculous knockers remained ingrained in her mind. "They couldn't have been natural... Right?? They were too big!"

"They sure looked real...! Or at least they jiggled like it. Heh, whyyyy?" Chrissy nudged her. "Wishing *I* had a rack like that?"

"No!!" Elena pursed her lips and lowered her voice. Blushing, she assured, "I'm happy with what you have! It's a good pillow..."

"Awww, thanks, babe. Me and my little C-cups thank you. Yours are a good size too!" Chrissy's hand moved like lightning to flick a nipple through Elena's dress. "Although you *could* be bigger."

Elena protected her chest. "*C-Chrissy!! There are people around!*" Heart pounding from the sudden stimulation, she found herself wishing she'd worn a bra beneath her dress as her nipple protruded into the fabric. Looking down, she inspected her impressive cleavage. For her slender figure, F-cups had always felt plenty big. "You... You really think I could be bigger...?" she asked.

"I'm just messing with you! You're already too big for my hands! What would I do if you were bigger??"

A gentle sigh of relief passed through Elena's lips. Most days she felt her breasts bordered on too large, though sometimes she found herself wondering how it would feel to be bigger. Witnessing the busty trio only stoked these hidden flames. A spark of curious arousal tickled her loins, prompting her to straighten her sundress once again.

"Look at all these rides and games!" Chrissy awed. Bursting into laughter, she pointed and exclaimed, "*Is that a freaking booby ball pit?? And a drop tower designed to look like a giant cock?!*" She gasped then, grabbing Elena's arm. "*There's the classic target shooting gallery!!*"

Elena stared in shock. "Are they shooting white slime into a woman's mouth??"

"*Hell yea, they are!! And look at the bras they're giving away as prizes! You could sleep in one of those things!!*"

SPLSSSH!!!!

“Ahhmmm!!!”

The girls paused upon hearing what sounded like a geyser followed by a woman’s scream. Against the sunset they saw a fountain of white rise and fall.

“What was that??” Elena stared in wonder.

“Foam cannon? Maybe a clown going around spraying people with a giant dick? Either way, I hope it happens to us!” Chrissy surveyed the area before chuckling. “Hey, you hungry?”

“Starving!”

“Good! Cause I see a bobbing for pussies game over th--*Ow!*” She rubbed her arm where Elena lightly smacked her. “Easy, easy!”

“What if we see someone we know here?? What if--” Elena froze, staring ahead.

“What? What do you-- *Oh.*”

It didn’t take long for Chrissy to see the source of Elena’s mesmerization. Following her gaze, she spied a booth near the end of a row of games. An incredibly buxom woman tended it beneath a sign reading *Motorboating Booth*. A line of eager men, and some women, stretched around a corner and out of sight for the chance to stick their faces into her cleavage.

“Well that’s an upgrade from the old kissing booth! Wanna go wait in line??”

Entranced by her love of breasts, Elena fidgeted with her hands. “K...Kinda...”

“Why don’t we hit her on the way out? There are a ton of people there already. We could get some actual food to tide you over?”

“Yes please!!”

Many of the food vendors made Elena turn bright red. Some were so sexual that she wondered if it were a health code violation to serve their product.

Chrissy knew her target instantly. “*Ohhh!! They have a toasted marshmallow stand?! I’m definitely getting myself some skewers!!* See anything you like?”

Biting her lip, Elena continued to inspect the booths. “Well...” Most of the deep-fried food didn’t sound appetizing. One unique dessert booth caught her eye, however. “The cup of frosting sounds good...”

Chrissy looked toward the vendor. A cow-print food truck was serving cups of chilled vanilla frosting with a drizzle of hot icing. To one side stood a cutout of a happy cow filling a cup from her gushing udders.

She snorted and teased, “You might go up a cup size or two if you eat a cup of pure frosting!”

Elena grabbed herself in fear. “R-Really?! You think so? I wouldn’t want to--”

“I’m kidding!! *Jeez!* Calm down! Your boobs will be fine, no bigger than they already are. Go get a cup! It sounds delicious. I’ll be in line for my marshmallows!”

They went their separate ways, each with mouths watering at the thought of their treats.

Chrissy was almost sad to reach the front of her line. Being able to people-watch and take in the colorful sights and sounds were beyond entertaining.

“What can I getcha?” an older overweight man asked inside the booth, sweaty from a long day in the sun.

“Three skewers, please!”

His laugh was hearty and deep. “That’ll be twenty dollars.”

“Twenty bucks??” Chrissy stared at the rows of pre-toasted breast-shaped marshmallows topped with melty chocolate nipples. A growl emanated from her belly. “Nnngh... Worth it.”

“Worth every penny, I promise!”

Trading cash for treats, Chrissy took the sweets with drool ready to fall from her mouth.

“Must have some hungry friends!” the man chuckled.

She scoffed, holding her treasure close. “*Friends??* I’ll have you know these are all ending up inside of me!”

He shook his head with a smile. “I like a girl who knows how to party! Enjoy!”

“I’ll be back for more!!”

“Yea, we’ll see!”

Chrissy paused at his strange answer but couldn’t be bothered to devote the energy toward decoding his meaning. Skewers in hand, she found Elena waiting with a cup brimming with thick cream.

One skewer’s marshmallows had already vanished between her cheeks by the time they regrouped. “*Phese are delisphous! Wamphnt one???*” She held a skewer out while sporting swollen squirrel cheeks.

“*Mmmm...*” Elena was in heaven. A delicate tongue was busy licking a spoonful of frosting. Her eyes fluttered at the sweetness as it mixed with the roaring carnival surrounding her. A trail of cream ran from her lips and down her chin before falling to her cleavage below.

Chrissy stared at the cream running down her cleavage. “Are you *trying* to make me go insane and rip that dress off you?”

“Mm!” Elena licked her lips and wiped the cream away, embarrassed at her carelessness. “Sorry!”

“You do that again and I swear to God I’ll hold you down and lick your chest clean.” Holding her hand out, she offered again, “Marshmallow?? The chocolate nipples are perfect!”

“No thanks!” she rejected between spoonfuls. “This is all the food I’ll ever need ever again! It’s *so sweet!!*”

A devilish smile flashed on Chrissy’s face. Mumbling, she joked, “*Heh, must be all that warm jizz drizzled on top.*”

Elena froze mid-swallow. Staring at the cup, she saw the icing’s resemblance to semen. Slowly she swallowed and took another bite, pushing the comparison out of her mind.

The carnival was feeling more comfortable by the second. Adjusting her dress’s strap on her shoulder, she asked, “So what ride should we--”

SPLSSSH!!

“*Ahhhhhhmmm!!!*”

Chrissy looked around when another geyser erupted in the distance. “There it was again!! What--”

SPLSSSH!!!

“MMMGGH!!”

Another followed, again paired with a woman’s orgasmic outburst. Chrissy narrowed her eyes as she finished her second skewer. “We’re gonna find that clown and his foamy cock. Come on! Let’s look around!” Eager, she stuffed the remaining marshmallows into her mouth to the point of her cheeks stretching. “*Kish me!!*” she requested, puckering toward Elena with her lips overflowing.

“*EWV!!! SWALLOW FIRST!!*”

Struggling with the massive bite, Chrissy did so after several challenging seconds.

“Ahhh... Better?”

“Mmmm, better.”

