

## All Puffed Up Part 1

Ellie opened her locker, removing her jacket and hanging it on a hook inside. She hesitated for a few seconds, taking a slow glance around her surroundings. No one had followed her inside the building and the rest of the locker room was quiet, save for the noisy blue paint on the walls. She relaxed a little and brought her hands to her black blouse to begin unbuttoning.

Ellie was a swimmer at a local aquarium. Her job consisted of patrolling each of the mammoth-sized tanks throughout the facility, along with the other swimmers, to make sure everything was in order. This included inspecting the fish as best she could, making sure nothing was broken off the display, and general clean up. All while being watched by the public on the other side of the glass. Having such duties required her to be comfortable using scuba gear.

Using the gear itself was a welcome experience. Getting dressed for the job, however, not so much. She was a tall, thin woman nearing six feet tall and weighing no more than 120 pounds with dark brown hair falling around her shoulders.

Since her early high school years, her body had found it necessary to gift itself with a rather sizeable donation in the breast department coming in at a not-too-modest 30E by her junior year. Even now in her late twenties, they displayed themselves just as prominently. And on her tiny frame, they looked all the bigger. Her breasts had always been impossible to hide and demanded the gaze of most guys. Ellie was used to that; it's biological for men to stare. What really got to her was the talk she received from other girls.

This was the entire reason she made a point to arrive at work early every day; to avoid having to display her body in front of the other girls.

She worked at the buttons on her blouse, past remarks echoing through her head:

*"Hey, Ellie, do those things make it hard to stay underwater?"*

*"No one has to worry about Ellie drowning, she comes equipped with her own water floaties!"*

*"Listen! You can almost hear her zipper screaming out for help!"*

The remarks go on and on. Ellie hated conflict and she found that it was just easier to ignore and avoid situations that may expose her assets.

She continued unbuttoning her black blouse, revealing a blue bra giving her more than a little cleavage. Dealing with the hurtful comments from other girls was awful, but she was nothing if not proud of her breasts. They had never failed to get her a free drink or even a man to share her bed with for the night.

"They're just envious I can make a wetsuit look sexy," she said quietly, making her generous melons jiggle gently. Cleavage rippled in her bra and she smiled. As bad as some of the comments were, she would hate to not have her fun-bags; they were her most feminine feature.

Ellie reached around her back and expertly unhooked her bra, feeling the effects of gravity increase as her breasts swayed slightly without support. Considering her size, she was

eternally grateful they had always stayed perky and kept a fuller, rounder shape. If men's reactions were anything to go off, her chest was an absolute dream.

Bending forward slightly, Ellie slid her pants down and tiptoed out of them, taking her matching blue panties with them. She stood in the drafty locker room, folding her clothes and placing them in her locker. A cool breeze wafted across her, and she felt her skin break out in goosebumps. Bright pink nipples hardened and point outwards.

“Down, girls, down...” she joked, rubbing softly to warm them.

She was just pulling on her bikini bottoms when she heard a door open and close loudly. Chattering voices filled the hall leading to the women's locker room, and her heart began to race. She rushed with her bottoms and made a quick grab for her top, trying to cover herself as soon as possible.

*What are they doing here so early?* She was just tying her top around her back when she saw two other swimmers, Julie and Anna wall into the room.

“Oh hey! Nip-slip! Give a girl a warning before flashing the high beams at her, will ya?” Julie teased. Ellie hadn't had a chance to readjust her bust yet and her bikini was askew across her torso. Face flushing red, her hands flew to her boobs to frantically move them into the cups of the bikini as the two women neared her on the way to their locker.

Anna walked past, looking back as she watched Ellie adjust, “Must be difficult finding bikinis that fit you, huh?” Anna asked with an honest tone, pulling her own shirt off.

Ellie nodded and looked at her, giving her a quick smile. “Sometimes...”

She looked at the two women as they got ready for work. Both had similar builds slightly taller than 5 feet, and maybe a full C cup combined between them. Anna wasn't so bad as the others. She was often nice until the others ganged up on her. Julie, on the other hand, was one of the more troublesome.

