

Swell Times at the Carnival

By Bellimora

Mary walked about the carnival. The sun had gone down and the desert air had cooled to a pleasant degree, no longer threatening to soak her tank-top with sweat, but not so cold as to make one shiver. She had learned about the event by word of mouth, “Carnival of the Carnal” it was called. She felt the name was amusingly redundant. The pitch was interesting to Mary, she almost didn’t work up the nerve to show. While she was told it was going to be a Carnival in many ways in the classic sense, it was more adult oriented. No children, and some attractions of a salacious sort. Clothing was optional even, though guests were encouraged to not be disruptive.

She had just finished some cotton candy as she moved among the crowds. She had seen some games, and some interesting displays and shows. She wasn’t about to doubt what she had seen at “The World’s Largest Penis” exhibit. As she wandered she got a few looks, mostly due to her generous bust. She was massive, about as large as one could skirt without being greatly obese or using implants. She was used to the looks. The rest of her was quite striking too, pale skin black hair. The extra mass she did have tended to stick to her hips. Particularly now, since she had taken care to not let herself go too much before a public event like this. Sometimes she reveled in the attention, even using her looks sometimes to indulge readily. Other times when she wasn’t in the mood the attention was a detriment. She almost soured on the whole thing early in when a guy stepped in and got over insistent on taking up her time with chit chat. She could tell by the way he kept angling it he definitely wanted things to get carnal with her, but she hadn’t been put in the mood yet and she really wanted to see the carnival attractions instead of being tied up with some stranger off the bat. She kept trying to politely disengage from the conversation, he wasn’t taking a hint when suddenly a clown interjected getting right up in the man’s face with a boisterous routine. As she gave him a slip one of the other clowns gave her a knowing nod and a wink, almost like a reassurance the staff was going out of it’s way to keep the affair a safe place.

She quickly learned to stay in the main thoroughfares to travel about. Not for fear of stalking in the back alleyways, but they were occupied now and then with rather carnal revelers. The latest attraction she came up to was a crowd at some stage, just around the corner from a stand selling suggestive lollipops. She had missed the announcer’s preamble. Though a volunteer was already on the stage, slight red-head with a petite build in general and freckles. She was talking off her t-shirt. She didn’t even have a bra on. The announcer was asking her something quietly as a man with a tie-dye t-shirt and a long brown beard was smoking from a hookah and readying some sort of assembly that looked like a Y of tubing. Tie-dye walked up to the woman, held up the hose ends and said something to which the girl nodded, meanwhile the announcer started speaking again, “And now we shall hook up our first lovely volunteer and make some of Charlie’s first Carnival Balloons for the night!” As he was speaking tie-dye managed to somehow affix the hoses to the redhead’s nipples. He took another hit from the hookah he had on the stage and did some breathing exercises, in and out his chest moved. His flame was so lanky it made the chest seem to puff out more than normal Mary thought. He put his lips to the single tube that the two hoses off the woman’s chest linked to and blew.

Mary wasn’t sure what to expect, the redhead squirming and biting her lip in obvious stimulation was not too surprising, but the way her nipples perked out followed by her breasts rising was something wholly unexpected. The man inhaled and puffed again, the girl held back a moan as her

breasts rounded and rose out further, defying gravity, almost rivaling Mary's. Another puff they jutted out more like torpedoes. The girls' hips squirmed as she gasped out, her nipples started to jut out with pressure. Mary subconsciously gripped at one of her breasts. Her breasts since puberty had been such a large part of her being, both physically and metaphorically. Her first orgasm came when she was given a vibrator as a joke. Unsure, she put it in her cleavage. Since then breast play had been a serious kink for her when it involved her own. All she could think was what that redhead must be going through, and how it'd feel for her. She started to flush.

The man puffed again and again. The read-head squirmed. Her breasts creaked and wobbled as they rose upwards slightly, defying gravity. They sounded almost like balloons the redhead's moan was quite heated. Charlie gave the breast squeeze, the look on his face and the execution made it look more like a craftsman checking the integrity of their work. There was minimal give in the bust, it was stretched taut. The redhead squirmed and squealed indulgently at the squeeze. Charlie gave her a pat on the shoulder and said some more things that Mary couldn't hear. The announcer started calling to the crowd again, "And there you have it! Charlie the flesh blower!" Applause broke out as the redhead was escorted to the side and given a seat. She could barely reach the ends of her freckled torpedo, all blown out like a pair of twin blimps capped with obscenely puffed up nipples and areolae. Her expression looked a little dumbfounded but amused and aroused as she sank into her seat, rubbing her breasts and biting her lip again.