They kissed, enjoying the sweetness left on each other’s lips.

GRRWWWLLLLL

Chrissy’s stomach vibrated, prompting her to rub her slender waist.

“Still hungry even after all that??” Elena asked.

“Naw, that’s just the sound of some delicious mallow settling! I *have* to get more before I leave.”

Content and full, Chrissy hugged Elena’s arm as she continued to enjoy her frosting. The action stole Elena’s attention as she felt her lover’s breasts squeeze around her bicep. The warmth was surprising, especially in the heat of the summer.

“Someone is excited...” Elena whispered.

“Hmm?”

She leaned in. Sugar laced her breath when she said, “You’re smothering my arm in your boobs!”

“Oh!! Sorry!! I didn’t notice!”

Chrissy tried to relax her grip but Elena held her in place. “I don’t mind! I’m sure you didn’t wear that extra tight t-shirt on purpose either, right?”

“Oh no, I definitely did that on purpose. Just for you!” Chrissy grinned and arched her back to stain her shirt. “Why, is it distracting seeing it stretch over my chest...?”

Elena ogled with desire. She’d always loved how tight shirts made Chrissy’s breasts appear bigger. Curiously, they appeared extra large tonight in the lights of the passing booths. Elena could see the outline of her bra pushing into the fabric, as well as the top halves of Chrissy’s breasts rubbing against the shirt.

“It’s... I-It’s working its magic...” Elena confessed, not wanting to look away.

“Oh yea...? Getting a little...*excited*? You thinking about taking me behind a booth somewhere?”

The idea had crossed her mind. A fog of lust was invading Elena’s mind. Hot and heavy from the risqué setting and Chrissy’s teasing, she could feel humid moisture building beneath her

dress. The hot air made her cleavage glisten with sweat. She became acutely aware of her thighs sliding against each other. Mind wandering, she imagined Chrissy slipping a hand up her dress to find her panties soaked, or better yet, drizzling the sweet frosting over her naked body and asking Elena to lick it off.

A chuckle came from Chrissy. "Speaking of being excited..."

Swooning, Elena asked, "Huh...?"

Chrissy motioned to Elena's chest. "It's ninety degrees out here; can't blame those on cold weather! Someone is horny."

Glancing down, Elena saw the incredibly firm points of her nipples tenting her dress. There was no hiding the bulges, even in the dimming sunlight. "Ah!!" Flustered, she wrapped her arms around them for privacy and squeezed. "M-Mmgh!"

"Did you just...*moan*?"

Elena's head was awash in heat. Her breasts seemed to pulse and throb against her arms. "T-They're really sensitive for some reason..."

SPLSSSH!!!

"Aahhhh!!!"

Chrissy laughed. "There's another one! What a wild place! Where should we-- Hey, you listening? Elena?"

The call fell on deaf ears. Elena was too busy staring at her chest.

They felt heavier than normal. Tight stitching from the neckline sank into her skin with every breath as inhaling caused her to bulge up and out. Cleavage heaped higher than normal and a particular sheen had fallen over her pale skin. The night was warm, but this didn't explain the deep heat emanating from the centers of her breasts.

"C...Chrissy..." Elena whispered. "Do my boobs look...*bigger*?"

Curious, Chrissy stared at the strange scene. "Uhh, a little, maybe? I guess? Why?"

Elena swallowed. The heat rising from her cleavage was intoxicating as well as dizzying. A strange firmness plagued their surfaces. "They...*mmgh*...feel really swollen... I-I swear they're bigger...!"

The Carnal Carnival faded away around her. Lost to the strange sensations, Elena watched her chest heave with her quickening breaths. Feeling them strain and bulge against her dress sent tingles through her body. Her nipples ached with a soreness she hadn't felt since puberty.

"M...Maybe I'm just hot..."

The remaining frosting in her hand called her name. Filling her spoon, she brought it to her mouth with a trembling hand.

PLOP!

"MMGH!!!"

A chilly glob fell to her breasts to nestle within her cleavage.

Chrissy's eyes widened. "Ohhh you *TEASE!* You did that on purpose!"

"Ah! I-It's really cold! I swear I--"

STRRRRTCH

Both girls fell silent when Elena's breasts visibly plumped. Swollen, heavy mass rounded their forms and pushed them into her dress. Like a fleshy trap, her cleavage grew up and around the glob of frosting before swallowing it without a trace.

Chrissy blinked in disbelief. "Holy shit. Elena, your tits just--"

"C-C-Chrissy!! Did you see that?!" The empty cup fell from Elena's hand as she rushed to hug her engorging mammarys. There was no doubting their enhanced size as they bulged against her forearms. "Nnngh they feel tight!"

Frightened breaths accompanied by bubbling arousal tested her dress. With every inhale, Elena could see faint veins appearing on her skin.

"Why am I swelling up?! I-I was already so big! I-I-I don't want to be even bigger!! Chrissy!!!"

They were bigger every time she blinked. Dull pressure pricked from their centers. Keeping pace, her nipples plumped and quivered against her dress.

STRRRRTCH!!

"C-CHRISSEY!! Do something!!"

"Uhhhh... Kinda got my own thing going on over here!"

Elena glanced upward to see her girlfriend standing with a confused expression. Her hands groped her chest as it filled out and stretched her shirt. Having grown two cup sizes, Chrissy's chest had doubled in size within seconds. Elena's mind short-circuited at the sight before reality returned.

"You too?!" she squeaked.

STRRRRTCH!!

Chrissy's eyes turned to saucers when warm flesh overflowed her hands. "H-Holy shit!! Hoooooly shit!! I'm blowing up!" The design on her t-shirt started to warp and wrinkle.

Tightness spread across Elena's bust, causing her to wince in surprise. "What's happening to us!? I... I-I feel like my chest is going to--"

A drunken voice fell over them, saying, "Woooo!!! Yea, girl!! It's all about that Madame Moo Frosting!! Milk sisters for LIFE!!!"

Elena and Chrissy saw two country girls approaching. Each wore jean cut-offs and leather vests left open to the world. Milk-engorged breasts flared the garments with distended globes reaching nearly to their belly buttons. Their fronts were drenched with cream. Elena's heart fluttered nervously seeing the milk leaking from their puffy nipples.

One of them turned to the other, her face flushed with alcohol. "Want to grab another cup on the way out??"

"Try and stop me!!"

Elena shivered while watching them walk toward the frosting booth. "What did they call me? Milk sister...?"

GUURGLE

Chrissy's eyes shot to her girlfriend's chest. Not willing to take her hands off her growing bust, she stared and cautioned, "Elena... Y-Your nipples... Look at your nipples..."

The worried tone wasn't reassuring. Fearful, Elena inspected the front of her dress. She was startled to see wet spots soaking through to darken the floral pattern.

Two thumb-sized nubs tented the fabric. Pulsating and throbbing, Elena was shocked to see the outline of her puffed areolas. Her nipples burned against the dress, flaring and swelling as her breaths quickened. A pressure beat behind them like a dam.

"C-Chrissy?? Chrissy!! What's happening to--"

GUUUUUURGLE

SPLRRRTCH!!

