

All Puffed Up Part 2

The door to the dressing room slammed in a hurry behind Ellie, the lock clicking behind her. She was forced to look at herself in the full body mirror. A pair of inflated breasts were testing the limits of her buttons. They rose and fell with her quickening breaths as she hyperventilated watching her cleavage bulge between the buttons.

I look like some kind of balloon fetishist! she realized, *Or an overinflated blow up doll!*

After experiencing this process multiple times now, Ellie was certain she knew how to handle the situation.

Calm down, calm down... Just breathe... She closed her eyes and focused on slowing her breaths, trying to ignore the tits threatening to blow her blouse apart. A deep sigh escaped her and the heartbeat in her ears slowed in rhythm.

The shirt around her chest began to loosen and she felt her breasts retreat. Ellie sighed again and lower they fell, the bottom of her shirt tickling her tummy as her chest deflated.

Just gotta relax...

Looking in the mirror again Ellie could see she was still very large with breasts about the size of volleyballs.

Progress.

Groaning from the mental stress of it all, she went to sit down and grabbed them instinctually expecting their weight to pull her over. The light airiness always took her by surprise.

I guess looks can be deceiving, she thought, bounding them in her palms.

Ellie sat and felt her chest bob lightly. Forcing herself to sigh again, she closed her eyes and resting her head on the wall behind her. Smaller and smaller her breasts shrank; she could feel herself returning to normal, the quiet of the fitting rooms helping immensely.

“Whew...” Ellie huffed, feeling her shirt fall over her stomach. An inspection in the mirror revealed a few cups were sticking around above her normal E. “Just a little bit more...”

Bang

Pfft

The wall shuddered and Ellie felt her body tense from the loud, sudden noise vibrating through her head. Her breasts puffed up a cup size.

“Oooh, Hank! *Stop!* We're gonna get caught...!” a woman's voice squealed teasingly, not too softly.

Really? You're going to do that here? Ellie thought, overhearing them amongst shuffling from the other side.

“Let's see how *this* bra fits *first*,” a man voiced.

“Hehe ok! I might need some help getting out of this one first though...” the woman giggled.

Pffffff

Ugh. I would say 'get a room', but... Ellie huffed and rolled her eyes with judgment. Her breasts tightened against her fingers, gaining another inch. *Uh oh.*

The girl squealed loudly, "*Hank! Stop that! You know I'll ticklish there!*"

Pfffft

Pfffft

"Shut up..." Ellie asked softly, "Can't you grope each other somewhere else?" They didn't hear. She was swelling again and she looked at her tits pleadingly as they resumed their ballooning. In no time the shirt was filled with tightening flesh and rising cleavage.

Not being exposed to the public eye helped a lot, however. For the first time, Ellie could take a moment and watch her body change. She placed her hands on the front of her tits and pushed against them, feeling their skin spring against her hands like sturdy latex balloons.

Bang!

Pfffffft

A hand slammed against the wall and Ellie jumped in fright. Playing with a pair of inflated breasts, a loud noise was the last thing she wanted to hear. The stress alone added multiple inches to her swelling bust.

"Ah! Don't let me fall!" The lady yelled, gathering herself after tripping on her shorts and falling against the wall.

Ellie swelled past basketballs again, her tired shirt pulling taut. "Clumsy bitch," Ellie grunted. The headache was making a comeback.

"Ok, Hank, what do you think of--*mmmm!*" The woman was cut off; it sounded like she was finding out what 'Hank' thought of her new outfit. Something began pounding rhythmically against the wall.

Pfft pfft pfft

Two hands being slamming against the wall made Ellie's head knock against it from the force. Grinding her teeth, she watched as her breasts grew more and more into her field of view to completely block any view of her legs. Air flowed between the buttons over exposed cleavage; it wouldn't be long until Ellie was larger than she had been upon entering the fitting room in the first place.

"Oh! *Oh!*" The woman moaned over soft shuffling and smacking sounds. Ellie's breasts continued and she watched wide-eyed as they became too large for her arms to be wrapped around them, her curves reaching a foot out either side of her body. She felt her nipples bend hard against her bra and then spring into her palms as they overgrew her cups. An uncontrolled moan fell from her lips as she felt her skin stretch and fill with air. When there was no risk of flashing onlookers, the sensation of overflowing her blouse was oddly satisfying.