Announcer looked across the crowd, "Do we have another volunteer to join the balloon brigade?"

Mary didn't hesitate as she stepped out, pushing herself to the front of the crowd, "Me!" She called out, bouncing on the balls of her sneakers.

Charlie's glance passed over her and did an immediate double take when the size of her breasts registered with him. The announcer was less muted, "Whoa!" He said as his eyes locked on her body boggling slightly, "You're already quite blessed. Are you sure you want more?" he said, catching his poise quite rapidly.

Mary nodded, she was starting to feel a slight chill as the gravity of what she was doing was starting to settle in and she realized just how much attention she was putting herself in the center of. She screwed her courage, "Yes. And they are quite fun, let's make them funner!" She said. Pushing her impulsiveness into a smile.

The announcer cocked his head, "Now I must ask, those are real yes? This can do odd things if implants get involved."

She nodded, "Definitely real." She cupped pressed her hands into her cups, smooshing them up and out, forcing them to squish in ways implants wouldn't be comfortable with. In the back of her mind she was flabbergasted she was doing this much in front of so many people, even though most of them were just getting a view of her shorts.

The announcer swallowed but managed to keep his show face on, "Well now this might be a special show ladies and gentlemen! Would you please step right up and see Charlie. Everyone else, get ready for a spectacle!"

Mary stepped forward with urgent eagerness. She felt like if she let it down for an instant the welling fear that was warring with her excitement might get a say in the unfolding events, and deep down, she didn't want fear to steal this moment from her. Charlie stepped up to her. His face was wizened his eyes deep as she stared into her, almost piercing, sizing up her expression more than her breasts. He spoke quieter as the announcer continued to work the crowd, "I never had such a large woman volunteer herself. This will be my greatest work. If you consent. Are you sure about this. Once I follow through on this you will be quite reshaped. We will not leave you helpless however."

Mary frowned as she mulled it over. The fear was trying to press for footing within her. She had stuff to do after this, what she got stuck like that? What if someone recorded a video of her doing this? What if her not-so-naughty friends found out? Her arousal and excitement however pressed it aside. On a level this felt like destiny, like her existence and every point was molding her to be here, now. "Yes, give me everything."

Charlie considered the answer a moment, nodded, acknowledging the determination. "You speak from the heart, I'll do it." He started to rummage around for additional hosing, glancing at her chest again, furrowing his brow like he was doing some mental math.

As he did so a hand came down on her shoulder, she turned with a start. A woman in a mix of a suggestive bunny suit crossed with a magicians outfit came to view. It was the first time Mary saw a woman whose bust rivaled hers, she was taken aback a moment, "My my." She spoke softly. The announcer cast a glance at her, and started talking up longer, obviously trying to extend the time. The woman spoke again, "That moment where impulse takes control, thrusts away trepidation. And the fears become unfulfilled leaving nothing but exhilaration in their wake. You may call me B, I make it my business to be around all big business in this Carnival. You're already big enough to be an attraction, do you really want to attract more?"

Mary glanced back, "I appreciate the concern, you keep asking that. Is something bad going to happen?"

B raised a brow, "Bad is subjective. If you consider being a lewd public display that, now's the chance to step down. I can secret you out a door in the back, no need to walk of shame through the crowd. Easy out, no shame. Or if you like the idea of making out and getting off on stage and being a spectacle, do proceed."

Something snapped in Mary with the last remark. She was feeling hesitant but that last remark about making out on stage just pushed her in ways she didn't expect. She thrust herself into B's personal space until her chest smooshed into the blond's the crowd reacted with a cheer, it exhilarated her, "I'm actually finding this surprisingly arousing." Mary said.

B laughed and as Mary cut her off with a kiss. She wasn't a stranger to batting for both sides. When she was feeling indulgent she could get quite indulgent. And this was becoming a hell of a moment for her. B cut the kiss off gently extracting herself, "My my, such enthusiasm, I should hire you." As she cut aside calling to the crowd, "Now now ladies and gentlemen! Kept your waiting long enough. Just wanted to be sure our volunteer is ready for what she is in for! Lets get our parade balloon undressed!"

