



This city.

This city is a joke.

Can't walk around a corner these days without stumbling over some clown passed out on the corner. Used to be this city was a joke that would make you laugh your pants off. Now it's just a sad, hollow punchline that was delivered with bad timing. These clowns haven't made anybody laugh in years. Hell, they can't even manage to paint a smile on their own faces anymore.

My name is Harriet Hart. Detective Harriet Heart. Once upon a time, my family used to run this town. We ran the biggest clown college on this side of the US. Clowning industry is as good as dead now, though. Nobody's laughing anymore. I've taken to helping keep the streets clean. Clean of the drunken jesters. The balloon animals. The empty seltzer bottles with traces of vodka. The...

Bras.

Shit, there was another one, having a meeting with the bottom of my shoe. It wasn't here an hour ago. White with lace. 30DD-cup. Lucky girl. Except, it looks like her luck chose tonight to run out.

There was a mad man on the loose. A mad man with a taste for breasts. A giggle for the jiggles. A needage for the cleavage.

I turned the bra over in my hands. Still warm. The clasp was broken. Snapped apart by a massive load it wasn't ready for. Its poor owner was probably still running home in a panic with her chest filling her arms.

That's what he does. He attacks without warning, jumping some poor defenseless pair of jubbies. Next thing ya know, some girl is blowing out of her bra and buttons are exploding like it's the Fourth of July. Some are luckier than others and can still stumble home. Others not so much and need to call a flatbed for their sidewalk-filling sandbags.

They're calling him the Expansionist. By the looks of things, I just missed him tonight. Too bad. I have a fancy cell waiting for him back at the station with his name written on it.

I only got put on this case as a joke. City isn't taking this menace very seriously. Making girl's outgrow their tops? Sounds like a public service to some guys.

*"Put Harriet on it!"*

*"Yeeeeaaaaa, dame could use a run in or two with the guy!"*

I don't need a set of honkers filling my jacket to do my job. Just my gun, a smooth cigarette, and a little grit to wash my hands of these streets every night so I can sleep. I took the case without question. A menace is a menace. There was a time a girl could safely walk these streets with a nice push-up bra. Worst she could expect were some cat calls or stray hands. Maybe an assault or two. Now if you're wearing any kind of over-the-shoulder boulder holder, you're just begging some breast-obsessed fiend to test its straps.

I'd been on this case for weeks now. And I was getting close. The guy knew it. He could feel me closing in on him. A break was close. All I needed was one little slip-up. One slip-up, and a cup of coffee to get me through another night.

My favorite diner was calling my name. A bell chimed when I walked in and several patrons put their heads down.

"Harriet..." the owner nodded. Sam was a good guy. Kept his prices high and his coffee hot. "Heard there's been girls blowin' their tops all over this side of town recently. Keepin' your shirt buttoned tight out there?"

I sat at the counter as he put a mug in front of me. "Plan on it. Guy's scared, though."

"Could have fooled me. I haven't let my girls out of the apartment in days. Wife is goin' stir crazy."

"Mhm..."

A sip of joe warmed my throat against this city's harsh chill, but it was getting warmer by the day with all the cleavage bouncing down the streets. Too warm. Too...jiggly.

Some shadows passed by the diner's windows. Couple of guys with their collars up, sneaking off to a night at the strip club down the street. Those girls should be getting hazard pay for having to go to work with that madman on the loose. For all I know, the club owners could be praying they get hit. Strippers too big for their own bikinis? Sounds like a cash cow if I've ever heard one.

"Been a lot quieter around here," Sam sighed. "Hardly see any girls in here after lunch. Just a lot of clowns."

Most of their cups looked like they were overflowing more with sorrow than coffee. Everyone's cups seemed to be having trouble keeping things in, these days.

Sam glanced at a grease-stained clock above the menu. "Bit late for you, isn't it?"

"Eleven o'clock? Just getting over my lunch coma. You know as well as I do this guy does his best work at night. I'm not going to catch him in the daylight. I need to catch him with his hand down a woman's cookie jar before--"

***BOOM!!!***

A tremor ran through the diner, enough to rattle the cups.

*"Ahhh!!! Somebody!!!"*

*"It's the Expansionist!!"*

The street broke out into chaos. My coffee almost spilled over the counter. *"Shit!! The girls are changing shifts right now!!"*

I should have known. I should have been better. By the time I saw two strippers stumbling past the diner with broken bikinis, I knew I was already too late. I rushed outside to their aid. One girl fell into my arms. I recognized her. A blonde, once had a nice set of B-cups to please the guys with smaller tastes. Wouldn't believe it now. Her mounds pressed into me like some angry giant marshmallows escaped from a lab when I grabbed her.

"Where are the others??" I yelled.

*“They’re growing!!”* Frantic breaths sent her into a flurry. I could feel her swelling bigger. Two little darts protruded from her arm. Poor girl wasn’t going to be able to stand in a few minutes. *“They’re... Mmmgh they’re growing!! How big am I going to get?! Help me!! Please!! I-I don’t want...mmmm!!!...to grow!!!”*

*“Get it together!”* I shook her around a little. Dame was as hysterical as she was glittery. I pulled her so close her cleavage bulged up to our chins. *“Did you see him?! Where did he go?!”*

*“The alley!! It... It was booby-trapped! We were coming off our shifts and--Mmmm!!!!”*

She was gone. I could see it on her face. The swelling was unwarranted, but it never failed to leave its victims breathless. I had to drop her. There was plenty of cushion to keep her safe.

I knew the alley she was talking about. Just around the corner. I raced there, gun drawn. Smoke was still pouring from between the brick walls. That psychopath had set a perfect trap to hit those strippers the moment they got off. Unfortunately for them, it looks like their bikini tops were the only things taking a break tonight.

Seven. I counted seven girls caught by the darts. A few had made it down the street before they got too big, my blonde among them. They were the lucky ones. The others hadn’t made it more than a few steps before a pair of jugs had them on their knees for what I’m sure wasn’t the first time that night. Couple of them had half a dozen darts pricking their skin. Others double that.

*STRRRRTCH*

*STRRRRRRRRTCH*

*“Aaahhmm!!! Ahh!! MMMM!!!”*

Their moans filled the alley. Moans and skin-stretching growth. For a moment, as I saw their bloated mounds start to collide and bulge against each other, I feared the alley might not be big enough. Their skin firmed until the oiled surfaces reflected the flickering red neon of the strip club, like a warning light. But the effect was fast. They slowed down soon enough. Some had their toes still on the ground. Others not so much.

*KA-ZOOO!!!*

*FWOOOSH!!*

I nearly put a bullet through a speaker mounted on the wall when it whistled like a party favor. Confetti cannons blew around us, showering the girls with a layer of colorful dots. It was the most egregious slap in the face. The colorful stuff littered the area as if congratulating the girls on their new tips. And I didn’t just mean their nipples.

*“What kind of sick...”*

*HOOONK*

My foot compressed something soft and round. I stooped down, picking up the object. A clown nose. We weren’t dealing with a normal psychopath. This guy was a maniac. A lunatic. A freak. A...

Clown.

He was getting bolder. More daring. Taunting me. Leaving me hints on purpose.

There was a pink push-up bra lying in a puddle. Its lace was torn after the band had been ripped from the side like rice paper. Thing never stood a chance. Based on the G-cup tag, I guessed its owner was one of the girls fighting from the inside of her cleavage right now.

