

The IBra

Not endorsed by Apple Inc. in any way.

The entire office stared at Judy when she arrived to work on Thursday.

She'd taken Wednesday off, told her colleagues that she was standing in line at the local electronics store to make sure she was first in line for the latest launch. They all knew she was an obsessive.

She'd been one of the first women in Ireland to hold an iPhone, gone to America for the launch of the iPad months before it arrived in the UK, and imported the latest Mac before anyone else in the country got one.

This product launch was different though, it hadn't been heavily advertised and promoted like the previous launches. There had been mutters about it being 'bold' and 'different' to what had come before but no one had announced what it was.

So when Judy walked into the office that Thursday, sporting her brand new corporate bra, she naturally turned heads.

It was sleek and curvy, with smooth edges that blended right into her pale skin. There were three colours available; black, white and a trendy pinkish-purple colour. She had gone for the black model...

But the thing that made people turn their heads most dramatically was the size of the thing. Until now the design motto for trendy people like her was 'miniature' but with the IBra that had gone out of the window.

From now on bigger was certainly better.

Judy sported the enormous brassiere beneath her shirt proudly, the amazing support the incredible bra offered containing her huge breasts perfectly, giving her barely a jiggle as she strode with long confident strides through her office, the black outlines of her IBra clearly visible through the white shirt's fabric.

"Uh, Judy," Mark called across the office towards her as she reached her desk. He was her manager, a shy young man destined to go far. He paused, his eyes scanning the black outline across her chest, the prominent bra poking out of her jacket giving her breasts the maximum possible exposure.

"Mark," she smiled, pleased to see him. She puffed out her chest to show off her new assets; "Can I help you?"

"I got the figures for last month's expenses," Mark stuttered, eyes still fixed on her chest... It was huge, as though she was smuggling two bowling balls beneath her shirt. "I haven't time to go over them myself; can you?"



“Certainly,” she replied with a smile. “Send them to my bra.”

He gave her a surprised look but nodded and walked away shaking his head.

She wasn’t surprised, he didn’t ‘get’ it like she did. He didn’t really care about computers or technology, he was happy with his computer and his standard mp3 player, either too scared or just not bothered to make the switch that would improve everything...

After all as the salesrep had sold it to her; the IBra wasn’t ‘just’ a bra – it was a lifestyle choice.

She took a seat at her desk and began setting about wirelessly connecting her bra to her computer. She wanted to use a Mac but the office wasn’t prepared to invest in just one employee, so she was stuck with this heap of junk. Doubtless there would be compatibility issues...

She felt a buzzing in her left breast, something rub against her nipple, gently informing her that she had just received an unread email.

The day went fairly uneventfully, her bra melding fairly well into her standard office routine.

Before her lunch break Eddie suggested they eat in his office rather than go out or share the office canteen. She wasn’t surprised by this, she and Eddie had an on-again-off-again relationship that had been going for years.

Occasionally when one or the other was feeling particularly desperate they’d cleared a space on his desk before. He had tinted windows and a lockable door so nobody would be able to intrude...

And she couldn’t wait to show her new bra off to someone.

He was waiting for her with a hungry gleam in his eye, smiling as she turned to lock to seal them in his office together. She sauntered towards him, chest sticking prominently out, daring him to touch them.

“Do you like?” she asked suggestively.

“They’ve got bigger,” he whispered in awe, running his hands around her bulging breasts. He quickly worked to unbutton her shirt but had to keep breaking off to squeeze and kneed her breasts half way. “How?”

She waited until the shirt and blouse were both off before she answered, holding her hand to prevent him from unhooking her bra. Instead she reached into her handbag and pulled up the iPhone she had brought in with her.

It took just a few clicks to load the app store; “It isn’t just any bra... You can purchase different cup sizes and the IBra automatically stimulates your breasts to match your desired size.”

“What?” Eddie paused, staring at her in disbelief. “Judy, you’re taking the piss.”

“Watch,” she replied, thumbing up one more bra size. A warning message flashed up announcing that she was about to spend over three hundred pounds, and she passed the phone to Eddie so he could enter his account details. “If it doesn’t work I’ll give you twice as much back.”

He stared at the touchscreen display in shock. “This isn’t a joke?”

“Would I lie to you?” she asked, slowly unbuttoning his shirt. She ran her hand down his exposed chest, down to the trouserline, pausing over the buckle of his belt. “You can afford this. Do it for me... Do it for us?”

She squeezed his crotch with expert timing, giving him just the incentive he needed to jot down his account number. The iPhone whirled away happily, processing the account, debiting the purchase and uploading the release the Judy’s bra.

She felt it start as a warmth in her chest.

The bra straps tightened around her back and shoulders, the brassiere moulding itself to her body, getting a good grip before it began the process. The cups were gently warming and massaging the sides of her breasts, stimulating her flesh so it could start the procedure.

She felt the heat race through her body, a tense excitement that made her nether regions tingle. It was exactly how it had felt when she'd put the bra on that first time and gained the complimentary little boost that came as part of the package.

Only now rather than doing it in the privacy of her own home she had a captive audience. She felt a desire, a need, to put on a show for Eddie.

After all, he had paid for this...

With one hand on his shoulder she forced him back down into his office chair, so that he could look up and admire her. She turned around, giving him an excellent view of her cleavage from every possible angle.

