

## Voodoo Balloon

“It’s *freezing* out here!” Clara said shivering against a winter breeze.

John, content amongst the warmth and wafting steam of the hot tub, watched his girlfriend slip free of a long white robe. Underneath was the petite frame of a young woman wrapped in a red bikini. It hugged her small curves pleasingly but remained modest despite a generous window of cleavage from a pair of C-cups.

“Ooooh, new swimsuit?” he whistled.

Clara wrapped her arms around her torso for protection from the night air. “You know I feel like you wanted to be in the hot tub first just so you can watch me strip down. And *yes*, thanks for asking. Took me all day to find it.”

Dipping a toe brought a wave of relief to the chilled girl. A sigh escaped her lips when she slipped half-gracefully into the water. Lying her head on a cushion, she closed her eyes. “Mmmm, that’s nice...”

“I should volunteer to watch my brother’s house more often.” With Clara’s eyes closed, John was free to gaze at the bubbles lapping at her exposed cleavage. Each breast stood out from her chest like a soft pool toy waiting to be played with. “This hot tub alone makes it worth it.”

“Think he’s looking for a renter? My back is going to be so spoiled after this it might not let me stay away!” Lifting her head with a tired groan, she eyed John. “You know you’re sitting awfully far away for someone alone in a hot tub with a pretty girl...”

A chuckle escaped him and John slid closer. “You almost sound like you had something in mind for tonight.”

Clara bit her lip and snaked a hand through the water. “I *might* have.” Gentle fingers wrapped around a firm cock pressing against John’s swimsuit. “Or maybe I just wanted to see if you really liked my new bikini. I couldn’t tell through all the bubbles...”

“What a coincidence.” A sly smile spread over John’s face. Clara felt his hand brush over hers when he dug into one of his pockets. A second later he brought something above the water into view. “I just happened to have something in mind too!”

Clara blinked at what hung in the air. “Is that a...balloon? I mean I guess we can have a water fight if you want, but I had something a little more *hands-on* in mind.”

“Oh don’t worry, I do too. Watch this.”

An unexplainable tingle ran down Clara’s spine when John held the balloon’s opening to his lips. A rush of air puffed his cheeks out and made the balloon stand straight out before he was able to force the latex to stretch.

“*Ahh!*” Clara jumped when the pressure suddenly inflated it to the size of his fist.

“Whew, that’s hard...” John said coming up for air.

“Wow, you’re right, I *do* feel turned on,” Clara giggled and teased, “Who knew such powerful lung strength was sooo sexy?” She could feel his eyes playing over her chest at the water’s surface.

“Just hang on!” John inhaled deeply and puffed again. The balloon grew an inch in diameter but was strong against his breath.

“*Mmm!*”

“Something up?” John asked with a knowing grin.

Clara was squirming in her seat and breathing heavily. “I...I-I...*mmmm*...I feel...*funny*...” Head swooning, she felt a strange tickle in her breasts. Looking to find the source, she glanced down before her jaw dropped to render her speechless.

“You like them?”

“M-My boobs!” she gasped, standing up out of the water. What had been C-cups now bobbed on her frame like a pair of cantaloupes. They strained the front of her bikini and lifted the cups away from her torso so expose two curves of skin. Gently cupping them in her hands, Clara pressed her fingertips into her skin testingly. “They’re...*nnnngh oh wow*...they’re so much...bigger!”

“How are they?” John asked again.

Clara swallowed, enjoying the firm pressure swirling in her chest. “They feel *incredible*.”

“I thought they might.”

“What did you do to me??”

“Paid a little visit to a practical joke store! They had a whole bin of voodoo balloons. Thought it might be fun to buy one for our little slice of hot tub time.” He lifted it to his lips once more.

“J-John, I--*Mmm!*!” Before Clara could say anything, he blew into the balloon. A rise in pressure was immediate and Clara arched her back when her breasts bloated in turn. The bikini’s spandex jumped and shifted over the rounding mammaries as they ballooned. In only a few labored breaths, John brought her to a tightly-packed pair of volleyballs rivaling her own head in size. Nipples like thimbles stood into the fabric from the cold night air.

“How’s *that*?” he asked with short breath.

Her response almost made him outgrow his swim trunks. “M-Make them...bigger.”

It was too easy of decision to make. John blew into the balloon with all his might but it was difficult to fill.