T-This doesn't feel all that bad... Ellie thought, her hands lightly rubbing her nipples.

"Faster, Hank! *F-Faster!*"

Ping!

“Ah!” Ellie gasped when a button burst from her top and ticked against the door, her breasts bouncing like balloons shot with a rubber band. A large curve of cleavage bulged through the larger opening. Tight skin fought its way through the gap and rose into the air. “I-I’m so big!” Ellie gasped, squeezing her large, airy nipples.

“Pump me up!” The woman gasped, the wall shuddering rhythmically behind Ellie, “F-Fill me with your cock!!”

Ping!

Ping!

Ping!

SNAP!!

More buttons exploded from Ellie's front to shower the fitting room before Ellie's bra snapped helplessly around her with a defeated twang a second later. Only two buttons remained over her stomach.

Her tits billowed out the large opening, her skin stretched tight and firm. She bit her lip as she actually heard her breasts squeak against each other as they shifted.

They're like balloons! Her mind screamed as they surpassed beach balls, sex noises still pouring from the room behind her, *please just let me concentrate!*

“Pump, Hank! Fill me up with your cock!”

Riiiiip

A tear in Ellie's blouse appeared along her side, the top and bottom buttons too stubborn to snap.

“Oh yes, Hank! Yes!”

Riiiiip

The hole widened, breast swelling out of it given every chance.

“Hank I'm coming!”

RIIP

A new hole appeared, and Ellie's shirt was done for. For a second she looked like a balloon being inflated inside of a wiffle ball, and then she puffed up one last time as the women banged against the wall. As she gasped in orgasm, Ellie's blouse blew at the seams, her chest exploding out of it like a blimp from wrapping paper. Her shirt hung in tatters on her frame, and she listened to the tired breathing of the other woman, matching her breath.

Looking at her breasts, each were perfectly round and easily 2 feet across. They floated high on her chest and lightly bounced against each other. She would almost think they were floating, but she could still feel the same weight they always had, lightly tugging at her torso. *Same amount of boobs, just puffed up a little...* she observed.

She reached around them to try to find her nipples, but couldn't; she was too large for her arms to reach, her breasts sticking out halfway into the small room. She did manage to find the edge of her areola, and they had felt like a warm, soft puffy platform rising from her globes. She

looked at the sweater she had grabbed coming in; it was never going to fit. Ellie doubted she could fit out the door without some difficulty.

However she found it calming to be matching the breathing of the other woman, and she could already feel herself reducing in size. She pressed her hands to her tight skin, and could feel it becoming less taut.

It's official, Ellie thought as she took deep breaths, ever since that pufferfish stung me, if I get angry or agitated, my breasts inflate!

Admitting this seemed to calm Ellie down, and her breasts reduced considerably; they had lost about half of their volume now, but were still swollen a few inches out either side of her torso.

I need to get home and figure this out. I can't be blowing my top everytime I hit traffic or go to the store! She monitored them, watching her thighs come more and more into view, just a little more, and I'll make a run for my car.

Her nipples became smaller and harder in her hands, and soon she was nearly a reasonable size, but still looking like someone with a boobjob much too big for their frame. She didn't care.

She put on the bra she had grabbed; it was multiple sizes too small, but would keep her inflated boobs from bouncing around too much. She pulled the sweater over her head, and stretched it over her tits. Her chest looked like a slightly fuller version of Jordan Carver's, and the sweater was making no attempt to hide them.

“Good enough...” she said, eyeing herself in the mirror and looking at her profile. They were still going down, but the anxiety of walking through the store seemed to be slowing their progress. They were holding at just shy of party balloons.

Ellie opened the door and walked out briskly, leaving her old bra and torn blouse behind in the fitting room. She speed walked to the registers, and felt luck come upon her when she saw one without a line.

“Find everything alright, ma-a...” The young male cashier trailed off as he saw the firmest pair of tits he had ever seen in real life, filling out Ellie's sweater like small volleyballs.

Ellie caught him staring, and gave a small smile. She grabbed the tag on the side of the sweater and held it out to him, “I'll be wearing this out.”