This guy had to be put away. Soon. Bras were too expensive to be ripped apart and thrown in the mud. Far, far too expensive. What a racket. All for a bit of padding and support.

“Hart!” I turn on my heels, seeing Sam standing outside the alley. A phone was in his hand, its spiral cord stretching back to the diner. “*Phone for ya!*”

Any call that finds you in a dark alley never means good news.

“Harriet here,” I answered. Sam stayed close by, always sticking his nose where it doesn’t belong.

“Hart? It’s the chief. I’ve got some bad news.”

Looking at the alley full of jiggling strippers, I urged, “Spit it out. I’ve got some spilled Jell-O to clean up.”

“It’s your sister, Hart. She’s been blown.”

The world started to spin. This guy was everywhere. No girl’s pillows were safe. Not even those in my own family.

“Got stung sitting on a bench waiting for the bus. Multiple darts. Another one of his booby-traps. I’m sorry, Hart.”

Anger boiled inside of me. Rising like the cleavage of so many victims. This city was going to be the end of me.

“How bad?” I asked.

“She’s...” The chief’s voice went silent. “Hart... The city is going to be billing her for the bench.”

My hand clenched around the bra, squeezing the thick padding. I was surprised I didn’t see some scum’s face sweat dripping out after all the motorboats it’d likely endured that night.

Expensive lingerie be damned.

This was personal.



*Cough*

*Cough*

“Harriet...?”

“I’m here... It’s me...”

My sister was more breast than woman. This madman had left her bigger than her own bed. They had to install braces to keep her girth contained and from falling over the sides.

*Cough*

She looked so weak compared to her usual self. Her arms lay draped over her breasts, one of the only parts of her body she could move. Two feet extended from the bottom of her cleavage with a blanket keeping them warm.

“Ann... You’re massive... How are you doing? What were you thinking being out alone??”

*Cough*

*Cough*

“It wouldn’t have mattered...” Looking at me with weary eyes, I saw her look at my smaller chest with envy. “It happened so fast, Harriet... I sat down... There were some...pin pricks...”

*Cough!*

*Cough!*

“Save your strength! You--”

“*There was a tightness in my shirt.*” Ann’s eyes widened as she recalled the event. “For a split second, I thought, ‘No... No, that couldn’t be it. It couldn’t be happening to me!’, but...then I felt my bra squeezing me! It...”

Ann grabbed my collar, pulling me down close enough for her chest to engulf my own.

*“I-It snapped so fast, Harriet... My bra... My shirt... Everything...! My boobs...they wouldn’t stop!! I couldn’t blink as fast as my buttons were popping off!! I couldn’t even think to get up before they were too heavy!! And then the bench started to creak!! T-They--”*

Her voice trailed off as the recollection became too much to bear.

“It’s going to be all right. I’m going to get this guy. He’s going to pay for every inch of growth he’s caused. They say they’re working on a cure, too. You’ll be ok.”

*Cough!*

*Cough cough!*

“Harriet...”

I leaned in, rage burning in my belly. “What? What is it?”

“Mmmgh...”

“What?” I leaned in more, my hands sinking into her as I tried to decipher her straining gasps. “Tell me!”

“Mmnggh!! Ah! H-Harriet!”

“I’m right here!”

“You’re... Mgh! You’re on my nipple!”

I looked. Sure enough, my hand was several inches deep in a pink sea. A recoil sent her bust back to its full, rounded shape.

“Ahh!?” Ann gasped from the release.

“Sorry, sorry.”

*Cough!*

*"You need to get this guy...before he does this...to any more girls."*

*"I will. I promise I will."*

*"Is...Ellie safe?"*

My daughter. One of the few things I didn't mind having leftover in my life from a disastrous marriage. I nodded. "She's safe. Far away at college. I told her not to visit for a while."

*Cough! Wheeze...*

*"Good... Have you heard anything from Mom?"*

I shook my head. That woman probably couldn't tell you what day it was. Trying to revive the local clown college's good name and restoring the city's former glory had consumed her. Probably couldn't tell time had already left her behind. "She's... She's doing good," I lied. "Keeping busy."

*"Tell her--"*

*Cough!*

*Cough!*

*"--hello for me..."* Ann took my hand then. The bed creaked with her shifting weight. "And..."

*Cough!!*

*"I need you to..."*

*"Don't push yourself. You're going to be ok."*

Ann looked at me with pleading eyes. Eyes weary from too much growth and the orgasms that came with it. *"I need you...to bring me some more cold medicine. I'm all out..."*

*"I'll pick some up."*



It was two days later when there was a break in the case. Someone had caught the guy while he was sneaking into a local sorority.

*"I... I-I only saw him for a second before he jumped out the window!"*

It was difficult to take this girl seriously when she couldn't close her own robe. Still, she was faring better than her sisters. Their sorority was bouncing a lot more tonight than other nights. And not in a good way. The scene reminded me of the alley with the strippers. Big. Jiggly. Giant scoops of vanilla ice cream each with a cherry on top. Made me glad my daughter was far away from this madness.

She continued, trying to pull her robe tight across a pair of beach balls. “It looked like he was trying to set something up! B-But we walked in on him and he threw something on the ground! It flung darts everywhere!”

These darts were going to be the end of me. I convinced the chief to issue me something with long sleeves resistant to penetration and a cover for the neck. No prick was getting in these clothes, whether man or needle.

“Did you get a look at the guy?”

“There were a lot of baggy clothes... His clown makeup was terrible.”

“Clown makeup?”

She nodded. “T-That’s what it looked like... But it was dark. I... I-I can still hear the honking...”

“Honking?”

The college girl shuddered. “Of his shoes...as he ran off...”

This guy was a sicko through and through. Caught in the act and he turns this sorority into a bouncy house.

“Thank you for your help, we’ll take things from here. Can we contact you if we have any more questions?”

“Yes, of course!”

I took in the scene. A broken window. On the second story. Darts poking into the walls. Ripped nightshirts littered the floor. A couple pasties ripped down the middle. Someone had a fun night planned until their boobs couldn’t contain themselves.

A voice approached at my side. “So what have we got? I always heard that Ds get degrees... These girls are going to be leaving with the entire school by the looks of things.”

Cleavage came into view before its owner did. Margo, another detective. At first glance you might have assumed she’d been hit by the Expansionist, when in fact she just had a proclivity for showing off the litter of sweater puppies she’d managed to raise on her own. I would be more proud of her ability to find such tight blouses, or somehow making herself look bigger every day. Some of the guys on the force were certain she’d gotten them enhanced over the past year.

“Well...” I sighed, putting away my notebook at Detective Margo’s presence before using my pencil to point. “He didn’t leave a lot of evidence. Got some shreds of fabric on the broken glass, and a matchbook none of the girls can claim.”

She moved to stoop down, reaching for the matchbook on the floor, but I was able to move faster. Lot less ballast holding me back.

A faint smell hit me first. Enough to make me pause.

“Hang on...”

“Hart, is a bunch of matches. We can’t get anything from--”

“85th street.”

I thought another button was about to open up on her blouse when her chest tightened.  
 “Excuse me?”

“I know that smell... Comes out of the manhole cover on 85th street. Stinks up the whole block.” My heart was racing. He was hiding out somewhere in that area. “The old warehouse...”

