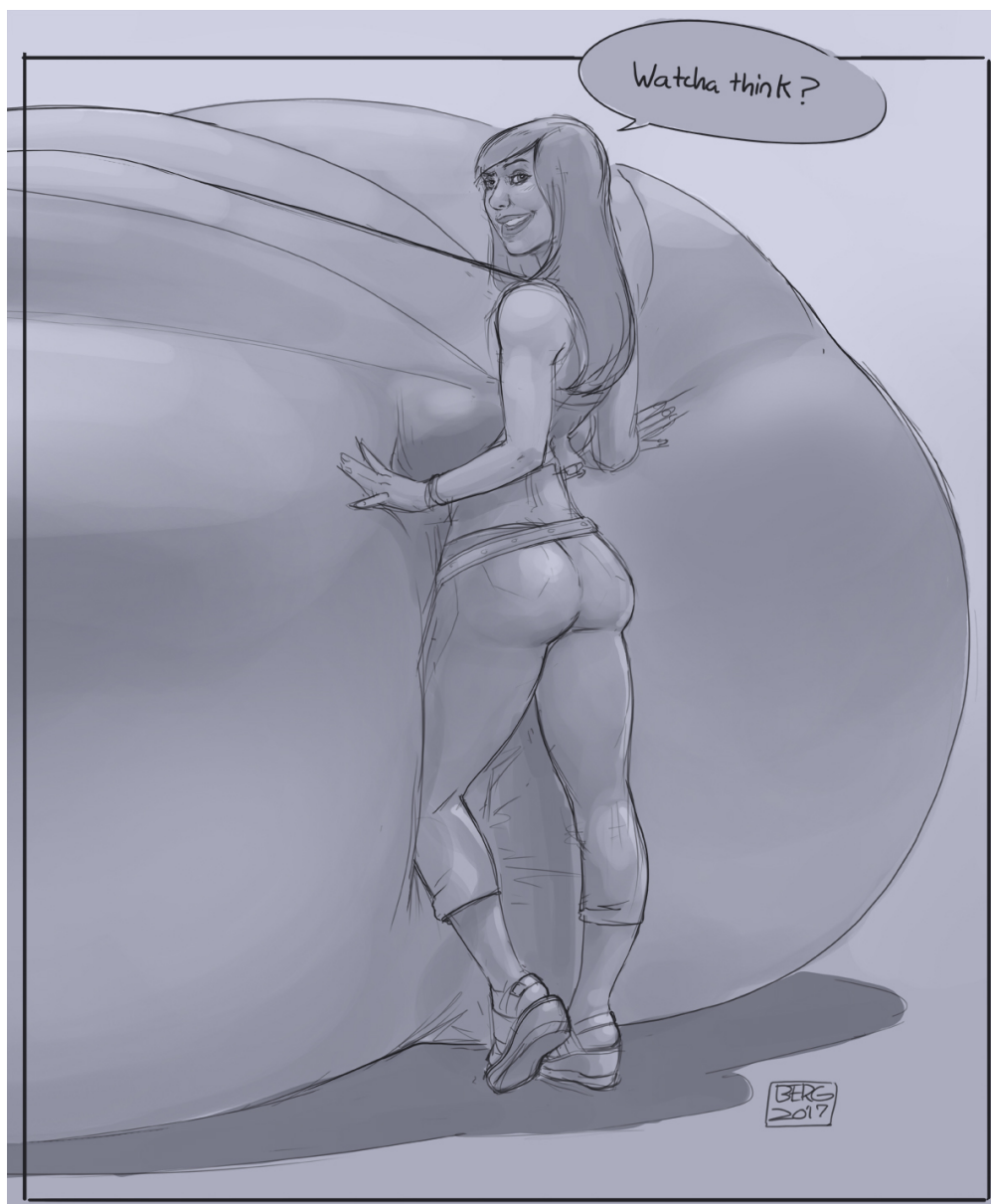


CHARLOTTE'S TROUBLESOME COUTURE

by
Ryver8



Charlotte by Berggie

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PART 01

There were huffy voices nearby, and that was never a good sign. Cameron sighed and walked his way through the aisles of clothes, homing in on the signals of distress. There was a woman at the counter, a pretty redhead, clearly displeased with the store clerk. Not that Cameron was surprised. That clerk, Ronnie, was as ineffective as could be.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but I don'- ah here comes my manager. Cameron, this customer needs help," Ronnie assured the lady. Relieved to pass on the burden, the useless lout scampered away as Cameron replaced him behind the desk. He mentally reminded himself of some tips for dealing with customers in a bad mood. Be patient, maintain eye contact, no confrontation, try your best to be pleasant and not put off the customer in any way.

"Sorry about that ma'am," Cameron said smoothly, assessing the situation. "Now, what can I help you with?"

The woman seemed indignant, but deflated as he took over. "These," the woman sighed, gesturing at the stack of clothes piled a foot high upon the checkout counter. "I'm just trying to make a return, but the other guy said you don't carry these anymore. I- These were bought last week! And I have the receipt!"

Cameron had to resist rolling his eyes. No wonder Ronnie hemmed and hawed, such a problem would require at least a MODICUM of technological understanding, or knowing how their system worked. It was much easier to say it couldn't be done and leave it at that. Much easier still to make Cameron do it. Not for the first time, he made a mental note to get Ronnie fired. But outwardly he smiled easily, and ran an apologetic hand through his hair.

"I'm very sorry for that, Miss. You're right, it shouldn't be a problem. Let's see, will you be returning all of these?"

"Yes," she said, somewhat sadly. Cameron nodded conversationally as he started to sort the stack of shirts and dresses. He deftly flicked through them to find all of their tags. Almost all of them still had theirs, but there were a few without, so he set those aside.

"Seems to be in order. Give me just a moment to put these all back in the system." As he worked, shuffling the mound of clothing articles and carefully scanning each tag, Cameron assessed the client with his peripheral vision. She was pretty, extremely so. She had a natural beauty, but also took care in her looks. Her mid-back length shiny red hair was glossy, and her eyes and face adorned with minimal but strategic makeup. Lipstick and eye shadow were about the only things he saw, and both had been applied with precision to draw out the natural colors of her face. Left untouched was a light smattering of freckles, sprinkled beneath her incandescent green eyes and dark long lashes. There was a bit of blush on her cheeks, perhaps, to offset her porcelain skin, but nothing excessive. It was all expertly done by a practiced hand. Her supermodel cheekbones and thin neck and shoulders belied a petite build. He assumed, because

besides all that, there wasn't much else for him to see. The woman was diminutive, and the rest of her body was obscured by the tall counter and the mountain of garments he was processing. Cameron estimated her at 5'3" or 5'4" perhaps.

"I'm sorry you were dissatisfied with your purchases. Was there a problem with all of these?" It was awkward to stand there in silence, appraising one another.

"Oh no, they were ... gifts. Just, uh ... just in the wrong size. My aunt means well, you know how it is," the woman explained, fidgeting a bit as she crossed her arms over her chest, "Same old story. She still thinks I'm a little girl, and always goes way overboard." It was chatty conversation, but it sounded stiff and almost forced. Cameron wondered at that, but outwardly nodded sagely to show he was paying attention.

"I understand, I have a little brother who outgrew his love for dinosaur shirts three years ago now," Cameron lied, "but a family friend keeps buying him more. On every birthday. It's a bit of nuisance."

"Yes, exactly," the woman blushed, her pale red cheeks shy with embarrassment.

Wrong size? The girl was a stick, but all these shirts were Small size. Thin neck, thin shoulders, thin arms, thin --- OH. Holy-. The redhead had stepped back from the counter as he had worked, and he had been right about her stature for the most part ... but no, she was not a Small AT ALL.

Beneath her folded arms lay a SHELF of tit meat, each globe must have been small watermelons in another life to account for their large size. Her crossed arms didn't allow those puppies enough room, and they were visibly squashed into her chest a bit, distorting the fabric. The outline of a marvelous bra was visible under the added strain. Despite being abnormally large, the bra still appeared to be a touch too small for the busty petite before him, though it was hard to gauge with her arms in the way. No wonder this lady was having trouble! The poor girl probably could NEVER have gotten any of these things on! Had it been a decade since her aunt last saw her, or had she somehow forgotten her niece had bowling balls for tits? If she could have stretched any of the returns sufficiently to fit over those monsters, she would still suffer significant wardrobe problems. Damn, she was unbelievably huge!

And she kept looking at him, for some reason. Intently watching him working. Cameron resisted the temptation to steal the peek he desired, as her attentive gaze would catch his rudeness for sure.

Why even shop for this girl at all? Any fellow woman HAD to realize the pale redhead needed to try everything on first, to test if it could circumnavigate her extreme curves. Purchasing something unproven was not smart for such an outlandish figure. Most clothes couldn't conceive of these contours.

Beep. Beep. Cameron wrapped up his scanning along with his musings. Compartmentalizing his attraction and intrigue, he had to get back to business. "So, we can give

you store credit or we can return the balance for the ones with tags. The ones without, I can only give you store credit since we can't rescan them."

"That's fine, I'll take store credit for all of it. I'm probably going to buy them again, only this time in the correct sizes," the woman said, nodding. Her eyes wouldn't meet his. "No sense debiting my credit card for that."

"Well, it would debit the cardholder who purchased the items," Cameron corrected off-hand. An important distinction.

"Ah, r-right. That's what I meant." The woman shifted uneasily, lifting her shoulders in an attempt to shrink herself. Why was she getting embarrassed over such a small thing? She didn't seem particularly shy. Cameron finished the tally for credit.

"To complete the transaction I'll need to go and find barcodes for the ones without tags, to enter them back into the system. You can wait here, but if you're interested in finding them in another size, you can come with me and select a new one if you'd like."

"Yeah, ok," she said agreeably, stepping up to follow him through the high-end department store. Together the two of them wound through the aisles, hunting the in-store twins of each of the tagless items she sought to return. At each stop, Cameron grabbed another Small size, with a tag, while the woman carefully selected the next size up.

Each time he was facing her, Cameron couldn't help but noticed how much the customer bobbed as she walked, two fat balloons stuck on the otherwise slender girl. Like an afterthought, or a cartoon, she was drawn athletic but then had two pontoons embellished on her chest with Anime girl proportions. Her underwire support was designed to keep her over-endowment at least moderately restrained, but at that size it was impossible to prevent them from noticeably swaying and jiggling in the overmatched shirt. Cameron was very carefully avoiding staring, but they were easy enough to see out of the corner of his eye and he couldn't help mentally calculating and measuring. There was simply no way these behemoths didn't overlap the poor girl's upper arms if she was standing still. No matter how he figured, he concluded her mammoth bra had to overextend beyond the width of her elfin torso. Going up a size on some of these garments was not going to be enough to compensate.

After their roundabout journey, the two met back at the counter from which they started. The girl piled her armful back onto the counter, crushing her bosom into the counter. Even though half of her breast was pressing against the side, enough tit rose up and over to smother the first inch or two of the countertop. And when she leaned back, her pendulous breast softly rebounded back to its normal roundness. Even out of the corner of his eye, it was a hypnotic sight.

Cameron scanned back all of the collected items and finished the transaction, still trying to be mindful that he was at work and a professional. "There we go. Now, if you want, I can cash you out right now for your replacements and do the whole thing at once."

The woman smiled wanly at him. "No, no, I had better try them all on first." Not a bad idea, Cameron mused.

He swiped a gift card to add funds and complete the return process, then proffered it to her. "In that case, we are done! Thank you for shopping with us. When you're ready to check out you can come find me, I'll be around. My name is Cameron." That much all sounded official-like. He didn't mention that he WANTED her to come find him, but maybe he had provided a good enough excuse for her to do so. He was reluctant to let her go. It certainly wasn't every day a woman of these dimensions came strolling into his shop. Perhaps the most spectacular girl in his LIFE.

That spectacular girl smiled brightly at him. "Thank you so much!" she responded with unexpected warmth. Cameron couldn't help but notice she seemed to carry herself with more confidence when there was a stack of clothes hiding her chest. Collecting her armful of items, she swished off smartly with her hair flouncing. He watched her go, headed towards the fitting rooms. He could only imagine the sight that would unfold in there, and sighed. His analysis of her backside proved his estimates. The short girl was a stick figure, though with deceptively womanly hips. Her legs and arms were that of a girl who had never needed to watch what she ate. The only thing out of place were those monstrous breasts bobbling along in front of her, protruding a fantastic amount above what was surely a toned tummy. He couldn't ascertain much from back behind the counter, but he concluded her bra size had to be immense. Aside from the obvious. Skinny girls shot up through the alphabet faster than larger boned girls because of the relationship of cup size to a girl's frame, even if said breasts were not larger in volume. This girl was both thin and titanic, those things would have been exceedingly ample on a girl a foot taller than her.

As the busty lass crossed one of the aisles, she turned and glanced back at him, catching him looking. God DAMN it, Cameron averted his eyes immediately but it was too late. He sighed, feeling his embarrassment in his cheeks, and resigned himself to returning all the attire he had collected for her. It was a real pain, his co-workers always left things in a mess and expected someone (not them) to come and clean it up. Weekdays were not the high priority around here when it came to expert staffing. The classy store spared no expense on accommodations for the weekend, but few local clients shopped weeknights around here. That had led to considerable slack in the hiring department. And Cameron supposed he was enabling it, right now, as he dwindled the hill of items by himself.

He was lost in the monotony of the task when "Oh, excuse me. I'm back!" The red-haired bombshell was flushed, and a little out of breath. She dumped her loot onto the counter with an "oof", leaning forward as she did so. Cameron was caught full brunt with the sight of her overstuffed shirt crushing into the counter, suddenly swelling up and mounding towards the nape of her neck and shoulders. The buttons at the top of her shirt strained at the contortion, but she was turned the wrong way for him to peek through the gaps. As she stepped back those hangers made a tremendous show of dropping from the counter and settling heavily into their natural position. Their weight evidently hard to ignore, the woman seemed suddenly conscious of what she had done. Reflexively, she hunched forward again. Cameron supposed this was to diminish

their apparent magnitude, but throwing an elephant under even a circus tent didn't shrink the elephant.

Furthermore, the polo shirt she was wearing was CLEARLY not Red-Headed-Woman-Sized. Completely stretched taught across her massive udders, the shirt was nowhere close following along her form. The front of the shirt was cantilevered up and out from her waist, and before she had stooped over, there had to have been at least six horizontal inches between her tummy and the hem of her shirt, extended out by her bulbous fronts. Geez, if the girl so much as breathed, the curtain of polo draped below her outrageous chest shimmied and shook in the open air. Her breast bottoms must be experiencing drafts with all that swaying empty space. But across her chest it clung fast, outlining in precise detail a bra far too small, and a womanly bosom distending it beyond its design.

Cameron swallowed hard and beeped through all of her purchases. He silently noted that there WERE a few articles selected to be two sizes larger than the Smalls she had returned. Not surprising, some of these looked like a real snug fit THERE, even if they were loose everywhere else. The result of the scanning was her price total exceeding the store credit he had given her earlier. The woman grimaced, and then reached for her pocket book. In bringing it up to search its contents she clumsily bumped her own boobs. Hurriedly she crushed the small bag against her right tit to dismay the motion, and fumbled for her money.

Cameron, strictly keeping his eyes averted, couldn't help but noticed the redness in her face once again as she fished out her credit card and handed it to him. She demurely held the handbag in front of her chest while she waited for its return. He swiped the card and handed it back to her. "Thank you very much, Ms. Reid," for he had scoped the name of the card owner. "Please sign here for the total amount."

She accepted the card gratefully and leaned forward for the touchpad. She had adjusted her position, learning from last time, Cameron noted, but even so her prodigious bust gently marshmallowed against the counter as she wrote. She was too big for her own good, and her arm motion sent small tremors throughout their great mass, and quakes through the loose hanging polo shirt. She entered her signature, while he bagged it all up and handed it to her. "Have a great day."

"Thank you." She seemed oddly relieved now that she clutched the bag in front of her chest. The beauty smiled brightly at him, and twirled off with her purchases.

Cameron let out his breath as Charlotte Reid left the building. It would have been paramount unprofessionalism to ask her for her number, but how he had been tempted! It's not often one meets a girl like THAT. But at the same time he wasn't sure he was ready. Angelica was too recent, and that had been a pure disaster. And he had jumped into THAT relationship too soon, a lesson he had learned. Don't chase a girl you meet after a breakup. Still, Charlotte ... was one of a kind. He tried to stow it from his mind, but he couldn't help feeling he had missed an opportunity.

Then again, hitting on a customer ... The biggest of faux pas, especially in a store as nice as this one. If she wasn't receptive, he could be placed in a world of trouble.

He ran a hand along his hair and walked a lap around the store to see if anything needed his attention. Passing by a mirror, he turned to confirm that his outfit hadn't been improperly adjusted the whole time he was been helping a hot girl. He thought he still looked crisp, despite needlessly adjusting his dark blue tie with his strong hands. It was a shimmery thing, which matched well with his sky blue button up shirt, and tucked into a gray waistcoat with black buttons. His strong physique was on display, with the shirt a little tight around the biceps. The waistcoat was snug against his pectorals, but svelte on his waist. He had to duck slightly to see in the full length mirror, but his dark blonde hair had kept its light spikes throughout the day. Overall he was pleased, not a bad impression, at least dress wise.

Well, what happens, happens. No use thinking about it now.

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Same crap, different day, Cameron huffed wearily. He was this close to being done for the week, just 50 more minutes and he could help close up the department store and rest his aching body. Numbly he heard footsteps approaching him. Oh noooo. His fears were quickly confirmed.

"Cameron, Agatha needs you at register 3."

"Ok, on it," Cameron responded without any emotion or enthusiasm at all. It was all he could do to keep the weariness out of his voice, which would not have earned him any points with his superior. With an about face, Cameron trudged back over to the woman's clothing department. Agatha, another gem on their roster, always needed his assistance. Even worse than Ronnie's laziness, she seemed flat incapable of the functions for which she was employed. He fumed silently as he rounded the corner, and faltered. Standing in front of the old desk clerk was a red haired customer, of a very particular shade. A woman small in stature ... from the back. Steeling himself in case he was right, and preparing for disappointment if he was wrong, he announced, "I've got it, Agatha. Hello miss, I understand there's a problem?"

The young woman whirled on him, caught like a deer in headlights. "Y-yes, I, uh," Charlotte Reid stammered, turning scarlet to match her hair. Behind her, Agatha slinked away, relieved of duty.

Cameron took his stance behind the counter, wondering all the while if it was good practice or creepy stalking to remember her name, and indicate that he knew remembered. It had been just over a week since they had met, exactly 8 days, in fact. He had thought about her a lot, and couldn't get her out of his head. Of course he remembered.

"I'm here to make some returns," she finished sheepishly.

"Oh no, more returns! Yikes, we are not doing right by you, are we?" Cameron said with amusement. "Sorry about that."

The casual banter was clearly not the right thing to say. Charlotte winced and her blush spread yet further. “R-right,” she said apologetically. “Here.”

She dumped the bag full of returns onto the counter. With a quick glance, Cameron could already tell that the contents of the bag had been things he checked out last time. She was returning most of it, if not all of it. Why? But given her reaction to his last statement, he decided his best course of action was making no fusses about anything. He carefully started thumbing through the load of clothes. This time, everything still had its tag.

“Alright then,” he said at last, “this shouldn’t be a problem at all.” He looked up to smile at her warmly, only to find her watching him very intently again, just like she had over a week ago. Her green eyes had been focused on his face, alertly on the lookout for something. Glancing away under his gaze, Charlotte grimaced. “Sorry. I know you went through all that trouble last time.”

“It’s quite alright. All the tags are here now, so it’ll be easy,” he said cheerfully. She nodded absently, still looking away.

That’s when Cameron lost his cool. In that moment he had seized his chance to fully glance at her memorable chest, in the motion of looking down at the scanning task at hand. His eyes never completed the journey. His hands continued on autopilot, and he ended up fumbling and dropping one of the shirts. Immediately he bent down to scoop it up, amazed. NO WONDER SHE WAS RETURNING THE DAMN THINGS. Casually he returned to the counter and discreetly observed Charlotte as she fidgeted. Yes, there was no mistake.

In between the two visits, Charlotte Reid had BALLOONED. What had been an extremely less-than-modest endowment before was now an utterly ridiculous helping of massive tits. Or the red head must have shoved basketballs up her blouse, it was perhaps the more plausible explanation. Though that theory was proven false with every breath she took, her breasts rising and falling in their contraption. The rhythmic motion was accompanied by very small wobbles as they strained and relaxed in the bra. She was all natural, all right. Cameron kept his head down and pondered. He decided to set aside the seemingly impossible nature of the situation, and evaluate the evidence of his eyes as fact. Ms. Reid here appeared to have grown ten cup sizes since he met her last, and now nothing she had bought would fit any longer. She was returning a bunch of tops that had gotten pitifully too small over the course of a week. Her monster breasts had exploded further in size. Was ... was that what happened the first time? It started to click now, some of the odd behavior he had carefully ruminated on over the last week.

SHE had bought those original set of clothes. The aunt was a cover story. She had bought new shirts and dresses, had worn some of them, and grown straight out of them before even making it through the rest of the wardrobe. Tags vs tagless. And here, she hadn’t even bothered removing any tags. She might have foreseen this problem, this time. She knew she might get bigger? It seemed to be the only explanation to return a bunch of shirts that were perfectly good otherwise. She seemed to be the same everywhere else. Same hair, same shoulders, same thin arms, same beauty. She purposely bought these clothes last, and the only change here was in that canopy of a shirt.

Speaking of which, her shirt was definitely not one of the articles she purchased last week. It was some t-shirt, of stupendous size by the look of it. It was too baggy on her, each of her arms draped by the overlarge sleeves, and on her back the shirt extended down just past her ass. But the front could entertain no such hopes, stretched taught across the mountain range of her chest. Cameron noted that she appeared to have found a larger bra, and yet still not one large enough. Obvious through the shirt, the bra cups were trying very hard to contain her, but being pushed apart by the capacity of its burden. As he had noted before, every breath threatened the integrity of the structure. Each cup was vast, large enough to wear as a hat, but handfuls of Charlotte were welling up and over the top on each half, and bulging out and around on the outside. The poor beleaguered breasts, compressed against their will, obscured her biceps when her arms were down at her side. They might be as wide as her shoulders, smooshed like that! He couldn't see the crooks of her arms!

Charlotte for her part seemed to be looking anywhere BUT at Cameron, shifting her glance around the store nervously as if all of it required her attention. She attempted to cross her arms over her chest, but as a short woman with such extravagance, trying to make her hands and her elbows looked very awkward. There was simply too much of her in the way, and she didn't have enough reach. The extra compression only caused her breasts to squeeze over and below her arms, displaying both their enormity and their soft malleability. Clearly aware, Charlotte adjusted her crossed arms to rest on top of the shelf, which did very little to hide what was beneath them.

All of this was familiar from last week, it was nearly a rerun except Charlotte was a damn sight bustier, if that was possible. As Cameron was nearly done scanning her items, he cleared his throat. "Everything seems in order. Will you be interested in purchasing any other items here, today?"

She studied the pile of clothes for a moment, considering, as she closed her arms a little tighter. It really didn't do much for her. "Yes, I think so."

"Would you like any assistance in finding what you need today?" Cameron offered thoughtfully.

Charlotte gave him an unreadable glance, "I – I can probably manage." She was turning red again. Well, shopping for women's clothes with a man could be an embarrassing thing, though he had gotten very good at it. Most women who accepted his offer had not regretted it.

"That's true. You do have good taste," he agreed, lifting the last of the shirts higher than necessary before stacking it next to the others. Charlotte raised both eyebrows, the hint of a sardonic smile spreading on her lips.

"Oh?" she challenged him.

Cameron took the chance. "Oh yes. I could only stand getting yelled at by old ladies for so long, before I picked up a thing or two," Cameron chirped. "Now I'm something of an expert, if I say so myself."

She grinned. "But I don't want to look like an old lady!"

Cameron made it a point to chuckle good-naturedly. "I assure you, I've been yelled at by young ladies, too. One time I recommended a duck pattern over a bear pattern, and the lady was so upset, she threw her pacifier at me." He pointed to his cheek. "Gross."

The buxom girl giggled, wobbling ALL over the place despite being constrained by both bra and arms. Neither countermeasure was very effective against the huge slabs of woman resting on her ribs.

"I don't recommend the duck pattern anymore," Cameron finished sadly.

"See, but I like ducks," Charlotte laughed. "I don't think I can trust your opinion now!"

"Hey, no, I also like ducks. That's why I suggested them in the first place. But ..." Cameron cringed away. "You don't have a pacifier on you, right?"

Ms. Reid lazily snapped her fingers. "Darn. I threw my last one at the person who was here before you."

"At Agatha? Good choice," Cameron said seriously, nodding.

That set her snickering again, she held a dainty hand up to her mouth out of habit and tucked her other arm under her generous bust. Situated under there, her arm held the draping t-shirt against her belly and only accentuated just how incredible her size had really become. The discrepancy of boob to waist ratio was beyond impressive, each breast was nearly as wide as her entire waist! She really WAS a thin girl, aside from those fat behemoths. Forget animated women, she reminded him of children's drawings, where women stick figures had two big round circles for boobs. They cast her whole waist in their shadow, down to her hips. Her front must precede her by a clear foot!

The conversation was coming so easily to him now that Charlotte was being receptive. He had dropped most of his business and professional demeanor, which was a warning sign, but some customers called for that approach. He firmly believed this to be an instance where it was suitable. She was a very important customer, and unhappy with her purchases twice over. What was he supposed to do?

"So," Cameron said, swiping through a gift card to accumulate the returns' balance. "Here you go, enjoy your shopping. Just be aware that the store is closing sometime soon." He held out the newly funded card for her. Charlotte paused in reaching for it, as if expecting something, and then took it. "I'm the only one around, so just yell for me if you're done."

"Thanks ... Cameron," she said, making an obvious show of reading his name tag. He inclined his head to her as she trounced off. There was a slight bounce in her step, made very obvious by the oceanic motion of her contours. He watched her go, her bust swaying with her every step. He could view their outer swell alternating on each side with her shifting body, BEYOND her arms. What a woman! He almost thought he could see BOTH boobs at once, though he was not in an ideal position to judge. She quickly disappeared into the stacks.

He left the counter to make his rounds about the store. The place was cleared out, even most of the employees had already left. With only about 40 minutes until closing, most people weren't shopping this late on a weeknight. After about 20 minutes of doing his job, he heard a loud pleading whisper of "Cameron!"

He turned to see Charlotte, about 30 feet away, ducked behind a rack of hanging shirts. She motioned him to come over. As he approached, "Are you ready to check out?" he asked, silently wondering at her odd behavior.

"Not ... not quite. Uhm. I need that 'expert' opinion of yours. Ready?"

"Of course," he said.

"How do I look?"

Charlotte stepped out from her hiding place and held up her arms, studying his reaction carefully. Her eyes were lasered onto his expression, the attentiveness of a hawk. Just as carefully, Cameron remained professionally impassive though his heart was leaping for his throat. Va-va-VOOM. The slender woman had donned a summery dress, with quite a bit of room in it. The dress was decorated with an orange floral pattern, and the garment had straps over her shoulders, modestly covered her whole torso, and fell down towards the ground with ruffles. Since it was stretchy, it still fit her fairly well.

Fairly. The problem, as expected, was caused by her bust area. The dress, although she had gone several sizes larger than she would have needed otherwise, simply wasn't meant for so much woman in one place. The ruffles that extended down to the hem of the dress were supposed to start around the wearer's thighs, but on Charlotte they started above her hips. It made her body look a little out of proportion, and not in the way that she actually was. Like she was wearing a doll's dress, blown up to lifesize. Furthermore, her ponderous pontoons greatly exaggerated the front of her dress, beyond anything it was pre-equipped to handle. For the proper fit of the dress, there was a portion meant to accommodate the wearer's bust. Charlotte vastly exceeded those expectations. While the integrated bra cups weren't very pronounced, it was obvious that they were much maligned and she was BEYOND exploding out of them. She was never in them in the first place. She swelled out so much that the inlaid stitching that outlined them didn't even make it all the way to the front of her boobs, they completely ended somewhere above the actual bra she was wearing underneath. It left these small little dress humps resting atop her breasts, covering where her cleavage would be, and looked utterly useless.

Cameron had to commend her on the look, she had the right idea and it ALMOST worked. But there were just a few too many things out of place, and it looked like she was shoving herself into something that was not meant to be. And after the last two years of his employment, he knew the situation he was in now. Charlotte was looking at him with an expression he was very familiar with, where she already KNEW what the actual answer to her 'How do I look' question was, and was hoping that she was wrong, but also wouldn't trust his answer if he said it looked good. It was his duty to tell her the truth and help her out.

"It doesn't quite fit, I'm afraid," Cameron said apologetically.

Charlotte winced. "Is it that noticeable?" she asked miserably.

He nodded sympathetically.

"That's the story of everything I've tried on," Charlotte acquiesced sadly. "I thought maybe if it was formless enough ..."

"Hmm, perhaps just the opposite. Your figure is a little too extreme, the formless things can't remain shapeless and instead it comes out rather odd." He was all business, it took him a second to realize what he had just said. He decided to breeze past it, but Charlotte had been taken aback at him openly discussing her curves. "What else have you tried on?"

"Just a few things. Oh, this has been useless." Her misery was being replaced with the irritation of failed attempts, and Cameron couldn't blame her.

"Would you like some assistance?" Cameron volunteered, tilting his head. "I'd be happy to. I know the wares in this store, and might be able to help you with your problem. It's not that uncommon." Although you're an extreme case, he neglected to add. Very few women he had helped in the past had been as preposterous in the bust, and precisely as none had been as thin as Charlotte. He was thinking quickly for an outfit that might suit her.

Charlotte considered him, and then acquiesced. "Alright. Thank you."

Cameron led the way back to the women's department. Because Charlotte was trailing behind him, he didn't get to watch her like he would have liked. That dress was bound to be interesting. Perhaps it was just as well, he needed to focus on the task at hand. His experiences told him that being quick, efficient, and dispassionate was the best way to help a female customer, as it eliminated much of the awkwardness. He wound his way through the aisles to find what he was looking for first, a black and extremely stretchy turtleneck. He snagged one and held the shirt up to Charlotte. She stepped back, startled, as he gauged her size and the shirt.

"Hmm, maybe just enough," he appraised, and then continued to the next rack before the redhead could get indignant at him eyeing her. Next was a gray top, also made of stretchy material, and it had a small sash designed to fit under the bust. He examined it a moment and then also held it out to Charlotte. "Stretchy is probably the way to go, in your case."

"That ... that's going to make me look enormous!" Charlotte hesitated, eyeballing it.

Cameron looked at her.

"I know, I know, but 'you ARE enormous!' right?" Charlotte pouted.

Cameron shrugged helplessly. "You've got what you've got." Charlotte made a face. "And you're going to have a tough time hiding any of it," he added, gesturing at her form. "When you tried, it came out a little misshapen."

"Misshapen ...!" Charlotte repeated, horrified.

“So might as well embrace it, and show off your figure instead,” Cameron continued. “You’re going to draw some attention either way, if I may be perfectly frank.”

“I suppose you may,” Charlotte said gloomily. “We won’t get anywhere if you sugarcoat things.”

“Exactly!” he said with confidence, turning about to stalk through the lines of clothes and find something else for her. “A lot of people are in denial about this or that, always makes it difficult to assist them. Let’s see ...” Cameron mused, before successfully hunting down a specific cute top that he knew about. It was commodious in the bust, and loose enough around the belly, that it juuuuust might work. Probably not, but it would be more information. Meeting Charlotte’s eyes, “I’m optimistic,” he explained. It was certainly the cutest thing he had grabbed, of the three. Charlotte looked at him with suspicion. “Ok, try these on and see what happens.”

Charlotte took the three garments and walked to the dressing room, this time with Cameron following her. As he had expected, the dress she was wearing sashayed and bobbed to a different tune than her gait. The front load of the dress hung and swayed back and forth on an entirely separate rhythm than the back half that was falling down from her hips. The desync was extremely noticeable too, confirming for Cameron that as much as HE might enjoy it, he had made the right recommendation for her interests. He was also astonished to learn that he could see her boobs from over her shoulder. He wasn’t exactly standing over her, just tagging along behind her, but Charlotte’s voluminous orbs shoved out so much that he could look right past her hair, and still see the fronts of her tits bounding in front of her. If she had something that showed cleavage, he would be getting an eyeful right now. As it was, he was content.

Just before entering the dressing room, Charlotte whirled on him. “Are you going to wait out here to ... evaluate, I guess?”

Cameron paused. Why HAD he been following her? “Oh, uh, no, I guess not. Sorry. I’ll be ov-”

“No, please,” Charlotte said quickly. “I think I’ll need a second opinion, like last time. If you don’t mind.”

He smiled easily, trying not to seem too happy but instead strictly business. “Of course.”

The woman disappeared into the dressing room. He hovered near the door, mindlessly sorting some of the shirts on the rack by their unarranged size. As he waited, his superior came by and informed him that the rest of the shop was clearing out for final purchases. Cameron assured him he was helping a customer, and was capable of closing up when he was done. His boss harrumphed, but knew Cameron was the capable one of his staff. A few minutes of waiting later, Cameron’s client reappeared.

“Ok, here’s the first one,” Charlotte announced.

Cameron turned and was greeted with the woman wearing the black stretchy turtleneck. She was blushing yet again, and her posture was demure, her fidgeting clear indication that she

was trying to resist crossing her arms to cover herself. She was uncomfortable, and it wasn't hard to see why for a girl as self-conscious about her chest as Charlotte. The form-hugging fabric was extremely suggestive, through no fault of the woman wearing it. She simply had a figure that, when showcasing every line and delineating every curve, had the effect of a knockout punch.

The turtleneck did its job well, rising a good portion of her neck. The bottom of the shirt also checked out, clinging fast to her belly, and not draping too far down. Just as much as it could stretch, it could also cling to its original shape. It was undeniably loose, but serviceable. Cameron could tell she did indeed have a toned stomach. The sleeves were a bit more obvious, a little loose on her arms and shoulders. Presumably too long for her arms as well, as she had rolled them up her arms to her elbows to leave her entire forearms bare. Her long red hair was vibrant against the black shirt, and had been adjusted in the dressing room so that the locks hung past her shoulders from the front, maybe as a futile attempt to distract from her chest. Even so, it almost made her sheer size more apparent. Due to its length, her hair should have hung much further, down to her ribs, but the strands only made it as far as her bosom before they pooled up on the shelf of her fabric-clad basketballs. A normal girl's bosom would not have impeded their progress so much.

The shirt was doing an admirable job accommodating her expansive bust, though it was still struggling. The fabric was even thick enough to downplay her bra cups, at least more so than the other things she had worn. But the Charlotte's breasts would simply not be downplayed, and were a stark contrast to her waspish waist. The shirt below her chest tapered back in a long way to make it to her hips, which had the effect of making her ponderous bust a shelf of black bloated fabric. These globes were every inch as magnificent as Cameron had dared, stunningly out of proportion with Charlotte's body and resting near her belly button, despite their roundness and forward projection.

Charlotte turned slightly for a different angle, confirming for Cameron two more things. First, the shirt fit alright, with the hem even a little snug on her feminine ass. The back was the only thing he couldn't see from his first perspective, and she certainly had nothing to be ashamed of back there. Secondly, he probably couldn't palm one of those breasts. From the side, the shelf nature of her bra made her dimensions almost inconceivable, each globe clearly wider than her torso thickness and more than doubling the back to front width of her body. Now more than ever, he surmised he could hide a ruler lengthwise in her cleavage, she could walk around, and none would be the wiser except Charlotte. But he shook the thought out of his head

She shifted nervously under Cameron's silent appraisal. "It's good," he concluded, at last. "I think it works."

The over-buxom beauty twitched her nose. "It's not too much...?" She put a hand on either side of her bosom, very lightly compressing them together. "There's a lot." She glanced at him for his reaction.

"Yes, but that's not a bad thing."

She gave him a quizzical look. "You sure about that?" She held her arms out from her body and then arched her back, thrusting out her pontoons. The whole shirt, and maybe her bra, creaked with the show. Her overlarge bra cups appeared clearly visible under the stress of the turtleneck, and what seemed like entire pounds of her breasts swelled up and over the incredibly large but still overwhelmed bra. The hem of the front of her shirt inched up her belly, exposing some riding all the way up to expose her flat belly and her belly button. There was a small popping noise, somewhere, followed by another.

"Ok yeah, don't do that!" Cameron said hurriedly, waving his hands frantically.

Charlotte let out her breath and relaxed, giggling mightily at his expression. Very quickly she resumed her normal posture, though less hunched down than before. "Tell me about it. There's, uh ... I did that with one of the other things I tried on earlier, and ... uh ..."

"We have a victim in the dressing room?"

Charlotte smiled apologetically, tilting her head to the side. "Sorry ..." It was very endearing, the way her hair fell and how her startling green eyes looked into his. Cameron could help but feel this was a practiced maneuver. This woman was not the shy girl type! The mystery of Charlotte Reid deepened.

"It's alright," Cameron said, making a show of averting his eyes. "As far as I can tell, anybody could have left that in there."

Charlotte beamed at him. "Ok, two more, real quick." She slipped back inside. When she came back out she was wearing the gray top with the small sash designed to belt around her waist. "This one is even WORSE," she said incredulously.

It truly was. This top came with a sewn on fabric belt that was supposed to string across the belly and gently tie on the other shirt. That was entirely impeded by her breasts, which were so vast they extended down into the territory where the belt was normally supposed to cross. Instead, the strip had to be bent down, under her bra, stretched along the underside of her breasts until it reached the opposite side. It was more like a chinstrap buckle on a helmet than a belt mid waist. The shirt was much too big for her, and even so the waist of it didn't quite make it to HER waist, because of her most prominent features. The resulting look had her shirt cinched to her body just under her bra, her contours went directly from stupidly huge boobs to a svelte waist, like a Jessica Rabbit cartoon. If Jessica Rabbit was two or three times bigger in the chest! She was more exaggerated than even one of the most famous voluptuous icons!

Furthermore, the top had a V-neck that was stretched dangerously open as the fabric tried to circumnavigate her bosom. She fussed with it, trying to pinch the neckline closed but to no avail. The V was stretched wide, showing a horizontal foot of cleavage at its widest point, and there was an obscene amount of breast on display. Even so, it was only a fraction of what she could have shown. That sizable of a neckline might have been daring on a regular woman, but on Charlotte it was modest, relative to her. That didn't stop the view from being extraordinary. Cameron realized he had his first REAL visible proof she was a natural woman under there, and

he was solidly convinced. Those massive pale boulders were, honest to god, her mind-blowing tits.

"I said you wouldn't look like an old lady," Cameron observed calmly. "It's really cute."

Charlotte was pleased, but as she looked down, a shadow crossed her face. "But a bit too much emphasis." She put her hands on her hips and then worked them up to the bottom of her boobs. Turns out she couldn't palm a basketball, if Cameron had to guess. "Isn't it?"

"I'd say it's pretty reasonable."

"You mean, given the circumstances," Charlotte sighed. "Nothing about me is reasonable! I look ridiculous. And everyone is going to stare, but not in a good way. I shouldn't be dressing like a normal woman anymore."

"What!? Why? If you walk around wearing a bag, that wouldn't look good either. You'll still get stared at. And you STILL wouldn't be able to hide." Charlotte looked alarmed, but he just shrugged. "You might as well dress in something that looks like you're wearing it on purpose. That's why you're here, right? You don't want ugly, you want something that you can wear with pride."

She frowned, but reluctantly nodded. "Well, yes, but is there such a thing? Is there something that looks good, but also isn't so ... so ... out there?" She gestured ambiguously towards her protrusive chest.

"You might have to redefine what 'out there' means to you. If you want to look good, that is. To wear clothes proudly, you need to start with some pride in what's underneath. Confidence is the key. We've got something that fits, that's the first criteria, then something that looks good, and after that it's all about how you wear it. If you walk around uncomfortable, constantly fussing with your shirt and trying to cover up, it's going to affect the impression. But if you accept what you've got and move on, it'll look a lot more natural. That top looks great. Yes, you've got a lot going on up there, no changing that, but it's stylish AND on your terms."

Charlotte was bright scarlet, through and through. "Stylish, huh? ... You think so? I don't look like some stripper harlot?"

"Absolutely not," Cameron confirmed vehemently. He was beginning to understand now. "Like I said, how you carry yourself determines a lot. But if your cleavage is what's bothering you, you could always wear a camisole underneath."

"Oh! You're right! I, uh, forgot those existed," Charlotte admitted. Most busty women were intimately familiar with the concept, but Cameron was aware of her unique situation. She was certainly bigger now than she had been last week, undergoing some sort of rapid breast growth. That much was obvious. Based on her attitude and behavior this time and last time, Cameron was building the theory that she had once been very small chested, and all of this was new to her. She was worried about getting stared at, but she should have dealt with that a LOT before now! And

that abrupt 'stripper harlot' comment, those would be the concerns a teenage girl might have, afraid of how her peers might react to her new developments.

"It's not so much the cleavage though, or my size," Charlotte added slowly, interrupting his musings. "It's more ... the principle of it." She looked at him helplessly and then eased back into the dressing room. Cameron considered this information, and thought about how he might help her. It was a unique case, but he had a plan.

"Hooo boy, from bad to worse. You're doing this to me on purpose!" The dressing room door opened a crack, but paused. "There's nobody else out there, right?"

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PART 02

“Hooo boy, from bad to worse. You’re doing this to me on purpose!” The dressing room door opened a crack, but paused. “There’s nobody else out there, right?”

“Just me,” Cameron replied.

The door opened the rest of the way. Charlotte stood in the door-frame like a goddess of boobs, or a divine statue for their worship. And Cameron was ready to convert to that religion on the spot. The final item was a white lace top, a design which had two overlarge straps for the shoulders instead of sleeves, leaving the wearer’s arms and neck, and chest area completely exposed. The neckline was horizontal, like that of a boob tube top, and wrapped around the torso in a snug fit on the wearer’s breasts. That was supposed to start after exposing about 2 or 3 inches of exposed cleavage, adjust accordingly for preference. Afterwards, it was supposed to hug the woman’s chest for as long as that when on, cling to her form, and flow down the tummy nicely to end just at the hips. Sexy and elegant, suitable for women of an above average chest. The tightness helped reign the bust in, and the stiffer fabric gave it moderate corset properties.

Cameron had personally handed such a shirt to busty women before, from DDD cups all the way up to G, and it was a proven winner. He had given Charlotte the largest size they had, figuring that what could fit a large woman with G cups might fit a tiny woman with ... truly stupendous hooters. He couldn’t even hazard a guess what size the beauty was. Charlotte’s petite stature would inflate her cup size a lot, and she might have fallen off the alphabet by now. Whatever she was, this top was not capable of accommodating it.

The girl was pouring out over the top and out to the sides the fancy lacy number. The form-fit waist on this size was not going to fit Charlotte like it was supposed to, but Cameron had hoped that extra slack would provide means for her bust to settle. The neckline and torso compacted her breasts considerably, but the garment was pushed to its extreme limits and came up short. Charlotte, for her part, had really crammed herself in, but there was only so much she could do. She wasn’t gonna fit.