"Ahh!!!" She screamed when a thick white fluid sprayed forth. It signaled a release in pressure, causing a constant flow of milk to begin rushing down her front. *"What's happening to me?! I-I-I'm leaking!! I think I'm...I'm lactating!!! My chest is--"*

GUUUUUURGLE

They heaved forward to weigh down her hands. *"MMMGGH!!! I feel like I'm going to explode!!"*

Panic brought Elena's breaths to a rapid panting. She was seeing double when Chrissy took her hand and quickly led them away from the crowds. A small alley between two secluded booths would serve as their privacy for the time being.

GUUUUUURGLE

"Nnngh what's going to happen to us??" Elena whined, seeing her dress tighten.

"We're going to be fine!! Just try and relax!"

"Fine?!" Elena arched her back and grabbed her chest while trying to catch her breath. Their size continued to send her through mental loops of disbelief. *"Easy for you to say!! You've barely grown!! I have boobs so full of milk they're the size of my head!!! What if we're allergic to something?! What if--"*

"It was the food!"

"Huh??"

"The food!" Chrissy smiled and delivered a delighted squeeze to her slow-swelling chest. *"It must be part of the carnival theme! It does things to your body!"*

STRRRRTCH!!

"N-Nngh!" Chrissy winced as her bra tightened around her F-cup breasts. *"The marshmallows...w-whew...make your boobs grow..."* Staring at Elena, she found herself hungry. *"And apparently that frosting turns you into a walking milk factory!"*

GUUUURGLE

SPLRRRTCH!!

"Mmmmm I don't want to be a milk factory!" Elena started massaging her breasts out of desperation against the rising pressure. *"I-I was...already...M-Mmmgh!!!"* Her legs trembled and fluid ran down her thighs. *"I was... Big enough... Before I... I-I... Mmmmm...!!!"*

Chrissy snickered. She was well-versed in Elena's many faces of pleasure. "You look like you're enjoying it to me!" Excited, she grabbed the bottom of her t-shirt. "Give me a second to check out my new knockers!!"

"You can't take your shirt off here!! We're in a public--"

FWOOMP

Peeling it up and over her mounds, the removal of the t-shirt caused Chrissy's breasts to slump in her bra. Elena became hypnotized upon seeing her girlfriend with breasts rivaling her previous size. Crammed into her tiny bra, the swollen F-cups were a jiggling spectacle of flesh to behold.

"W-Woooooow..." Elena whispered.

"Ha!!! Look at me!!!" Chrissy cheered and gathered them in her arms. "Man, if I had had these things in college!!!" Elated, she sank her fingers into her skin. There was more than enough to overflow her grasp. Squeezing them brought her nipples to full attention. "I can't even see my feet!! God, *this cleavage is fucking tight!! No wonder busty girls still choose to wear push-up bras!!*" She looked at Elena with a massive smile. "Is this how you feel every day?!"

Elena didn't answer. Taken in by the captivating sight, she extended a hand and pressed into Chrissy's left breast. "Chrissy, you're..."

"Ooohhh, you like seeing me with some big tits for a change, huh?"

Elena nodded. "They're so soft..." she awed, testing their firmness.

"Ah!" Chrissy squeaked. "M-Mmgh! And sensitive!!"

She bit her lip to fight the urges rushing through her mind. "They look really good on you..."

"Yours aren't half bad either, Bessy."

GUUUURGLE!

The sound of churning fluid stole Elena's attention. "Ah!! They're even bigger!!!"

"Now let me see yours!!" Chrissy reached out like a child.

"C-Careful! They feel really--"

Chrissy pinched a leaking nipple while pressing her palm into the other.

SPLRRTCH!!

"--FULL!!! MMMGH!!! CHRISSY!!!"

Elena's knees knocked and her legs threatened to crumble. Her crotch gushed with lust, leaving her trembling under Chrissy's exploring hands.

"They're so big!!" she gasped. "Is that all milk inside of them?!"

"Mmgh!! MMM! C-Chrissy... Chrissy, that's enough...!"

"Holy crap they're firm...! You really are just filling up!!!"

SLSH

SLSH

SLSH

GUUUURGLE

“MMGH!! Gentle!! G-Gentle!! You’re making them--”

Chrissy couldn’t get enough of the basketball-sized melons. “They’re like balloons... No wonder they’re so veiny! Your dress looks ready to rip apart!”

Fog clouded Elena’s mind. Holding so much milk was robbing her of any self-control. As much pressure as she was holding, her arousal felt greater. *“C...Chrissy...!”*

“What do you think happens when a really flat girl eats a bunch of that frosting?? Do you think her boobs just--Mmph!?”

Elena couldn’t hold back. Grabbing the nape of Chrissy’s neck, she pulled her forward into a passionate kiss. Their lips met in a cloud of hormonal steam rising from their breasts colliding in a billowing collision of bloated flesh. Each girl could feel the other’s nipples throbbing with their heartbeat.

Out of breath, Chrissy pulled away as Elena gasped for air. Milk soaked their fronts from the embrace. “All that milk...is getting you all...hot and bothered, huh? I’ll bet the pressure is *incredible.*”

Pleading for relief, Elena nodded. “M-Mhm...” She pulled at her dress. There was nowhere for her lust to go. Desire overwhelmed her senses. Every passing second brought more milk into her glands, pumping her larger and larger.

GUUUUURGLE

“Nngh!!”

Chrissy stared as Elena ballooned. “Jeez... Mine look like they slowed down, but yours...”

Heaving breaths dislocated her words. *“T-The milk...just keeps...coming...”* Fluid ran in trails down her thighs. Her dress was soaked, mercilessly sticking to her body. As big as ripened melons, they were testing the garment’s limits. Skin overflowed the bodice and swallowed her shoulder straps. At this point, Elena feared she might not be able to remove it.

GUUUUUURGLE

“H-Holy shit,” Chrissy whispered. “Elena, you’re--”

“Chrissy...! Do something!” She whimpered, gently hugging her bust. *“I-I feel like I’m going to pop...!”*

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!

Her eyes widened at a massive surge of dairy. *“NNGH!!!”*

Chrissy chuckled, joking, “You look like someone stuck a hose up your butt and turned it on full blast! You must have gotten an extra-strong batch of frosting or something. Maybe it’s because you were already so big? Or maybe you’re just naturally good at producing--”

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

Sporadic spraying gushed between Elena's fingers. "*Chrissy! They're getting...really tight!!*" A worried tone of orgasmic desire left her lips. "*What if they don't stop soon?? I-I don't think I can take much more!*"

"Oh come on, yes you can! I'll bet you still have plenty of--" She jokingly patted the top of Elena's chest, finding her skin drum-tight and firm. Intense heat poured into her palm. "Oh shit. You really are getting tight... Those things feel ready to blow!"

Elena nodded rapidly, biting her lip. "*W-What if they get too full?? I don't want to pop!!*"

"Take it easy, you're not gonna pop."

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

"*MMGH!!*" Head swirling, she craved only sweet sexual relief. "*Can you...s-suck it out??*"

It was rare for Chrissy to blush. Of course she was fond of latching onto Elena's nipples; it was one of her most erotic zones. Being asked to suckle the milk from her chest, however, was something she never thought she would be asked to do.

"I... Uh..." Chrissy swallowed, her mouth inexplicably watering. "Sure!! Hell yea I will!!" She stepped forward and pulled a strap from Elena's shoulder.

Elena grabbed her bust in fright. "N-Not here! Not where people can see!"

"Then where, Bessy? Hmm?? Where?? If you're as full as you say, I don't think you'll make it home!"

