

Amusement Park Growth

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In her dream, 8-month pregnant Bonita found herself at an amusement park on the Tilt-a-Whirl ride. For those readers who haven't seen this ride, it's flat and round, like an elementary school playground merry-go-round. All around its round edge are vertical cages into which people are held by bars, chains, or straps.

(All you "doms" can just lust !!)

The ride spins around, again like a merry-go-round, going faster and faster.

The centrifugal force violently pulls each rider out against the solid outer wall of their individual cage. Later, it also rises up on a single arm, almost vertically, looking like a Ferris Wheel while still spinning. It was definitely not a ride for a hugely pregnant young girl.

Unfortunately, this was exactly where poor pregnant Bonita found herself in her preggo dream. That day, her simple "maternity clothes" consisted of a snug baby-blue halter and blue denim maternity short-shorts.

Her full pouty lips were coated with "Fire Engine Red" waterproof lipstick, while she had dabbed "Leather and Lace" perfume all over her bloated pregnant body.

That very plunging baby-blue halter both exposed and framed the deep valley and vast swelling hills of her engorged bronze tittie-flesh, err, "cleavage."

It snugly closed in front via six large white buttons in a high empire-style, not even covering her ribs.

Each short-shorts cuff just kissed a moist plump thigh, leaving her sensitive, very private inner thigh-flesh almost totally bare. A smooth rubber maternity panel stretched all across her lower bloated belly, lifting and shaping, yet deliberately restricting its swaying motion.

Anyone nearby could watch that bulging rubber panel buckle and ripple, stretch and strain, as her gigantic pregnant body waddled around.

Bonita looked like she was wearing shorts cut out from a rubber suit, or an 18-wheeler inner tube, tightly wrapped around the bottom of her inflated-looking beach-ball belly. Partially hidden underneath were a super-stuffed black "F" cup nursing bra and a pair of low-cut black bikini panties, the latter completely dwarfed by her 64" wobbling belly. Quite a hefty load for a 16-year-old, 5' 2" Spanish girl.

By now in Bonita's pregnancy, her bulging over-stretched belly-flesh had become super-sensitive.

Waddling around, the constant rubbing of queen-size, or even looser soft maternity, panties would irritate her sensitive bronze belly-flesh. These days, she only wore low-slung bikinis that just about covered her constantly-throbbing and cleanly-shaven plump pussy.

Oddly, that curved rubber stretch-panel never bothered her bloated beach-ball belly one little bit.

When tightly pressed against her naked bronze belly-flesh, that smooth slippery rubber panel felt sooo right, and very sensuous. It felt, and smelled, even better after she had been severely perspiring, err, "glowing."

With her bloated belly now sooo ungodly huge and heavy, she only had to "hoist herself up" and she began glowing like a 500-watt light bulb. <giggle>

When feeling "frisky," Bonita's hand would slowly, yet firmly, run across that now-hot slick rubber panel, squeezing it in even tighter.

That added heat and pressure always made her loudly "sigh" and her motherly hips strongly wiggle. Her hand would then vigorously rub that hot moist rubber against her bronze belly-flesh, never failing to make both her clitty and bellybutton pop far out, each vying to stick out the furthest.

In this preggo dream, Bonita didn't seem very concerned about showing off her bloated bronze pregnant belly. The whole upper half, erupting out of its rubber cocoon, was totally bare ~~ naked bronze belly-flesh obscenely blooming out for miles, glistening and glowing in the hot summer sun.

Her bronze legs were sporting light-blue stockings with "super grip" tops ~~ the type that stays up all by itself. Above them was 4 inches of blossoming plump thigh, so beautifully bare, beckoning all eyes to rise to their hidden moist "V," then even higher to her rubberized beach-ball belly. Finally, on her small tired feet, she wore a pair of dark blue wedges.

Those contrasts were astounding. On one hand, she looked like a hooker on the prowl, while on the other, she looked like a sweet, somewhat innocent, mother-to-be.