The poor thing was so overtaxed that Cameron could see the distinct outline of her breast dimensions through the garment, made obvious by the strain of their efforts to explode the bodice. The bottom of her teardrops ended near her belly, that’s where they stopped distending the shirt so badly. Beneath that, the constricting waist of the shirt prevented any more of her fat beasts from being shoved down. Despite the fabric still overhanging her tummy by a few inches, it was too tight for breasts as large as Charlotte’s to be crushed into. So the rest of her excess had nowhere else to go but up! Proportionally, the escaping cleavage wasn’t that much. Charlotte had done a good job stuffing the shirt as full of her tits as possible. No, the problem was ... a small portion of Charlotte’s breasts was still way too much!

The straight-edged neckline started roughly mid-bicep on her, and that was easy to gauge because the outer reaches of her bust overlapped her arms, and about half of her bicep was all

Cameron could see. Above that neckline, the tops of her breasts swelled out with a vengeance, overflowing the garment and mushrooming beyond their confinement. The lake of bosom was a 6 inch expanse of creamy Charlotte, measured from the top's neckline to her chest wall. The cleft between her breasts was bound tight enough to stop a playing card, and seemed unfathomably deep, down, down into the shirt. It was mesmerizing, she was showing more on accident than most girls could ever dream of having at all. It might as well have been a regular corset, for the amount of levered cleavage she was showcasing. In fact, the highest peak of her breasts was actually an inch or two higher than the point on her chest where her breasts actually began. She was getting some major lift out of it, he should have marketed this shirt to her as a bra!

But end result was a shirt that Charlotte considerably overwhelmed. Beneath her troublesome chest, the tapered waist trailed off a few inches above her jeans, and showed some of her belly. He also noticed her pants for the first time. Easy to miss with what she had going on upstairs, but she was actually wearing designer hip-hugger jeans that fit her skinny form like a glove, and had a very low-slung waistline. Another inch lower and her panties would've been exposed. It was also here that Cameron became acutely aware that Charlotte was waiting for him to react.

"For someone looking for a more modest look, you are wearing some very risque jeans," Cameron observed, dodging the issue.

Charlotte snorted, and put a hand on her hip. "Yeah, kinda. You know, you might be the first person this week to even look at my jeans," she said. "I just threw these on. It's ... it's not that I don't show like dressing up. Actually, I used to love it. Even fancied myself a model at times. It's just that, ever since I got THESE ..."

She put a steady hand on the top of each loaf of breast that bulged out of her shirt. The small compression dented her softness, causing even greater overflow out around the sides of her decolletage. The escaping overhang was even prominent enough to cast small shadows on the neckline they were overcoming.

Cameron glanced away, to prevent himself from staring, then chose his words carefully. "I didn't THINK you were this size, a week ago."

Charlotte nodded her head slowly, her cheeks turning the color of her fiery hair. "Yeah," she said tiredly. "Can you imagine I was only a B cup a few weeks ago?" She paused. "Ok, ok, a healthy A. But now ..."

"It's made you self-conscious," Cameron offered. Cameron was burning with an intense curiosity. Why was she growing tremendous boobs all of a sudden? How? He wanted to know everything, but figured he shouldn't push it. It wasn't his place.

"A little." Charlotte looked pained. "These are an awful lot to ... to have on display."

Cameron considered this. This was more or less what he had suspected. There was a lot of concerns that she was leaving unsaid. The social implications of big boobs, the judgment of others, being 'normal'. Especially at her size. "Are they going away anytime soon?" he finally asked.

“My boobs?” she asked, taken aback. “N-no ...”

“Then you’re looking at this the wrong way. You’re trying to apply your old self-image to the new you. But this is your reality now, and you’ve got to make a new one. Make it one you can live with! Dressing in loose brown rags is not going to solve your problem. Remember what I said about pride and confidence, yadda yadda? Still applies. You can still look good, and you can still wear cute things. Like this top, it’s honestly very pretty. Though a bit too small. Yet in its own way, that DOES make it look spectacular.”

There was a pregnant pause where she was completely nonplussed, but then Charlotte started to giggle. Her soft chuckle set the tops her boulders undulating again, exacerbated by the pressure they were under, and Cameron couldn’t help but look. This time she caught him, and immediately clamped an arm on her cleavage. “Don’t make me laugh,” she laughed. “Not while wearing this!”

“I’m just worried about the shirt,” he said defensively, refusing to look away this time. “Please don’t break it.”

“I’m resisting the urge to stretch. This is really tight on my back, and kinda cramped.” She tried to slip her hand down the front of her bodice but couldn’t only wedge a few fingers between boob and the fabric. “Hard to breathe in, too.” Charlotte gave him a curious look, her eyes difficult for Cameron to read. “So ... ‘spectacular’, you said?”

“Yep.” he said simply. “Don’t you FEEL ‘spectacular’?”

“A little,” she admitted. “A little like a plain spectacle, too.”

“Isn’t that what fashion is for?”

Charlotte contemplated that for a few moments. “You ARE good at this,” she finally said.

“I’ve had experience. I said it before, yours is a common problem.”

Charlotte raised both eyebrows.

“Ok, no, you’re weird. But the general issue is common,” Cameron amended, smiling. Charlotte nodded with satisfaction and retreated into the changing room. She reemerged a few minutes later wearing the same t-shirt she had started the day with, and wielding his three shirt recommendations.

“I’ll think about what you’ve said, but for now, I’m putting this one back,” Charlotte announced, handing over the white lace top to him. He took it, noting that it had definitely been distorted. The top was now noticeably limp, and hanging loose in some areas. Her breasts had crushed all of the lace’s fighting spirit.

“Understandable,” Cameron said. “And we wrapped up just in time for store closing. Want to grab other colors so you have a few?” She was still purchasing the other two selected tops.

“I ... I better not,” Charlotte said grimly. “I’ll just take these.”

"Alright then." Cameron marched up to his checkout counter and completed the purchase for Ms. Reid. One black turtleneck and one gray V-neck with belt sash.

He handed Charlotte her bag. "Thank you," she said, taking it. "For all of your help. I mean it." Her green eyes were sparkling in the brighter lights.

"Any time."

"And for not being ... weird about any of this."

"Also any time. I try not to be weird, generally speaking."

Charlotte giggled, lingering with her bag.

"Also," Cameron added, chuckling. "If you find yourself having to return something ever again, you might as well come and find me directly. Save yourself some time."

Charlotte smirked. "That might be a good idea," the red head responded, and sauntered off towards the exit.

Cameron watched her go. Once the coast was clear, he held up the white lace top she had tried on. It was in a sorry state, horribly swollen outwards in the chest area and permanently altered. They would probably never be able to sell. What other woman could try this on and hope to fit these dimensions? Cameron tossed it aside, remembering she had slain other tops he had to go get.

First, he wandered about the store, performing his closing duties while lost in thought. Charlotte. Charlotte ... She was kind of amazing. But he also chastised himself. It was unprofessional, it would be taking advantage of her emotional vulnerability during her weird breast situation, it was too soon after his breakup to be considering another girl. There were a lot of reasons to stop thinking about Charlotte.

As part of his rounds, he checked if the dressing rooms were empty. In Charlotte's, he discover two more shirts that had tried to fit the shape of the buxom redhead. They probably tried their best, but they failed miserably and now were nearly unwearable. Any girl wearing this size would find their shirt tenting in the boob department, which was not a great look. And then there was the dress, a pretty orange thing, with a great big tear running up the right AND left seam. She had plain split this dress open, and now the torso was two loose flaps no longer stitched together. It was trash, now.

Cameron tidied up, and thought about Charlotte.

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"So ... Am I a lost cause this time?" a voice said behind Cameron's back. He turned around.

"Why Ms. Reid, how are ..." He looked down at the red headed woman. Her hair was shimmery in the light, falling down in slightly curling locks. Her makeup was once again immaculate, and she had completed the outfit with a very large overcoat that was unmistakably ... but it NO, it HAD to be a mistake ...

“Hi Cameron,” Charlotte said brightly. “I just need to know if this store can even help me anymore.” Charlotte tilted forward and carefully undid a single large button at the top of the huge brown trench coat’s collar, and slowly unveiled it a foot.

It had been another week since they had seen each other, and the buxom woman ... had not had her problem dealt with yet. Down in the confines of the coat, beyond her small hands holding back the neckline, were by far the largest breasts Cameron had ever seen. He was only given enough time for a quick peek down the awning cleavage before Charlotte clamped herself back up. That glance had still been more than enough time to realize that the chasm down there could have swallowed his entire arm. As she leaned back, the coat was pulled back by the heavy contents within, and the industrial sized buttons all up and down the length were pulled taut. The fabric puckered at the strain, wrinkled with the efforts of surrounding that much bosom, and it was a good thing the two coat halves were designed to overlap by a foot, else she would have been showing gaps of cleavage 5 inches wide. The huge outward hump of the huge coat extended a full two and a half feet in front of her, and the massive coat’s width was pushed far beyond the width of her shoulders on both sides.

It was a cavernous coat, and Charlotte was effortlessly popping the seams off it, pushing it to the limits with the immensity of her bosom. And only in that area, as it was baggy on her shoulders, wrinkled and extremely loose on her arms, and there was a fabric belt which was supposed to fix about the waist, but was hanging limp and useless on the side of her leg. It would not have managed to encircle her bosom, and they obscured so much of the woman’s waist that the built-in belt was fairly pointless. The rest of the coat hung down towards the ground, revealing her model-thin legs about mid-calf. Despite the strange center of gravity, the girl was wearing 4 inch chunky-heel shoes. The girl was so top heavy and front loaded that wearing elevated shoes seemed unreasonable, but as a fashionable short girl, Charlotte would have wearing such heels elevated to an art form. Cameron briefly contemplated all this, but above all else at the forefront of his thoughts, he contemplated how Charlotte appeared to be completely topless beneath this buttoned brown tarp.

“Yeah, that’s what everyone else has said,” Charlotte said, her lips and eyes dancing with mischief.

“I see your tribulations continue, Ms. Reid,” Cameron managed, affecting his friendly business persona in time to save grace.

“Isn’t THAT the truth.” She didn’t sound super annoyed, Cameron noted. More matter-of-fact. “I’m afraid our whole discussion on fashion has become rather academic at this point.”

“Hmmm. You’re asking if we have anything in your size? I think we just might.”

“Wait, what? Really?”

“Of course,” Cameron said. “Though I can’t guarantee they won’t all look like that white top from last time.”

Charlotte giggled, the front of her trench coat shifting in several directions. Her bust largely held its shape, though, on account of the tightness.

“... Or that orange dress in the dressing room,” Cameron said wryly, maintaining eye contact with pride.

“Ah.” The woman looked abashed. “Sorry ... So, you’re saying you might have more cute tops for me, still?” There was a glimmer of hope in her voice.

“Why so surprised? Isn’t that why you came?”

“Y-yes! Well ... no. Not exactly,” Charlotte trailed off.

“Oh. Then-”

“No, it’s alright,” Charlotte interjected quickly. She smiled. “Let’s see these clothes!”

“Alright then. We are going to have to go to the Big & Tall section, I’m thinking.”

They walked on, Cameron once again cursing that he had to lead. “Are you making returns again?”

“No ... I don’t think you’d take them back.”

“Oh dear.”

“Yeah.” She left that hang in the air for a moment. “... Hey, Cameron? I’ve been thinking a lot about what you said last time. A whole lot.”

“Oh, I’m glad,” Cameron said, walking the length of the department store with an EXCESSIVELY buxom woman tailing him. No big deal. The few people they passed, stared. Charlotte had evidently noticed too, as each of the onlookers were quick to turn away or act busy. Cameron turned his head back to glance at the red-head, and her face was impassive but she was indeed watching one of the women who had just resumed sifting through clothes a little too enthusiastically.

“I think I’m going to take your advice,” she said. “Does the Big & Tall section have anything, mmmm ... ‘flattering’?”

Cameron slowed to turn around more fully, “By flattering, do you me-”

And got bowled over by his troubles. An unexpected giant soft mass squished into his belly as he turned, their hefty mass knocking him off balance and onto the floor. She hadn’t been looking forward, and he had seriously misjudged how ‘close’ she was! Cameron blinked for a few moments on his back, looking up at the large swell of coat swaying above him. Charlotte became visible, leaning over in concern as she stepped out from over him. She worriedly tucked a lustrous curl of hair behind her ear.

“Gosh, I’m so sorry Cameron!” She looked mortified.

"It's alright," he said smoothly, picking himself up. Way more than alright. She had been undeniably soft and squishy under there, but with deceptive firmness. These were breasts that would bounce and wobble, but never be easily crushed flat. And he hadn't felt a bra under there, that was all pure Charlotte Reid in there, and GODDAMN was there a lot of her.

"Sorry. Sorry. They stick out a bit further than I'm used to," Charlotte fretted piteously. "I was closer than I should've been."

"No, no, it was my fault. I stopped, like an idiot," Cameron said, smiling. He was back on his feet. Charlotte noted his smile and reciprocated with a little embarrassment. He resumed his previous thought, "By 'flattering', do you mean ...?"

"Sure." The bombshell grinned toothily, her tongue lightly pressed against the back of her ivories.

The duo at last found the correct section with arrays of larger sizes for unusual body types. Charlotte peered around with interested, but Cameron honed in on one section in particular.

"Tank tops. Always in style," he said, whisking one off the rack. It was a dark blue one, with a slight fit shape to accommodate the largest of women. These shirts could stretch a lot, but on most girls it would look like a hockey jersey. Charlotte took it and held it up. What looked like a long curtain suddenly seemed inadequate as she laid it loosely on her impressive front. In its unstretched and limp state, the shirt was considerably less wide than her bust. The aisle between clothes itself, Cameron noticed, was ALSO not as wide as Charlotte Reid's bust. Clothes on hangers on both sides were being pushed askance on their racks to make room for HER rack, and the little aisle they were standing in was entirely spanned by trench coat, despite Charlotte being more than thin enough to pass through. The displaced shirts were nowhere near her actual shoulders.

"Perhaps a size larger," Cameron suggested, fully appreciating her new size. He turned to grab something else.

"No, let's try it," Charlotte demurred.

"You really HAVE adjusted."

"Something like that. After some consideration, I've come around to your way of thinking. A week ago, I could have maybe remained on the fence. But now ...? We ARE beyond hiding them anymore. I'm wearing a huge baggy coat and ... it's not doing very much." She put her hands on the sides of each monstrous orb, having to brush clothes aside for each hand. Her two palms were an easy four feet apart, gently corralling pounds of titflesh. "I can't do much else than this, and still everyone around me notices anyway. I can't really blame them, honestly. I've looked in the mirror, and can hardly believe it."

Charlotte frowned. "WORSE, it looks like I might be doing something weird, like shoving pillows up my shirt! You were right about that, too. I don't want that!" she said passionately. "Geez. So ... Isn't it less strange that these are actually my boobs, rather than ... any alternative you

can think of? Let's make it very clear what's really going on under here. Because I ALSO try not to be weird, generally." She gave him a meaningful look to make sure he got the reference to his joke long past.

Cameron chuckled quietly. "Sounds like a plan."

"And if people know they're boobs, and are already staring, I might as well wear something nice. And ... and I really just kinda paraphrased your argument from before, didn't I?"

"Little bit. But the truth is the truth," Cameron winked. Charlotte rolled her eyes the same time as she smiled, and then softly shooed him with her hands.

Carrying on, they wound through the clothes together. Charlotte was being especially careful as she was constantly in danger of knocking clothes to the ground. They selected a handful of outfits, and the preposterously endowed girl seemed very pleased.

"Cameron, can you be my reviewer again? You were very helpful last time."

It was getting near closing again, so he really didn't have much to do. He wondered briefly if that was by design. Wishful thinking, perhaps. "I'd be more than happy to."

"Excellent. Some of these are going to be VERY 'flattering,'" she giggled. "I hope you like big boobs." Charlotte paused, then blushed appealingly. "I-I mean, like, so you can evaluate the outfits properly ... I mean if you hate big boobs you're not going to like anything I put on no matter what."

"I know clothes, trust me. I've been told I have a good eye, if something looks good or not I will tell you," Cameron soothed. "It doesn't matter what's underneath."

If anything, that only agitated Charlotte more as they made it to the dressing room.

"Well, let's see if you like any of them," she said meekly before disappearing in.

When she returned in the blue tank top, Cameron had to steel himself internally, taking several measured breaths that he hoped weren't obvious. This was NO hockey jersey, formlessly draped on the girl it was attached to. Charlotte was expectantly standing back a few steps from the doorway still in the dressing room, with her hands on her hips. Well, he GUESSED that her hands were on her hips, only her elbows were visible from the front, juuuust outside the humongous blue whales that obscured her torso. They covered her torso all the way down to her hips, rotund and bulbous.

The top straps of the tank top were drawn rigid, making a beeline from her shoulders to the neckline of the blouse a foot before her. Under immense strain, the straps stopped touching Charlotte on her shoulder and never touched her again until a foot across her boobs, hovering above those titans and casting shadows down on the creamy cleavage below. Her breasts settled so heavily and strained those unfortunate straps to such a degree, there was enough room to stick a firewood log underneath either of them.

The shirt itself was kind of an ill fit, as far as how tank tops are supposed to look. Although made for a large woman, usually that largeness wasn't just the woman's tits. Charlotte was all top, so there wasn't enough cleavage provided, and it awkwardly covered the middle ground where her neckline should either have been closer to her neck, or further from her neck. Even so, the amount of cleavage on display was greater than the entire bare-naked set of any other girl he had ever seen. Charlotte's 'half' cleavage could swallow a cereal box, and he wasn't sure if anyone would ever find it again. The ribbing on the shirt was stretched to the limit, with a whole inch between ridges over the widest part of her bust, and even so, that much stretch was not enough. Where the straps joined the front of the top, there was Charlotte's breasts, bulging up out of the edges again. It was probable Charlotte would never escape that look for as long as she lived, there was just too much of her to shove into these garments and expect otherwise.

The top almost wasn't long enough, it didn't quite manage to get all the way down her boobs, and rejoin her belly/hips like it was supposed it. As loose as was, Cameron could tell that if he got down on his hands and knees and looked up, he would see the undersides of the Charlotte's bloated chest. Forget dropping a pencil and having this buxom girl pick it up. Drop a pencil and get it yourself! The view would be just as amazing from below. Especially braless.

"Whatcha think?" asked Charlotte innocently. She reached down to find the hem of the shirt, slowly trying to ease the tank top down lower and into a more natural position. This resulting in exposing more and more of the dark crevasse of a cleavage between the monstrosities on her chest, effortlessly adding entire D or DDD cups worth of cleavage. While the ribbing was sliding down, Cameron noticed two nubs on either side were staying put. Dear lord, the woman's nipples! Wine corks, and thrice as fat. While the shirt's ribbing was spaced out, this plus sized tank top had an inner lining to prevent anything from showing through by design to prevent embarrassment. If he imagined slightly, he could visualize the outer bumps of a tremendous invisible areola outline ... but his mind was playing tricks on him. Invisible panty line syndrome. The prominent nips were understandable, Charlotte probably couldn't find a bra to cram herself into anymore. She had certainly failed with the last ones she showed up with, probably not worth the effort anymore.

The shirt creaked under her administrations, and she immediately stopped, alarmed. Both Cameron and Charlotte held their breath. The half-petite beauty slowly brought her hands back up to the top of the tank, and bashfully eked it back up a bit. "Oops ..."

"It looks good. Tank tops usually look good on thin girls like yourself. That one might be a little small on you, though."

Charlotte grimaced. "Yeah, It's a little hard to breathe. Not if I, uh, don't want to ..."

"Yeah. Though it might be already ruined," Cameron admitted. "There's no way that's gonna shrink down to fit anybody else."

Charlotte giggled. "Oh! Oh, stop making me laugh when I'm wearing things!" she laughed, putting both her arms around her bust to cradle them to herself and protect the shirt from undue strain. The added compression had the effect of bulging her behemoth tits up to her chin as they

wobbled, and more spectacularly, there was inches of Charlotte bulging out the bottom, too. It looked like the cavernous tank top was a too-small tube top, exposing both the tops and bottoms of her breasts as she ballooned out of it in all directions. Busty girls sometimes simultaneously overflowed the tops and bottoms of a bra, or a bikini. Charlotte did that to a super large shirt!! And he didn't think she even noticed!

"Too. Small," he said, ruining the dreams of men everywhere. "If that's all it takes to shred your shirt, you're not fit for public."

She desperately tried to stifle her laughter with one hand. "You make me sound like a walking disaster!"

Cameron didn't respond, though there were plenty of things he would like to say. He had been stuck between making a Hurricane Charlotte joke in poor taste, or saying something he would want to take back. Disaster indeed! He was having trouble surviving this woman. Not only was she extremely attractive, but most of their conversations had something to do with her breasts, one way or another!

Charlotte settled down and put her arms back down. She took a step forward, closer to the doorway and nearly stepping through. Beyond Cameron's comprehension ... The outer extremities of her breasts were no longer visible on either side. From his vantage point, the door-frame was cutting them off. The span of her bosom literally exceeded that of the dressing room's door. This girl was truly and grotesquely FAT ... but only with her feminine curves, and not an ounce besides.

Sensing her anticipation, Cameron slowly nodded his final approval. "What's that mean?" Charlotte followed up. "Grab a larger size and I can wear this in public? Without looking too bad?"

"You're definitely going to draw attention, but yes. It's normal enough."

Charlotte twirled her hair. "I've made peace with that. Might as well. Now for something a bit fancier ..."

She returned after a swap wearing a simple pink V-neck. Like the tank top, it bulged obscenely over her melons. Like everything. Other than that, it was normal enough, if totally voluminous. The cleavage shown was again a small mountain cavern, but again, that was going to be the norm for Charlotte Reid. He wondered if he hung out with her all the time, he would ever tire of the majestic sight of her sweater pups. Immediately, Cameron's eyes were drawn to her nubs poking out of the sheer material. Stretched so thinly, this time he COULD make out the red-head's light burgundy areola beneath the pink cotton, a wide disk darker than the surrounding pale tit. Her areola moons were bigger than sandwich plates! At this vastitude there was no doubt he couldn't palm her bosom, which had been a question for last week. The new game, could he even palm her areola? He wasn't so sure. There would obviously be much that escaped his fingers, even if he landed a full hand and squeezed. A problem he rarely had with a woman's entire boob. Charlotte was so BIG!

“Uh, it looks great but you’re going to want to wear something under this. You’re showing a bit from the front.”

“Oh!” Charlotte straightened back, raising her arms vertical as if she was caught touching something she shouldn’t. Looking down at her bosom ... there was simply no way for her to see the problem. They protruded far too in front. She changed tactic, leaning forward to slide her arms around and put her hands over her nipples. She was blushing bright red, her eyes ablaze with a certain energy. “Sorry. I bet you see a lot of that, working here, huh?” Her attempt at modesty was entirely thwarted by her size. Her areola was still distinctly visible, their diameter almost twice as big as the hands they circled. As a bonus, because she was leaning forward, even more of her cleavage yawned open such that a man could have stuck his whole head down her shirt without touching fabric. And by a considerable margin, his head would merely be the third largest thing ensconced within. Not that Cameron was considering it.

“Hey, it’s fine. You did want something risque, right?” Cameron proffered cheerfully.

Charlotte smiled with exasperation. “‘Flattering’, remember? I was really thinking less ‘gaudy’, and more ‘seductive’.”

“Men are simple creatures, sometimes it’s the same thing.”

Charlotte giggled again, wobbling beneath her hands like Jell-O. “Is that right ... And is it working? Careful, you might convince me to buy it.” Her eyes twinkled as they met his.

Oh boy, what a loaded softball. She was actually flirting with him! Not good. He really wanted to reciprocate in kind, but he needed to be mindful that this was his job, too. He simply gave her his patented, dashing, half smile. “I think it works well. And I can’t be bribed for compliments, I don’t work on commission.”

Charlotte was beaming when she closed the door to the room again. After that, it was a roulette of some of the various shirts. About five or so, of various normal enough shirts that were pushed to their impossible limits as they struggled to contain Charlotte. Every mini fashion show reminded Cameron that Charlotte was gorgeous, her tits were too big, and she was fun to talk to.

“Am I showing in the front?” she asked for the next one.

“Nope, not this one.”

“Would you tell me?” she teased.

“Probably,” Cameron countered.

She was starting to flounce more with each item, getting into the fashion show for her audience. The extra bounciness had a dramatic impact on the swaying and jogging in her shirt. It was extremely fortunate that Cameron had been wiser about sizes for the last several shirts after the tank top. Or unfortunate, depending.

For the third shirt, she turned to the side and arched her back, swivel one way, pose, swivel back, and pose to show off the angles. “Good?”

“Definitely.” God, the way they trembled. Each time she turned and swayed, it took extra seconds for her titanic jugs to come to a full stop within their overmatched prisons. Each time she turned, they hadn’t finished jostling by the time she switched to the other side. Her profile was astonishing outside the baggy coat, her bosom projected out so unimaginably FAR. From the side, he could fully appreciate the cute, tiny girl behind the boobs, a petite figure belong to an A cup at best. It was almost impossible to reconcile the tale of two body types, her own boobs being several times the width of her body back to front as entirely extra additions. By all rights she should have toppled over long ago, on her heels, but her posture was poised when she wanted it to be, and only dramatized her proportions. Her fancy heels, her toned ass, her beautiful hair, her BOULDERS. It was an awe inspiring sight, and from no other angle would he even get to see her toned belly.

By the seventh and final shirt she was clearly at ease with her runway. She came out casual-like, with her hands already ‘covering’ her nipples. “So this one also shows from the front, I’ll spare you the travesty,” she snickered. “But otherwise, how is it?”

It was a frilly, loose-neck shirt, and the floral patterns were stretched sheer on the front as she had said. “I like it on you, it’s somewhat elegant but still fun. And definitely not a trash bag, so an upgrade from what you’ve got.”

“Should I be worried about this, though?” Charlotte leaned forward, letting the frilly neckline droop and expose even more of her light globes, a yawning cleavage that grew and grew as her shirt fell open. She continued leaning until she was bent over 70 degrees, showing more than two feet of the tops of her breasts, packed into the body of the shirt and crushed against one another as they fought for room on her chest and inside the fabric margins. It was a deep, tight chasm of perfectly developed breasts. Notably soft and natural, they weren’t just off the charts on size, but they were BEAUTIFUL too. Milky and round, full and protuberant. It appeared that they would be considered perky, even, if the rest of Charlotte had been proportional to them. As it were, they were too big and too heavy for the term to properly fit.

“Elegant but still fun,” Cameron said firmly, about the shirt.

“If it’s so elegant, why are you blushing?”

“Cocktail dresses are elegant too, but have you SEEN some of those?”

“Ah. You mean NOT seen, right?” Charlotte snickered, her monster breasts swayed pendulous beneath her torso. “I have a closet of those.” She continued looking down at herself, having the best view in the entire world, and appraised her cleavage for a few moments. There was an alarmingly small distance between her breasts and the ground. She looked back up at him, forcing him to quickly make eye contact. “.... You really don’t mind boobs this big, huh?”

“Like I said, I’m here for the clothes,” Cameron said cautiously. “Doesn’t matter what’s underneath.”

Charlotte’s eyes never left him as she straightened up. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the front of the shirt rise up and up and then out and out like a popup book, her teats naturally

cantilevering themselves out into the open air. "I see ..." she said. "... You guys do alterations and things here, right?"

"Yes, we have some great seamstresses on call, you can even order custom items."

"Good, then let me try one last thing. I found it in the dressing room."

"But –" Cameron started to protest. Surely whatever she had found would get destroyed, if she could even struggle with it that far, but she had already disappeared back into the room and he was left to stand outside.

"Ok, ready?" Charlotte called from within.

No. "Yes," Cameron answered. Charlotte appeared by giving the dressing room door a mule kick, knocking it open. She stood beyond the doorway with her back turned towards him, and was looking over her shoulder back at him.

"Ok, so I actually LOVE this dress," she said.

Not hard to see why, Cameron instantly did, too! It was a beautiful purple garment made of tight fabric. It had no back to it, it had a tight bow cinched about her minuscule waist, and the purple cloth clung to her hips before hanging down stopping short in a hot skirt about the knees. It wasn't exactly her size, a little large on the belly and a little long in the skirt (for the design), but the slit for her leg and bare back on her svelte form did wonders. Her back was almost entirely bare, her every contour revealed, and her ass had definite shape even through the bagginess of the skirt.

"Imagine my hair is up." She had flipped her hair over her shoulder, having it hang down her front instead of down her back. This left her neck exposed, totaling a lot of exposed skin.

But the dress nearly fit her, it was only a size too big or so, which meant ... it didn't fit. Charlotte could never get this dress fully on. Ever. She was observing him over her shoulder as he took all that in, and she had her reasons. She was stuck reaching forward, her arms resting upon her goliath mass, holding something at the other end. And her breasts looked to be completely naked.

As it was, she was showing acres of breast from the back, and her unfettered breasts spread to their natural dimensions. Even when facing away, her world-class tits dominated her frame. The vista was spectacular, Charlotte's arms weren't even there to obstruct any of her remarkably vast bustline. The girl was more tit than girl, the great barrels of bosom expanded outwards from her chest, hugely round with a slight teardrop shape measured down to her hips and spread out past her shoulders and the DOOR again, great gibbous slabs of breasts. With their fatness and torpedo protrusion, it seemed impossible to walk up behind her and be able to reach the front of her breasts, even for a tall guy like Cameron.

Charlotte bit her lip, struggling to look back at his reaction without turning around. "How's it look?"

“Beautiful,” he said, stunned.

“I’d model it, but,” she shrugged helplessly, sending the behemoths quivering up and down.

“I take it you want us to let it out in the front?” Cameron guessed.

“Way, waaaaaaay in the front, please,” Charlotte giggled, raising her arms as much as she could. It wasn’t far, and her elbows were still being swallowed in her cleavage. At full arm’s length, Charlotte was barely holding the ends of two purple straps. Cameron inferred the rest. The dress bound itself around the wearer’s hips and belly, and then the bodice of the dress separated into two band of cloth that started at the rib cage. These cloth bands were elongated triangles, their bases overlapping under the ribs, but stretching up and tapering to points, to become no more than string at the end. These were MEANT to be drawn up her torso, meet at her neck, and get tied into a lovely bow where the extra length would dangle enticingly down her back. In the process, passing over the wearer’s breasts and providing some modesty, but an absolutely daring décolletage.

By Cameron’s estimate, Charlotte could barely get the entire length of those straps past her nipples, if that. And that’s why she couldn’t model this. She wasn’t in it.

“We are gonna need some measurements if you want to do that.”

Charlotte made a face. “I know. Make the front bands straps about ...” She smiled a little sheepishly. “About 50 inches longer, and the base width, 60 inches.”

“You’re doing that in your head?” Cameron protested. “That’s extremely unreliable!”

“I’ve had practice ballparking it. We’ll see how it comes out,” Charlotte shrugged, still leaning over her bosom to hold the straps. “Besides, measuring me now ... probably won’t be very helpful.”

“... They are going to think I’m joking when I give them those dimensions.”

“Take a picture, ask them if I look like a joke to them,” Charlotte giggled, wobbling unrestrained. Then she looked down at herself. “Don’t you dare take a picture.”

“Alright, alright, but I’m in protest. What are your waist and hips, and how long do you want the skirt?”

Charlotte looked back up at him, grinning cheekily. “Interested?”

“Very. I’d like to go home today.”

She stuck her tongue out at him. “22 and 32 inches.”

“Got it,” he confirmed.

“You’re committing that to memory?”

“Sure, why not. Charlotte Reid, ‘22’ and ‘32’ and ‘Who knows.’”

“Who knows ...” Charlotte repeated softly. Then, “You didn’t ask for that one.”

“You know your bust measurement??”

“Well, no. But I wanted to make you ask.”

Cameron sighed.

“You got a little excited,” Charlotte said cheerfully. “You actually wanted to know.”

“In the same way people want to know how many rubbers bands are in the biggest rubber band ball,” Cameron answered grumpily.

“Oh.” Charlotte frowned. “Alright, I’ll change. Close the door, please.”

Cameron obliged. In a moment she was back in her long brown coat and handing him a stack of clothes. “I’ll take these,” she said. “But I’ll go for a larger version of the tank top.”

Cameron performed his duty, walking her to the counter and ringing her up. She reached into her purse a produced a paper card while he was bagging her items.

“Here,” she said, handing it to him. “Call me when the dress is ready. PLEASE don’t put my number in the system or anything like that, though. I’m trusting YOU to do it, when the time comes. I don’t want to be on any telemarketer’s list. Thank you, Cameron!”

“Understood. Have a good night, Ms. Reid.”

The bustiest woman ever walked out with her bags, and Cameron leaned on his counter, taking a look at what she had given him. A handwritten note on a piece of stationary card, “Charlotte Reid” followed by her phone number. “Call or text.” He studied it. Not a business card. Personally spelled out. She could have written it in the dressing room. She could have a stack of these written out for this sort of thing.

But for some reason, it had been prepared before coming to the check-out counter. Cameron pondered the note as he carefully folded it into his wallet.

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PART 03

Convincing the seamstress Cameron was making a serious request had gotten a few eyebrows raised in his direction, but it hadn't been too bad. Although her eyebrows were kinda scary, it was nothing compared to the flamingo debacle. The dress would be ready in about 3 or 4 days, the time it took to get the material from the manufacturers. It was precisely for this sort of thing that Cameron's store kept specialists on retainer and offered extra services. The rich and the fancy that inundated the local area were wont to make special requests, or pay a higher cost to get things made juuuust right. Oftentimes on a deadline, and it was necessary to oblige the customer or they'd go somewhere else.

Four days after the request, the dress was complete. Cameron dutifully fished Ms. Reid's number out from its safe space in his pocket, and picked up a department phone. It was answered on the third ring, "Hello?" It was Charlotte's voice.

"Hello, Ms. Reid, this is—"

"Cameron! Ok just a sec –hold on I got to take this—Ok, hi! This about the dress?"

"Yes ma'am. It's ready."

Charlotte giggled on the other line. "Ok, good. Hey, uhm, can I ask a favor? ... Do you ... could you deliver it for me?"

Also not that uncommon. Shipping could cause wrinkles and creases in some very fine garments, and fetching things oneself was very passe. However, such deliveries were normally done by those specifically hired to do so. Still, Cameron considered this magnificent beauty something of his client now, and he was burning with curiosity. That's all. She was his responsibility, that's why he was doing this. It was a good enough excuse for himself.

"Yeah, I could certainly do that. At your house?"

"Thank you so much," she sounded genuinely pleased. "Yes, my house. Ready for the address?"

"Just a second, I'll jot this down on paper instead. Since spam mail is almost as bad as telemarketers, I'll keep your home address out of our system, too."

Laughter. "You picked up on that, huh? Perfect, thanks," she said very sincerely.

"Ready," Cameron announced. Charlotte spouted off her address, and he resisted an uncouth whistle. She WAS a rich kid. That was surprising to him! The bombshell didn't have the airs so many of those types did, but there was no question she was from the right side of the tracks.

"Got it," he responded truthfully.

“Great! Oh, and when you get here, send me a text. The buzzer doesn’t work on the gate.”

“Oook, when will you need it by?”

“Hrmmm,” Charlotte’s voice considered on the other end. “When’s the earliest you could get it here?”

“After I’m done with my shift. In about an hour or two?”

“Perfect! See you then.”

In an hour or two, Cameron was ready. He opted to remain in his work clothes for the delivery, to maintain appearances that he was actually working. He had neglected to tell anyone, and wouldn’t be paid for this journey. It was purely for customer satisfaction. In the back room, he fetched the garb from the long rows of stock. The dress was packaged with care in voluminous clear wrap. Inside, Cameron could see that Charlotte’s two custom-made straps were longer than the rest of the dress itself, and were each wider than it, too. It was so commodious, it didn’t resemble much of a dress anymore with all the loose bits. Cameron had trouble imagining such a thing packed to the brim, but he could not wait to be proven wrong.

On the drive to the Reid residence, he passed two golf courses, hundreds of trees, and several nice neighborhoods to find himself on a lakeside drive. Onwards past the McMansions, the semi-rich, and towards the riverside, proper mansions. The address led him to a picturesque estate right on the lake, with a gated drive that went back 40 yards or so. It was gorgeous, a modern mansion framed by the lake in the background, a football field-wide plot of land surrounded by swaying trees, and a small marina visibly curling into the water in the back. The lawn was well manicured with only a few scattered leaves about, which delicately huddled beneath the whispering branches of the breezing foliage. It was a home that looked right at home with the others in the ‘neighborhood’, and befitting of the upscale region of the lake. The sort of house one passed during a boat tour out on the water, and admired with wishful thinking.

Cameron was glad to be in his work attire after all, he felt very conspicuous here. This wasn’t his neck of the woods, but at least he was dressed smartly. He examined the gate that broke up the brick wall surrounding the property. To the left was an intercom next to the mailbox, but the call button had a small piece of masking tape affixed to it, which read “Fix me :(“ in handwritten red letters. Remembering Charlotte’s instructions, Cameron pulled out his phone and sent a text to her number.

Cameron< Ms. Reid, this is Cameron. I’m at the gate. >

In less than a minute, < Great! Park in the driveway and I’ll get the door. >

Open sesame, the iron gate opened smoothly before him, and he pulled up the small road to the house. The drive looped around in front of the house before returning on itself. There were some cars there, some practical, and some fancy, but there was enough room that he didn’t have to park behind anyone. Cameron gathered up the dress carefully before stepping out and making his way up to the imposing stoop. The large mahogany door opened before him, and he saw

something dark blue before the door swung fully open. Then he saw a LOT of dark blue, but not nearly enough.

“Hey, Cameron!”

Charlotte stood back in the dark blue tank top they had chosen during her last visit. The one she had actually bought and now wore, Cameron remembered, was two sizes larger than the one she had tried on in the store. Despite that, it APPEARED smaller and even MORE ill-fitting than the than one previous! The ginger babe’s breasts had expanded to fill their container and then some, overmatching it in every conceivable direction. Merely standing there, Charlotte’s canvas of cleavage bulged up nearly to her chin, two plump curves forming a shelf of tits several feet deep. The tank’s over-the-shoulder straps were several degrees beyond drawn tight, the 3 inch bands were actually cutting into the dangerous hills of abundant bosom exploding out of the top of the shirt. Because of the softness but overwhelming magnitude of her breasts, the straps were being swallowed by her excess as they dug into her. Her newly achieved width stretched her dimensions well past her shoulders on either side by at least a foot, two feet at their widest. It was clear she needed more than that, but that was all the shirt could allow. The garb was cutting her breasts in half about their fat middles, causing the rest to pooch out the sides by entire extra inches, and swell out the bottom of the shirt and eclipse her hips. The entire outfit resembled a woman wearing a barrel for a top, one that was too small for the contents, and packed to the brim with pound after pound of tit.

Since it was indeed made of cloth, the stretched ribs were bare enough to pick out individual threads. Her modesty would not have been preserved in the least had the enterprising woman not found some substitute pasties for herself. It looked like she had appropriated some yoga mats for the job, and cut out medium-pizza sized kinda-circles to cover her naughty moons, and the great disks were either held there by tape or by the sheer pressure of the shirt. It ALSO appeared that she had cut these shapes some time ago, and not this morning. The mat disks might have once been up to the task, but Charlotte’s herculean development had surpassed their capacity, and now there were bits of her burgundy areola peeking out all around the shields. Even out the bottom of the shirt itself! Cameron was confronted with his first ‘true’ glimpse of the red head’s naked bosom fronts, as the top could not come down far enough to ‘cover’ her. In the end, Charlotte’s bust had effortlessly reduced a tent like tank top to a mere tube top too small by half.

Charlotte was standing there with her head slightly lilted to one side, amused as he took her all in. Now more than ever, it stood out just how beautiful and thin the girl was, two boulders perched upon sporty legs and sneakers. Presumably booty shorts, because hell if Cameron could see them from this angle.

“Yep ... Pretty much,” she said with a hint of self-satisfaction. “Anyways, come on in.” There had been no attempt on her part to cover herself beyond that yoga mat ‘bra’, but now she put both hands on the sides of her bosom as she stepped back and turned to let Cameron through the doorway. Cameron recognized this maneuver as also not one of modesty, but of necessity. Not if she wanted the shirt to survive. She had to steady the obese breasts to prevent the garment from

shredding under duress as she moved. With that much mass, she built up a lot of momentum in a hurry. It was precarious at best, but Charlotte likely didn't have much else to wear. No wonder she had wanted the dress delivered.

And now Cameron already felt proven wrong. He wasn't sure this girl would be able to get the dress on after all! The laughably large straps didn't seem up to the task Charlotte now presented! Each tit was a barrel unto itself!

As Charlotte stepped aside, Cameron realized that the lass had not afforded him nearly as much room as she had meant to. She was holding the door with her back, but because of her bosom's enormous overreach and projection, she was still nearly bulging into the door frame anyways! Her profile was still wider than the door, too! There was a whole slab of pale teat leaning out in front of him, in the way. Cradling her dress in his arms, he squeezed himself through the door, trying desperately not to brush up against his client. It was not possible, Charlotte was too vast, he ended up taking some breast to the stomach. It was warm, hefty, and the moderate impact sent several feet of cleavage jiggling. Charlotte, from an astonishing distance considering her chest had just met his, watched the exchange with interest. "Oops," she said unapologetically, using her hands to gently squish her breasts in closer and slightly out of his way. Her chin was now obscured, as her breasts appeared to be four feet in vertical height from their tip-tops to the bottoms flooding down and out of her shirt. Past the busty roadblock, Cameron found himself in the parlor.

It was a lovely house, the parlor opening up on a main room that was very spacious with lots of light. There were quite a few windows on the far wall, displaying the beauty of the lake as well as an enormous lawn and patio. The interior was also exquisite, with art deco furniture and arrangement, keeping the room free.

"That's the dress? Wool!" Charlotte clasped her hands above her chest. "Something that fits! Maybe. Let's see it!" Cameron handed it to her and she held it up. "Ooooh. Here have a seat on the sofa while we try this on. Maisie will bring you drinks."

"Water, tea, or something stronger, perhaps?" Cameron nearly jumped at the soft but officious voice. Appearing from somewhere, there was now a middle aged woman standing there beside him,, in formal dress and looking very proper.

"Just water, thanks," he said, and Maisie disappeared off to the left down a hallway.

"She's keeping me company while I live here," Charlotte explained. "Normally she waits on my parents in the city, but ... circumstances. Anyways, I'll be back."

Charlotte hung the dress on her arm and slinked off, her ponytail swishing. She was indeed wearing sky blue short-shorts that only just covered her ass. They looked more like pajamas than anything mean for outside wear. Cameron had to admire how graceful the girl was, her rhythmic steps befitting that of a model or those girls who knew they looked good. And the great mass of her breasts didn't seem to affect her movement at all, they simply did their own thing as they hung out in front of her. A great deal of which Cameron could observe, everything past her torso

and hips was eclipsed by back boob. There was so much, as she neared the right hand hallway, Charlotte had to compress her bosom on both sides to fit. She did it so casually, it was a part of her lifestyle now. Cameron could appreciate that, but it was still an astonishing sight.

