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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

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## Scam

The mid-September sun beat down on the gravel and well-trod grass of the fairgrounds as crowds milled and chattered. There'd been a faint chill on the air at dawn, the first hints of autumn, but summer was not going out without a fight, it seemed. A collection of rides made a cacophony of overlapping melodies distorted and crackling from well-used speakers. People lined up in front of food stalls and carts, eager to sample everything from hot dogs to deep-fried candy bars. One entire half of the fair was comprised entirely of midway games, ring toss, goldfish scooping, BB shooting gallery, each more un-winnable than the last. At the far end of the midway, the games became more bawdy and less family-friendly. Beer, wine, and mead stands, dancing girls, and burlesque shows. Between a well-guarded tent containing a topless ballet show and a "buy a dance" corral, a man stood in front of a gaudy pink tent wearing a gaudier, pinker three-piece suit.

"Step right up, folks, step right up! Get yourself a bottle of Doctor Madison's patented Bosom Enhancer Tonic!"

The man spoke in a sing-song patter, elongating the final syllable of each line. Most fairgoers strolled right past the hawker, more interested in the actual girls in the surrounding booths and tents than whatever snake oil he was selling.

"One hundred percent natural ingredients! Made with rare oils from the Amazon Rainforest! Come and see, folks, come and see!"

A few people paused to glance at the pyramid of stacked bottles but kept walking after a second or two.

"Ladies, get a bottle for yourself and fill out those summer dresses! Gentlemen, they make a perfect gift for your best girl, a perfect gift!"

A couple of women stopped at the booth, and a few men followed suit.

"That's right, folks, step right up! Who wants a demonstration?"

A smattering of half-hearted shrugs was enough confirmation for the hawker. "Come on out, Marybeth!"

A gorgeous woman in a white sundress speckled with pink flowers. Her golden tresses fell in a waterfall around her shoulders, and though her curves were modest and slim, her rounded breasts were large enough to show a respectable swell of cleavage.

"Let's hear it for Marybeth, isn't she a looker, fellas?"

His prompt was met with little more than golf applause, but the hawker's patter continued. "What do you say, Marybeth? Should we show these lovely people how well Doctor Madison's patented Tonic works?"

Marybeth plastered a broad, eager smile across her face, and the hawker lifted a bottle from the table. It was small enough to almost be concealed by his palm, and he held it out to the blonde. She took the bottle, holding it in one hand with the other cupped beneath as she twisted to show the Tonic off to the crowd. Marybeth popped the rubber cork with a manicured thumbnail, emptying the contents down her throat.

"Watch closely, ladies and gentlemen," the hawker cried, "watch closely!"

While keeping her stage smile wide, polished teeth gleaming in the sun, Marybeth concentrated. No one knew where her "special talent" had come from. She discovered it just after her twentieth birthday, while on a date, her emotions ran wild, and she'd done it quite by accident. No doctor could explain it, and when the tension and drama of living with her mother and sisters became too much to bear, she ran away. Marybeth's dress grew snug as her chest swelled. The skeptical mutterings of the crowd faded, replaced by soft gasps and intakes of breath.

"What'd I tell you, folks? What'd I tell you? One hundred percent effective!"

Marybeth flexed her body in the way only she could, and her breasts grew. It had gotten easier over the years the more she practiced. When she joined the fair, she could only manage an inch of growth, two at most, before the gawking crowds got bored

and moved on. She was past two inches now, and the laces down the center of her bodice strained at their eyelets.

The hawker paused his patter, letting Marybeth's performance speak for him. She balled her hands into fists at her hips, rotating her torso to one side and the other to make sure as many people as possible could see her from every angle. Flexing, straining, her breasts continued to grow. Marybeth's smile faltered, twitching between a grimace and back as she pushed. Forcing her chest out and out until pleated seams, sewn in for this exact purpose, began to pop and unravel.

The crowd's soft gasps became murmurs of disbelief. More fairgoers gathered as if drawn to the spectacle by magnetic force. Marybeth's breasts swelled from the bodice of her dress like rising dough; pale skin, kissed lightly pink by the sun, rose nearer to her chin by the heartbeat.

Marybeth knew she was nearing her limit. Small beads of sweat broke out across her scalp, tickling her neck and temples as it ran down from her hairline. Mustering every drop of effort she had left, Marybeth flexed her talent to its utmost. The hawker held up a hand, causing the crowd to fall silent as the two uppermost eyelets of the dress popped free from the pale cotton. A fresh surge of flesh jiggled outward and upward as Marybeth's growth finally stopped. Her bosom had reached nearly double its original size.

The hawker held his silence for a beat, then two, before crying, "Let's hear it for Marybeth, folks, let's hear it!"

Raucous applause filled the gathered crowd, and Marybeth took a deep bow. Hanging heavily from her chest, her breasts seemed to grow even larger at this angle. As the men and women pushed their way to the counter, fishing bills and coins from their pockets, the hawker said, "A word of caution, folks, a word of caution! Marybeth is a professional. You or your lady won't see results as fast as these. It may take days or even weeks to see the effects, but it works, folks, it really works! You've seen it with your own eyes!"

People handed over their money anyway. "Thank you, sir, here you go! Thank you, miss; good luck to you! One at a time, folks, one at a time! All sales final!"

Marybeth ducked back into the tent, exhaling in a deep whoosh of breath. Her breasts slowly receded back down into her bodice. Stepping behind a changing screen, she slipped the dress off, reaching for her sewing kit to repair the pleats and re-attach

the torn eyelets with light stitches. The next demonstration wasn't for an hour, but she liked to be prepared.