“*Oh... OH!*” Clara gasped, feeling her bikini pull into her bust as she bulged over its sides. Her skin squeaked and popped between her cleavage like two balloons rubbing together. “Bigger, John... Make...*mmmm*...*blow me up!*”

He tried his best, but as the balloon neared the size of a basketball his lungs couldn’t cut it. Clara looked at her breasts with hungry eyes and felt her loins overflowing with desire.

“*This isn’t...fast enough*...” she panted, coming to stand directly in front of John. She grabbed the balloon in her hands.

“Wait!” he warned before losing his grip.

*WHHHOOOSH!!*

The air rushed from its confines and Clara's top snapped back against her body when her breasts returned to normal.

"Awww, why did you do that??" he pouted.

The sour mood didn't last long, however, when Clara turned around and sat down in his lap. She pressed her back into his chest and allowed his head to cradle on her shoulder for a healthy view down the front of her body. "Don't worry," she cooed, "they'll be back."

Clara took his hand in hers and guided the balloon to a nearby jet waiting with a torrent of water. Confident he had gotten the picture, Clara released her hold and whispered, "Go on; *fill me up.*"

There was no hesitation and water flooded the balloon with more force than John could have ever created.

"*AaaaahhhhhHHH!!!*" Clara screamed, shutting her eyes against the torrential pleasure assaulting her body. "O-Oh my God... *Oh my GOD!!*" She squirmed in John's lap as her skin vibrated with the rush of water. "It's filling me... J-John I can feel myself growing...*everywhere!*"

It was undeniable. John wrapped an arm around Clara's waist and felt water swirling inside. The balloon filled with water against his hand, quickly growing larger than what he had managed manually. Clara's breasts were quick to respond and pulsed larger in waves. They bloated and engorged with water, pulling at her bikini top with a fluid weight. Ripples jiggled over the surface of her party balloon-sized tits.

Something soft pressed around his cock. Clara shifted in his lap when her bikini bottoms tightened around her hips and delved between a pair of plumping thighs. John felt her waistband draw tight like a belt before beginning to slip down her navel from her increasing size. Even her slender waist thickened against his arm.

"I filling... I-I'm filling with water...!" Clara yelled. "*OOHHH I've always wanted to know what it felt like to be a balloon!*"

John's eyes bulged with sexual wonder from his perch on her shoulder. Cleavage bulged and rose into the air, spandex and straps vanishing between bulging skin. The bikini top deformed her breasts into a mountain range of oddly-shaped curves as if trying to contain two beach balls. They blocked any view of her stomach and thighs, but John could feel her hips and butt widening with every passing second.

"*J-John...*" Clara gasped, her bikini making it difficult to breathe. "*I--MMM!!*"

He shook her water-filled body with his free hand, sending every engorged curve into a frenzy of jiggles. Clara's mind exploded with ecstasy at so much water jostling throughout her body. Just as John saw the puffy rims of her areola peeking out from under her bikini cups, Clara gasped laboriously and grabbed his hand. "T-That's...*NNNNGH...*T-That's enough... *John, that's enough water...!*"

Sad to see her growth end, John removed the now-massive balloon from the jet and held the end closed. On his lap rested his girlfriend now sporting a pair of torso-dominating tits

reaching to her hips and engulfing her bikini. An ass plump enough to overflow his legs swallowed her bottoms like a thong before leading into thighs as wide as his own waist. Every gasping breath shook her frame and popped another stitch on her swimsuit. His curious hand drifted over her belly and found the taut border of her underboob just above her belly button.

“Too full?” he asked, watching Clara’s watery udders wobble and slosh with her gasps.

“N-N-No... *God, no...*” She swallowed and craned her neck to kiss him. “But before we go any further...”

John watched her run a finger along the border of her bikini top. Groans of effort and sensitivity escaped her lips as she fought to get between her skin and overstuffed cup. Finally she pulled something long and stretchy that snapped free of her bikini and into her hand. His eyes widened when he saw it was a cylindrical balloon.

Clara giggled. “I might...*nnggh*...have made a trip to the same joke store for tonight...” Her hand disappeared below the water with the balloon to find a gushing jet of her own. John’s cock tingled strangely somewhere under her massive girth and he suddenly had a feeling his swim trunks were about to become much too small. Already feeling him thicken and elongate beneath her curves, Clara grinned and said, “My turn.”