“Looks like you’re coping, but geez. You have to do that every time, now?” Cameron asked.

“Not unless I want to smack my boobs,” Charlotte said over her shoulder as she condensed herself. She was doing it slow on account of her hazardous shirt, Cameron guessed. “Or smack something else. I’ve hit a portrait or two in this hallway already. Lots of accidents. Loooooots of accidents ... That table in front of you used to have a centerpiece. Whoops!” Charlotte was making sure to bring her hands at least a foot inwards from each wall, more than necessary. She didn’t have enough arms to reign in all of her girth, so the best strategy was to tighten the middle as much you could and hope for the best. Astoundingly, that resulted in the tops of her breasts being visible over her head. “Things are going missing around here,” she laughed. “One by one.

“That sounds annoying,” Cameron sympathized.

“Nah. Flowers are overrated.” She winked back at him, and pushed through the door to disappear down the hall. Cameron idled on the couch, and graciously accepted his water when Maisie came back. She disappeared to go help Charlotte, presumably, leaving Cameron to glance about for a few minutes and take in the decor. None of it was gaudy, but it oozed artistic sense and intelligent placement. He wondered if it had been professionally done. He actually sat there for ten or fifteen minutes before he was called to action.

“Ok,” came a huff from down the hall. “Ready?”

“Let’s see it!”

Charlotte appeared, squeezing her voluminous bustline, and stepped out of the hallway. Her lustrous hair was fastened upwards in a barrette to keep it off her back, and she had equipped violet eyeshadow and dark mascara with false lashes, teased to the side for a lusty darkness about her eyes. Her alabaster neck was adorned with a black collar with a dark amethyst pendant, and her dainty feet wore platform cork heels in black. Above that rose her pale legs, slender calves and thighs, up to the hemline of the skintight dress’ skirt. It was several inches above her knees, a binding skirt that left none of her curves to the imagination. Though from the front, that was all he was going to see of that, not with the petite girl’s leviathan breasts in the way. And he could see that only because he was sitting down. For anybody else, the hem would be entirely eclipsed by her cleavage.

Not that you’d bother to look! What a cleavage! Charlotte’s main attractions were covered by huge purple triangles, the modified portion of the dress. Beneath them, the dress was supposedly covering her belly, and about at her ribcage transitioned into the bands of cloth that covered her breasts. But she was enormous enough that those long triangles had to dip down from her waist, under her overlarge breasts, around the front, up her cleavage, and get tied behind her neck. There wasn’t much left after the knot, no string left to dangle, and no slack whatsoever in the straps as they skimmed up her contours, making a beeline for her neck.

Although not meant for support, the wrapping nature of the straps caused them to hoist a portion of the weighty mams, preventing Charlotte's majority mass from hanging as low as they would naturally. The leverage BALLOONED her out either side of the bodice, even further than they had before. She was now an entire foot wider than the hallway from which she had come, on both sides simultaneously. Furthermore this wasn't covered by fabric, this was outside the dress, all pale flesh, inch after inch and foot after foot. This hoisting effect also allowed her breasts to swoop out dramatically, hanging several feet in front of her and farther than the poor girl could reach. As much Charlotte shoving out the side was also stuffed between, forming a dense, hypnotic cavern of cleavage that needed no makeup for emphasis. A yardstick could have been lost in there, and Cameron had half a mind to try. Charlotte was undoubtedly familiar with the practice of shadowing ones cleavage with makeup to pronounce it, but she would never require those skills again. There wasn't another woman in the world with such a devastating neckline. And hers didn't end until her waist!

Charlotte reached forward and fussed with the straps, hard to do when she couldn't reach the main portion, and tried to widen them out on the fronts of her breasts. Charlotte's guessed specifications had been quite reasonable, but she may have undershot her expected growth. The front triangles were not quite adequate, perhaps only covering a third of her total chest, though the effect was brilliant. Completing her adjustment, Charlotte patted the fat sides of her breasts with a 'There!' attitude, her firm flesh rebounding under her palms.

"Welllll?" she asked.

"Hmm," Cameron did manage. Pretty coherent, all things considered. He twirled a finger, a universal sign of 'turn around'. Charlotte flashed her pearly whites at him and obliged, switching to profile.

Cameron put his water down. The purple garb was cinched about her mini waist, Cameron might be able to wrap both hands around it and have his fingers meet. The skirt clung to her ass like its life depended on it, a club-goers fit that accentuated her hips. And even from this angle, her tummy entirely disappeared beneath exposed breast. It may never see sunshine again. Gawd, her BREASTS, from the side he could see EVERYTHING about them as the entire flank was entirely uncovered. From where her breasts joined her torso, to where they slanted down and curved into their greater teardrop shape, down down down to her hips as they swelled out fantastically from her body into next WEEK, with a yard of pale tit before the straps of her dress interfered with the view. They were perfectly formed, creamy and full, soft and smooth, everything one could expect but on an unbelievable scale. The hot number's straps were tied at up at her slender neck, and without a back on her shoulder blades, it was nearly like a topless girl in a sexpot skirt. Beneath those slackless straps, where they lifted from her bosom on their way to her neck, there was so much room that he could clearly see the window on the wall behind her, and out onto the front lawn.

Charlotte leaned forward for a few moments, then straightened and stepped back to luxuriate against the wall.

"I see you really took the model thing seriously," Cameron observed, noting her pose.

"I did," she said. "No, wait." She tilted her head back, seductively leering at him through half slanted eyes and long lashes, and planted a heel against the wall behind her.

"Very nice," Cameron nodded, impressed.

"Ok, but time's up, already! What do you think?!"

"What does Maisie think?"

Charlotte scowled at him. "She thinks it's too much."

"Well, it IS a lot," Cameron mused aloud. Charlotte pouted before he could even finish. "But that's what you're going for in a dress like that," he continued. "It's pretty phenomenal. You're going to turn every head."

Charlotte raised an eyebrow, the edges of her mouth slowly curling up into a broad smile. "Turn every head, I already knew. Not really the dress' fault, either. But phenomenal, eh?" Charlotte arched her back luxuriously, her hands above her head, stretching back like a gymnastics pro. She certainly had the build, and the dress was nearly a leotard, with one area of exception. Her suspended bosom elevated even further in front, balanced above her thin legs and stressing her dress to the utmost limits. "But I better wear it soon." She relaxed, returning to her normal posture and her dress groaned as her bosom settled heavily back into the structure. Charlotte picked at one of her dress straps wistfully. "It's nearly too small already. But I sound like a broken record with that, lately."

"But you guessed pretty well on the measurements, honestly."

"Mm ..."

"Are you comfortable in it?"

"I feel like myself," she confessed. "More than I have in a while. I have several dresses like this one already; none I can get into. So it's me again, just ..." She held her hands out in front of her chest, the universal symbol for huge boobs. Her hands fell well short of her actual dimension, though.

"Masie has NEVER approved, huh?"

Charlotte stifled her laughter, smiling privately. "Nope, never."

Cameron studied her face, and Charlotte obliged by turning her head and batting her lashes at him. "You got dolled up REALLY fast, I'm pretty impressed." It had been weighing on his mind, but his head had finally cleared enough to notice.

"Practice! ..." Charlotte gave him a hesitant grin. "And I had it all ready back there, I couldn't wait to try this thing on," she said a little sheepishly.

Charlotte looked down at herself. "You must think I'm crazy, still buying clothes and doing all these things, under the circumstances." Cameron started to shake his head in negation, but

Charlotte wasn't paying attention. "But I'm afraid I have lots of prior engagements this summer, things I have to go to. Some are quite important, and I have to look my best, you know how it is."

"Heaven forbid Charlotte Reid look anything but extraordinary."

"Exactly!" Charlotte smiled easily, making eye contact again, her piercing green eyes on fire. "Like I said, it used to be so easy, so many outfits to choose from, any mood I was going for. Now ... I'll have to get everything custom made, but I don't even know how BIG-" she emphasized by squeezing her megalithic boobs, "-these are going to be by the time I need to wear it. It's getting really hard to coordinate!" she exclaimed, stepping off the wall. She had every right to topple over, nothing about her body could counterbalance the heft of those boulders, but Charlotte looked barely affected. "That's where I'm hoping you will come in."

She stepped over towards the sofa, her heels clacking on the floor as she strode with poise. It was an entirely different posture from earlier. This dress wasn't quite ready to burst, Charlotte could move freely, and be herself in it. Her smooth transition across the floor alone was an awe inspiring sight, her two dirigibles caroming in her dress as she balanced without apparent effort. Legs elongated by heels striding with purpose beneath a short skirt hem that was too clingy to shift much in the walk. She stepped up to the couch perpendicular to Cameron's and sat down with all the practice of a girl used to wearing short, tight skirts, with her knees locked together to the side.

Her elephantine mammaries pooled up on her laps and on the sofa cushions to either side, resting easily on the surface and dwarfing the sofa cushions themselves. They looked softer, too. Each of Charlotte's breasts must have weighed a hundred pounds apiece, if not more, larger than life as they lazed like huge pillows and mounded up to her shoulders. Both Charlotte's seat and the seats on both sides were occupied, repurposed as a bra substitute out of necessity. Stuck in the middle the bombshell looked positively diminutive, skinny and seated behind the two mammoth beasts that outweighed the rest of her. It almost looked like she was separate from them, merely sitting behind two large rotund things on the sofa, as they eclipsed much of her body and only her head and shoulders poked above.

Cameron waited for her to get situated. "You want my help getting clothes? I'm just department store middle management, I've never worked special for a customer before."

"But you have all the connections you need through the store, right?"

"Yes," Cameron admitted.

"And you've already helped me out lots! Putting things in perspective, working with my unusual case, finding me good things. You UNDERSTAND. I'd like to stick with someone I know does a good job." She was smiling at him in earnest. In the way her hair framed her beauty, her breast framed her entire visage. They utterly filled her lap and more besides, the girl could barely lean forward in her seat, and they filled Cameron's peripheral vision. "I'm going to need outfits, nice ones I can wear out or to parties. God it sound so pretentious, but money is no object. I really need nice things that fit ... me. Near enough. And I'll need someone who can help me."

She bit her lip. "Please."

"Hmm ..." Cameron said. The easy answer was yes, he wanted to work alongside this incredible woman. But if he did this, he was committing to a professional relationship, as more of a direct employee of hers. And he was starting to want something more, beyond just a physical attraction. This might be hard on him. No, no, actually this could work out. He didn't want to jump into a relationship again, as difficult as Charlotte was making that resolve, so maybe this was the perfect middle ground. "Alright, I'll do it," he said with finality.

Charlotte looked relieved, leaning forward onto her cleavage near enough to use it as a pillow. "Good, good," she beamed. "Now that's decided ... Are you available to help me, now?" Charlotte leaned forward, compressing her chest down towards her knees. The fronts of her dress overshot her legs by several feet, her breast actually filled the space between her and the coffee table, closing the aisle. There would be no walking past anybody in that direction! The girl rested her arms and elbows on her chest, a nearly a yardstick's worth of boob marshmallowing out her dress. There was even a brown bit poking out around the purple straps, the girl's leviathan areola making an appearance. Charlotte would need tape before wearing this sucker out in public. Or she'd need to learn the kind of effect she would be having on all those around her, if she wanted to wear something like that dress.

Cameron checked the time, for an excuse to look away. "For a little while longer." Charlotte raised an eyebrow, but said nothing.

Maisie appeared out of nowhere, handing Cameron a sleek powerful tablet. He took it, resolving to be less startled around this house. He had a job to do, and a beautiful woman to please.

"Alright, so how do we start?" she asked.

"Let's start with designs like, first. Then we can work out the practicality of customizing them. We're also going to have to figure out ... how to deal with planning for the future."

Charlotte giggled, her heaped bosom wobbling heavily like a table on wheels in an earthquake. She patted the sofa cushion next to her. "Ok, move so I can see."

Cameron faltered. The cushion she had patted was over half encompassed by her right tit.

"Now who's the shy one," Charlotte asked dryly, pouncing on his hesitation.

That, and Cameron didn't want to stand UP ... Not since she came out with that scanty number on! Cautiously, Cameron shifted himself over to the perpendicular sofa without putting himself upright, and strategically held the tablet to hide his 'affliction'. One he was not going to be cured of any time soon. After relocating, he found himself sitting beside a monstrous breast. Round and soft and big like a full cushion or bean bag, he had to resist instinctively using Charlotte as an armrest. Partly because he was going to shift so Charlotte could see better, as she was already leaning over to see his lap and the screen, but there was still plenty of room between them. Not counting breast, which he had to remind himself of. The size was what really threw him

off. Up close, it was too easy to forget the gorgeous orb was actually a part of Charlotte's body. Moreso, a highly intimate portion of it. He mustn't touch!

Still, the wall of tit deserved admiration and commanded attention at this proximity. The woman's chest was ridiculous, the damn thing rose up to his OWN chest, and was bigger around this own torso. And this was just ONE of them, firmly and massively flopped on the seat beside him and partly on his own, too! The other was just as full, beached on the other side of Charlotte's minuscule shoulders. Up close, the expanse of naked flanks looked so silky in texture, he wished he HAD accidentally put his arm on her, just to test that firmness.

Cameron shifted focus, chastising himself. This stuff is what he needed to avoid. He brought up some fashion sites on the tablet, and together, the duo browsed catalogs and nitpicked outfits. It was a while before they had finished their discussion. A lot of it centered on 'would this look good with big boobs', 'would this be too daring', and sometimes, 'would this be too modest'. Together they brainstormed and opined, making a lot of headway on the future of Charlotte's wardrobe. Some parts of it needed a little creativity, which Cameron was happy to provide.

"You have some scandalous tendencies," Cameron observed towards the end of the session. "You are going to be the only one anybody talks to at your dinner parties."

Charlotte grinned wickedly. "Silly Cameron, don't you know overlarge breasts are impolite at social outings? Reserved for ex wives and maneaters only. If anything, I'm at leper status. The bimbo with the absurd boob job."

He looked at her. "But you're not a bimbo."

"I know! And this is not a boob job."

"You need some new friends."

"No, I need something to wear. These parties are finally fun again," there was an odd gleam in her eyes, until she batted them at him innocently.

Cameron felt himself smiling at her, until it turned into a chuckle. Charlotte giggled with him, and the whole cushion next to Cameron jiggled with the motion. And his cushion, too. He could feel the weight of her breast wobble transmitted through the sofa. After the moment passed, Cameron shifted and turned back to the screen to hash out the last details.

Finally they were done with a small array of outfits, all saved off for future reference. Then they prioritized them, Charlotte indicating which she would like soon.

"We should only do a few," Cameron reasoned. "Just in case."

Charlotte nodded seriously. "Just in case," she echoed.

"Let's do ... these for now." She pointed out several and Cameron set it up. He sent an email to the seamstress, and made an appointment for Charlotte tomorrow.

"There! She will come out, measure you, and you two can talk sizes."

Charlotte grinned. "Girl talk. Great, I'm excited. Some of these are really cute. Some maybe even with huge breasts."

"Especially with huge breasts," Cameron said solemnly. Charlotte's eyes narrowed suspiciously, and it was his turn to play innocent.

"I'm onto you. You stuffed me in that white top before, mister. Intentionally."

"How dare I want you to look good. I'm a despicable human being."

"It ... it WAS nice, wasn't it," she said, reconsidering.

"Well I thought so, at least." Cameron stood up, and looked down at his client. From this vantage point, he could see DOWN down down ... it wasn't exactly hidden. Knowing they were breasts, and this was Charlotte's dress, it still felt forbidden but ... she was just too big. It was impossible to NOT catch a glimpse. Still, it was a view he etched into memory. There were depths to her breasts, and betwixt them he could also see part of her bare tummy, and unique to this vantage point alone, his first glimpse of the front waist of the dress, cinched as it was in the shadow of her breasts. Beyond that, a whole countertop of bosom that one could very easily set up a chessboard, or a placemat for dinner. Extraordinarily, her breasts were so MASSIVE that they wouldn't be a very good eating surface, as the height of her breasts resting on the sofa was much too high to comfortably rest a bowl or plate to eat from. It was mindboggling. Cameron turned for the door.

"Hold up," Charlotte said, standing up behind him. Together they walked to the door, the woman extremely close behind, yet far. She was several feet back, yet Cameron had two missiles aimed straight at his back, mere inches behind him. He really, REALLY needed to stop letting her walk behind him. They paused at the entranceway as Charlotte snatched up a purse. She dug into it, and pulled out three \$100 bills. "For services rendered, I really appreciate your help." She smiled so sincerely at him, Cameron felt guilty.

"No, no, this is all part of my job," he protested.

Charlotte fluttered the bills. "No, I know this is an extra job by half. If anything, I'm getting a good deal. Do you know how much a 'professional' fashion consultant would be? Just take it." She held them out at arm's length, and yet that still fell short of the protuberance of her chest. If less than a foot, he still had to reach over the extension of her breasts in order to take the money, which he did so gingerly as not to lean into her.

"Thank you," Cameron said gratefully. Charlotte glowed. Maisie held the door for them, and Cameron stepped out into the night.

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Cameron ended his shift, put back on his plain clothes, and checked his phone.

Charlotte< I got measured! Ordered the three things, should be done soooooon x) >

It was a text message! His phone didn't have the number labeled but it was obviously the redhead. He quickly added her as a contact. After a moment's thought, he figured she must have used his number from the call at the gate the day before.

Cameron< Hell yeah! And you got professionally measured this time, so we'll have to see how that turns out. >

Charlotte< Lol that was kinda hard. There's not really a good way to measure me, we had to make do hahaha >

He knew enough about women's measurements to realize that Charlotte's extreme size put her well out of conventional means. For starters, the system assumed you didn't have whales for breasts.

Cameron< You're a pioneer of the ultra-huge boobs movement. Did she give you any crap about it? Lift an eyebrow? Hers are infamous. >

Charlotte< No eyebrows, I think she was too shocked. Too shocked to even be shocked. She didn't even have a tape measure long enough~ Maisie and I had to help lol |>

That was a very haunting image. Cameron pocketed his phone and thought about that on the drive home. He heard his text message go off again when he was in the door and taking his shoes off.

Charlotte< At the rate we're going, we might need your help next time >

Text flirting ... or, just talking about her boobs. It was hard to read her a little bit. Because her secondary features were the main subject of most of their relationship, it was difficult to see where the sexy talk began and the dress shop talk ended. And no emoticons, dammit.

Cameron< I'll try to clear my calendar >

Charlotte< Heh make sure.. Also, I ordered something that needs to be picked up ... it'd be awkward to ship. Could you do that for me? >

Cameron< When? >

Charlotte< In four days. You'll have to go to their shop. >

Cameron< Ahhhh, ok. Can do. > Cameron privately wondered why this task wasn't relegated to Maisie, but he wasn't complaining. This was certainly an entertaining job. Better yet, he'd get to see Charlotte in a few days. Who knew what that Charlotte would be like?

Charlotte< :) The rest of the stuff should be arriving soon, too. I think the whole shop is working on my order >

Cameron< They're on crunch time. Their customer is working against them. >

Charlotte< Only two parts of their customer, thank you very much! I'm perfectly agreeable.
>

Cameron< The majority of their customer. > Cameron teased. He realized he was forgetting himself again. This was his client, he probably shouldn't be overly-

Charlotte< Touche x) Today we found out that I'm wider than I am tall!! Her tape measure was long enough for me vertically ... :(Hashtag short girl |>

Cameron< In your defense, you're probably wider than I am tall, too. >

Charlotte< O_o Yeah my boobs are big. >

Cameron< I noticed. >

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Each of the next two days, the duo had a long texting conversation. Cameron, as much as he tried to fight it, was really falling for her. For the woman he was talking with, not the tits. This was bad news. He resolved to do something about it, after ... something. After all this was over.

On the third day, he ended his shift to find yet another text.

Charlotte< MMS: Selfies are haaaaaard. First thing came in, maybe I shouldn't wear V-necks? >_< Someone might fall in >

What followed was a photo taken at arm's length from Charlotte, her eyes were beautiful and she had put on a light smattering of makeup. She was raising both eyebrows, and had her head tilted so her hair fell down her back. Besides up on her shoulders being some hot pink fabric, Cameron could not see a V-neck. The entire bottom half of the photo was her of cleavage. There was almost no shirt in the shot at all.

Cameron< Wow. Tell the janitor to put up a warning sign. >

Charlotte< MMS: Here, you might want to actually see the shirt :P >

The next attached photo was of a girl taking a mirror selfie. Charlotte was standing in a lavish bathroom, holding a phone in front of her face. Below the phone were two HUGE globes stretching a pink V-neck to the limit, though it was a much better fit than anything Cameron had seen her wear thus far. To hold the phone, both of her elbows were sunk into her cleavage. Not to prop them up, but because there was no room to go without her tits in the way. She was noticeably bigger than he had last seen her, by at least a third.

Again, the bottom third of the photo was her own cleavage, in FRONT of the mirror in the photo, as her chest extending too far in front of her to escape the view of the selfie. It was a treat to see that cleavage from the woman's own perspective, a yawning chasm of tits beyond belief. This was Charlotte's permanent view. Very obstructed. He could see the tip of the V-neck meeting some feet in front of the camera, where it was drawn straight to bridge between the two globes. Light filtered through, and cast shadows down into her décolletage.

Looking back at the image in the mirror, there were the yoga mats she had before ... and Charlotte's areola was clearly a foot wider than either one. The darkness slight, but still

noticeable in the selfie. Then the bottoms of her breasts disappeared down behind the counter. Charlotte was too short and too busty to be caught in the mirror.

Cameron< Looks incredible! Buuut you're showing from the front, again :P >

Charlotte< XD Yeah ... didn't feel like butchering another yoga mat :(I wont have this problem tomorrow >

Cameron< I'm delivering yoga mats?? >

Charlotte< No!! Hahaha I'm done with yoga mats. Too small~ >

Cameron studied the photo some more. She was so out of proportion, it was insane. Like a photoshopped picture. No way could a girl be that big, no way could those be real. It was a joke image ... But Cameron knew it wasn't.

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PART 04

Cameron arrived at the seamstress shop after work. He had never actually been there before, despite placing plenty of orders over the course of his job. It was a nice, relatively plain standalone building near a strip mall. He walked in to be greeted by a cozy atmosphere. There were several chairs, sofas, human sized pedestals, racks for clothes, and a few mirrors.. Cameron had half been expected some dingy and dark sweatshop for some reason, but this was nice. This was the show area for clients who made their appointments and visited in person.

A woman appeared at the sound of the door from out back, and took note of Cameron's outfit. "Ah, you must be the department store guy coming for Ms. Reid's things." It was a middle aged woman Cameron hadn't met before, wearing a pleasant but uninspired frock. Her dark hair was done up in a tight bun, but there were a few frazzled ends hanging about outside. "Quite the order, that." The woman smirked behind her glasses. "I have half a mind to go and see this woman, just for the sight. Since Tammy came back, she's been peddling the story of that measuring job like an old sailor in a bar."

The woman put her hands on her hips, and peered at Cameron expectantly. Cameron was a little taken aback by her attitude, but eased into his practiced business-like manner. "Our client is an unusual woman, for sure. Unfortunately, I'm not even sure what I'm here to pick up."

The corners of the woman's mouth twitched. "Is that so. Didn't tell you, did she? Tsk tsk. Well, let me show you." She motioned back towards the back end of the shop. They passed through a door into a workroom space, with rows and rows of fabrics lining the walls. On rolls, folded like rugs, hanging like drapes, there were textiles everywhere. And yet there was a clear order to it, a sanitary distribution of madness. There were tables set up with half-finished projects, and several women at work on various dresses. They all looked up at Cameron, and then grinned, each and every one.

"This was a verrrry interesting project. I designed it myself," the seamstress called back proudly, as she led him further into the deep. "Never had to make one like this before, that's for sure. Hope it works out. Tammy said the girl wasn't looking for support so much as control ... well that makes our job a bit easier. Lord, we're not engineers. Here." The Seamstress gestured at the last table in the back, and the largest. Upon it was ... a bra. A very, very big bra.

The massive garment covered the whole table, some 12 feet, and then some. Each bra cup looked to be 6 feet in diameter and 4 feet in depth, a man could have curled up inside one and slept comfortably. Comparatively the bands were shorter and out of proportion to a standard bra,, but started off at 2 feet wide before tapering down to a more manageable 8 inches wide band lined with rows of hooks. The cup domes were inverted, yawning up to the ceiling, and together at full span they were wider and longer than the sewing workbench they rested upon. And taller than Cameron! He couldn't see over the lip, since the table was at least three feet tall.

“Parts of it were easy, naturally. She’s a little thing, oh not THERE, of course. But for the bands it was just a matter of scaling up the hooks and the fabrics ...” The Seamstress fingered the straps where the hooks were. They were actually inlaid carabiners that would have looked more at home on bungee equipment. They were aligned so they could lie flatwise when hooked, and very heavily woven into the fabric. On the other strap, a series of flat metallic loops, for securing the carabiners onto and keeping it shut. “She wanted a normal strapless design, but in her size ... We had to make do with carabiners. We considered latches and all manner of other hooks, but we just weren’t satisfied with what we could easily find on short notice. Unexpected bonus: she might be able to use this bra to lift an elephant! Gyahaha! Well, that’s what they say about those carabiner things, anyway. Mmm, not ideal but unless she wants to do up 70 bra hooks every morning, and I’m betting ya she doesn’t, these oughta handle the weight. For larger women, bras always HAVE been more hardware than accessory.”

“These were the tricky part,” she continued, moving on to the enormous gray bra cup laid before them on the table. As the woman grabbed it, the rim was nearly as thick as a counter top and filled her palm. She shook it, and the humongous overturned dome rocked on the table. Standing before it was like standing over a cauldron, though much bigger. A hot tub of fabric, designed for Charlotte’s breasts.

“The cups were took some planning. Used flexy material to wrap the outside, not easy to do in this quantity mind you. Unfortunately no fabric at this scale would be sturdy on its own. Inside the layers we filled it up with mattress foam for the lady’s comfort. Imagine that, stuffing a bra with foam matting! Well, the bra was gonna be so big anyhow, it doesn’t really add much bulk. And we used it as the binding agent for all the wires we threaded through for support. 109 wires latticed,” the woman said, turning to Cameron and holding up both of her hands, the sufferers of the intensive labor. “Per. Cup. Ms. Reid is getting her money’s worth, I’ll tell you. The wires are for keeping this bra shape and sturdiness ... couldn’t make something this big also retain its purpose without a bit o’ metal. At least, not the easy to get stuff, again. There’s stuff out there I’m sure, developed for space probably. That’s just for cup structural integrity! For the strapless shape and to apply some proper pressure, we used industrial bungee cables threaded up top. Because it fits the carabiner theme, don’t it?”

“Anywho,” the woman continued, “larger girls always tend to complain about their underwires, but from now on I’ll tell them the story of the girl that has to deal with 218.” The Seamstress cackled, and then seeing Cameron’s look. “Nah, she won’t feel it. At her size, and the wire count, it really should restrict her but she won’t feel it. Like laying on those beds of nails, you know the trick. Also the foam is there, that was my genius. The wires won’t show and the pressure is dispersed by something soft and cozy.”

The woman finally paused for breath. She looked at Cameron but just as he opened his mouth to speak, she cut him off. “And that is by far the largest bra I’ve ever made. Make sure you explain all the finer details to Ms. Reid so she can be suitably impressed.” The woman chortled to herself. “It’s yours, now. Send us a picture of her with it on, we all want to see the finished

product. Might put it on my desk, or our website!” And the whirlwind of a woman left to go talk to the other seamstresses, leaving Cameron alone with the colossal brassiere.

“Thank you,” he called. The woman waved a hand as she walked away, but never looked back. Cameron did, looking back at the enormous half shells Charlotte expected to wear.

What was HE supposed to do with it?? Damn thing was nearly as tall as he was. Gingerly, Cameron grabbed the right cup with both hands and tried lifting it. It was a heavy, and unwieldy! Even with lightweight materials like fabrics and foams, there was still an awful lot of quantity here. With a heave and a ho Cameron levered up the right up and tried to fold it over onto the left counterpart. It felt like he was dealing with an awning or a tarp, not a woman’s undergarment. He was able to get both hands under and push it like a big rock. It was a good thing the ceilings were high, as the 6 foot diameter added onto the table’s height would have knocked against a regular ceiling at home! Gravity took over and the bra folded on itself with a great big whoosh of air. Stacked, the two cups formed a semi-clam shell in principle, though it was 8 feet tall upon the table.

Cameron tried to imagine a woman wearing this. These cavernous cups overloading with breast, Charlotte grinning with boobs six feet across apiece. Filling this out like a normal girl might fill her normal C cups, except this bra was as tall as he was. It was easy to picture, he had SEEN Charlotte and now his imagination was capable of a lot, but it was very difficult to FATHOM. This was not a bra but a boat. It didn’t feel sturdy enough to raft with, what with the foam and all, but it WAS designed to handle hundreds of pounds of Charlotte ...

First he had to get it to her. Cameron tried to reckon with his task, he hadn’t come prepared for something like this. A dress could be folded, or stashed, this was purposely rigid. Perhaps he could twist it and get the two cups to fit like stacked bowls. They weren’t perfectly circular, but they were both equivalent domes.

He tested the separating piece bonding the two cups together in the middle, and found it malleable enough. He gently twisted the top cup, rotating and flipping the awning over so it could slide into its sister. It was a struggle with the big round surface, but he managed. It worked and they fit neatly enough, being mirror images of one another. Good, now it was only ... 5 feet tall. His second problem was going to be getting it out of the shop. Hefty and awkward was one thing, but where would he go? It would be a huge pain in the ass to get through a normal door, which are usually only three feet wide or so. The massive bra was wider, taller, AND deeper than that. No matter which way he turned it, it would be a crunch to get it through. He turned to survey his options only to find all the women in the room watching him. Rather self-consciously, he asked “Do those bay doors open?”

One of the women smiled and got up to open the door. It opened into a small truck delivery area behind the store, presumably for offloading fabrics. Testing his might, he slowly eased the bra off the table and cradled it with both arms beneath the dome. Balancing it, he hauled it outside and out around the building to his car. Third unforeseen problem. How was he going to transport it?

A simple eye test was enough to tell that the bra cups were NOT going to fit in the back seat. Like him, it towered over his whole car. Folding it wasn't an option either, for the same reason he didn't crush it through a normal exit. The lattice work of wires within were situated with a purpose, it wouldn't do to bend them. With a sigh, he hoisted it up and overturned it onto the top of his car. It smothered his entire roof, and extended beyond that besides. There was at least a foot overhanging his windshield and another over his back window, and because it was wider than the roof, it sank down like a hat until it was snug. That was a foot or two drop before coming to rest by encircling his roof, which blocked off portions of the side windows. This was really no way to drive. He also need a way to attach it, as its sloped shape would make tying it down difficult.

He scooted the bra back so it wasn't distributed evenly on his roof, but more towards his rear window. It covered the whole thing, and rested partially on his trunk, but obstructed less of his windshield and driver's side window. And now off-center, the bra straps lined up with his backseat windows. Climbing into his car, he quickly unrolled the back windows, figuring that tying it through the back seat was the best way to affix the bra to the car and making the car 'wear' it. Unfortunately when he stood up again, he realized that both back bands were on the same side because of how the bra was folded into itself. Cameron sighed.

Briefly giving up and contemplating borrowing a truck, or making someone else deliver it, he resigned himself and walked back into the shop for assistance. This would teach him to run errands for a woman with a bustline greater than his car! Just as she outgrew her clothes, her clothes outgrew him! Cameron was both awed and amused. Though he vowed to make Charlotte pledge not to surprise him like this again. Together with a helpful lady, Cameron took some rope and threaded it through the bra carabiners on one strap and the hooks on the other (so it wouldn't flap open), through the interior of his car, and out the other side to knot it through the connecting fabric between the two cups. After adjusting Charlotte's new bra as far forward and as tight as it could go, so as to lay flat and not catch the wind as he drove, it was finally ready. It was covering much of his windshield, he'd have to crouch to peer through like an extended sun visor, but it should work.

And it looked entirely silly. His car was wearing a helmet. The only saving grace was that Charlotte's underwear was so massive that bystanders were unlikely to figure out what it was. Bras were not meant to be this large, simply weren't, and he doubted it would even occur to them. Drivers behind him would be able to make out the shape of the cups, though. THEY might think up some nonsensical idea about a giantess' brassiere, and then dismiss it. Cameron hoped.

After thanking the lady, he got in his car and drove the parking lot a little bit as a test. He climbed out and verified that everything seemed good, then turned out onto the road. Driving under the speed limit, he was thankfully going against traffic and heading out into the ritzy outskirts.

He felt ridiculous, and determinedly avoided looking at a single fellow driver. It was harder to ignore the pedestrians, especially when he had to stop at lights. Everyone looked at his car with

curiosity, a few even pointed him out to their companions. Yes, yes ... my car is wearing a bra too big for it, Cameron thought. But would it be too big for Charlotte? He had learned not to underestimate her chest.

Once he puttered out of the busy areas the drive got much easier to bear, though not an experience he wished to repeat. At long last, he pulled up to Charlotte's gate. He pushed the buzzer and waited. "Hello?"

"Your bra has arrived."

"Yayyyy! Oh my god, that looks ridiculous," Charlotte giggled on the other end.

"Tell me about it. Everyone from the shop to here thought so, too," he chuckled into a deep sigh.

"Aww, poor thing."

There was a buzz and the gate opened. Cameron pulled up and carefully undid all the work he had done strapping the bra in, and hauled it off the car. He nearly overbalanced with it, but corrected himself and heaved it up the front stoop. Maisie was waiting, with both halves of the front entrance open. Appreciating the double-wide door, Cameron prepared the bra for clearance. He turned himself sideways and set the bra on the ground to raise it vertical. Standing with the thing, it rose up just a few inches past his eyes. With arms at full extension he grabbed both sides of the huge circle, and waddled it through the door trying to scrape it as little as possible. It was a tight fit, he had to quash himself through the doorway, but finally pushed through the door and tumbled with it into the parlor.

And nearly tripped again.

The floor was covered in a white cloth, spread out and covering the ground with fabric. It looked to have been placed carefully, but was nearly covering the entire span of the entranceway that connected the parlor to the rest of the house. Cameron carefully skirted it, and finally reached his destination in Charlotte's living room.

Charlotte was chilling there, leaned against the wall with the gate buzzer, watching him with amusement. Her beautiful red tresses were done straight down and ending in a slight curl, with her bangs swept out of the way. She had minimal blush on beneath her eyes, and a lightly tinted lip gloss. She was turned to the side, so she could see. If she hadn't been turned, her gargantuan jugs would have prevented him from being able to see her. Even BIGGER than she had been in the photo he had gotten just yesterday, these mountains made the bra he held look every bit necessary. They were actually TALLER than their owner, now! Charlotte herself, some 5'5" or 6" as Cameron had hazarded to guess, was not the tallest part of her own body. That award went to her mattress tits, wrapped in a humongous horizontally striped shirt that alternating between turquoise and a dark teal. The effect was almost disorienting, each stripe only a few inches thick back where they wrapped her body, but ballooned out to over a foot wide at the apex of her bosom's girth. The colors leapt out at him, helped by how far forward her astonishing size shoved out.

“Lay that up against the wall, open towards me, please,” Charlotte said cheerfully, gesturing at the far wall.

Cameron reluctantly turned to do as instructed. He hadn’t gotten a full eyeful yet, but there would be time for that later. He wasn’t entirely surprised to see that the living room had almost been cleared of furniture. It could only have gotten in Charlotte’s way at this point. But he WAS surprised to see the far wall had renovated. It was now a huge sliding glass door, about 10 feet tall and 20 feet wide. It still looked very artsy, as one might expect of a lavish scenic cabin at a resort. The door was also mounted on tracks so it could be opened mechanically.

“So this is new,” Cameron conversed about the wall, as he staggered up to it and balanced the bra up against it. Carefully so as to not knock it over, he unwound the bra so that it was splayed out, both cups visible and accessible. Propped up against the door vertically like that, Cameron appreciated anew how vast it was. The span was over 12 feet, and was casting a heavy shadow into the room by obscuring much of the fancy new glass door.

“Yeah, had to put it in. I needed at least ONE door in the house I can get through,” Charlotte tittered. “Had contractors in here for the last few days, doing a rush job.”

“Ahhh, ok. And while you were at it, had them fix the gate buzzer?”

“Gate buzzer? What do -ohhhhh, oh, yes. Yes! Took care of that too,” Charlotte smiled a little uncomfortably.

“How’d they react?”

“To what, exactly?” A smile played about her lips.

“To their client.”

“Shock, awe, rioting in the streets. You know.”

“Really? Did I miss the store looting?”

Charlotte snorted her laugh. “No, it was the usual, I guess. They didn’t really know what to do, so they ‘ignored’ it, quote unquote. Never brought it up to me, but boy did they stare. Two of the three tried to be covert, but the third guy was just in disbelief.”

“You’re an unusual sight. I can’t blame him, personally.”

“Neither can I,” Charlotte said simply. “I’m a freak, I expect it now. Heck, it’s actually harder to look at me than my boobs at this point, I’ve gotten so big. I can’t let stuff like that make me uncomfortable.”

“Well, as long as you’re so understanding about it,” Cameron said, pointedly shifting his attention from Charlotte herself to her enormous rack. He looked her up and down to drink in her newly swollen size. Her boobs appeared to reach fully to the ground, and mound up and up. And he realized that the tops of her bust was just about at his eye level. Look down to see Charlotte, look straight to see her cleavage. As a reasonably tall man, Cameron had never encountered such a problem before.

“Are you done?” Charlotte asked dryly, her hand on her hip. Cameron held up a hand as if to shush her for a moment.

“I’m not even wearing today’s outfit yet!” she complained.

“I’m judging this one.”

“This one sucks! It’s just a generic stretchy shirt, there’s nothing fun about that. Stand back.”

Cameron did. And even though he was six feet away from Charlotte, he was not six feet away from Charlotte’s breasts. As she passed them, the huge milk tankers passed inches in front of his face, and he got an intimate look at all the stitching involved in the shirt. Her breasts wobbled obscenely in this top, almost alarming on account of their size and how much of his vision they briefly swallowed.

The girl passed him and he had time to note that she had some lovely platform sandals, and was wearing some scandalously low cut jeans that adorned her ass. She was a very petite woman in most regards, except notably in the breasts, but the seat of her jeans applebottomed so tightly they were nearly in as much danger as her top. It was a second skin to her thighs all the way down to about mid-calf where they cut off. And beyond Charlotte’s hips, Cameron could STILL appreciate her breasts, the underswell of the largest pair on the planet was easily visible. The shirt didn’t come down far enough to cover the bottom portion of her breasts, and was nowhere close to making it back to her tummy like a shirt hem ought to. The bottom of her back and an inch or two of her ass were entirely exposed from the rear as a consequence of her bosom elevating the shirt.

Charlotte stopped and stood in front of the exposed bra. With a quick grin over her shoulder at Cameron, she crossed her arms in front of her and reached down for the hem of her shirt. Grasping on both sides, and with some difficulty, Charlotte hauled the tight top up over her head, her hair cascading through.

No sooner had she gotten the last of her arm through when THWAP, a loud slap caused both Charlotte and Cameron to jump, startled. The shirt had immediately snapped out of her fingers like a rubber band, launching itself forward. The momentum of the release actually carried all the way to the front of the shirt and it popped off the front of her bosom, finally free of its painful endeavor.

“Well, that’s convenient,” Charlotte said, shrugging her skinny shoulders. She was completely topless now, though facing away from Cameron. Her back was powerful and toned, her poise very svelte and limber. Her shoulders weren’t wide to begin with, but it all shrank down to a waist that was even smaller, sitting above a luscious ass partially exposed by her jeans. Cameron could have focused on that, but instead he silently cursed the sun outside, for preventing any reflections in the window before him. She was naked from the waist up, but facing the wrong wayyyyyyyy! Instead he made do with the awe inspiring sight of Charlotte’s bare back, surrounded by breasts like hot air balloons. They were well past side-boob proportions, extending out in each

direction some 5 feet, maybe a bit more. Charlotte twisted her body to look at him, impossible tiny against the backdrop of the rest of her. "Ok this is going to be awkward. Don't say a WORD."

Cameron held his hands up defensively, "I wouldn't dare." Seeing her body at a slight angle, he could appreciate the only thing she WAS wearing, the capri jeans glued to her legs. They had careful designer made rips on her thighs and below her knees, electrifying the look. Their waist was positively risque, barely making it to her hips and slung low across the middle. He could see her entire flat belly, and the top portion of the womanly V-shape that narrowed and ended between her legs.

Charlotte eyed Cameron suspiciously, and then turned completely forward again, her hair swishing on her back. Standing on her tiptoes, Charlotte peered across the moors of her cleavage, and stepped forward into the open bra waiting for her. It took some jiggling, Cameron was delighted to see, to properly align the cups and get them secured on her bosom. Her bust shook gelatinously, sans restrictions or support. Carefully Charlotte entombed them in the cups resting against the door. Cameron had never been so envious of an inanimate object before. To complete this maneuver, Charlotte was pressing herself up against the glass with some force to get herself in, mooshing her Brobdingnagian boobs into the cold flat surface, spreading them up and out in all directions and seemingly expanding before his eyes.

Satisfied, Charlotte slowly knelt on the ground. Looking up towards the ceiling, she leaned down and felt around under her left breast, questing for something. Unable to find it, she got down as low as she could, which wasn't far enough since she was still attached to the globes, and dug around some more. All that kneeling had the waistband of her jeans slowly inching down, revealing more of her backside. Finally she attempted to reach around the width of her bust, but being five and a half-ish foot woman, forget wrapping around them. Her arms fell short of even the wingspan of her boobs. She tried to squash herself down further, but that only caused her chest to spread further away from her as it was compressed against the glass. There was simply too much Charlotte in the way of Charlotte.

Charlotte sighed and looked back towards Cameron, from her knees behind her behemoths. "Help?" she pleaded piteously.

Cameron walked forward to the left cup and grabbed the strap that was laying on the ground. With a tug as he fought against the firmness of her enormous sweater puppies, he pulley it around and handed it to Charlotte. She flipped it over and examined it as he walked the ten feet width alongside the wall of her alabaster boobs to get to the other cup, and likewise tugged it until he could hand it to her. She studied this one too.

"Weird," she finally said.

Cameron chuckled. "You don't know the half of it. Apparently that bra is one of the engineering marvels of the world."

"Is it?" Charlotte asked, raising her eyebrows at him.

"I'll spare you the whole speech. But it's got 218 'under'wires in it, that's a bit unusual."

Charlotte giggled. "And to think, I didn't used to need any. I always wanted some. Maybe not, uh, 200 of them. But one, sure."

