

Maybe Another Size Up

“Hello, welcome to Luscious! Is there anything I can help you find today?”

Ellie walked into the specialty lingerie store and was greeted by walls laden with oversized bras. She had never seen so much lace and thick straps in one place. “Uhh... I think I need to be fitted for a new bra. Feels like I’ve outgrown everything I own recently.”

The clerk, wearing a name badge reading ‘Holly’, inspected the customer from across the counter. Brown hair tumbled over her shoulders before coming to rest on a built-in shelf across her chest; the sure sign of an ill-fitting bra. Gaps between the blouse’s strained buttons revealed immodest cleavage hidden below and the cups of a beige bra stuffed beyond its capacity.

“I’ll say,” Holly hummed. “I’m surprised your shirt has lasted all day from the looks of it!”

“It...didn’t *exactly* fit this poorly this morning...” Ellie blushed, avoiding eye contact. She didn’t need to look at the clerk to know about the perplexed look on her face.

“Ok... Well, let’s have you step into the fitting room and I’ll get you measured up! I’m certain we have something in stock to fit your needs. That’s our motto: Every Size Welcome!”

Ellie gulped, remembering only a day ago when her bra was too large. “God I hope so.”

Stepping into the fitting room with the attendant was just as Ellie remembered from childhood when puberty struck. Similar to now, her breasts had seemed to spring up overnight with no warning and were intent on popping out of every bra her mother bought. This was twenty years ago, though; breasts weren’t supposed to outgrow their bras in a woman’s early thirties.

Holly waited patiently while Ellie unbuttoned her blouse. The buttons popped easily with a flick of a finger as if the shirt were eager to escape Ellie’s bosom. The sight left behind made Holly gasp softly.

“Oh my! I’ll *say* you’re due! You shouldn’t wait so long to get fitted!” Holly gazed at the overflow of skin rounding over Ellie’s cups. “You’re way too big for this thing!”

“I *know!* Like I said it fit this morning! I’m an E-cup.” Ellie groaned and remembered how snug the E-cup bra hugged what used to be her breasts.

“Honey, I don’t need the tape measure to tell me you are *not* an E-cup. And boobs don’t just overflow their bra within a day. Unless your breastfeeding. In that case I’ve seen some tits do some *crazy* things. Are you?”

“Am I what?”

“Lactating.”

“No!”

“Then I think it’s in your head. You’ll have to take your bra off so I can get a proper measurement.” Holly waited patiently.

The air stung Ellie's overly-sensitive nipples when they tumbled free and hung off her thin frame like melons. They had need hard as rock all day and driving Ellie insane. She hoped the clerk wouldn't assume anything from their erectness.

"God they're even bigger than I thought!" Ellie gasped, dropping her bra in shock after being confined for a full day at the office.

Holly was unphased. "The tape might be a little cold," she warned, wrapping the measure around her client. "Thirty inches for the underbust, aaaand--"

"N-Nnngh!/" Ellie whimpered when the measuring tape rubbed over her nipples and pulled into her bosom.

"I warned you! Wow, almost forty inches! Right around a 30I or 30J cup! You're a lucky woman."

Ellie paled at the sizing and squeaked, "Here I thought I was big before...!"

"Not to worry, we carry a range of sizes. I'll be right back with some options!"

Holly scurried from the fitting room and left Ellie topless and alone. The reflection in the mirror couldn't help but leave her gawking at how massive her breasts had swelled in a day's time. "S-S-Shit these puppies are big on me..." she ogled, watching the way their bottom curves reached just to the crook of her elbow. On her twiggy frame they were all the bigger. Groaning, Ellie looked away only for a second but another glance in the mirror made her breath catch in her throat; the bottoms of her breasts reached lower than her elbow.

"What the hell is--"

"Let's try these!" Holly announced. Bras were draped over her arms with cups large enough to cradle a pair of cantaloupes. She wasted no time in wrapping the garment around Ellie but when she gasped for air as the band pulled tight to clasp, Holly glared at the flesh overflowing the cups curiously.

"Hmm..." she thought. "That brand does run on the small side... Maybe another size up... Try this one." The second bra proved to be worse. Holly watched curiously as Ellie overflowed it on all sides, the underwires even lifting away from her ribs.

"I-It's...too tight!" Ellie squeaked.

"Let's measure you again. I must have misread."

Ellie gasped for air when the bra fell away. "M-Maybe we should stop. I feel like the more they're stimulated, the bigger they--*mmm!*" The tape measure returned, sinking into her bust like a belt on a fat man.

"Forty-three inches!" Holly gasped, "How could I be so far o--" The tape slipped in her hands, jumping to forty-six. "Don't breathe in, please," Holly requested, trying to get an accurate reading.

"I-I didn't!"

Holly chewed on her lips. "I'll be back with more options. Sorry about the wait."