Ellie watched Julie undress and reveal a massively-padded push-up bra. As she unhooked it cleavage vanished into her A cups. Push-up bras had always fascinated Ellie with their ability to make so much out of so little. Julie caught her gaze.

“What? Never seen a push-up bra before?” Julie demanded, “Not all of us were gifted with giant cow udders, you know.” Julie made little attempt to hide her breast envy, and Ellie really wasn't even sure that Julie knew she made it so obvious. Anna stayed silent.

Ellie quietly began putting on her wetsuit. Doing this in front of the other swimmers was always a poor experience. She wished she could have the same confidence she had in the bedroom in these situations. The legs were quick as was pulling it over her butt. Now came the difficult part.

Leaning back, Ellie flailed one arm as she tried to get it in the sleeve. She could feel her breasts shimmying back and forth in the struggle, and she could feel Julie's eyes burning a hole through her. She straightened up, chest falling back into place, and braced herself for the final hurdle. Firmly she grasped the zipper and pulled up. It was always easy going until a certain,

obvious point. Exhaling all her breath for extra room, Ellie felt her chest shrink slightly. The zipper slid with high tension and the front of the suit reluctantly joined.

Compressed under the thick suit, Ellie's mammarys pressed together to form a chasm of cleavage. She sucked in one final time and felt them give the last little bit she needed to allow the zipper passage. After a test inhale, she prayed today wouldn't be the day the zipper broke. As usual, the suit strained dangerously against her and she could see the round outline of her breasts pushing outward.

The zipper held.

The mirror, like always, reflected a skinny scuba diver trying to smuggle two water balloons in her suit. She heard Julie zip up her suit and slam the locker door.

"Come on, Anna," Julie commanded, walking past Ellie. Anna smiled lightly at Ellie before following.

A sigh of relief fell from Ellie's lips; the worst of it was over. Getting ready for work was often worse than the work itself, especially when coming in early didn't do any good. She took a deep breath to calm herself as she pulled her swim cap over her hair, feeling the suit stretch over her bust. Grabbing her gloves, she closed her locker and headed to the first tank on her list.

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A wetsuit actually serves two purposes. For one, it helps protect against the frigid water in the tanks designed to stay cold for some fish. The other reason, as well as the reason for the gloves and swim cap, were to help minimize human contamination in the water.

The general rules were simple: inspect everything, and touch only what you need too. Grab anything that may have broken off, or sometimes grab the occasional dead fish. You never really knew what you were going to find. Ellie enjoyed it really; it calmed her to live with the fish for a bit. The fish never threw insults at her. Only the occasional ink cloud.

Her first tank was one of the warmer ones. Climbing the ladder to the employee catwalks in the ceiling, she made her way to the tank. She stood at its edge and stared into the clear waters below. Schools of fish swam around the fake coral; nothing obvious out of place yet. Sitting on the edge of the tank, Ellie lowered herself in while taking care not to splash or frighten any fish. Some of these were expensive.

The world was weightless here. It would be a lie for Ellie to say her back didn't feel a bit of relief. Water rushed into the front of her suit and quickly flowed between her breasts. The cool rush made her nipples stand on end and she could feel them pressing against the suit. A familiar force from their buoyancy was always fighting to carry them upward.

*Just another day in the life of a busty aquarium cleaner*, she thought, taking a puff of air from the scuba gear.

She angled herself down and began her work, searching for anything out of the ordinary. It was looking to be an uneventful tank. None of the larger fish seemed to have broken anything, and aside from the occasional carcass from someone's meal, not much needed cleaning up.

Ellie made her way through the center part of the tank, making sure not to disturb anything but water. Below she saw what looked like a dead fish lying on its side atop a rocky platform.

*Must have died recently if it's not floating yet,* she deduced.

She swam towards it, leaving a trail of bubbles behind her from the mouthpiece. It's identity became clear as she approached.