Cameron made a move to help her hold the large bra bands, but she shook her head. "No, I had better do it," she said solemnly. Charlotte pulled the two bands tight around her back, and then concentrated on trying to lock the four carabiners inside to their corresponding rungs. Focused on operating entirely by feel, she stared vacantly at the extravagant abundance of tit in front of her, absently sticking her tongue out. Cameron watched her hands fumble within. Finally there was a fourth click and Charlotte withdrew her arms, leaving a huge band covering everything from beneath her shoulderblades down to just above her ass. It was as tall as her waist was wide, and it looked like she was wearing a body band. Charlotte straightened herself out, standing still shorter than her corpulent bosom, and adjusted until she was comfortable. Then she cinched the whole torso wrap, which pulled her forward into her cleavage even as her succulent knockers appeared to swell in volume. She kept yanking the adjustable slide tighter and tighter, until she finally velcroed the excess down. Compressed, her teats were taller than Cameron's eye level now, being somewhat reeled in by the garment designed to do so.

Charlotte arced her back to look at Cameron, and he provided a small golf clap.

"Thank you, thank you," she said grandly.

She backed off the glass wall and turned towards him, giving him his first look at the imposingly busty woman in just a bra. The view had been quite a bit of work to arrange, but was well worth it.

"I think I'm only going to get to say this once," Charlotte said slowly, which Cameron only half heard. "But it's actually a little big for me, still."

The bra certainly did appear to provide support, notably because the bottom of the bra was still well below the body band on Charlotte's back. Having tightened it, the sturdy contraption attempted to position itself perpendicular to her back. It would never make it that far, or get her breasts fully off the ground, but by shaping her, it jutted out her corpulent bust to an astonishing degree. The cost of that tightness was Charlotte being nearly surrounded by her own cleavage. But like she had said, the cups themselves did appear to be a little loose around the edges. Charlotte had lost the fight with Cameron's imagination, but it had to be said that the commodious bra looked NOWHERE near as cavernous as it once did.

"Well, this is for tomorrow, right?"

"Mm. Shannon's party," Charlotte responded absently. "I might wear it until then. It's pretty comfy, honestly. 218 wires, you said? Girls always complain about their underwires, and I used to get a little jealous. At least they needed one. But this really doesn't live up to that reputation. I guess the trick is to have more than one."

"Most only need one. Flat girl problems."

Charlotte looked at him with interest, and giggled wickedly. "Flat girls? Listen to you!"

"Aren't they? The poor dears."

"Ah yes. Indeed," she said, with the snobbiest voice she could muster. "H cup, how 'adorable', dear. THESE are ... actually, what IS my cup size?"

"Huge. Six foot in diameter."

"Yeah but that's not a bra size," she urged. "That's ordering a table."

"You're telling me!"

"Oh! ... I ... I didn't even mean it like that." She blushed and hesitated. "So we don't know? The seamstress couldn't tell me when she measured, but I figured once they made it ..."

"I don't think the scale works quite like that. They had to make a lot of allowances to make this, and it kinda ruins the bra sizing format."

"Oh ..." Charlotte sounded disappointed. Cameron presumed she finally wanted a size more than A to brag about, but at her size, there really was no such thing.

"Well, you're the pioneer. We could always invent a system for your sizes, sometime. I'm sure the seamstress would work something out."

"But it wouldn't mean anything to anybody else," she pouted, twirling her hair in her fingers. "I'd have to explain it to them first."

"No ... Trust me, you won't be needing to tell anybody just how big you are."

Charlotte laughed. "Alright. Step aside, I need to get over there."

Cameron once again had to duck out of the way as Charlotte's profoundly exaggerated figure shimmied into the parlor for the big white ring of fabric on the floor. The large white disc had a single cutout that showed the floor beneath, like a donut hole, but it was off very close to the edge instead of in the center. It was in this blank spot that Charlotte positioned herself. "Ok, THIS I'm going to need your help with. I need you to pull it up."

Cameron recognized it now. A shirt. Her top. A circus tent. Something like that. He stepped up behind Charlotte and gathered up the edge at her feet. He lifted it up until she could grab it, which she then pulled up and tucked under both arms, so a band of white fabric covered her back. From there it wrapped around her torso, by way of being held by her arms, and then the rest drooped down to the ground under her breasts. That would be the entire front portion that was supposed to cover her front. With it missing, Charlotte stood there looking like someone had ran up to her, grabbed her neckline, and yanked it down to expose her bra.

She peered down at him, her green eyes dancing. "Ok, do me up."

Cameron hesitated. In the process of her getting the back of the shirt on, the rest of the shirt that was on the floor had slid beneath her bosom. Digging it out and getting it to fully cover her would definitely require touching her breasts.

"Shouldn't Maisie-

“Oh, just do it,” Charlotte said dismissively, waving her hand. “You designed it, you get the fun part.”

He raised an eyebrow at her.

“What? That’s the first thing everyone else seems to want to do. Anyone at my gatherings that I haven’t seen in awhile asks me line of questions, and it always ends with the same one, ‘Can I touch?’ I’ve been felt up a lot these past two weeks.”

“You sound like you have PTSD.”

“I don’t. Again, I really can’t blame people. In their shoes, I’d certainly want to grope the biggest breasts on earth. I’ve actually done it before, to one or two girls wayyy smaller than this. So why not. And anyways, I’m likely to bonk into the person at some point on accident, regardless.”

“Fair enough.”

Ok! That was definitely ok! It was a boundary he hadn’t been willing to cross as an employee, but it was certainly something on Cameron’s bucket list. He started to reel in what he could of the shirt, first. This top was not going to be loose at all, but like everything else Charlotte wore these days, it was designed to stretch out of necessity. With some tugging, he also yanked out some extra fabric to work with out from underneath the elephantine breasts. Now with enough in his hands, he stood up. What seemed like a hem was actually her neckline that he was holding onto.

The shirt was designed to be stepped into, that way Charlotte could finally have a shirt that didn’t have underboob showing. With a shirt that had to be put on over head, a hem that met her waist could never stretch across her wonders and still shrink back to the minuscule size required for proper fit on her petite waist. So instead, invert the method of dressing. Beneath Charlotte’s arms, she was already holding on to the bottom hem of her shirt, a loose ruffle, situated around her middle. The rest of the canvas hung down to the ground, was going to wrap underneath, up the front of her boobs, cover some of their tops, and then there was a black strap that would cover the rest of the distance for her to put over her head and complete the outfit. It was now up to him to actually get it up that far for her.

The goal would first be to get enough of the shirt out from under her and up far enough on her breasts so that he could properly slide on the upper portion over her cleavage. To have any hope of that, he was going to have to start from the beginning closest to her and work around. He started with the sides of the shirt, the part was that supposed to run perpendicular to Charlotte’s torso. This neckline needed to be placed about 2/3rds the way up her breasts, so he stretched it towards its destination. Immediately, he ran into resistance with his knuckles bumping into Charlotte Reid’s exorbitant bust. As he eased the shirt up the stupendous expanse of her left flank, his hand dug further and further in.

Her flawless smooth skin was warm and silky on his fingers. She was as soft as he had imagined, pliable yet still firm. They felt like regular breasts, though a spectacular pair at that.

While he had never doubted it, it still struck him as an important detail. Normal, just STUPIDLY massive. He wondered how many of Charlotte's friends felt her up, and then came back for seconds just because they could. With his two hands, he did manage to hoist it up the curvature of her breast, a foot at a time until he was past the widest fatness of her globes. He also had to keep adjusting the part next to it, further from Charlotte, in order to do it. Eventually he got the right side up over the bra band, and finally into position after about five feet of luxurious breast. Charlotte reached out and grabbed it, wielding it and her shirt bottom almost like a hula hoop.

Slowly Cameron sidled further away, pulling it all up until Charlotte's size held it aloft on its own. It even cut into her slightly, it was reasonably snug. He still marveled at her size, assembling her cleavage at his shoulder height ... on breasts that were a bit taller than him when in this bra! He wanted to hug them, it seemed like the natural thing to do. Grab huge armfuls and get a proper feel, they were so inviting, but he resisted the temptation as he rounded to her furthest front. This was less fun, his knuckles scraping up her bra cups until it was up and over. In the middle, her cleavage was actually daunting. There was so much of her stacked up in front of him, he felt a little small in front of her. Not a sensation he felt very often. And never before with a short girl. Finishing up in the front had a lot of cloth left over and hanging down, but he'd get to that as he worked on Charlotte's other side.

Finally he got a full ring of the shirt up around her chest, so it held itself up. Here, it could have been a boob tube, it merely encircled her entire chest in a relatively horizontal line. He walked to the front for further assembly, there was still that large flap hanging loose. He grabbed onto the black band that was attached in two places, the one that was supposed to go around Charlotte's neck, and used it to start hauling the shirt up and over her milky bosom. This was part like covering a car, although Charlotte was much bigger than that!! And their height made the position very difficult, as he was pulling something along while also being below it and to the side. To get the proper leverage, he DID lean into her tits.

It was a full body hug, as he sank in. The covered his knees to his chest in enveloping warmth, only disrupted by her pesky bra. Reaching over his head and out over her cleavage, his arms were nearly swallowed in woman. He could have stayed like that forever and been at peace, but he could feel Charlotte's attention on him. Fighting her breasts and the resistance of the shirt, he maneuvered the rest of the shirt into its proper place. Flush from exertion and excitement, he handed the black ring to Charlotte. She reached up her cleavage to grab it with both hands, and Cameron's job was done. She pulled it close to her, twisted it once, and then looped it over her head.

Cameron stepped off the girl in time to see Charlotte fluffing up her hair and straightening her shirt. Then turned to Cameron, a hand on her hip. "Well?" she asked sweetly. "Whatcha think?"

Easy question, it was dynamite. Like it could be anything else, on this woman. She was divine even without any garb, adding the fancy allure was altogether too much. The way her hair fell about her shoulders and down the bareness of her back. The way the mother of all tops was

stretched by the mother of all tits. Thanks to her bra, her tits swooped out from her body and were a foot or two away by the level of her knees. This allowed one to appreciate the frilly hem of the shirt which rested around her bellybutton, not unduly loose on her, and exposed her tummy and the V disappearing into her jeans. It had no sleeves, and covered her back up until her shoulder blades.

The thing she had looped over her head was a long black string about an inch thick, and is what held up the rest of her top. From her neck, it crossed once and disappeared deep into her cleavage, actually having to slant UPWARDS to meet the top of her shirt. Without sleeves, she had a rather large window of sideboob and a hearty showing of cleavage that eventually disappeared beneath the canvas of the shirt. The rest of her breasts were sheathed in the white blouse. Through it, the outlines and even the color of her bra and strap were no secret to the casual observer, and one could truly appreciate the heavy construction going on in her shirt. And all of it was balanced on Charlotte's platform sandals. Her toes were painted red.

"I think you get 'phenomenal' again." Cameron said with finality.

"Awww, but I got that one already. Buy a dictionary." Despite that, she was blushing with pleasure.

"You're showing a LOT of cleavage," Cameron added, "but proportionally it's not THAT daring."

"Oh geez, I just realized!" Charlotte uttered, raising her hands to her face. "It's a good thing we weren't planning to display too much top boob. They're too tall! I'd be showing it, but nobody would be able to look down it!"

She looked at Cameron and eyed him. "Well, you probably could," she smirked.

"Only barely," he admitted. "For now."

"For now," she agreed.

"We might have to factor that into future designs."

"Yeah, we never thought about that. Hmmm."

"I wonder, does it even count as especially daring cleavage, if none of the population can see it? Do many of your guests arrive by helicopter?"

"Very rarely," she giggled. "So I don't know!"

"Oh boy," Cameron sighed. "We really are going to reinvent the rulebook with you."

"Yayyyyy, I'm special."

"We'd better get to work on that, before you get any bigger."

"Ok. You free now?"

=====

The next night, another Charlotte photo was waiting for him.

Charlotte< Didn't take it off. Good thing! Probably couldn't have gotten it on again >

Attached was a photo of her wearing the same outfit Cameron had helped her squeeze into, taken from about ten feet back by somebody else. Clearly the bra was now a better fit, and the shirt was NOT. She was pooching out even further out the top and sides. It didn't just cut into her, it constricted her. Her breasts had even grown towards her face as they filled every cubic millimeter of bra and shirt. If she went up a Charlotte-sized cup size, the thing might rip. As it was, the band around her neck was stretched to the limit, brushing against her chin on its way up between her breasts to find the top of the shirt. It had been tight getting it on her, but now getting it off would be just as difficult.

Cameron< That outfit sure didn't last long. >

Charlotte< They really haven't lately, have they? >

Cameron< Most clothes aren't designed to fit both a girl and a girl 10 sizes bigger than her, equally! >

Charlotte< 10 CUP-sizes, thank you very much! I'm not getting fat :P >

Cameron< No. But neither is that just 10 cup sizes. >

Charlotte< Heh. >

Cameron< What? >

She didn't respond until the next day, this time with another photo waiting for him as he got off work.

Charlotte< Showering is getting very difficult! >

In the picture, it was another bathroom mirror selfie. From the same position as she had taken the V-neck picture previously. Here, Charlotte's hair was wrapped up in a towel, but the real showstopper was ... almost the entire photo was breasts. The phone's photo was taken somewhere near her head, pointed at the mirror. On the opposite wall one could see the mirror and Charlotte staring back, and a counter top just barely, but everything in between was a viewfinder of her cleavage. And that was an ocean of girl the filled the entire distance from phone to mirror opposite. There was only about 2 feet of the mirror visible in the whole thing, with her bosom was firmly planted against it and covering the rest. If anything, it was the mirror that was now too small. Her presumably bare fronts plastered against the mirror opposite swallowed the sides and overlapped onto the wall. He was looking at an easy 6 to 7 feet of cleavage and that wasn't enough.

Cameron's eyes bugged out, and thought about it as he prepared to go home, and thought about it the entire time he was driving. Finally at home, he responded to the impossibly buxom redhead.

Cameron< Looks like selfies are getting hard too! >

Charlotte< Yeahhh ... I won't be able to, soon. Sorrrry~~ to disappoint you >

Cameron was severely torn between responses. Flirty? Nonchalant? Joking? Business-like? Don't respond? He WAS disappointed, for sure. Finding these on his phone was something he hoped every time these days. He wasn't sure he should mention it though. Fortunately, after about five minutes of deliberation, he got another text without having to say anything at all.

Charlotte< Don't worry, I've got a new location and photographer picked out for you ;) >

This one, he had a response for.

Cameron< I think you just like modeling those gargantuan things >

Charlotte< I dooooo. Spending all this time planning and ordering all these pretty things, only to wear them once or twice! I have to snap a photo while I can, before I pop out of them D: >

Cameron< Mhmmm. I'm onto you. And what are these for, posterity? The grandkids? >

Charlotte< Heck no. Some of these are too slutty for that >

Cameron< Then I've done my job. >

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PART 05

Charlotte didn't disappoint him the next day, there was a message on his phone after work. Cameron was dearly enjoying those evening chats. He pondered while he worked, and each day he found himself looking forward to the notification he would find afterwards. Not just for the photo he may or may not get, though those were certainly alluring. Their conversations were easy and natural, there was a bond that now amounted at least to friendship. That said, there was a litttttle disappointment, as there was no photo attached this time.

Charlotte< I've got a problem! Actually two problems. >

Cameron< Your boobs are being problematic? >

Charlotte< Ok I've got a four problems! >

Cameron< Your boobs and ... ? >

Charlotte< My hottub and tomorrow. >

Cameron started to type 'what's tomorrow' before another message came in, with a photo!

Charlotte< Hottub first. I can't fit! >

It was a startling image of Charlotte standing outside. She had minuscule bikini brief on, which barely contained her ass. Behind her, her leviathan breasts towered above her by at least three feet. Well, the right one did. The left one, closer to the camera, was even taller, because it was resting in the above-ground hot tub. And clearly this hot tub meant for X many people was not spacious enough for Charlotte's single breast. It was filled to the brim and then some, with Charlotte's bosom sloshing over the sides, clearly dented inward by a tub not large enough to be her bra cup. The floor and area around the tub was soaked, evidently by the displaced water that could no longer occupy the hot tub. Charlotte herself was in the act of attempting to climb the tub, right foot on the rim like she was still trying to slide down between her breast and the walls of the Jacuzzi. Nothing doing, even for her diminutive form. Appropriately, she was pouting at the camera from over her shoulder.

Cameron < You could have left those outside and just gotten in yourself! >

Charlotte < THOSE are a part of me, and I wanted to feel the bubbles >

Cameron< That's the cover story you're going with this time, Ms. Model? That tub is small enough for you to break. >

Charlotte< Yeahhhhhhhhh. About that ... >

Cameron< Did you really?? >

Charlotte< Kinda? I haven't told my dad yet, so ... it hasn't happened! Shhh >

Cameron< What does the broken tub look like? >

His phone downloaded a photo. There it was, a cracked tub. The immense weight of her breast must have been too much for the entire frame to support simultaneously.

Charlotte< A story in two pictures, huh? >

Cameron< A good read. 10/10 >

Charlotte< That's only one of my problems right now, and the less significant one for sure. Tomorrow, I need you to come by. >

Cameron< Something wrong? >

Charlotte< YES. Maisie isn't gonna be here and I have a party that night! >

Cameron < Me? Isn't that the red dress? >

Charlotte< ... Yes. You can do it, I believe in you! >

Cameron< ME??? >

Charlotte< You'll be fine.>

Looked like he'd be seeing her tomorrow.

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Cameron was buzzed in at the gate. He found himself a bit nervous about his task tonight, knowing full well what it entailed. Charlotte had outgrown any and all conventional means of dressing one's self, and the larger she got the more intimate certain parts were going to be. He had run into this problem LAST time, he could only imagine now at whatever her current incredible size was. He found the front door unlocked and let himself in ... to find himself staring at a wall of Charlotte.

Just HER. Her extravagance had gotten absurd. In the photos she had looked enormous, truly, but they couldn't quite capture the sensation of standing NEXT to this ultra-breasted woman. Today, her boobs were just about TWICE as tall as her, and by now towered well over Cameron himself. He found himself looking UP at the girl's TITS, while having to look DOWN at her FACE. A particular experience unique to meeting with Charlotte Reid. Charlotte was so inconceivably buxom that her breasts were each considerably bigger than the two of them put together. Together, they were nearly too big for indoors. Their enormity spanned the living room space almost completely, at a combined 20, 25 feet? There were only a few feet of clearance on either side before she would have outgrown the room. As it was, the sliding glass door to the backyard that Cameron knew was there, was completely eclipsed.

Charlotte was waiting for him, sitting reclined on a sofa that was nowhere near the original position when Cameron had first visited this house. She was nearly sitting in the parlor, as the living room was now practically being used as a bra. The eye-popping lass grinned at his dumbstruck face.

"You knew I was big."

"Not this big!"

"That's what everyone says," she said with a wicked smile.

"No kidding ... You sure Maisie isn't around?"

"She isn't, but don't worry," she said soothingly, "I've already done the hard part." She lightly combed her long silky hair with her fingers.

"Not even CLOSE, lady."

"What would you know? You're a BOY," she sniffed. Her hair WAS luxurious tonight. He probably should have told her so. But something else was at the forefront.

"Something else I don't understand because I'm a boy. Just ... just how are you getting so big?" He gestured at her whole size.

Charlotte didn't say anything. He turned to find her giving him a strange look. "You never asked me that, before," she said finally.

"Well, I didn't want to pry."

Her eyebrows twitched. "Most people still would have asked me by now. Why the sudden interest?"

"I kinda assumed you'd stop at some point, in which case, what would it matter? But you have NOT. It's relevant to my job and I've decided I've known you long enough to ask."

Charlotte chuckled silently. The smile didn't stop curling her luscious lips as she finally deigned to answer him. "Fair enough. The short answer is: we don't know," she said dryly. "I just keep growing."

"Then ... Ok, what's the long version?" Cameron inquired.

Charlotte looked away.

"What?"

Her button nose twitched. "It's embarrassing," she said stubbornly.

"I don't think you get to be embarrassed with me anymore. Not before this dress."

"Ok fair point."

"And still job relevant. We're bosom buddies."

"Oh, god. You should have stopped there."

"I'll keep them coming. So what's the long version? Now I'm really curious."

Charlotte pursed her lips, then sighed. "Alright ..." she relented. "I ... always wanted bigger breasts, ok? Not THIS much, obviously. But I was FLAT before. Other girls filled out their dresses

so much better, and no matter how pretty I dressed, they always stole some of the attention simply because they were bigger than me. It wasn't fair. And I was reminded every time I got a dress, if I had to do anything to make it fit right, I had to take it IN. I was so flat I had to compensate for my lack of chest sometimes. If I did anything else, or had dresses with sewn in cups or something, it looked like I was stuffing. I hated it."

"Well at one of our clubhouse social gatherings a little while back, my friend Marienne and I had quite a few cocktails. And I told her I was jealous of Juliet. Juliet is this beautiful woman, and she's got D cups, easy. Dresses look amazing on her, she always looks amazing, I'm always jealous. And I told that to Marienne, who is just as flat as I ... WAS. She agreed. And she agreed so much, she confessed that she had started taking boob pills to make herself bigger. There was a guy she liked, but he was interested in Juliet. So Marienne got desperate."

"Well anyways, I got to thinking ... and I later ordered some too. Couldn't hurt, right? I never wanted implants, but if these worked and gave me natural boobs, oh the things I could WEAR! Also I couldn't let Marienne end up bigger than me. Never ever, either we were gonna be flat sisters, or busty sisters together. So I started taking them, and two days later, I got results. When I woke up, I had BOOBS." Charlotte emphasized 'boobs' with passion. She drew in a large breath.

"I thought you didn't know the cause of growth," said Cameron, who was paying close attention.

"We're getting there," Charlotte nodded, holding up a single Wait finger. "So I had easy B cups, yeah? I was UNBELIEVABLY excited. For the first time ever, I had something to show off at least a little bit. All day I made a fuss. And I made sure to take another pill."

"And the next day, when I woke up again, I was larger STILL. C cups, I guess. Oh. My. God. I was ecstatic. They looked so HUGE on me! I'm a little woman. But now I had BOOBS and it was great! I tried on everything in my closet that day, just to see what a difference it made. I twirled in front of that mirror for hours," Charlotte sighed dreamily. She held her hands in front of her chest about four inches out, pantomiming. Her hands fell immeasurably short of her current monstrous size. "I couldn't wait to show them off. I felt like new."

"But if I could keep going, well, why not go up one more? Put Juliet to shame, be well above average, be that nice, legendary size. I took one last pill, and again had results in the morning. THEY WERE SO BIG, I couldn't believe it, I was in awe of them myself. In just a few days ... And I kept feeling them, they were soft handfuls. And they were mine!" she gushed. "I had to try on everything again, just to compare! So much cleavage, so many things didn't fit anymore. Even things that had fit the day before. Because I had boobs! BIG ones, finally! I went shopping that day and bought a truckload."

"But I never took another pill," she said gravely. "D cup was a goal, a size I had envied. I was satisfied. Yet I woke up the next morning, bigger than ever. Well ok, I thought. Definitely gettin' pretty big now, but hey, it looked good. Things I just bought might be a bit snug but BOOBS, gawd. I wouldn't say no! And I figured the drugs had to run their course and it would settle down since I

wasn't taking any more. But a few more days of getting out of bed with a tighter and tighter nightshirt, I was getting a little worried. I was double handfuls by then, and my growth didn't seem to be slowing down at all. I was getting wayyy bigger than I wanted. TOO big. A problem that I once thought would be nice to have, but now that I had it, I wanted to do something about it. So I went to the doctor and confessed what I had done." Charlotte was bright red in the face at the recollection.

"We ran some tests. I was normal and healthy, the doc said. There wasn't a problem to fix, and I should just wait it out. So I went home. And ... went back to the doctor's office two days later, even more massive. Triple handfuls? Something? Oh, you know I'm no good with bra sizes. I had, like, a week where they mattered, and otherwise I was either too small or too big," Charlotte giggled. Then paused. "By then, everyone stared at me and my gargantuan boobs everywhere I went. They were my new defining feature. I went from having nothing, to being ONLY that, the girl who was humongous. 'Did you see her?' 'Oh my god dude her tits.' 'Wow Charlotte, what happened?' I was having trouble with it."

"So was my mother," Charlotte rolled her eyes. "Big time. 'Oh what will the Henderson's SAY,'" she mimicked. "I never found out, I didn't go."

"Anyways, this time to the doctor I brought the pills, and the doctor sent them away to be analyzed. I was still healthy, she said, so it must be those things at the root of my troubles. And so I set up an appointment for a few days after that, when they'd have the results and a solution."

"Then ... They told me those pills were basically sugar pills. Yeah. With some folksy anti-hiccup nonsense mixed in, or something STUPID like that," she scorned. "It wasn't scientifically supposed to have given me boobs at all! They DID turn out to be scam artist pills! And thus they weren't the medical cause, or shouldn't be. Then we did full blood tests, the works, and I was still normal. 'Normal'. No weird chemicals in my body or anything. I was just ... growing ... A growing girl. And Marienne was still flat as ever after having taken the same thing." Charlotte smiled wanly. "Oops."

"So ... you're growing just because," Cameron said thoughtfully.

"I guess so. Doctor says that whatever is in my body that controls breast growth, which shuts off after being a teen, was flipped on again. Problem is, we don't know what did it or how to undo it. If it were the pills, you could maybe do the opposite thing to counteract the effect. But the pills were useless. I'm just ballooning until my body decides to shut it off again."

"I had THOUGHT that would be soon, just like you! But ... Every time I go to sleep, these things grow some more," she explained, gesturing at her now enormously overgrown breasts.

"Only thing I can do about it is get reductions or something, but until I stopped growing it would be pointless. I'd have to go back every week to maintain a size, and it's a really invasive surgery that will deform your boobs. And then I would still have inconsistent sizes throughout the week. Everyone would think I kept growing and shrinking."

Charlotte shrugged. "Nothing to be done until it stops."

“Wow. So all this is actually natural ...”

“That's what you were thinking?!” Charlotte exclaimed, affronted. “No, these are homegrown pumpkins, thank you! ... Actually,” she growled, “that’s what kinda pisses me off.”

“I'm sorry!”

“No, not that. That they're natural. If my body could have given me just a PINCH of this the first time around, I wouldn't be in this position in the first place!” she said hotly. “CLEARLY IT WAS CAPABLE OF GIVING ME BOOBS!”

“Very. Very, very.”

“You ain't kidding,” she said wearily. “They're kinda fun in their own way, but it's also kinda hard. Welp, that's my story. Tell it to anyone and die.”

“Ha! Ok. That does explain some things, though. There never was an aunt who bought you those clothes, was there?”

“Huh? No, my aunt loves- Oh. Oh, right. Yeah, I was returning clothes I had bought last time,” Charlotte finished a little sheepishly. “I kept growing out of them! How was I to know ... this.”

“I'm sorry this happened to you.”

Charlotte shrugged. “That what happened to me? I don't really know myself. But you helped me accept it and now some of the challenges are exciting. Some ... aren't. Like this new door we just installed. Just watch. We should get a move on anyways, before guests arrive. Outside, then!”

And with that she roused herself from the sofa and stepped forward a few times before stopping. “This is a pain,” she admitted. She slowly eked her boobs forward, and within a few moments Cameron understood why. She had outgrown the door! The special door she had put in specifically to handle that growth!

“I guess you hadn't learned your lesson yet, when you put that in.”

“To not underestimate my boobs? Believe me, I am wiser now.”

At 10 feet, if he remembered correctly for he could not see it, the automatic glass panel door wasn't quite tall enough anymore. As Cameron watched, Charlotte started to stuff herself through. The first indication was tops of Charlotte's breasts bulging upwards behind the doorframe, mounding up as they were soft but too big for the opening. Slowly her abnormal breasts were pressured through, being squashed underneath and rising back up on the other side of the constriction. Walking through was not unlike dragging a ruler up one's arm. A soft, squishy arm. But Charlotte's breasts were also too WIDE, and that exacerbated the problem. While he had been distracted by the top, the same effect was happening at her outer extremities, boxing her bosom in. A round peg larger than the square hole. But carefully she had pushed through, and out the other side.

"You are totally going to break that soon," Cameron observed.

"I know. I can't decide whether to call the contractors back before, or after that happens."

"You're going to remodel again? You're not going to even fit in the living room, though."

Charlotte looked at him and giggled. "Don't worry, don't worry," she laughed. "I hired a different guy for interior design. Not your problem. But THIS is," she said, pointing down into her cleavage, and then pointing at the red shirt.

On the ground was a HUGE dark red tent, specifically a stretchy turtleneck sweater top with special modifications allowing for the preposterous bust that would wear it. It was the top to complete her extraordinary outfit. Charlotte herself was already decked out in the rest of it. The overly busty lass had her red hair straightened and sleek, falling down her back, framed by her cute ears bearing small diamond earrings. Her lipstick was a deep burgundy to match the would-be dress.

It didn't quite count, in a traditional sense. Above the ribcage, the redhead was topless. Cameron had no complaints, as her unfathomable breasts extending several yards in front of her and to either side of her petite body and now more than ever it was a sight to behold. Wrapped around Charlotte's waist was a black underbust corset which drew her minuscule waist even further in. It was done very tight indeed, delivering a svelte hourglass that was completed with a clingy dark red skirt that extended down to mid-thigh. The skirt color and fabric completely matched the shirt laying yonder, as one outfit, a sweatershirt/stretchy material that was thick and ribbed. Lastly, on her feet were stylish boots that rose up midcalf.

As Cameron followed through the door and made for the subject of his task. He bent down and gathered the shirt that was flopped on the ground. Copious amounts of fabric filled his arms, both heavy and dense. He couldn't quite get it all off the ground, so part of it was dragging as he brought it all the way outside next to the woman. She watched him as he came even up to her, her face impassive. Her shoulders and ribcage seemed so small above the corset, and against the backdrop of her chest. A catwalk model chained to a wall of tit.

Wordlessly, she took one end of the shirt and they both fanned it out a little bit, rummaging for the hole for her head. Cameron found it and held it up. Charlotte nodded appreciatively, and raised her pale skinny arms above her head. "Let's do this."

"Let's." He dropped it over top of her arms, and she wriggled them through the sleeves and brought it down to wear like a proper shirt. She straightened it out on her back, so it covered down to her corset, and then pooled the rest of the excess on top of her cleavage. It wasn't going to circumnavigate her bust by itself. And there was a LOT to go. Though now, it looked more like a woman fully dressed who had decided to reveal herself and flash her party guests. Something that may come true if they didn't do this soon.

"My turn?" Cameron asked.

“Maisie was going to use that.” Charlotte said pointing. Leaned up against the wall was one of those long wooden pointers used in grade school for pointing at the blackboard/whiteboard/screen. And on the back end was a hook so teachers could pull down the screen over the blackboard. Basically a long wooden pole with a metal hook on the end. Cameron took it dubiously.

“Damn you, Maisie,” he said sourly.

“Oh hush,” said Charlotte sweetly. “It’s only going to be as awkward as you make it.” Despite this, she was smiling like the cat that swallowed the mouse.

Cameron eyed the problem. “I’ll work my way from the front,” he decided.

“However you’d like,” she said airily. “I just need to be dressed.”

Hefting his stick, the man began the long march around Charlotte’s circumference. An interesting task that required first having to walk horizontally away from the redhead to make it around her chest before he could make it to her front. It was an odd feeling, as he rounded the curve and the woman attached to this blimps disappeared from sight. He was walking further from HER, the owner, but still standing right next to her BOOBS. They had to be categorized as separate entities in his mind, and yet they were part of the same tiny woman. It was jarring knowing this wall was Charlotte, the huge colossus of which he was standing in the shadow of. A little woman whose breasts were much bigger and much heavier than he was. Breasts couldn’t be this big! Women simply didn’t grow boobs the size of robust tool sheds.

He made it to the front, and found himself staring at the largest and most lovely pair of sweater puppies the world had ever seen. Each was capped with ... tent fabric. She had used actual tents this time! Or cut out some of it. It looked double or triple layered, but the fronts of her breasts were covered by about five square feet of tent fabric to conceal her areola and nipples, and were taped excessively to her breast for stability. Even through the layers of suppressing fabric, each tarp possessed an outward dimple on each that exceeded the size of his head, and pointed at his chest. He stared wonderingly, only imaging the monstrosities hidden beneath. It was ironic, really. The woman with the most breast in the world would never be able to breastfeed, as she had too much to be of use for the exact purpose they were meant to serve. How he wanted to peel back the tent and have a look! But she had maintained some modesty with damnable camping equipment.

“Was a tent harmed in the making of this outfit?” he asked loudly.

“Yes,” came a laughing reply. “Completely murdered, I’m afraid.” Her voice was strangely distant and muffled, considering he was standing an arm’s length from her breasts.

“Poor thing,” Cameron feigned sadness. “You’re horrible. That thing wanted to go on adventures, spend time in the great outdoors. Butchered.”

“Your fault, really. Calling my other shirts ‘tent-like’ gave me the idea. After I graduated from yoga mats, I had to use something.”

“Literally tents.”

“I wouldn’t be able to use it again anyways,” she called disdainfully. “I could barely use it for this. Or so I’m told.”

Cameron steeled himself for the task he had, and he was daunted by it. What would it mean for their relationship? Was he a professional? A friend? A potential lover? Charlotte was letting him do this, but he couldn’t decide which category that put him in. If anything, it almost made him doubt option [#3](#). Something profoundly intimate isn’t something you let a potential lover simply do like this. He didn’t know how to feel about that, and that was why he was trepidatious.

“Stop stalling!” Charlotte called. “I have guests coming!”

And with that, Cameron stepped up to the center of her cleavage, between the two orbs. It was a huge chasm between the milky globes, and at the far end he could see Charlotte. She had donned sunglasses and a sunhat, and she was peering down the hall of bosom at him. He suspected her hands had been on her hips but he had no way of telling. She beckoned at him to come to her.

Cameron complied. He hadn’t exactly been given enough room in the breast hallway, but he supposed it was more effective to have these beauties as close together as possible to get the shirt up and over them. Reaching the girl at the end of the tunnel resulted in his shoulders brushing each breast simultaneously, and at their size and firmness, they fought back. Fighting the resistance was making him awkward, every moment he was mindful that at the other end of these was a hot girl who was observing his every movement, and FEELING it too. This wasn’t breast groping, this was trying to navigate a bouncy house ... sideways.

These weren’t breasts. This was a client. A customer. A friend. Not sexual. Charlotte’s tits, though. The fun, gorgeous, and cute woman’s huge and fat and warm and soft and immense breasts. And he was sandwiched in between, slipping into ever-lovin’ SHADOW because he was surrounded on both sides by breast wall taller than himself. Baseball. What was his favorite baseball team, anyways? He couldn’t remember. Football. Oh yeah, he LOVED football ... Go football. Why wasn’t this working right now? Sports or video games, it was a trick he used when he helped women in the past, as necessary. But there was no returning from the sexiness of being trapped in this redhead’s leviathan cleavage.

It was Charlotte. It had to be. The difference was it was THIS woman, and not just SOME woman. He was stuck in it, now. And he was nearly getting stuck in her breast crevasse, too. They filled his entire field of view for a few steps as he had to muscle through the major constriction of space in the middle, since these were orbs the tunnel closed and widened, and as he approached Charlotte they got closer together because this tunnel ended by meeting at her chest. He fought the excess softness, and slowly his head popped out of her cleavage to find himself face to face with the woman whose breasts he was standing betwixt.

She looked at him brightly over the tops of her sunglasses. "Touching boobs isn't so bad, though, right? How many customers have you gotten to feel up like this?"

Cameron tried to remember his cool, despite how disheveled he felt, and grimaced. "More old ladies than I care to remember," he responded conversationally.

Charlotte giggled into her hand. Cameron FELT it, around him. "Poor Cameron. At least I'm not old, then. Proceed!" She held out the front of the shirt that was gathered in front of her, and Cameron found what he sought just above the hem, in the dead center of the sheet of fabric. It was an inlaid metal rung sewn into the hem. He took the pointer he still held in his hands and hooked it through that rung, and then he extended the wooden pointer to raise the hem of Charlotte's shirt high above his head. It really felt like he was drawing up the shirt like a tarp, and essentially that was the goal here. To cover her like one would cover a car. Wielding this shirt like a banner on a battlefield, he would have to repeat his journey back to the front of her chest. The comparison didn't seem lost on Charlotte, either.

"Good luck, soldier," Charlotte teased. "Give it your all."

"Yes, sir." Cameron trundled back through her cleavage, hoisting the shirt far above and drawing the top across her cleavage to the front of her bust. All along the way he had to keep tugging it along, but it wasn't very difficult. The shirt was exceptionally loose at this point. As he emerged out the other side of Charlotte's cleavage, he started to pull it down over the huge swell of her chest like manually closing a garage door.

Fortunately the fabric was a very loose super stretchy sweater, and it didn't give him that much difficulty even out here at the extreme far reaches. He carefully tugged it over Charlotte's homebrew nipple pasties so as not to disturb their attachment, then pulled it down towards the ground. He circled around Charlotte just to make sure he wasn't making the next step harder than it would be already. Good, none of the shirt had caught or bunched up anywhere, Charlotte mostly had the shirt on already. She watched him as he came around, but didn't say anything and he crossed behind her and wandered off around her right side and back to the front of her chest.

Now for the bad part. Cameron crouched at the middle of Charlotte's width, and ducked under the curtain of sweater so he was back in Charlotte's cleavage. It was much darker in their warm embrace now with the shirt hanging overhead. Some sunset light filtered through but it down near the ground was all shadows. What he could see was tinted burgundy, and it already felt warmer inside, with less breathing room. This was gonna be weird.

He turned back to the shirt hanging down the front of Charlotte's breasts, and pulled it all the way to the ground, closing the garage door as it were, with him inside. Finding his pointing hooking stick, he pulled it with him, and slowly started yanking that hem back towards Charlotte and her Main Body. This time it was under the breasts, and he was completing the circuit. The light wasn't leaking through underneath anymore, and his eyes were adjusting to the dark.

He was stuck in Charlotte's shirt. If she closed this off, or didn't let him out, he could be trapped in here. He was suddenly acutely aware that Charlotte was a very playful person, and he

really didn't want to attend her party from inside her shirt ... Because it was getting fairly stuffy fairly fast, and he was cramped on all sides by tit.

"Lift!" he called, and Charlotte obliged, presumably arching her back to gain him an inch of leeway beneath her breasts from the ground. Dutifully, he handled the pointer and started backpedaling, dragging it along the underside of her bosom. It became more difficult each step, and cost him more effort with each tug. What also wasn't helping was the constriction of her cleavage. As the shirt drew tighter, by his own doing, her breasts were slowly being squeezed together by its forgiving but harsh stretchiness. It only worsened the suffocating feeling.

Yank, yank, yank, "Whoa!" Cameron felt two arms at his back as his head hit fabric above him. He turned and realized he had made it back to Charlotte. He turned and ducked down the ground. Freedom lay beyond two beautiful legs in calf boots and a tight sweater skirt. She was standing so the skirt was stretched as far as it would go, not far at all, like the cover of some movie box art. He was uncomfortably aware that if he got much closer, he'd have a direct view right up it. As for getting out, her legs weren't far enough apart to crawl between, and there wasn't much room between her legs and fat breasts for Cameron to easily bypass her by other means. She probably COULDN'T spread her legs far enough for him to slip through, the skirt was stretchy but already insanely tight around her thighs, not that he wanted to take that option anyways.

"Uhm, Charlotte, could you step aside, please?"

"Oh, right." The legs sidled a foot to the left, moving her breasts minimally, and she clamped them together so that Cameron would have plenty of space to work with. With that Cameron was able to brush past, beneath her breasts, and out into the waning sunlight. He fumbled as he righted himself and straightened his clothes. Charlotte was giggling mercilessly at him and his flushed face.

"You enjoyed that, at least a little bit, right?" she snickered.

Cameron's shoulders drooped. "I'm working here, Ms. Reid. I'm not sure WHAT you're implying," he said officiously, patting off his waistcoat. Charlotte tittered merrily. "Almost done, though," he said.

Now with his body removed from the mammary tomb, he crouched down by Charlotte's side and reached back into the depths where he had been. He was able to grab the pointer he had dropped, and then haul that hem along, all the way up enough for Charlotte to grab it. She quickly reeled it in, and found what she sought somewhere along the side. The hem of this huge shirt had a drawstring threaded through it. This had been their solution to the over-the-head shirt problem. This hem was large enough to fit over her breasts, and now it could be drawn tight to fit her waist. She quickly started pulling it closed to shrink the hem down to her waist, drawing out yard after yard of string while sliding up the stopper, until finally it was cinched about her ribs and locked tight. Her breasts were now completely ensconced in the sweater material, but the outfit wasn't quite done yet.

With almost practiced precision, she tucked the entire length of drawstring into the underbust corset she had about her waist, vanishing it from view. Then she took the hem of her shirt and slid it into the underbust corset, connecting three inlaid hooks waiting inside. After careful adjustment, no skin was visible between corset and top as it was tucked in. Then, she pulled her corset shut entirely.

“Tie me,” she ordered, and raised her skinny arms up for the second time that day.. Cameron obliged, walking up to her corset and drawing the straps tight.

“Tighter,” she urged, and he really cinched it, squeezing her in. “One more.” She grunted but nodded at the latest effort, and Cameron tied it off in a knot behind her back.

Cameron stepped back as Charlotte breathed a few times, experimentally. Then she looked over her shoulder at him. “Well? How did we do?”

Cameron stepped back a few more paces and observed her in her entirety. As much as was possible from one view point. The effect was to make it look all like one dress, with the corset as the secret binding agent that hid the fact that the dress was actually two pieces. To wear something tight and form fitting like this, and to get the look she was going for without the insane cleavage of the previous outfit that Cameron had helped her with, it had required a bit of ingenuity to create that illusion. It worked, it looked like she was wearing a normal sweater dress that somehow accommodated her gargantuan chest. And the result was hot as hell, with her waist tucked tight and highlighting her petite stature, her skirt scandalous, her boot sleek and no-nonsense, and her elephantine bosom projecting 11 feet in front of her bound in a stretchy turtleneck. She looked dressed to kill, like she could go clubbing or to an art gallery.

Charlotte flipped her hair over her shoulder, striking with her poise and outfit.

“You look lovely,” Cameron said quietly.

Charlotte tilted her head, hair tilting in the sunset. “Not just pretty?”

“Not just pretty,” he confirmed, nodding.

The woman smiled softly, more with her eyes than with her mouth. “Thank you.”

They looked at each other for a moment, until Charlotte spoke again. “Want to stay for the party?”

Cameron looked down at himself, and then shook his head. “In my work clothes? No way, not with the way you guys will be dressed.”

“It’s pretty informal, it’s just my friends, some drinks, some music, a lot of talking. You’ll be fine.”

“Nah, it’s probably best if I don’t ...”

“You sure?” She sounded somewhat put out.

“Yeah. But thank you.”

The way Charlotte looked at him then caused words unbidden to rise up and pop out of his mouth. "But next time, I'll bring a change of clothes," Cameron promised.

Charlotte beamed at him. "Good. And thank YOU. If you hadn't come over, my outfit would have consisted of tents. There would have been no point to this hair and makeup."

Cameron laughed. "Very modest tents, I think you pulled it off."

"Is ... that a joke or a complim-"

DONGGG!

Presumably the sound of the doorbell. "Ah!" Charlotte said, "Someone has arrived!"

"I better get going then," Cameron said hurriedly.

"You can still stay! Honest, it's not whatever you're thinking."

"I'd like to, but I'd better not tonight. There are things I have to do and it's been a long day. I hope you have a good party."

