

The Bra-Max Center

by purplish

On a warm summer day, Beth was walking home from her local yoga studio when she happened upon a curious new shop. Above the door, a simple wooden sign was painted with a flowery script: THE BRA-MAX CENTER.

She pondered her reflection in the store window. Her sports bra and spandex shorts stretched around her generous curves, but they were both too small on her figure. Brushing her medium-length black hair behind her ears, she realized it might be time for a wardrobe update. She opened the shop's door and stepped inside its bright pink interior.

The cool air of the lobby hit her, setting her senses on edge. A great volume of bras and panties in sultry reds and bright pinks surrounded her. There was something about lingerie that so titillated her, and the many lacy undergarments on display heightened her sensitivity.

A flush of warmth spread over her, making her feel wobbly on her feet. Two large points appeared in her tight sports bra. She'd always had unusually prominent nipples, which were longer and thicker than any girl she knew. They tended to harden quickly, at the most inconvenient times, until they tented obscenely against her tops.

It certainly didn't help that her unruly nipples were set atop such unusually big breasts. Despite her slender figure, she had an astonishingly large chest, each firm sphere easily the size of her head and proudly bearing a thick, finger-length nipple.

Her gigantic chest wasn't her only unique feminine blessing. She was also the proud bearer of an extremely puffy vulva, which she had discovered would respond almost instantly to her slightest arousal. As she walked past a pile of especially revealing lacy red panties, her pussy made itself known as it swelled larger, her mound becoming clearly outlined in her too-small spandex shorts.

She had an incredible figure, she knew all too well. Her generous curves had proved quite a distraction for the other women around town. Here in the shop, at least, was a temporary respite from girls gawking at her and following her down the street.

She stepped carefully around the store displays, hoping not to reward her needy nipples and swelling vulva with any more attention.

The store's scantily-clad mannequins were awfully difficult to ignore, though. Their nearly nude bodies and their lacy lingerie were having an effect on her. She imagined herself and a nameless lover both nude save for their matching lingerie, hers red and her lover's in pink...

She felt her nipples stretching even longer, fighting against her tight top. In her shorts, her vulva was swelling larger and becoming wet with her arousal. As if to not be outdone by her nipples, her pussy tended to drip with large volumes of juices when she got turned on. Her hot liquids were starting to seep through her tight shorts, betraying her obvious arousal.

She spotted a nearby pile of panties with a large hole in the front. Her vulva lurched, stretching her spandex shorts even further. She instinctively placed her right palm atop her swollen pussy in an attempt at modesty. Her hand quickly dampened with her arousal, her hot juices dripping down between her fingers.

As she took in the sights, feeling awkward, she felt a presence nearby. It was a young woman about her age, with fiery red hair tied back into a ponytail. The distinctive outline of a higher-end Bra-Max undergarment was visible through her white blouse. The girl was athletic and slender too, and much like Beth, she sported an unusually large bosom that dominated her figure.

“Hi, I’m Marisa!” the red-head said cheerfully. “Welcome to the Bra-Max Center, where every woman gets the breast fit possible!”

Marisa had very fair skin, which contrasted with Beth’s more olive complexion. The salesgirl sported a simple black miniskirt on her slender hips, leaving her legs bare, and a pair of crimson red platform stilettos completed her look. She would have been nearly a head shorter than Beth, but her tall heels made up the difference and their eyes were about level.

Marisa chuckled awkwardly. “Pretty corny, I know,” she said. “Corporate is still workshopping some new slogans. Anyway, it’s a pleasure to meet you!”

Beth stared blankly for a moment. Marisa had the cutest little button nose and the faintest hint of freckles. She was gorgeous, Beth thought, and clearly self-assured and confident as well. Beth removed her right hand from her pussy and held it, dripping with thick rivulets of her arousal, out towards Marisa.

Marisa eagerly closed her hand around Beth’s dripping wet palm. They shook twice, then Marisa held her palm close to her face, pondering at her newly warm, wet fingers. She shrugged.

Beth smiled weakly, still feeling self-conscious. Her gaze wandered again over Marisa’s sizable chest, and the salesgirl noticed her looking.

“I’m wearing a Bra-Max 600 Series with the optional Lacto-Lock upgrade,” Marisa said proudly. “It comes in a rainbow of colors and sizes, and it’s made from artisanal, hand-crafted, locally sourced materials.”

Marisa turned to the side, showing Beth her busty profile. “How may I help you today, young miss? Perhaps a new bra? We have many seasonal specials!”

“Hello there, Marisa,” Beth smiled weakly. “I’m Beth. I was overdue for a fitting, and I was hoping you could...” she trailed off, turning half away. “It’s just that I have this unusual condition, and it’s so difficult to find the right size,” she frowned, twirling slowly on one of her heels.

Beth’s side-to-side movements jostled free a large stream of hot arousal through her tight shorts, flinging it towards Marisa. Most of it landed on the floor, but some of her juices splattered onto the salesgirl’s bare calf.

Marisa reached down, politely rubbing the wetness into her bare skin, enjoying the tingling sensation. She smiled broadly, trying to reassure her dark-haired customer.

Beth’s confidence was faltering. “Maybe... I’ll just come back later. Sorry!” she stammered. She started to turn away, self-consciously covering both straining nipples with her palms.

Marisa raised a dark red eyebrow. “Miss Beth, I can assure you we’ve seen it all before. Plus, we carry stock even for a generously endowed girl like yourself,” she said knowingly, glancing down at Beth’s prominent bust and clearly outlined vulva. “Won’t you follow me, please?”

Beth’s blush started to fade, her nerves settling. There was something about Marisa that helped her feel welcome and at ease. And besides, this was just an ordinary bra fitting. She could do this — she had to do this — without her condition getting even more out of control.

Falling in behind Marisa, Beth couldn’t help but admire the gorgeous figure of the girl a few steps ahead. Marisa was so toned all over, with a delightfully flat stomach, slender limbs, and an unusually large chest that rivaled hers. Beth couldn’t help but admire the teardrop shapes of Marisa’s colossal bosom, bouncing enticingly on either side of the redhead’s firm torso.

A rolling tide of warmth flushed through Beth’s chest. To her display, she could feel her nipples growing even longer inside her top, and she could see her puffy vulva clearly outlined against her tight stretchy yoga shorts. She shook her head, quickly raising her eyes and trying to focus when the salesgirl ahead of her began to speak.

“Here at the Bra-Max Center,” Marisa said happily, “You’ll get the breast fit possible in three easy steps. First, we’ll take your measurements. Then, we’ll try on a few different options. And finally, every customer gets a personalized fit check from our founder, Kayla!”

Beth was only half-listening. A fog of arousal was clouding her mind, and she found herself sneaking glances at Marisa’s gorgeous figure. She admired Marisa’s long, toned legs and smooth skin, which stood out in contrast to the salesgirl’s bright red heels.

Her eyes kept returning to Marisa’s unusually large bosom, which stretched far in front of her slender torso. The salesgirl’s narrow waist and her form-fitting blouse looked incredible. Each of

Marisa's massive breasts were wider than her torso, yet the slender red-head hardly seemed to notice any burden as her grand spheres bounced and jiggled with her movements.

Beth's open admiration of the pretty salesgirl caused her arousal to crest ever higher, sending a delicious flash of warmth through her body that further activated her special condition. Her giant breasts shot outwards, growing even larger and stretching her thin spandex top. Her unruly nipples stretched longer as well, tenting obscenely against the stretchy material.

Beth was awash in a luxurious daydream. It would have been easy, she thought, to spend all day lying nude beside Marisa, gently caressing and massaging the warm abundance of each other's spectacular breasts...

Her fantasy had proven too distracting, as she nearly walked into Marisa, who had stopped to gesture at a fitting room nearby.

"Won't you step into the first room here, young miss?" asked Marissa, gesturing.

Beth blushed. With her palms still attempting to cover the great peaks of her nipples, she quickly entered the small room.

It was a simple space, with plain white walls and a full-length mirror opposite the door. Beth faced her reflection, luxuriating in her own gorgeous figure. The sight of her irrepressible nipples stretching her top and her swollen vulva straining against her shorts filled her with pride, albeit twinged with embarrassment; she was sure she'd given Marisa quite a show!