Shuffling her legs like a child in desperate need of a restroom, Elena scanned the area. Her eyes fell on a horror ride incorporating zombie strippers. Terror wasn't usually to her taste, but given the darkness and private carts for each group, it was the perfect cover.

"In that ride!" she pointed. "It's dark and we'll be alone!"

Chrissy donned a sly smile. "Oooohh, you're *naughty*. Trying to get fresh with me in a spooky tunnel of love?"

GUUUUUURGLE

"*Nnnngh!!! Chrissy!!!*"

"Alright alright, don't blow your nipples." Stretching her t-shirt over her bust and reveling in how firm it hugged her new mounds, she took Elena's hand. "Come on! I'll empty those puppies, don't you worry."

The line was full of other couples enjoying similar levels of lust and arousal. Given the setting, it wasn't unthinkable that many would use the ride as a means for short intense sessions of petting or kissing.

GUUUURGLE

A distressed moan came from Elena.

"Hang in there...!"

"*Chrissy... I-I can't! I can't hold it!!*" She whimpered and felt her areolas bulging over the neckline. People stared at the girl with watermelon-sized breasts and she could feel their eyes watching her, as if waiting for her to reach her limit. The pressure was too great for her to care at this point. "*It's too much!! I'm gonna blow!*"

Gently rubbing the side of Elena's chest, Chrissy encouraged, "You'll be fine! Look, we're up!"

A carny motioned next to a control panel. "*Next! Step right up, ladies! Lucky for you two, this cart is big enough for tits of any size!*"

Elena ran to the cart as fast as she dared. It creaked when she collapsed in the seat amid sounds of sloshing milk.

"M-Mmgh!!"

Her thighs clamped together from the stimulation. Something was getting ready to blow, and she wasn't sure what. Chrissy jumped in beside her. Before them sat the opening to a dark tunnel glowing with distant lights. Screams from other passengers flew forth, though not all sounded due to fright.

"Alrighty!" the carny instructed. "Make sure to keep your hands and feet--"

Chrissy hurried him along. "Inside at all times, yea yea. Come on! Let's get this milk train chugging! Onward!!"

KACHUNK!

SLOODSH!!

"MMGH!!!"

A sudden lurch jolted their bodies and sent Elena into a fit of distressed moans. The tunnel hadn't even fully swallowed them before Elena had begun stripping the dress from her bust.

Chrissy ogled the frantic scene. "Whoa, hey! Take it easy! You don't want to wait until we're at least inside the--"

GUUUUUURGLE!!!!

"NO TIME!! They're gonna pop!! They're gonna POP!!"

SHRRRIIP!!

FWOOMP!!

Elena turned toward her lover and pulled her dress down, causing it to tear. Massive breasts revealed themselves in the dwindling light. Chrissy managed only a brief glimpse of monstrous nipples and lush pale veins before they were thrown into the abyss.

"*Holy fuck.*" She placed her hands on their fronts in the darkness. An animatronic zombie screamed from overhead, but neither cared. "*Elena, your tits are--*"

STRRRRTCH!!!

Her skin beat against Chrissy's palms.

"Milk me!! MILK MEEEE!!"

Never had Elena reacted in such a sexual panic. Chrissy could hear it in her tone: whispers of deep lust and arousal. A release of her glands wasn't the only thing she was after. Happy to help and growing wet herself, Chrissy obliged and bent forward. A nipple as thick as a quarter sprayed into her mouth.

SPLRRRTCH!!!

“MMMGGH!!! MMMMMMMMM!!! YES!!! OH YES!!! Your mouth feels so HOT!!!”

Elena trembled in the cart, giving herself fully to her girlfriend. Chrissy could smell her moist pussy as her thighs spread open. Swallowing and tugging rapidly on her nipples, she was astounded at how sweet Elena’s milk tasted. Hot, thick cream sprayed her in the darkness as the stimulation brought Elena to letdown.

KACHUNK!

KACHUNK!!

SLOOOOSH!

SLOOOOSH!!

“MMMGGH!!!”

Every bump and jolt made her tremble and cry out. Milk was forcing its way down Chrissy’s throat, not waiting for her to swallow.

“Mph!! E-Elenpmha!” she choked. *“Take it eaphsy!”*

“MMMMGGH!!”

GUUUUURGLE!!!

Milk rushed out. Chrissy could feel it pooling on the seat and around their feet. Elena’s size was shrinking, but she couldn’t handle the resulting flow. Her breasts seemed unwilling to stop production.

GUUUUURGLE!!

“It’s not stopping!! It’s not stopping!!!”

Searing areolas bulged around Chrissy’s massaging hands. Between her lips, she felt Elena’s nipple puff and expand as if breathing.

“Mmph??” she gasped, milk spraying from her cheeks.

STRRRRTCH!!

“M-Mmmph!!!” Chrissy’s eyes widened when the nipple doubled in size. Within seconds, it swelled itself shut within her mouth. All milk ceased flowing. She released, slowly sitting up. Flashing strobe lights illuminated the situation. *“Uh oh.”*

“What?? Nnnngh, Chrissy!! Keep sucking!! Please keep sucking!! I-I’m so...close!”

“T-The milk stopped coming out.”

“WHAT?!”

Zombie screams rang around them, heightening Elena’s sexual panic.

“I-I think you’re too horny!! Your nipple swelled up in my mouth!!”

GUUUUURGLE

“MMMM!! Chrissy!! I’M GONNA POP IF I DON’T GET THIS MILK OUT!!”

GUUUUURGLE

GUUUUUUURGLE!!!

Trapped fluid rang through the tunnel. Chrissy reached out to feel the tightening bust and found domed areolas firm with pressure. *“Jesus! You might actually explode!!”*

SSTRRRRTCH!!!

“Ahh!! D-Don’t say that!!” Between flurries of uncontrollable squeaks and cries, Elena begged, “Rub them!! Please rub them!!”

Chrissy did so, but found her target difficult to handle. Elena was kicking and squirming, proving impossible to wrangle. “I would if you would stop moving!! Calm down!!”

“I can’t!!!”

GUUUUURGLE!!!!

“MMMMMMGH!!!! MMMMMMMMGGH!!!!!! OH YES!!! OHHHH YES!!!!”

Chrissy paused. She knew these orgasmic sounds. She knew these frantic, pleasure-driven squirms. The scent of a gushing pussy filled the air.

“E...Elena...??” Chrissy asked in disbelief. “A-Are you... Are you doing what I think you’re--”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

“MMMMMMMMMMMM!!!! OHHHH MYYYY GOOOOD!!! I-I’m gonna!! I’M SO CLOSE!!”

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Massive jets of milk roared in the darkness with overbearing orgasmic screams. “NNGH!!! AAAHHH!!!! AHH!!! Aahhhhh!!!” Elena tensed beside her, her yells dying off into labored breaths of recovery. “H-Haaahh... Haaahhh...”

Chrissy’s heart raced. She sat still as Elena trembled and milk gushed from an unseen fountain, dousing her from head to toe.

“Mmmmm!!! Haaahhhh...! Haaahh... Hahhh...”

Elena’s breathing slowed in exhaustion as a crack of light appeared around a corner and the track neared the end. Neither of them could have detailed any one point of the ride after the ordeal.

CRASH!!