She helped Mary out of her tank top and gestured at her sturdy bra, "After a certain size, bras stop being dainty frilly things and turn into engineering marvels! Let's give her less constricting lift! I

truly envy her. Though I cheated to get to my size, so sadly Charlie can't push me to the heights we'll see here." She said as she helped her out of it. Mary's shyness was getting slightly overwhelmed by B's assured bravado was putting her back at ease. She put her discarded clothing in her backpack, as B tucked it next to a seat, guiding Mary to it. Mary seated herself.

Charlie stepped up, holding up the ends of some rather heavy duty long tubing, far more involved than what he used on the last lady, "I'm going to attach these to your nipples. I may squeeze at your chest several times to gauge pressure, you cool with that?"

Mary nodded. He moved the nozzles to her nipples, she expected a pinch, felt some odd pressure as the hosing somehow, almost magically affixed to her tits. He nodded and took a step back, she reclined in the seat slightly, almost buckling for the bolt. Her heart was beating out of her chest, the anticipation was strong as she saw Charlie go through his breathing exercises again. Puff and puff his chest was really rising and falling this time, and he hadn't even gotten started. He took a real deep hit from the hookah and looked deeply and meaningfully at Mary's pale topless form before he took an immense breath through a long pregnant moment before sealing his lips to the hosing and exhaling.

Mary felt it at once, her nipples hardening like twin spear points and then the intensity just rose as they perked out followed by a sudden fullness invading her breasts. It felt warm, almost like it was completing something in her she didn't know she was missing. A simmering sexual heat slowly rose in her as her breasts lifted up slightly, rounding, growing a little more gravity defiant. She stoked them. So many eyes on her, approving, anticipating she broke out into a smile. Puff, another surge came, like a long unrelenting wave forcing itself into the core of her breasts, they rose up a bit more as her areola puffed out. Just two puffs and she was well into the realm of adult entertainers with absurdly overstuffed breast implants. She groped and fondled herself as she grew, her breasts still had so much give, almost felt natural, except for this strange lightness that was pervading them. The feeling of being stretched on such a deep level felt so oddly erotic, stimulating. B leaned in, whispering to her, "This is an adult show, do whatever you are comfortable doing to yourself. I'm so pleased you consented to this. Though I'm a bit jealous~" she was clearly fondling herself with her off hand idly over her bunny-suit-top.

Mary was about to respond before another breath assaulted her, her breasts jutted out more, stretching out, almost like blimps, she had shot past the size of that redhead. Who was watching from her seat with rapt interest. Puff after puff assailed her, each one deep, low, powerful, like having something primal pumped into her very essence. Her nipples grew out of reach, her areola had puffed up larger than a lot of women's breasts. Her breasts were starting to tower over her. They were turning into the core of her existence. She was hyper aware of the stimulation, throbbing, sexual pulsing within them, resonating in her crotch. Charlie groped her breast, testing it, so much give, the sudden sense of contact made her cry out in a sudden thrill of stimulation, it was like a small orgasm. B called out to the crowd, "We still got a long ways to go! Let's see how she's doing!"

B craned to get a look at her behind the tower breasts, she was sure was she jutting over the tops of the nearby stands, "Want to make out?" She asked softly with a smile. Mary looked at her with pleading urgency, nodding insistently. B giggled, sliding into a straddle on her lap, between the massive breasts as she pressed in for a deep kiss. Mary melted into it as another surge came. Her breasts creaked deeply, and resonantly. She was going wild from the stimulation as she made out firmly with B. The crowd cheered wildly. It spurred her on. She was a performance piece, her pleasure became paramount. She guided one of B's hands to her shorts, the woman needed no further guidance as she began to work Mary's crotch. Mary groped and gripped at the proprietress as they

shamelessly as she creaked larger and larger with each surge. She had no handle on how huge she was, likely taller than a two story building, tapered off like a pair of zeppelins capped with massive nipples. Each surge of pressure forced an orgasm through her. At one point she threatened to lift up with B. The announcer helped strap her down. The redhead tried to help too, a bit confused as she was not staff and wasn't aware of the tools available. A couple guard clowns kept the crowd off the stage

After what seemed like an eternity of pleasure B cried out as she joined her in orgasm. A deliriously tight creaking resonated from her breasts as an equally delirious tightness pervaded them. They towered over her like airy skyscrapers. She had no handle on how big she was. She could feel them being buffeted by a wind keeping her in a stimulated state. They rocked in a slow wobble. She felt like a pair of zeppelins. B smiled at her as the crowd let out a wild cheer and applause. "That was fun. Do you want to push things further?" B Smiled.