Twirling on a heel, still admiring herself in the full-length mirror on the wall ahead, she felt a burst of confidence. Despite her oft-embarrassing condition, she was practically obsessed with her firm, tight body with its extreme curves, and she was starting to think that she was having an effect on that breathtaking red-haired salesgirl.

Marisa entered the fitting room and settled in behind Beth, measuring tape in hand, a consummate professional at work. She looked up to meet Beth's eyes in the mirror and smiled broadly.

"Miss Beth, if you'll remove your top, we can start your measurements," smiled Marisa.

Beth looked over her shoulder, demurely casting her eyes down. She always got a thrill from showing off her figure, and she was eager to see whether Marisa loved it as much as she did.

"Oh, this old thing?" Beth teased, glancing down at the long peaks thrusting at the front of her stretchy yoga top. "It's been a little tight lately. I barely squeezed into it this morning, after all. Say, could you lend a girl a hand?" she asked, looking up to meet the salesgirl's eyes in the mirror.

Marisa nodded, her red ponytail swaying. “Naturally! After all, at the Bra-Max Center, every customer is our breast friend!” she sang cheerily.

Beth beamed and raised her arms up over her head, waiting expectantly. Marisa grasped the front of Beth’s stretchy top with both hands, her fingers curling against the great mounds of hot breast flesh compressed beneath. With a mighty heave, she pulled the sports bra up and over Beth’s head, a movement so fast that she even took herself by surprise. The bra flew out of her hand, sailing up and over the wall into an adjacent fitting room.

Marisa gasped, clearly embarrassed at having lost her customer’s top. She turned to go retrieve it, but froze in place when Beth grabbed her hand.

“Don’t worry about it,” Beth smiled, gently releasing Marisa’s hand. “I’m sure I’ll be walking out of here with a whole new look! You’ve been very helpful, Marisa,” she embellished, trying her best to put the gorgeous salesgirl at ease.

Beth gently cupped one of her sizable breasts in each hand. She lifted them up and outwards, gently angling her long nipples upwards. Each teat was perfectly pink and seemed almost angry with arousal, stretching longer than her index finger lewdly into the air.

Marisa blinked at Beth’s tremendous nipples, staring at them for a long moment. A smirk curled at the corner of her mouth.

“Of course, young miss,” she nodded. “Now, would you like to get the rest of this off? It’ll make for the most accurate measurements, you know.”

Beth’s eyes flashed with delight; maybe the salesgirl was getting her hints after all. She pulled down her spandex shorts with a single great heave, exposing her effusively swollen vulva. It was slick with her arousal as it dripped rivulets of her juices down her firm thighs. She tossed her shorts to the floor and kicked off her sandals, leaving herself completely nude.

Their eyes met once again in the mirror. Marisa followed Beth’s gaze downwards, over her firm shoulders and across the grand curves of her sizable breasts. Their eyes met at the unusually long and thick nubs that sat atop each firm mound.

“These nipples can be such a nuisance,” Beth lamented in a low voice. “They’re more than an inch long even while soft, you know.” Her gaze flicked up to the mirror, catching the gaze of the girl behind her in their shared reflection.

Marisa’s breath caught in her throat, and she focused harder on Beth’s beautiful bosom. Beth soon joined her, and under their combined gaze they were thrilled to see Beth’s thick nipples start to stretch even longer.

In the cool air of the fitting room, Beth's nipples grew and lengthened until they had seemed to more than double in length. Beth made an elaborate gesture of palming them but failed to cover them with her hands, only to leave her nipples still exposed, poking out through her fingers.

"Oops!" Beth smirked. "Sorry about that. These girls have always been restless, and it is a bit chilly in here, you know."

Marisa was biting her lip, clearly enthralled by her customer's impressive teats. But as ever, her training took hold and helped her focus on the task at hand.

Beth tried to press her advantage. "My big nipples are so sensitive right now," she cooed. "I can tell you'll treat them well, Marisa," she whispered over her shoulder, gazing demurely downwards.

Marisa blushed, then smiled widely. Their gazes found each other and dropped again, and they enjoyed another long moment in shared admiration of Beth's sizable breasts.

Beth pouted playfully. "I was hoping you could measure them soft, but they never seem to stay that way for long."

Marisa was staring openly at Beth's teats in the mirror's reflection. "Such incredible nipples!" she exclaimed. Her mouth was dry, and she was feeling increasingly hot between her legs, but her training once again took priority.

"Let's... let's get you measured!" she managed. "We'll start with your under-bust measurement. I'll wrap the tape around your torso just underneath your breasts, where they meet your ribs."

She settled in behind Beth, preparing to wrap the tape around the girl's slender torso. She stepped closer, accidentally pressing her own immense chest against Beth's nude back.

Beth felt a warm pressure on her back. The heat from Marisa's breasts hit her and spread all over, further fueling her arousal. She could feel two large protrusions poking into her shoulders from behind.

"I, too, have always had unusually long nipples, you see," Marisa said, blushing. "That's how I first came to work at Bra-Max. I used to love my low-cut tees, but after one too many times popping out of my shirt, I've come to appreciate the support granted by a superior undergarment."

Marisa twirled, stepping slightly to the right to show off the outline of her Bra-Max brassiere in the mirror's reflection.

"You can see how my Bra-Max Series 5000 gives me the support I need, even at extremely close distances," she whispered into Beth's ear from behind. Beth grinned and quivered for a moment against the girl behind her, sending great rippling vibrations through Marisa's breasts.

From this intimate vantage point, Marisa could appreciate how Beth's skin had a healthy sheen, her black hair was both voluminous and thick, and she had the most delicious smell about her.

Gazing over Beth's shoulder, Marisa took another moment to admire the lengths of Beth's thick nipples, which she had to admit put her own to shame. Beth's teats extended so far out from her bosom that they were drawing great circles in the air with her slightest movements.

Beth seemed to sense Marisa's hesitation, and again used both hands to gently cup her proud bosom up and forward. Marisa tilted her head in thanks. She wrapped the tape around Beth's chest, below the dark-haired girl's heaving mounds, and announced a measurement in short order.

"A thirty-two band size!" Marisa exclaimed. "You are indeed quite slender, Miss Beth."

Beth nodded, clearly pleased with her measurement. Smiling and glancing lower, still holding her breasts aloft, she gestured below the huge spheres on her chest. With her breasts compressed against her chest and spreading down to her slender abdomen, their lower curves had dipped below her waist.

Marisa nodded in understanding and wrapped the tape around her customer's petite waist. She was careful to lift the bottom edges of each massive breast to run the tape underneath, ensuring it was directly against Beth's steely abdomen.

"A mere twenty-three inches. You have such a petite waist, miss!" Marisa complimented. "And your stomach, it's so firm and tight!"

"You're very kind, Marisa," Beth cooed, releasing the pressure on her breasts from her hands and absentmindedly bouncing her chest in her hands. "You've really helped me feel at ease. You know, you've got quite a gorgeous figure as well."

Their eyes met once again in the mirror. A sense of mutual admiration was building between them. Marisa cleared her throat, looking even lower to admire Beth's nude lower back.

"Miss Beth," she said quietly, "Let's continue down here with your hip measurement." She wrapped the tape around the widest part of Beth's slender hips.

"Goodness, barely thirty-four inches!" Marisa remarked. "I hope you don't mind me saying, Miss Beth, but you have quite the cute little bottom," she said. She seemed to surprise even herself, covering her mouth and blushing at what she'd just admitted out loud. She turned away abruptly, sliding her breasts away from Beth's back only to accidentally drag them against the narrow fitting room wall.

"Ooh!" she gasped, jostled by a sudden burst of arousal. She felt her nipples quickly hardening, pressing out against her bra.

Beth turned, reaching out and grabbing Marisa's hand. She squeezed gently.

"It's okay, Marisa!" Beth smiled. "I don't mind you saying it at all. And you would know a cute bottom, besides. You have an incredible figure too!"