The cart flung open two doors, bathing the girls in carnival lights. Chrissy had to do a double take before she could react.

“ELENA!!! What the hell?!”

“Hah... Haaaah... Mmmgh...!”

Elena sat gasping in a heap in the corner of the cart. Her dress and panties were around her ankles. A hand still remained between her thighs, two fingers curled between her lips. Milk flowed from head-sized breasts and down her naked body. Every inch of the cart’s interior was coated in her cream, produced from an orgasmic letdown.

Chrissy couldn’t believe her timid girlfriend had put herself in such a state. Rushing, she tried to pull her dress back up her legs. “Get a hold of yourself, girl!”

“I... *I feel better...*” Elena moaned, struggling to sit up. All eyes were on her. Several girls giggled, having experienced her milky plight. “*They... They felt sooooo good, Chrissy...*” Elena giggled. “*I couldn’t hold it...*”

Chrissy helped Elena from the ride and onto solid ground. Neither could help but laugh at the situation. No longer on the brink of explosive overflowing, Elena was overcome with post-orgasmic peaceful bliss as she swooned and Chrissy pulled a soaking dress up her body.

“*Ah! It’s cold!*” she whined, still lust-drunk.

“Maybe because you just masturbated yourself empty in a carnival ride and soaked everything you own?”

“*Heh... Maybe.*”

Elena gingerly covered her chest while her dress was pulled back up her body. Chrissy couldn’t help but take in the magnificent sight. Wet and shiny, Elena’s naked figure glowed before her eyes. Supple breasts hung like fruits.

“Are sure you’re empty...? You still look pretty swollen...”

“So do you!” Gasp, Elena exclaimed, “For once our boobs are the same size!!”

Chrissy stood up and compared their assets as Elena replaced the dress’s straps at her shoulders. “I guess we are! That’s kind of hot...”

“*What do you think they would feel if we were to lay on top of each other?*”

Hearing Elena say such a thing out loud in earshot of dozens of people threw Chrissy for a loop. “Did my Elena get switched out in that ride?? First you strip and masturbate, now you’re talking like that??” She sank a finger into Elena’s chest. “Those things are taking over your brain!”

Elena was slowly returning to her old self. An embarrassed blush filled her cheeks and she folded her arms to conceal her chest. “I... I honestly don’t know what came over me! It felt so incredible...” Timid eyes looked at Chrissy. “I-I think I like being full of milk...” Elena stepped forward and planted a kiss on her lover’s lips. “Thanks for milking me... Those lips are miracle workers.”

“Aww shucks, I couldn’t turn down a heifer in distress! Thought you might start mooing if I didn’t do something!”

Curious, Elena stared at Chrissy’s chest. “Why do you think yours stopped growing? Compared to how big mine grew, they’re kind of small.”

“*Well EXCUSE me!*” Chrissy grabbed the sides of her chest. “*We can’t all have giant knockers!*” They shared a laugh. “I don’t know, really. I’m pretty happy with these mountains, though! Honestly I wouldn’t mind if they stuck around!” Hugging them tight enough to bulge them into her chin, she exclaimed, “What more could a girl want??”

Shy and staring at the ground, Elena suggested, “Maybe a ride on the Ferris wheel with her busty girlfriend...?”

Chrissy gave a look of surprise. “Really?? After what just happened, I thought for sure you would be ready to go home!”

Milk sloshed when Elena hugged her chest and shook her head. “I-I’m having fun!”

“You think you’ll be alright staying longer? We don’t know if you’re done lactating.”

“Mhm!” Confident, Elene nodded, although there was uncertainty in her eyes as a lingering pressure tickled her breasts. She winked and said, “Let’s get in line! I want to get a good view of everything else we can do tonight! And maybe get a good view of your new chest...”

“That milk is going straight to your head! I’m liking this new Elena!!” Chrissy reached out and flicked a sore nipple to induce a heavy round of leaking.

“*Mmgh!!*”

“Better hope we don’t get stuck at the top! I won’t be able to milk those things way up there.”

Elena clasped her throbbing nipples in her palms and whimpered at the thought, though was unsure if it was due to arousal or fright.

Waiting in line for the Ferris wheel was laced with latent lust and desire between the two girls. Although small gurgles still emanated from Elena’s chest, they both believed the worst was behind them. Happy and aroused, they stood close with Elena embracing Chrissy from behind through the line. Straying hands would graze the other’s bulging new assets. Passionate kisses passed between them, often with Elena wrapping her arms around Chrissy’s chest in a giant squeeze. Feeling such incredible breasts compress under her grasp made her dizzy with delight.

“*Mmmmm, you really like them, don’t you...?*” Chrissy whispered, catching her girlfriend staring down her stretching neckline.

Elena nodded. “Mhm...”

“And you said you didn’t want me bigger.”

Elena tightened her hug and nestled herself between Chrissy’s neck and shoulder. “I love you all the same regardless of your size! But...I-I do really love big breasts... *Especially* when they’re on you...” She lowered her voice to a whisper. “*I hope they stick around.*”

Taking her hand, Chrissy promised, “If they don’t, I promise to buy a lifetime supply of those marshmallows. You can make me as big as you--”

GUUUURGLE

“*Ngh!*” Elena trembled against Chrissy’s. Like gentle airbags, her mammaries swelled between them.

Chrissy felt a rush of hot fluid run down her back. Elena’s nipples throbbed like massagers as they beat against her shoulder blades. She escaped Elena’s arms and turned around to see her breathing heavily. Flesh piled into her worn-out dress, pulling it tight once more. “Hey, are you sure you’re alright? You’re starting to get pretty big again.”

GUUUURGLE

“*M...M-Mhm!*” Although she was pursing her lips, Elena was determined to move forward. “*Just a little more milk! They’re not nearly as big as before... I-I can take it.*”

Chrissy took her trembling hand. “Let me know if we need to raid a farmer’s barn for a milk pump on the way home! Or if you need me to slip a hand up your dress...”

“*Mmgh! I-I will!!*”

Their turn had come. As Elena struggled to breathe within her constrictive dress, they boarded an old bench seat at the bottom of the Ferris wheel. A carnival worker stepped forward.

“Watch yer tits,” he said, lowering the bar. “Make sure yet sittin’ back; them things will tilt the cart forward.”

“Good advice,” Chrissy accepted, feeling Elena squeeze her hand amid a muffled rush of milk.

WHRRRRRR!!!

The ride began. With a fresh load of passengers, the operator set it in motion to turn at a leisurely pace. Carnival lights danced below as the girls rose into the air. Crude scenes spanned every way they gazed.

“Oh my God! Is that an orgy tent?!” Chrissy gasped. “Can we--”

“Not a chance!! I-I can’t let other people see me naked like this!!”

GUUUURGLE!!

“MMGH!”

Chrissy stared in concern at Elena’s rising cleavage. Swollen beyond the size of basketballs, it was obvious her dairy wasn’t finished. “Milk is still coming in, huh?”

“Y...Yea... I thought it would have stopped after...what I did...in the horror ride...” Elena’s breath was slow and labored. Inhaling caused stitches to pop on her dress. After her first round of growth, its integrity was questionable. She gave a weak smile. “But I’m ok! They just feel tight! A-And...full.” She moved closer to Chrissy and held her hand. “As long as I’m with you, I know I’ll be--”

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

“AHHH!!!”