*Looks like a blowfish...*

It was white with brown splotches and lined with frilly yellow fins. She swirled the water around its body, making sure it was dead, poking it cautiously. Blowfish were known to have an extremely powerful and usually fatal toxin in their spikes. Not all species, but some.

The fish remained motionless, save for the movement of the water and Ellie's hands. Feeling safe, she gathered it into her hands and made way for the surface to put it in her collection bag. Halfway, it suddenly began squirming in her hands. Ellie had been so sure it was dead she panicked for a second, not expecting a dead animal to writhe in her grasp.

The diver knew what had to be done, and fast, but it was too late; she had hesitated for too long. The fish ballooned against her hands as it defended itself and filled its body with water. A sharp pain shot through her arm as one of its needles penetrated her glove to pierce her skin. It stung, worse than any bee sting, and her eyes teared up behind her goggles.

She flung her hands open in fright and watched the puffer fish swim back to the exhibit before vanishing. Her hand was throbbing. Ellie knew she needed to get out of the water and make every second count.

Quickly resurfacing, she tore out her mouthpiece and finally gasped in pain. Somewhere below she could hear the aquarium visitors making a commotion; they must have seen her get stung.

Limping one-handedly down the ladder, Ellie raced to the first-aid kit while not entirely sure what good she thought it was going to do her. The door to her manager's office flew open, Ellie standing there holding her hand.

"Jack! One of the puffers got me," she wheezed, out of breath.

He showed immediate concern. "Which tank?" he asked, grabbing the med pack from the wall.

"Number four, we didn't have any lethal puffers in that one right? Right?!"

"No, no no... Those are in tank five," he said, calmer now. A rag was draped over his hand while he poured rubbing alcohol poured over the surface. "Show me where."

Ellie removed her glove and held out her hand. There was an obvious puncture wound, and the surrounding area was slightly red. The rag was freezing against her skin before it started to burn, making her wince.

“Am I going to be all right?” She breathed.

“There shouldn't be too much to worry about,” he responded, still dabbing her hand. “Those balloonfish aren't very toxic, and it looks like you didn't get a very big dose. Glove probably helped a lot. What were you doing grabbing one of those?”

“I thought it was dead! It wasn't moving and it was lying on the bottom of the tank.”

“Something must have stunned it,” Jack concluded. The rag was pulled away. “It's a little swollen, but you should be fine. Might feel a bit numb or tingly for a day or two while the toxins work their way out. Feel free to lie down if you're not feeling ready to get back at for now.”

She smiled at him and nodded. “Thanks, think I will for a few minutes. I thought I was going to die for a second there...”

A massive sigh of relief puffed her chest outward and made the front of her suit bulge like a balloon. Jack's eyes lingering on her front for a split second, the stretching impossible to ignore. Inside, her wet breasts rubbed against the suit and made a squeaking sound as they shifted causing Ellie's face to grow hot in embarrassment. Quickly her boss snapped his eyes up and made himself busy putting the contents of the first aid kit away.

“W-Well thank you for helping me,” Ellie said, flustered, as she backed out of the room.

“Yea no problem!” Jack responded quickly.

Ellie quickly left and made her way to the locker room to rest her racing heart. Her hand did indeed feel numb. Dizziness fogged her head as well, mostly from the awkward moment she just shared with her boss. Jack had always been a good manager, and she had respect for him, admittedly also a bit of a crush. He knew his stuff, and he was always understanding with time off. She couldn't believe she had just displayed herself like that to him, complete with a soundtrack titled, ‘Wet Tits on a Wetsuit’. Ellie groaned as she laid down, her face burning up just thinking about it.

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She awoke later feeling groggy and hot. Sweat had coated her body after having lain in a wetsuit for what felt like hours. Blinked a few times to clear foggy bits from her vision, Ellie noticed someone was standing over her.

“Hey, cow-tits, move it. You're in front of my locker.”

It was Julie. A blurred memory told Ellie she had grabbed her jacket for a pillow and took the first spot she found on the floor. Turns out it had been the wrong spot.