Marisa seemed heartened by her customer's reassurances. "I appreciate it, Miss Beth. I take pride in showing Bra-Max products at their very best," she said, preening. Casting a newly appreciative eye over Beth's nude form, her gaze again fixated on the grand curves of Beth's breasts with their impossibly long nipples.

Beth's building arousal, combined with Marisa's delicate touch, sent an electric potential across her bare skin. A wave of warmth crashed into her. Thoroughly distracted, she managed only to give a lopsided smile as Marisa moved to take the next measurement.

Marisa again pressed her clothed breasts into Beth's back. Leaning in, she whispered into Beth's ear from behind. "Lastly, your bust measurement. I'll wrap the tape around the widest part of these big, sexy breasts, just below your nipples," she cooed. Her arms made a practiced movement, and she had the measurement hardly a moment later.

"Fifty-four inches!" Marisa cried. "That gives us a total of 54-23-34. You have an astonishing figure, young miss!"

Beth twirled a lock of black hair in her fingers. "Thank you, Marisa. It usually feels like everyone around town is staring at me. But I feel great."

Beth took a half-step backward, pressing even harder into Marisa's breasts and compressing the salesgirl's chest behind her. She thrust out her petite nude bottom, shamelessly rubbing herself against Marisa's groin, and heard a quiet gasp in her ears.

"Say, Marisa," Beth continued, feeling emboldened. "There are a few other measurements I'm interested in, if you would be so kind."

The red-head met Beth's gaze in the mirror, clearly trying to maintain her composure. "Er, of course, young miss," Marisa managed. "Anything in particular?"

Beth nodded eagerly. "Right here," she said, gesturing at the thick base of her nipples, where they met her breasts. "Could you measure my nipples, from the base of my breasts out to their tips?"

Marisa's mouth opened, then closed again. She nodded slowly, holding the end of the measuring tape against the base of Beth's right teat. Stretching the other end of the tape outwards, she quickly announced a measurement.

“This nipple is four point three inches while erect,” she remarked, looking impressed.
“Remarkable! They are so big and sexy!”

Beth judged that the salesgirl’s astonished reaction seemed genuine. “Four point three, is that all?” she teased with a faux pout. “Surely, you must encounter nipples like mine quite often.”

Marisa flushed even redder. “Not at all! Miss Beth, you’re one of a kind!” she insisted.

“One?” teased Beth. “But there are two nipples here. Won’t you measure her sister as well?”

Marisa bit her lip, nodding. “Understood, Miss Beth. If you please, I’d like your permission to remove my blouse before continuing with the measurements.”

“Is that so?” asked Beth, her eyes flashing.

“Yes, young miss,” said Marisa. “It’s standard protocol here. From the sixty-fourth tenet of Bra-Max customer service: Don’t let good clothing — even our own! — get in the way of a good measurement.”

Beth nodded smartly, but Marisa continued rambling. “I’d just feel more comfortable, Miss Beth, plus it allows me to demonstrate my bra’s other features as well.”

“Of course,” said Beth, reassuringly.

Marisa lifted her right arm and, in a single practiced movement, slid her blouse up and over her shoulders. It accidentally eluded her grasp, flying up and over the dressing room’s wall, but the salesgirl didn’t seem to notice.

Beth’s eyes roamed over the red-head’s impressive undergarment. Marisa’s bra was woven from a comfortable-looking cotton and featured a dizzying array of switches, controls, and actuators across its plain white surface.

At the front of Marisa’s bra, two dark red pads were visible. Behind each of them, Beth could see large, thick circular indentations around Marisa’s obviously erect nipples.

“And speaking of nipple measurements,” Beth marveled, “It seems you’ve got an incredible pair yourself!”

Marisa smiled broadly. In the fabric of her bra, the red patches around her nipples squeezed gently. Her nipples hardened further, stretching lewdly against her bra. They seemed to strain outwards towards the dark-haired girl so close by.

“You’re very kind, Miss Beth,” Marisa smiled. “But they’re nothing like yours! Goodness me, I’ve never seen nipples so long,” Marisa remarked.

Marisa grinned and moved around to Beth's left side. Her breasts quickly wrapped around Beth's torso, trapping the dark-haired girl in a breasty embrace. Her big breasts slid around the taller girl's stomach, sliding below Beth's own giant chest.

"Ah! Apologies, Miss Beth," said Marisa solemnly. "I'd accidentally enabled the Breast Friends feature on my Bra-Max Series 5000. It dynamically adjusts bra elasticity, allowing for spontaneous boobie hugs like this one!"

Beth whimpered as Marisa extracted her warm, firm bosom from Beth's midsection. The quick movement from beneath rattled her, sending her nude bosom bouncing most enticingly.

Marisa straightened, taking note of the rapid movements of Beth's incredibly long nipples. After allowing a respectful moment for her customer's teats to come to rest, she held the tape along the length of Beth's left nipple down to the base of her breast. She quickly read out a measurement.

"A matching four point three inches! Just amazing, young miss," Marisa complimented.

Beth nodded, looking satisfied. "That'll do just fine. Let's move on to the next measurement."

Beth looked down, tracing a path with her finger down from her collarbone, over the swell of her left breast, to the base of her long nipple.

"If you would be so kind," Beth directed. "Measure the outer surface of each breast, from where it meets my torso out and down to the base of each nipple."

Beth smiled back at Marisa, then turned away and pressed her nude back into Marisa's peculiar bra.

Holding the tape gently in her hands, Marisa reached around Beth's shoulder and pressed one finger on Beth's collarbone. She gently measured along the outer slope of Beth's firm left breast to the base of Beth's nipple.

"I am familiar with this measurement," Marisa smiled, feeling her confidence returning. "It's important for me to measure my breasts regularly, as a Bra-Max employee."

In the mirror, Beth beamed widely at the busty salesgirl behind her. "No doubt. You have an incredible chest, Marisa," she complimented, shimmying her shoulders into the large mounds pressing into her back.

Marisa was gazing intently over Beth's shoulders at the measuring tape. "Twelve inches," she announced with a nod. "Remarkable! Your breasts are so perky, despite their size," she smiled.

Beth nodded. "That's more than an inch larger since last week, just as I suspected," she said nonchalantly.

Marisa looked gobsmacked. “Such a beautiful body you have, young miss. And now to learn that you're a growing girl, too!”

Beth flushed with pride. She felt increasingly hot between her legs. “I can tell you like my breasts,” she said softly. “Your hands haven't left them since you measured them!”

Marisa suddenly became aware that she was using both hands to squeeze and rub the sides of Beth's chest. A foggy haze of arousal was starting to cloud her mind as she grabbed and squeezed the gorgeous brunette's firm breasts. She found something incredibly alluring about this busty girl.

She eagerly ran her hands all over the surface of Beth's breasts from behind. “So firm, so warm, and so huge. I can't get enough!” she exclaimed.

Her gentle squeezes soon became more pronounced, and before long she was grabbing large handfuls of fleshy abundance in her hands. In addition to their enormous size, she couldn't get over the resilience and firmness of the massive spheres on the pretty brunette.

Beth bit her lip, whimpering quietly as her firm chest was thoroughly worked over. “I know what you mean. I can't help but play with them too! You know, whenever anyone plays with my chest, it makes me so hot! Your hands feel so good!”

Marisa's head was spinning. She boggled at the enormous size of Beth's breasts, leaning forward to gaze over the slender girl's shoulder from behind. From this angle, Beth's slender torso was completely swallowed by her stupendous bosom in Marisa's view.

“Each of your breasts is so much wider than your waist!” she gasped in open admiration. “It's a good thing you have such a muscular stomach and back. They must help you carry these beautiful, huge boobs!”

Beth was beaming, shimmying her shoulders and sending great jiggling waves through her enormous nude breasts.

“It runs in my family,” she nodded. “My sisters are big too, but not as busty as me! And mine are much more sensitive than theirs,” she cooed, her voice dropping. “I cum so hard just from breast and nipple play alone.”

Marisa swallowed dryly. There was a faint buzzing sound from her bra as an overworked servo gave out, as if in protest.

“If you please,” Beth said, “Measure from where my breast meets my torso, straight out until the tape is even with the tip of my nipple.”