"Ok ..." Charlotte said, as Cameron walked past her to walk around the house. He didn't want to greet her guests for her. She turned with him. "I'll send you a pic from tonight, ok?" She grinned at him.

Cameron chuckled. "To show me what I'm missing? Ok, I'll have to take a look at it. Have a good night."

DONGGG!!

"IT'S OPEN!" Charlotte screamed so that the visitor at the door could hear, as Cameron wandered off to find his car. "Have a good night," she called back to him.

=====

Cameron thought about the party he could have attended all next day. He had rejected it as a knee jerk reaction. Charlotte's friends were not his crowd, he wouldn't have anything in common with any of them. He was not a rich kid, he didn't come from money. He would have been wearing an outfit from a day job at retail. Charlotte had wanted to include him, but he hadn't been comfortable. And on the other hand he already regretted it. She had gone out of her way to invite him, and he was cursing himself the fool.

All day he waged war with himself, and trying to make peace with the fact that the decision had already been made and there was nothing to do now, anyhow. But when he got off work, he had a battery of photos waiting for him on his phone. Relieved, he eagerly leafed through them, impressed by the quality. They seemed to be taken by a professional photographer, of Charlotte at the party last night.

The girl in her skin tight red dress was eye-popping among the chill crowd of 20-somethings. It was a low key party by the looks of it, lots of people milling and chatting with social drinks in hand. Some of the shots were from farther away, and it was clear just how much

of the party was dominated by Charlotte's bust. The red orbs stood several feet taller than anybody at the party. An image of Charlotte talking to two friends nonchalantly had them all standing in the shadow of a bosom that dwarfed all three of them at once. In fact, even standing there, they were well within the wingspan of her left tit, she was significantly wider than the conversation. There was even a small group standing on the other side that Charlotte wasn't even a part of, they were a little ways away, but still in the shadow of those colossal cans because it was nighttime and the lighting was not overhead!

In each photo that included the modest crowd, multiple people could be observed staring at Charlotte. At least he thought so, the texted image wasn't high enough quality to pick them out precisely. He would have bet that there were many others that were thinking about her, either way. She took up so much of the backyard patio, that some crowds were standing in the grass for their chats. He did not think they would be found there otherwise.

Cameron< Wow, these are really high quality! >

Charlotte< I had a pro come and do them. I can't take them myself anymore, now can I? So, party what you expected? >

Cameron< Yeah, you throw a nice event! >

Charlotte< Actually wasn't mine LOL Evelyn threw this together, but held it here so I could attend >

Cameron< That was nice of her. You're going to need more room for the next one. >

Charlotte< ... DANG. I didn't even notice that! They're in the grass. I couldn't see that last night >

Cameron< Call up the patio guy >

Charlotte< I need you to enlarge my patio. Yes. Yes. My tits grew. >

Cameron< As good a reason as any >

=====

The day after, Cameron didn't have a photo waiting for him, but a simple message, with a link.

Charlotte< So ... >

The link was to an online video ... of Charlotte at the party. Her enormous bosom the subject of a 4 minute video filming her at her party from what appeared to be a phone camera. Charlotte didn't move much, but watching all the partygoers skirt her mass, and otherwise be dwarfed, was an amazing sight. The skintight dress sure looked good, and Charlotte chatted with friends, oblivious, even as they openly ogled. Almost especially the girls, who were less abashed with their amazement and disbelief. There was even a group of three ladies who were obviously discussing Charlotte, by their glances and gestures. Charlotte was not a part of this conversation, and could not have been from her position.

Something obvious about the dynamic was that Charlotte tried to move as little as possible. People came up and spoke with her, or she called someone over. All to keep her breasts stationary, for if Charlotte moved too much she'd be knocking into people with possibly catastrophic results. Off in the background, one could see the professional photographer Charlotte had hired. This was a phone video ...

Cameron< Someone at your party filmed you?? >

Charlotte< Yeah ... looks like my secret is out! It's gotten a lot of hits ... >

Cameron looked at the video again, and indeed a lot of views had accumulated. The comments were predictable, from disbelief, to sneering, to the odd worship.

Cameron< You've got some fans. >

Charlotte< Yeah ... I've learned a lot about big boobs lately ... Don't laugh. I've been thinking of becoming a model for real >

Cameron< You love clothes and showing off. It makes sense >

Charlotte< Might as well, right? >

Privately he was disappointed at the prospect of her modeling photos being public instead of something just for him, but he spoke the truth. It wasn't like she could hide her condition indefinitely, and he HAD told her to embrace it. Though she had been much smaller then ...

Cameron< Go for it >

=====

A few days passed without messages. Cameron was almost concerned, because she might be dealing with a lot with what new publicity would surround the incident. Or any possible ramifications. Cameron really wanted to ask about it, but felt it was better to let her deal with it. At least, for the first three days. On the fourth day, on his ride home, he thought about what to say that could get the conversation going again. Yet his phone dinged on the drive and when he got home, it was Charlotte.

Charlotte< Clear your calendar three days from now, ok? I'm going to need your help >

That sounded concerning.

Cameron< Help you with what? >

Charlotte< I've got a very special dinner event that night, and I ordered a custom dress I designed myself. Unfortunately Maisie will be doing the cooking, so I'll need you to help as per usual :) >

He was very relieved. It had been serious for a second, but he should have known better.

Cameron< Custom dress? Wait, am I going to be unemployed? >

Charlotte< Nahhhh! ... I still need your help getting into them ;) But no, this one is just special <3 Thanks >

=====

PART 06

Cameron arrived on the appointed day of Charlotte's special party, parking his car in the usual spot. He hadn't received a single photo since the red dress he helped her with, so he was wondering what he would find. She would probably be bigger, but by how much? Remembering last time he was expected here, he tried the front door and found it open. He was greeted by a pleasant smell wafting from the kitchen, something delicious was being cooked though he couldn't quite make out what. He was also greeted by the extraordinary sight of a wall of Charlotte. Just like last time. The difference today was she wasn't inside, she was already waiting outside beyond the parlor, beyond the living room, and beyond the 20 foot wide 10 foot tall glass door. And the entire glass panorama was a view of the back of Charlotte's tits. There was about 8 feet between the glass door and Charlotte, but no sunlight filtering through, no glimpse of backyard, the door was cast in shadow because completely leviathan breasts filled it the whole vista and continued out of frame.

The redhead was sitting on a beach lounge chair on the patio, reclining in a sun hat despite being in the shade of her gargantuan udders. Cameron could not appreciate her full size from here, but already he was overwhelmed. This girl could GROW.

He walked towards the living room and found the floor had been replaced. No, not quite, just almost completely covered by a spongy foam fabric. He thought that was an odd choice for a moment before he realized what he was standing on. A bikini triangle that practically served as the living room carpet.

Charlotte's bad habit of leaving her clothes lying in the living room had become more problematic than ever before. He would have walked around it, especially since he still wore shoes, but there was no other path to take. The huge shape he was on must have been 15 feet tall and wide, and there next to it was its twin, connected by a cable-like four inch thick cord. Together, the two splayed out cups were as wide as the room itself, gently curling against the wall on the left side. It wasn't perfectly centered, there was a few inches to give on the right, but evening out the difference and it was nearly the width, perhaps a few inches more. The last time he saw her, this monstrosity would have been too big. Now ... who knew. But it was a string bikini, not known for their coverage.

Carefully Cameron walked up the cushiony middle. It was made of that soft swimsuit cup material, but it wasn't very thick and only offered slight springiness beneath his feet. He was very glad indeed he hadn't been in charge of delivering this monstrosity. Even if he could bundle it up, it would have been too big for his car OR his trunk. And forget wearing it like a hat, these cups would have would have easily drowned his entire car. He could only imagine what areola would require such a swimsuit as he crossed Charlotte's bikini towards the glass door and his destination. Along the way, he found the remote for the door on the wall and it slid open for him to greet the owner.

The outstandingly busty girl looked up at the sound of the door, and then craned to look back at him from over her shoulder. A small smirk played on her lips but disappeared so quickly he wasn't sure he had seen it, giving way to a sunny smile. "Hey Cameron."

"Hey Char ... lotte." Cameron trailed off, as he was a little distracted. Out on the patio, NOW he could appreciate the woman's full size. Appreciate better. Not fully yet, but better, for there was no way he could actually scope all of her. Not when the galactic behemoths stood more than TWICE as tall as him. At 6 feet, Cameron rarely had occasion to feel insignificant, but here this 5 and a half foot girl was the worst offender there had ever been. Other parts of her appeared to be as tall or taller than the second story windows on the house behind him! At least, it looked it, it was hard to judge from down there, with the enormous sloping surface of the globes.

He estimated each of Charlotte's puppies to be about 16 feet wide. Maybe 18. That was probably pretty accurate, he had gotten very familiar with eye-balling those kinds of sizes now that he had been working on various clothes for a girl of such dimensions. Probably 16 feet tall? Goddamn, Charlotte's growth factor wasn't kidding around.

He looked back at Charlotte impassively, to see her watching him with one eyebrow raised. She was still lazily reclined on the chair, looking at him over her sunglasses. She hoisted herself into a sitting position, in the process stretching her arms back and over her head, before relaxing. On most women the gesture would have been impressive, sticking their chest out to an amazing degree, wearing nothing up top, but it was entirely lost here. Charlotte's breasts were so massive that they hadn't even shifted. She looked back at him, leaning forward like someone at the edge of a pool.

"Taking in the scenery?" she asked.

He could play that game too. "One should always be aware of their surroundings," he said. He failed to mention that he had used that line in a similar situation with a different girl for a time long past. It was far more appropriate now.

"I see ... Well, now that you're 'aware,'" she drawled slyly, "Are you ready?"

She stood and removed her hat, and Cameron got to see her in her special dress, as she had called it. Her hair was done up in a single black hairclip, in such a way where it was allowed to fall down to her neck before it was looped back up and clipped to the back of her head. The ends of her brilliant red hair spiked upwards out the top of the clip, and slightly rained back down. Her hair was tucked behind her ears, and she was wearing large silver hooped earrings that dangled below her jawline. She had applied seductive dark red lipstick, and as Cameron watched, she removed her sunglasses to throw next to her hat, revealing that her lashes had been done dark and full, with a positively sultry amount of eyeliner applied. Not quite Egyptian style, but certainly well shaded.

Below was a black dress, made of a silky and flowing fabric. It was one of those peculiar dresses where the top portion consisted of a front and back half, but they didn't join or touch one another until her hips. Instead, up along her side they would only be tied together by laces,

crisscrossing each other up along the wearer's side. There would be a solid strip of her body revealed up the entire length of the side of her torso, about four or five inches wide, and only slightly concealed by the wide crosshatched laces. Like the shoelaces of a pair of sneakers, on both sides of the dress. Around the hips, the dress was designed to bind tight for about five inches before opening to a huge slit on both sides. Those five scant inches resting around the wearer's feminine curves was the only point where the front and back half of the dress properly met. Below that, the rest did little more than simply drape down between the legs, revealing everything from about mid-thigh down. The final presentation would be an electric glimpse of the wearer's legs, thighs, side of her waist and belly, and ideally a shelf of sideboob if the woman had something to show. And the constant tease of a nakedness along the whole length, top to bottom.

Charlotte could definitely pull off this dress from the hips down. Her hips were the perfect shape to for tiny clingy skirts, and the cut of the dress was scandalous but elegant, she had killer toned legs and the slit skirt was an alluring addition. Also as she stood, the dress hemmed a bit above her ankles, to which Cameron noted she was wearing black high top sandals and had painted her nails. Top-wise ... Charlotte's dress wasn't assembled yet.

For Charlotte, every outfit always got more interesting above the waistline. On her back, the back half was loose and curling away from her because the laces weren't done up, but it appeared the black fabric would reach up to around her shoulder blades. On her front side, at the top of the skirt, the front half of the bodice was forced to curve away from her tummy, then actually bend down and down to the ground, to disappear beneath Charlotte's bosom in front of her. Laying all around was black cord.

On an ordinary woman, the completed front half would rest against her belly and cover her breasts, held there by the laces and cords conjoining it to the back half. Charlotte's excess prevented that from being done up, or even being close. Actually, the proper neckline of this dress remained to be seen, since it was buried somewhere far away beneath those melons. But if Cameron had to guess, it would be something very cleavage heavy.

The laces on the back bodice were threaded properly, a hefty inch thick cord foregoing laces, but the other ends drooped to the ground and out of sight below Charlotte, presumably connected to the front. It would need some serious tightening to get the slack out.

"We have some work to do," Cameron said, after his evaluation.

Charlotte pouted, and then gestured grandly at herself. "Yeah, but do you like it?!"

"Yeah, it's really pretty! ... Though definitely meant for a much smaller girl than you."

Charlotte rolled her eyes. "That's everything I'm ever going to put on."

"Point taken. How are we supposed to do this?"

"Well, I thought of THAT, of course," she said sweetly. "There should be some rope out front." She gestured vaguely at her cleavage, indicating something on the far side.

Rope. This couldn't be good. "Ok, I'm officially curious." Charlotte gave him a gentle buh-bye wave, the kind where only the fingers wag, and Cameron turned to walk the astonishing perimeter of her bosom. It took him a dozen paces to get from Charlotte, to out beyond Charlotte's breasts. He might as well have been walking along the side of a house, it felt that way. Looking straight ahead they curved up and out of sight of his peripheral vision, so the wall of tit beside him felt like an honest to goodness wall, except for its curving exterior. Before he had always marveled at their size, but he now realized he had been an amateur then. None of what had once stupefied him compared at all to her bra size now, and the stunned feeling he felt at her side. The simple fact that it took him so long to walk around this girl's chest.

To which he then recollected having similar experiences each time he was faced with the newest results of Charlotte's growth. She kept expanding and pushing the boundaries of his perception. Each and every time he met her, he had to scoff at his previous naivete. So, then ... would she be bigger than this in the future? Would the sense of insignificance he felt now be, in a few weeks, laughable to him? The thought persisted as he walked along the alabaster mammoths. He conceded he was almost getting numb to the fact that these were breasts. Charlotte's BREASTS. It was so shocking that it was bound to stop eliciting a reaction. The reality and the concept were very hard to reconcile. For 'breasts', in every other instance of a human woman, meant NOTHING like Charlotte. And yet that's what they were.

Cameron reached their mind-boggling fronts, and found more reason to gape. For the first time, Charlotte was truly topless. No shirt, no yoga mats, no tents ... nothing. About 9 feet off the ground, above his head, were Charlotte's rosy nipples and areola. The waif's red moons had to be about 5 feet across each, centered on nubs about twice the size of his head. More like basketballs. Ms. Reid's nipples had now surpassed the then-ludicrous size of her entire bust she had started out with when he met her. Incredible, and they were completely exposed to the clear lake air. Better yet, he could stand here and gawk and Charlotte couldn't even see him. He did just that for a moment, taking in the sight he had so longed to see. These beauties finally unfettered in all their glory. And they were as wondrously formed as the rest of her breasts. Blown up and ballooned to a positively absurd scale, yet Charlotte's set was perfect. Those nips looked so suckable and chewable, ignoring that they dwarfed his head, they were so stiff and protruded a proper proportional distance from her swells ideal for teasing. Reminiscent of a spectacular pair he mauled on a girlfriend long past.

Remembering himself, after a spell, Cameron looked across the ground, and there about two feet out of Charlotte's cleavage was a rope. A sailor's rope that would have looked more at home in a pirate ship's rigging than as a tool of necessity for dressing a woman. But only one of those options was at hand, so Cameron figured this must be his goal. With both hands, Cameron took the knot at the end of the rope and pulled directly out, yanking backwards as much as he could. He felt himself pulling something, and slowly he could see the very top of Charlotte's bodice emerge out from beneath her. It looked like he was dealing with a straight edge neckline, like that of a corset. As more and more of it showed, his task became more strenuous until finally

he could pull it out no more. The bodice fell about a foot short of completely making it out from under Charlotte's warm bosom. He supposed why. He walked back to Charlotte.

Charlotte had returned herself to the lounge chair, although she was sitting up ramrod straight. There was an expectant glint in her eye as he came around. Wordlessly, Cameron closed the distance and examined the laces on her bodice. He was correct. His efforts had pulled them taught. Now, the back of Charlotte's dress was fully flush against her body, indeed rising to about her shoulder blades and only slightly wrapping about her torso. From there, the cords crossed over the sides of her torso and extended far forward, wrapping her bust to connect somewhere on the strip he had just been pulling. But there wasn't enough slack in the cords. Cameron lightly attempted to adjust the straps, but could easily tell they were tight as a drum and weren't long enough for the size of her chest.

Charlotte merely watched him with interest, until he looked up at her and their eyes met. She half smiled and shrugged. "I ordered more," she said, interpreting Cameron's focused examination. "It's over there."

"The seamstress didn't give you one long enough the first time?"

Charlotte giggled, and patted the mountainside of herself heaped in front of her. "I exceeded expectation by a bit. I figured we might have a problem. I think we'll have to extend it." Charlotte pointed to a pile on the ground. There was a whole coil of the cord used in the dress, and a pair of scissors. "Maisie's got us covered," she said.

"You designed a dress requiring a lot of work," Cameron observed, fetching the stuff.

"You mean I designed a PRETTY dress, right?" Charlotte chastised.

"The pretty ones are often the high maintenance ones. I also have to walk a mile around your boobs to get you in it."

Charlotte giggled. "Well not quite, yet." Cameron looked at her and the beautiful red head gave a small shrug and sipped the glass of wine on the table next to her.

"No signs of stopping?" he asked, fetching the prepared materials.

"Nope."

"Hold on, I need some slack here." Together they pulled the front of her dress back enough to loosen the threads. Like shoes, the laces on each dress side were a single cord woven back and forth across the dress, if he had snipped while taught he would have had to redo the laces. "So do you WANT mile breasts?"

"No," she admitted. "But I still don't have much choice in the matter, do I? And when I make jokes about it, I do enjoy how much that freaks people out."

"Like your parents?"

"Oh god, yes. My mother nearly faints."

“I suddenly feel bad for her.”

“Don’t. I have my reasons.”

While they were talking, Cameron had made a decisive cut on the top rung of the laces, one whose other end was somewhere a dozen feet away under Charlotte’s whales. He had cut a new length of cord, about 25 feet, and knotted it into the strung lace, effectively extending it. Then he did the same to the lace on the other side.

“Well, I don’t think I freak out, at least.”

“You do, a little,” she said quietly. “You get this look.”

“What look?”

“I don’t know. A look.” She looked like she wanted to add something more, but stopped.

“Well I don’t mean to,” he said absently, as he finished his knot. “There. We’ll have to readjust after we’re done, but better to have too much now and then take it out later.” Cameron had noted that the dress loops for the laces were doubly reinforced, which was probably an excellent idea. He repeated the process on the other side of Charlotte’s dress, and figured it should be good to go.

“Back to the front lines,” he said. Charlotte gave him a small smile and he walked around her again. It wasn’t a mile, sure, but certainly farther than one should have to walk to reach the end of a girl’s décolletage. He resumed tugging the rope, and now with plenty of slack, he got the front end of the dress out from beneath the titans. He relaxed. Now what?

He contemplated briefly, but all results pointed to one thing. If he was going to pull something up by rope, he would need to be above it, and there was only one place to do that.

“Charlotte,” he yelled across the moors of her cleavage. “I need to get on top of your chest. Blame your dress design.”

“ ‘kay,” came her reply call. “Do whatcha gotta do.”

His course of action approved, Cameron hurled the knot of rope with considerable gusto to land it atop Charlotte’s cleavage. It didn’t come back down, so that was good. As he was walking the distance between the front of her breasts and Charlotte once AGAIN, he figured he’d need to ask for a ladder to get to Charlotte’s décolletage. That prospect was mind numbing, but he saw a better idea, and one far more inconceivable.

Charlotte was still reclined on her chair. She didn’t even look up from her wine or phone as he passed. “Enjoy your trip.”

He entered the abode, once again stepping in the absurd bikini top, and struck down the hallway where he figured the stairs would be. He had never ventured this far into the house, so this would be a new experience. It was a beautiful home, filled with the elegant decor one would expect in a posh magazine. And as such, none of it was particularly interesting in the end. He found the stairs and hopped up to the second floor, to find what he was looking for.

He found himself in a study, but more importantly, a room with a window. He threw it open and leaned out. "Charlotte, move in reach."

The girl looked up at him, and blinked at him. "Well, I GUESS that works," she said. She stood up and scooted her chair back, so the back of it was slightly inside her house with the glass door open. This moved her chest within two feet of the wall of the house, and within Cameron's effective radius for what he was about to do.

Most stupendously, the hillocks of breast were taller than the window. He'd still have to climb UP to get on top of this woman! Not far, but somewhat. He was standing on the second floor of a house and at eye level with the top of Charlotte's cleavage. She was downstairs somewhere, relaxing. After a pause, Cameron took off his shoes, and then his socks for proper traction, and stepped out onto IT.

Charlotte's breasts felt as amazing as they looked. It was soft and pliable, squishy and warm, and so very very VERY big. He could confirm, from having touched them previously, that Charlotte had lost none of her quality with her increase in size. Gingerly, he walked across the tundra of breast, hunting for his rope. If this made Charlotte uncomfortable, she made no mention or gave no notice. Even so, Cameron felt very awkward once again, despite trying to manage as much reverence as possible. He was touching his client's breasts, though with her permission. He was WALKING on a woman's boobs, though ... no that was pretty weird. That was a first. A woman he was not in a relationship with. And she would be able to feel him up here, every move he made. Still, it had to be done in time for her party, or dinner whasit.

It figured, but the rope had bounced and slid into her cleavage. He had finally spotted it by leaning over and peering into the deep, after hunting for it along her right breast and scanning the top of her left. To retrieve it, he had to sit down and scoot close enough to scoop it up, without falling into the cleft himself. That was easier said than done, as Charlotte's own roundness provided a steep slope and he was reminded that he was a dozen feet off the ground. Sitting on her breast was pleasant, but awkward because he could imagine her attention was on him as he groped for the rope. Every single motion he made felt forbidden or taboo.

He said nothing and made no apology, but Charlotte also said nothing. Maybe he was given plenipotentiary powers while he was up here. If it needed to be done, he was allowed. To that end, he stood back up and started hauling on the rope, pulling up the sheet of fabric up the front of her bust. The rope was connected at the center of the dress neckline, but he had to stand to the side to pull it. This was less than optimal, but it wasn't like he could stand in the middle of her two breasts to do it. He was also careful to not give Charlotte rope burn on her bosom. At first it was easy but heavy, just a few tugs, then a few more, then suddenly ... he hit a snag. He pulled the rope again, but it wouldn't budge upwards.

He stalked over the front of Charlotte's breasts, reeling the rope, and peered down the rounded surface. The damn dress' straight edge neckline had caught on Charlotte's nipples. In raising it from his angle, it was riding straight up the front of her chest, but it couldn't be dragged anything further with those ottomans sticking out in the way. Cameron boggled at the situation,

and after a few half-hearted tugs, knew it wasn't going to work. Not when the other nipple was 16 feet away, he simply didn't have the leverage to get that side around the obstacle. Although Charlotte had the foresight to give the 'neckline' of this dress some heft and stiffness for proper shape, it wasn't going to be enough if he didn't get it over the her humps.

Gingerly he scooted down the front of her breast, working his way towards those immense areola. He had to really be careful here, if he slipped he'd have quite the nasty fall. At this height, it was akin to falling off a single story roof. Fortunately he was able to take advantage of her softness and her graceful slope, to gently slide down towards her nipple. He almost put his feet right on her lady bit until he realized just what he was DOING and managed to catch himself. It had been a natural foothold for his automatic climbing sense but that was Charlotte's TEAT, not an outcropping. From this better angle perched a few feet above the tree stump of nipple, he was able to wiggle the top of that dress out and up enough to get it over the hurdle. But he didn't dare lean out to try and wiggle the other one loose, as he WOULD fall.

Holding the rope as taut as possible while looped around his arm, he climbed the four feet back up onto her upper landing, and then had to cross the great chasm between the mountains. Fortunately Charlotte had kept her puppies close together today, what with trying to stuff them into this dress, and he could ford the depth with a small hop. He didn't need to, but it sure beat accidentally putting a foot through there and needing Charlotte's help to get out.

Carefully he repeated his process for the second nipple and cleared the rest of the dress for lifting. Whew. Reeling backwards, he tugged the rope along and got that neckline up as far as it would go. It got harder and harder and harder, to which he realized he owed to Charlotte's laces having been done up earlier. They had been settled for a size much too small, before he had added the extra length, but they hadn't done anything more than that. Back on the ground at the other end, Charlotte herself must be feeding that lace through the garment to properly redistribute it as he pulled. It was a big oversight on his part. Realizing that, he slowed down his pace to a more methodical heave ho, and with it the rest of the dress climbed with relative smoothness. When the dress was as high as it appeared capable, Cameron held the rope tight, crossed her cleavage ravine again, and retreated back to the window. He had to unreel the rope this while to maneuver, but thankfully he still had a few feet left in his hands when he reached his destination at the window sill. He looked down at Charlotte expecting her to still be lounging, but instead she was looking up at him. Even from here it was obvious she was trying not to laugh at him.

"What? You have really troublesome nipples," Cameron said evenly. "We might need to factor for that in the future."

Charlotte cracked up. She doubled over in her chair with her mirth. Smiling to himself, Cameron climbed into the window. He had been thinking about the next step as he had exerted himself, and very decisively pulled the end of the rope into the window, closing the window down on it as tight as he could. The knot in the rope held, and there, Charlotte's dress front was 'up'. He walked back downstairs and out to find Charlotte wiping the tears of laughter from her eyes.

"What did you have in mind for tightening?" he asked.

“Hhah. Ahh,” she chuckled one final time. “Um. Here.” She held up a pair of keys. “Maisie’s truck. You should bring it around it has a hook on the back.”

“A truck!?”

“I want it tight,” Charlotte said seriously.

“That ...”

“Really tight. What else can we use? It won’t hurt, I’m too big for that.” She jangled the keys for him to take. “Also I need your keys. While we’re doing this the caterers might arrive, so Maisie will go move your car.”

“I could just do it.”

“There’s no time. It’s way worse to have an improperly dressed hostess than to wait a few minutes for food, so I need you on the TOP priority. My top.”

Cameron nodded. “Alright, fair. Why is she cooking if it’s being catered, anyway?”

“There’s the family recipes, and then there’s the rest of the food,” Charlotte smiled.

Cameron fished his car keys out of his pocket and handed them to the grinning redhead, before taking Maisie’s set out to the truck parked in front of the house. It took him a second to learn how to operate it, but then started to drive it back around the house. There was a paved section offshoot that did run around to the backyard, presumably to support the catering and numerous grand events Cameron presumed were held back there. Once he made it back near the patio, he saw that while he had been driving, Charlotte had stood up and repositioned herself so that she was perpendicular to the house. From this angle it was remarkable that her boobs weren’t THAT much shorter than the building. Just another floor and a quarter to go, she was over halfway there. She spanned a huge swath of the yard down to the waterfront, the enormous orbs glowing in the setting sun. Covering the whole patio, she made everything around her look like a model miniature, she was too huge and by proportion nothing around was big enough. The boats, the gazebo, the second story windows, the door ... Charlotte comfortably outbusted and outweighed everything in the vicinity except for the entirety of the house itself. The gazebo wasn’t even as tall as her monstrosities, she beat it out by a small margin. Actually, the whole thing would probably have fit atop one of her breasts, now that he could easily compare the two.

Thankfully, Charlotte had repositioned herself while aware that she shouldn’t disturb the purpose of the rope in the window, which remained taught. That must have required some care on her part, and gently geometry. Judging by the arc of the laces surrounding her boobs, it was probably still in place where it needed to be on the other side.

Cameron backed the truck in about ten feet from Charlotte, and hopped out. The redhead looked over her shoulder at him, her hoop earrings dangling. “Hook me.” She was standing there, almost done up, with her legs just behind shoulder width. From the back, the dress teased her lithe form and had an enticing sway about her legs. Those sleek gams were DIVINE with those sandal heels. But she was looking right at him so it was back to business.

In the trunk of the truck, bound to the vehicle itself, Cameron found a winch with a big metal hook. He pulled it out and unwound it, trekking up to Charlotte. Fortunately, since the laces started off too tight to begin with, and had been redistributed while cramming Charlotte in as the dress front was being raised, it had a decent fit already. It was only the several top rungs that had to be tightened, and the cords Charlotte had designed slid smoothly in their reinforced sockets. The laces ended in the top hole on the dress, facing outwards. There was a large knot there, to keep it from sliding through the dress rungs and coming undone. Together, Charlotte and Cameron took the final knot of each thread, and tied them to the winch hook.

Charlotte gave him the thumbs up.

"And now we're going to winch you up," Cameron mused. "I feel like I'm in a metaphor for something."

"For what?"

"I haven't the foggiest. Just seems like a panel cartoon."

"Then I probably say something like 'Crank it', right?"

"Yeah! Exactly."

"... I was actually going to say that."

"Then I would confirm you as a cartoon character, but you're too unrealistically proportioned."

Charlotte giggled. "Just crank it," she said, laughing, and waving him off.

Cameron obliged by retreating to the industrial gear in the bed of the truck, and started it up. The engine whirled and slowly cranked the hook, drawing Charlotte's laces tight with the retraction. He was watching carefully as the enormously long cords that wrapped around her bust started to shrink, and started to constrict their prize. He paused the winch to let Charlotte do some minor distribution in the cords again, and she gave him another thumbs up. The machine chugged and tightened her some more.

Soon he could see the cords starting to cut into her flesh. Not much proportionally, but at the woman's size the pooches of breast were considerable. Starting from her back, the cords shot out, some going horizontal, but most angled up diagonally to traverse her chest and meet the front flap. The front of her bodice wasn't visible at all from directly behind her, all he could see was where it began to curve towards the ground and under her, and that was the last he saw of it.

It became clear that there was going to be too MUCH lace left over after the got it fully winched to the truck, so Cameron let it back out some, and climbed into the truck. He drove the truck slowly further away from Charlotte, pulling her lace cables via the winch in the back. He went until the truck, unbelievably, STOPPED. He didn't tap the brake, and he hadn't done anything else. Charlotte's breasts outweighed this thing by a considerable margin, and would not be persuaded by a slow moving truck. They effortlessly won the battle against the truck's

momentum. He slowly gassed it to eke out a little bit more distance, but he was afraid to do much more than that. He put it in park and returned to the winch to start it up again. This would be where the real tightness came in. It kicked to life and began the final stretch.

The cords, small compared to her, were being swallowed by Charlotte's enormity. There were clear grooves along the sides of her chest where the cords were laying lines, but the actual black lines were rapidly disappearing from view. At this tightness, the dress was no longer in danger of falling off. Even the rope that connected to the window above had started to slacken a bit. The dress was affixed, and it wasn't going anywhere. Cameron finally stopped the winch, but Charlotte whirled on him in surprise. "Did it break?" she asked.

"No, no. I just thought ..."

"Tighter, please." She flashed her white teeth at him from across the patio. Complying, Cameron let the thing whir to its heart's content, waiting for Charlotte's signal to stop. The cords had been pulled about 15 feet behind Charlotte at this point. Very shortly after, the winch started grinding and grating in its gears, and the tightening process visibly slowed down. The dress was nearly as tight as this powerful, heavy duty machine could make it.

The laces on her back were there, but they almost instantly disappeared into Charlotte's bust, their crisscrossing pattern being completely overflowed with bulges of a woman far too big for what they were cramming her into. Charlotte's capacity for sideboob could NEVER be overstated, not for as long as she lived. Restudying the view, Cameron realized that her leviathan boobs were TALLER. Now taller than the second story of the house!!

And less wide, they had been reigned in and were now heaved upwards, an immense decolletage that required construction equipment to assemble. Cameron contemplated switching it off. This was a high powered machine, and she was still a woman made of flesh and blood, however huge.

"Switch it off?" he called over the sputtering equipment. He was afraid it was going to break the dress cables, or something. That would be a mess.

"It's not tight enough, it can go a bit further," she urged. "I wanted this dress to be more corset than this. It's just hard to find normal ones in my size. Or design them, for practicality reasons."

Cameron could appreciate that problem. He had just spent a while dealing with it. But if one's breasts still rested on the ground, was it really a corset? If they didn't ... well, that would be quite the sight but problematic to achieve.

"It doesn't hurt?" he asked.

"No, not really. I used to wear things tighter than this, back when I didn't have boobs," she said cheerfully. "Now I've got a lot more to squish, and we are GONNA DO IT."

And it was already looking spectacular. Cameron admired the view until he got startled. And then leapt to his feet to get out of the way. Behind him, the truck was moving! He stared as the winch slowly dragged the entire parked truck an inch at a time, towards Charlotte.

“Charlotte!” he exclaimed, amazed.

She looked over her shoulder to see what was the matter. “Oh. Not fair,” was all she said. Hurriedly Cameron switched the device off, mindful of all the potential for personal injury. His wariness was rewarded, because just as he shut it off he had to leap into the trunk as the truck was dragged another foot closer to the girl. Cautiously he poked out to see the coast was clear, and everything had settled. Charlotte’s bust must have reasserted itself somewhat without the counterforce of the engine working upon them. Now that the laces had settled, and the truck with it, there was not as much pressure being put on the top rung. A lot of the breasts weight and size were pushing up out the top, and out the sides where the cords were crossed, and not forwards so much.

“That’s probably as tight as we get, I’m afraid,” Cameron assessed.

“Well, it’s pretty good,” Charlotte conceded. “Doesn’t hurt yet, though.”

“You have a problem, lady. It’s not supposed to!”

“A proper corset should be properly uncomfortable before you get used to it,” Charlotte mused. “In my opinion. Guess that matters little, now. Now these.” She held up both hands. In both fists, she held two steel rods. “Fun with needles.”

“Needles?”

“Steel knitting needles. This part took me a little while to figure out, but I didn’t want to lose the tightness while we try to knot these in place. I hope this works.”

She looked over her shoulder at the cable on her right side. Carefully she put her needles in her right hand, and took one with her left, reached back, and shoved it through the cable just off-center. She grabbed another needle and shoved it through parallel to the other needle. The right cable now had two big needles side by side sticking all the way through it. Then she repeated the process for the cable on her left.

“Moment of truth. Unhook it from the winch,” she instructed. Cameron followed her orders, very carefully. The laces snapped out of his fingers the moment he was done unhooking them, but only moved a few inches. Charlotte winced. The needles were now pressed flat against her back, preventing the lace from slipping through the rungs of the dress any further. She had double reinforced the needles so they wouldn’t break, hopefully. Behind them, the whole truck settled, no longer under duress.

“Ok, tie me, quick,” Charlotte urged. Cameron set to work making the biggest and boldest knot he could, and then doubled it up, on each side. It would not be slipping through the dress, for as long as it held.

"There," he said. "Done." The woman reached back and carefully eased out each needle and handed them to him to put away.

"Alright cut the excess. There should be a knife in the truck tool box."

After the trails of cord had been removed, Charlotte's dress was finally complete.

"Oh man, it feels so much tighter when the pressure is all on me," Charlotte announced happily. "We're done! I'm in! Go put that truck away, and then come be my photographer."

"Me?! I'm not much of one."

"Nah, me neither. It's digital though, it does a lot of the work for you." She pointed and there was a high-end camera in her basket of patio lounge goods, because of course there was. "I don't need these to be cover-art worthy, just something for posterity."

Cameron took the camera to the truck with him, and returned to the truck to the front of the house. He couldn't help but notice that his car was in the same spot that he had left it. Maisie clearly had not gotten around to moving it, yet. He wondered what she was cooking in the kitchen that required such maintenance.

He entered the backyard to find Charlotte had repositioned herself again, but not by much. Her breast was lightly squashing into the backside of her house as she stood there all dolled up. The entire first two floors were beneath the tops of her cleavage. Her other outer extremity extended past the patio and a few feet onto the grass. The fears about lack of room for her parties had already come to pass. Cameron hurriedly snapped a photo.

"You didn't even warn me!" Charlotte protested, spying him.

"Those are the best snapshots."

"Hmph," she hmphed, putting a hand on her hip. Cameron took another one. Poised like that, he could see the shapeliness of her ass through the flimsy dress, her leg struck out of the slit skirt like a James Bond movie poster, and the setting sun topped it all off by casting shadows and outlining the contours of her model form. Her makeup and hair were still perfect, the expertise of a woman who habitually wore things for prolonged periods that she didn't want to muss up. All in all she looked superb. A hell's angel, wreathed in flaming hair, dressed in all black, but with wide innocent eyes. Standing against a backdrop of her exposed cleavage, mounding up four times her own height. The cords that crisscrossed her bosom still cut in, giving her round shape texture even at their greatest width. It added to the effect, in Cameron's opinion. A lot of girls appreciated a neckline or a bra too small that they could pour over, but as they had deduced earlier, nobody would be tall enough to ever appreciate that on Charlotte again. Instead, having her balloon out the sides of her dress was the next best thing, and visible to all. For miles, it seemed.

Most of the photo was her boobs, in that it occupied the entire background. There was foreground, Charlotte, and then ... cleavage and more cleavage. It was hard to get all of her in frame and also capture how beautiful she was. He either had to focus on the big picture or the smaller one. He walked around his muse to get a profile, having to walk deep into the grass

towards the lake in order to fit the buxom beauty in. He was nearly at the marina before he could capture her bosom's height all at once. From this angle on the side, he took back everything he thought about Charlotte and her cleavage. She was absolutely pouring over the top of her dress, swallowing her own neckline with her cleavage. It was corset like indeed, a straight edge, and they had made it so tight that she overcast it by at least two or three feet. It was flagrantly obvious from every angle, casting remarkable shadows on her own bodice. If one were to stand with the back flush against the front of Charlotte's dress, they would see an outcropping of Charlotte's breast directly above their head. Far above their head, but still straight up.

Turned out, at full extension, the front of her dress only covered the front half, or front two/fifths of her breasts. The rest was all tit between the wall of fabric and the woman who wore it. Wrapped around the sides of her MOONS, the cords were barely visible, cutting into her flesh until only the remnant pooching of her breast remained. Also down from the marina and down at Cameron's height, the house behind her never looked smaller. She eclipsed up upwards to the third floor, but at this angle he couldn't see the third floor behind her, because her shelf stuck out so much horizontally that it was a matter of perspective. By tightening her garb she had sacrificed the width and forward projection dimensions of her chest for extended height. The result made her look MONSTROUS. Not that she wasn't, but her goddamn Godzilla tits appeared to rival her own spacious house. Belatedly, he realized these breasts was taller than HIS house. Gawd. So much for taking her home to Ma, Charlotte's tits would punch right through the attic and pop the roof of their house. He made sure to bend down and take one a photo only a foot from the ground.

Then he wandered for the obligatory from-the-front photo, and caught only the sight of two huge pale orbs only barely restrained by a huge strip of black dress. From this angle it was hard to tell what it was, such an unfamiliar sight for human eyes. It didn't make sense.

Lastly he walked around her boobs again, passed behind Charlotte who watched him the whole way, walked up to the glass door, to turn around and take her photo against the setting sun. Charlotte's boobs occupied the entire side of the photo if she was centered in it. She leaned back, pretending to adjust her hair in the waning sunlight, glowing against the orange tinted lake. From this angle, Cameron could see where the front of her dress went up her legs to her hips, came up juuuuust above the imaginary panty line, before the top of her dress curved out from her belly and then down down towards the ground to wrap under her chest. On a normal lady that would have been flush against her belly, but on Charlotte ... through the laces he could see the entirety of her tummy, and so far down that, by the absence of seeing panties, he could at the very least confirm that she wasn't wearing conventional panties. Nothing was exposed, barely, but if she had been wearing something else it would have shown by THERE, nearing the end of the womanly chalice heading south between her thighs. Those few inches of where the front and back dress were sewn together on her hips came into play, the only thing preserving her modesty. The sheer hugeness of her chest otherwise completely wrecked the intentions of this outfit, distorting it so far beyond reason. There was about 8 inches between her belly button and the bottom slope of her breasts as they swelled down to the ground, through that gap he could even see the lake behind her. It was a complete window through her dress. Above her belly, one could see the

entirety of how her breasts started and formed on her chest, and ballooned outwards into the skyscrapers extending before her.

He took a few of her from that angle, having Charlotte adopt a few photogenic poses. She selected one where she pursed her lips, and leaned forward. Another where she arced back, with a hand on the back of her head. Another with her hand on her hip. Another with just a smile playing on her lips as she looked at her photographer. No matter the angle, her breasts stole the show. If they were included at all, they consumed more of the photo than Charlotte herself did, although there was no way to capture them all, or even four/fifths of them from this angle. Finally he was done, and he handed the camera back to her. She flipped through some of the photos he took, obviously pleased.

“Thank you,” she said. She took her phone out her cleavage, it had only been stuck just out of sight, apparently, and tapped a few things on it. “Alright. I think everything is just about ready. Can I have Maisie’s keys back, before I forget?”

“Sure, what about mine?”

The door opened behind them and Maisie came out, carrying an elegant dinner chair, which she placed right before Charlotte. Charlotte sat down in the chair with poise and crossed her legs, an act that was exceedingly provocative in the scandalous cut of the dress. She had to sit side saddle on account of her chest, so the chair was lain parallel to her bust. “So, Cameron. Have a seat,” she said primly, gesturing at the second chair now brought out by Maisie. The elder woman pushed it right up against Charlotte’s breast, facing Charlotte’s own.

“A seat?” He was starting to get used to Charlotte’s strange requests, but this one had him sitting and practically leaning up against her boobs.

“Mm, yup. It’s about time I started my special dinner plans.”

Maisie brought out a finely polished wooden Cafe table, one that might be found at an upscale dining joint. She placed it between the two chairs, also sinking into Charlotte’s bust.

Cameron was starting to understand, but he didn’t. “I don’t understand.”

“My special dinner ... YOU’RE my guest, tonight,” Charlotte said, watching him with her bright eyes. Her beauty could kill him at that moment, Cameron thought. She smiled at him, blushing prettily. “You were never going to ask me out, where you? Too unprofessional, or something?” Charlotte rolled her eyes.

“Well, you’re a client and you pay me, so-”

“Yeah,” Charlotte agreed. “I figured it was something like that. But I’ve been trying to get you to ask me out since the beginning!”

“I thought so, but sometimes, with clothes, it can be misinterpreted. There’s always a strange sexual line that can’t be crossed. My career depends on it ...”

"I guess." Charlotte nodded, and then took the proffered wine glass that Maisie handed her. Cameron found one being offered to him as well. He took it out of reflex. "Well, that's why I took matters into my own hands. What do you say, will you join me?"

Cameron looked down at the ground, at the table, and then back at her worried emerald eyes. "Of course I will," he said firmly, smiling.

Charlotte beamed, obviously relieved and overjoyed. "Good," she said satisfied. "Although it was a bit of a pointless question. If you're still wondering about your keys, I threw them in THERE somewhere, after you gave them to me." The redhead gestured at her chest, while conveying a great distance. "We did a really good job sealing them in! So you'll have to go get them, later. Sit."