Absolutely nothing about her, even her feet, looked 16 years old.

"I *never* would dress like this in real life !!" Bonita rebutted, while both hands absent-mindedly rubbed that warm restricting rubber panel, pushing it in tighter on both sides as her palms hefted the heavy weight of her bloated constricted pregnant belly.

Now her dream jumped. A young dark-skinned operator was just closing the two bars that held hugely bloated Bonita in her cage, facing the outside.

The cages normally opened inwards, so the force pulled the rider safely against the closed outer wall.

In her dream though, these cages opened to the outside.

Only two strong rubber-padded holding-bars kept her bloated pregnant body from zooming out, off among the clouds like a huge hot-air balloon.

That handsome muscular operator lingeringly adjusted one rubber-covered holding-bar to fit in the warm moist valley just under her engorged breasts and above her bare shiny beach-ball belly.

He spent extra time with her, making sure that rubber-covered bar was placed just right. Softly "sighing," Bonita realized that the spongy rubber on that bar felt almost as good against her bare bronze flesh as her slick rubber panel, sending shivers up and down her spine.

Bonita knew that sexy hunk could see each fat erect nipple vividly poking through her wet nursing pad, straining bra-cup flap, and stretched-out halter.

Each erect chocolate nip vainly tried to escape, making a tall delicious bump in her thin halter, begging for sensuous touching.

Also, that her warm sweet mommy's milk had created two ever-widening wet circles on that baby-blue halter, soaking through all the layers beneath.

His strong, warm hands were constantly checking and rechecking the adjustment of that rubber-covered bar against her glistening bronze flesh. Initially, he only "accidentally" rubbed the bulging undersides of those engorged F-cup breasts, making her hard erect

nipples pout and tremble, poking through that thin material even further. When she hadn't complained, only deeply sighed, his strong hot hands now intentionally and very slowly caressed the naked top-flesh of her bloated bronze belly. These tender touches made her fully-exposed, popped bellybutton stalk wiggle, then sprout out even further.

Standing sideways up against her, Bonita could excitedly feel his thickening, throbbing snake creeping down his jeans' leg, growing longer and fatter with each passing second. Through a wide tear in his faded jeans, her sweaty shivering thigh could directly feel the hot humid skin of that bloated twitching baby-maker, forcing her stewing puss to twitch, wink, then ooze some more.

Every "wink" sucked that sopping denim crotch up further inside her. "One or two more 'winks'," Bonita thought, brightly blushing, "and both plump swollen lips will be spilling out the sides all around that musky crotch."

Crouching down, he adjusted that lower rubber-covered bar to fit exactly across her sticky sweltering crotch, just below her rubber-covered beach-ball belly.

Each firm tan finger seemed to linger over those tall ridges in her tight short-shorts made by both swollen pussy lips, like a blind man slowly reading Braille.

The wondrous sensation his naughty fingers created intensely reminded her that it had been many long days since her bloated pregnant body had been fully stuffed and gloriously satisfied.

Just as her last inhibitions were melted away by that spreading fire inside and her yearning pregnant body began succumbing to his firm but gentle touch, he disappeared, like a teasing wisp of erotic magic.

Though his sexy body vanished, every minute spec of her bronze flesh strongly remembered his touches. Her engorged breasts and bloated belly were still tingling, swelling fuller and rounder from those vivid, very sensuous memories.

Before that ride began spinning, Bonita felt her breasts engorging with warm sweet mommy's milk, then ballooning fuller, making room for even more.

"Gurgles" echoed in her ears, causing strong shivers, as that mommy's milk gushed through a duct, entirely bloating a new reservoir.

Once that demonic Tilt-a-Whirl started spinning, Bonita quickly felt the centrifugal force powerfully pulling her bloated pregnant body to the outside.

Her whole swollen front was pressed tightly up against those two rubber-covered holding-bars.

Her engorged breasts and wobbling beach-ball belly slowly began oozing out further and further, around and between those two rubber-covered bars ~~ bare flesh mating with hot moist rubber.

