

Virum Pulchrum - Part 6

Upon closing the door, Dr. Kirk Alston was greeted by darkness and an overwhelming aroma that sent his senses into overdrive. He fumbled for the light switch.

"Don't... **mmmm**... Please."

Kirk gasped at the sound of a melodic voice, grateful for the darkness hiding his unprofessional erection. As his vision adapted, he saw only a girl's hair on the bed, her body obscured under a strangely elevated blanket, like a hill.

"Sorry, Dr. Alston. I just... **mmmm**... I prefer not to... **ahh**... right now," she said in that same muffled, ultra-arousing, albeit hesitant voice.

"That's... ok. Olivia, isn't it?"

"**Mmmmm** yes."

"Ok. Olivia. We can just talk for now. So, this is..."

"Yes... talk", Olivia said in a peculiar delay, which jarred Kirk a little. The blanket-hill shifted slightly.

"Right," Dr. Alston said, looking at Olivia's odd outline. "So, Olivia. How can I help you?"

"Yucnptyrcokinmpsy..." Olivia muttered under the sheets.

"I'm sorry, what was that?" Kirk approached near the bed.

"Mmmmm... Idntknwwhtswrngwthme *Mmmmm*."

Kirk took another step forward. "I'm sorry Ms. Fuentes but I really do need you to at least take the blanket off your face so I can hear you better. Please." He added politely.

After a moment of quietness, the covers were finally slowly pulled back and Olivia's face was slowly revealed. Kirk couldn't hold his loud gasp.

Even the sliver of light barely illuminating the room was enough for Kirk to see the most beautiful face he's ever seen. Suddenly, everything that Violetta had been talking about clicked. She wasn't crazy talking at all. If anything, she might have *understated* how **ultra** beautiful Olivia was. There really was no comparison. Violetta, seen in full daylight, completely healthy and wearing the most impeccable makeup on, was nothing more than an *afterthought* next to Olivia's barely lit, unkempt, sick face.

Kirk's cock was on the verge of erupting. His knees buckled. With all his experience in his career as a doctor, frequently dealing with 'Extremers', and even seeing Violetta - **NOTHING** has prepared him for *this*.

"I said", an angelic voice emanated from Olivia's mouth. "I don't know... *mmmmmmmm*... what's wrong with me, Doctor. *Ohhhhhhhh*..."

Kirk stood next to her, dumbfounded, but trying with every ounce of his being to keep his composure.

"Let me check, please." He gently placed a hand on her forehead. She was burning up.

The most graceful hand in the world emerged from beneath the covers. The index finger motioned Dr. Alston to approach closer. On autopilot Kirk drew his ear near Olivia's mouth. He felt her hot, intoxicating breath and his spine shivered. She smelled like the most prestigious perfume made with the most concentrated dose of pheromones concocted in it.

Olivia cupped her hand over Kirk's ear as if to whisper a secret. She inhaled slowly, creating a light vacuum that made Kirk shiver intensely. He was leaking so much precum in anticipation. Then she said something barely audible. Yet, Kirk would NEVER forget her next words:

"I like your touch, doctor."

Before Kirk could grasp the situation, Olivia gently placed her slender thumb onto the palm of his hand, and draped her remaining fingers across the back of his hand. Effortlessly, she guided his hand beneath the covers. It's like he no longer had control of his own body. Mesmerized, Kirk felt his palm glide over her soft pajamas, feeling the squishy surface underneath it. Olivia kept drawing his hand until it came to rest on an erect protrusion.

A powerful, invisible force, made Kirk's fingers spread as far as they could and grab the soft flesh beneath them.

"Ohhhhhhhh yyyyyyyyyessssssssss!!!!!!! *Ay dios mio that feels so good, doctor!*" Olivia screamed as she arched her back, thus further pushing her immense, uber-perky tit into Kirk's open palm.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...", Kirk's eyes fluttered upwards in pure bliss and his eyelids closed shut. He couldn't hold on any longer against the sexual barrage and his cock erupted. It was, by far, the strongest orgasm of his entire life. There was only so much a man could take. He felt his cock spew cum over and over again inside his pants.

All the while, Kirk was operating as if he were in a trance-like state. His hand had a mind of its own and repeatedly grabbed handful after handful of the most absurdly-perfect boob since the dawn of time. This only egged Olivia on.