Milk flooded her chest with enough strength to startle Chrissy upon seeing them bloat.

SPLRRRTCH!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

Streams of milk sprayed, arching through the air to strike passengers below them.

“Hey! Watch it up there!” someone yelled.

“S...Sorry...!” Elena moaned.

SSTRRRRRRTCH

Her chest groaned with size as she started to pant.

“Are you sure you’re alright...?” Chrissy asked. “You’re almost as big as you were last time!”

“I’m... I-I’m fine...! They’re just heavy... And my dress is so tight that it’s hard to brea--”

STRRRR--SNAP!!!

“AH!! M-My dress!!”

A strap exploded across her shoulder. It hung limp and torn down her front, allowing one breast to slump. Overflowing skin displayed a network of engorgement veins.

SPLRRRTCH!!!

Milk ran from her chest in thick tributaries. Within seconds their bench was dripping as milk pooled around their legs.

“Shit, Elena! You are not ok!! You’re getting milk everywhere!”

“Mmmgh!! I can’t help it!!” Flushed and dizzy with mounting lust, Elena leaned on Chrissy’s shoulder. Abyssal cleavage wobbled in front of her, mesmerizing Chrissy as she watched carnival lights dance off her slippery, wet skin. *“They... T-They just keep...filling up... Chrissy... I-I’m starting to feel like...they’re going to pop...again...!”*

“Shit! Ok, ok! Let me--” Chrissy stopped.

Though Elena was visibly tense and trembling, she was becoming lost in a cloud of intense pleasure. Eyes closed, she moaned as her hand caressed the top of her heaving bust. Her fingers slid between her cleavage. Seeing them depressing her tight, milk-stretched skin made Chrissy’s mouth water.

“How...How long do you think...I’m going to be lactating...?” Elena breathed, looking helplessly at Chrissy.

“I-I... I don’t know...” she whispered. Moisture was soaking through her underwear at the sight of Elena playing with herself. It was rare for her to act in such a way, even in private.

GUUUUUURGLE

GUUUUUUUURGLE

“M-Mmgh...” Gazing down and watching her udders bloat beyond the size of watermelons, Elena confessed, *“I-I hope they never stop.”*

SLOOOOSH

SLOOOOOOSH

Her milk ached, churning with pressure. Chrissy bit her lip and placed a hand on Elena’s bare thigh. It was clear their intimate discussion was having a direct effect on her lactation.

Chrissy was cautious, but couldn’t resist the temptation. *“Oh yea...? Why?”*

“Because... B-Because I-- Ah!! Mmgh!!! Because I want to know what it’s like...to have them swell up...while we’re in bed...!”

Chrissy could feel her bra tense with every beat of her heart. Weight pulled at her chest as she grew aroused. Her hand slid up Elena’s dress, finding her thighs humid and slick. *“Maybe we’ll have to get you a few cups of frosting to go then... How does that sound?”*

“Mmmgh... G-Good...”

GUUUUUURGLE!!

Elena’s breasts had reached their previous maximum size. They were in uncharted waters, but the heat between them was too tempting. Chrissy continued, *“I could feed it to you... Spoonful by spoonful...”*

GUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

“T-That sounds...good!” Elena spread her thighs, allowing Chrissy’s hands to graze her panties.

“Wow... You must *really* enjoy being full of milk...” she cooed, rubbing two sopping pussy lips.

Elena nodded. “*M...Mhm...*”

Pulling the elastic aside, Chrissy slipped two fingers into her lover.

“*Ah!! Mmnggh, Chrissy...!! Y-You’re going to make me--*”

GUUUUUUURGLE!!

Chrissy smiled, feeling Elena become putty in her hands. “So being horny makes you milkier, huh? Should I keep going...? How much do you think you can hold??”

GUUUUUUURGLE

“*Mmmgh... Mmmmmmmmm...*” Elena shook as her skin stretched. Her load of dairy strained her shoulders and dress. Stitches popped with every breath. “*How... How much of the frosting will you feed me...?*”

“Hmmm, I don’t know...! How much do you *want* me to feed you? How much milk do you *want* those boobs to make?”

SSTRRRRRRTCH!!

Elena whimpered and felt her areolas distend. “*M-M...More...*”

“Oh yea? How does a few more gallons sound? So much milk that those giant tits of yours are *stuffed* with dairy.”

GUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

“*MMMGGH!! Ah!!*” Elena squeaked and squirmed.

Chrissy lowered her voice to a sultry whisper as the air swirled around them atop the wheel. “*I’ll just keep feeding you frosting... Spoonful after spoonful...*” She chuckled. “*If you think your tits are big now...*” Chrissy curled her fingers deep inside Elena’s pussy.

“*AH!!*”

“*I’ll make those udders grow so big and full that you won’t be able to stand. You’ll start making so much milk, that--*”

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

Elena released a helpless whimper begging for more. “*But I’m already so tight! I-I’ll pop if you make me produce that much!!!*”

“Don’t worry; I would suck you dry before I let that happen.” Chrissy rubbed Elena’s exposed cleavage, marveling at its firmness. “But you know what *else* might be fun?”

GUUUUURGLE

“*Nngh... W...What...?*”

“*Letting you feed ME some frosting.*”

GUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

The suggestion made Elena shriek with desire. “*MMMGGH!!! C-CHRISSEY!!!*”

Fluid gushed over Chrissy’s hand from a mini orgasm. Elena was shaking, but she wasn’t about to let up. “*Ooooh, does that sound fun? Making my already swollen boobs get even biiiigger? I’m already pretty huge from those marshmallows!! How big do you think I would get*

if I started lactating too??” She leaned in then, whispering, “That might be more boob than you can handle.”

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

STTTTTRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!!

“AAH!!! A-AAHH!!!!” Elena clamped her thighs shut around Chrissy’s hand. Distress laced her voice. “NNGH!!!! O-Oh no...!! Chrissy!!”

“Mmm, what’s the matter? Afraid I’m going to make you come in front of all these--”

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

“NNGH!! NNNGH!!!! Stop!! S-Stop!!”

Chrissy paused, sensing panic in Elena’s words. “Huh?”

Elena winced and stemmed her breathing to quick gasps. “T-They’re getting really... nngH!!!...tight again!?”

GUUUUUURGLE

STRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

A rush of rapid swelling followed by dense, milky throbbing made Chrissy’s eyes widen. She withdrew her hand. “Uh oh. Like...too tight? Like you feel like you’re going to--”

“Nnnngh!!” Elena nodded quickly, speechless at the pressure gushing into her chest.

“Crap. Alright, uhhh, just hang on. Maybe we weren’t supposed to stimulate you that much. I’ll flag the operator and--”

GRRRWWWLLLLL

“N-Nnngh...!” Chrissy trembled and doubled over, holding her stomach as her chest mashed into the safety bar.

“Chrissy??”

“I’m...I’m fine! Just those marshmallows settling again I thi--”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

Sweat ran down Chrissy’s neck when her chest pushed against the bar. Lifting her on a fleshy cushion, she felt her bra and t-shirt pull tighter as her bust grew inches at a time. She leaned back in shock and cradled them in sweaty palms. The heat rising from her open neckline was like a sauna.

“Crap!! Oh crap!! I’m growing again?! The hell?!”

GUUUUUURGLE!!

“C-Chrissy!! Chrissy, my milk!!! There’s too much milk!”