“And cover up, everyone here already knows you've got big knockers; there's no need to remind us.”

Ellie lifted her head and saw the front of her suit had been completely unzipped down to her navel. To her horror, her bikini top wasn't covering her breasts in the slightest. The cups were askew and sitting under her arms, baring everything. However, instead of covering up and

apologizing, like she usually would have in front of the tormenting coworker, Ellie felt calm and secure.

“Huh...” she mused, looking down at herself. “I wonder how that happened!” she asked sarcastically. Groped herself, she looked straight into Julie's eyes while making sure Julie could see them jiggling in her hands, ample flesh squishing between her fingers. “They must have just... *popped* out on their own! Sometimes the girls just need some fresh air, you know?” Ellie grinned, still playing with herself.

Julie looked ready to blow a blood vessel. One look at Ellie's chest bouncing around in her hands and she gave a loud huffing noise before storming out of the room. Ellie couldn't help but smile as she kept playing with herself.

*That was incredible!!* She felt proud and confident. Defensive, even.

Squeezing herself again, Ellie frowned slightly. They felt bigger. She knew what her boobs felt like, and there was something extra filling her palms.

Quickly she attempted to zip her wetsuit. Exhaling and sucking herself in as usual helped but not nearly as much as it should have, the zipper refusing to close the gap between her boobs. They were simply too in the way and the front of the suit refused to meet over her bust.

Ellie stopped trying for a moment. Now that Julie had left and she had a moment, she noticed how dizzy her head felt. Her bust was hot and looked a little bloated. Amongst all this, her hand was still tingling.

*I think it's time to call it a day.* If she couldn't fit in her wetsuit, she couldn't work.

After peeling the wetsuit from her body, Ellie slipped out of the bikini and hung it up. She found that she wasn't even concerned if one of the other girls saw her standing naked in the locker room. Smiling, she grabbed a towel before waltzing to the showers to rinse off.

The warm water running down between her breasts and through her legs was like heaven. It was one of the most refreshing things she could remember in recent days, and not once did she listen for approaching footsteps.

*I'm never letting any of those women treat my tits like a bad thing again,* she thought.

After a lengthy shower and filling the room with steam, Ellie began to dress. She donned her bra and fully expected it to not fit properly, but it fit as usual as if her breasts were the same as always.

“That's odd...” she said softly, “Bra feels fine but the wetsuit felt two sizes too small...” Hefting herself in her hands, Ellie was confused to find her bosom felt like its normal size. She shrugged it off and closed her locker, ready to head home after a stressful day of work.

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Traffic was bad. Ellie was on the road in the middle of rush hour and to make matters worse she had to stop at the store on the way home. Agitation and irritability were bubbling

inside after the eventful day. Her hand still throbbed, and everything put her on edge. The slower the traffic went, the more she could feel her heart beating in her chest with frustration.

Someone cut her off. It had been a redneck in a big truck, speeding down the shoulder as their lane was ending and cutting as far up the lane as possible. He nearly clipped her car as he swerved his truck in front of her tiny sedan. Anger flared within and something unseen rushed into her, like a ghost passing through her body.

*PFFFT*

“Hey, moron!” Ellie screamed inside her car, “Watch it!” Her body was getting hot with rage, her chest burning up beneath her blouse. It was tight and claustrophobic in her bra. She flipped him the bird, receiving a similar gesture in return.

“Idiot...” she grumbled under her breath. Ellie was feeling bloated again. Not the kind of bloated you feel after a big meal; this was a general fullness seeming to radiate from her breasts. She shifted uncomfortably in her seat. The band and cups of her bra weren’t sitting properly, and her shirt felt like it was the completely wrong size.

She watched as The World’s Greatest Truck Driver cut off another car when he changed lanes abruptly without a blinker. Anger flashed again inside her head, and Ellie immediately grew even more uncomfortable. Again she felt something move through her body. Her clothes were riding up on and her breasts felt packed into her bra. Reaching to adjust her bra, Ellie found that the underwires in the cups weren’t even resting against her ribcage.