The boy nodded and blushed, quickly bringing the scanner to the tag under Ellie's arm. His hand brushed against her chest lightly, and his face became red. “S-sorry,” he stammered.

Ellie brushed the matter aside; he might faint for this next part. She lifted up the front of the sweater, bringing it just high enough to display the tag hanging off of the shoulder strap on the left cup. His face was beet red, as he was greeted by a face full of cleavage and the roundest breasts he could imagine stuffed into this bra. He could have sworn he saw the rims of her areolas poking out of the cups.

“This to.” Ellie stated, her face red too now.

He scanned the tag, “T-That'll be \$45.60...”

Ellie put a fifty dollar bill on the counter and walked out of the store without another word.

Once Ellie was back home things became easier. Being alone and away from people, she calmed down immensely, and as a result, so did her breasts. They soon returning to normal after a quick dinner and hour of relaxing. Sitting on the couch, she gave her chest a test wiggle, and felt her boobs swing familiarly without a bra. After all the events of today, she felt like a long bath.

She undressed and walked to her tub. It wasn't big, but it was large enough to fit her with her knees bent. She slid into the warm water and felt it run over her body as she submerged herself up to her neck. Her breasts seemed weightless under the water.

Placing her hands into her breasts, Ellie thought, *What exactly did the pufferfish do to me? I'm never going to be able to go anywhere again! Not if my own breasts are a couple of easily agitated, self-inflating balloons!*

Staring at the puffed mounds in her hands brought worry for her new quality of life. These buoyant breasts weren't the E-cups she had come to know and love. There was something else, though. Something more than worry.

Ellie thought about the situation in the locker room when she had woken up after the pufferfish's sting; there was confidence in her size and not the least amount of concern about what Julie was saying to her. She had actually stood up for herself and thrown her breasts in Julie's envious face. *Maybe if I could learn to control it, it wouldn't be so bad...*

Ellie glanced around her bathroom. Of course it was empty, but she had to make sure no one was around to witness what she was about to do. The sheer thought alone made Ellie feel utterly silly.

Flexing her abs and scrunching her face from the effort, Ellie took a stab in the dark at trying to make her breasts swell. She only ended up feeling ridiculous. Thinking for a moment, another idea came to her mind. *Maybe breathing has something to do with it...* She inhaled deeply and her chest rose naturally from the water. Almost instinctively, she flexed her diaphragm to keep the air in her upper chest, rather than into her abdomen, exhaling slowly and flexed her abs differently, feeling her entire torso constrict.

Pfft

The rest of the air rushed from her lips with a shocked gasp; it had happened. Ellie looked down with disbelieving eyes. Her boobs were definitely larger. By at least a full cup size. "W-Woah..." was all she could whisper. Triumphant and excited, she had just taken her first step towards what felt like some sort of erotic superpower.

Testing the waters again with a small breath and a series of clenching, her breasts puffed once more and rounded out out the water. She giggled, feeling giddy like a child with a new toy.

Blood rushed through her ears with sexual thrill and Ellie drew a long, deep breath until her lungs could inflate no more.

Pffffffffft

This time when she exhaled, her breasts lurched forward by several cup sizes. It startled Ellie a little and she actually found herself strangely off-balance. The top half of her breasts bobbed on the surface of the water like round, fleshy icebergs pulling at her entire torso. Butterflies rushed through her belly when she realized that they were actually making her upper body float and she felt her back lift from the tub.

“W-Wow... Guess I come equipped with flotation devices now!” She giggled, pushing herself back into the water only for her chest to pull her up, her mounds bobbing along the surface.

“I wonder how much my mood affects them when I inflate myself...” she wondered. Laying her head back, Ellie breathed slowly, not trying to inflate just yet. She imagined Julie's face and all the hurtful things she'd said in the past. Ellie's chest began to rise with her new breathing exercises.

“Cow tits!” she recalled Julie taunting.

Pfffft

“Must save a fortune on milk, huh?”

Pffffffffft

“You'll hate those things when they sag down to your knees!”

PFFFFT

Ellie felt something brush against her and she opened her eyes to a shocking sight.