Ellie was becoming short of breath as heat flowed throughout her chest. The breasts wobbling full and round on her torso completely dominated her body. Trembling, Ellie reached her arms around to hug cradle their weight. *“Nnngh!! D-Damn they’re sensitive!!”*

She stumbled back into a wall, her legs weak as her tits swelled larger in her arms. *“U-Uuuhhh... Mmmm what’s happening to--”*

“Let’s give these a--”

Holly reappeared, stepping in to find Ellie whimpering and hugging a pair of tits larger than basketballs. Unable to stop herself from blushing, Holly was certain this customer hadn’t been so large a few minutes ago, but her mind couldn’t find any way to reconcile the massive difference in size.

“P-Please,” Ellie gasped, *“I’ll take anything, but I-I think I need...nnngh...to go.”*

Holly was determined. *“Not without a properly fitting bra you’re not!”* She pushed Ellie away from the wall. *“Try this one.”*

A massive bra cradled Ellie’s chest. Unbelievable cleavage plunged between the cups but it contained her. *“There,”* Holly nodded, *“That doesn’t look too bad on--”*

“Mmmmm!!”

CRREEAAAK

Ellie quivered when her nipples engorged against the cups. Like rising dough, skin overflowed the bra and drew complaints from the stitching.

TWANG!

“Oooookkkk let’s get that off!” Holly was quick to unclasp the bra when a strap snapped over Ellie’s shoulder. A pair of beach ball mammaries fell into the open and the two women stared in disbelief.

“I-I’m telling you they’re getting bigger!” Ellie panted, barely able to stand. *“The more...mmmm...we touch them the more--”*

Holly ignored her, refusing to let her mind believe the obviously insane scene in front of her. *“I’ve got just the bra,”* she huffed. *“We’ve only ever sold a couple, but for your size I think it’ll do the trick.”*

Ellie had no time to react before a bra like a tarp was wrapped across her front. Stretchy material pulled around her body and rubbed her nipples like a pleasurable torture device as Holly clasped it at her back with metal and velcro.

“O-Ooohhh, p-please, Miss! I-I really...don’t think we should--”

“There! You see? This is one of our specialty Super Stretchers. Fits a range between sixty to eighty inches.” Proud of herself, she snapped the tape measure around Ellie’s front to demonstrate.

“MMM!!”

“And you’re well within that range at seventy-two--”

“M-M-MMM...!”

The tape jumped in Holly's hands and the bra's fabric stretched around Ellie. Holly blinked. "U-Uh... S-Seventy-five--"

"Nnnngh!!! O-Oooh God!"

Holly's eyes bulged. "S...Seventy...N-Nine..."

CRREEEAAAAC

The bra groaned loudly, it's tightening shape fueling the very growth threatening to destroy it. *"P-Please! My chest is gonna--"*

POW!!

The clasp broke as Ellie ballooned. Behind her, Holly's eyes turned into saucers when the ends of the tape met between her fingers. "Y-You're...too big for the tape..." Determined to hold onto the ends, the tape dug into Ellie's chest multiple inches and urged her larger.

"Ahhh!! A-A-Ahhh!! Oh God!! Stop!!"

The tape slipped from Holly's grasp and flung forward, allowing Ellie's nipples to spring free like mini sausages. Overcome with the weight of yoga ball breasts, she fell backward into Holly. The clerk's hands instinctively went under Ellie's arms to catch her, but her palms instead sank into the depths of her bust and squeezed.

"MMM!!!! OOOHHHH NOOOO!!"

Ellie's flesh lurched forward, expanding towards the floor and opposite wall at inches a second. It took only the blink of an eye before her nipples were forced into the cold wood across her from and skin engulfed her shaking knees.

"S-Stop touched them!! Oohhhh you gotta stop touching them!! They're getting too big!"

"I can't!!" Holly stared, pinned between Ellie and the wall, "I-I can't!!"

Skin billowed into the room like water rushing from a damn. Pressing on all walls and with nowhere left to expand, Ellie's chest began to rise. The women felt trapped in a small space with a quickly inflating parade float.

"No more!! Oh they're MASSIVE!! I-I'm gonna...GOD I CAN'T TAKE THIS!! I-I feel like I'm about to--"

CRREEEAAAAC

The fitting room's walls complained about the rising pressure. The flimsy structure couldn't hold much more. Skin bulged over Ellie's shoulders and pressed into her's and Holly's chins, her cleavage bubbling higher and higher like a flood.

"AHHHHH I THINK I'M GOING TO--"

CRREEEEAAAACAAAAC!!!

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!"

Ellie's chest bloated with a final surge of growth, the center of her chest looming over their heads and about to peek over the door. Crushed to the point of breathlessness, Holly sighed with relief when Ellie's chest came to a rippling halt.

“O-Oh wow...” Holly gaped, her words little more than squeaks. “Are you alr--” She stopped, feeling wetness spreading from between Ellie’s thighs to her own hips.

“I’ve...*mmgahhh*...I’ve never come so hard...in my entire life...” Ellie panted. “I can’t tell you how much I...needed that...” Swallowing a few times with relief, Ellie could feel her growth had stopped. Pinned against Holly, she looked over her shoulder and asked, blushing, “Soooo... I-I don’t suppose you have...anything in this size?”