Marisa's hands were on autopilot. She held one hand against Beth's firm torso, and couldn't resist gently stroking the base of Beth's huge left breast, earning a quiet moan from the brunette. With her other hand, she held the tape approximately level with the tip of Beth's nipple.

"Thirteen point five inches! Very impressive, ma'am," said Marisa. "Each breast is a nearly perfect half sphere!"

Both girls admired Beth's huge naked breasts projecting more than a foot in front of her despite gravity's pull. Their skin was soft and supple while still overpoweringly feminine, like the rest of Beth's body.

Her areolas were larger than palm-sized and almost perfectly circular, warm pink against her olive skin. They were capped with nipples thicker than her thumb and longer than any of her fingers. They were thrusting powerfully into the cool air ahead.

"If you don't mind, young miss," said Marisa, "I'd like to offer you a personalized, hands-on inspection."

Marisa stepped to her left, taking her time dragging her own huge bra-clad bosom along Beth's nude back. Her nipples thickened against her Bra-Max undergarment, and she hoped Beth could feel them through her lacy blouse. She slid along the wall, capturing in her cleavage Beth's left arm.

"Here you can see our patented Cleavage-Catch technique," said Marisa.

Beth pondered at the array of gadgetry built into the salesgirl's bra. "Marisa, what are your measurements?" she asked.

Marisa blushed and looked down. "The thirty-fourth tenet of Bra-Max customer service is to never try to outdo a customer. But the truth is, I'd be thrilled to share my measurements with such a pretty girl."

In this heated moment of bosomy admiration, Beth's arousal was cresting, activating her special condition. Waves of warmth seemed to radiate into her breasts, which became warmer to the touch as they started to grow larger once more. She bit her lip, hoping that the salesgirl hadn't noticed.

Marisa's attention was elsewhere. She was distracted by her breasts, staring down at them and nearly bursting with pride. "Very well, miss," she said. "My bust measurement is forty-five inches, with a nipple extension of two inches."

"Extraordinary!" Beth gushed. She eyed the salesgirl's athletic torso in the mirror behind her. "And your waist and hips?"

“Twenty-four and thirty-five,” Marisa proudly announced. “Which makes for 45-24-35, that is. All natural, farm-grown!” she grinned. “But enough about me. I have just the bra for you to try on. Back in a jiffy!”

The red-haired salesgirl released Beth’s arm from between her bra-clad breasts and pulled away. She turned and left the tiny fitting room, gently closing the door behind her.

Beth exhaled raggedly, crashing over another wave of arousal. A particularly strong wave of growth overcame her, and there was a great splash of liquid across her legs as her vulva grew puffier and her labia became thicker and longer. Her labia dangled nearly halfway to her knee, shaking and quivering with her slightest movements. A particularly strong shudder of arousal sent her long pussy lips shaking and shimmying, spreading her seemingly limitless juices over the thin grey carpet below.

Her breasts, not to be outdone, surged even bigger until they completely obscured her upper arms from her view in the mirror.

She glared down at her unruly body. In the mirror’s reflection, she peered around the great shelf of her breasts and cast a disarming side-eye down at her pussy.

“You girls need to behave!” she chastised her own bare flesh. “You’ve grown quite enough already. Just keep it together!”

Her body was turning her on too much! Another wave of arousal crashed through her, warming over her nude skin. Looking back towards the mirror, she could see her breasts slowly spreading outwards as they grew once more, covering more of her torso. Their undersides crept downwards, taking on a rounded teardrop shape, which had now obscured her slender hips in her reflection.

Beth reveled in feeling her fleshy abundance expand. She could barely focus with the incredible sensations coming from her growing breasts and pussy.

Meanwhile, in the store’s back hallways, Marisa was moving quickly towards a large door labeled BRA-MAX STAFF. She opened it and stepped inside in a single practiced movement, only to collide with a large fleshy mass.

Her arms shot forward, her hands instinctively squeezing tightly the enormous warmth she’d impacted. She immediately recognized the chest of her friend and coworker. Even bigger than her own considerable pair, these tremendous breasts were squeezed into the trademark white blouse and high-end undergarments of a Bra-Max employee.

“Mona!” gasped Marisa. “Sorry, I didn’t see you there!”

Mona was a tall, slender girl with beautiful tan skin and black hair who had been blessed with an enormous pair of breasts even larger than hers. Mona's store-issued white blouse seemed far too small for her titanic chest, leaving no fabric to cover her flat stomach. A dark store-issued miniskirt left her powerful, yet slender thighs bare, and her delicate toes were showcased in a pair of sparkling red stilettos with bright red leather straps.

Mona's titanic breasts were supported by a similarly oversized white cotton bra, visible through the large opening at her neckline. Various servos, wiring, and actuators on her bra's surface were clearly outlined below her shirt as they stretched the fabric thin.

In a gesture of utmost respect and deference, Marisa squeezed and stroked the undersides of Mona's huge, jiggly breasts through the taller girl's shirt. Feeling especially apologetic, she even pinched delicately in the front of Mona's shirt, around the base of Mona's thick left nipple.

Mona beamed a wide smile. "Marisa, it's always so lovely to see you. And my nips are happy to see you too!" she gushed, clearly enjoying the intimate attention on her sensitive bust. "You know I can't get enough of your breast massages."

Marisa raised her other arm and squeezed Mona's other nipple through her top. She rolled her fingers around them, lost in thought.

"Say, Mona, I've got a customer who needs your unique talents," said Marisa, taking another half-step forward and pressing their humongous chests together. Each girl felt the powerful heat of the other's bosom even through their clothing.

Mona raised an eyebrow. "I can tell you're out of sorts, Marisa," she nodded knowingly. "Look at you, still in your bra! You're forgetting customer protocol. Better hope Kayla doesn't see you like this."

Marisa's eyes widened. "Goodness, you're right!" she exclaimed, pulling her arms away from Mona's bust and reaching behind herself to undo her bra. "Let's not forget the twenty-first tenet of Bra-Max customer service: always bare your skin to show the newest products."

Marisa's Bra-Max bra gave a sad electronic boop as it powered down. She shrugged it off her shoulders and spun it on her finger, then flung it aside. Twisting slowly in place while topless, she described the store's latest innovation for her audience of one.

"That was the Bra-Max Pro 500 Series Bra, our mid-range option, featuring our trademark balance of style and support," she said, smiling.

Mona was unmoved. "You shouldn't forget to mention the Lacto-Lock feature," she frowned. "Kayla is always reminding us."

“Right. Of course,” Marisa grimaced. “I’ll make it up to you later. Come on, you’ve got to meet this girl.”

Mona’s mouth curled into a half-grin. “She must be something special. But come now, Marisa, let’s be serious,” she said. “You can’t see a customer in your state.”

“Whatever do you mean?” asked Marisa, looking innocent.

“For one, you’ve been humping my leg ever since you walked in here.”

Marisa looked down at her bare thighs wrapped around Mona’s upper leg. She paused the rocking of her hips and stopped squeezing her legs around Mona’s right thigh. Her black miniskirt had been hiked up, allowing her to drag her wet panty-covered mound across her friend’s firm skin.

“Not that I don’t enjoy it,” Mona hastened to add. “But you know what’ll happen if Kayla sees you like this.”

Marisa shuddered and thrust her pussy especially hard against Mona’s upper thigh. “Let her! I hope she finds out about us. If she really doesn’t want us humping on the job, maybe she should be here to hump me herself!”

Mona chuckled, leaning in close and lowering her voice. “C’mon, sweetie,” she said, giving Marisa a peck on the cheek. “Let’s get back to your customer. I’m right here with you.”

Something in Mona’s tone made Marisa abruptly stop humping her. The red-haired girl looked up and stared deeply into her friend’s brown eyes. She felt her heart going out to the taller girl.

“You’re my favorite to win Best Chest of Bra-Max next year, Mona,” Marisa said softly. “Your boobs are so beautiful! So big! I can’t get enough of them. I’ve seen Kayla eyeing you up too.”

Mona’s mouth curled into a cautious grin. “You’re not just saying that?”