It had worked like a charm, perhaps better. Feeding her emotions into her breathing had gone better than she expected and she was faced with two buoys floating before her, each the size of a basketball. She had felt them start to brush against the sides of the tub and her skin squeaked as it rubbed against the porcelain while she bobbed. They worked incredibly well keeping her above the water level; she felt like her tits had enough air in them to fill a small inner tube. Despite their size, there was no way Ellie could stop now.

Pfft, she inhaled again.

Pfft, and again.

Pfft, and again. She drew long and hard now.

PFFFFFFFT

Ellie's eyes grew wide when water ran into her mouth, gagging. Her mammaries had ballooned so large they were wider than the tub. Taut, shiny skin pushing against itself and the walls, squishing them into two oval towers casting a shadow on her face. She was pinned under their girth and they had started pushing her torso back into the water as they continued inflating. With no room to the sides, her breasts could only expand up and down. She could feel her nipples prodding her bent knees like fleshy pink towers, proud and perky. Had someone been

around to see, it would have looked like two giant balloons topped with pink caps were left floating in the tub.

Unable to move, Ellie giggled at herself. Then started to laugh, skin squeaking on porcelain as her chest heaved. "Captain Ellie: The Human Puffer!" She announced to no one in particular. She was really starting to enjoy her newfound power. Watching them come to an airy halt, a great idea popped into her head for tomorrow when Julie crossed her path.

Ellie walked into the locker room humming. It was about time to open and she knew that Julie was sure to be there. Sure enough upon entering, she found Julie taking off her clothes. Anna was there too already climbing into her wetsuit along with one of the other girls, Jessica, who was on her phone.

Julie turned to see her come in, immediately taking notice of her low cut top and the plethora of cleavage on display.

"You really think that's appropriate for the workplace?" Julie chided. Jessica looked up from her phone; she was usually quick to join in on the heckling.

Ellie just smiled, making sure to bounce her chest as she walked, "Well *one* of us has to make this a *women's* locker room, right?" Anger flared in Julie's eyes and Ellie knew she had hit the nerve she was looking for. She began undressing, pulling off her top and pants.

"Big tits don't make you a woman, you know," Jessica informed.

"Is that what you tell yourself every morning when you put on your training bra, Jessica?" Ellie could feel her chest puff up with rising excitement. *Not yet, not yet, wait until I'm in my suit.* Jessica didn't know how to respond; she had never been spoken to like that.

Julie watched as Ellie took her bra off and saw her slightly swollen chest wobbling large and more round than she remembered. "Careful everyone! She's taken her udders out, try not to slip on any of the milk she might leak!"

"I'll watch out!" Anna said shyly, siding with the winning team, but not wanting to directly hurt Ellie.

Ellie ignored her and pulling up her bikini bottoms before tying her top. It pulled tight against her breasts and she smiled. This was going to be fun. She started pulling her suit on.

"Oh, that poor wetsuit..." Jessica cooed, "Must be torture for it every day having to hold those fat things."

Ellie was ready to zip it over her chest now, "Oh, Jessica, you have *no idea*," Ellie replied, "Every day I'm *so scared* that my tits are just going to pop out!" She squeezed her breasts in her hands, confidence pouring from every pore. Jessica turned to her locker in a huff.

Now came the dramatic show of attempting to zip her suit and staging a failure. Julie fell for the bait. "Ha! Look, you can't even zip up your wetsuit, you walking pair of tits." Julie was getting mad now, she wasn't used to Ellie fighting back like this.

I'll show you a walking pair of tits.

Ellie grabbed her breasts and squeezed, pushing them flat, and looked at Anna with pleading eyes. "Anna... Can you help me please?" Ellie pleaded, "I can't quite get them to fit... Another hand would help *a lot*." Anna turned red and looked at Julie as if to ask permission. "Please, Anna?" Ellie pouted.

Anna succumbed and walked over, feeling Julie's and Jessica's eyes burning holes in the back of her head. Ellie sucked herself in before nodding to Anna who pulled at the zipper with all her strength. It slid up slowly, arguing, but soon gave in and passed over the largest part of her bust.

"Whew, thanks, Anna," Ellie said, "Besides me, you know better than anyone else here how hard a big pair of boobs can be too get in these wet suits!" While not a lie, Anna being a small C cup, this statement seemed to make her confidence soar for the most fleeting of moments. Right until she realized how mad Julie would be. Anna walked back to Julie's side with a mixture of embarrassment and pride on her face.