There wasn’t any time to waste. If his plans had been ruined tonight, he was most likely on his way there right now to regroup.

“Wait!” Margo called when I grabbed my jacket. “We have people patrolling there already. We can have them--”

“And miss catching this sonofabitch? After what he did to my sister? I don’t think so. I’m going.”

I was parked on 85th street within fifteen minutes with a dozen cop cars at my disposal. The air filled my lungs. Rancid, just like that book of matches. The warehouse in question took up a quarter of the city block on the edge of town near the waterfront. If I looked hard enough across the water, I could see the outline of the old circus we used to be famous for. Its tents still stood against the horizon, a depressing testament to how quickly we gave up.

“Hart! You better be right about this!” the chief said. “I got the mayor breathing down my neck about this guy.”

I didn’t look up from putting on my protective gear. “He’s up there.”

The windows were all boarded up, but several of them on the second floor were revealing a dull glow. A random flickering and sparking joined it, like a welder’s torch. Somebody was home.

“Shit... Don’t we have anything bigger??” Detective Margo grunted. She looked like a pufferfish trying to zip up her bulletproof jacket over her front. It finally closed over her bust, squeezing her front like a couple of stress balls up to her collarbones. For her sake I hope it worked; a single dart would turn that zipper into a bomb.

We entered the warehouse through a missing door in the back. There were broken balloons and makeup containers everywhere. Common trash for all the clowns we have running around. It was likely some of them made their homes here.

At the base of a flight of stairs, I could see dim light coming from around a corner. I motioned for only a handful of cops to follow me up, including Margo. The rest would take care of the perimeter.

*ZZZAAP!!*

*ZZZAAP!!*

It was quiet on the second floor save for random jumps of sparks. He was working. Likely on another of his traps. What was his target this time? A girls’ locker room? Maybe a yoga studio? I wasn’t about to let the bastard have his fun.

*ZZAP!!*

We were close. I could see the flashing blue light coming from just around a corner in a room. This was the heart of his workshop. Darts and half-finished booby traps covered the floor.

I double-checked my safety jacket just to be safe. The last thing I needed was a pair of shoulder anchors getting in my way.

We paused outside the door. A quick glance revealed a figure sitting in a chair. His back was turned. I gave a signal to follow my lead. Margo looked like she couldn't catch her breath. Too deep of an inhale and her stitches might burst. There wasn't enough time to wait. Cool and confident, I entered the room, gun drawn.

*ZZAP!!!*

Light flashed around his silhouette as I approached.

*"Police! Hands in the air!"*

*ZZAAP!!!*

*ZZZZAP!!!*

No response. The sparks continued flying. It hurt to look at.

*"Did you hear me??"* I grabbed the chair, turning it to face me. *"I said, HANDS WHERE I CAN--"*

It was a dummy. That made two of us.

*"GET DOWN--"*

*FWOOOOOOOOOSH!!!*

A contraption spewed a plume of pink smoke over myself and the other cops. It was thick, coating my mouth with the taste of bubblegum as I gasped to yell.

My team and I covered our mouths, backing away from the smoke bomb as we coughed and gagged for fresh air. Or as fresh as this damn city could give us.

*"Haah!! Haaaaah!!"* A wall supported my weight. *"Is everyone...alri--Nngh!!"*

*HSSSSSSS*

My heart was racing. I could hear it beating in my ears.

*HSSSSSSS*

*STRRRRTCH*

*"N-Nngh!"*

My jacket was tight. Too tight. My hand flung to my front, groping at the tightening fabric suddenly squeezing my chest. I thought I might have been having a panic attack.

*HSSSSSSS*

That sound. That sound filling my ears. Like rushing air.

*"EEK!!!! MY CHEST!!!"*

*POP POP!!! POP!!!*

One of the girls who was with me. She was new to the force. Pretty. Good figure. Except it was growing. *Inflating.*

*HSSSSSSS*

*"What's happening to me?!"*

Her uniform began bursting at the seams. Two rounding spheres filled her hands where her breasts should have been. Tight, latex-like skin heaved between missing buttons.

*HSSSSSS*

*STRRRRTCH!!!*

I clenched my teeth, tension rising. “Nnnngh!!!! Dammit!!!”

He’d gotten me. Darts were old hat. He knew I would never let him prick me. Bastard was evolving.

He’d switched to air.

*STRRTCH!!!*

My breasts were angry. I couldn’t fill my lungs. There was too much pressure in my jacket. In my shirt. In my bra. Everything was too damn tight.

*HSSSSS!!!*

“Ahh!!”

I was blowing up like a parade float on Thanksgiving Day. The pressure was unbelievable. My jacket couldn’t have gotten any tighter. It pounded like a drum rising as a tense mound away from my torso. Underneath it felt like two basketballs were on the end of a compressor, inflating against me.

*STRRRRTCH!!!!*

I couldn’t get a hold of the zipper. My hands wouldn’t stop shaking.

“My breasts!!! MY BREASTS ARE INFLATING!!!”

*SHRRIIP!!!*

The cop had it much easier. Her shirt was quick to burst at the seams. When I saw those weather balloons jump free, I wondered if I had something similar squeezing the life out of me beneath my gear, only compressed and angry at their lack of space.

*HSSSSSSSSS!!!*

My back couldn’t help but arch as my breath became short. I damn near dropped my cigarette from the stimulation. Finally I got a hold of the zipper and pulled.

Felt like I had just opened a parachute.

*FWOOMP!!!*

“GAH!!!”

They decompressed in a second. An incredible volume of air expanded, stretching my skin outward in a fraction of a second. It all happened so fast, I never even felt my shirt or bra break when that zipper split.

Something soft and airy bounced against my frame. When I opened my eyes, I found two party balloons in place of my old bra warmers. Bloated, buoyant party balloons reaching past my belly button. I wasn’t as big as the cop, but I might have some explaining to do to my tailor. Lucky I didn’t inhale any more of that gas.

“Dear Lord, what happened in here??”

Detective Margo, finally arriving on the scene. For once she looked small in comparison to the rest of us. Lucky she was lagging behind; one whiff might have made her blow the roof off the joint.

She laid eyes on me as I leaned gasping against the wall, chest in my arms. The amusement in her eyes wasn't lost on me.

"He finally got ya, huh, Hart? Maybe he thought you were getting full of hot air. Honestly, not a bad look on you."

"Nngh... S-Shut--"

*HSSSSSSSS*

*THUD*

I collapsed to my knees, gasping. It was slowing down, but the last bit of stretching was more stimulating than anything else. They suddenly felt like they were about to pop. Intense pressure pressed against my skin. My nipples tingled, stimulating themselves with dramatic swelling.

"Nngh!!! What's... What's happening, dammit?!"

"AAHH I FEEL LIKE I'M GOING TO POP!!!" The cop shrieked. "MY BOOBS ARE GOING TO--"

*POIT!! POIT!!!*

"EEP!!!"

The cop's squeak spoke for both of us when our nipples protruded suddenly, popping out into cartoonish shiny pink nubs. Like my mother's turkey dinners, we were done.

Sweat ran down my exposed body. Looking up, I saw a sign on the dummy's lap.

*Hope a few more inches put a smile on your face*

He'd gotten me. I was careful. I watched my back. I was prepared. But in the end, I still ended up with a rack that would make my spices at home envious.