**“Fuck! YES!!! YESSSS!!!!!! KEEP SQUEEZING MY GIGANTIC TITTY!!!! MMMMMMMMMM
FUCK I'M CUMMING, DOCTOR, I'M CUMMMMMMMMMMING!!!!!!!!!!”**

Olivia arched her back and pushed her gigantic breasts further into Dr. Alston's hand. The sheets became instantly soaked near her crotch as Olivia squirted enough pussy-juice to fill a bucket!

Kirk was rattled to his core. It all happened so fast he didn't have time to process what was happening. He kept shooting cum from reserves he didn't know he had. His hand was powerless to *not* squeeze Olivia's beyond-beyond-perfect nipple and as much titflesh as it could latch onto.

At last, after several long minutes, Olivia's mega-orgasm died down. For now.

Kirk opened his eyes slowly. He looked around the room, re-orienting himself when he finally landed on Olivia's smiling face. She looked like a lioness who just ate a small bird as a small appetizer and was now ready to charge at an adult buffalo for the main course.

Kirk finally realized what happened. As if jolted by an electric socket, he quickly pulled his hand back. *‘What have I done? I broke the moral code between a doctor and a patient... What kind of a doctor am I? Why is my dick still hard???’*

“Don't be scared, Dr. Alston. That felt really nice”, Olivia purred softly and placed her delicate hand on Kirk's forearm. Kirk jolted backwards and escaped her sexual touch.

“NO!” He exclaimed, a little louder than he meant to. “I mean... no. I'm sorry, Ms. Fuentes. Uhhh... Olivia... This is wrong. You're my patient. We can't... I can't... sorry. I...”

“Are you *sure* you can't, Doctor...?” She asked seductively as her hand landed on his pants and trailed its way towards the tent in them.

Kirk was *trembling* with arousal. His dick resumed spitting precum at a steady pace. He just came less than a minute ago and already he was on the verge of another cum. ‘*What’s going on???*’

“I... I'm... uhhh”, he mumbled.

Olivia's fingers were “walking” along his pants, now a mere couple of inches away from his crotch. Kirk felt his weak defenses crumbling fast.

“Oh god... please... Olivia... don't...” Kirk pleaded. Olivia's smile just widened triumphantly as her ultra-sexy hand closed around Kirk's dick through his pants.

“*Gahhhhh...!!!!!!*” Kirk cried out in pleasure, now a hair away from cumming. However, something about Olivia touching his dick also awakened him from his blissful stupor.

He opened his eyes, and in a rare moment of clarity he pushed Olivia's hand away from his crotch and took several steps back.

“No! STOP IT!!!!” Kirk yelled loudly. A little *too* loudly. He felt his blood pumping through his vessels.

For a long moment no one said anything. Then, Kirk heard what he feared most.

Crying.

'Oh, shit...'

"I'm sorry, Olivia. I shouldn't have..."

"No, doctor, please...", Olivia said with shame. "I should be sorry. I crossed the line. You just came here to help me and I came at you like that. Please forgive me", Olivia said apologetically. Kirk didn't know what to say. Luckily, Olivia kept talking.

"It's just that... I can't help myself anymore. I get soooooo horny all the time. I masturbate so many times a day now. I get Violetta to do... things for me. My vibrator always runs out of batteries. But it's just *never* enough for me."

Kirk used every ounce of self control he had to *not* open his zipper and start jerking his stiff cock. But suddenly, he realized something. This sounded like a symptom.

"I see... tell me, Ms. Fue... Olivia", he corrected. "Has it always been like this? Or did you feel any difference since you got sick?"

He couldn't see it but Olivia blushed now.

"Well... I guess I always had a very high sex drive. *Mmm...* Even before it all started. After I got sick the first time, though, *hmmmm...* it became incredibly more intense. I was constantly horny, sleeping around with so many guys and still it wasn't enough for me. ***Mmmmmmmmmmmmm.***"

"Mhmm...", Kirk said, his cock throbbing. "And now, with the second time around? You still feel the same way?" He asked.

"Oh, no... not at all..." Olivia said. Kirk frowned in confusion.

“Now it's much, **MUCH** worse.”

Kirk's eyes opened in shock.