Not only were all three being tugged outwards, but they were also inflating, becoming rounder and so very much fuller.

"Uh-oh . . ." Bonita stammered as her normally large breasts began feeling like huge rubber balloons, forcefully over-inflated.

Both pushed out more and more, fighting constantly with her full-figure nursing bra and plus-size halter.

Looking down, she embarrassingly saw gaps forming between those buttons, first showing only hints of lacy lingerie. Soon, expanding to huge "peep holes," exposing

acres of straining black nursing bra and glowing bronze flesh. Quickly, those large white buttons became fatigued, but still held their plump luscious cargo in check.

Gazing lower, Bonita exclaimed, "My poor bloated belly *really* feels like a king-size beach-ball stuffed in a tight rubber suit, being more and more over-inflated."

Then added with a sigh, "It just keeps inflating larger and larger, the faster this ride spins." By now that huge rubber-coated sphere had almost doubled in size, having more than enough room for full-term triplets, or even quadruplets.

Without warning, Bonita felt one large white button "pop" on her baby-blue halter as those bloated boobies ballooned out further.

Ten seconds later, spinning even faster, another button popped, then a third.

Her lacy black nursing bra began oozing over the top of that V'd halter as its bronze contents continued to inflate.

Suddenly with a rapid fire "pop, pop, pop" all those remaining buttons sprung open.

Bonita could only watch in horror as that sturdy baby-blue halter was shoved aside by those jutting black nursing cups.

Defeated, it now only vigorously flapped in that cool breeze.

With the defeat of that last straining button, those lacy nursing cups violently leapt out six inches or more. Had she been naked on her hands and knees, both now-gigantic hanging hooters would have closely resembled two engorged cow's udders ~~ ones that hadn't been milked for days !!

That naughty force still pinned her slender arms against those two bars. She could do nothing to cover her fully-exposed over-stuffed nursing bra.

There she was, a young mother-to-be, spinning round and round, her baby-blue halter open wide, flapping in the breeze.

That black nursing bra with its large wet spots, barely containing its humongous milky cargo, was embarrassingly exposed for all below to see.

With wild wishful thinking, Bonita sighed, relieved, "At least, my nursing bra is still covering these inflating whoppers."

Luckily, she hadn't noticed a long fat nipple lewdly poking out against each overstuffed cup-flap. Both made obscene tents, pushing out further than a 7-year-old boy's virile erection.

Her relief, though, was very short lived. That ever-increasing force now inflated both already-huge balloon-size breasts even larger, stretching out her straining black cup-flaps almost to the bursting point. Both bra straps began cutting deep gullies in her bronze shoulder flesh.

Pray as she might for this insane growth to stop, those engorged boobies kept swelling larger and larger as that nasty force pulled, tugged, and twisted their soft girly flesh.

While both resembled only large Honey Dew melons before, now they were larger, fuller, and heavier than even super-jumbo-size watermelons.

Hesitantly looking down again, Bonita embarrassingly saw her swelling bronze tit-flesh oozing more and more around those black nursing-cup flaps. Every bloated bronze titty molecule was trying valiantly to escape its now super-tight confines.

"It's only a matter of time before those plastic flap-clasps break," she thought with alarm while spinning even faster.

"Then, my super-engorged milk-machines will explode out like a jack-in-the-box whose crank just hit that magic note."

Surprisingly, those plastic flap-clasps grossly deformed, but held.

Soon though, both tugged swollen monsters began putting ungodly pressure on that three-hook bra strap. That poor tortured strap began making louder and louder creaking and groaning sounds.

"Yea, yea, I know," Bonita thought, "it should have been at least a 9-hooker to safely handle my hugely engorged boobies, but that small bra strap had worked well up to now." Without warning, she heard a loud "snap," like a sharp clap of thunder, and felt an abrupt jerking tug where those monsters were anchored to her chest.