This bastard was going down. Nobody gets to see the goods without taking me on a few dates first, and now half the force had seen my airbags. The sound of hissing air fading away, I gathered my bust in my arms.

Now I was angry.

Now, it was personal.



This drink wasn't helping. Normally a couple martinis made me feel lighter than air, but they weren't doing the trick tonight. Not when these balloons on my front left like lead. Air had never been so heavy. I wished I could forget the mistakes I'd made, but they were always there,

splaying my blouse and jacket open like they wanted to float away. Me and that poor cop who got hit. I finished off another drink, resentful that Margo had been fortunate enough to avoid the trap.

Normally I came to this club to relax. Take in some of the sights and atmosphere. Unwind after a long day of drunk clowns spilling their seltzer bottles in the back of my car. It just wasn't doing it for me tonight.

The club's main act was on the stage. Tall leggy blonde with thick locks down to the low of her back and an exotic foreign accent to boot. Used to be guys came here to ogle the cleavage bulging through her red dress and hear her sing. Now they just came here to ogle. She could be singing *Mary had a Little Lamb* for the fiftieth time in a row and these drooling dogs wouldn't have cared. Most of them were having trouble keeping their own eyes in their sockets.

It wasn't difficult to see why. With a few more martinis in my system, I might even try taking a shot at her.

Her name was Alata Mamry, and she was the best pupil pickpocket in town. She was tall... Supple... Walked with a certain sway that made the prudes clutch their bibles. Once upon a time you couldn't go anywhere without seeing her bust staring at you from a billboard. Now all you have to do is squint and you'll likely be able to see those fun bags from across town.

She was also my last hope of catching my guy. Much like the men in this town, I had been watching her closely over the last couple weeks. Tonight was no different; the Mamry Mountains were bigger once again. Looked like she'd given up on having her dress try to cover them. They reached well past her hips and covered her shins. Every little step made them bounce against her knees. There wasn't a lot of weight to them. Practically none, in fact. A lot like my new pool toys. Alata was more breast than woman. As I watched her sway and seduce the stage with her song, I found myself wondering if she'd taken to sleeping on them at night. Those massive teardrops looked softer than my own bed. How she managed to keep her nipples concealed was a case I wasn't willing to take on.

Her song ended with a breathy sigh laced with desire. Surprised some of the men's pants didn't burst their fronts.

*"You've all been a vunderful audience tonight..."* She blew a kiss, her elbows squeezing cleavage up to her neck. *"I'm going to take a little break and zen I'll be back..."*

The club groaned when she headed toward the back, but this was my chance. I followed her like a shadow through the crowd, keeping my wits and tits close. Just because I came equipped with airbags now didn't mean I wanted to use them in a game of bumper cars.

Her dressing room was behind the stage down a hallway next to some garbage cans. Not exactly the luxury treatment I would have expected for the club's headliner.

*Knock knock*

*"Mmmmm, sorry... I don't do pictures anymore... I don't exactly fit in ze frame..."*

I pushed her door open, flashing my badge. It gave her pause but not enough to make her put down a cigarette. She sat in a chair, a silken robe draped over her shoulders. A pair of breasts

flowed between her legs before filling every inch beneath her vanity. The way she leaned her elbows on them like a table almost made me wonder how she ate TV dinners. A pile of what looked like empty perfume spritzers filled her vanity. The small amount of fluid in the bottom reminded me of the pink gas from the warehouse.

Alata eyed by badge. *"I suppose I could make an exception for one of our girls in blue... Vant me to sign yours, sweetie? Not a bad pair..."*

I didn't have time to talk titty. "They might need to build a bigger stage for you at this rate."

A puff of smoke left her plump, German, ruby-red lips. *"Mm wouldn't mind some bigger doors, either."* She stood up then, her breasts rubbing across her rug before she straightened her back enough to pull them up. *"I'm on a tight schedule..."* A hand slipped her robe off before removing a shoulder strap. The front of her dress jumped with pressure, fully revealing a naked nipple. That puffy head-sized monster would haunt my dreams. *"You don't mind, I'm sure? It's just us girls."*

I closed the dressing room door for her. "Go ahead. Just want to ask you a few questions."

She continued undressing on her way behind a folding screen. The silhouette of her wobbling frame made me wonder if this was real. *"Ask away ~..."*

"I'm looking for the man behind your little helpers on your vanity. All those empty atomizers."

A chest-bouncing chuckle shook her shadow. *"By ze looks of zings, he's already found you once or twice, no...?"*

I pulled my jacket closed. My button gaps had been spreading like smooth peanut butter. "His handiwork has, but I would like to meet the man himself, give him a hearty handshake and a thank you."

*"I'm afraid I don't know anyzing..."*

"I'm no idiot. If those had anything but air in 'em, you would have been stuck singing on your knees faster than a choir member after the war."

*"Very perceptive~"*

"Only problem is, you've been blowing up the stage for weeks now, and last night was the first time we've ever seen him use air to pop a bra anywhere in the city." I narrowed my eyes. "So what makes you so special to get an early preview..."

Alata emerged from behind her privacy board. A strapless dress somehow managed to cover and contain her chest. It looked custom in every way. The way her bodice lifted her cleavage would have you begging to run into her at the grocery store.

*"Honestly, I've never met ze guy... I zink he's just a fan~ Every now and zen I'll find a perfume sprayer wrapped up outside my dressing room. Never seen anyone come or go. I'm just happy to bring a smile to everyone's face."*

*HONK*

It didn't seem like she was lying. More than once I had suspected her of being the Expansionist, but at her size, she wasn't jumping through any sorority windows. She wouldn't fit in half the alleys we'd found traps in over the past week.

*HONK*

*HONK*

"Would you mind if I take those bottles with me? For evidence? Fingerprints?"

*"Of course not...! Be my guest... I've gotten every inch I can hope to get out of--"*

*HONK*

*"SHH!!!"*

Something in the background caught my attention. Footsteps. Honking footsteps. They had stopped right outside the dressing room door.

*"Miss? I need to get to my next set before--"*

*"Shh!!!"*

I drew my gun. Could fortune finally be in my favor? Had he come to *me*?

Slowly, I grabbed the doorknob. There was still movement on the other side. Heart pounding, I threw the door open.

*"FREEZE!! HANDS WHERE--"*

A masked face in a clown outfit looked at me for only a split second, caught in the act of setting up another delivery for Alata Mamry.

*SPRITZ!!!*

*"ACK!!!"*

*HONK*

*HONK*

*HONK*

*HONK*

I froze. I choked. I gave that clown too much time.

Even worse, I let him spray me with Alata's growth perfume.

*STRRTCH*

The air tingled within seconds, rushing into my breasts.

*"H-Haah!!!"*

*POP!!*

*POP POP!!!*

*"DAMMIT!!!"*

I didn't have time to worry about my chest. The pressure was there. Building. Several buttons pelted my feet but I had to chase him. Chase him and those damn honking clown shoes.

*HONK!*

*HONK!*

*HONK!*

*HONK!*

He was running. Frantic goose-like sounds filled the hall.

*"F-FREEZE!!!"*

*CRREEAAA--BOOM!!!*

My jacket blew open. My breasts jumped free, several inches bigger than before. I was lucky he was giving Alata such a weak solution. With my newest pillows bouncing in every-which direction, I gave chase down the club's cluttered back hallway.