"I just came again while telling you all this and you didn't even notice. I can't stop touching myself, doctor. Mmmmmm. Whatever I felt after the first time is ***nothing*** compared to what I'm feeling now. Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. It's unbearable. I need to be fucked ***all the time!*** My pussy needs to be filled so badly. Ahhhhhhhh... ***Fuckkkkkk...! Mmmm...*** and once I start cumming, I can't stop it. Mmmmmm... I cum again ahhhhhhhhhh, and again ***ahhhhhhhhhhh***... and againnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnNN
FUUUUUUUUUUUUUCKING HELL THAT'S SO GOOD
MM FUCH PLEASE, PLEASE DOCTOR JUST PUT THAT BIG COCK OF YOURS IN MY HUNGRY PUSSY!!! IT FELT SOOO FUCKING BIG AND HARD THROUGH YOUR PANTS! PLEASE JUST FUCK ME, I CAN'T STAND IT..."

Olivia moved wildly, using one hand to masturbate, while the other reached out for Dr. Alston, missing him in the darkness.

Kirk kept his distance, knowing if she caught him, he'd succumb instantly. Deciding to leave, he quickly wrote a prescription to help Olivia's fever until her condition improved and left it on a nearby table.

“OLIVIA!” Kirk almost shouted to be able to overcome Olivia's loud moaning. “THIS FOR YOU. I'LL BE IN TOUCH TO CHECK IN ON YOU. CALL THIS NUMBER IF YOU NEED ANYTHING. GET WELL SOON!”

“NO! NO DOCTOR PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME I NEED YOU!!!! I'M SO GODDAMN HORNY!!!!!! I CAN'T TAKE IT!!!!!! JUST SQUEEZE MY TITS... JUST ONCE, PLEASE, I NEED TO FEEL YOUR TOUCH, DOCTOR. PLEASE HELP ME! JUST...”

Kirk closed the door firmly, leaning against it, his heavy breaths echoing in the silence. His cock was so hard it was throbbing.

He escaped. Shock, panic, guilt, fear, despair, self-anger. They were all cast aside to make room for the strongest feeling he felt.

Arousal.

Kirk needed release. Now.

Hesitantly, he began to look around at his surroundings. Bathroom. Corridor. Living room. Violetta.

Shit.

Violetta gave him a knowing, concerned look. Suddenly she looked plain. Almost ugly in comparison to Olivia.

“NOW do you believe me, Doctor?” She asked with a knowing look.

Kirk nodded.

"I... prescription... table... gotta go..." he mumbled before scurrying out the door.

Kirk barely made it to his car before he grabbed the zipper of his pants. He barely got to open his fly. He grabbed his cock and squeezed it lightly. That's all it took for him to cum on the spot.

"Gahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh fuckkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk..."

That night Kirk's erection wouldn't go down. He jerked off again and again to the image of Olivia's face, the memory of grabbing and squeezing the world's softest, most gigantic breasts refusing to leave his mind. Every time he thought he was done - another memory popped into his mind and his cock would throb, ready for another release. Eventually, he fell asleep after several hours of consecutive orgasms, his hand wrapped around his still painfully erect, spasming cock.

At the same time, Olivia layed panting in *her* bed, breathing heavily after yet another powerful orgasm. Unfortunately, every orgasm she had only made her *hornier* than she had been before

it. Dr. Alston said 'no' to her. *Someone* turned her down. *Her!* He made Olivia feel something she's *never* felt before in her life. For the first time in her life, Olivia faced rejection, and she didn't know how to handle all the thoughts and emotions her body was going through.

Dr. Alston said 'no' to her, and that was the **sexiest** word he could've said to her.

* * *

"Ok... Here I go. First time outside", Olivia called hesitantly at Violetta who was sitting at the kitchen counter. "Are you sure you don't want to join me?" Olivia asked hopefully.

Violetta was at her wit's end. She may have been one of the top 10 most beautiful girls in the world, but at the moment she looked exhausted! Taking care of Olivia for the past month has depleted her of any remaining energy she had.

Violetta dared to look at Olivia for two seconds before she looked back down at her bowl of cereal. 'HELL-to-the-NO', she thought to herself.

Violetta had to look further up than she was used to. Apparently Olivia became an inch or two taller, and now stood around 6' even. But that was barely a prelude to all the other changes she experienced.

Olivia has transformed the very essence of beauty, making previous standards obsolete. She radiated a new level of perfection, dwarfing her past self and dimming everything around her. The room seemed smaller, colors faded, and even the richest scents paled against the air around her, charged with her natural essence and pheromones.

Her incredibly large eyes got even larger and more captivating to look at, her ultra pert nose got even more refined, her pouty, seductive lips became got so full and sensual she'd make the lips of plastic bimbos look thin in comparison, her perfectly smooth, soft skin now almost glowing, her lustrous, thick hair got even longer, thicker and more luxurious, effortlessly surpassing Violetta's meticulous grooming. Olivia's mere presence redefined perfection over and over and over again.