"Anna is lucky she's not deformed like you," Julie stated.

Pfft

Here we go, Ellie thought. She breathed, her suit bulging slightly. "We *developed women* prefer the term 'well endowed', Julie," Ellie replied.

"Who's 'we'?" Jessica asked, "The other strippers you work with?" She laughed at her own joke, Julie joining in.

Pfffft

Anna was too busy looking at Ellie's top to join in on their laughter; she could swear she had seen it move and the light's reflection shift over its surface.

"I'm pretty sure they're full of silicone. No one as skinny as Ellie has tits like that," Julie decided.

Pffffffffft

That was a big one. Ellie felt her chest rumble under her suit from the building pressure. Her bikini was cutting into her now, easily making her an H-cup.

"Y-You feeling alright, Ellie?" Anna asked, watching with wide eyes.

"Fine thanks!" Ellie said gleefully, bouncing her chest.

"Don't ask how she is, Anna!" Julie scolded. She was glaring at Ellie.

"B-But..." Anna stammered.

"She wouldn't know if anything was wrong anyways; her body developed her boobs instead of her brains!" Jessica joked again.

PFFFFFFT

She knew Anna had seen it this time. It would have been impossible to miss her breasts ballooned out to twice their normal size. Her suit was visibly struggling.

"Uh... Julie..." Anna started.

"Shut up. I'm sick of this bimbo always bouncing her giant tits around."

PFFFFFFT

“Uh...” Anna tried again. Julie ignored her, yelling as she got dressed.

“She thinks she's so hot because she has a big overgrown pair of fat-sacks.”

PFFFFFFFT

“*Julie...*” both Anna and Jessica said now.

“They're gross. You know, Ellie, maybe if you got a reduction you'd finally get a boyfriend!”

PFFFFFFF---POP!

Ellie's zipper had broken, her suit splitting straight down her middle to release her bulbous volleyball tits overflowing through the opening. The bikini pulled tight across them like a tiny belt. Anna and Jessica were standing slack-jawed when Julie turned to look at what that noise had been.

“The hell?! The fuck is going on with your tits?!” she screamed.

Ellie looked down nonchalantly and tenderly poked the sides of her split suit, “Oh! Whoops, sorry, they do that sometimes.”

Julie was fuming. “I don't know what you're doing to make them do that, but it's disgusting.”

Pffft

Ellie's cleavage squeezed together. She stood up, “I don't know, I think they look pretty good! I mean, *I've* never had a single guy complain!” She grabbed her boobs hard and jiggled them up and down like party favors.

“Whore!” Julie shouted, angry, “You're nothing but a whore with big, fat, *overinflated tits!*”

PFFFFFF

“Overinflated? *Overinflated?!*” Ellie echoed, walking towards Julie. Her breasts were billowing out, bloating bigger and bigger. They burst from her suit, surpassing basketballs. “You don't know what *overinflated* is!” She yelled as she approached Julie, Anna stepping back towards Jessica, “Don't worry, though; I'm going to show you.”

Ellie stood in front of her, the lockers behind Julie. Before Julie's eyes, Ellie inhaled like a vacuum and her breasts inched angrily forward. Her bikini creaked before starting to tear.

“G-Get away from me, you freak!” Julie demanded, afraid to push her away.

Ellie inflated further, pushing her beach balls into Julie, pinning her against the lockers.

“I'm a freak now, am I?” She inhaled again, feeling her breasts swell into Julie. “Listen here, you little bitch.”

“Shut up!” Julie cried, struggling against her chest, “D-Don't get any bigger!”

“I'm going to do what I want, you got it? I'm going to wear what I want, and I'm going to feel how I want about myself. You don't get to decide any of that. My breasts are amazing and beautiful, and I'm done feeling sorry for them because of you. Do you hear me, Julie?”

“*Freak!*”

Ellie inflated herself further, nearing quivering exercise balls. Her bikini snapped loudly and two puffy soda can nipples stood out. “Do you hear me?”

“Y-Yes! I hear you!” Julie cried out.

“And you know what else?” Ellie inhaled again, though not to make herself bigger.