Marisa wrapped her arms around as much of the taller girl’s torso as she could. She couldn’t make it all the way around, though, due to Mona’s much larger bust.

“I mean it,” nodded Marisa, emphasizing her point by grabbing great handfuls of the brunette’s big chest. “Your breast and nipple experience is unmatched, and that’s why I need your help with this customer.”

Marisa unwrapped her thighs from Mona’s leg and stepped back, taking in the taller girl’s voluptuous figure. She looked Mona up and down, then tittered in mock outrage.

“It looks like you’re in no condition to see her, either,” she teased. “Remember the thirty-third tenet of Bra-Max customer service? When in doubt, nipples out!”

Mona smiled and nodded. Marisa helped peel Mona's tight blouse off her firm body and the considerable expanse of her bra, then up and over her head.

At the front of Mona's enormous bra were two large patches of red fabric, behind which her long, thick nipples were clearly outlined. Marisa watched with glee as Mona's nipples quickly hardened, tenting the red cloth.

"It's the Bra-Max 600 Series Bra with hydraulic nipple actuation," Mona said proudly, joining Marisa in peering over the vast shelf of her bra-covered bosom. "Not yet released to the public, you know."

There was a faint whirr and a sudden release of air as the two red patches on Mona's bra detached and flew off, fluttering down to the floor.

Mona's impressive nipples were revealed, thrusting proudly in the air through two newly revealed holes in the front of her bra. She twirled, sending her heavy bosom jiggling, and winked.

"We're still testing this bra, but I think it has promise," she noted.

Marisa stepped closer and embraced Mona. "It sure does," she grinned. "And so do we. Come here, hot stuff."

They embraced and lost themselves in a deep kiss, their sizable bosoms pressing tightly together. They reveled in the warmth of their shared feminine abundance as they kissed.

Back in the fitting room, Beth quivered as she felt the air moving across her nude flesh. A low moan escaped her lips as an insistent warmth continued to spread throughout her body.

The walls seemed to draw in closer. No, she thought, that wasn't it — her breasts were growing bigger! There was an unexpected cool sensation across her sensitive flesh as she felt the smooth walls pressing in from both sides.

She reached around the front of her bosom and grasped her thick nipples, which poked lewdly through her fingers as ever more growing flesh strained to escape.

Standing with her gaze fixated on herself in the mirror, she realized with a start that her breasts had grown enough to fill the entire width of the narrow fitting room.

A flush of embarrassment made her gasp, covering her mouth with one hand as she took in her own super-busty figure in the mirror.

"I was doing so well!" she frowned. "I have to get this under control!"

Steadying herself with both arms out, her palms against the walls, she gave a great mental exertion which finally brought her breast growth to a halt. She took several deep breaths, her confidence wavering, and she started rotating her huge bosom around clockwise as if to escape. This was a mistake, as the motion caused her thick right nipple to drag against the wall, nearly overwhelming her with arousal and lust.

She gasped and turned back towards the mirror. Her breaths were quick and shallow, making her tremendous bosom quake with her slightest movements.

Her rampant breast growth wasn't even the most obvious aspect of her condition, she knew. She just had to hold on a little longer, stay in control of herself, and maybe she could slip out before Marisa returned...

The tell-tale clicking of heels presaged the red-haired salesgirl's return. With Beth's heightened senses on edge, though, she was able to make out the sound of a second pair of heels as well.

She watched in the mirror as the door opened, revealing a smiling Marisa with her familiar red locks. The salesgirl slipped into the fitting room, taking her position just behind Beth and meeting her eyes in the mirror's reflection.

Stepping in just behind Marisa was another girl sporting the familiar garb of a Bra-Max employee. Like Marisa, her white blouse had gone missing as well, revealing her unusually large breasts straining against one of Bra-Max's larger undergarments. The girl's bosom, although clearly larger than Marisa's, was no match for the enormous teardrops that Beth proudly bore.

"Miss Beth, I appreciate your patience!" Marisa chirped. "This is Mona, my colleague. She's an expert on your... er, unique condition," she stammered, stopping in her tracks when she saw the newly-grown expanse of Beth's nude bosom.

Mona raised an eyebrow. "I don't think she'll fit this medium size, Marisa," she chuckled, raising a lacy undergarment in her hand into Beth's view. "We'll need to take some new measurements."

Marisa nodded smartly. "Right away!" she chirped, then ducked down, scooting next to the wall and underneath the tremendous spheres of Beth's nude bosom. She emerged, kneeling on the floor in front of Beth and turning until she came face to face with Beth's dripping wet folds.

She scooted farther forward and Beth's substantial bosom embraced her, jiggling and bouncing as it settled onto her shoulders. Its enormous weight pulled Marisa forwards until her face smooshed against Beth's firm abdomen. Marisa's head was completely swallowed between the enormous spheres of the hugely busty girl above.

Leaning back and reaching up with both arms, she carefully balanced the substantial weight of Beth's breasts on her shoulders. Inches before her eyes, her customer's beautiful nude vulva was

dripping wet, now and then releasing a sizable squirt of arousal that ran down Beth's slender, toned legs to the floor in a growing puddle.

"Thanks for holding my boobies!" Beth called gamely from above, enjoying the pretty salesgirl's firm grip on her expansive bosom.

Marisa had a hard time hearing her, as the breasts wrapped around her head muffled the sound, plus she was too focused on Beth's glorious nudity. She admired the thick, fleshy labia protruding from the gorgeous girl's incredible pussy.

"Ooh! I'm so sorry, Marisa," Beth called from above, blushing. She turned to look at Mona over her shoulder, winking. "I can't help it. It's just that I get so wet sometimes, you know?"

Marisa nodded dumbly, her mouth falling open. Beth's tremendous labia were perfectly hairless and dripping wet with obvious arousal. Their fleshy masses jiggled with Beth's slightest movements, splashing her effusive arousal all over her inner thighs. As Marisa sat watching, Beth thrust her hips forward, causing her juicy, fleshy labia to slide across Marisa's nose and mouth, smearing their arousal onto Marisa's face.

Beth shifted her weight the other way, deliberately dragging her pussy lips across Marisa's face.

"My, I've never seen a pussy like yours. So big, so wet!" Marisa exclaimed after slurping Beth's delicious liquids into her mouth and swallowing luxuriously. "As you may know, we carry an extensive selection of panties as well, including some special options for a woman of your unique talents. But first, we'll need some additional measurements."

Beth sensed Marisa shifting her weight around, but she couldn't see anything below the grand expanse of her nude breasts. Suddenly from below, the red-haired salesgirl called out.

"Mona, the tape, if you please?"

Mona nodded wordlessly, seemingly lost in admiration of Beth's astonishing femininity. With her eyes fixated on Beth's long nipples in the mirror's reflection, she passed a measuring tape down to Marisa.

Marisa grasped the tape, shaking her head and inadvertently motor-boating Beth's titanic spheres that were still wrapped around her head.

Beth grinned from the delicious sensation. "There are a few non-traditional measurements I'm interested in," she said. "Perhaps you girls could assist?"

Mona again nodded, while Beth could hear only an affirmative grunt from Marisa somewhere below her hips.

“Right,” Beth said, feeling her confidence returning. “I wonder if you might take a closer look at my labia?”

Marisa’s mouth fell open. Just before her eyes, Beth’s dripping wet vulva parted and her long labial lips extended even lower. Beth’s long pussy lips hung several inches below her beautifully nude mound, perfectly pink and hairless, just like her firm vulva.

Marisa gingerly held one end of the tape against the lower end of Beth’s vulva, then stretched the tape further downward to the tip of Beth’s left labia.

“Goodness me!” Marisa remarked. “Your labia is over three-and-a-quarter inches long!”

Beth nodded, seemingly satisfied. She caught Mona’s astonished glance in the mirror’s reflection. “Not bad,” she beamed. “You girls really have me turned on! Marisa, if you please, measure her sister as well.”

Marisa gulped, her hands shaking as she repeated the gesture with Beth’s right labia.

“Three point eight inches!” Marisa gasped. “And so silky wet. I just want to touch it...”

Beth nodded eagerly, then remembered that the red-haired girl couldn’t see her from below. “Certainly!”