Yet, despite all that, she still had an annoyingly insecure look on her, mega-uber-ultra-super divine, made-up face.

Yes, Olivia wore makeup. However, the reason for that was not to enhance her natural beauty, but rather to *tone it down*! Apparently, the ultra-goddess grew to be so beautiful that anything she added to her beyond-perfect face only degraded its beauty. One look at herself in the mirror made Olivia hypnotized by her own reflection. She was afraid of the effect she'll have on other people, so she put on makeup to diminish this hypnotizing effect. Even still, Olivia transcended to such a level of beauty that even *with* the makeup on - she'd make Cleopatra cry with jealousy.

Violetta tried and failed to grasp how beautiful her roommate was. 'How do you quantify such a level of perfection? Isn't perfect just a single term? How can you start off as perfect, then become perfect-er, then even *more perfect-er*??? It didn't make any sense!!!!!!'

Yet, one look at Olivia made it all make sense. Easily.

"You're just picking up your order..." Violetta said flatly. She knew any hint of emotion she'd put into her words would open the floodgates and make herself cry.

Olivia bit her lower lip hesitantly and clinked both her index fingers against each other. "Well... yeah. I guess. Just... might've been nice if you... never mind, that's ok. I'll be fine."

"You'll be fine...!", repeated Violetta like a drunk man at a bar raising his beer and yelling '*Next round's on me, everybody!*'

That stung Olivia for some reason she couldn't explain. She turned around, revealing most of her backside to Violetta whilst keeping her head turned back at her.

"Do you think this outfit is too much?" Olivia asked.

Violetta sighed heavily before looking back at Olivia. She wished she hadn't. '*Every part of your body is too much...*' she thought with despair.

Olivia's clothes may have been regular, consisting of a simple, oversized shirt and denim-high jeans. However, that was the only thing regular about her.

Olivia's legs, incredibly long to begin with, seemed to have grown even longer, taking the idea of endless to a whole new level. They had always been unbelievably slender, but they lost a couple additional inches, now being almost as skinny as Violetta's arms. They embodied the word "graceful".

Violetta couldn't stop staring. Olivia's figure was unreal, making what was once considered perfect seem ordinary. Her ass was mesmerizing, an impossible blend of curves that taunted you to squeeze it.

With great fear, Violetta looked further up.

Fuck *fuck* **fuck!**

Olivia's waist could *not* have been greater than 15 inches around. It was so slender it made Korean supermodels look like whales in comparison. Violetta could easily circle it with her hands. With Olivia's body slightly twisted, her waist nearly vanished completely!

Her back was *barely* wider than her waist and seemed to have shrunken even further than before.

All these incredible features alone would rate Olivia as 100 out of 10, yet they were just a *prelude* to her most remarkable traits.

Olivia turned back to face Violetta again.

To call Olivia's breasts 'big' wouldn't do them justice. Nor huge, enormous, gigantic, or any other superlative. Olivia's tits were in a category of their own.

Starting from just below her sternum, they jutted from her teeny-tiny ribcage and immediately projected to all sides. They actually projected *upwards*, their tops were level with Olivia's nose! They were so perky they made an 18-year old's A-cups look saggy.

Olivia's figure was astonishing, with her features extending almost 2 feet beyond her arms on each side.

Without a hint of sag, they now projected forward over 3 feet! However, they would've projected much more if it wasn't for the bra underneath her gigantic-yet-stretched out shirt. Olivia clearly wore an insanely large yet completely inadequate bra. It looked like she had 2 huge breasts over 2 hug-er breasts.

Finally, their lower slopes descended *absurdly* low, now reaching *below* Olivia's knees!

Violetta couldn't fathom what her eyes were looking at.

"So...?"

Violetta awoke from her stupor. "Huh?"

"What do you think, Vi?" Olivia asked, looking self-conscious.

Violetta sighed in despair, repeating "What do I think" coldly, tapping her fingertips together, her gaze fixed on the outline of Olivia's nipples in front of her.

"It's... I don't know. What do you want me to say, Liv? It's an outfit", she said flatly.

Olivia frowned at her cold response.

"Thanks. Thanks a lot, that's super helpful", she retorted sarcastically. Olivia's had enough of that bad attitude. She may have been a nice person, but if there was one thing she absolutely hated is being treated unfairly for something she didn't do.