“The hell...?” she said, feeling underboob bulging from under her bra. Someone honked behind her, demanding that she close the ten-foot gap between her and the car ahead. She forgot about her chest and glared in the rearview mirror. It had been some guy on his phone.

*PUT YOUR DAMN PHONE DOWN!*, she screamed in her head.

*PFFFFFFT*

A breeze flew over her stomach. Traffic at a stop, she looked down. Ellie had expected to see her shirt bunched up between her back and the seat. Instead, her vision was blocked by what could only be described as two balloons shoved down her shirt.

“A-Are those my...*tits?*!” Ellie gasped, seeing the impression of her bra pressing into the blouse.

Her breasts were stretching her shirt apart like two volleyballs, diamond-shaped holes forming between each of the buttons across her bust. Cleavage had risen considerably and was peeking out through the flared collar. Looking down, she couldn’t even see where her legs connected to her hips. Oddly bulging shapes ran across each of them around her bra, stretching through the fabric and pulling it like a drum skin.

Making sure traffic was still at a standstill, Ellie brought a trembling hand up to her chest. One of the strange bulges was her crushed bra cups. Her 30E cup bra was riding up on the middle of each of her tits as they overflowed around its form like a belt wrapped around a balloon.

“W-What’s happening to me?! My chest i-is blowing up!!” she screamed. Her tits had swelled considerably, ballooning beyond the size of volleyballs. Both hands flew to her chest, and as she felt her own melons bulging out of her clothes and bloat larger still, she began to panic.

Breath nearing hyperventilation, and she started pushing into them as if to force them back into her body. Her shirt blew a stitch in protest, the fabric groaning under the stress. Panicking, Ellie moved her hands to the front of each breast and pushed again. There she felt two bumps hidden under her bra and each about the size of a strawberry.

*A-Are those my nipples?!* she thought, hysteria now setting in. Her ballooning tits started to heave in her hands and they rose and fell with her breaths.

The guy on the phone behind her honked again, and she realized that traffic had moved almost a hundred yards. Rage flashed in her mind as she saw him in her mirror.

*PFFFFFFFT*

This time she felt it; her breasts grew in her hands. Ellie felt them engorge outwards and conquer more of the confines of her shirt. Cleavage inched closer to her face, taut skin only a deep breath away from her chin.

*I need to get off the road.*

Grabbing the steering wheel, she found that her breasts had expanded to such an extent she couldn’t keep her arms straight in front of her as she turned the car. Mammaries pushed into each other and became tight ovals as her arms were forced into their sides. Ahead she saw her exit less than half a mile down the road.

*Screw it,* she decided.

Ellie turned the wheel and drove onto the shoulder, passing the full line of cars and speeding towards her exit all the while praying a cop wasn’t around. Escaping the traffic and traveling at a high speed again brought forth a small sigh of relief. The shirt loosened a little bit as her chest shifted. Risking a quick glance down, Ellie saw they had indeed diminished in size but were still nowhere near normal.

Reaching her exit, she took a sharp right turn and hopped back onto the main road, grateful she had timed it at the right moment when the lights were all red. Again her breasts shrank with a sensation akin to deflating. The blouse loosened enough to cover her tummy, Ellie relieved her nightmarish growth hadn’t been permanent. Pulling into the store parking lot, she found the closest parking space and slammed on the brakes.

Her eyes shot to her chest, scared of what she might see. They were nearly normal, but still a few cup sizes too big.

*What the hell...??,* she pondered. *They were like basketballs for a second there! I’m plenty big as it is, now I need to worry about randomly blowing up like a parade float?!* Looking around, she didn’t see any other cars parked out this far in the parking lot. She bit her lip in thought then began unbuttoning her shirt.

She had most definitely outgrown her bra. The cups were still refused to rest against her torso and her breasts still bulged wildly out of it. As strange as their rapid growth was, what was stranger still was their shape and texture.