Marisa put down the tape and used both hands to grasp Beth’s long, thick pussy lips. She blew slowly from side to side across the girl’s bare thighs and exposed pussy. She grinned when she saw Beth’s knees starting to quiver.

With a quick movement, she yanked downwards with both hands, stretching Beth’s thick labia even further! The girl’s impossibly thick lower lips gamely stretched, seemingly doubling in length almost instantly and releasing a powerful gush of arousal that splattered all over Marisa’s overstuffed white bra.

Beth wobbled on her feet, barely keeping her balance. She instinctively grabbed her breasts again with both arms as she felt Marisa releasing them. A moment later, the salesgirl released Beth’s breasts and popped up from between her legs, still beaming a friendly smile.

“Please excuse us for just a moment,” said Marisa. “I think we have something you’ll really enjoy.”

Marisa thrust herself, huge bosom forward, between the wall and the side of Beth’s nude bosom, extracting herself with not insignificant effort. Then she and Mona were gone, leaving a nude Beth alone once more in the fitting room.

Beth grimaced, biting her lip. These two girls were really turning her on! She’d have to be careful, or...

“Oh no, not now!” she gasped.

Watching in her own reflection, she saw her nipples, already straining hard and fully erect, start to lengthen further. Each three-inch nub was growing longer and thicker, her areolae spreading even wider upon the fronts of each breast. In hardly a minute, her titanic nipples had doubled in length, and thickened fatter than her thumb.

She was breathing rapidly, her motions sending great shudders through her hanging bosom. Her six-inch nipples wobbled, tracing great circles in the air before her. As she watched them closely, she saw a single white droplet appear at the tip of each nipple.

Meanwhile, Marisa was urgently pulling Mona along behind her in the store’s back hallways. Rounding a corner, she stopped suddenly and spun around, causing their large chests to once again collide as they came face to face.

Mona seemed stunned, although not by their sudden breasty impact.

“Snap out of it, Mona!” Marisa urged, seeing her coworker in a daze. “Remember your training!”

Marisa reached up, grasping the sides of Mona’s larger breasts through her bra. She squeezed her friend’s chest gently but firmly to help her focus. Her squeezes soon gave way to a gentle kneading that she knew Mona would appreciate.

Mona was looking past Marisa, a goofy grin on her face.

Marisa closed her fingers around Mona’s exposed thick nipples through the holes in Mona’s bra. She gripped the sizable nubs gently, earning a lopsided grin from her friend.

“Don’t worry Mona,” Marisa consoled her friend. “You still have the longest nipple measurement I’ve ever made. I love your big three-inch nips.”

“And don’t you forget it!” Mona preened, proudly thrusting out her chest. “At least they’re much longer than our customer’s.”

“Plus, they’re the featured nipples photographed for Lacto-Lock on the Bra-Max website!” said Marisa.

“Thanks, Marisa,” Mona cooed. “You always know how to help me stay centered. We must always put our customer first, even when she’s a stunning brunette with colossal boobs.”

“And the biggest, wettest, sexiest pussy I’ve ever seen,” Marisa said dreamily.

“Plus the thickest nipples I’ve ever laid eyes on,” Mona added.

“That’s nothing!” Marisa boggled. “Did you even see her labia?”

“Of course not!” Mona said in a low voice, her nostrils flaring. “At least, not when her gigantic breasts were in the way. I think this calls for the Bra-max top of the line experience.”

Marisa whooped with glee. In celebration, her hands closed accidentally and squeezed hard on Mona’s nipples, still exposed through the holes in her bra.

Mona whimpered, wobbly on her feet. “Careful!” she chastised with a smirk. “You’re going to get me off! Remember the seventeenth tenet of Bra-Max customer service: the customer always cums first!”

She reached up and tapped a sign on the wall. It read: THE CUSTOMER CUMS REPEATEDLY.

Marisa wrapped an arm over Mona’s shoulder, lovingly helping to support her friend as she pressed an open palm into the side of Mona’s considerable bra-clad breast. Moving together, they fetched a few items from the shelves and hurried back to their customer.

Arriving outside Beth’s fitting room, Marisa removed her arm from Mona’s shoulder and gently tapped on the door.

“Miss Beth?” she called.

There was no answer, so she slowly opened the door. A river of white liquid suddenly flowed out as the door opened, washing over Mona and Marisa’s red leather stilettos.

Marisa opened her mouth in amazement. She and Mona raised their eyes slowly, astonished at the sight before them. Beth was still standing with her back to them, looking back over her shoulder at them and blushing a fiery crimson.

Beth’s enormous breasts spanned the entire width of the dressing room, which compressed her chest upwards until it nearly reached her chin. As Marisa and Mona stepped closer, carefully wading through the milky river, they looked over Beth’s shoulders to see her reflection in the mirror.

Beth’s thick nipples were spraying milk with abandon. The mirror was continuously covered with unending sheets of white ambrosia, which cascaded down onto the floor and drained out of the fitting room.

After a long, heavy pause in which none of them spoke, Mona suddenly piped up. “You know,” she smirked, shaking her bra-covered chest, its open cutouts allowing her nipples to remain proudly exposed. “I think I might not have the longest nipples here after all.”

Marisa burst out laughing, while even Beth managed a lopsided grin.

“It’s just this condition I have,” Beth said uncertainly. “When I get really turned on, I just... well, you can see what happens.”

Marisa and Mona exchanged a quick glance. “It’s no problem at all,” said Marisa. “In fact, I think we have just what you need.”

“You do?” asked Beth.

Marisa nodded. “To ensure the perfect fit, our bras come in a wide range of sizes. There’s the petite Bra-Max Mini on the smaller end, with the larger end going all the way up to ‘Oh My God, They’re Coming This Way!’. Plus, each bra can be fitted with our patented Lacto-Lock add-on, perfect for extra-milky girls like you.”

Beth swallowed visibly, and an extra large spray of milk impacted the mirror. She shifted uneasily as her own hot milk flowed over her bare feet.

“Lacto... lock?” she said uncertainly.

Mona piped up, licking her lips slowly. “It’s the Bra-Max Center’s proprietary pumping and milk storage system, woven right into the fabric of each bra. With the Lacto-Lock add-on,” she said proudly, twirling to show off her exposed nipples, “You’re only ever a moment away from getting the relief you need.”

Marisa nodded, her red curls shaking. “Just wait right there, Miss Beth. We’ll get you our top of the line model to try on!”

A moment later they were gone, leaving Beth alone once again.

Beth was still wearing a goofy smile as she reveled in the feeling of her expansive breast flesh rubbing gently against the narrow walls. Her effusively spraying nipples were even longer now — she’d estimate a full seven inches — but their milky bounty had only increased in volume.

She bit her lip, trying not to moan too loudly. The persistent gushing splashes of her milk against the glass mirror filled her ears, while the scent of her own delicious production wafted up to her nose. She idly hoped the shop had an effective drainage system.

Before long, Marisa and Mona appeared behind her in an unsoiled part of the mirror. Marisa was waving a large tent-like fabric in her hand. Both salesgirls had removed their bras, exposing their beautiful nude breasts to Beth’s wandering eyes.

“Here it is!” Marisa beamed. “Our finest bra, made especially for a milky girl like yourself, and in our largest size too.”

Marisa’s grin faded, and she seemed at a loss. Mona, standing nearby, squeezed her hand in support.

“What is it, Marisa?” asked Mona.

“I’m, er, not sure how to get this over to her,” replied Marisa.

“Remember the fourteenth tenet of Bra-Max customer service,” Mona reminded her. “When the going gets tough, get down on your knees.”

Marisa seemed reassured. “You’re right as always, Mona. Sit tight Beth, I’m going in.”

Marisa dropped to her knees, disappearing from Beth’s view. Beth could feel a bustling around her ankles as Marisa, lying on her back on the floor, shimmied forward between her legs. Marisa nudged herself forwards through the puddle of hot milk on the floor, looking up between Beth’s legs.

An astonishing view filled Marisa’s sight. The great folds of Beth’s labia had grown further, extending down below the girl’s slender knees. They dangled enticingly above Marisa, mere inches away from her face.