Her tits jiggled slightly, the cups of the black bra vibrating as they interfaced with her breasts. She could feel the warmth building inside her, the first signs that they would start growing any second now...

Eddie's eyes nearly popped out of his sockets as he watched her breasts literally swell before him. It took a few seconds but he saw her chest jut out, displaying more skin than it had a moment before.

Judy writhed in the air, dangling her swelling breasts above Eddie's face, turning and gyrating like an expert lap dancer. Suddenly three hundred pounds didn't feel like so much money to throw away.

Her bra loosened to accommodate the growth, it was designed to fit no matter what size the wearer. Judy let out a moan of pleasure as the growth tapered off, her vibrating, jiggling bra cups slowing to a gentle halt.

It was only as she came to a halt Judy realised how heavy her breathing had become.

She gave Eddie a smile; "See..." She noticed the prominent bulge in his pants, the way his belt buckle was tighter than it had been before; "It works!"

"I'll say," he replied, standing up and taking her. He ripped the bra off and dropped it on the floor. Its purpose finished it lay there, now forgotten as the two lovers mounted his desk and she gleefully took his exposed cock between her tits. Her new rounder, fatter breasts easily smothered his member and she watched dreamily as they bounced up and down with each movement.

When they were done she spent a few minutes to clean herself up, before slotting the IBra back on. It was a strange experience to forcefully manhandle her breasts into the cups and jiggle them around until she'd found the perfect fit, but she was surprised to say she quite enjoyed it.

As they ate she explained all the various features of the IBra to Eddie, pointing at a small concealed dial beneath her armpit. With it she could quickly cycle between any purchased bra size depending on her situation.

For example there was an 'extra-compact' size on offer, designed to allow bustier women to go jogging without that distracting painful bounce that would otherwise plague them. Or there was an automatic search mode designed for emergencies when she had found the perfect dress that didn't quite fit right...

He only half listened as she went on. He didn't need to be told about all these special features; he had already seen the results first hand. But Judy was a true technophile and he had always indulged her before...

He scrolled around the app store on her iPad, taking in the various different offers the bra had. Besides custom bra sizes there were extra features such as custom nipples; the ability to switch between an innie and an outie, areola size; from dinner plates to compact, and most intriguing; 'Lactation mode'.

He glanced at the mini fridge in the corner of his office and wondered if he had remembered to buy any milk. He could really do with a cup of tea...

On a whim he purchased the special feature, and commanded the iPhone to upload the purchase to her bra. He didn't ask her permission, waiting instead for her to notice the change...

She was busy chewing her way through a cheese sandwich when two dark wet circles appeared on the front of her bra. She didn't seem to notice, although she did tilt her shoulders awkwardly and readjust the straps.

Slyly he passed the iPhone back to her, his latest purchase still up on the screen. She took one look at it, then glanced down, reached up with a finger to touch the damp nub where her nipples stuck through the black bra, and nearly screamed.

"Oh my god," she hooted as she pulled the bra off; "You didn't?"

"I'm thirsty," he begged, leaning towards her. "Let me drink..."

Creamy white milk was dribbling out of her nipples and running slowly down her breasts, however once he locked his lips around her right nipple he felt her supply increase.

Greedily he sucked at her teat, reaching up with his other hand to kneed her other breast. As she squeezed her nipple thin white streams of liquid sprayed across the carpet... Damn, he'd have to call a cleaner in.

Judy seemed to enjoy this, relaxing her upper body and allowing her breasts to do their work. It felt strangely cathartic to have him suck on her tits.

She pulled her free nipple from his fingers and was delighted to find her new enlarged breasts could now stretch up to her mouth if she craned her head forwards far enough.

She sucked greedily, the warm sweet nectar filling her mouth. It tasted odd, not at all how she'd expected, but that was compensated for by the warm sensations in her breasts as she drank.

Eventually Eddie had taken his full and he sat up, a satisfied grin on his face. His pants were straining with his erect penis ready to go again; "Time for another round?" he asked hopefully.

She glanced at the clock and swore. "I need to be back at my desk."

She turned the lactation off on her iPhone and dried herself down with tissues before she strapped herself back into the IBra. Then she threw on all of her other clothes, snatched her handbag from the desk, and raced off towards the draw.

Disappointed Eddie settled back at his desk and wondered what he had been doing before she arrived.

After two hours Eddie got up to get himself a cup of tea.

The mini-fridge was empty however, and he cursed remembering the missed opportunity Judy had offered him. He wondered if he could entice her back here under the pretext of...

He glanced down at his desk and spotted a sleek black shape sitting next to his Out-Tray. Judy had been in such a rush to get back to her desk she had forgotten her iPhone...

He picked it up and made his way to the door before he stopped. He knew her password by heart... On a whim he logged in to the App store and made his way to her IBra purchases. She had only gone up a few cup sizes, but he was curious... How large could the damn thing make her?

He scrolled down to the largest size and swore gently... Not only was it massive but the price would nearly bankrupt him. But then again he would never get another opportunity like this.

He didn't have to get that car he had been saving up for... And he didn't particularly care if his mortgage had to last a few more years... The more he thought about it the more sure he was this could work.

He pressed send.

He counted thirty seconds, then left his office.

He had to descend three flights of stairs to reach Judy's office, and he was only half way across the building when the screaming started...

... He quickened his pace, eager to see the result.