Olivia opened the front door, squeezed one boob after the other, before popping on the other side.

- CRACK -

A small piece of the wooden door frame was chipped away due to the excessive force Olivia's boob-tugging applied on it.

Olivia and Violetta both looked with amazement at the chipped wood, then back at each other. For just a brief moment they shared a sad look, before Olivia closed the door behind her.

* * *

The subway car buzzed with tired commuters, some sitting, others standing.

A woman in her 40s hurriedly applied makeup; a freshly in-love couple openly made out, the girl hot and busty, the guy plain-looking; a frustrated man in his 30s dominated the doorway, loudly yelling over the phone at someone before he angrily hung up and kept venting to someone else; in a corner, a small boy was sitting, enjoying a PB&J sandwich, his legs swinging back and forth beside his dad, who urgently worked on a laptop.

Throughout the car, many held a Venti or a Grande coffee cup, engrossed in their phones, seeking distraction from the world.

As the subway reached its stop, the doors opened, letting some passengers off and more on. Just as the warning for the closing doors sounded -

“Wait! Just a second, please...”

A sweet, **uber**-sexy scent permeated the car.

Through one of the double-doors... *something* started entering. Some **things**, actually. Two round, large and increasingly growing, covered things.

Everyone sipping coffee stopped mid-sip.

No one said anything.

The arousing, sexy scent grew stronger with each passing second

The previously angry man stopped yelling mid-sentence. He's been standing directly in front of those orbs, his mouth hung open.

Men started springing erections all throughout the car without realizing why.

People standing started backing away and cramping together in a half circle as those... **things** kept advancing forward. The no-longer angry man found himself backing away until his back hit the wall behind him.

No one was looking at their phone.

"Daddy, what's *that???*", asked the boy with the sandwich innocently while pointing at those advancing orbs. His dad had his mouth hanging open wide as he felt his own crotch tightening.

The orbs kept taking up more and more space, now 3 whole feet into the car and *still* no face or body was attached to them.

The people who had taken a step or two backwards huddled even more tightly together. Some actually bumped their backs against the wall of the car. Now, a literal wall of flesh blocked passage from one side of the car to the other..

The woman with the pocket mirror was now holding a contour pencil. She didn't seem aware of what was going on around her.

The doors attempted to close but were obstructed by the squishy, bouncy orbs, failing to shut and reopening in defeat.

The couple stopped kissing. The guy drooled over what he saw as his dick throbbed painfully. It's as if he completely forgot about his girlfriend's existence. "Babe? *BABE!!!*" She shoved him angrily.

However, her (soon to be ex-) boyfriend just kept staring, making sure that even if his body was pushed back, his eyes would still have a clear visual of those humongous orbs. He didn't care.

He'd rather bear the dire consequences if it meant he'd get a couple more precious seconds to keep leering.

Finally, the orbs entered fully, over 3 feet, into the car, when the body attached to them was unveiled.

The girlfriend finally looked behind her back to see what all the fuss was about. Her jaw dropped with shock and horror at what, or rather, *who*, came through those doors.

Gasps were heard all throughout the car.

Everyone was staring at the ultra-uber-goddess standing in the middle of the car.

The doors finally closed behind her and the train began moving. It was now *cramped*. The passengers tried not to touch those *mountains*, but there was nowhere else to go.

The pheromones quickly built up within the car. Every man in the car had a raging erection.

"Sssssorry...", the goddess said in an angelic voice as she waved weakly at the half circle of people in front of her with a cute smile.

That was all it took to cause the men closest to her to spasm uncontrollably and form wet patches at the front of their tented-out pants.

Phones were pulled all around the car as just about every person who was *not* busy cumming their brains out took a not-so-incospicuous picture or video of the ultra-busty goddess who seemed so out of place there.

The girlfriend attempted to regain her boyfriend's attention, opening more buttons and pushing her cleavage closer, but he hardly noticed her.

The makeup-wearing woman, curious about the commotion, looked up only for her contour pencil to snap in shock. Staring in disbelief, she glared at the uber-goddess. If looks could kill...

Embarrassed, Olivia felt unusually self-conscious, unaccustomed to the intense attention her transformation drew after a month indoors. She realized her appearance now overshadowed everything else, to the extent that even an alien saying "Greetings, Earthlings!" in the middle of the car would go unnoticed.

Deciding against sitting due to the crowded car, she stood, gripping a handle and counting the remaining stations with a sigh, "Ok, I only have... 14 more stops to go... shit!"