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“Mmmmm!! God...! I-I thought I was done growing!! Why does it have to...feel so GOOD?!”

SHRRRIIP!!!

Neither was sure whose clothes they heard rip. A breeze caressed Chrissy's torso under her arm while Elena's dress lost support from a widening tear down its front.

"Chrissy!! There's too much milk!! I-I'm swelling too big!!"

"Kinda busy!!"

CREEEAAAAAAAK!!!

SNAP!!!!

"AH!! They're too big!!!"

The remaining strap exploded from Elena's dress. Having to bear the full weight of her chest, the bodice proved unable to fulfill its job.

SHRRRRRIIIIIIP!!!

"I'M TOO BIG!! I'M TOO BIG FOR MY CLOTHES!!!"

"Well it's not a contest! Mmmgh! Why are mine growing more than last time?!"

Chrissy ogled her own cleavage rising into her chin. She now had veins to call her own as her body struggled to keep pace with her rapid engorgement. An angry bra sank into them, deforming her mounds into a series of bulges testing the seams of her shirt. What used to be a fashionable logo had warped and stretched into unrecognizable gibberish.

STRRTCH!!

"Ah!!" Chrissy grabbed their fronts and squeezed them into her body. Flesh oozed from her sleeve holes. *"Fuuuuuuck they feel good!!"*

CREEEAAA--SNAP!!

"My bra...! God my bra just blew open!! C-Can't you stop this damn Ferris wheel?!" she yelled to an absentminded operator. *"Growing girls in distress!! Growing girls in distress!!"*

SHRIIP!!

SHRRRIIIIP!!

Tears opened across her t-shirt. Warm flesh bulged through, taut within its prison. Watching her legs vanish and the bottom portion of her vision become obscured by her own bust, Chrissy sat back with heaving breath. The heat of growth was fading, leaving her in a storm of swollen lust as a rough shirt rubbed across strawberry nipples. Her growth slowed to a stop.

"Oohhhh these are big... Mmmghhhh these are really, REALLY big!!" she rasped, struggling to find a satisfying way to hold the beach ball-sized assets. *"I-I think they slowed down though... Just in time, too! I think my t-shirt was about to explode! Elena! Look at these! Have you seen my--OH SHIT!!"*

Elena was reclining against the side of the cart. Legs on the seat and bent, she writhed beneath two monstrous globes of milk doubling the size of Chrissy's new chest. A destroyed sundress hung lifeless at her sides. Only the skirt remained intact, bunched around her thighs.

GUUUUUUURGLE

Their contents groaned deep and muffled, churning with pressure.

“*Oh God!! Oooohhh I can’t hold it!!! I can’t hold it, Chrissy!!*” Elena sank one hand into a breast and used the other to grab the wire mesh of the seat.

“*Oh fuck!! You’re MASSIVE!! Hang on!! H-Hang--*”

WHRRRR--CLANK!!!

The Ferris wheel ground to a halt, leaving them stranded at the top.

SLOOOSH!

SLOOOSH!

SLOOOSH!

“*MMGH!! MMMMMMGGH!!!! MY MIIILK!!*” Elena cried, the cart’s swaying jostling her dairy.

Chrissy braced herself against the bar. “*Elena!! Just hang on! We’ll be down soon and--*”

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!

“*MMGH!!!! MMMMMM!!!! I NEED TO GET IT OOOUUUT!!!!*”

Her legs spread toward Chrissy. Losing sight of herself, Elena plunged several fingers down her underwear.

SPLRRRTCH!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

Steaming milk sprayed Chrissy from soup can nipples. The taste was sugary and thick like sweetened milk. It made her hungry for more, but in their current position, she didn’t dare move.

“*AAhhhhh!!!*” Elena screamed, arching her back.

SQUUEEAAAANK!!!

Her skin wedged between the safety bar and the back of the cart. Overflowing flesh heaved with pressure as it was forced to grow upward. As large as dinner plates, Elena’s areolas pulsed like fleshy pink pillows.



“The pressuuuuure!!” Elena groaned. *“I-I want to come!!! But I feel like I’ll pop!!! I’m gonna POP, Chrissy!!!”*

“No you’re not!! J-Just calm down!! Stop playing with yourself!! You’re making it worse!!”

“Mmmmm!!! I caaaaan’t!!! I-It feels so good...to LACTATE!!! All this milk...stretching me out!! Filling my udders!!! MMMMMMM!!!! I want to get bigger!!!”

Chrissy wondered if she was about to hear her girlfriend start to moo.

“Megan!! Y-Your tits!!”

“Ahhh!!” a scream came from below. *“I can’t hold it! I can’t hold it!”*

Chrissy dared to look over the edge, finding two girls frozen in the walkway. One was leaning back to support two massive breasts in her arms as her blouse tore open.

“Aahhh!! I THINK I’M GONNA POP!!!” she yelled in a manner reminiscent of Elena while massaging herself. Chrissy’s eyes widened as she watched the girl’s mammaries bloat and tighten before her nipples engorged wildly and puffed to double their size. *“MMMMGH!!!!”*

SPLSSSSH!!!!

“AAHH!!!”

Two geysers erupted from her chest. Within seconds, her milk was expelled in a rapid torrent of pressure. The girls and those nearest were doused in a shower of milk that left the erupting girl soaked and lying on her back in a puddle of cream.

SPLSSSH!!!

“MY MIILK!?”

Another geyser shot upward from across the carnival. Everything clicked then and Chrissy’s heart raced.

“That’s what those are!!! They’re giant milk releases!!” she exclaimed.

GUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

Elena panted under the weight of her chest. *“W-What?!”*

“When you get full enough, all the milk comes out on its own!! That’s what it’s supposed to do!!”

GUUUUUUURGLE!!

“B-But... MMMGH!!! But I already feel ready to blow!!! I CAN’T HANDLE ANY MORE!!” Her hand flew against her clit. Milk leaked from tortured nipples aching for release.

“You have to let it happen!!! It was going to happen earlier, but you masturbated in the horror ride and forced it out before you were ready!! I think that made it worse!! Your body wants to overflow!!”

GUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

“MMMGH!! NNNNGH!!! Chrissyyyyy!!! I-I can’t!! I can’t!!”

“Let it happen!!”

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

GUUUUUUURGLE!!!

“Aahhhh!! AAHHHHH!!!! Too big!!! MY TITS ARE TOO FULL!! THERE ISN’T ENOUGH ROOM!!”

Elena’s veins pulsed. Rising over her face, her breasts caused the cart’s metal to groan. Chrissy tried to back away but found nowhere to run. *“Shit, Elena!! It’s a good thing mine stopped growing!! G-Getting a little cramped up here!”*

GUUUUUUURGLE!!!

GUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

“MY MIILK!!! OOHhhh MY TITS ARE GONNA BLOW!!!”

Elena’s trembling shook the entire cart.

“Wooooo!!! Go girl!!” a cheer sounded from below.

“Make it rain!!”

“Yooo, how did she get so big??”

The encouragement from other carnival goers was pushing Elena past the breaking point.

GUUUUUURGLE

A massive churning of fluid pushed her breasts to the point of pinning her legs down. Chrissy was pushed into the corner by the firm wall of flesh. A nipple engulfed her face, leaking milk down her body.

“AHH!! CHRISSY!!”