*HONK!*

*HONK!*

*HONK!*

*"I SAID--"*

*THUNK*

He went through a back exit. I was going to lose him. Out of breath as my inflation teased and prodded my sensibilities, I rushed toward the closing door.

*BWOOOMPH!!*

I guess they're good for something. I collided with the cold metal, springing it open against my airbags with enough force to strike the clown in his heel with the door's corner. He stumbled into the alley, slow to get up when he fell against a dumpster.

I had him. I *finally* had him.

*"HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD!"*

He stood up, not saying a word. The open street was behind him, but he knew I would shoot if he ran.

My heart was pounding. My chest was freezing. Hanging open, my jacket whipped against my assets as they bobbed against each other.

*"I SAID HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD! DON'T TRY ANYTHING!!"*

He moved slowly, bringing his hands up. The clown outfit looked like a wingsuit. I was making sure to keep my distance. If anyone would have some hidden surprise on their person, it would be a clown. All I needed was to end up like my sister. What would a single dart do to me when I was already carrying enough air to fill two beach balls?

*"Slowly... SLOWLY!!! I'm going to come over!! I want you to get on your knees and--"*

*THUNK!*

The door by the dumpster opened. In a rush with her soon-to-be-ending shift, a waitress hurried out with the night's trash, right into the arms of a quick-thinking clown. Quicker than me.

*"AAHHHH!!!"*

She screamed when he grabbed her, holding her back to his chest. His refusal to speak only made his caked-on makeup all the worse.

*"DROP HER, CLOWN!!!"*

“*W-What’s going on?!*” she wailed, unable to struggle. The tight skirt of her uniform was hiking up around her flailing legs.

“*Calm down, miss.*” I kept my sidearm trained, but I didn’t dare take a shot. “*Clown... Don’t do anything you’ll regret.*”

He reached for his collar. The squirting flower. A classic.

“*HEY!!! I SAID--*”

It was aimed directly at her nose. I knew it had to have been full of inflation gas. With her tight uniform? Those seams wouldn’t last a second.

The waitress was going into a panic. “*Please...!! P-Please!!! What is this?!?!?*”

The Expansionist backed down the alley toward the street. I cocked my gun, hoping the bluff would be enough. “*DON’T TAKE ONE MORE STEP!! THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING!! LET HER GO BEFORE--*”

*SPHRRRSH!!!!*

He squeezed his flower. I watched in horror as a thick, dense cloud of pink smoke vanished up the waitress’ nose. It looked like she’d inhaled a bowl of floating soup; a far more concentrated dose than what I’d endured in the warehouse.

*HSSSSSSSSSSSSSS*

For a moment I thought an industrial air compressor had sprung a leak. Then I saw the waitress’ front start to billow and tremble. Her expression barely had time to change.

“*A-A-Ahhhhh!!!!!! OH MY--*”

“*SHIT!!*”

*SHRRRIIP!!!*

*BW00000MPH!!!!!!*

All I did was blink. A single blink. By the time I opened my eyes, she was holding enough air to fill a fleet of beach balls. Strands and blown seams of her uniform stretched across her billowing front like spiderwebs. Just one of her nipples was as big as one of my breasts.

*HSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!*

“*AAHH!!! AAHHHHHH!!!!!! THEY’RE BLOWING UP!! THEY’RE BLOWING UP!! MAKE IT STOP!!! MAKE IT--MMGH!!!*”

*HONK!*

*HONK!*

*HONK!*

*HONK!*

He was getting away, using the waitress as a barrier. I raced forward, not daring to shoot when there was a rapidly inflating blimp in my way.

*HSSSSSSS!!!*

“*I-It feels like they’re filling with AIR!!!*”

She was already blocking any space to the left or right. My only option was to jump.

*“GET BACK HERE OR I’LL--”*

*BWOOMP!!*

She was swelling and inflating larger by the second. By the time my feet left the ground, she had risen more than several feet, her cleavage coming to punch my gut as I fell into her air-bloated chasm.

*“MMM!! MMMMMM THERE’S TOO MUCH AAAIIHRRRR!!”*

*HONK!*

*HONK!*

*HONK!*

*HONK!*

The last thing I saw before her cleavage engulfed my body was that damn clown running into the street and out of sight.

*THUD!*

I fell back, landing in the alley behind a wall of balloon flesh.

*HSSSSSSSSS!!!!*

*“MMM!!! MMMMMMMMMMMMM MAKE IT STOOOOP!! I DON’T WANT TO POP!! I DON’T WANT TO POP!!!”*

*CREEEAAAANK!!!*

I couldn’t believe what one puff had turned this poor girl into. Her skin inflated to fill the alley on all sides, bulging up against the brick and shoving everything aside in her path. As big as she was, the entire mass jiggled and bounced like giant bubbles.

*HSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!*

*“AAHHHH I THINK THERE’S TOO MUCH!! THERE’S TOO MUCH AIR!!”* I saw her face contort. I knew the sensation well.

*HSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!*

The pressure was hitting her. That tingling, nipple-pleasing, pressure. They were starting to puff and swell.

*“I-I-I DON’T THINK I CAN HOLD ANY MOOOREE!! THEY FEEL LIKE THEY’RE ABOUT TO--”*

*FWOOMP!!*

*FWOOMP!!*

*“EEK!!!”*

She cried out when her nipples popped, turning into domed pink marshmallows bigger than my bed. Her form blocked the street lights from reaching the back of the alley. I stared up, her darkened form rising and puffing like black mountains. The alley was squishing her like a vice. Squeezing her breasts into elongated ovals.

*HSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!*

All that air echoed and vibrated against her skin. I watched her inflate and stretch, growing to impossible proportions. I had to back up when her cleavage inched forward.

*“Aahh!! Aaahhhnnn!! MMMGH!!! O-Ooooohh God!! It...It feels...so... MMMGH!!!”*

***CREEAAAK!!!***

Her orgasmic screams filled the night when the air hissed into silence. The blimps settled, creaking and groaning and wobbling with far too much vapor for one girl. I was relieved to find her still soft and pliable, as her skin formed to fit every corner. How must it have felt, to take on so much air within less than twenty seconds...

*“What... Mmmmm!!! What did he do to me?!”* she moaned from somewhere within her bulk. *“What happened?! I’m... I-I’m...so FULL!! I’M A BALLOON!!!! WHAT HAPPENED?!”*

I’ll tell you what happened.

He got away.



***THUD!!***

*“Dammit, Hart!!!”*

The chief slammed his fists on his desk. It was late. Around two in the morning. Took us hours to remove that poor waitress. I couldn’t leave without lending a hand. Not in good conscience, at least. Half the force was needed to push her out of the alley, and then the same half to stop her from bouncing down the street when she popped like a cork.

*“I’ve got a cop too big for her uniform, a detective who can’t seem to catch a deranged clown, or keep her OWN clothes together, and now, I have a waitress that needs to rent an air hangar!! And now I’m getting calls about smoke bombs being thrown into windows?! Girls are stuck floating against their ceilings!!! It’s a goddamn lunatic party out there!!!”*

I pulled my jacket around me as best I could but there was no hiding my recent enhancement. I hadn’t even had time to go home since the incident, not that I own anything that would have concealed my new life preservers.