As the subway was going fast, Olivia felt every bump and turn. Her boobs responded by jiggling and wobbling madly. She tried to stand as still as possible, but they had so much momentum that they acted like separate entities from her body. They'd wobble left and right, back and forth, smashing into this or that (un)lucky passenger. Every now and then she'd feel a hand, a knee, or a suspicious bulge touch one gigantic breast or the other. And every time it was immediately followed by an "AHHHHHH", or an "OHHHHHH GOOOODDDDD". She blushed and stifled a moan as she felt herself grow increasingly horny. Her nipples were poking stiffly against the fabric of her top, each being stuck directly against the belly of two spasming men.

'Not now... control yourself... just get through this ride...' she told herself.

"Daddy, look, this girl's got big boobies!" the boy with dangling legs shouted, pointing at Olivia. His dad quickly lowered the boy's hand, his face turning red as he scolded, "Shhh! We don't

point at people, Charlie. That's rude," but not before many in the car heard. His other hand covered his own tented crotch.

Olivia's face reddened even more with embarrassment.

The ride dragged on, with more passengers boarding than leaving. Olivia felt some stayed just to watch her. Finally, at a major station three stops before hers, enough people reluctantly left, giving her room to breathe.

"Come on, babe. Babe? It's our stop! Babe!!!!" the hot girlfriend called her... supposed-boyfriend. The guy was hypnotized. Angrily, she grabbed his crotch and *finally* got him to look at her for more than 2 seconds. His condition was no different than any other men in the car. His pants were *soaked* from copious amounts of cum, and *still* he throbbed and came again directly against her hand through his pants. "Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!" He cried out. She gasped with shock.

"You *fucking* douch bag!!!" She started crying, dismounted his lap and slapped his cheek forcefully. The guy just let her hit him. The only thing on his mind was that his now ex-girlfriend's hand blocked some of his view for a moment. She really left a red mark there, but he didn't register it. The girl gave him one final desperate look and exhaled defeatedly. Not even *slapping him* got his attention.

She stormed off, weeping, not before stopping momentarily to look at Olivia's ultra-angelic face. This actually caught her off guard and the words stuck in her mouth. Up close, Olivia looked even more stunning. She never stood a chance. Not in a million years. She was less than nothing compared to this uber-goddess.

Through her sniffs and tears she mumbled: "I... I hope you're happy. He's yours now... you... you..." she wanted to say Bitch. Freak of nature. Something. But nothing came out.

"I'm... really sorry... I didn't mean to..." Olivia said empathically. This just made the girl cry even more and she finally stormed off the car.

The woman with the makeup went to exit the doors right after her. She gave Olivia a side glance and muttered something which sounded like “*bloated up barbie doll bitch*” before the doors closed behind her.

Olivia looked around at the aftermath. Every man still left in the car was either post orgasm or mid one. Some couldn't help themselves and actually put their hands into their pants. Every woman glared at her. People almost openly now took pictures of her. And she was just standing in the middle of a subway car. She didn't do anything, yet she caused all this chaos.

‘Am I... too much for this world?’ she thought gloomily and shed a tear from her beautiful eye.

* * *

“A large order today, Mrs. Clenshaw?”

“Nope. Just one today,” the statuesque lady answered with a cryptic smile. “Be a dear, Tony and put it in the back room, will you please?”

Tony, a rugged yet kind middle-aged man, gave Mrs. Clenshaw a puzzled look before she signed for the delivery. He then prepared to lift the large box, arms wide to grasp it. Surprisingly, the 4’x4’x4’ box felt lighter than anticipated, seemingly filled with more air than contents. Tony carefully moved it to the back room, setting it in a corner.

He never got tired of looking at that room. It was mostly empty. There were 2 roomy stalls near one wall, closed by a ceiling-to-floor black curtain. What really caught his eye, though, was on the other wall. Various bras were hanging from hooks along the entire wall. Each had a different color, shape or functionality. However, all of them had one thing in common. They were all *huge*. Tony scanned left and right. The coast was clear. He sneaked his way across the room. Hanging on the leftmost hook was a sexy looking navy-blue bra. It seemed like the smallest

one, yet still it looked like it could hold a pair of honeydew melons. Tony checked out the tag. '38-H'. He felt his dick stiffening, imagining the pair of breasts needed to fill such a large bra.