“H-Hey!!” Chrissy yelled below. *“Can we get this damn ride moving??”*

GUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

“MMGH!!! MMMMMMGGH!!!!”

“She’s about to--”

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

“I’M GONNA POP!!! THEY’RE GONNA POP!!!! CHRISSY I CAN’T HOLD IT!!! I CAN’T...MMMMM!!! MY BOOBS CAN’T GET ANY BIGGER!!!! AAHHHHHHH I THINK I’M ABOUT TO BLOOOOOW!!!!”

GUUUUUUUUUUURGGGGLE

SPLSSSSSHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

One would have thought two silver fireworks had exploded atop the Ferris wheel when Elena’s milk was finally released. Amid the loud flow of liquid, cheering, and the deafening downpour landing among the metal and tents below, Elena’s orgasmic screams of sheer pleasure could be heard ringing into the night. Milk rushed from her breasts several gallons at a time. Within twenty seconds, they shrank to supple, leaking mounds slick with their own product.

Cheers echoed from below. Displaying the greatest letdown of any carnival goer, Elena’s new fans begged for another shower. Many rushed back to the frosting stand hoping to achieve the same results.

Chrissy wiped her eyes. Coughing milk, she inspected her girlfriend. Elena lay slumped in the cart. Underwear torn and a hand resting between her thighs, she heaved for breath. An arm rested beneath two head-sized breasts. They wobbled firm and full on her torso, not likely to return to their normal size any time soon.

Chrissy chuckled at the sight and saved several mental pictures. *“Feel better...?”*

It was difficult for Elena to find her words between heavy breathing. Milk ran down her face and made her body shine like the moon. *“Mmmgh... Soooo much better...”*

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Soon enough, the Ferris wheel cranked to life and the girls’ feet met with solid, milk-soaked ground.

“Hope you enjoyed yer ride, ladies!” the operator nodded. *“Ain’t never seen someone blow so much milk.”*

Naked, Elena held her tattered dress between her breasts and against her crotch. She blushed and said, “T-Thank you...!”

Chrissy took her hand. Barely managing to cover her front, Elena’s bare body was a magnet to passersby. “Come one, let’s get you home and cleaned up.”

“Can we grab some more frosting on the way out...?”

“Of *course!* I want to know how it feels to lactate too, you know! Did you think I was joking about all that?”

Elena giggled and hugged her arm. “I was hoping you weren’t! I’m gonna make you *soooo* big.”

They headed toward the front gate feeling closer than ever.

A voice over the speaker system announced, “Alright, ladies and gentlemen! We’re just about ready for tonight’s Biggest Bust Contest! If you think you’ve managed to grow the biggest pair of melons during your trip today, make your way to the stage! No lactation allowed!”

Elena’s eyes lit up. “Chrissy, you have to go!”

“What??”

“Look at you!! You’ve got two beach balls tearing your shirt open! You’re bigger than anyone I’ve seen tonight! You could win!!”

“I’m nowhere near as big as you were! If anyone should go up there, it should be you!”

“Mine was all milk!” Elena sank a finger into her girlfriend’s boob, swallowing it past the second knuckle. “But that is *pure* tit.”

“Elena, look at yourself! You’re naked holding a ragged dress! We need to--*Mph!*”

Dropping the dress, Elena stepped forward and kissed Chrissy. Many stared at the buxom duo, but none seemed to mind.

“I’m fine,” Elena promised, her eyes sparkling. “Tonight has been incredible. Besides, what if the prize is more marshmallows?”

Chrissy’s eyes bulged at the possibility. “Let’s go.”

Within minutes, Chrissy stood on stage along with a handful of women believing themselves to be the biggest. Though many boasted impressive amounts of growth and clothing destruction, it came down to Chrissy and a fiery redhead with breasts reaching to her hips.

The announcer boomed, “Assistant, the tape measure, please! This is going to be a close race!”

Elena watched anxiously from the crowd as they measured the two girls. She couldn’t help but admire how great her girlfriend looked in a torn t-shirt.

“*Eighty inches!*” the assistant said for the first girl. Wrapping it around Chrissy, she smiled and announced, “*Eighty-five inches!*”

The announcer took Chrissy’s hand and held it aloft. “I think we have a winner!!!” Holding the microphone to her lips, he asked, “How many marshmallows did you eat to grow so massive, little lady??”

Proud of herself, Chrissy disclosed, “Three skewers!”

“*WOO!!!! Yea, girl!!!*” the marshmallow salesman boomed from his booth, watching the contest with great interest.

“My word!” Staring nervously at her chest, the announcer warned, “You know one skewer is meant to be shared, right? Them ain’t mean for one person! I hope you’re feeling ok!”

Chrissy brushed his concern off with a wave of her hand. “Awww I feel fine!!” Smiling to the crowd and locking eyes with Elena, she patted her stomach and said confidently, “I love me some mallow! Can’t get enough of--”

GRRRW WWWLLLLL!!

“N-Nnngh!!” Chrissy doubled over when immense pressure struck her belly. Many in the crowd started to murmur.

The announcer took several steps back. “Uh ohhhh, I don’t think them marshmallows are quite done with ya!”

Dizzy as her chest heated like coals, Chrissy swooned and asked, “W...What...?”

“They’re slow-acting! Takes time for ‘em to work! And they only get stronger.”

GRWWW WWWL!!!!

“M-MMGH!!!”

“Chrissy??” Elena yelled.

“Hooooo! Stand back, folks!! This stage might not be big enough!!”

“W-W-What are you talking abo--”

GRRRW WWWL!!!

“CHRISSEY!!!” Elena yelled, dropping her dress to run toward the stage.

“Ah!!! OHHH MY TITS!! I-I feel like they’re going to--”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

SHRRRIIIIP!!!

Chrissy’s chest surged forward faster than she could process. It destroyed her t-shirt in less than a breath and extended to her hips and beyond before she could react.

BWOOOMP!!!

They fell to the stage, their weight carrying her forward until she lay across them like bean bags.

She squirmed, enduring wave after wave of pleasure and breast development. “MGH!! MMMGH!!! W-WAIT!! WAIT!!! THIS IS TOO--”

SSTRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

Flesh bubbled and swelled all around her. Feeling as though her chest would never stop, Chrissy watched the stage pull away as her body was lifted atop her mounds.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

CRREEAAAAAK!!

The stage groaned at her mass. Wood planks started to bow.

“H-Holy shit!!! HOLY SHIT!!!”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

Her feet thumped against her curves as her knees searched for a solid hold. Sinking her hands into her cleavage, Chrissy worried her breasts might swallow her up as each surpassed a small sedan in size.

CREEEAAAAAK!!!!

“Mmm!! MMMGH!!”

As quickly as it came on, her growth slowed to a halt. The world wobbled and tilted as her flesh jiggled beneath her. Covering half the stage, Chrissy’s chest looked closer to an erotic inflatable the carnival might have rented. Their motions reminded her of a water bed. Seeing a stunned Elena standing naked at the foot of the stage, Chrissy sheepishly grinned from between her cleavage. Even at a distance, she could see an insatiable desire igniting within Elena’s eyes at the sight of her looming mammaries.

The announcer stepped forward, patting the side of Chrissy’s chest to send ripples across her surface. “Our winner, and Carnal Carnival’s new undisputed Champion of Tit, ladies and gentlemen!! Let her hear it!!”