Cameron gave a half-hearted laugh, shaking his head. "You never cease to amaze me. I've never been asked on a date before." Charlotte watched him over the rim of her glass as he took his seat, drawing the chair out from next to her bust. Even so, her bosom towered over them and partially rested on the table. That much was going to be necessary, if Charlotte could reach it properly.

"I doubt you've ever helped your date dress for it, either. We put this on for you," she grinned.

"I feel underdressed," he joked, and started to sip his wine. "This is my work outfit, and it took all of five minutes to put on this morning."

Charlotte giggled. "Well, if we average it out, we've done enough dressing up for one night, agreed? And enough talking clothes. I don't want to be confused for a 'client' anymore."

"You're definitely not, anymore." Cameron chuckled. They both looked at each other across the table for a moment, mutual satisfied. Then Cameron brought forth the only other thing on his mind except the stunning woman in front of him. "There is no caterer, is there."

Charlotte snorted with mirth. "No. But Maisie is a great cook."

On cue, Maisie arrived to prepare the eating area.

"Ok, I lied," Charlotte said, as Maisie pampered the eating area. "I do want to talk clothes. There's something I've been dying to ask you about. If I'm going to model, I need outfits."

"That stands to reason. You want me to help design them?"

"Yes! But I also want EXCITING outfits. I want to try on so many things, I want to try on EVERYTHING. So I need ideas." She looked at him very seriously. "And sexy ones."

"That shouldn't be hard," Cameron said, looking at her chest. "It's harder to make you decent."

"But easy because you also 'appreciate' Charlotte Reid sized boobs, right?" She had leaned forward on the table, and was now watching with a fierce intensity.

Cameron looked at her. "Let's just say they've grown on me, as much as they've grown on you."

Charlotte snorted with satisfaction and leaned back in her chair. There was a smug smirk stretching her dark red lips.

"Good. I've already got some ideas, of course. And with Halloween in a few months, I can't stop thinking about it! Sexy vampire, slutty catgirl, Renaissance Faire maiden, a proper princess, Supergirl or Wonder Woman, do a 'cosplay' character. I want photos of me in them all. Or ... well, what do YOU think?"

It was a beautiful evening, a delicious meal, and great company. Cameron had a very pleasant night.

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PART 07

Cameron walked along the Reids' lawn, rolling his trusty ladder. The walk towards the fronts of Charlotte's breasts was longer than ever, and the rolling ladder was not built to maneuver over grass, but he saw no other choice. The rest of the dress had been ok, Charlotte herself fit into it perfectly. They had even gotten her elongated top under her, but Cameron couldn't finish the job from on top anymore. Charlotte's nipples were just too large for lifting the curtain of dress up her front, he couldn't achieve a proper angle to get it around them. Not without a risk of falling, a potentially lethal proposition. He might have to invest in a large metal pole or some such he could use to reach down and cantilever her necklines up and out over her teats to get it into position, but he did not currently possess such a device. The stairway ladder, meanwhile, was a purchase Charlotte had made a little while back with accurate foresight.

Standing in front of her vastness, Cameron admired the view. He had been right, for of course he had, her current size dwarfed her old. The one he had once been impressed by, not so much anymore. Now THESE were breasts. But this wouldn't rate in a week from now. But that could wait, so Cameron drunk it in, and appreciated the Charlotte of now. Those were some big, big beauties. It was hard not to be impressed by nipples that were thicker than his torso and just as long. They jutted out into the sunlight, casting a long shadow on her stretching areola like a sundial. He briefly wondered if one could use it to tell time, but dismissed it. Even if you could chart it, Charlotte's growth would probably mess up the calculations somewhere down the road.

With a great deal of finagling, he maneuvered his cumbersome ladder up against the front of Charlotte's bosom in order to gain access to that wondrous nozzle. The ladder only just reached it, thankfully, but Cameron was forced to align the contraption just to the side of the nipple so he could gain access. Charlotte's teat was still a bit taller than the top of the ladder and if he aligned it head on, it would stick through the guardrail and into the top platform, leaving no room for him! Instead, he pressed it firmly into her side so he would be able to reach what he needed, carefully locked all of the wheels into place, and tested it for movement. This was especially important considering the slight resistance Charlotte's abundance of breastflesh provided up at the top, where it was resting tightly against her. If he gave the ladder any leeway, or rather if he gave Charlotte's bosom any leeway, the ladder would move and he might fall. Satisfied it was safe, Cameron climbed the steps, ascending to his girlfriend's nipple.

It was a long climb, considering what it was for. He didn't know the ladder's dimensions, but it could reach the second story windows of Charlotte's house. So, pretty tall. Cameron arrived at the top platform nearly reaching the breast's tip, and he put a hand out to steady himself against the beastly knob. Standing here next to her breasts, Charlotte's perky bits were elongated enough to reach past him, even. He patted it affectionately as he kneeled on the platform to reach down and claim the top of the dress. It had gotten as far as the bottom of her nipple and that was where he had tied it off, so he could perform this operation. It was a beautiful azure blue neckline, and carefully cast out for the rope that was attached to it. They had taken a fishing hook, put it

through the top of the dress (and put a cork on the hook), and then with some line tied it to a proper rope that Cameron could wield. This was not a heavy dress, it was thin and silky out here in the boonies away from Charlotte. Just a covering. He gathered up all the slack in the rope and lifted the dress until it tickled the underside of the boulder-like nipple.

It wasn't hard from here, all he had to do was retreat a little bit to get that top edge over the hump. Took a moment to inspect the enormous teat. It was a beautiful dark pinkish color and freckled with small bumps. He slipped the silky curtain up over the naughty bit, and stood up to pull the dress up as far as he could. As he gathered it, he could hear the silky material sliding along her protrusion, and wondered what that must feel like.

Charlotte was actually quite sensitive, he had discovered. Despite her size, Charlotte had retained much of her sense of touch, and he had been rightly embarrassed all those times before they had gotten intimate. Her breasts were not just a click-and-drag enlargement of a photo, it was all proper breast tissue the same as any perfectly formed girl's would be, it just added more and more as she had grown. Charlotte had explained to him that touching her here felt no different than say, touching her leg. Just further away, and sexier.

Cameron raised the curtain to the full extent of his arms over his head, and realized then that from his position at the top of this ladder, he could not reach the top of Charlotte's areola! That had not occurred to him. His hands fell by a few noticeable inches, if he stopped here a little bit of her would still be exposed for all to see. As much as HE might appreciate the look, he knew that was not in Charlotte's plan. He frowned. He needed to do the next part from here, so this was a problem. Climbing on the guardrail of the ladder would be very dangerous, especially at the 16 feet or so it was above the ground. He only needed a bit more height!

He looked at Charlotte's nipple. It's top was definitely higher than the final stop of the ladder. Cameron thought about it for a scant moment, before easing his leg out and gingerly testing the textured foothold. The engorged protuberance didn't yield very much under his weight. He leaned a bit more on it, and it only dipped slightly. It could probably work, though he remembered this was actually a woman's nipple, a very intimate part of Charlotte that just so happened to be ginormous. Nipple play with this girl would require his entire body just to tease one at a time! Problem for another time. Cameron pulled as much fabric up and over that teat as he could, and then ducked under the guardrail out onto Charlotte's turgid nipple.

She held up. The pebbled surface slanted down dangerously behind him, but it buoyed him enough. Peering down, it was an unpleasant drop if he fell. He cautiously balanced himself and turned to the problem. He found himself face to face with the top hemisphere of her areola, a huge smooth circle he allowed himself to touch. It was a bit firmer than the rest of the breast, a proper cap on these goliaths. After a moment, he cautiously gathered the dress neckline, and lifted it up along that smooth red skin. Even half of it was just a bit taller than him! But now that he was standing on Charlotte, it was no longer taller than his arms, so he was able to cover it fully. He lowered the dress back down and examined the inside, finding a long strip of adhesive at the

top. He removed the protective cover, held the neckline back up, and patted it down to affix it over Charlotte's prodigious globes.

Slowly he climbed back onto the ladder, and made his way down to repeat the process on the other side, with considerable more experience and practice. Afterwards, he retreated with the stair ladder and studied his handiwork. It looked good. Her pokies tented the fabric, but that was acceptable. Every idea they conceived to suppress them was impractical at best, and a lot more work on his part. It would require a lot of force to diminish THESE pups, long gone were the days a plush bra cup could conceal them. Not without a very, VERY large bra, and it was already a full scale production of hoops to jump through just to get her dress on. They would have to make do. Besides it helped her look real.

He walked back along the incandescent blue wall of fabric, out around Charlotte, to finally meet up with Charlotte. She looked up when he came around the bend of her tits.

"You could have warned me," she said testily. But her face was flushed red, a telltale sign that betrayed her.

Cameron smiled. "Too much excitement for you?"

"No," she sniffed. She wasn't meeting his eyes. "Just wasn't expecting my boyfriend to start playing with my nipples he was SUPPOSED to be dressing me. Stand on another girl's nipple, why don't you, and tell me how SHE reacts."

"When you put it like that, I may have been remiss in my actions," Cameron said, still smiling.

She tossed her hair over her shoulder. "Indeed. Honestly, pawing at me like that," she affected. "You didn't even take off your shoes. Wherever are your manners, sir?"

Cameron chuckled quietly, stepping towards her. "I afraid I couldn't help myself. You try working next to these monstrous boobs of yourself, and see if you can keep your hands to yourself." He swept Charlotte into his arms, her small form hot against him. "Or feet, as the case may be. It's quite impossible," he said, cradling her to his chest.

"Mm ... mm," she sighed happily. "I guess I'll have to allow it." Charlotte was a bit difficult to hug properly; one couldn't do it from the front, and grabbing her from the side felt weird. It was a problem, but the duo had settled on Cameron encircling her from behind as the preferred method. Because she was much shorter than him, it worked out that her head fell beneath his chin, and she was able to lean back into him, intoxicating him with her contours and scent. Cameron opted to cross his arms over top her boobs this time, resting them on the cushy surface of the modest beginnings of her cleavage.

They stood like that a moment, the air playing around their happy contentment. In the days they'd been dating, Cameron had wanted to do this every time he saw her. Just scoop her up. He didn't have to lie to himself about how he felt anymore. "Am I dressed? All of me tucked in?" Charlotte finally asked.

“Not even close. But the rest is by design, so we’re ready. He should be here soon.”

“Mmm good. I’m excited. You better go wait for him.”

Cameron released her, their bodies slow to part, and he wandered into the house. First he headed upstairs to fetch his fishhook-rope and take it down, then he loitered in the living room. Not long after, the buzzer for the front gate sounded. Cameron hit the button to open it, and greeted the car coming up the drive.

A thin bony man with oh-so-carefully disheveled brown hair emerged. He wasn’t much older than Cameron, and was quite handsome in a laid back kind of way. His casual dress was becoming in the way he carried it, with a certain self assurance. He leaned back into the car for a few bags, and Cameron rushed to assist him with the equipment.

“Kaden Rowe, I presume?” Cameron asked.

“Of course,” he said, not unkindly. He straightened up with several instruments strapped around his neck. “I’m here for Ms. Reid. Well, then. Shall we?”

Cameron held open his arm, and led him into the house, through the parlor, and out the back door to the yard.

“Here she is,” Cameron announced.

After a beat of silence, Cameron turned back to their guest. He was standing in the archway of the door, reserved demeanor gone as he stared up at Charlotte’s vast breast flesh with eyes as wide as saucers. Eyes as wide as Charlotte’s areola.

“My lord,” he said. “What ... what is this?” He had to turn his head to even observe all of what he was seeing.

“Me,” Charlotte chirped. “Hello, I’m Charlotte.” She held out her hand.

The man gave no indication of hearing her. Charlotte turned the failed handshake into a half-hearted wave, but he didn’t notice. So she gave him a full wave, to which he finally responded.

“Right, sorry,” he apologized, looking at his client properly for the first time. The first time at her face, at any rate. “I was led to believe ... the video ...”

“That video online is old,” Cameron commented. “By a few weeks.”

“I ... but ...” he started doubtfully, then looked at them both in the face. “They’re actually real?”

Charlotte gestured at herself with slight exasperation. “You think they aren’t?” she said, amused.

“I’m not sure what to believe,” he said sincerely. “My brain tells me one thing but my eyes another.”

Charlotte giggled. "You want to feel them, then? Though I warn you, my boyfriend is watching." She jerked her head at Cameron. Kaden looked at him too.

"No, that's alright," Kaden said hastily, eyeing Cameron. "A photographer really shouldn't touch his models ..." He trailed off, and reconsidered. "It's really ok? With your permission of course." He was almost asking Cameron as much as Charlotte.

"Go ahead," Charlotte said. "I can't have my photographer thinking I painted some blimps and glued them to my chest."

"She grows her own blimps just fine," Cameron offered.

"How?" Kaden wondered aloud, stepping up next to Charlotte's left leviathan, within arms reach.

Charlotte glanced Cameron's way, smirking. "We don't know, I just grew and grew. But they're real ..."

"And they're spectacular," Cameron finished the quote as she expected him to.

Charlotte snorted, and looked back over her shoulder to see Kaden tentatively place a palm on her abundant endowment. He had to reach up to about his head height in order to touch her bare skin, which he did very gingerly. He held his hand there for a moment, appreciating her very real, very natural softness. Cameron could sympathize with the man's frying synapses; her boobs felt like boobs and that was unmistakable, but the problem was reconciling that with how vast they were and that you stood in their shade. Charlotte saw his awkwardness and started giggling, flashing a quick smile back at Cameron.

"No need to be so timid," she said to Kaden with mirth. She reached out a manicured hand and grabbed a handful of herself to demonstrate. "I don't mind. Your testimony is important. There's a lot here, and you're really not grabbing very much."

Cameron knew what she was doing. Charlotte could feel a LOT more than she would let on to strangers, but it was best to give the impression that she didn't. It was less awkward for everyone that way. Because of her status, Charlotte needed to guard herself against possible PR mishaps. Her defining feature was inherently regarded as sexual, and if she wasn't careful with the amount of attention she was going to receive, people could end up with the wrong impression of her.

Kaden watched Charlotte's demonstrative handful and then did likewise, squishing her between his fingers.

Charlotte nodded. "I'm not like, a pervert, or anything. But you're so small, even doing that is less than a poke."

Kaden blinked at being called 'small' by the petite woman. He wasn't as tall as Cameron, but he was definitely taller than Charlotte. It was a reality check that he was only taller than a

PART of Charlotte. Cameron knew Charlotte had chosen her words intentionally, this was funny to her. Maybe it was because she had always been so short.

“Anyways,” Charlotte continued, “Am I a real girl?”

“Very real,” Kaden confirmed, settling himself down. He stepped away. “So ... I’m just taking photos for you? A normal photoshoot?”

“Yep! Capture as much of me as you can,” Charlotte said cheerfully. “I put on my best outfit for this.”

Cameron coughed.

“I put on my ONLY outfit, for this,” Charlotte intoned.

Cameron coughed again.

“HE put on my only outfit, for this,” she said sullenly.

Cameron gave her a thumbs up.

Kaden watched this exchange. “Right. Well it suits you, it was a good choice for this.”

Charlotte perked up immediately. “Thank you!” she beamed with a blinding smile.

Kaden nodded. “We should get started if we want to be done in time,” he suggested, with a meaningful glance over his shoulder at the sun. And realized that all he could see in that direction was Charlotte, so he opted to look overhead to convey his meaning instead.

“Let’s!” Charlotte said, clasping her hands. “Cameron will walk you through some of our ideas. But first, you should just do your thing.”

Kaden puzzled over that over for a moment. “Right ... Let me think. We will definitely need some distance.” He looked out towards their left, and started heading in that direction. Cameron dutifully followed with the tripod he was carrying. It was a few dozen feet before they fell out of the shadow of Charlotte’s décolletage, spilling out into the early-evening sun.

Kaden turned and gauged his subject. Cameron also turned to inspect. It was inconceivable to him how massive she was, that his girl had tits that rose to the top of her three story mansion. That he was in a relationship with a stunning beauty that was so busty, her breasts were BIGGER than his house!

“Incredible,” Kaden muttered. Probably thinking along the same lines, Cameron thought. Suddenly he was curious what Kaden was thinking, but he refrained.

“You should see her next week,” Cameron joked instead. He turned to look at Kaden only to find him raising an eyebrow at him. He couldn’t tell if Cameron was joking or not. Cameron had meant to be funny, but it was also probably the truth in the end. Cameron settled on making a half-shrug and handed over the tripod.

Kaden set up his camera and snapped a few photos of the ultra stacked girl, from across her lawn. He kept shifting positions, trying to get slightly different angles. Cameron couldn't begin to guess what that did, Charlotte was so big and 'far' away he didn't think a few feet of positioning would matter much, but he was not a photographer. He could only assume it was irritating for the professional, as his subject was far too large for standard studio lighting, or evening shifting and turning which way under the sun. There was no direction he could give his model from here, It was more like photographing a mountain range. A very similar scenario indeed. Eventually Kaden was satisfied, and opted to change location to the front of her chest.

Cameron admired the lake view, it was still lovely. Less breathtaking than Charlotte to be sure, but still picturesque. He really liked this portion of the backyard, though he rarely saw it as of late. Charlotte's breasts were either completely in the way, as consequence of being in talking distance of the busty beauty, or otherwise he was preoccupied with ... other sights. He took this opportunity to survey his surroundings a bit more as Kaden snapped away. The marina, the family boat, the gazebo. The threat of Charlotte was very real for them all, with her continued expansion every night. Who knew how many days this yard had left, before succumbing to Charlotte's inevitable growth? The gazebo and marina didn't stand a chance, they were nowhere near as big as the house behind her, that was her only true competition now. He had little doubt she would flatten either structure if she kept pace.

Saving his favorite sight for last, he turned the way Kaden was focused. The Reid manor wasn't even visible from here, all of Kaden's pictures would simply have endless boobs, sky high and unbelievably fat. At least her dress neckline was very pretty, although basic. They had decided on nothing too adventurous for this, 'too adventurous' being a loose term and relative to Charlotte's size. She was still displaying enough cubic inches and metric tons to make a nudist colony of buxom women look like amateur hour.

As an evening gown, Charlotte's attire was designed to cup over the breast, dip down to the base of the breasts in the middle, and cup the second breast. This created the top of a heart almost, though more bra-like. The blue suited Charlotte spectacularly, and the glossy fabric encased her rotund bosom, perfect for one to appreciate their real size. Charlotte needed no gimmicks when it came to that. The dip in the middle of her cleavage exposed an astonishing 20 feet of bare skin, vertically speaking ... and yet it didn't start until about ten feet off the ground! If you stood too close to her, you'd miss it entirely, for it would be far over your head. But if you stood far enough away, one could see deep into a creamy chasm that could swallow a boat.

Kaden was appreciative of his subject, too, leaving no angle untaken. The photographer was really starting to get into it, excitedly measuring his shots with practiced precision. After a near continuous, 360 degree spread of Charlotte in which Kaden set up and snapped photos multiple times, the sightseeing duo returned to Charlotte herself.

The woman wore the rest of the dress; the far less significant portion of her garb. The evening gown left her arms bare, and had two straps that hung over her petite shoulders in straight thick bands. It swelled out preposterously beneath her arms to adequately cover her

bosom, the elongated outcropping extending from her ribs. Her neckline actually stretched out along her circumference at an appropriate level, but as it got further and further from her body, it gently started climbing up higher and higher along her curvature so it could form the mock cups to safely cover her front bits. The portion of the dress that was obscenely distorted by her excess didn't end until about her belly button. There, the shelf of her neckline ended and the dress swooped back into to resume the 'normal' part, resting on her hips, and flowing into a proper skirt that hung loose all down her legs.

Her skirt had minimalistic adornment, just consisting of a silky and sashaying grace, but it was very fetching. It wasn't tight, but it wasn't poofy either, just a nice and elegant finish. It was also not lost on Cameron that it was more modest than anything she had put on thus far. Her shoes were not visible as a result of the long taper. Instead, she had accessorized with elbow-length white gloves for a little extra dazzle. She had also adorned herself with a large pendant necklace that almost hung until the start of her breasts on her chest, and wore dangling diamond earrings on her ears. These were visible because she had fluffed up her hair and let it fall long, framing her ears. Cameron was glad SOMEONE was taking a photo, he was entranced just looking at her. The way her jade eyes shone with attitude and lush lips pouted amidst her elegant and high class attire was dazzling.

Charlotte adopted several poses, but as she and Cameron had discussed, there weren't that many she could actually do. Not when she had to keep her back relatively straight. So she assumed many of the ones she had done for Cameron in HIS little photo shoot, plus a few additions. For one, Charlotte stepped up against her cleavage, pressing herself against her elephantine bust. It reminded him a bit of one of those elven fairy photos of a girl walking into a forest or cave, only it was Charlotte on Charlotte action. Just as easy to get lost inside, though. Cameron knew from experience that these close-ups would have no scope of how large she was, but her breasts would be the entire background and extend seemingly infinitely out of the shot.

Charlotte's small body fit nicely in that niche of her ground-to-sky cleavage, delineating the spectacular extremes of her body. Her small, thin, svelte, clingy-dress-adorned body was amazing plastered against her own monstrous and fabulously ballooned chest, with her girls dwarfing herself into insignificance. She hugged herself lightly, and rested her cheek on her king, nay, god-sized pillows. Charlotte's embrace was absorbed by her own plushness, and Kaden got a few good ones of it.

After, Charlotte turned over her shoulder and gave her best model impression. That slightly tilted head, lusty but glamorous stare. It was a doozy, her half lidded emerald eyes, her stand-out lips, she was as picturesque as she was statuesque. Kaden nodded and encouraged her appreciatively, even asking Charlotte to press herself harder. She dented her chest around her, 'stressing' her round shape and dimpling her mounds however slight. The cameraman snapped it all up.

Charlotte's next inventive pose was herself trying to adjust her shoe. She raised her right leg up behind her, until her shoe was revealed by her skirt. Charlotte did that feminine lean back

in order to fuss with her sandals. A whimsical and fanciful pose in the winter catalogs, but a real problem that Charlotte lived with if she didn't want to bend down and fight her cleavage to reach her feet. Actually, in her current dress she wouldn't even be able to use that method, because the fabric covering the bottom of her tits would be in the way. While it was Charlotte's lament, it was a beautiful shot of her arching her back, and an outstanding demonstration of how dramatically her breasts swelled off her chest, extending both up and down before her.

To the clouds and to the ground, it all started right there on her chest, between her arms, where they were established as a part of her body. And they started normal enough, that was the incredible thing. But where D cups and G cups would have rounded out, full, heavy, and proud on a woman's chest, Charlotte's silhouette kept right on going; swelling up and out and even fuller and even heavier and up and out again and just didn't STOP! Not anywhere they could see from here, at least.

Charlotte had also desired a shot of adjusting her pendant. She appeared to be staring down into the humble beginnings of her cleavage, though her necklace around her slender neck was her intent. To fiddle with it, both of her arms were mashed against her breasts. That wasn't intentional or exaggerated, her arms were at a comfortable resting distance, but her swells bulged so far that it was unavoidable if she wanted her hands to meet on the gemstone. It was a demonstration of the daily trials and tribulations a girl with such bloated boobs dealt with, even the things taken for granted that one normally wouldn't think about. If Charlotte had to reach forward, her boobs were a presence. And humans have to reach forward a LOT.

Finally Charlotte had run out of creativity, contorting every which way. Half turns, leaning just her head down to her slopes, poking herself with a white gloved hand. She folded her arms on her shelf, she rested her head on her hand while her elbow and arm rested on her bloated globes, and one where she rested both elbows on her chest, made a bridge with her hands, and rested her chin upon them.

And she smiled all the while, whenever she wasn't directly posing. She truly enjoyed being under the camera lens. "You're not new at this, are you," Kaden said finally, wrapping up. "You've modeled before?"

"I've done a few things," Charlotte confessed, blushing prettily.

Kaden nodded. "You have a flair for it, I didn't need to coach you much at all."

"I hope they come out good," Charlotte said, pleased at the compliment.

"I'm sure they will. This is going to be a sensational! People won't be able to believe these!"

Charlotte frowned. "Yes ... about that. Can your camera record video?"

"Yes ..."

"Want to film us real quick? We've rehearsed something."

"Sure. What's this for, exactly?" Kaden asked, raising his lens to his eye.

“Evidence,” Cameron replied, as he shifted away from Charlotte and out of shot. Charlotte asked, half turning towards Kaden for a better angle.

“Sure. Ready? 3 ... 2 ... 1 ... Go.”

Charlotte smiled royally. ‘Hi, my name is Charlotte. Uh. You may have seen me in a video from a party awhile back. It got a lot of attention. The response to that video has made me decide to come forward, to at least prove my existence. So to answer some of you, most of you; no, that video was not doctored or fake. Those were my actual boobs, and I live with them every day. It’s because I have a very strange condition: my breasts simply won’t stop growing. And growing ... And growing ... As a result, you can see they’ve gotten FREAKISHLY large.” She looked almost rueful, her eyes turning soft for a moment. It was a nice touch. “And even moreso, now, than in the video you saw before.”

Charlotte raised a white-gloved hand and poked down on the top of her cleavage. It wobbled under her touch, 100% authentic. “But it really is all me. I expect you have doubts, because I can scarcely believe it myself sometimes. And they’re a part of me! But I didn’t like being out on the internet and suspected of being a fraud. I might as well set the record straight. It’s a bit difficult to prove through media, though, but we’ll try. Let my boyfriend demonstrate.” She gestured towards the off-screen Cameron.

On his cue, Cameron stepped up to Charlotte’s bosom, in front of the camera. Doing his best impression of a flight attendant or safety video star, he raised a hand and pushed. His hand clearly sank in, visible to any viewer that this plush tit was not an overinflated balloon. He put up both hands to show it wasn’t an UNDER-inflated ... something, because it dimpled under both hands but retained its shape. And then using both hands, he shoved himself off of her. Charlotte’s breast quaked locally around his sudden absence. It had firm mass and it was wobbling flesh. Combined, the proof should add up to something difficult to simulate.

Charlotte gave the camera a half-smile. “Yeah, I’m pretty chesty. Please don’t make fun of me.” Cameron smiled, off-screen. That was playing dirty, being coquettish like that. Even if one didn’t appreciate her massive funbags, Charlotte was a phenomenal beauty. Some watchers would probably be ensnared by that alone.

“Last thing that I know you guys will need to see before you believe ...” Charlotte leaned slightly towards the camera, essentially bending to her side, to serve up an eyeful of her heaving cleavage. She gently squished them in. “I’m not going to take this off, but there!” she gently squeezed herself. “Me. Actually all me. I hope that you’re satisfied I’m not a fake.”

She straightened up. “The final question: just how BIG am I? Hard to say ... Er, bra sizes are a very imperfect institution, I’m told. I wouldn’t really know,” she smiled sheepishly. “So I’ll show you. We had a little fun arranging a photo shoot.” She patted down her dress and smoothed it out, though it was already perfect. “I hope you like it.”

She was so cute it was disarming. “Cut,” Cameron announced.

Kaden looked at him in confusion, then “Oh, right,” and stopped filming.

"That was perfect," Cameron said. "You nailed all your lines." Cameron had brought out a mirror for her to practice in front of, and Charlotte has insisted on rehearsing several times.

"You think so?" she said, pleased. "Was the dress adjustment good?"

That had been, of course, a practiced movement. The goal in the video they scripted was to make her seem more like she was only doing this to meet public demand. Not because of her inner modeling passion, and certainly not any dozen of other unseemly things people might incorrectly assume. She wanted to seem relatable. Just a girl, with really great honkers.

"Perfect, you were adorable. And a total faker."

Charlotte grinned at him. "Nuh uh. We just proved I'm real."

"Hmm."

"You want me to just post this along with the photos?" Kaden asked.

"Yup."

"Can do. So are we done here?" Kaden wondered.

"Not quite," Cameron said. "My turn. First, one with Charlotte and I." He stepped up to the girl and held her hand. Charlotte turned towards him as much as she could, her dress swirling. Kaden got a few, and then he entered the house to get a few from the living room so he could get Cameron and Charlotte's profile. For professional family and couples photos, a backdrop image was often used. A fireplace, a night sky, or wrapped presents; something quaint. Cameron observed that their backdrop was all tit. That was certainly appropriate.

"Ok cool. Got it," Kaden said.

"Good," Cameron replied, "Few more." He ducked into the living room to fetch his props.

Charlotte giggled behind. "Don't forget your hat."

"I'm not wearing that."

"It will be cute!"

"I don't ..."

"It will be cute."

Cameron sighed and grabbed the hat too. He led Kaden out to the outskirts of Charlotte and tossed aside the props for this one. He leaned his back up against Charlotte's breast flank, as casually as he could manage, and put his hands in his pockets. He was aiming for that pose that rock stars put on album covers, with them all crowded around a wall for some reason. Kaden backed up appreciatively, and took a few shots of the little man minuscule against the largest breasts in the known universe. They were 5 to 6 times his own height, a scene looking for all the world like one of those science books that show size comparisons of marine animals. There was always a man figure, standing between a sea turtle and a dolphin, and somewhere way down the

line, at the end of the shapes, was a huge whale to inform the reader that whales are huge. Cameron identified very strongly with that man.

He grabbed his props again when Kaden had stopped clicking, and they made their way to the lakeshore. First Cameron sat by himself in the Reids' gazebo. It was a simple wooden thing, well painted and decorated. It probably seated 6 people, had a nice little roof, a bunch of support beams, and a guard rail running around it. He hid the props except for his book, and then took out his phone.

Cameron< Gazebo time. No more than ten steps? > he texted.

The earth trembled as Charlotte obliged, the overbuxom stunner pushed herself forward 10 steps, her monumental bust preceding her by dozens of feet. She jiggled closer and closer to the wooden gazebo Cameron sat in, completely outsizing it. A vast wall of blue was all Cameron could see as the roof got in the way, and he actually got a little nervous. She got close enough to touch, and Charlotte's frontal extreme nudged against the smaller structure. Instantly it groaned, the wood creaking as her prodigious weight collided with it.

And Charlotte took another step, and the battle between breast and boards was decided with ease. The whole gazebo LEANED, with the roof shifting over Cameron's head as a surplus of Charlotte plumped between the beams and over the guardrail. If someone had been sitting in the seat closest to her, they would have a very enviable headrest at the moment. But the room was now knocked off-center, and cracks could be heard from the beams that valiantly fought against Charlotte's stroll. Cameron extracted himself from the gazebo in a hurry, for safety reasons.

He studied the scene as everything trembled to a stop. As it was, Charlotte's single left breast was far taller and wider than poor gazebo, it was about to collapse before a single one of her tits. Aside from the pounds of pillow that were pushing through into the wooden building, she had also overloaded the roof and a 'small' amount (for Charlotte) was resting atop the shingles. That explained why the piteous thing was still moaning like it was haunted. Also by a strange coincidence, Charlotte's nipple was almost directly aligned with the spire atop the gazebo, and was firmly shoved up against it.

The spire was in even poorer shape than the rest, as the extra projection of Charlotte's nip would have carried a might bit further than the spire if it hadn't been in the way. But Cameron knew that those nubs were not easily denied. The spire was learning this too, as it was leaning over even further than the roof was, crippled by the pressure. Sure enough, even as he watched, the spire cracked and tumbled down the roof.

Cameron sighed.

Cameron< Yikes. You took one too many steps >

Charlotte< Really? I'm barely touching it >

Cameron< You're really not lol You're about to crush it >

Charlotte hastily stepped back, relieving the small construction of its overbearing burden, but the damage had been done. The whole thing was bent a bit out of shape and now looked obviously irregular. Cameron walked up to it tentatively, and grabbed the broken spire from the roof to toss aside. He looked back at Kaden, who was standing there with his mouth open.

“We should have filmed that,” Kaden said fervently.

Cameron looked at the structure with anew. “Maybe. But let’s see if we can fix it.” He reached up and tried to push against the roof to rectify Charlotte’s damage. It actually took a lot of effort, the wood was quite warped now, but he got it to budge. After some labor, the roof creaked somewhat back towards its proper place, but it would be the best he could do. He appraised it again, and saw that it still looked odd, especially with Charlotte looming over it in the background.

Cameron< Alright, take a HALF step. >

Charlotte lightly bumped into the gazebo, which whined in protest before it settled. The diminutive-seeming building was gently pressed into her softness now, and the arrangement hid the structure’s new imperfection. Satisfied it wasn’t going to collapse, Cameron took his seat once more. The structure didn’t seem THAT small from the inside, it was actually quite roomy for one person. Cameron opened his book to pretend to read, outside in a beautiful evening with a freight train of breast looming over him.

Kaden was shaking his head, but took several photos both up close and far away. “Life must be tough for her,” he mused, after finishing his shots. “She can’t get out of here, can she?”

“Not anymore, no. I feel bad for her sometimes, but where would she GO, even if she COULD leave?”

“I ...”

Cameron nodded with understanding. “I mean, her breasts are TALLER than most of the buildings she’d even want to visit. Mall? No. Restaurant? Hell no. She’d fill the whole joint even if she could manage to squish in. Movie theater? She wouldn’t see anything, and neither would anyone else.” Cameron grinned, climbing out of the beleaguered fixture. “We have to make do.”

“I’ll bet.”

“Like using that,” Cameron pointed. “Our next destination.” He climbed out and fetched his props and they proceeded to Charlotte’s right breast and the object he had referenced: his handy dandy stairway ladder.

Cameron retrieved the metal ladder and wheeled it up to Charlotte’s bust again. With a sigh, he put on the painter’s cap Charlotte had procured for him, and he brought his long pole prop up with him. Each step carried him further up the front-face of his girl, higher and higher until he had walked a proper flight of stairs, until he reached the height of his ladder utility for the third time that day. The pole had a roller on the end, and Cameron held it up against Charlotte and her dress, somewhere to the left of her areola. He didn’t want to make this too suggestive, though

her moons were so big he wasn't sure that he had given them enough room between the nipple and the ladder. It was possible he was still poking sensitive bits, but at least it may not appear that way to a viewer, considering he WAS several feet away from the obvious nub in the dress.

He looked like a painter, or someone putting up a billboard. He rolled the pole up along the obese breast, pushing Charlotte's flimsy dress along as if that was how he had put it there in the first place. He wished! Kaden eagerly snapped away as Cameron pretended to work.

"I like it," Kaden finally said, lowering his camera. "The hat is a nice touch."

"Make sure to tell her that," Cameron responded grumpily. But he didn't remove it when they returned to the woman at the other end of her tits.

"Awww, see?" Charlotte gushed. Then she paused, her eyes narrowing. "Wait," she asked Kaden suspiciously, "did he ACTUALLY wear it in the photo?"

"He did," Kaden answered with honesty.

Charlotte clasped her hands together and smiled. Cameron shook his head, smiling, and tore it off to throw somewhere inside. "Alright, we're gonna do the roof now."

"Mkay. Is the gazebo ok?"

"It's ..." The two men shared a look. "Yes," they said together.

Charlotte raised an eyebrow but raised no objection as the two wandered inside. Cameron dumped his armload and grabbed a folding chair and a pair of sunglasses. "Onwards and upwards," he instructed, and lead the way up the stairs to the second floor. And then up the stairs to the third floor. And then slightly down the hall to a bedroom that lead to a balcony outside. The balcony was flush with the rest of the house; it didn't overhang, which would have required supports and ruined the lakeside facade of the house.

They walked out, still face to face with Charlotte's cleavage. As she was very nearly as tall as her house, and the roof was still behind them, the maximum of her breast tops were about as tall as Cameron was. Currently. From his perspective, there on the third floor. It took two flights of stairs to get the same viewing angle he once enjoyed several weeks ago. It also meant that, even UP HERE, most of the lake view was entirely obstructed by Charlotte's overdeveloped melons. Though it was an improvement over the old view, in Cameron's estimation, her presence pretty much invalidated the intended purpose for this balcony.

But it did give him his own uses for it. He walked to the very crook of the balcony, and leaned out to stare pensively at the lake off to the right. The wind was slight about his hair, he felt this pose was probably a good look. Realizing, Kaden took a bunch of snaps from various angles. Cameron turned and leaned against the rail, to see Kaden was trying to get Cameron and Charlotte in the same photo.

"Last one," Cameron said, and then he grabbed the folding chair and sunglasses. He put the glasses on, and then hurled the chair out onto the acre of Charlotte. It bounced as she wobbled a

little bit, but the chair didn't sink very much. Cameron turned and smiled at Kaden's expression as he remembered to kick off his shoes, and then climbed out onto the redhead.

Charlotte had known the plan; when they were coming up the stairs she had moved back, so Cameron's mountaineering was minimal. He hopped the handrail to land on his squishy heaven. There was an incline, but it was a gradual slope over a great distance, he needn't be too worried. He was enjoying this part immensely. The firmness underfoot, the springiness, those were good but they weren't sexy by themselves. He didn't get turned on by moon bounces. It was the knowledge of what he was standing on, what Charlotte was feeling, the feeling of her warmth on his toes, the intimacy even though such a great distance separated them, THAT was what tied it all together. And it was altogether different than the last time he was up here. He had no qualms about making an impact with his strides, and knew full well he had her full attention from down below. He relished it as he found his chair, unfolded it, and sat down.

His weight sank the chair about a foot into the surprisingly firm globes. It was comfortable, a nice chair on a cloud. He was well out of danger of falling over the edge, too. A nasty fall for sure, but centered here on her right breast there was still a ton of room between him and the nearest drop. Cameron reclined and stared up at the sky through his sunglasses. He liked the idea of this picture. Here, lying about, perched atop a stupendous sea of tit. Or was it a beach of pink? And over there, an entirely undisturbed continent of Charlotte that he wasn't even touching. Not even close. He could jog small laps up here.

The shuttering noises finally stopped and Cameron looked back, pulled out of his reverie. Kaden nodded, and Cameron folded the chair up. It was trickier to descend Charlotte, he decided. It was like walking down a hill, that got steeper and steeper all the while, and footing was treacherous and bouncy. Cameron gently lifted the chair back onto the balcony, and had an idea. "Hey, can I borrow your camera?"

"What? Why?" Kaden asked, hugging his camera protectively.

"I'm gonna take a photo of her real quick."

"... Ok," the man said dubiously, handing it over. "Don't drop it."

Cameron was careful, carrying it with him closer and closer to the precipice between the dual ski slopes. He got down on his knees, and then on his tummy. It was a luxurious experience. Charlotte was just SO SOFT, so plush, so fabulously buxom. Her breast was rubbing along his entire body! And he was an island in the ocean atop these. To him his whole body was enveloped, but to Charlotte, he was but a small piece atop her great size. It was still hard to wrap his head around what that must feel like to her, but it did make him feel minuscule. Rather than focus on that, he readied his camera and peered down into her cleavage.

Charlotte was standing there, 3 stories down, looking up at him intently. She gave him a questioning look. Cameron was about to call to her, but he was struck with the notion that they were too far away to talk in conversational tones, despite him LAYING on her. But Charlotte spotted the camera, and knew what to do anyways. She did her best to look offended, so

convincingly that Cameron thought he had genuinely done something wrong, but then Charlotte took both of her hands and attempted to cover her cleavage. It was a hilariously pitiful attempt to protect her modesty from the lecherous cameraman. Not the least of which because the camera was standing on that same cleavage, and captured a good 25+ foot drop along the curvaceous gal's slopes. Cameron figured out the camera and focused it on Charlotte. It wasn't going to be very good, the close breast near him in the photo wasn't in focus if Charlotte's face was. The discrepancy of distance was too great. He took a few anyway, because he wanted it.

Charlotte shifted and tried to cover herself in a more traditional sense, as if she was even remotely reasonably proportioned. She gathered her boobs to herself in her arms, shielding them in mock outrage. It was just as ineffective as the first pose, but Cameron definitely liked this one better. She WAS protecting enough breast in her arms for two or three busty women. It just happened to be less than 1% of hers. He took it from several angles, and tried to fit in the huge canyon beside him that Charlotte's pair created. If he wasn't careful and sidled much more, he would fall right into this dress of hers.

Satisfied, he was about to tuck the camera away but Charlotte shook her head eagerly. Then she put both her hands on her cheeks, and stared up at him in surprise, adopting a classic 'Oh no!' face. Cameron chuckled and took it, and THEN tucked the camera around his arm and got back onto his knees. Her breasts filled his palms, and were easy on his knees as he climbed to his feet. That was a little unsteady, he did have to balance. He returned himself and the camera to Kaden. "Here you go," he said, and vaulted back onto the balcony.

Kaden took his camera back reverently, and slung it back over his shoulder. "That it?"

"Yeah. We had another idea, to take pictures of her from the ferry boats that roam the lake, but that seemed kinda self-indulgent."

Kaden smiled wanly. "A photographer should always self-indulge on the photoshoot. It's in the editing room where we reassert self-control."

Cameron nodded sagely. He wasn't really sure what that meant but Kaden seemed to. "Are you gonna do it?"

Kaden considered that. "Probably," he said at last. "I think this shoot is going to get a LOT of attention, one way or another."

"She IS beautiful," Cameron said, looking over the rail. He couldn't see her from here, her breasts were in the way.

"That, too," Kaden agreed.

=====

The two huddled around a computer screen in the dark, late at night, reviewing the beautiful shots Kaden had just shared with them. The album would be posted in two days, he was still editing them, but they were given the full set directly from the camera.

"These are really good," Charlotte exclaimed exuberantly. She lifted the laptop up onto her chest for easier access as she fumbled through them.

"Mm, you're beautiful in all of them," Cameron said, sidling up to her.

"I'm BIG. Gosh."

"You didn't know?"

She swatted him. "Not like THIS."

They both studied the photos some more.

"You know what I kinda want to add?" Charlotte asked.

"What?"

"Captions."

"Like in a magazine?"

"Exactly. I kind of want to ..."

"You mean like this one?" Cameron pointed to the photo of himself sunning on the folding chair atop her cleavage. " 'Hola! Sending a postcard from the world's biggest tits!'"

Charlotte collapsed in a fit of giggles. "Yes. Yes! How about this one." It was Cameron staring pensively at the lake while on the balcony. Charlotte's cleavage was the entire left side of the photo.

"Hmmm ... 'Hey look, there IS a lake here.'"

Charlotte burst out laughing. "Oh god. I know exactly what you mean. What lake?" She climbed over his leg to peacefully rest her head against his neck. "Do you have any more captions?"

"How about this one?" He pointed the one he took of her shocked face, looking down at her. It had come out better than he had expected. " 'How did you get up there?!' or 'What do you think you're doing!?' "

"I was ACTUALLY thinking 'Don't fall!'" She climbed over his leg to peacefully rest her head against his neck. "I already know what you were doing, you pervert."

He put an arm around her as they browsed. "Wait, pervert? Me?"

"Mmm-hm! You think I don't feel you up there?" She nuzzled up against his neck.

"Uhhh I don't know what you're talking about."

"Uh huh ... And you just happened to be good at designing clothes for huge boobs. And you came up with those captions awfully fast," Charlotte added. "You think about these things a lot, hmm?"

“Me? The captions were your idea!! If anything, you’re the one with the weird modeling fetish.”

“It’s not a fetish! It’s a hobby!” She shifted into the crook of his arm. “I just ... really like my hobbies.”

Cameron grinned. “Maybe we’re both perverts, but we were made that way because of your unbelievably huge tits.”