He slowly walked along the wall of bras, admiring the size of the cups and checking each tag. '32-J', '36-M', '34-N'. He adjusted his now semi-erect dick discreetly. A particularly large bra on the far right side of the wall caught his attention. Its cups were large enough to hold a pair of watermelons. He counted 8 rows of strong hooks in the wide back band. With shaky hands he checked out the tag. '48-R'.

His eyes fluttered as he groaned. His dick finally achieved full hardness. To think that some girl out there actually needed such a large size was so arousing. 'Sure, she's probably heavy all over, given her extremely wide bodyband', he thought to himself. 'But, come on. Where are you ever gonna find such a large cup size on a slender girl...? You can't enjoy both worlds.'

"Thank you, Tony, you're such a dear. Drive safe!" Called Debbie Clenshaw at him as he started driving away.

Tony took a right turn into the highway, when a figure with impossible dimensions appeared in his right view mirror. He looked closer and his eyes opened wide.

"No... Fucking... wa..."

- BIIIIIIIIIIIP -

"Learn how to drive, grandpa!" A passing car honked at him, its driver yelling out as a hand emerged from the window and flipped him off. Tony barely managed to stabilize his truck. Every fiber of his being told him to turn around and go back into the store, but he just entered a very long highway section, with the next intersection dozens of miles away. He sighed defeatedly and promised himself to whack off at night to the half-second memory of the girl he briefly saw through his mirror.

* * *

Liam, noticing the large box, hesitated. "Mrs. Clenshaw? Do you want me to...?"

Debbie interrupted, "Actually, this box is for a customer. Please open it, check for defects, and prepare to show it to her. She'll be here soon."

Liam paled. "Customer? But I thought I only did...inventory."

Debbie reassured him, "I know, but I'm sure you'll do just fine with this one. You've been here so long, I trust you more than myself. I have to leave now for a personal... thing," she said cryptically, hurrying out.

Liam tried really hard to not let his anxiety get the best of him. Overwhelmed but determined, he told himself, "Ok, let's see what this box is all about."

Using a Stanley knife he efficiently cut through the masking tape and opened the large box. Through the pink packing peanuts a long, 4 inch wide and about 1 inch thick piece of red fabric was peeking out. Liam frowned confusedly. He slowly pulled it. The red fabric extended for over two feet before it was stitched to another red fabric, 3 inches thick and much sturdier, which

widened from that stitching line. Liam noticed that the lower half of this wider fabric had a layer of a 2-inch thick metal... cable, going through it. The upper half had ornaments that looked awfully similar to those of a... of a...

'No way...' Liam's eyes widened. He pulled faster and more of that thick fabric was revealed.

"Excuse me...?" a melodic girl's voice called out from the front room. Liam panicked and stuffed the fabric back inside the box. He actually wasn't sure why, he did exactly what Mrs. Clenshaw told him to do. Yet it felt wrong nonetheless.

Lanky Liam took a deep breath, before heading to the front room.

Oh.

My.

GOOOOODDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!!!!!!!

"H... hi... um... I talked to Debbie... Mrs. Clenshaw? My name's Olivia. Olivia Fuentes...? She said my order should've arrived today."

Liam still didn't speak. His first encounter with a customer since he started working here 3 years ago and *this* is what he gets??

Liam has seen all sorts of tall, graceful, beautiful, slender, busty, sexy girls walking around in the last few years since the Virum Pulchrum spread, especially in the LA area. However, the girl... no, angel, standing in front of him now was many *many many* orders of magnitude beyond them.

Olivia was standing timidly in front of him, smiling kindly. Liam looked left and right. This had to be a prank. His dick was hardening fast and he tried to hide it. Olivia acted as if she didn't notice. He was cute and she didn't want to make him feel bad.

"Rrrrrright... order. Yes. Yes, the order!" Liam regained a little brain power. "I... I'll be right back. Sssssorry."

"That's ok, no need to be sorry", Olivia smiled back. Liam melted and felt precum spewing from his now fully-erect dick. He rushed to the back room and Olivia giggled a little. It was nice to have a pleasant interaction after the disaster she had at the subway.

Liam stood in front of the box again, his heart pounding and his dick threatening to tear a hole in his pants. He took a deep breath and dug his trembling hand into the packing peanuts again. Out came the long, wide, red fabric, followed by that widening sturdy fabric. Liam felt like he was pulling on a stiff, concave blanket. More and more and *more* and *more* fabric was pulled out.

His mind refused to believe what he's seeing, but everything clicked. What he'd suspected to be that red fabric could only be, amazingly, Olivia's... bra.