*“I have the media up my ass looking for answers!! That’s the biggest a girl has gotten yet!! She almost bounced into the water!! We still need to get her off the street before morning traffic!”*

*“He had her hostage, sir. There was nothing I could have--”*

He sighed and collapsed into his chair. His clothes weren’t even buttoned correctly after being torn from bed at such an hour. “I gotta take you off the case, Hart... Never should have put a dame on there in the first place. It’s too risky.”

*“Sir, I can do this. I can catch this guy. I just need--”*

“Why don’t you start by closin’ your shirt? Can’t take you seriously with those bouncing everywhere.” The chief rubbed his eyes in frustration. “You’re too close to this case. It’s too personal. I gotta take you--”

*Knock*

*Knock*

There was a tap on the chief’s door. He tried waving them off, but the cop persisted. His face was white and there was a phone in his hand.

“Fine, what is it?”

“There’s a call...for Detective Hart... Says he’s the Expansionist.”

Silence came over the precinct.

The phone was presented. At this point, I didn’t trust anything to come near me. How did I know he hadn’t rigged the mouthpiece to puff that gas into my lungs? Or the wire to zap me and make me grow? Didn’t think my trust in this city could get any lower.

But I had a job to do.

My breasts tightened as I reached for the phone.

“Hello?”

“M...M-Mom?”

That bastard. That miserable, balloon-obsessed, conniving sonofabitch.

My hand gripped the phone until the plastic creaked. “Ellie?!”

“Mom!! Mom, please!!! HELP!! I’m--MPH!!”

My daughter’s voice cut off as if something covered her mouth. A garbled, disguised laugh came through then.

“*Quite the lovely girl you have here...*”

“*You leave her alone you--*”

“*Wonder how she would look as a parade float.*”

*HSSSS*

“MMPH!!”

There was a rush of air, followed by a muffled moan.

“*Where are you?!?*”

A cackle responded. “*Where all great shows happen. Come join us for the main event!! I have a VIP seat just for you. Better hurry...*”

*HSSS*

“M-MMPH! M...MOM!!!”

“*Better hurry... Your daughter is getting a little...carried away.*”

*Click*

The call ended. My chest might have been three sizes bigger from my anger puffing it up.

“*He’s at the old big top...*” I announced to the chief. “*He’s got my daughter.*”

“We’ll get every squad car we can down there! Hart, I want you to stay here, you got that?! You’re not to--”

“Sorry, Chief. Afraid I don’t have a choice...” I lit a cigarette and returned the phone to the cop.

*“Hart! I’m warning you! Don’t--”*

“He’s just made it personal.”



How did I end up like this. Two bouncing party balloons for tits and a daughter held hostage by a perverted clown with a twisted take on balloon animals. She was supposed to be at college. She was supposed to be safe from this madness. This city. Yet here I was, stepping foot into this accursed circus. I promised myself I would never come back to this nightmarish hellhole. Once upon a time it was a place of joy. Now it’s where laughter came to die.

By some miracle I convinced the chief to follow my lead. He was there with the whole force. The clown was after me. Once I had him distracted and my daughter’s safety assured, I would give a signal for them to rush in.

The tents were showing their age and they looked just as ugly as the clown industry. Among their varied sizes there was one that stood out, even in the dreary bleakness at four in the morning: the big top. Its footprint dominated the circus with red and white stripes and a sloping spire reaching toward the sky. It was next to the old whale performance tank, where aquatic clowns would dance with the giant mammals. The circus was big, but these structures were the giants of this land, looming over the place with at least two stories of height.

*“M-Mmmmph!!!”*

A muffled cry of distress came from the circus’ center. I was close. Gun at the ready, I crept along the backs of the tents until I found the big top. It was the only structure with any lights on. This was the end. I knew I was walking into his trap, but what choice did I have.

The tent’s entrance was just around the corner. Chilly morning air stung my exposed nipples. I must have looked ridiculous trying to sneak around the grounds without all my cargo securely strapped down.

*HSSSSS*

*“MMMMPH!!”*

I saw them then, or rather, their shadows projecting through the opening and onto a neighboring tent. My daughter was held aloft by a pair of breasts at least twice the size of mine. A rope kept her foot tethered to a cinder block, letting her sway as she struggled.

Then there was him. He stood at a bike pump, laughing with every push of the plunger. He was having the time of his life making my daughter into some kind of erotic decoration.

He wasn’t going to get away with it.



*“You blow up just as nicely as your mother! You should see the work I’ve done with her!”*

*“Mmph!!”*

*“But by the time I’m done with you, I think mother dearest might feel a little inadequate in comparison. Should we show her how big her little girl has blown up while away at colle--”*

*“Hands up. Hands off the pump.”*

The clown stopped. *“Well... Finally caught up to me, huh?”* He turned around, his arms raised. *“And all it took was me telling you exactly where to go.”*

I was shocked to see a pair of adequate breasts tenting the clown’s front. Ragged after what must have been a busy night, her wig was askew to reveal long hair tucked away. The Expansionist had *never* been a he.

“*Surprised?*” she giggled, a poorly painted smile crooked on her face. Sideways swinging caused her chest to swing and bounce. “*I know... I know... Surprising I wouldn't have a big ol' pair of honkers given what I do, right?? Well, a girl's gotta be able to work! I was lucky I wore some compressing clothes last night, or you might have gotten a clue! You can call me Maggy. Or the Expansionist!! I've grown rather fond of that name.*”

*HSSSS*

“*M-Mmmph!! Mom!!!*”

A faint cloud of pink gas rushed through a hose leading to an oxygen mask over my daughter's mouth and nose. Her words echoed as her body tensed, her back arching from a pair of balloons pulling it higher.

*STRRTCH*

She swelled slightly, only a few inches, but when she was floating from a pair of beach balls lifting her body, every inch mattered.

Maggy chided, shrugging. “*Sorryyyy, the pump has an automatic setting... Very temperamental! Slightest mistake could release ALL the gas into her all at once... Think she could take it?*”

“*Turn it off,*” I demanded.

“*Aww but she can still take so much more! Doesn't it just put a smile on your face?? We're just getting started inflating those college-girl balloons of hers! Maybe she--*”

“*OFF!! NOW!!!*”

She waved her hands, deflecting my concern. “*Calm your tits, Detective! You're going to blow a nipple!*” She grinned, her arms relaxing. “*I said I had a VIP seat for you, didn't I? You're free to take her place.*”

*Click*

The barrel of a gun pressed against the back of my head.

“*Sorry, Hart...*”

That voice. I knew that voice.

“*Margo...?*”

The gun stayed pressed against my head. “*Mind taking a seat?*”

I didn't have a choice. My arms rose above my head, dropping my gun to the dirt below. “*You're a bad cop, Margo... I always knew you were dirty, but I didn't think you were crooked. Why??*”

I could hear her shirt creak as she shrugged. “*Well... Maggy gave me the tits I've always wanted, and then some, in exchange for keeping the cops off her back. Then you had to do a little too good of a job, and ruin a good thing... Sit down.*”

An old chair creaked under my weight. Several straps secured my wrists and ankles. Margo's cleavage swayed as she stooped to restrain me, almost as if to taunt my predicament.

*“Look at that!” the clown clapped, lowering her arms. “Mommy is here to take your place! Don’t worry, I’m not going to hit you with what that waitress had a taste of... That was a last resort. I had to make an escape, after all. How is she, by the way? Still blocking the street?”*

I fumed, trying to lunge from the chair. “The hell is wrong with you?? That girl was innocent!! Just like the rest of--”

*“I WAS INNOCENT TOO!!”*

The sudden outburst quieted the tent. She saw my confusion, coming close enough I could smell the various growth chemicals permeating her clothes.