“So we can blame my boobs, huh? Sounds good, a lot can be blamed on these things, these days,” She patted her left tit lazily, with a gentle slapping sound.

They scrolled photos in silence for a few minutes. “I do think they could use captions,” Cameron admitted.

“Maybe next time,” she yawned. “Let’s not be too weird at first.” She closed her eyes. “Don’t forget the celebration party, ok?” she mumbled.

“I won’t.”

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PART 08

Four nights later, Charlotte was throwing a celebration party. The next morning, Kaden would post the fruits of their efforts on his site, and she was EXTREMELY excited for what the new day would bring. This party, attendance was not optional for Cameron.

He wore a casual suit, it was probably nice enough for him to blend in. It was one of several suave numbers he possessed, because he could get them at discount from his job. So dressing himself had been easy, but unfortunately his responsibilities for preparation didn't end with him, and his counterpart would not be as simple as a neatly buttoned waistcoat. For this special occasion, the duo had procured a very special cocktail dress for the exceptionally overendowed hostess. It was black; a skintight stretchy spandex that was essentially a boob tube on her, but molded to her figure.

The process started with putting the back portion over Charlotte's head. This was a small little section, basically an actual separate dress that would fit on a normal petite woman. However, instead of a front torso to the cocktail dress, the makers had left an open window where the enormous custom front section was tacked on. It was as simple as a huge black band of fabric that would be encompassing her pumpkins that night.

With the former part in place, from the back and discounting Charlotte's breasts, it looked like the redhead was wearing a regular, albeit very attractive dress. But just as the dress rounded her torso towards the front, beneath her arms, it transformed into the second part; the huge boob tube portion that Cameron would need to get up and over her. It didn't have a bottom, it was just a (vast) strip, so the colossi would be exposed both over AND under it. On Charlotte's body, the bottom of the boob tube met the top of her skirt on her hip, on a normal woman this would have produced a diamond of exposed stomach. On Charlotte it hardly mattered with her dominating frontage, but a small portion of her tummy could still be visible from the side.

That would be the final effect, but he still had to perform the standard drill. New to this iteration was a SECOND rope. Two rigging ropes were attached to a special rung inlaid just inside the stretch of Charlotte's top, inside the bottom hem. Taking them, Cameron launched each rope upwards into the night and onto the roof of Charlotte's cleavage, one line per tit. Then he climbed to the top floor, climbed on Charlotte, grabbed the first rope, and pulled the top up and up.

The two ropes were now necessary because of Charlotte's utter massiveness. Her top would be too spread out, and too heavy, for one man to lift from one angle. The procedure was actually quite laborious, as when he lifted one side high enough, Cameron had to switch to the other rope to catch the other half up. That entailed fording the massive canyon of cleavage, something he had to with extreme care. A wrong slip and the man would pencil dive right down into the thick of things. At least it was very likely Charlotte's bosom would prevent him from falling very far, it wasn't a precipitous three story drop as it had every right to be. In fact Cameron

thought it would be interesting to get stuck and have to 'swim'; to forge through her cleavage to get out, but now was not the time.

It was work for sure, and mounting and dismounting her hillocks was extremely tiring on the calves! It wasn't easy walking on such a springy surface in the first place, such as the moonbounce Charlotte provided. But up and down slopes and grades, he was practically mountaineering! Each time he dipped into her cleavage, it was nearly a flight of stairs worth of a downhill grade, and another uphill after he transitioned to the other grandiose breast.

It took a while, but Cameron succeeded in pulling the whole shebang, a step at a time, up near the front of her breasts. Fortunately its elasticity grounded it in Charlotte's soft folds, so it didn't snap back, but now he had to get it over her important bits. He had briefly considered grabbing the ropes, and leaping down the front of Charlotte to swing and lower himself to the ground, some sort of Quazimodo bell tower stunt, but he thought better of it. Instead he kicked the ropes over the side, walked across the moors of his girlfriend's cleavage, climbed over the balcony, descended flights of stairs, exited through the living room, passed Charlotte and said 'Hi', and walked the increasingly daunting distanced around her fat swells to reclaim the ropes at the bottom. He needed to hire a team to clothe this girl, an airport tarmac's worth.

Grabbing the first rope, Cameron tugged the breast band down, yanking like closing a garage door manually, only this one was three stories tall. A 30 car garage, Cameron hyperbolized. It felt more like he was tearing down a tall statue. At least it was much easier to get the fabric up and over Charlotte's outlandish nipples. He could back up and back up some more to achieve the angle he required, though he noted he was getting dangerously near the water's edge to get the proper pull. Sooner or later, he might need to borrow their BOAT to get Charlotte into her clothes, but not yet.

First the left nipple, then the right nipple, lifting the hem over the 'hump' and slipping it down to center the huge band on her towering feminine wiles. Finally satisfied that the dress was fully wrung out and smooth, Cameron studied his handwork. About the top fourth and the bottom fifth of Charlotte's breasts were exposed, but the rest was encircled by the forgiving stretchy fabric of the dress.

Walking back to the woman at the end of the tube, the fabric slowly narrowed down until it could rejoin the rest of Charlotte's dress. Standing there, the knockout's little black number squeezed her figure on the back. In a true cocktail dress form, the narrow skirt ended a bit above her knees, carried up her ass, along the crook of her back, and the dress backing ended at her shoulder blades. Around her waist the dress narrowed a little bit before filling out into the skirt again, forming a semi-hourglass, while the skirt portion wrapped her body from the hips down in a miniskirt over her lithe gams. Above the hips, it wrapped the sides of her torso like normal, but as soon as the breast-band part kicked in, the entire front of the dress was stretched up and away from Charlotte into the distance. Her tummy WAS exposed from beside her, but to see much would take a highly intimate angle from between her legs (and under her breasts). By exposing it

and still leaving it to the imagination, it had a special suggestive quality that Cameron found intriguing.

Charlotte was finally dolled up, and a total babe. The dress was attractive, and from where Cameron was standing behind Charlotte, he could see copious amounts of cleavage above her, and an absurd amount of underboob that her dress neglected to cover.

"It fits pretty well, actually," Charlotte sighed.

"Yep, we guestimated your size well this time. You're showing just enough."

"We'll have to watch their faces," she said smugly, leaning into Cameron as he put his hands on her bony shoulders.

Cameron checked his phone with the petite redhead putting her weight on him. The endeavor had taken him a lot longer than he thought. "This job is getting harder and harder all the time," Cameron commented with a smile, showing her the time.

"But is it work when it's also play?" she simpered, fluttering her eyelashes at him. There was no doubt she could feel Cameron's arousal, the way she was mashing herself into him.

He gently stroked her shoulders. "Get a job you love, and you'll never work a day in your life," he agreed.

"I can tell I'm not the only one having a good time with it," she said huskily, leaning even further into him. She put an arm around him and a hand on his stomach, walking her fingers up to his chest. "You're just so LITTLE up there. It's cute," her fingers pitter pattered faster as she giggled.

"... I know I JUST dressed you, but maybe we can have a little fun before the party," Cameron offered. His hands dropped down, and he stooped a little to cup a double handful of her ass.

The girl looked sorely tempted, but after a moment's contemplation, "No ... no," she muttered. "We need to start making preparations." Charlotte stood up straight again and adjusted her dress. Her cheeks were still a bit pink from her own excitement as she eyed his bulge regretfully. "I'll make sure to care of THAT, though. After the party ..." she said, with half-lidded eyes and a sly smile.

Cameron sighed dramatically. "But these puppies are teasing me NOW," he groaned, resting his hands on the staggeringly gargantuan breast beside him.

Charlotte donned her cutest smile, obviously pleased with both his reaction and his touch. "Then you have your incentive to stay for the whole thing! No ducking out."

"Fine, I'll go to your party," he said with resignation. Still, he tweaked her boob.

Charlotte scowled. "It's not a chore. We're celebrating!"

"Celebrating the hugeness of your tits ..." he observed. "So let's 'celebrate' them!"

Charlotte laughed. "Go on, get going," she chuckled, pushing him away.

=====

The evening's festivities were in full swing. Cameron sipped his drink, enjoying the night air, the light music, the buzz of talking from those milling about. The sounds of laughter, the smell of the food laid out. It was sedate, but nice. He lounged on the front lawn, watching the guests filter in. The party area would be limited to the front lawn and the first floor of the house, on account of Charlotte occupying the backyard.

It was a nice gathering, but Cameron didn't have much to do. His inclination was to be near Charlotte, except Charlotte couldn't move about the party! She had a very good excuse, but it would be awkward for him to hover behind her and be a mute partaker in each of her conversations. These were people he didn't know, who were here to see her. In addition to Charlotte's friends tonight, there would also be a lot of bigwigs attending. Friends and who's-who of her parents, as Charlotte's breasts were likely to be a national news story; it was a matter of who got to know first, and who got to know last. He was a nobody in these circles.

He had already met Charlotte's parents, and gotten that out of the way. They had been among the first to arrive, and Charlotte introduced him. They were perfectly polite, but he got the impression that both parties realized they had nothing in common. He had been appraised, and deemed not so offensive as to make a fuss, he guessed. Well that was something.

It was fun to be out here, though. Hilarity ensued when people arrived and REALIZED. Charlotte had already told him that she was going to thoroughly enjoy watching the security tapes with a bag of popcorn later, and she would not be disappointed. Many women put hands over their mouths, or exclaimed aloud to their dinner partners. Men stared in surprise.

"Oh my god, is that ... CHARLOTTE?" a woman would say. "Surely not!" would be the response. Or a gradual understanding. "I ... I think it is!" The non-believers would only last until they got inside. One man had commented to his compatriot, "I stand corrected. Those ARE worth throwing a party over."

Cameron turned over his shoulder and looked back at the house. No, it still struck him as insane. He had nearly crashed when he had come up the drive. Charlotte was officially bigger than her house. Her MANSION. Up over the roof, he could see a WEALTH of breast from the lawn. Two great big globes rose overtop building, her alabaster skin pale against the late evening sky. God, he could see her cleavage from the other side of her house, and it was only a small percentage of the total woman! She would be wider than it soon, too. Cameron refrained from imagining, he wanted to enjoy that sight he would inevitably greet soon enough.

He surveyed the rest of the people out on the lawn, and couldn't resist looking up at his girlfriend's breasts again. He could ogle as much as he wanted from here, and he was hardly the only one. Not a single person out here didn't stare, at one point or another. Often they had bits of conversation about it, especially if someone new joined the conversation. Everyone was flabbergasted that Charlotte could exist, much less grow so much in such a short amount of time.

Many of these people knew her from just a few months ago, and what a drastic change had occurred! Many people had this conversation REPEATEDLY, as they moved around and eagerly mingled with new groups.

A man and woman walked up the drive behind him now. "Don't tell me ... !" the man trailed off.

"She's ... she's massive!" the middle aged woman on his arm gaped.

"No, no, are they playing a joke on us?"

"Oh, they could be ... Surely!"

Cameron grinned into his drink and followed them in, only to nearly run into them when they stopped dead in their tracks just inside the parlor. The woman gasped, and the man was clearly taken aback.

Another two men stepped up next to them. "Hey, Dave. Yeah we know how you feel. Madness," one said.

"This isn't a joke?" Dave asked.

"Apparently not," the third man replied. "That's all our dear Charlotte."

"My word!" Dave's lady friend exclaimed.

The two men laughed. "What's this Elaine. Not jealous, are we?"

The woman straightened herself primly, indignantly putting a hand to her own VERY modest chest. She was nearly nonexistent, a thin woman. She didn't know words to respond with, so she gave a haughty 'Hmph!'. That's what she thought of THAT idea.

Beyond the doorway, Cameron observed that the reactions were certainly less interesting within earshot or eyesight of Charlotte. People looked, and gawked, and whispered, but uncomfortably aware that they were staring at a girl's chest and that simply wasn't polite. More than a few women accompanied by a man that night kept hawk eyes on their dates, watching for when THEY looked at the young beauty and her bountiful excess. He did hear one man reprimanded for his wandering eye. Indeed, a few patrons tried their damndest to NOT look at her at all costs, which Cameron found amusing. That was a very difficult thing they were trying to do!

For inside, the entire far wall was Charlotte. For the sake of the party, she had tried to retreat as far back inside as she could manage, and by extension, squish as much of herself down as possible to fit through that yawning door. The result was a great deal of constriction around a plethora of boobage. She mounded from floor to near ceiling, and effortlessly bulged against both walls of the living room. She had stuffed so much of herself in, he thought it must be hurting her; but Charlotte had assured him it was fine.

"No more than a corset. Besides, I want to be a presence at my own party," she had said with a wicked grin.

She was. Charlotte had replaced the far vista with her tits, centered herself along the length of the room, dominating the room and the proceedings. Even ignoring the elephant(s) in the room, she was eyecatching. In addition to her stellar dress, she was wearing stilettos that were more like stilts, and she had on a black choker necklace. That trademark red hair was done up in a loose bun, and she had diamond earrings dangling from her ears. Her actual 'neckline' was invisible since she had her back turned, or partly turned, to the rest of the party, but she was still showing MORE than plenty of her neckline; above her head, between her legs, and if that wasn't enough, one could walk back outside to the front lawn and gander.

Charlotte found Cameron's eyes and dazzled him with her smile from across the room. He winked at her and she wagged her eyebrows at him before turning back to whomever was trying to talk to her. It was a parade of such people, everyone wanted facetime with the girl with the biggest tits at the party.

On the side wall was a TV set up, playing a slideshow of the photoshoot that was going to be released the next day. Kaden's work looked excellent, and the photos he had chosen to keep were scintillating for anybody who could appreciate Charlotte's humongousness. Cameron did just that for a spell, and scowled when the picture of him with the painter hat came on. But he was bored. Without Charlotte's guidance with whom to mingle, it didn't seem right to start ingratiating himself with this high society. And nobody seemed interested. What were his credentials here? He was simply the boyfriend.

If anything, an attempt would merely invite a bunch of bawdy comments about his preferences in women, or ribald observations. The kind they were all thinking, but would never say in front of Charlotte. He had gotten some of that while trying to meet the small group of Charlotte's actual friends. That was fine, but as they laughed at their jokes, it was awkward for him to join their fun without knowing his audience better. Which responses would be too bold, and which would make him a fool? He needed Charlotte there to smooth the way. It was worth noting that Cameron met Marianne, and she was indeed still as flat as Charlotte promised.

The alcohol was getting to him, so he started to wander about the house. Each room of the first floor on the lakeside had a window. And each and every one was completely blocked up. A consequence of Charlotte's positioning was that she was MASHED against the side of the house, her breasts marshmallowed up against the entire face of the building. Her extravagance sealed all of the windows with her pink flesh molded against them, and darkened every room.

But that gave Cameron a mischievous idea. He walked back into the main room. Charlotte was still chatting away, answering questions. From the looks guests kept giving whomever was talking to her, there was an unformed line waiting to greet the hostess.

Cameron slipped back down the hall and went upstairs to the second floor. Here, none of the windows allowed sunlight either. He walked into one room, with Charlotte plastered against the glass. He set down his drink and studied the window. One of the great benefits that came with being Charlotte's boytoy, besides having Charlotte to himself, was the privilege of being able to

touch those MAGNIFICENT bombs of hers whenever he wanted. Including now. After carefully unlocking it, he tried to throw the window open.

The thing barely budged. He hauled on it again and it rose a bit. Because of pressure and friction, he had try several times to get it open. As soon as the crack had been wide enough, breast bulged in and about his knuckles as he kept going. Now, it was just a window of sweater meat, filling the frame with no effort. It was a scant portion of her girls, but that was enough for his purposes; it was still several square feet of boobage to play with!

He gave Charlotte a loving squeeze. Then, since no one else was around, he two-handed her pliable melon. She was downstairs, but he could still grope her to his heart's content. And she couldn't do anything about it! It was her own fault for being so ridiculously big! His phone buzzed, which he assumed was her. THAT was all she could do. He traced gentle circles on Charlotte's sensitive globes, teasing her. He knew it would drive her wild.

His phone buzzed in his pocket again. He took it out and enjoyed another sip of his drink.

Charlotte< Hi there >

Charlotte< Getting a head start? >

Cameron< Muhahaha >

He leaned against the soft cushion of her and rested his head.

Charlotte< omg sTOP >

Cameron< Why? No one can see me. No one can even tell >

Charlotte< They CANNN. I just stuttered like a moron to the Chairman of Fordam >

Cameron< Jeez, you're that turned on already? >

Charlotte< Since you dressed me. DON'T MAKE IT WORSE >

Cameron< On the contrary, I think I'm going to make your night a bit more interesting >

Charlotte< Wait waitwait what are you planning??>

Cameron tossed his phone aside. A lot more than this, he thought. He had known past girlfriends to get revved up with a simple hand on the thigh under the dinner table. Especially in public; a slow sensual touch, a delicate moment, an intimate reminder could do wonders. Charlotte was so spectacularly enormous that he could get away with something outrageous. He could straight up fondle her tits while she was front and center of the party, and only she would even KNOW. Given Charlotte and her tendencies, downstairs, as girl trapped in her limelight, Cameron knew this would drive her insane. Just that he was up here and had this power over her.

Cameron< Revenge :) Thanks to you, tomorrow I will forever be known as the hat guy. >

Charlotte< Oh dear god >

He tossed his phone back on the desk. He had an idea, but first, he should probably close this window. Pushing against the outcropping of breast, feeling it envelop his arm, he tried to pull down the window. It immediately got stuck. He tried again, trying to beat back the invasion of Charlotte further, but to no avail. This window wasn't closing until she moved; he'd have to remember to do it later.

He walked down stairs, and it was like entering another world again. The music blasted, the talk got louder, and suddenly a room full of people. Charlotte was looking over her shoulder, immediately glaring at him as he entered. Despite this, her face was flush, and her eyes had a special wild hunger about them. Her arousal wasn't JUST what he was doing to her, Cameron knew, but also the concept and impropriety. He was being scandalous.

Those eyes tracked him the entire time he casually walked across the room to a table of drinks. He sidled up to a huge water pitcher, grabbed a glass, and filled it halfway. He looked at Charlotte, and gently took a drink. She was talking to someone, but her eyes hadn't left him for a moment. They narrowed slightly, suspicious of him. Cameron lowered the drink, and looked at it. There was a tray of ice near, with tongs for guests to help themselves if they wanted a drink chilled. He helped himself to an ice cube. Two, three, four, five, he filled the rest of the glass. Then he took another drink while looking directly at Charlotte.

Her nose twitched in annoyance. But her flush hadn't gone away at all. They stared at each other evenly from across the party, then for reasons unknown, she was finally forced to look back at the person with whom she was speaking. Cameron impassively walked back across the room for the hallway.

Charlotte was able to tear herself from her guest, glancing about distractedly about for him. Catching him, she lasered in onto the glass in his hand, and her eyes went wide. Her mouth fell open slightly, she might have even been about to mouth a few words, but the next person in 'line' approached her to grab her attention. She jumped, startled into giving the kindly old man an unnerved look. Then she smiled guiltily and presumably greeted him. Cameron didn't stay.

The noise fell away as he distanced himself from the party by several rooms, and a flight of stairs. He slipped back into the peaceful room. Now it was just him and ... Charlotte, still. He strode over to the yawning window, inconsiderately letting Charlotte rain in, and then fished in his glass for a solitary ice cube. Cameron removed it with pincer fingers, and after pausing a moment, gently laid the frozen water against her canvas of bosom.

There was no immediate effect or anything. He was almost disappointed. He was too far away from her, the actual her, and with too many rooms between them to hear her yelp or see her shudder. He wondered if she had done anything at all. With calm ease, Cameron started to slide the ice cube along the exposed flesh. It was extremely cold on his fingers, as ice is wont to do, but he doubted it did much to Charlotte. At least, nothing negative. The ice was slick from the water in his glass, so he was able to get some mileage out of it as it teased across the warm, pink surface.

He dug his fingers in, pressing it hard against the obese globe, REALLY feeling up the soft milk dirigible as he sensuously smoothed out the cube against her. BZZZT, his phone went nuts on

the desk where he had left it, but Cameron ignored it. After he finished his ministrations and the ice dwindled away to a puddle in his hand, smeared all out, he checked his messages.

Charlotte< WHAT NONO STOP!! >

Charlotte< OMG >

Charlotte< This is unfair!! You are sooooo DEAD. >

Cameron sipped his water thoughtfully.

Cameron< You have to survive the evening first. How hard is that for you right now? >

Cameron waited for his response, as he swirled the glass. It took several minutes. Frowning, Cameron decided to be a bit more proactive.

Cameron< No response, eh? >

He leaned over and poked Charlotte from a floor above her. Then he poked her again with four fingers, like dimpling dough. Impatiently, he tried his whole hand at patting her flank repeatedly. She wobbled amidst the window, the smooth curvature disturbed by Cameron's slapping. Fine. He dug out two ice cubes and applied them directly to the woman of his affections. Very shortly, he got a text.

Charlotte< I WAS TALKING TO SOMEONEEEEE >

Cameron< Oh ok ... What were you talking about? >

Charlotte< Jessica's niece, I think >

Cameron< You weren't paying attention, were you >

Charlotte< I blame you for everything >

Cameron< How is that my fault? I'm not even there :) >

She didn't respond again for a moment, so Cameron got up. With a love squeeze for her, he left the room. His phone vibrated in his pocket, and he opened it as he walked.

Charlotte< No, but you ARE technically still in the same room as me ;) I'll win this in court and clear my name for tonight >

Cameron couldn't return to the party NOW, not in defeat like this. He opted instead not to return to the party, but continue up another stair to the third floor. It was a gorgeous night, why not enjoy it?

Cameron< In THAT case ... I can't be hanged twice, right? >

Charlotte< We might see about that >

The man ventured out onto the mansion balcony, where they had taken some lovely photos. Charlotte was smaller, then, he reminisced. Ah, it seemed like only four days ago when her breasts were as tall as him on the third floor balcony ... They grow up so fast.

Instead, he was now STILL being towered over by the inflating blimps, even after climbing to the third floor of a mansion. Behind him was the third floor, and then atop that the roof, and of course her pair mounded above even that. She was squishing through the banister on the balcony, and overflowing over the rail, actually hanging a bit over. Then her delicious contours just rose, and rose, twice Cameron's height, maybe even three. Her growth was inspiringly unceasing, these overbearing femme fatales knew no boundaries. Not bra sizes, not backyards, not reason or logic. He admired them so. From here, the view of her cleavage was just as grand to him as the former view of the lake used to be.

He couldn't even rest on the guardrail to admire the view, though, as that was entirely obstructed; except right in the middle between Charlotte's heavyweights. He strode halfway across the balcony to arrive at that ponderous ravine, and then leaned over the balcony to inspect the sights. There really wasn't much room, both of his elbows were digging into the zeppelins' overhang.

As such with Charlotte in her dress and current compressed situation, her flaunted bosom was too condensed for much of a viewing angle here. He saw the crack between the globes start some dozen of feet ahead of him, and fall down a shadowy line that gently curved downwards towards the first floor and also sped towards him. A tunnel of flesh above that line of adjoinment was all he could see dead ahead, with deep shadows of her own roundness scoring his lover's chest like that of a cliff face in the evening desert.

Cameron flicked one of the ice cubes from his drink into the canyon. He watched with interest as it bounced and slid a bit before it settled between the monstrosities. His pocket activated again, SOMEONE had taken immediate notice. Cameron reared back and chucked another ice cube, this one designated for the inner right slope somewhere atop Charlotte's left tit. Again he saw as it ricocheted on her, flipped end over end before landing on her other boob and dropping into the abyss.

Hmm. He could skip stones, here. At least until tomorrow or the day after, she'd be even bigger then. Cameron reared back and launched a third cube to send it skittering across her, but it went awry and glanced off and popped over the top of her. He had no way of knowing where THAT ended up. It then occurred to him that since she peeked over the of the house, it was POSSIBLE someone observing from the front yard could see the flying ice. He'd have to limit himself to what wasn't in line of sight.

That was no fun, there was no opening in front of him. He could reach out and touch where the colossi met, and as if to prove a point, he did so. Leaning forward, he knifed his hand in between them; it was entombed in a loving warmth, which deserved a loving grope in turn. He took two hands to rub her, splaying out his fingers on the loaf of bosom. He was leaning over the balcony, perhaps dangerously; but as he looked down, he was not going to fall very far. She was wallpapering the facade with her tits up past the second floor windows and up to the balcony. It would be a long way to sink before he reached the ground.

He took out his phone, setting his glass on the rail.

Charlotte< You having fun up there? >

Cameron< Yeah this really takes me back. I used to skip rocks on a pond. You? Having fun down there? >

Charlotte< Not really. I need this party to be over already ... >

Cameron looked at the ellipses, so full of promise. He grinned and leaned out on the rail for his response ... aaaand knocked his glass over. With both hands on his phone, he didn't have time to react to the cup and he watched it fall into the depths, splashing its chilled and frozen contents down Charlotte's dress, at 20 feet above Charlotte's dress.

Cameron< Oops. Honest, that was an accident. >

He waited nervously for a response. One finally came.

Charlotte< We're even now. You just spilled a drink on your date. You can come down now.
>

Cameron< That faux pas doesn't count when she secretly enjoys it >

Charlotte< Yes, it does. And not so secretly. Like twelve people just asked me if I was ok. >

Cameron< What did you do? >

The conversation paused again. Someone talking to her again, most likely. Cameron rolled his eyes, and enjoyed the night care. He was glad that was water and not alcohol.

Charlotte< What's worse, I'm now trying to smile and talk like I DIDN'T just having something VERY COLD dropped down my shirt and now melt between my boobs. It's still thereeeee >

Cameron< Want me to get the glass? It's right there, I can probably climb down and get it real quick. >

The response came instantly.

Charlotte< DON'T YOU DARE >

Charlotte< LEAVE IT THERE. >

Charlotte< NO CLIMBING AT ALL!! >

Charlotte< Come down here and pretend you actually LIKE me >

Cameron chuckled, and returned to the party. Charlotte was talking to someone, her eyes a little glassy and vacant. Her face was beet red. As he watched, the dazzling beauty fidgeted in her dress, subconsciously adjusting the hemline of her skirt as she talked to an a middle-age couple in very fancy evening attire. She did seem a little awkwardly self-conscious. He hadn't seen her like that since they met.

Taking pity on her, Cameron fetched a plate and put a few of the finger delicacies upon it. It was also part of the plan. He edged up to Charlotte when she was free again, and she turned to him, scowling. They focused instantly, alert. "What's next?" she asked suspiciously. They spoke in quiet tones so as not to be overheard.

"Nothing, just food." Cameron carefully adjusted a strand of her hair, and her face softened to his touch.

She eyed the plate. "It's not going to end up in my bra too?" she asked sardonically, a dry smile turning up her mouth.

"What bra?" he asked innocently, taking her drink to free up one of her hands.

"Uh huh. Good. I don't need anything else in there, my days of bra stuffing are over."

"Again, what bra? Is there a bra I don't know about? Let me go see."

"No! Stay!" she laughed, snatching the plate from his hands. "You're a maniac," she sighed.

"Just livening you up a bit."

"I didn't need it!"

"I did. After the dress ..."

"Mmm," she agreed, remembering. Charlotte closed her eyes for a moment. "Tell me. Am I a mess?" she breathed.

He gave her the once over. "Definitely not, you still look amazing. So a HOT mess, maybe."

She rolled her eyes, fixing her hair again anyway. "I know what you're doing. You want to make sure I keep my promise. Don't worry, this party is unbearable now," she whispered. She bit her lip, grinning at him. "Who even threw this stupid thing?"

Cameron was about to say something, but looking over her shoulder he nodded towards her parents who were approaching for some time with their daughter.

Charlotte glanced. "Oh no. You SURE I look ok?" She immediately adjusted her dress without waiting for his response. She was still blushing pretty heavily, and filled with a bit of nervous energy, but nothing that wouldn't be easily dismissed.

"Better than ok. Here, let me take your bag so you can eat." Charlotte gratefully handed her handbag over to free her other hand. Standing there, she couldn't get food herself; Cameron had brought her some earlier, but that had been a little while ago. It seems she had gotten a bit hungry.

"Thanks," she said, relieved. She lifted a bite to her mouth, but paused. "You're not gonna stray far, RIGHT?"

"Don't worry," Cameron said. "We're even on the hat thing."

But as the Reids came closer, and Charlotte popped her snack into her mouth, Cameron leaned in to whisper. Charlotte swooned at his proximity, until she heard what he said. "But you know what else is embarrassing? Driving a car half embedded in a ridiculously big bra ..."

Charlotte snapped upright in alarm as he backed away. Cameron allowed himself a melodramatic exit, coyly retreating towards the hall with a smile on his face, maintaining eye contact all the while. She shifted nervously, and gave a panicked look back at her parents. There was no escape. Cameron winked and vanished.

This time he went straight to the balcony, where he had lost his unfortunate glass of water earlier. He peered over the rail to see it still there. He wasn't sure what he thought would have happened to it, but leaving it there in Charlotte's bosom felt like littering somehow.

Turning to the task at hand, he opened Charlotte's handbag, and pulled out her phone. It was silenced on account of the party, but he clicked the volume up once. The phone acknowledged the vibrate setting by throbbing in his hand. Satisfied, he leaned over the rail as far as he could, and shoved that phone into the creamy crevasse of Charlotte's cleavage.

He had known she would have to cough up the bag if he gave her a plate. He had already been designated the bag bearer earlier that night when he had brought her first round of food. Satisfied, Cameron returned downstairs.

Charlotte glowered at him, non-verbally asking him 'What did you do?' Cameron returned to her and collected her plate, forking over her handbag. "What did you do ...?" Charlotte inquired verbally.

"I lost your phone," he said calmly.

"What? My ... phone?" she gaped at him, confused.

"Yes, sorry," he said, while turning to the crowd and stepping forward. "Excuse me," he announced to the party at large. "But has anyone seen Charlotte's phone?"

The voices quieted down and looked at him. "It was right there earlier," Cameron said pointing at the food table nearest Charlotte. Quite a few people shook their heads, the rest glanced around the room hoping to spot it. Cameron turned back to Charlotte, stricken, squeezing her bag for the familiar feel of the phone. Not finding it, her mouth fell open in horrified understanding.

"Here, can you call it, please?" he asked peaceably as he stalked out into the party, as if searching for it.

"I will," one of her friends said nearby. Everyone in the living room and parlor listened intently for any tell-tale sign as the man dialed.

Nobody heard anything, but Cameron was studying his girl. Finally he could see her react. The call must have gone through, because Charlotte immediately flinched and clamped her mouth

shut. Her color rose as she took a deep breath. Then she made eye contact with Cameron again, defiant. Cameron smiled petulantly.

“Do you have it on silent?” he asked aloud.

“No,” Charlotte growled.

“Can you try it again, please?” Cameron requested the caller, walking around a bit more. Charlotte closed her eyes and braced herself. Even so, the petite woman shuddered a little bit in her dress. She was trying desperately not to make a sound while everyone in the room was listening. But that was a game getting harder by the minute as her arousal grew, almost like trying too hard not to laugh.

Finally, “I don’t hear it,” somebody said. There were murmurs of agreement.

Cameron frowned. “Ok, thank you. I’m sure it will turn up.”

The party slowly resumed. As soon as Cameron got in arm’s reach, Charlotte grabbed his arm and hauled him in with a vicegrip.

“Ok, BOY,” she emphasized heavily, “That was REALLL cute.” Her gaze fluttered for a moment as she swallowed hard. “I’m going to remember this for a very long time,” she warned him.

Cameron allowed himself a self-satisfied smirk, putting a hand to her cheek. “You’ll forever remember how much fun you’re having?”

“Oh god, yes,” she breathed. “I actually wasn’t looking forward to this. I don’t enjoy half of these people, they’re stuffed shirts. This was something I had to get out of the way. But now ...” Then she frowned. “But still, you’re making me all dopey with these important people. I’m mad about that.”

“Really?”

“Ok, I WANT to be mad about that,” she admitted. Then suddenly she winced. “NO, I AM mad! Someone else is trying to call me now! Go. Get. My. Phone,” she wheezed urgently.

“With pleasure.”

A look of apprehension passed over her. “No, wait! Stop, stay here!”

Cameron paused.

“I’m not letting you wander agai- Oh, ok. Wow. They’re persistent. Get me my phone.”

With permission, Cameron found himself face to cleavage once again in the night. The sun had set, but he still felt mischievous. Playing with Charlotte made for a very entertaining evening. The rest of the guests barely existed to him anymore. He had been fostering an idea, contemplating it. He decided to give it a go. First, he reached into Charlotte’s cleavage, out over the rail, and fished around in the warm encasing for her phone. His fingers brushed the plastic, and he extracted it. As he did, it buzzed again in his hand, so he hastily switched it back to silent.

Then he climbed up onto the rail. He felt there needed to be some preamble, or if he should put a hand over his nose like someone jumping into a pool. But he didn't. He did, however, gently hop off the rail and into the unfathomable depths of the redhead's cleavage.

As he had predicted early, it wasn't a long fall. Gravity and his momentum were enough to drive him down into the soft embrace up to his shoulders, and it was considerably tighter around his feet than near his chin. Now stuckfast between the monstrous blimps, it was the warm and weighty caress of a full-body paizuri. Only his head was above 'water'. Above 'ground', for that's what her cleavage basically formed, over two stories off the ground. And he was buried up to the hilt in Charlotte.

Getting a feel for his movement options, Cameron gently supported himself on their firmness to reach and grab the glass he had dropped earlier. It was already in arms reach, having tumbled from near the same spot he did. Climbing down with only one hand would be hard, but he really shouldn't leave that there. All that was left was to go lower, so he slowly squirmed down.

There was so much of her breasts in the way, he was in no danger of falling all the way down. If anything, he had to work at it. He spread the chimney apart with his feet, able to ease his way to sink further down between the moons. His head was quickly swallowed by darkness, his entire body enveloped in the fleshy prison. The air was hot and heavy, even a little claustrophobic. He knew the air would get stale soon if he lingered. It was the fault of the stretchy dress, binding Charlotte's blimps together. That and the doorway bottleneck compressed these babies into a clamp made of clouds.

But now it was REALLY dark. All light was eclipsed and gone, he had nothing but feel. While holding this glass, he would not be able to hold a phone to illuminate anything. And he was wary of that, anyways. If he dropped one, he might legitimately lose it forever. Unable to find it for one, and two, if they separated her breasts, it would fall over a dozen feet to the patio somewhere below. So he made slow progress, working himself down in the dark, until his feet touched the ground. There. He was aware that he was at the bottom of a ravine that towered over him, sandwiching him between two leviathans each bigger than his childhood home. There was nearly forty feet of Charlotte looming above him, and an unmistakable sensation that he could easily be crushed here. If Charlotte had been much firmer, although she was naturally quite firm, this would be ripe for a rescue documentary with helicopters.

Carefully in the blackness, Cameron turned around. He had been facing out towards the lake when he jumped in, but that wasn't the direction he wanted to go. With much attention to detail, he laid his hands on both walls, and slowly oriented himself 180 degrees. He had read about caves and pitch black tunnels and ruins, where one was supposed to keep their hands on the wall at all times to trace their route so they wouldn't get lost. This wasn't that serious, but he didn't want to go the wrong direction. That would not be an inconsiderable trek.

He waded slightly forward in the heated folds of bosom, and it got tighter and tighter, crowding him udderly. Finally some light filtered in, as he spread her breasts out about his head. The going was actually uncomfortably tight for a small stretch, he could feel himself being

compressed between them as he forced his way through. Past the worst point, he realized he had just passed the door threshold that lead inside. Charlotte's breasts were constricted there the most.

Here was also a dramatic swell in music and noise, he rejoined the party for the umpteenth time that night. The first time from THIS hallway, though. It was still muffled, but he was able to listen in now. That also meant, as he approached Charlotte, her breasts would be swooping down (and up from the ground) to meet upon her chest. Mindful that he could now poke out of her cleavage and be seen by party guests, Cameron crouched low and proceeded with caution.

The path was getting looser and softer, he was nearing his girl. There was more air flow, and more light, more freedom somewhere on the other side. He poked and prodded down around his feet, trying to find the end of her underboob and the point he shouldn't pass. With a sudden small crack of brightness that blinded him, he knew he had found Main Charlotte.

No sooner had he realized this than a hand plunged into the depths from above him and grabbed his head with claw-like talons. "I nearly SCREAMED," a low voice hissed at him. "You are playing SO dirty! Just wait until I'm alone with you. Just. Wait."

Cameron grinned in the dark, and then tapped the woman's hand with the glass he still held. The hand felt it, and then withdrew it. Cameron then took the woman's phone out of his pocket, and headed it to the expectant hand that had returned and poked his forehead. He heard and felt Charlotte step forward into her cleavage, her breasts mooshing in against him a bit more. It was probably a bit to tease him, but also strategic to conceal him. He figured his body must displace some of her bustline, although the woman was so voluminous that he was certain no party-attendee could tell. Cameron took out his own phone, to text the woman standing right next to him, but he was surprised to hear her voice.

"Oh hello, Mr. and Mrs. Todd," Charlotte gushed.

"Charlotte! My word!" A man's voiced said.

"I know, I know," Charlotte said ruefully. "It's crazy, isn't it?"

Well, well, well. Cameron got on his knees inside the darkness of Charlotte's bosom, and slowly extended a hand so he could see forward. Not two feet away was the woman of his dreams, stepped up into her own cleavage. Now, because of the way Charlotte's dress was configured, he actually had a view of not just where her breasts joined her body, and the cleft in the middle of them, but also her toned tummy. The sight they hadn't expected anyone to see.

"It is!" A woman's voice came. "How do you even find CLOTHES?"

With great care, Cameron reached out and laid his fingers on Charlotte's taut stomach.

"I HAVE," Charlotte yelped, "I-iiii have a designer help. Helping me."

"Wow, who even does such a thing? He must be highly specialized."

"Very. He's an idiot at e-everything that isn't clothes," Charlotte forced a laugh.

Ok, fine. Cameron traced a finger down her belly, and hooked a finger into the top of Charlotte's skirt. The hyper buxom girl jerked instinctively, and apparently noticeably.

"Are you ok?" the man's voice asked, concerned.

"I'm ... fine, I'm fine," Charlotte assured them shakily. Her toned body actually took a step TOWARDS Cameron. The entire front of her torso was now concealed from outside viewing entirely, unless you were in Cameron's position.

"So, modeling, though," the woman voice implored. "That's quite brazen of you!"

Is it? Cameron thought. But he declined to comment.

"Well, when life gives you lemons, right? Or melons, in this case," Charlotte joked. Cameron grinned, but it appeared to fall flat with its intended audience.

"Of course, of course, she has good sense, Martha," the man intoned. "When you've got something no one else has, you've got to make money off of it! That's business! A monopoly."

Cameron sighed. And he was dating the girl who hung out with these people. Charlotte seemed to know what he was thinking, because she patted her décolletage not a foot above his head.

"Exactly, I'm sitting on a limited commodity," she said seriously.

The man guffawed loudly. Not exactly, Cameron thought. These became less and less 'limited' with each passing day. He decided to tune out of the conversation, and instead snake that finger beneath Charlotte's defenses.

"Yes, but I- Ah!!" Charlotte gasped. Then she turned it into a cough or two. "Sorry," she continued shakily. "Excuse me. I-, I have, uh, I do have a lot of things planned."

The girl trembled at his touch. Wow, was she ever READY. Cameron could feel the proof on his fingers and her panties. He removed his hand. He was content that he had toyed with her enough, and that more would be going too far. As for exciting her, his presence alone would probably do the trick. It was certainly working on HIM!

He relaxed a bit in the confines of her cleavage, resting his back. He WAS staying by her side, tonight! He would be sure to point that out later. Here he was, hidden in plain sight. While she greeted and chatted and mingled, tucked away was her boyfriend doing unspeakably naughty things to her and no one was the wiser. He was firmly massaging Charlotte's abundant tits with a couple not 6 feet away, and they were completely oblivious. Cameron considered it a very successful escalation of the night.

After the couple had gone, and Cameron had suffered through their droll conversation, he put his hands down and reclined. Within seconds, a hand slipped down Charlotte's shirt and tapped him on the head. He reached up and took her hand, and was surprised when that hand took his and placed it very firmly back on stomach.

Charlotte's hand tapped him on his head again. Confused, he gave her his other hand, which she plastered heartily against the side of her meaty breast. Getting the picture, he continued his endeavors while she greeted and exchanged pleasantries with the next group. After about an hour of sitting in the dark, playing with his phone and playing with Charlotte, the music outside his den quieted. Within another ten minutes, "You can come out now," Charlotte's voice announced.

Cameron stood up, stretching his legs, and poked his head and shoulders up out of Charlotte's cleavage chasm. She looked at him impassively, not moving an inch. After a pause, Cameron dropped down to his knees to escape the underbelly of her boobs. She still didn't move, she was just looking down at him, watching.

A little nervous, almost, Cameron started to stand. Immediately the woman knocked him back to the ground.

"Oh no, you don't," she said. "YOU. You are not getting away. My turn. FINALLY, my turn."

Cameron grinned up at her.

"I'd ask you to rip off my dress right now," she said testily, "but that would take an hour, wouldn't it?"

Cameron nodded. It seemed better if he didn't speak. Things were going very well.

Charlotte reached down with both hands for her skirt, and yanked it up along her svelte body, up and over her head, revealing her small waist, her petite hips, and some cutesy purple panties. She released the spandex dress, and the both looked up in surprise to hear it snap like a rubber band. The dress hadn't fallen by the wayside, she had just removed her main body from it. It still encircled her breasts, a big black band.

"Er," Charlotte paused. "Mind if I leave my bra on?"

"Sure. I wouldn't be able to see them anyway," Cameron conceded, pulling her down on top of him.

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PART 09

May Contain: Large Breasts, Breast Expansion, Redheads. You've been warned!

PART 09

The next photoshoot would be a proper, full corset. Or as much of a semblance of one as they could manage, considering how badly it would need to be restructured; enough to make wearing a corset at all completely pointless. Charlotte was still intrigued by the aesthetic, however, and Cameron was sure he wouldn't have any complaints once he saw it in action.

The whole thing had been delivered in pieces, in flatbed trucks. Cameron had spend the morning taking each mighty 'shingle' of Charlotte's top, carefully lining up the latches, and affixing each one to the greater whole. Each slab of the corset was made of a stiff white fabric, with support sewn throughout to provide it structure. Each tarp-like rectangular piece was 40 feet tall and 10 feet wide, and dragging them around into position was NOT the easiest thing in the world. But it was doable, and soon he had a looong train of them strung together side by side. Adding the final end piece felt like completing the world's largest jigsaw puzzle set, although they were all identical and lined up in a row like rail-road tracks.

"Oooh," Charlotte observed unhelpfully. "It's big."

Cameron gave her an exasperated look.

The resplendent redhead shrugged. "Don't give me that. You made me go with the larger one."

"Because you GROW."

Charlotte waved that pesky idea away. "Bah, it would have been fine. Besides, I really like my tops small and tight. I've always been a size 'S'."

"Not. Anymore." Cameron grunted, dragging one end of the chain of fabric up to his girlfriend.