“What the...” Ellie whispered, poking at an overflow of flesh.

They didn't lay like normal tits. Although much larger, they still had their original weight. They weren't *overflowing* her bra like they would have had she put on a comically small bra at her normal size, but rather they *rose* out of the bra. She gave her right breast another gentle poke and her finger satisfyingly sank into her flesh. They were incredibly airy to the touch and had low density like balloons filled with foam. Ellie shook her whole chest, expecting the familiar swaying weight, but instead felt them lazily move side to side.

She looked around again for any wandering eyes, not believing what she was about to do. Reaching around her back, Ellie unclasped her bra and let it spring from her shoulders and into her lap.

*BWOOMPH*

Her breasts lurched outward. They made a sound like two balloons quickly returning to their shape after being compressed between two hands. Gravity was almost nonexistent to them, their form hanging only slightly. Each mammary was incredibly rounded as if a balloon had been inflated inside each one.

Ellie's eyes widened when she saw her nipples. Her areolas were bright pink and puffy, like smooth, flattened marshmallows with a bright sheen. The nipples themselves had become thicker about the width of an adult male's thumb. Each was plump and soft to the touch, yet she could tell she was fully erect. Touching them drew a shivering moan from her core, pleasure rippling through Ellie as she pinched their supple forms. Although they didn't feel normal, they were more sensitive than anything else on her body many times over. She pinched them again and moaned louder this time, leaning back in her seat. Biting her lip, Ellie felt her crotch grow damp. Her nipples were beyond soft and pliable despite their engorged size; they felt like they were made from the same material as a brand new stress ball.

Cupping her hands underneath each breast, she hefted them and noticed an elastic bounce to her stretching skin, as if her chest were buoyant. Fascination filled her.

With the stress of the traffic in the past, Ellie was growing calm. As stress left her, she saw an incredible sight. Slowly her breasts shrank in her palms like a plug had been pulled. An airy rush coursed through her body as her skin returning to normal. Each nipple contracted and became denser, returning to a common erect state of arousal. Within moments, her breasts were back to normal, resting properly on her chest and swaying their weight with every movement.

“What is going on with my body?” She questioned, prodding the side of one of them. Quickly she considered going to the doctor, but the idea quickly left her. It hadn't really hurt, aside from her bra constricting her. If anything, it had felt good. Ellie realized she hadn't really been scared or terrified. Confusion had been present, but what she primarily felt had been exhilaration and dominance. She felt great, as a matter of fact.

*But maybe a parking lot isn't the best place to be ogling my topless body,* she noted.

Quickly put her bra and blouse back on before leaving her car, intent on getting her shopping done.

*I'm not sure what caused them to do....uh....whatever it was they just did, but I need to watch out for it.* A pang of excitement flared in the pit of her stomach and she realized part of her wanted it to happen again. Ellie looked down at her chest; her shirt was stretched out and she felt like her bra was three sizes too big after what she had done to it. *Aaaaand maybe some replacement clothes wouldn't hurt.*

She entered the store, squinting as the natural light was replaced by the bright fluorescent lights of the department store. She had always hated those. They gave her headaches.

*PFFT*

A now-familiar sensation rushed through her, ever so slightly. Something inside her chest like a small puff of air. Her tits inflated outward a tiny bit, less than a cup size but a noticeable increase in size.

*"M-Mmm!"* Ellie whimpered, feeling her skin stretch slightly.

*Careful, careful...* She thought, slowing her walk a little. *Easy girls...* Her breasts remained swollen.

The lights continued their constant assault, but she walked on. She needed milk, some veggies, and a new shirt and bra. A cart unnecessary for so few items, she opted for a small hand basket.

*Food first, then clothes.*

The produce section was so packed she was finding it difficult to navigate through the herd. It seemed to be flooded with elderly women crawling at a snail's pace.

*Come on...* She urged the woman in before her. The woman stopped in front of the apples; the apples Ellie needed.