*“You probably don’t recognize me, do you...? Not surprising. It was your mother that ruined my life, after all. All of our lives. Us clowns.”*

I stared in disbelief. “That’s what this is about?! The clown college closing?!”

*“It’s about SO much more than that!!” A maniacal laugh pierced the air. “I pleaded with her to keep it going. Suggested we have a special, advanced clowning program. Transform the college into an ELITE clown college! I even offered to head up the comedy division! You know what she said to me? ‘You’ve never made anyone chuckle in your life.’”*

The loose wires in her head flashed through her eyes. This dame had lost it.

*“So I thought, ‘Hey, Maggy!! What are some of the most fun things you can think of??’ You want to know what I came up with? Balloons were at the top of the list, of course... Who doesn’t like a nice balloon or a stylish balloon animal. But there was something else. Something else that was...balloon-like.”*

She grinned, her eyes almost swirling with madness as she waited for me to answer. She didn’t wait long.

*“BOOBS!!!! Big...bouncy...eye-catching...shirt-stretching...BOOBS!!! WHO DOESN’T LOVE A GOOD PAIR OF JIGGLING BOOBS??? THEY BRING A SMILE TO EVERYONE’S FACE!!!”* A screw-rattling cackle helped her catch her breath. *“So I thought... ‘Maggy... What if we COMBINED balloons WITH boobs?! Wouldn’t that be wonderful??’ And you know what?? IT WAS!!! TOOK ME A WHILE TO GET THE AIR FORMULA RIGHT, BUT I COULD HAVE MY FUN WITH THE GROWTH DARTS IN THE MEANTIME! THOSE WERE EASY TO MAKE! BUT OHHHHH WAS THE AIR IT WAS WORTH IT!!! IT TOOK YEARS TO GET TO THIS POINT!!! I HAD NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY WHEN I HEARD THAT FIRST RUSH OF AIR!! AND NOW THERE ARE SMILES ALL AROUND THE CITY!!”*

*“Except for the girls!!! They’re miserable!!”*

“Mmmm are you sure about that??” She ran to the pump below my daughter and compressed the plunger.

*“GET AWAY FROM--”*

*HSSSS*

*STRRRRTCH!!*

*“A-Aaaahhhmm!!! MMM!!! M-Mom!!!!!!”*

Her chest inflated, rounding out and lifting her with greater force. Tremors ran over her restrained form as she gasped. I saw moisture soaking through her jeans.

*"Hmmm, sounds pretty happy to me...!"*

"You're sick."

*"I'M A VISIONARY!!! ONE YOUR MOTHER WAS TOO SHORT-SIGHTED TO SEE!! BUT I'LL SHOW THIS WHOLE CITY SOMETHING BIG ENOUGH TO PUT A SMILE ON ITS FACE... EVERY WOMAN!! OUTGROWING HER SHIRT!! BRAS BURSTING LIKE FIREWORKS!! NOT ONE PAIR OF BOOBS WILL BE LEFT UNINFLATED!! OOH HH DETECTIVE, YOU'LL BE SMALL IN COMPARISON!!"* Pausing to catch her breath, she heaved and whispered, *"I assume you saw the old whale tank on your way in...?"*

"I--" My eyes bulged. That was it. That was the end of the road. Her final trick. The grand finale. *"You wouldn't."*

*"MHM!!!! MHM!!!!"* She jumped up and down, her costume flapping. *"FILLED TO THE BRIM WITH CONCENTRATED INFLATION SOLUTION!! AFTER I'M DONE WITH YOU, IT'S GOING STRAIGHT INTO THE WATER SUPPLY!! JUST IMAGINE...ALL THOSE WOMEN WAKING UP FOR THEIR MORNING SHOWERS...AND SUDDENLY..."* She puffed her cheeks out, holding her arms in front of her chest.

I turned to the crooked detective. *"Margo!! You can't really be going along with this!! It's...IT'S INSANE!! IT'S--"*

Maggy interrupted, *"I think it's time we hooked her up, don't you think, Margo? She did come to take her daughter's place, after all. Let's see if she can catch up to Alata."*

An oxygen mask was pulled over my face before I could say anything more, cinched tight to not allow anything to escape.

"Sorry about this, Hart... You were one of the good ones. Just, too good."

*"You don't have to do--"*

*HSSSSS*

*"M-Mmgh!!!"*

It wasn't as powerful as the warehouse trap, but still enough to make air billow into my breasts. I trembled, looking down as my front swelled and rounded. Air tickled my skin to make it shudder and vibrate.

It forced a pleased moan from my core and I clenched my thighs. *"M...M-Mmmmgh..."*

*"See?? Even you're not immune to that joyous delight!! Doesn't that air just take your breath away??"*

"Y-Yea..." I glared, the mask's air clearing. *"You should try it sometime."*

*"Oh no no no nononononono... Noooo nonono no!!! Like I said, I have work to do! They would just get in the way!"*

*HSSSSS*

*STRRRRTCH*

*"MMMMGH!!!!"*

My back arched and my head rolled back. The pressure was intoxicating. It was hard to resist all the stretching sensations, even as I grew as large as Ellie. I was starting to feel light in my seat.

*“Awww, like mother like daughter! You BOTH blow up so nicely!! I’m a little tempted to let you both enjoy it and have a little mommy-daughter time togethe--”*

*“EXPANSIONIST!! WE KNOW YOU’RE IN THERE!!”*

It was the chief, coming in with his brigade of useless cops. Didn’t even wait for my signal.

*“WE’VE GOT THE TENT SURROUNDED!!”*

*“Just one minute!!”* The clown called. *“Looks like we’re out of time... Water supply isn’t going to taint itself. Margo? Chop chop!!”*

Stepping forward, I could see hesitation in Margo’s eyes. “Maggy... We’re not...*really* going to release all of that, right? That’s a little too far... Let’s think about this for a minute.”

A frown conflicted with a painted smile. *“Awww... Margo... Not you too...”* She gestured to the cop’s overfilled front. *“After everything I’ve given you...? Those wonderful tits? I thought you’d seen the light.”*

*“I have! I just think...it might make the girls...too big...”*

Maggy snorted. *“Ha... HA!!! HAHAAAAHA!!!”*

Belly-heaving laughter almost made the clown fall to the ground.

*“OHHHHH THAT’S RICH!!!! THAT IS RICH!!!! I GIVE YOU A COUPLE EXTRA INCHES ON TOP, AND SUDDENLY YOU THINK YOU KNOW WHAT ‘BIG’ IS!!!”*

The chief was relentless. *“EXPANSIONIST!!! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!!”*

*HSSSSS*

*STRRRRTCH!!!!*

*“MMMGGH!!”*

My hands clenched as my skin bulged over the chair’s armrests. I couldn’t see past them as I felt like I had two weightless beach balls strapped to my bust.

Margo looked distraught. *“I... I think I’m done. I don’t want any part of this. This is going too far!! You’re on your own.”* She called outside the tent, *“Chief!! It’s Margo!! I have the Expansionist in my sight!!”*

The clown wasn’t fazed. *“Ohhhhhh Margo...!! THAT’S RICH!!!! YOU’RE GOING TO MAKE ME BLOW A SIDE!!!”*

I shivered when I saw the clown’s eyes flash.