“Your breasts are beautiful too, Julie. And Jessica's, and Anna's.”

Julie looked at her, her comment striking her like a punch from the dark. “W-What?” Ellie let her breasts down a little.

“Your boobs are fine! You have a beautiful body.”

“Y-You're just saying that...” Julie stammered, looking near tears.

Ellie had guessed long ago that Julie was just as self-conscious as Ellie in the locker room, but for the opposite reason. “No, Julie, I'm not,” Ellie said with a smile, further deflating her breasts as the situation calmed. She stepped away and released her prisoner. “Sometimes I'm envious of your smaller chest, you know...”

Julie wiped her eyes, she had never been told this before. It was comforting. “And I guess I'm sometimes envious of y-your chest...I'm sorry I've always given you so much trouble about yours...” she said. It was obvious she was still beyond confused by Ellie's ballooning chest. There were sure to be questions once the shock wore away.

Ellie smiled at her, “Take pride in your body.” Then she caught Julie off guard again and hugged her. She felt her giant ten-inch breasts squish between them as they tried to spring Julie away.

“T-Thank you...” Julie said softly, on the verge of tears, “No one has ever said anything like that to me...”

She stepped back and glanced down at Ellie's chest. “How are you doing... That...?”

Ellie giggled, her bikini flapping loosely on her boobs, her nipples fully on display, “It's a long story...just make sure you stay away from the damn pufferfish!” Ellie wrapped her arms around her breasts, trying for a little modesty.

Julie pulled the rest of her suit on, and after giving Ellie a glance of fresh understanding, walked away. Ellie felt like she had just fixed a loud rattle that had been in her car for the past two years.

Jessica stepped forward and Ellie's breasts instinctively puffed up a little. “Did you mean all that?” She asked, her arms crossed.

“Every word.”

“I believe that you meant it, but you can't really think that *these*,” she opened her arms and looked down at her B cups, “Are just as good as...well...those.” She pointed to the large melons hanging lightly on Ellie's frame.

Ellie looked down at herself, then back up and smiled. “They're not as great as they look; yea they're big, but you wouldn't believe the back pain, or how expensive buying bras can get.”

Jessica smiled and let her arms fall. “Yea maybe... I'll see you out in the tanks, Ellie. Sorry for saying all the stuff.” She walked out.

Anna spoke to her now, looking at the floor bashfully. “Thanks, Ellie, for saying that stuff. I never really had a problem with you, but...I want to apologize. It's so easy to get caught up with them sometimes. But I think you gave them a lot to think about.” She looked at Ellie's chest. “A *lot* to think about...”

Ellie hugged her like she had Julie, “Don't worry about it. I can hardly blame you; had you defended me they would have ganged up on us both.” She released Anna, and she left, rushing to catch up to the other girls.

The locker room was a little bit warmer now. The bonds between her and her coworkers were still fresh and new, but she felt this would be a new beginning. Julie had just needed a little push before she would listen. It was time to work, but before that, Ellie had one more thing to take care of.

She pulled the sides of her suit over her chest the best she could. By now it was mostly back to its original size.

Pfft

Pfft

Pfffffft

Ellie puffed herself up, feeling in complete control of her new ability. Her breasts bulged tightly against the open suit, the friction keeping the burst rubber stretched over her chest, but just barely. A glance in a mirror brought a devilish smile to her face. *Eh, little more...*

Pfft

Pfft

PFFFT

They swelled, rounding out to full watermelons to dominate her torso. Her suit was pulled tight, and her areolas could just be seen poking out from under the zipper. *I've got one more job for you, girls.*

A knock sounded at Jack's office door.

“Come in!” He called. The door opened and he saw Ellie walk in out of the corner of his eye.

“Hey Ellie! How are yo--” His voice stopped working as he saw a trench of cleavage approach him formed by the largest, most supple breasts he had ever seen. They were stuffed in a wetsuit that looked like it had burst open at the seams. Puffy areolas could just barely be seen in the centers of each of them and two bulges under the suit that could only be from nipples the size of a AA battery poked through.

“Hey, Jack...” Ellie cooed, running her hands down the sides of her breasts, “Had a little trouble with my wetsuit this morning. Can you help a girl out? I think I might need a new one...”