*PFFT*

Ellie's breasts puffed out again. By a whole cup size this time she felt. Her bra, in its over-stretched state, was almost fitting again and her pulse quickened. A sigh escaped her in an attempt to calm herself. She looked again at the woman blocking the way to her apples. She was busy trying to find the perfect fruit, squeezing each one in front of her.

Noticing Ellie behind her, the woman said, "Oh! Sorry dear, I won't be very long!" The granny smiled. Ellie smiled in return and felt her chest retreat a small bit. The lady turned back, and paused for a second.

Ellie watched as she leaned her head back, then sneezed into both of her hands, wiping her nose on the back of her hands with a loud slicking noise before returning to feel up the apples.

Ellie stood with her mouth open, disgusted.

*This woman just ruined all of these apples!*

*PFFFFT*

*How hard is it to sneeze into your elbow?!*

*PFFFFFFFT*

*And she's STILL in my way!*

*FWOOOOOSH*

Ellie froze. She had been so angered with the woman's hygiene she hadn't noticed her chest. Not until that last rush of air.

Gulping, she didn't dare look down. They felt big. She was sure the first couple increases had been small, but the last one was bigger; not a small puff, but a stream of air rushing into her. Her bra was tight again and she could feel her tits pushing into the band and shoulder straps. The shirt still mostly hid them, but to the common observer, she looked incredibly well endowed, like she was trying to sneak two large cantaloupes out of the store.

Ellie simply turned on her heels and left the produce section, heading for the dairy.

*Apples or not, I can't get any bigger*, she decided. But she was starting to get a hold on the inner workings of her new condition.

As she walked, Ellie drew long, deep breaths to calm herself. Although each breath made her boobs bulge out of the bra even more, it stretched a little bit less with each exhale and reduction of size. She could feel her breasts deflating ever so slowly.

*Now I'm only smuggling out large grapefruits!*, she half-heartedly joked, her chest felt light and airy.

The dairy section was less crowded. She knew the cool air from the refrigerators was coming and braced for it. It hit her like a winter chill and flooded into her loose shirt. The bra hung on her body slightly from the ruined elastic, allowing cool air to swirl into the cups and tickle her nipples.

A small gasp escaped Ellie, and she was quick to bite her bottom lip to stifle a rising moan, stopping in her tracks and looking down. It was similar to feeling her nipples get hard, but it felt more substantial. It was like the first burst of air rushing into an un-inflated balloon; quickly filling it up, but not yet stretching the latex. Her nipples felt puffy and thick and Ellie could feel herself growing aroused as her breasts lightly wobbled around, rubbing them against her bra.

*Deep breaths....deeeeeeep breaths*, she soothed herself. Collecting her mind and trying not to think about the piercing cold, she continued towards the milk. It was a clean getaway, and she had it in her basket in moments. Ellie smiled, calming down a little with her chest following suit.

*One last stop, the apples can wait until another day*, she decided.

“But Mommy I WANT THEM!” a child screamed.

Elite turned towards the source and saw a young boy throwing a temper tantrum, grasping a package of frozen cookie dough. He was red-faced and near tears, his mother looking at her cell phone indifferently.

The boy tried to put it into their cart, and it didn't look like this was the first time he had tried. The mother grabbed his forearm, “I said *no*, Kyle! Now put it back.”

“NO, I WANT IT!”

*Little brat, Ellie thought.*

*PFFT!*

Her chest swelled again. *No no! Just ignore them...*

“MOMMY!” the boy yelled. The mother had gone back to reading something on her phone.

*Control your messed up kid lady.*

*PFFFFT!!*

She ballooned once more, quickly filling her bra.

The kid started shrieking, hardly forming English at this point as his face turned red. Ellie could tell other people were staring.

*Yell a bit louder, kid!! I don't think the people in the parking lot can hear you yet!* Ellie couldn't stand the actions of the child or the parent; she was tired and wanted peace and quiet. Her breasts bloated bit by bit with each heartbeat.