As she lied on her back, watching the shifting masses of labia just above, a nearly-continuous stream of arousal dripped down onto her face and neck. Marisa opened her mouth to eagerly swallow it, reveling in the delicious taste of Beth’s arousal.

“Miss Beth, you taste incredible!” Marisa cried.

Beth blushed again, covering her mouth with one hand, while Mona seemed confused. The dark-haired salesgirl tilted her neck, looking down between Beth’s legs, to see what Marisa was up to. A knowing grin soon covered her beautiful features.

“Look at you!” Mona grinned. “You’re certainly living the spirit of Bra-Max customer service.”

Marisa smiled back, slurping down even more of Beth’s dripping arousal and wiping her mouth. “You know it! You don’t get to be the top Bra-Max salesgirl by looks alone, you know.”

Marisa turned her attention back to her customer, gazing upwards at the vast undersides of Beth’s milky breasts. The great folds of Beth’s vulva and its impossibly long labia were so close, but she managed to restrain herself for the moment.

“The Bra-Max Center carries a line of panties as well,” said Marisa. “They come in various options, from our more conservative ‘Tight Up’ to the extra-revealing ‘Oops! All Labia’. And from what I can see, you’ll definitely want to try the latter. Please excuse us for just a moment.”

Marisa started shimmying back towards the door, her egress eased by the great volumes of milk still spurting from Beth’s titanic bosom and running along the floor. She rose to her feet, grabbing Mona’s hand for stability, and they walked off hand in hand.

“I’ll just wait here, then,” Beth frowned, left alone once again. “It’s not like I’m going anywhere anytime soon.”

The narrow fitting room walls seemed to press in further, squeezing her swollen breasts and increasing the rate of her lactation. Her nipples were spurting heavily, great white sheets of her milk spraying all across the mirror until it was covered in a fine white sheen.

She was thankfully not alone for long.

Marisa’s red-haired visage popped into view over her shoulder. Over her other shoulder, Mona soon appeared, smiling.

“We’re back!” chirped Marisa. “And we brought a special guest. You’re in for a real treat, Beth!”

She stepped aside, and in her place someone new appeared. It was a tall young woman, her blonde hair tied back in a professional ponytail. She had flawless skin, high cheekbones, and like the other two salesgirls, her top had been removed to reveal an imposing-looking undergarment.

Beth tried to focus through her fog of arousal. Still locked forward, she made a few unsuccessful attempts to look over her shoulder before settling on a reflection in a corner of the mirror that hadn’t yet been covered in her milk. “You must be —” she started.

“Kayla,” said the blonde, whose eyes widened as she took in the enormity of Beth’s figure. “I can see why our sales staff needed to bring me in. You’ve got quite the figure, Beth, if you don’t mind me saying.”

Beth felt a twinge of self-aware embarrassment. Something about the shop’s owner, as alluring as she was, was more than a little intimidating. Her instincts were soon proved right when the blonde quickly moved to take charge.

“I see that Marisa and Mona have some products for you to try on,” said Kayla, looking first towards Marisa and then to Mona. “Marisa, see if you can get that Bra-Max 5000 series fitted over our customer’s gorgeous milky nipples.”

Beth sensed Kayla’s professional demeanor starting to waver. She was used to the effect her body had on other girls, and some part of her was pleased to see even this formidable, stunning blonde wasn’t immune to her charms.

Marisa’s feet sloshed through several inches of accumulated milk. She squeezed into the fitting room, placing her back to the right wall and sliding her own enormous nude breasts up and over the great shelf of Beth’s right breast. She pushed forwards, continuing around the grand slopes of Beth’s bosom, dragging her erect nipples against Beth’s firm skin.

A nearly-continuous spray of Beth's lactation was dousing Marisa's own nude breasts, quickly soaking her bare skin. She reveled in the feeling of hot milk dripping down her front, soaking into her white store-issued miniskirt.

At last, she had arrived in front of Beth, her back to the mirror. She half-crouched, trying best to position herself to get the bra in her hand over Beth's head. Her own sizable breasts got caught against Beth's though, and she crouched further and further down until, with a great release of pressure, her bosom slid under Beth's and Beth's huge, firm breasts instantly filled in the free space, pushing up against Beth from every direction.

Beth's long, milky nipple had landed on Marisa's face! Its base was below Marisa's chin, while its impossible length was splayed upwards along Marisa's mouth, over her nose, and between her eyes, until it ended in a thick tip above the red-head's eyes. It continued spouting its milky bounty, which soon began to soak through Marisa's red curls.

Marisa was undeterred. "Mith Bef," she mumbled. Beth's milky nipple lay across her open mouth and made it difficult to speak. "If you'll just raith your armth—"

Beth didn't seem to hear her. The vibrations from Marisa's voice, and the motion of the salesgirl's tender lips, felt amazing on her milky nipple.

Kayla had been watching Marisa's progress, a frown covering her beautiful features. "Marisa, aren't you forgetting something?" she asked.

Marisa looked up, her eyes wide. She struggled to speak with Beth's nipple pressing against her face.

"Yeth!" she managed. "The thirty-theventh Bra-Maxth tenet of cuthtomer thervice: embrathe the nippleth!"

Marisa had opened her mouth to get this out, her neck straining to speak around the nipple weighing on her face. Her eyes widened as Beth's nipple tip suddenly slipped into her open mouth!

She instinctively breathed in, and sucked in a massive mouthful of milk from Beth's turgid nipple tip. A warmth flushed over her face and chest; the taste was divine.

"Mmmf!" she moaned, not daring to break the seal her mouth had around Beth's nipple. She sucked and swallowed eagerly, gulping down Beth's milky essence as quickly as she could.

Standing behind Beth, Kayla had yet to notice her red-haired employee's predicament. "Mona," she directed, "Get in there! See if you can't get those Bra-Max Ultra-sheer Panties over... my goodness, over those sumptuously juicy labia."

Mona nodded smartly and, following what she'd seen Marisa do earlier, dropped to her knees and put her back to the floor. She slid forward over the milky ground, pushing herself underneath Beth's spread legs as she gazed up at the dark-haired girl from below.

Two thick, rubbery-looking labial lips were dangling enticingly just above her. They had grown astonishingly long, their lower reaches extending below Beth's knees and ending just inches above Mona's face. They were wet with Beth's effusive arousal, which flowed down their lengths and collected on their tips, before dripping insistently onto Mona's cheeks and forehead from above.

Mona grinned, blinking through the wet streams covering her face. A stream of hot liquid suddenly spurted from between Beth's labia, splashing across Mona's face and soaking her beautiful features. Mona extended her tongue, doing her best to slurp and swallow as much of her customer's juicy arousal as she could.

Much like her red-haired coworker, Mona was positively overwhelmed by the taste of Beth's effusive secretions. The huge, puffy vulva above her, with its impossibly long labial lips, was a font of such incredible nectar that she could barely focus. The lacy red panties in her hand were forgotten for the moment as she reveled in the glory of Beth's alluring femininity.

She lifted her head and shoulders until Beth's dangling labia touched her forehead, then she sat up further until it spread around her face, welcoming her into its hot embrace. The world went dark, wet, and warm as her entire head and most of her shoulders were enveloped within Beth's pussy.

"Oh goddess!" Mona cried, from somewhere within the extensive folds of Beth's labia. "It's too good!"

Mona reached up with one hand, gently stroking Beth's labia from the inside. With her other hand, she reached down between her own legs, urgently sliding her hand into her panties in full view of Kayla watching her from above.

Kayla raised an eyebrow. "Mona, you haven't even helped her try on those panties yet! What are you waiting for?"

From deep within Beth's labia, Mona thought she heard Kayla's distant voice. She shrugged, returning to stroking Beth's labia with her hand and using her tongue to slurp Beth's hot arousal into her mouth. There was too much of it, though, which continuously covered her face and dripped down her chest, covering her breasts with its sticky warmth.

Kayla raised her eyes, peering over Beth's shoulder at her other employee. "Marisa, stop sucking on that nipple!" she chastised. "Get that bra on our customer before she outgrows it!"