*“Sweet, sweet, busty Margo... Don’t be silly!! You can’t go anywhere...!!”* Maggy held up a small click-button remote. *“How am I supposed to get away without you?”*

Margo backed away. *“What are you--”*

*CLICK*

*“AHH!!!!”* It looked like she’d just been electrified.





*“HART!!! WHAT DID YOU DO?!”* the chief yelled from outside. *“AND YOU!! STOP THIS MADNESS OR WE’LL OPEN--”*

*“Open fire?? I would be careful there, Mr. Cop!!”* the clown laughed, rising several feet into the air on her stage. *“One little bullet could bring the house down, if you know what I mean!!”*

He stared, taking off his hat. *“M...Margo? Margo what happened to you?!”*

We were being left behind. The Airship Erotic would soon be hovering over the city, something I would have been fine with if I wasn’t so certain that remote controlled the formula tank’s release.

*“CHIEF!!”* I yelled through my mask.

*HSSSS*

*STRRTCH*

*“Ngh!! CHIEF!!”*

I was the only one that could stop this disaster, and soon I would be too big to do anything. I struggled as the men around me gawked at the sexy hot air balloons rising into the early morning sky.

*“I gotcha!!”* a voice announced behind me.

Something plump and soft pressed into my body when she came around, quickly undoing my restraints and pulling the mask from my face. It was the cop from the warehouse, still as big as ever, and still taking her responsibilities seriously.

*“Go get the Expansionist!! I’ll get your daughter!!”*

I knew I could count on her. Any woman with the gusto to put her tits on the line after what happened in the warehouse was OK in my book.

*“Get everyone out of here!!! Far, FAR away!!”* I instructed.

There was a loose rope hanging from the rising platform. I needed to get there ASAP. It would already be a twenty-foot climb, and with my new cushioning, I wasn’t going to be easy going.

*CREEEAAAAAAAK!!!!*

*“MMMPH!!!”*

Margo’s bloat and the netting groaned overhead. The cops wouldn’t dare try to shoot the clown down, not with Margo so big and sitting in every possible line of fire. They didn’t even know she was crooked.

I grabbed the rope, immediately feeling the tug lift me from Earth. I was in it for the long haul now.

*“COMING ABOARD, HART??”* the clown yelled above. *“DON’T WORRY! I’LL GIVE YOU SOME GOOD PADDING TO LAND ON!!”*

She wasn’t going to stop me from climbing up. She wanted me to fight and struggle. Running the rope between my breasts, I started climbing with my arms and legs, just like in the

academy. Never thought I would have to use it in real life. It wasn't too bad, but there would be some serious rope burn between the girls when this was over.

By the time I reached the platform, we were leaving the circus' airspace. Felt good to be away from the city for once. Above all the garbage and muck. I just had to take out one final piece of trash. Glancing below, I could see the tank was indeed filled with a viscous pink fluid, bubbling and churning in the early-hour light.

Flesh squished and squeaked around my face when I squirreled my way over the platform's edge. I must have looked like a blow-up doll taking its first steps.

*Clap...*

*Clap...*

*Clap...*

*"THERE SHE IS!! STAR DETECTIVE HART!! WELCOME ABOARD!! HOPE YOU BROUGHT A COAT; IT'S GOING TO GET CHILLY!!"*

I stood to wobbling legs. The platform was roughly the size of half a tennis court. It swayed, unsteady from the ropes suspending it from Margo's bust. Her squeaking cleavage sprawled overhead in a giant trembling line over one hundred meters long. Her breasts were literal blimps, their skin bulging through the diamond-shaped holes of the nettings. There seemed no end to her in any direction I looked.

*"It's...going to be much colder in your jail cell,"* I threatened, finally upright. Only now did I realize my breasts were big enough to reach beyond my hips. Bit larger and I would look like Alata.

*"BIG TALK FROM A BIG LADY!!"* Maggy egged me on with a clownish bounce giddy with insanity.

I had a plan. It was ridiculous and risky. Looking over the edge, I saw we were starting to drift. There wasn't much time. I would only have one shot.

So I ran.

*"WHOOAAA!! EASY THERE!!"*

She'd been caught off guard. Good. Even with my new band size, I could still close the distance between us in a reasonable amount of time.

*HONK*

*HONK*

The clown dodged, stepping to the side. *"OOOHHH ALMOST GOT ME!! A LITTLE FASTER AND--"*

*BOOMPH!!!!*

I knew she would dodge. She's not *that* insane. But I had enough size in my breasts to rapidly swing them around, slamming them into her back like a sexy pillow fight.

*THUD!!*

*CREEAAAAK!!*





*SPLASH!!!*

Now that sound I heard. I couldn't take my eyes off the scene so far below as the thick pink fluid's surface rippled in the rising sunlight. This was one pair of tits I would be happy to see grow.

Based on the frantic running from all the cops in the area, the rumblings must have been worse than a night after Jay's Tacos.

Her nipples breached first. Like two pink wrinkly pillars. But the tits beneath them... They were like whales coming up for breath. Good thing the tank was designed for such beasts.

But they weren't stopping. It was a fantastic display of chaos as her flesh filled out, rising over the rim of the tank before wedging firm and being forced to grow upward like a sexy muffin. But still there was no end. My heart raced as her skin overflowed the edges, big enough to bulge onto the ground two stories below. Tents began collapsing in her conquest for space. She was far bigger than me and the waitress combined. Far bigger than Margo with her blimp-like size.

It didn't look like she was filling with air. There was certainly an entire atmosphere rushing into those tanks, but I don't think her formula was designed to make someone such a size. They moved and wobbled closer to puffing, airy marshmallows, wanting to float away like bubbles. My best guess was her body was forced to grow to keep pace.

The blob raced over the abandoned circus. I saw it jolt suddenly, the center collapsing as her weight crushed the tank like a tin can beneath her. But all that formula had nowhere else to go. It was trapped under her chest, soaking into her. Ripples raced across her bust at the unrivaled amount of growth. It almost looked like her body didn't know what to do with herself. Each one of those tits could have filled more than a city block.

*And still she grew.*

Her nipples were throbbing buildings of pink flesh. I could see them undulating from the air, pulsing and aching at the slightest breeze. There was nothing left of the circus. She'd outgrown the entire grounds. I was relieved to see the whole precinct and my daughter making a safe getaway from the racing breasts spilling into the surrounding parking lots and streets. A giant wave crashed over one side when she started growing into the bay. Her true height eluded me, but nobody would be reaching those nipples without a tall crane. Though finally, it looked like she was slowing down. I couldn't begin to tell you how big that clown had become. Football stadiums wouldn't come close to cutting it as bra cups.

Strangely enough, the city didn't look too bad.

Early morning rays of sun shone over her surface. Things were a little brighter from up here, as my feet dangled over open air. A little cleaner. Not as choking. I could breathe. Margo and I would still have to figure out how to get down, but we had at least stopped gaining altitude. Too bad the remote was currently buried under two literal mountains of flesh. At least now the city's bras and their chests could breathe easy.

Strangely enough, seeing those massive, jiggling boobs jutting up and out of the city as if it had grown its own pair of tits... *I would be lying if it didn't put a small chuckle in my chest.*