Her worst fear had been realized. That poor overloaded bra strap had finally burst ~ those bra cups were now covering only the top inner half of her ballooning boobies like a black cape, while the broken strap ends were just loosely flapping along with that defeated halter.

As that bra-strap burst, two soggy milk-filled nursing pads blew out like miniature flying saucers, sailing through the clouds. "I wonder if whoever finds them," Bonita blushingly thought, "will know what they are, and . . . how scrumptious their warm sweet contents would taste, slowly dripping down their throat !!"

Though the nakedness of those hovering bronze blimps should have greatly embarrassed her, Bonita only deeply "sighed."

Her immense hooters felt sooo good being released from their ultra- tight confines, even if her acres of bloated tittie-flesh were now floating fully exposed for all below to see.

Now, absolutely nothing was holding her huge hooters against her girly chest.

Unfettered, that naughty force tugged and sucked them out even further, floating side-by-side suspended like two giant bronze blimps, immense chocolate beacons glowing on their noses.

Both brown champagne-cork-size nipples now jutted out more than 3 feet from her chest, slowly stretching out even further.

That intense suction, like a breast pump, was causing droplets of warm sweet mommy's milk to ooze out their tips from over a dozen bloated ducts.

Bonita suddenly realized, "Each new inch should make my poor bloated boobies ache and hurt sooo bad, but it's only sending a fresh batch of strong erotic chills and thrills throughout my young body, making it more and more excited."

The cool crisp air whipping by began to unmercifully tease them, tweaking and playing with those cork-sized nubbies. Her dinner-plate-size chocolate areola lewdly puckered from that coolness, wrinkling like a newly-formed, jagged mountain range.

All these teases on her sensitive pregnant flesh sent increasingly strong tremors and quivers through every molecule of her body.

Even a tiny ripple was making her pouting, distended pussy throb and drip, both with womanly desire and animalistic lust.

If her poor pregnant body could only move, her hips would be wildly undulating with an erotic mind of their own. They'd be frantically rubbing her swollen puss and erect clitty back and forth against that spongy-rubber holding-bar, boldly trying to find even a little relief.

Her poor throbbing puss had been set on fire, the likes of which her body had not felt in many months. Her drooling love-tunnel was quickly becoming a molten, spitting, and sputtering volcano.

Bonita valiantly tried to focus her thoughts on non-erotic things, but instead, they were constantly tugged back to her huge erect nipples.

Each dark glistening teat was now soup-can size, firmly attached to a gigantic milk-filled weather balloon.

Even against her bronze flesh, each squiggly puffy blue vein looked hugely erotic, rippling across her bloated tit-flesh to those soup-can teats.

The Montgomery bumps on each nipple's dark brown areola now looked like mole hills created by some gigantic crazy mutant mole.

Right then, Bonita could only think of her nipples. "Sometimes that swirling air caresses them like a cool wispy feather," she concluded with a deep erotic sigh, "while other times, it flails them like tentacles of a stout stinging whip," making her loudly gasp.

Their constant stretching by that centrifugal force created more and more room for all that mommy's milk to accumulate.

Those gigantic balloons were quickly becoming two huge reservoirs, containing tens of gallons of warm sweet mommy's milk.

Unfortunately, her constantly-inflating bust wasn't her only body part affected by that "tugging" swelling force.

Her bloated beach-ball belly was also being strongly pulled outwards, ballooning larger and larger.

At first, her maternity short-shorts' rubber panel held her inflating belly somewhat in check. Then, little by little, as her lower belly grossly inflated, applying even more pressure, that over-stretched rubber panel began slowly rolling down.

That bronze sphere was inflating so hugely that it was now too big to be called a beach-ball. Its monstrous size was even forcing her maternity short-shorts to slip down.

Every inch was exposing more of her naked motherly buns and wide childbearing hips.

Within minutes, that rubber belly-panel had rolled down to her sopping crotch, also defeated, tugging her short-shorts down around her smooth bronze thighs.

The full motherly roundness of her bloated bronze belly was completely exposed.