*PFFFFT*

*PFFFFFFT*

*PFFFFFFFFT*

They inched further out on her chest as she walked towards the kid on her way to the clothing section. More than enough to overfill her bra, Ellie quickly surpassed her cantaloupe size from the apple incident.

The mother threw her phone in her purse and ripped the cookie dough from the boy's hands to throw it into the shelf. She grabbed his arm and started to pull him, heading away.

“I want *COOKIES!!!*” the boy screamed.

*PFFFFFFFFT!!*

*PFFFFFFFFT!!*

*God, I hate kids!!*

*PFFFFFFFFT!!*

Her shirt was lifting away from her stomach, tented by her billowing jugs. The bra straining across their front, useful only in covering her puffing nipples engorged below.

The mother pulled her cart out into Ellie's path, forcing Ellie to follow her on the way to the clothing department. “One more word about them and you'll be in time out for the rest of the night,” The mother scolded, just wanting to go home.

“*But you never let me have them!*” The boy kicked as his mother dragged him. His legs fell out from under him, and she started having to drag him along the ground.

“GET OFF THE GROUND, KYLE,” The mother demanded.

*PFFFFT*

*PFFFFFFT*

Every angry step sent an airy, wobbly jiggle through Ellie's blimping chest. Her skin tightening as it fought to contain more air, their surfaces groaned and squeaked against each other and the drum-like fabric of her blouse.

Kyle looked up and saw Ellie walking behind them, glaring back at him with a death stare.

"Woah..." he said, ogling.

"Kyle, shut it. I've heard *enough*."

*PFFFFT*

"But that ladies boobies! They're *huuuuge!!* They look like balloons!"

*PFFFFFFFT*

Ellie stopped, her wits returning at the boy's words.

"Kyle! That's rude! Don't talk like that. It's impolite to look at women's breasts."

"But..."

"Come on."

The mother turned a corner, breaking away from Ellie's path. Kyle stared at the woman with what looked like two watermelons shoved inside her shirt until he was out of sight.

Ellie knew she was in trouble. She knew she had let a screaming child get the better of her temper, and now she was sure she fully understood what was happening to her.

Slowly and nervously, she tilted her head down.

"O-Ooohhh shit."

She looked like an R-rated clown with balloons for tits. Her entire midriff was showing, although she couldn't see anything below her boobs. She felt swollen and confined, every button on her shirt under high tension and threatening to pop. Soft white cleavage bulged between each of the buttons, the fabric pulling away to give a small window to her chest.

"Oh my God..." she heard one lady say in a side aisle in awe, "Those can't be natural..."

"Harold! Stop staring!" A husband had gotten chastised.

People were starting to notice the woman with the giant, inflated fun-bags. Ellie knew she had to calm herself down and relax before something really embarrassing happened. Dropping her basket, she and ran for the clothes. She pulled a large sweater off a plus size rack on her way in, as well as the biggest bra she could find on her way. Running with her chest bobbing in every direction was near impossible and Ellie found herself knocking into multiple displays Each time she was pushed back as if by an airbag, her ballooning mammaries taking the full force of every impact.

Ellie lunged into the fitting rooms, startling the attendant on duty.

"Oh my! You scared me. Is this all you're trying on today ma-" She stopped, staring at the biggest, most perky pair of breasts she had ever seen in her life. Her eyes darted quickly between the beach ball sized knockers and the relatively small bra this exasperated woman was expecting them to fit into.

Ellie hardly noticed her gaze. “S-Sorry!!” Ellie called, pushing past her and into a fitting room where she locked the door.

The attendant slowly turned away in disbelief of what she had just seen.

*She looked absolutely ready to POP!* the attendant thought. She shyly looked down at her own pair of full DDs, a healthy run of cleavage on display from her low-cut shirt.

The attendant jumped as what sounded like a barrage of buttons raining against the door of Ellie’s fitting room, followed by what she could only describe as two large balloons jumping free of their confines.

Shocked by what she had just witnessed, she cupped her own breasts in her hands and whispered silently, “And here I thought *mine* were big...”

TO BE CONTINUED