Mary flashed a glance of worry at her. She was so tight. She didn't know how she could get bigger without bursting. "I'll explode!"

B smirked and shook her head, "Not up there~ A little air applied elsewhere. Don't do it often. But I think you're built to billow. I'm aware of your interest in the world's largest penis. With some pumping I could arrange for a playdate with that. I bet we could fit it."

Mary immediately flushed deeper. Her mind racing. The sheer size of thing thing raced through her mind. It was like a third leg almost. To be able to fit that thing, it intrigued her, "In front of everyone?"

"Why yes, we all relish a show. Everyone watching as you become a sexual parade balloon, built for pleasure."

It was pushing Mary's buttons, she thrust her trepidation aside again, "Ok where."

"In your butt, are you alright with that?"

Mary blushed deeper and nodded. B shot a glance at the announcer and Charlie. Charlie nodded and got another hose. The announcer spoke, "Looks like we got a new addition to the Carnival staff folks! Let's give this woman a hand!" She squirmed a bit as she felt the hand enter the back of her shorts, sliding up her rear. B kissed her forehead, "Welcome to the family~"

The next blast of air was like a pneumatic enema that quickly shifted to her hips and core. Her trunk started to fill and bulge, but her hips and rear got so much more, forcing her shorts to creak. Another puff of air entered her and she squeaked with urgency, bucking her hips against the shorts that were being devoured by an impossibly puffed up camel toe, welling between hips being forced wider and wider with each moment. A final puff and there was a loud pop as she came with a squeal. Her shorts exploded off. She couldn't close her legs. Her pussy was impossibly engorged, throbbing. She felt like she could fuck a fence post. Her buoyancy was pulling up against the tethers at her limbs strongly. It wasn't long before he arrived, Eddie, the owner of the world's largest penis. It was more massive erect. B neared her ear and spoke softly, "Still want it?"

Mary nodded, "Yes! Please!" B nodded as several staff adjusted her. Lifting her over Eddie and guiding her down the massive shaft. Her stretched out form pulled over the shaft as she squealed with pleasure the whole way down. Up and down up and down, they lifted and pulled her down on it.

The crowd counted out the strokes. Mary had a hard time paying it any heed, it seemed like every thrust pressed upon her was orgasmic delight. Her world soon exploded with lights and pleasure as it all overwhelmed her mind.

When she came to she was clenching her hand down on one of the redhead's breasts. B with laughing pleasantly holding a rather large butt plug with a sturdy line attached, "Time to insert the anchor!" She said. Mary tried to brace against the impending invasion but her eyes still went cross as she felt it press strongly against the negative pressure of her anal cavity, locking firmly in place. She secured the line to the floor undoing the other tethers, leaving Mary to hover just a couple feet off the floor. Her towering tits pointing skywards her hands drifting over her inflated form. B smiled, "I'll get the proper paperwork to you. You may join and stay with us as long as you like. We have full benefits, though as long you stay filled up like that you'll find a lot of pesky biological needs won't bother you."

The announcer was already calling for another volunteer, women were eagerly offering themselves, none as large as Mary was. As the night went on women were inflated to various sizes. The balloon party unfolded as people started to have fun with each other on and off the stage. Mary was there in the crowd. She found herself in a perpetual state of being stimulated constantly by an untold amount of people. It melted into a blur of pleasure eventually drifting into unconsciousness. She awoke to a soft orgasm, a feeling resonating through her like she had been cumming all night, even through her sleep gently. Carnival staff were painting her as B strode into view, "Ah sleeping beauty awakens. We are painting you up to be our advertisement and with some sunscreen. You'll be floating on an elevated platform where staff can get at you and people can observe. You'll be visible from quite a distance away, an advertisement to all who approach us.