Without that panel to even slightly hinder it, her super-beach-ball belly really burst out, now more than 4 feet from her abdomen, like a huge hot-air balloon hovering on a strong draft.

"If Daddy thought it stuck far out before, he should see it now," she giggled, adding, "A wheelbarrow wouldn't contain it any longer, I'd need an 18-wheel flatbed truck !!"

That naughty force had also strongly sucked her little-girl clitty outwards.

Normally only a + inch long when proudly erect, it now poked out about 6 inches, as fat around as a spicy pepperoni stick.

Its obscene tent in her maternity short-shorts made her crotch look like a 14-year-old boy with a rock-solid erection, and it was still swelling, growing longer and fatter with each passing minute.

Without warning, Bonita heard a loud "sproing," feeling a strong upward jolt at the juncture of her smooth trembling thighs.

She couldn't see what had happened because of her super-beach-ball belly, but correctly guessed that her lowering short-shorts had also pulled down her black bikini panties releasing her obscene girly-cock.

Springing right up, it proudly stuck straight out, lewdly bobbing around in the cool breeze. Finally freed, her girly-cock instantly swelled even longer. It now looked like a super-long hybrid cucumber, at least fifteen or sixteen inches long and more than two inches wide.

"I'll bet that super-cuke would make vegetarians out of many guys, and some gals too," Bonita giggled, grinning lecherously.

The cool swirling air felt like moist gentle lips caressing that bobbing stalk's whole throbbing length. Bonita thought she could even feel the puffy skin around its bloated pink tip retracting, like a cute girly-foreskin, uncovering a juicy pink plum.

Her round inflated body shuttered, pondering how good a long wet tongue would feel wrapped round that inflated girly-cock.

First, licking it, then teasing it with its firm tip, and finally, oh finally, in one quick giant slurp, gobbling it whole.

That inflated girly-cock's sensitive topside had sprung up tightly against that rubber-covered holding-bar.

Spinning faster and faster, every bump, jerk, and vibration from that evil ride was instantly transmitted along its total swollen length.

It felt like some devil had thrust a wildly humming vibrator firmly against its root, forcing her bloated body to continuously shake and shiver.

Her hot wet puss now constantly dripped, making a large gooey puddle in the crotch of those lowered black panties.

To her utter dismay, that strong unyielding force also pulled her popped bellybutton stalk straight out, like a long horizontal antenna, more than 6 inches farther than her bloated super-beach-ball belly.

That antenna hovered there, gently swaying in that cool crisp air, delivering a second constant stream of tingles to her throbbing puss down below.

Anyone on the ground below could hear loud "Oooooos" and "Ahhhhhs" rising from between her glossy-red lips.

Spinning around, she would catch glimpses of that handsome muscular operator far below staring intently at her inflated obscene body.

His right hand was slowly stroking his long thick dark club, proudly thrusting out from his unbuttoned fly.

In a dark corner, Bonita saw two tall broad-shouldered black men also watching her gigantic body fly. Both were pumping away on long coal-black hoses, so distinct against their snow-white jeans.

Each baby-maker required both large hands to hold it up, its bloated tip glistening in anticipation with pearls of manly dew.

Bonita's eyes couldn't believe that God had attached baby-makers that huge onto any animal smaller than a full-grown Clydesdale.

Alas, all she could do in response was lick her "Fire Engine Red" lips, trying to keep the drool from running down her chin.

Her swollen milky udders and bloated super-beach-ball belly seemed in a race to see which could stick out the farthest.

Right now, those twin udders were winning, having swelled up into gigantic blimps, but her bloated balloon of a belly was trying its damndest to catch up ~ that sprouted antenna was even stretching out further to help !!

All three hugely bloated spheres had now inflated out more than 5 full feet from her poor squished body. Viewers on the ground could easily be confused.

They might believe that each was completely separate, some park promotional balloon moving with the ride, not attached to her minuscule pregnant body.

Her ballooning belly had gotten sooo enormous that two sets of full-term octuplets (8!!), with their whole families, could have comfortably fit inside.