Marisa's eyes were half-closed, and like Mona, she hadn't seemed to hear Kayla's instructions. Kayla noted with disappointment that Marisa seemed more concerned with swallowing as much milk as possible from the enormous nipple in her mouth.

As Marisa gulped down Beth's milky abundance, she was able to open her eyes long enough to see the great domes of Beth's fleshy breasts expanding larger. Before long, she felt them pushing her further back into the wall. Beth's nipple seemed to stretch even more, sliding farther back down her throat until it felt as if it was spraying milk directly into her stomach.

A moan reached Kayla's ears from below. Peering down, the blonde could see Mona's hand moving rapidly inside her panties. It seemed like her brunette employee was nearing climax, while her red-haired employee was no help either.

"Very well", Kayla said, to no one in particular. "One is reminded of the seventy-third tenet of Bra-Max customer service: when the going gets tough, you've got to pitch in yourself!"

Grabbing a nearby stepladder, Kayla began climbing up and above Beth's shoulders. She leaned forward, over Beth's head, and reached out towards Marisa at the far end of the fitting room.

"Fear not, Miss Beth," said Kayla, noting Beth looking up at her with a mixture of confusion and amusement. "I'll just be helping out Marisa to get this bra on you... ah!"

Kayla lost her balance, having leaned too far forward over Beth's head, and fell forward! Her legs splayed open as she careened over Beth's head, landing face-down with her head deep in the valley between Beth's enormous breasts and her open legs atop Beth's shoulders.

Mere inches away from her face, Beth saw a most enticing sight: Kayla's beautiful bare pussy. Kayla's miniskirt, and lack of underwear, left the blonde fully exposed to Beth's delight.

"Mmf!" said Kayla, her head trapped between Beth's breasts. She kicked her legs, trying to free herself, but managed only to shift her weight further backwards, inching her bare pussy ever closer to Beth's face.

Beth couldn't resist, and she leaned forward, tongue extended, to lick slowly along Kayla's pussy from bottom to top. She felt the blonde girl quivering, her legs shaking as they gripped tightly around Beth's head, encouraging her to continue.

Beth began licking rapidly, lashing her tongue against Kayla's dripping slit. Kayla's thighs clamped down hard on her head, locking her in place. A distant moan reached Beth's ears from somewhere nearby, but amidst the writhing masses of girl-flesh nearby, and the slender thighs pressing against her ears, she could hardly tell from whom it came.

Feeling her breasts continue to expand, and her milk flowing at a greater rate than ever, Beth fully embraced her potential and unleashed her full abilities. The grand spheres of her breasts surged outwards, filling more of Marisa's gaze as they began creeping upwards, as there was no room left with the narrow fitting room walls so close.

Between Beth's legs, her labia swelled and grew even further, enveloping Mona's shoulders and most of her upper arms in their embrace. Great volumes of Beth's arousal spurted from within her pussy across Mona's face and torso, soaking her through and bringing Mona ever nearer to her own climax.

The sheer erotic allure of her situation was almost too much, Beth thought. Her femininity was paramount; she knew instinctively that these girls were powerless before her. She had them fully enthralled by her body, her milky breasts, and her juicy pussy. It was an intoxicating mix of power and control that fed her arousal and edged her ever higher.

She looked forward, over the curve of her breasts, to Marisa. The red-haired salesgirl was mostly obscured behind Beth's bosom, with only the top of her head visible. Beth could feel her long nipple filling Marisa's mouth as it gushed her milky essence.

Between her legs, she sensed Mona eagerly embracing her hyper-swollen pussy even as it embraced her right back again. From deep within her folds, she felt the tan-skinned salesgirl using her hand and tongue to rub and lick her juices from within, even while her pussy swelled further to cover the girl even further.

Balanced atop her breasts, with her head still enmeshed in her bosom, it was obvious that Kayla, the blonde store owner, was completely overwhelmed by Beth's femininity. Kayla's firm thighs were still wrapped around her head, the girl awash in pleasure as Beth eagerly lapped at Kayla's exposed pussy.

An especially energetic kick from one of Kayla's legs impacted the door behind Beth, slamming it closed and engaging the auto-lock. The four girls were now trapped in the fitting room.

Beth's swelling flesh continued to grow, forcing her to take a step back, then another, and soon she felt the door against her nude backside. Kayla, her legs over Beth's shoulders, had to bend her knees to make room as the room filled even more with Beth's swelling breasts.

Awash with arousal, Beth reached a stunning revelation. Her special condition, which so often made her unruly breasts grow and her pussy swell with arousal at the most inconvenient times, wasn't a burden to be born nor an embarrassment to hide.

It was time to fully embrace her gift. She could see now the true effects she had on these girls, who seemed nearly mindless with arousal. It filled her with mirth and no small amount of pride.

Her milk was a powerful aphrodisiac, she knew, and her hyperactive pussy with its effusive juices was just as impactful on them. It was obvious that she had these girls fully within her grasp.

But there was something else; a new sensation she hadn't felt before. It was as if she could feel every inch of Marisa's bare skin on her breasts, and every part of Mona's head and shoulders inside her pussy. Even her tongue, licking and slurping against Kayla's pussy, somehow seemed to grant her intimate knowledge of Kayla's entire body.

A pinprick of energy formed within her. It quickly grew, spreading outwards and creeping down her arms and legs. It burned within her chest, flushing out across her massive breasts, and shot downwards until it washed over her swollen vulva.

Her breasts shot outwards, rapidly swelling around Marisa. They were forced to grow upwards as there was no room left in the small fitting room to grow outwards. Her vulva grew furiously, showering liquids down onto Mona as her labia grew even longer, her lower lips embracing Mona and pooling onto the surrounding ground. Lifted by the rising tide of breasts beneath her, Kayla was raised ever higher until she felt her back against the ceiling above.

The entire fitting room was nearly filled from floor to ceiling with Beth's feminine abundance. A chorus of whimpers and moans filled Beth's ears, as the other three girls had been driven nearly mindless with pleasure.

Marisa was the first to go over the edge. Beth could sense the red-haired salesgirl plunge into a powerful climax, driven by the impossibly thick and long nipple that filled her mouth and sprayed ever more volumes of milk down her throat.

On the floor below, Mona's hand was a blur inside her panties. The astonishing folds of Beth's hyper-pussy embraced her and sent her into a shattering climax of her own.

Kayla followed her salesgirls into the throes of a shockingly powerful orgasm of her own. The skilled movements of Beth's long tongue on her pussy drove her into untold heights of pleasure, while feeling the ceiling at her back raised in her a stunning realization of how large Beth's feminine abundance had grown.

The sides of the fitting room began to bulge. Beth heard a large CRACK from either side as the walls began to give way, but for now, they were still holding.

It was almost too much for Beth, but there was some small part of her still holding everything back. A torrent of energy was rushing out of her, eager to escape, but somehow restrained at the last minute.

Until, in a powerful release of energy, it wasn't. The combined force of her abilities was unleashed as a single word manifested on her lips.

“Yes, yes, YES!” she cried, and it was so.

A torrent of milk rushed forth, one nipple spraying down Marisa’s throat while her unattended nipple spurted wildly with uncontrolled fury. Her vulva swelled even larger, her outer lips now dangling by her knees, as her inner labial lips grew and lengthened in a pile that pooled onto the floor around Mona. Her breasts surged once more, surging higher and pressing Kayla harder into the ceiling.

With a thunderous crack, the walls of the fitting room finally gave way. They splintered into pieces amidst the onslaught of growing flesh, torn asunder and carried away by a swirling river of milk and squirt.

Marisa sank to the floor in a happy daze, her beautiful features covered in milk as Beth’s nipple finally popped out of her mouth. Mona sighed happily and rolled to the side, instinctively using both arms to embrace as much of Beth’s drooling labia as she could, hugging it close to her chest.

Kayla slid down the side of Beth’s breast, her egress eased by the slippery smooth milk covering Beth’s skin. She landed nearby on the floor, where she was quickly soaked through by the river of Beth’s milk washing over her.

The store’s owner ended up on her back, sighing happily and giggling.

“So, Miss Beth,” said Kayla. “I don’t suppose you’re looking for a job?”