"Hey! I'm not fat, I'm just big chested." She placed both hands on her tummy, which would indeed have netted her a teenie tiny corset had she not been so impossibly overweight in another area. "I'm sure if you shop in the Charlotte department, I'm still a 'Charlotte' size Small."

"Tell me where this magical Charlotte department store is. Because if WE tried to stock items for you, we'd have to clear out the entire Men's section in order to shelve even ONE of your ridiculous bras. And it that would be the only size we had: ridiculously big."

Charlotte's lips twitched with mirth. "Alas," she said theatrically, "a tale as old as time. Us larger chested girls ... DISCRIMINATED against by the clothing industry. Forever unable to find something reasonably proportioned. Don't they realize real women aren't all runway stick figures?"

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. You’re a victim. Thanks,” he said, taking the industrial twine that Charlotte held out to him. The colossally chested girl was wearing a stiff back-brace, a corset on her back. It extended down until a few inches off her ass, revealing the crook of her lower back. The corset bodice wrapped down around her belly like normal, but above the tummy the front and back of the corset went their separate ways. The front portion had a huge piece fastened to it (it had to be assembled separately) but it looked part of the original design because of hidden velcro. The add-on piece continued where the fitted corset on her body could not, starting at the top of her belly, it bent down and followed alongside her underboob, all the way down to the ground where it culminated in a huge disk of fabric that ran underneath the entirety of Charlotte’s chest. The white cloth was a rim around her bosom, like a flower pot resting on a doily or a cup on a coaster. It only overextended about 5 feet though, sometimes more and sometimes less in certain areas.

Above Charlotte’s belly on the back of her corset, it rose ramrod straight up her back to her shoulder blades. Lining each side down her back were professional-grade rope latches. Each one had an individual line pushed through, a total of twelve dangling loose ends all trailed off of Charlotte’s back, 6 to a side. Starting with the bottom of the six ropes on Charlotte’s right side, Cameron found the corresponding sixth, bottom rung on the corset front that he had assembled. It would be via these wires that the huge corset slats would be tied to her back, and it would surround her bosom as a fence. In the end, there would actually be about 6 to 8 feet on each side between Charlotte and the ends of her towering corset fence. That distance would be spanned tightly by these wires to keep the whole thing taut and upright.

As one would with a shower curtain, Cameron laced her up as he slowly affixed each right rope in the proper order to the larger portion of Charlotte’s top that was still lying on the ground. That helped significantly, because while each rope was only separated by a few inches on Charlotte, their other end attachments were each separated by a yard along the side of the tall corset wall.

Once he had properly threaded and tethered it to the busty gal, Cameron walked to the top of the tarp of fabric, and starting propping up the hefty curtains. He pushed it upright, and then flopped it over so it leaned against Charlotte’s enormity. The rest of the front was still trailing down on the ground considerably, but the first piece was up so long as he held it. Cameron began to move laterally, circling around Charlotte’s bust and heaving it up from the ground so it was upright, not unlike unwrapping a cupcake in reverse. Wallpapering the goliath backyard-filling breasts of his girlfriend was quite strenuous, and he could hardly see what he was doing because the corset towered over him like so. Thankfully the stiffness of the fabric kept them upright enough for him to keep going, and eventually he circumnavigated the entirety of Charlotte. It took him 15 minutes to wrap her, somewhat precariously balanced as it was.

Before Cameron reached the end, he remembered to leave the end flat on the ground for a moment, first. It made him nervous, because if he shifted it wrong it could bring down the rest of the corset fence and all of his work would be for naught. He skirted it and returned to Charlotte nearby and fetched the cables this time from her left side. Cameron laid them out and unfurled

them towards the corset end, and strung it up just as he had the first side. This would be impossible to do once the corset end was upright, so he was glad he had remembered to do it first. Once secure, he finished the long process and righted the last bit of Charlotte's top so the whole thing was upright and leaned against her.

Charlotte admired his handiwork. "Not bad," she said. Then she raised her arms. "Now my favorite part, do me up."

Cameron stepped up behind Charlotte's lovely white bodice, and pulled each thread through her corset back to the best of his human capability. The rope latches wouldn't let any slack back through, being specifically designed for that purpose, so he could haul and then reposition himself as necessary. Each time he exerted Charlotte had to stand her ground, but it was a bit difficult. Seeing an alternative, Cameron kicked off his shoe and planted a foot on the crook of her back. The beauty looked over her shoulder at him inquiringly, but saw in a moment what he was up to. He threw his weight into each rope, pushing off her narrow back. Charlotte grinned and tried her best to stand steadfast and give him leverage. After all 12 wires were pulled through as far as he could manage, Cameron was left sweating and panting. He shook out his hands and sat on Charlotte's beach chair for a moment. He nearly tripped over a hose she had laying there for watering her flowers, he was unobservant with his fatigue. It was that strenuous, trying to fulfill her wishes.

"Ugh, sorry," he said tiredly. "That's as tight as we are gonna get it."

Charlotte looked at it wistfully. His efforts had cinched the two corset ends closer to her, narrowing the gap between her body and the fence around her bosom, but it was still not close enough for her to touch. He could tell that she was disappointed, it wasn't very tight at all. Not by her standards. But the problem with winching her using equipment was that they had run out of room with which to maneuver in this backyard. That, and the ropes wouldn't be strong enough. That, and Charlotte was impossibly massive and very large, robust, and round. It was not a shape conducive to being pulled. Hell, there was still some room in her cleavage despite as tight as he had tried to make it. He might as well have been trying to lasso a building. That, and ... proportionally to her size, tightness required a tremendous amount of force. Much of the corset was flush against her skin, but tight? To make her feel it properly like a normal corset, this colossus would have to do something like restrict the natural circumference of her bust by 20-30%, at least, to get some good oomph. That wasn't going to happen at this size, not with all those pounds and tonnes of titflesh in the way.

BUT, they had also incorporated this into their plans, and they were going to put Charlotte's own growth to good use. The photoshoot wasn't until TOMORROW, so however much she grew in the night would compact her further into the corset, which would NOT expand. She'd fill the slack and achieve a proper tightness, so long as the corset maintained its structural integrity. That was part of phase two, and Charlotte knew it. She eventually nodded in acceptance.

"Alright," she said doubtfully. "Though I feel like I would fall right out of it." Then she looked at him and grinned. "If, you know, that was a thing I could do." She leaned forward

demonstratively, and her breasts moved near not at all. All she had accomplished was to bonk her head into her fat left breast; the pale twin behemoths were still firmly planted on the ground and towering far above her head, completely ignoring their owner.

“Don’t get any ideas about Jumping Jacks, and we should be good.”

Charlotte winced. “Ow.”

“Right? Ok, phase two,” Cameron exhaled, standing up.

Charlotte giggled innocently at him. Her body within her bodice shifted, but the actual harness hardly at all. The extreme hint of nakedness about her torso, as well as the fact that her front was completely exposed, was extremely effective given how thin she was. Never in a million years did THIS beautiful woman with THAT body need stupendous tits like this to get attention. She was probably drowning in it long before she grew her first cup size. Just beyond that body was an oceanic cleavage, the humble beginnings on Charlotte’s chest wobbled with her gesture, but very little of them moved at all. Cameron could watch her laugh that all day, any day.

Phase 2 of this garment consisted of retracing his steps around Charlotte, and using long strips of velcro. Earlier, they had pulled the whole tarp of corset underneath Charlotte, the huge circular strip that came down off her torso. The breast doily was rimmed with a huge strip of velcro. Cameron progressed around Charlotte again, this time tucking in the bottom of the corset fence so that it was as flush against Charlotte as possible. Because the doily/breast coaster exceeded Charlotte’s own circumference (by design), it would then overhang the bottom of the corset fence by several feet, too. Then all Cameron had to do was lift it up and safely adhere the velcro rim to the outside of the corset, connecting the two pieces. Much like putting plastic wrap on a bowl, only upside down. Cameron wondered why he had such a cooking fixation today.

After application, the bottom only rose up a few feet off the ground, and then a foot wide’s worth of velcro did its job and firmly glued it on. By attaching the sides to the bottom this completed the corset effect about her breasts, made sure nothing would peek out underneath, and also provide a bit more stability to the garment and take the pressure off the ropes tied to Charlotte’s back. It was going to need the extra reinforcement to survive the night. Hopefully it could stave off Charlotte’s growth enough to force her bread loaves to rise up and muffin top over the corset fortress, instead of merely snapping Charlotte’s ropes and busting the whole thing wide open. Cameron patched it up all along the woman’s tits until it was snug all the way around, bringing him back to ‘Go’.

Charlotte was there with her long hair draped down her back, with large hoop earrings again. The bodice on her back was white and lacy, and left her tummy exposed as it stretched on her back and ended with the ropes that extended about 6 feet to either side, where the larger portion of her corset started, and the panels wound around her chest. Her bodice ended about her belly button, and there were several inches of her flat belly, her exposure dipping dangerously low until reaching the hem of a pair of snug bell-bottom jeans. The corset beyond her resembled wrapping her bosom up in seven eighths of a stout drinking cup, if one could laser cut it vertically to shear off that last eighth of the container.

"You think it will hold until tomorrow?" Charlotte asked, surveying her cleavage. Now that it was done up, she didn't want to pop it off in the night. They had left some space between her breasts, not alot but a fair enough to keep it lax, to provide some avenue of growth in the middle. Hopefully it would be enough.

"I'm not sure," Cameron said. "Depends how much you grow tonight. It wouldn't be the first thing you busted out of."

She frowned at her own bosom; an old sailor eyeing an impending storm. "We'll see."

"Feeling a big one coming along?"

She gave him a sidelong glance. "Always." she intoned.

Cameron looked back where he had been working earlier. It was why they had decided on this design, and had ordered three extra slats of the corset that he had included; they were spares. There was also an abundance of more rope if their plan failed and her bustline exceeded their expectations.

"Please don't. I don't relish the thought of having to do it all again. Binding your boobs is not a one man job anymore."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. You're a victim," she mimicked. Cameron scowled at her as she stuck her tongue out. "So ... when does our game start?" She cocked her head at him.

"Humm, in about half an hour. I was going to make some appetizers first before turning it on," he said, to which Charlotte brightened. "Oh! Wait," Cameron remembered, "before that I need to run back to my car." Cameron jogged around to the front of his house and found what he was looking for in his backseat. He turned back towards the house and admired.

In the week since Charlotte's photos had dropped, the buxom babe had exploded in size. Those corset panels she now wore and was worried about exploding out of, they were EACH taller than her mansion and yet she bulged up and out of it. While Cameron may not have been able to shift the mass of her breasts much at ALL, he had managed to make them tight enough for a skindentation of Charlotte to escape over top. The look was extremely impressive to a bystander, although in a proportional quantity, quite little to Charlotte.

In her white corset, her bodice was easily visible from the front yard, battlements towering over her mansion, and pushing up and out where the great gobstopping balloons of gargantuan breasts, looming over her home and casting it in shade for the greater part of the day. As Cameron rounded the house, dead ahead was more Charlotte. She had finally done it: her bosom boobs fully exceeding the WIDTH of her home as well as the height. And she had not skimped in that area in the last week, she now overshot her pitiful residence by a dozen feet on either side, for a breast wingspan of a mansion, plus some.

Once upon a time, doors were an issue. Then rooms. It was hard to imagine struggling with such mundane issues as she once did, because it was a moot point now. For she'd pop a building

apart if they COULD manage to get a single of her tits inside. And now her illustrious mansion was a small building silhouetted against the greater moon(s) behind it.

Charlotte's new fans would not be disappointed by the next photoshoot. They were already clamoring for more, having quickly garnered world-wide amazement at her predicament. Every news outlet had related to the public just how enormous this cute little woman was in the chest. It was to feed this sensation that she was going to provide the next issue of her modeling series.

Cameron walked along the garden back to Charlotte, who was sitting ramrod straight in her lounge chair. She looked up expectantly, and focused on the package he was holding.

"For me?"

"Not quite," he said. "For the seamstresses."

Charlotte looked at him questioningly. "They DO work ever so hard," Cameron explained. He held it out to her.

Charlotte unwrapped a framed photo of herself in her beautiful dress, taken from the photoshoot with Kaden. She looked at it uncertainly until Cameron proffered her a marker. "They want to advertise themselves as THE provider for your gowns, or at least one of them, and want all the bragging rights. Last time I was there, they asked for a signed photo for them to hang up, and I promised I could get them one."

Charlotte giggled in her bodice, and daintily took the photo and marker. She scrawled a ladylike signature in the bottom right, with a small heart and "Thanks!". She capped the marker and studied her handiwork before looking at him. She smirked then, with a glint in her eye that Cameron didn't like.

"Ok then. You promised you could. And men should always keep their promises, after all." She reached back, and like a vertical frisbee, hurled the painting off into her cleavage. It was a sizable throw, it vanished up and out of sight almost immediately, since her cleavage was so tall. Cameron gaped after it. "So CAN you?" she asked, chuckling evilly.

"They actually really want that! We might get a discount with the business they're likely to get!"

Charlotte shrugged, leaning forward and putting her palms down on her chair. "Then you better get it," she grinned impishly.

Cameron grimaced. "Did it fall in?"

"Absolutely."

"Is it far?"

"Mm, it was a good throw."

"How far off the ground is it?"

Charlotte considered. "Not very."

Cameron ran a hand through his hair. "It might be gone forever."

"Is your word worth so little?" she teased. "They're just boobs. Though if you leave it until I bust my top, it might be too late." She mouthed the word 'squish' at him, tilting her head prettily.

He wasn't very put out, honestly. An opportunity to go cleavage diving was hardly a disaster, but Charlotte was enjoying his reaction as much as he enjoyed her playful cat and mouse shtick. She was one hella sexy cat. Cameron huffed himself up to full height. "And I was finally ready to relax," he said with mournful resignation, turning to go inside the house.

"Then you can relax in there if you WANT, 'I' don't mind," she tittered after him.

Cameron made his way to the now familiar third floor balcony. He supposed that he should go over top, and scope out where the signed photo fell. Then he could shimmy down her loose cleavage, and retrieve it. Because they had left so much room, getting back up might be a bit more difficult. It would certainly be STEEP, and his only handholds would be whatever handfuls of breast he could grope and find purchase upon. Charlotte's breasts were soft and silky smooth, he wasn't sure he could rock climb that.

And then he was reminded of a much bigger problem, once he reached the balcony. He was only on the third floor. Her corset alone was still taller than his position, being still taller than the ROOF behind him. Nevermind how much she exceeded her 'neckline' beyond that. There would be no décolletage roof access from here, CHARLOTTE WAS JUST WAY TOO BIG!! It wasn't a simply matter of clambering over her hills, neither. In front of him was naught but the sheer cliff face of her corset, he'd somehow have to ascend her shirt to even get to the woman's bare skin. Add that to the way she was bulging out of it every which way, and her lofty peaks were unreachable without ACTUAL climbing gear. Even from the third floor of a mansion.

Cameron's only remaining option from here was to dive directly into the redhead's cleavage, but it caused him hesitation. The leap promised a significantly greater drop than it had a week ago, because her cleavage had more slack in the middle. His momentum might just carry him down too far.

He leaned over the railing to see Charlotte peering up at him. He was struck again how the girl was shorter than him, but he was shorter than her tits. He even had a three flights-of-stairs handicap, and still lost. He pantomimed at her mountainous bustline helplessly. Charlotte merely shrugged, spreading her hands. 'What are ya gonna do?'

He returned downstairs. "You've outgrown the balcony by a lot; I can't go that way anymore. Not without a crane or helicopter," he added sourly.

The buxom beauty pursed her lips in a mock frown. "That's too bad. You even thought about that ahead of time, remember? Cleavage by helicopter. You should've taken your own advice."

Cameron snorted. "That was a joke, back then!"

Charlotte's emerald eyes twinkled. "It's funny how your jokes about my boobs keep coming true. I wonder what your next wisecrack will be?"

Cameron stepped up and leaned against the wall of flesh, doing his best 1940's movie leaning pose. Sideways, with elbow first. His arm sank up to the hilt, so much that his head was brushing Charlotte breast at a height taller than Charlotte. Bouncy and exceedingly bountiful, that was Charlotte in a nutshell. "Be careful what you wish for," he warned. "I have a knack for hyperbole."

"Don't get carried away. Let me remind you who is going to be DRESSING whatever you unleash."

"Good point." He stared down at her for a few moments. The sun was light in her hair. Reflected light only, they were in the shadow of her skyline breasts, but still she was radiant.

She looked at him and wrinkled her nose. "Nothing cheeky to add? ... What is it?"

"Nothing. You're just really, really pretty," he said sincerely.

She smiled, but narrowed her eyes at him, suspecting a ploy. "Cheap tactic, buster. But even if I wanted to help you, I can't exactly reach the photo either."

It hadn't been anything of the kind, of course. She was just striking in that moment, with her hair gently waving, her eyes aglow with her special intensity. She was relaxed, leaned back in her chair and gently kicking her feet in the breeze. He wanted a photo of her right NOW, forget the breasts. He sighed and stood up. "Dammit. Guess I'm gonna have to go in there and get it. And hopefully not get lost. My will and testament is under my mattress."

She rolled her eyes. "Honestly, so dramatic. I mean, your phone has GPS, right?"

"I don't think I get signal in the mountains."

Charlotte giggled. "Ok, then don't get turned around. That would be tragic."

Cameron stepped up to her, but she merely gazed at him expectantly. She was sitting down, and short besides; he could step over. Sighing like he was doing the most burdensome thing in the world, he lifted his left leg up as high as it could go and stepped over Charlotte's chest, to try and come down in her cleavage.

He wasn't quite tall enough to straddle even the portion of her breasts that were attached directly to her chest. Where a 'normal' girls cleavage was. Charlotte grunted as she was forced to sit up, because his weight pushed down on her chest she was drawn in.

"Oof," she whined. "Get off my tits." She put both her hands on his back and straight up shoved him straight into the maw of cleavage. Cameron stumbled face first into warmth. His left foot went crashing down, and he heard the velcro rip. He had put a foot through the 'bottom' of her cleavage and detached the add-on piece that connected her torso to the huge corset bottom. No worries there, that would be simple to simply pat back into place.

"Sorry," he apologized for hurting her, muffled, as he picked himself back up in the smothering embrace of her feminine wiles.

She smiled, amused. "You really think that hurt? I just couldn't resist."

Cameron stuck his tongue out at her, a gesture he had picked up from her.

"If you're going to do it, do it right," she said crossly, poking out her own pink tongue. After a pause, she leaned forward, maintaining eye contact with him, and gave a slow sensuous lick to her elephantine breast. Although she was still a foot or two away, the lewdness was done roughly at his crotch level, a fact not lost on him. If Cameron hadn't been aroused before, he certainly was now as he stared at the indecent display. His girlfriend sat back up, wiping her mouth. "Good luck!" she said, waving him onwards.

"Send a search party if I'm not back by tomorrow."

"I'll throw a regular party. You were content to be in there during the last one."

"Gee, what a loving girlfriend I have."

Charlotte blew a kiss at him as he fell back into her cleavage. It was a very familiar warmth and darkness; he HAD spent over an hour in here at the party, he had later found out. Charlotte wasn't compressed this time, it was now less a vice of sweater meat and more wading through an ocean of breast. He estimated that the cleft of her cleavage started only another 6 feet above his head. It would be somewhere there that the photo would reside, presumably. He was still entirely swallowed whole, even with such a half-hearted effort on her breasts' part. It was still a claustrophobic feeling, he couldn't win against the tide of her absurdly massive melons. He could only push back so much with his hands at once, and there was always more willing to fill any vacant spot, and it was hot and heavy and dark. But it was soft, and it was Charlotte, and these were her BOOBS; that made it ok regardless. Despite the difficulty, he was still feelin' up his girl's rack.

How would he do this? After grabbing his bearings, Cameron reached his hands up, full extension, and separated his arms as much as possible to beat back the folds of enveloping bosom. Sunlight streamed in upon him from a small crack. Light! It wasn't direct sunlight, but it was bright enough to be getting on with. As long as he had this much of her cleavage spread, it should be a simple matter to find the photo. It could only have fallen somewhere in this narrow chasm, only one way to go. He walked down the long dark tunnel, his entire body trailblazing through pound after pound of titflesh. It wasn't that hard, but it was definitely more punishing than a normal walk. As soon as he lifted a leg, his knee met Charlotte, and he had to fight her firmness through the whole step. Her chest was just naturally too shapely, it was rather inconvenient how much of her sprang back against him.

As a result, he couldn't hazard a guess on the distance he covered. He was more focused on maintaining balance and not being bullied by his girlfriend's cleavage, one step a time. So it was a small surprise to him when he eventually heard a clatter and the photo frame fell in front of him, narrowly missing his face. He reacted to catch it, but without his arms bracing the tunnel back,

the gargantuan cleavage closed on him and his head immediately. It closed on his hands too, throwing off his attempt to make the catch. Fortunately, SHE caught it along with him; he reached forward and fished it out of the darkness.

But now he had the photo. And if he guessed correctly, he was probably closer to her front than Charlotte herself. It HAD been a good throw, he should put a football in her hands. But if he kept going forward, he would have a shorter distance to go to escape this fleshy trap. It was even harder to forge ahead with one arm, he actually turned around to walk backwards. He didn't actually need to see where he was going, it was a fairly straight tunnel, and he needed to protect the photo. Thankfully, their globular shape rounded off and the pressure became less and less until he finally broke free. FREEDOM!

His back encountered something stiff and smooth. He turned around and stared at the wall of white before him, uncomprehendingly. It took him a moment to realize that he was in Charlotte's shirt. He was quite actually down her blouse, stuck in her cleavage. A crumb dropped in her bra. The huge 40 foot wall of fabric towered up above him, an unclimbable palisade that completely fenced him in. There was nothing to grab, and even so it would be a LONG climb, even if he HAD a four story ladder. And what would he do on the other side? Besides fall to his death. He didn't have a set of ropes or gear or anything one would need to infiltrate a castle rampart.

Cameron stooped to examine the base. He couldn't go over, but under ... ? No, he could barely get his fingers under the slat, and the bottom of the corset was velcroed too tightly on the other side. Damn him! He had done too well of a job sealing it up, he would not be able to fight the ring of velcro around Charlotte. Not from this side.

On either side of him, the fronts of Charlotte's breasts gently marshmallowed against their confinement, and curved up far above his head to form the cleavage. It would be fruitless to go that way by following the wall, it wouldn't open until he made it all the way back to Charlotte anyways. There was no way out; he was trapped. Dead end.

Cameron had a sneaking suspicion of what Charlotte was up to, but he didn't have much choice in the matter but to make his way back to her. He wondered what toll the Gatekeeper would charge him to escape her corset prison.

Taking the paizuri path spat him back out at his girlfriend's main body. It wasn't easy, it felt very long going backwards, but he remembered to turn around when he felt himself getting close. He didn't want to back up into Charlotte, the woman. The breast model was reclined at a 60 degree angle on her sun chair, accompanied by her sun hat, a book, and a Long Island Iced Tea. She looked up at him as he stepped out of the breast forest edge, her marvelous locks tilting on her shoulders. Cameron took a step forward, and Charlotte reacted with an immediate prepared action. She kicked up one of her legs, upwards through her cleavage, to plant one platform-shoed foot square in his way; just in time for it to meet his chest and prevent him from taking another step. It didn't budge as he attempted to push past, her large heel blockading him from any forward progress.

"And just WHERE do you think YOU'RE going?" she asked.

Cameron frowned at her painted toes, pointing upwards at him from a six inches below his chin. "I got the frame," he said, already realizing this was futile as he held it aloft.

Charlotte sat up, her leg back on the ground, and accepted the frame, which she then set down on the ground beside her. Then she leaned back and got comfortable in her previous position, book and all. Clearly she had not bothered to reattach the bottom of her shirt just yet, so her underbreasts were exposed. It was probably easier for her to lean back in her chair that way, after all. Cameron made a motion to move forward again, but without looking up, Charlotte scissored her foot upwards to impede his passage once more. She turned a page of her book, as Cameron eyed the bottom of her foot warily.

"... May I come out, please?"

Charlotte considered this. "No, no I don't think so."

"I see. You're punishing me for what I did to you at the party." Cameron took a step back, and fell to his knees, intending to crawl his way to freedom. Expecting that stratagem, Charlotte sat upright and clamped both of her legs together into her under-cleavage. Cameron scowled up at her smirking face, his emergency route barred by her slender calves and weighty shoes.

"Punishment?" she asked sweetly. "What kind of man are you? It's not often a 'punishment' to play with a girl's huuuuuuge boobs."

"The punishment is them playing with ME!" he argued, enjoying himself.

"Turnabout is fair play," she replied coolly, leaning over to peer down at him stuckfast in her chest. She slipped a foot out of her shoe and solidly pressed her toes against Cameron's forehead, gently kicking him backwards towards her depths. "Go have fun, boy."

Cameron stood up to look down at the woman whose breasts he was standing between. "But the game is going to start soon," he pleaded, making a last ditch attempt to vault upwards out of her cleavage.

The problem was he didn't have a firm surface to work with, just the rising dough of Charlotte's immensity. As soon as he tried to hoist himself up, he sank back into their mass half the way. As he struggled to clamber out, wrestling with the uncooperative but sexy physics, Charlotte calmly stood up, grabbed his shirt by the neck, and yanked him back down. It was easy for her to do, he had no leverage and was already off balance from trying to manage her disobedient pillows. The pliable breasts that cushioned his fall proved as uncooperative as their owner. He was starting to feel a little helpless before the fiery redhead and her gigantic breasts.

"Yep, and it should be a good one. I'd realllly hate to be one of those people who have to watch the scores update on their phone."

Cameron struggled upright beneath her cool gaze, and adopted a kneeling stance. "You wouldn't do that to me, right?" he begged with only half sincerity. "This is a sacred time for football and beer."

“And boobs!” she said cheerfully. “And you get a cheerleader all to yourself. A busty one.”

“You were a cheerleader?”

“Mhmm,” she confirmed. Then made a face of distaste. “Not always a busty one, obviously. I really hated my boobs in that era. In the changing rooms before games, I was always aware of how small I was. It was obvious when the shirts came off. I was bitter about it at times; they shared and borrowed sports bras on occasion but nobody ever needed MINE ... ‘I’ hardly needed mine,” she sighed. “‘What size top are you, Reid?’ ‘Same as last year. Exxxxtra small!’” she mimicked heavily, punctuating it with a swish of her wrist. “Thanks for the reminder, Coach.”

“Did you have to borrow a junior varsity uniform?”

She looked at him. “You ‘really’ don’t want to come out of there any time this century, do you?” she said very seriously.

“Just for football, then you can put me back.”

“Orrrr, I can leave you there.” She reached back and grabbed a remote out of the bin next to her chair. Just inside the yawning mansion door, there was a BIG TV positioned so she could see it. She clicked it on. “Ha! A ‘busty’ girl selling beer!” she exclaimed, noting an advert. “Well, you certainly don’t need to see THAT, at least.”

She reached over and squashed her cleavage closed over his head and ears just as Cameron was trying to poke his head out to get a look. It closed him off, and he was plunged back into the darkness. “After all,” she continued, her voice muffled by the breasts swallowing him, “you’ve have more than plenty to work with. You’re up to your EARS in the boobage you’ve got over here. Practically drowning in it.”

“Practically?!” he sputtered, but was only shoved down harder. He had to back up before she let him go.

He split her cleavage again to get a good look at her. She was standing there, surveying him. She leaned forward, using her breasts as a countertop, resting both her elbows on her obscene bosom. She filled his vision entirely. He had tunnel vision, because of the swollen vastitude compressing him gently on either side, and the only source of light was Charlotte’s smirking face, peering down the ‘well’ at him. Daring him to do something.

“Alright, missy,” Cameron huffed. “Guess I’ll have to do this the hard way.” He stepped back into her cleavage, and retreated a dozen yards from the Warden. Well, there really only was one place to go. He couldn’t go forward with his girlfriend playing Cerberus, and he couldn’t go backwards over the Great Wall of Corset. He’d have to climb Charlotte Ridge.

It had been his last option for a reason: this wasn’t going to be easy. He supposed he’d have to shimmy straight up for a little bit, like crawling up a chimney. Once the goliaths separated, he would have to cling to one for dear life and try to mount Charlotte’s unforgiving pale and tender bosom. With firm gropes and armfuls of her humongousness, he might be able to find enough purchase to get going.

Cameron started by pressing his arms out between both boobs. He was allowed nearly 3/4ths of his wingspan before the stupendous balloons wouldn't give any further. It would have to do. Attempting to negotiate the curves and lift himself up, he made sure to manipulate the compressed bosom as much as he could, into a position beneath his hands so he could lever up his body. Then he was counting on friction and marshmallowing against her firmness to be able to support his weight while he shimmied up.

He got both of his feet up on her, and slowly climbed the vertical shaft. Everything wobbled, every time he moved. His feet and handholds were all squishy and warm. It was extremely tiring too, but it worked, though. His head finally broke out of the warm prison, about 10 feet off the ground. He really WAS in the valley of the beasts. He was disheartened by how much further he still had to go, both imposing breasts overlooked him by what seemed like miles. Huge hillocks of woman, arching up and out of sight. Sky and cleavage was all he knew, that was his entire world at the moment.

But he would beat her! He would have the last laugh, atop her breasts. He hadn't figured out how he was going DISMOUNT, once he got up there. Jumping down to the third story balcony would be a very bad idea. Maybe he could slide far enough down her cleavage, and leap to the ledge. He'd figure it out when he got there, Cameron decided, as he prepared to make his transition to the hulking bulk of Charlotte's right teat. Pushing off of righty hard he hurriedly grabbed handfuls of lefty, and before he could slip, he flattened himself against her mound and latched onto the forgiving leviathan. More hugging than mountaineering, he started to ascend out of the depths of cleavage hell.

And got blasted by a torrent of water. It covered him and soaked him in an instant, splashing everywhere and throwing him off. Suddenly Cameron was sliding down the surface of the slick breast he had been clinging to. His hands were unable to find purchase on any of the doused sweater puppy, and his scrambling was for naught as he lost all progress and ended back waist deep in cleavage. The water continued to drench him, and he sputtered and shielded himself from the pounding torrent. It stopped.

He peered out from between his arms to see Charlotte standing there at the end of her breasts, the watering HOSE in her hand, with the nozzle upturned towards the sky like a spy holding a gun. She smiled pleasantly at him, and wagged a finger. "Nu uh." Then she aimed the hose with both hands, forcing Cameron to duck, but she shot over him. She clearly had it in that 'fire hose' setting all such hose heads came with. He looked back, and saw that she was spraying her whole self down, both sides of her cleavage. Rivulets of water were cascading down her slopes in small sheets, like those fancy waterfalls that drip down walls in hotel lobbies. It was pooling gently where her breasts met, before draining down. Charlotte was grinning wickedly, only moderately flinching at the cold as she wetted herself.

That shdevil! With everything soaked, she had just washed away Cameron's last avenue for escape. He wiped the water out of his eyes and glared at the cutie who had just tossed the hose aside.

She put both her arms behind her back, gently rocking on her feet. The best ‘Who, me?’ Cameron had ever seen. Mostly because she looked so perfect, her makeup and earrings and hat. “You know,” she said, “I’ve never been in a wet T-shirt contest before. Did I win? I think my chest is bigger than yours.”

He ignored her cutesy-ness completely. “That was cruel!” he said, chuckling despondently. He slapped her breast in mock frustration. “Now what I’m supposed to do?”

The petite woman shrugged her lithe shoulders. “Keep it down? I have a football game to watch.”

Cameron hung his head, and made his way back to her. He stood there in her cleavage, dripping, a head taller than her as she looked up at him. They were close enough to embrace, but she had made no motion to stop him. First, for Cameron, this shirt was annoying him now. He pulled it up over his head, and used it to mop at his hair. Charlotte eyed his glistening abs appreciatively, pursing her lips. “Ok ... Maybe I lost.”

“Not a chance,” he said, shaking out his head. He leaned over her to reach beyond her head and drop it on the ground. Charlotte tensed, ready to intercept any escape attempt. Instead of that, Cameron transformed the motion into a bear hug, sweeping the little girl up into his arms and HIS chest.

“Ack!” she exclaimed, startled by his wetness. “D-don’t think this changes anything.”

“Nah. I’m just wanted to try hugging you from the front for once.”

She melted against him, wrapping him good with her heavenly form. “And?” she prompted for his verdict on the experience. The short answer was: it was phenomenal. He had the tiny girl in a hug, and around him her breasts hugged back against his bare torso. He wasn’t sure he wanted to leave anymore. But in the spirit of their little game ...

“And ... I can see the TV from here,” he said, looking back at the TV from over her head. The game was preparing for kickoff.

Charlotte turned her head on his chest so she could also see. “Alright, then. I’ll let you watch it from HERE, I guess ... Only because I’m the greatest girlfriend ever.”

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Well in time for the photoshoot, Charlotte was BURSTING her corset at the seams. Her nightly enhancement had filled out the number quite nicely, but true to form, her overindulgent bustline had neglected to stop there. Cameron had never seen a woman mushroom top so badly out of a shirt. Standing alongside the side of her corset, it was like standing beneath a cathedral; the outcropping of her bulging bosom was enough for gargoyles, or protect him from the rain. In case of inclement weather, he could probably make it back to Charlotte from here without even getting wet. He followed this path, in the shadow of this fraction of his lover’s overstuffed chest, returning to the woman he adored.

"Is Kaden gone?" she chirped.

"Yep. I think that set will stun the world. Again. After seeing those photos ... C'mere." He grasped her svelte body from behind.

"Ah, phooey. From the back, again," she complained.

"I know. It's just not the same thing from here," he said.

"Easily fixed, hop in," she said with relish, thumbing her corset straps.

"Are you kidding? I have a life. A family. I'm not going to be lured back in there."

"Hmm. Admittedly, there isn't much room for you in there right now." She was the Queen of understatements. With Charlotte overburdening her bodice so extravagantly, even at her size, a pack of cards would stick in her cleavage. Maybe not FIRMLY, but probably without much movement.

"Not now, not ever."

"Nonsense. You get a reprieve for now, but I'll insist, because I like having you in there."

"So you can have your way with me?" he asked.

"Yes. I know exactly where you are, and you can't get away!"

"That's a highlight!?"

Charlotte leaned against him. "Can you blame me?" She paused for a full moment, letting the silence ripen. Cameron didn't interrupt. "... I don't like it when you're far away," she continued softly. "I can't do things like a normal girl anymore. I can't go with you to the mall, or to the movies, or fine dining. I can't hang out with you out there, or be with you."

Cameron remained silent, gently thumbing her arm, thinking.

"Or chase off the other girls," she finished sadly.

"That's what you're worried about? You've ruined small girls for me forever. I enjoy having the biggest titted girl in the world. I've bragged to soooo many people."

Charlotte swatted blindly above her head, seeking a target behind her that she couldn't see. Her hand brushed his face. "Rude!"

He laughed and squeezed her tighter. "No, you're being silly. I've zipped up more than a few dresses in my day. Veeeeery few girls are as fun to put clothes ON as they are to take off ... And even less are as fun when I'm not doing either."

The questing hand of the redhead wrapped around the back of his head. Cameron allowed it to draw him down for an over-the-shoulder kiss.

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EPILOGUE

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The sounds of machines whirred and clambered in the night outside, beyond the studio ‘apartment’. Cameron was bent over the table, looking at the stack of photos and clippings before him. Charlotte was across from him, sitting in the seiza position at an angle so she could see and sift through the items. Cameron studied the evidence of the last year before him, all photos from Charlotte’s modeling sessions.

It had not been long after that second set when they decided that Charlotte needed to relocate. They had to do it by barge, practically. Transport her across the lake to a more convenient area, where she could then grow to her body’s content and not bother neighboring property.

For the new residence, they had designed a special Charlotte modeling studio. There were slidable and adjustable walls, like a dollhouse or a movie set, so it could be configured around the immobile Charlotte. The entire scene could be changed or swapped for different backgrounds and props. And their ‘apartment’ was simply another one of those sets; what they had it restored to when not shooting a modeling session. It was homely and cozy.

It was with these tools that they had managed to churn out intriguing modeling editions, one after another. Despite how big she was getting, there was a constant interest in Charlotte. Cameron wasn’t quite sure how many of her fans found her SEXY, per se, but there were a lot who were intrigued, or supported her being proud of her body image. Either way, people were drawn to her and fascinated. This played straight into Charlotte’s personal interests, and she tackled that demand with considerable gusto.

The evidence of their catalog which was mounted before Cameron on the table. The overbust woman had pulled them all for perusal. A publisher was interested in capturing the highlights of her story and assembling a ‘Best of Charlotte’ edition for publication, so now she was fussing over which pieces she wanted to put inside.

“Since we are doing this chronologically, perhaps we should decide what should be FIRST,” Charlotte was saying.

“Why not the first one? It is the classic.”

“Hmm, ok, what next?”

“I’m not the one to ask. I love them all.”

“Ok, good answer. You get points. But be helpful!” she insisted.

“Maybe the close up ones don’t have to be chronological, since there’s no sense of scale,” Cameron suggested. He pulled out a photo of him leaning against Charlotte’s breast, looking like a

farmer in a photo who won best prize for his pumpkin at a county fair. They had even attached a ribbon to Charlotte for 'Hugeness'. The caption read: '100% Homegrown Prize-winnin' Melons'.

Charlotte snorted. "This one is a must, somewhere." It was a photo taken in their studio. Charlotte was in a German Oktoberfest Dirndl, a short flouncy skirt that ended well above the knees, and her monstrous breasts accelerated up and away from her chest in the square window of cleavage, and out the square of the missing wall. She was holding beer for a seated Cameron. "Milk? No, we offer BEER."

For each modeling set, dozens of photos were taken from various angles, poses, and set pieces. The duo captioned some of them, and those tended to be the most popular and remarked upon. Charlotte had since then dedicated most of her ideas to imaginative little vignettes that she came up with, and then subsequently posed for. Cameron helped her sometimes, but she preferred to come up with her own. She had a flair for it, and relished the cheesiness. Cameron had other duties to attend to, anyhow.

Cameron picked out another. It was of Charlotte dressed as a school girl, long ponytail, checkered shirt, a blazer, and she was attempting to close a button-up shirt. Since it was a normal Women's, off the rack shirt, it fell incredibly short of that purpose. She was essentially trying to close it on the first foot of her endless cleavage. 'I hate button-up shirts. My bra always shows through the gaps!'

Charlotte stacked another image, this one of her standing topless and holding pom-poms in a micro cheerleader skirt and sneakers. There was a locker room behind her, and a coach-looking woman with a clipboard. 'What size top, Reid?' 'Does it come in a XX-' They trailed off the page.

"Catgirl," Cameron exclaimed, drawing it out. "Definitely." It was the redhead wearing cat ears and a maid cafe costume; black and frilly with a bell skirt. The girl looked concerned. 'Isn't anybody coming ...?' The ensuing photo clearly showed that not only did Charlotte fill most of the restaurant, but also blocked up the only door. Not a customer had made it inside.

There was one with Charlotte as a punk goth raver; a short skirt, tall boots, she filled the dance floor much to the others' dismay. There was a business-like man fretting. 'Ma'am, I'm sorry, We have to ask you to leave. We're violating fire codes.' 'How?' she replied, hand on hip. 'This party is dead.'

"This one is a must," Cameron said. It was a set of pictures detailing Charlotte commissioning a bra. The first panel was Charlotte trying to attach hooks behind her back, but struggling. The second panel was an overhead, helicopter shot of the sewing shop. Then Charlotte was inside, with the Seamstress pleading 'No! Go away! We agreed that bra was the last job!' The next panel had the Seamstress sobbing comically (consoled by coworkers) as Charlotte replied 'But it was too small, and broke after I barely wore it! Do it again, I expect bras to last more than week!' The final panel was the same as the second panel, the overhead shot of the sewing shop, except almost all of the image (and the entire building) was hidden beneath a humongous,

Charlotte sized bra cup that had been dropped on it. 'Here, I'm returning this useless thing. You'll have to replace the hooks, though.'

The quote-unquote comic had been a massive hit. The bra was photoshopped into the last panel, but it would indeed have been too small for Charlotte at the time. It was otherwise difficult to demonstrate Charlotte's scale now that she was so unimaginably vast. Her size was harder and harder to photograph, and impossible if you wanted Charlotte herself visible. It had to be split up: the campy and cheesy little scenes, and then the MONSTROSITY Charlotte had become.

A knock came at the door of the set. Cameron stood up and opened it to find one of the engineers waiting for him. "The Head needs you," he grunted, and walked away. Cameron looked back at Charlotte apologetically, but she waved him away without looking up.

He ducked out into the night, construction work lamps littered around the area so he could see. To his left, Charlotte's breasts ballooned and ballooned upwards and outwards into the sky, beyond scraping it. It wasn't a cleavage that merely towered, or loomed, it REIGNED. Dominating the sky and everything around it. It was always a shock to leave the apartment, transitioning from normal sized Charlotte to realize there was so much MORE of her out here, and more and more. The studio held only the tip of the iceberg.

Cameron walked to the right to find a table that a few men were huddled over, and he joined them in bending over the blueprints. Spying him, the Head Engineer spoke. "We had to update our calculations, we will need at least this much more of that fabric."

They still made the actual outfits, but it wasn't practical anymore to do the REAL thing. Most of them were fake tactiles and simple fabrics. One couldn't sacrifice that many cows to create a one-use leather bustier, or ask anyone to do enough detailed embroidery for a football field. The outfits were assembled, and then and painted with texture on an extra large scale to create the illusion. Big-picture and holistic shots had to be so far zoomed out, now, that they could get away with a lot.

Just as Cameron was nodding his understanding of the need, a man came up and spoke to the Head. "Sir, we have to move the first quadrant scaffolds. They're going to get crushed."

"Dammit," the Head sighed wearily, wiping his brow. Production had been really involved the past week. "So soon? She's going too fast! I was hoping we could clear those trees next outfit." The trees around the side of the clearing needed to be removed for the workers to continue operating.

"It's going to set us back another day or two, at least," one of the engineers grumbled. "We're not going to make the July deadline like this."

The Head Engineer turned to Cameron with trepidation, spreading his hands to make an apology, but Cameron cut him off. "I know, I know. These drawings are from two weeks ago, and useless. Do what you need to do, she'll understand."

Cameron's job was still getting more difficult by the day, even with so much assistance. More ridiculous and more expensive, too. But Charlotte glowed under the lights, and she was so happy. Cameron studied his blueprints in the shadows of the colossi of his girlfriend. At the end of the day, that was more than enough for him. Customer satisfaction was still his top priority! It was a good thing Charlotte's Daddy owned a construction company, though.

Cameron returned to the apartment set, passing men in hard hats walking busily, and also lots of metal scaffolding supports. It could have been a street in a major city.

"How'd it go?" Charlotte asked.

"You're still a boob monster."

Charlotte grimaced. "They need more time?"

"And more fabric. You outgrew the plans again."

Charlotte sighed. "I need to stop doing that."

"This conversation seems familiar," Cameron said, flopping back into his seat. "I think it's been 50% of my job. Finding different ways to say you've got huge-er tits than I thought you'd have."

Charlotte grinned. "It certainly needs doing. But plenty of people already do it for free. You could quit if you wanted."

"No thanks. Job satisfaction is very high."

THE END