Those purple stretch marks were no longer itty-bitty, all felt like two-inch-deep gouges. From the ground, her purple squiggles looked like a fancy art-nouveau pattern, or a New York City street map, brightly painted on that bottom balloon.

Each constantly engorging udder was now huge, holding more than a hundred-gallon milk tank. Bonita was pleasantly surprised she could hardly feel their immense weight, but would continuously hear her milk's very loud gurgling and sloshing as those new reservoirs filled fuller.

Centrifugal force kept both suspended, almost weightless, in midair. If either ever hung down, it would stretch well below her passionately curling toes !!

She was probably the only female who could completely hide behind her breasts.

Adding to her utter embarrassment, all three soon were hovering out more than 6 feet from her body.

Now, more people on the ground, other than that horny operator and those two black men, began to notice. She saw men, women, and even children pointing to her in amazement as all three hugely bloated spheres glided around with the ride, suspended in midair.

All were watching her inflated floating udders and belly like they would balloons in Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade.

She could even hear some "Ooooooooo"s from them, causing more and more guttural moans to rise from between her moist red lips.

Her body's totally naked exposure was now even exciting her.

"Was there no end to the elasticity of my bronze skin ?" Bonita thought, punctuated by a sudden "gasp" as her pussy strongly contracted.

Swirling around faster, that colder naughty air felt like hundreds of icy fingers creeping across those acres of naked bronze belly-flesh.

It chilled that menagerie living inside. All began rhythmically kicking downward, like a stampeding herd of wild elephants, sending a third, even more intense, stream of vibrations directly at her swollen zucchini of a clitty.

Once, Bonita even thought she felt two tusks prodding down at her poor dripping overheated puss.

That third stream of rippling vibrations was more than her high-strung over-teased body could take. As much as that force would allow, Bonita's poor body began bucking and thrashing as an earth-shattering climax swept over it ~~ a definite "10" on the Richter scale. Her glossy red lips seemed welded open as guttural "moan" after guttural "moan" loudly escaped.

In response to that intense climax, her blimp-sized boobies began gushing out their milky lakes through those soup-can nipples.

Over a dozen holes in each began shooting out continuous sprays of warm sweet mommy's milk, like huge hoses fighting a fire. Talk about a monsoon-class "let down" !!

Those warm milky streams were blanketing the sky with huge sparkling droplets, creating shiny patterns, then raining down on those poor people below. Bonita couldn't tell if anybody could see where those droplets were coming from, but they surely knew they were falling.

One man had both palms cupped, gathering up those milky pearls, then contently drinking them down, while his tight pants bulged obscenely.

As her mind-blowing climax finally subsided, the sun snuck out from behind a cloud. Its rays, shining through that shimmering mass of milky droplets, formed a perfect rainbow. Everyone below just stared up in amazement.

That was the last thing that Bonita remembered. Abruptly, she awoke, still lying on her left side. Her breathing was ragged and deep, while her naked pregnant body continued to shiver and shake.

"It was all just a 'preggo dream'," she sighed with relief.

In a moment though, Bonita found that it was not all a dream.

Huge droplets of warm sweet mommy's milk were dribbling from the erect chocolate nipples of both super-engorged boobies.

Even her gentle touch caused pressurized sprays to zoom across the room, coating that dark wall opposite with warm white polka-dots.

A happy-looking body-pillow remained tightly stuffed between her smooth glistening thighs, completely soaked with the thick musky nectar drawn out by her passionate dream.

Just below her bald panting puss was a large puddle of more warm sticky goo ~~ her tired pregnant body had really climaxed, both in her dream and in her bed.

Bonita was panting from unfulfilled pregnant passion, yet grinning from her so brief taste of satisfaction. All she could think was, "I have got to get back to sleep. I have got to get back to sleep."

As her eyes closed again, her dripping thighs tightly clutched that friendly body pillow. Quickly dozing off, she could feel her engorged milky breasts again start to swell and swell.