Suddenly, another piece of red strap was connected to the side of the giant... cup? It was *very* wide, about a foot in width, and had countless rows of super-reinforced hooks. '*This is the **body band?????***'

Finally, the gigantic cup was free. However, it was still connected to the other cup. It was just surreal.

Liam examined the first cup. He held it with both hands while his arms were spread completely wide! There was enough fabric in that single cup to make a Men's XL raincoat!

Liam proceeded to examine the hooks on the body band. Each one looked much thicker and sturdier than the standard hooks he knew. '1, 2, 3,... 8!... 15!!... **23 hooks!!!!!!** Liam was on the verge of cumming. *'How heavy can someone's breasts be in order to need 23 industrial strength hooks to support them?'*

Liam shook it off and went on to pull the next cup connected to it. It was just as preposterously large. The shoulder band was equally as thick and the body band had 23 matching eye-fastenings. No defects were apparent. The entire contraption was a marvel of engineering and weighed several pounds by itself!

Liam couldn't pass this opportunity. He put one cup over his head. It ended up covering not only his head, but his shoulders as well, past his chest until the lower slopes reached his waist!!!
Fucking hell...

He then took the tent-like cup off and placed the bra fully opened with the cups facing the floor. 'Jesus fucking Christ...' Just the cups themselves spread out, end to end, almost half the room's entire width. Liam realized that if he laid next to the bra side by side - the bra would stretch longer than his entire body length!

Like twin mountains, the cups rose so high their peaks reached Liam's crotch!!! He contemplated spreading his arms, falling forwards and just sinking into their vastness. However, Liam hurriedly folded the gigantic contraption, pushing one cup inwards to mold into its twin cup, then neatly placed the super thick straps into the cup.

Liam recalled once dating a girl who wore a 36-F cup bra. He used to think she was so big. Looking at this mega-bra now, he thought how you could make an entire 36-F cup bra just from one of its body band straps.

Liam struggled to handle the enormous bra, his dick spewing precum all the while. He noticed something peculiar about the body band straps. Despite their extensive length to accommodate multiple hooks, they were unexpectedly narrow, appearing longer vertically than horizontally. This made him question if the bra had an unusually small underbust measurement or if it was an optical illusion.

He was about to head to the front room when a small white piece of fabric caught his eye. Something was written on it. His heart palpated. He *had* to know. He just had to.

He heard some shuffling from the front room. 'Shit!' he said to himself and clumsily headed back with the mega-bra in both hands.

"Hhhhhhhere you gggggggggo..... mmmmmmmmmmmmmmiss.... Fffffuentes..." he stuttered.

Olivia smiled at him and blushed a little. She knew all too well how ridiculous that size is. But she also took great pleasure in watching the cute employee's reaction to her presence. This was a refreshing encounter compared to the horrifying Subway ride she's had.

"Thank you... Liam", she looked closer to read his nametag with a wide smile.

She had this... longing look in her eyes. Like she desperately needed something from him. Hard.

"Sssssssure. My pppleasurrrrrreeeee...", Liam stuttered. Hearing her say his name sent the sexiest shivers down his spine.

“Do you mind if I test it?” Olivia asked timidly.

Liam almost had a heart attack, realizing this ultra-goddess was going to take her clothes off and try on that mega bra. He moaned quietly.

“Ohhhhhh.... Yyyyes, yes of course. Ppppplease, ffffffollow me...” he said. Olivia smiled back and almost made him cum.

* * *

“Ummm... Liam?” Olivia called from behind the curtain.

“Yes?” Liam said enthusiastically.

“I'm having some trouble uh... getting this bra on.”

Liam's body was on high alert hearing this. “Oh... um, I'm sorry to hear that...”

There was a long pause.

“Could you, um...”, Olivia said. ‘No way. No way is she going *there*’, thought Liam.

‘Could you... help me, put it on, please?’ Olivia asked.

She went there.

Liam's eyes fluttered and his throbbing dick spewed a large glob of precum.

'Liam...?' Olivia repeated hesitantly. He awoke from his reverie.

"Uhhhhh... yyyyeah. Yes. Yes, I'll do my best to help. If... if you're sure it's ok..." he trembled.

"Yes, please. I'd really appreciate your help. Getting this thing on is not an easy task as you can imagine..."

Liam, though not religious, silently expressed gratitude to any higher power for the moment.

"Ok... I'm coming in now. Hhhhere I go," he announced, pausing to give her a chance to object. When no response came, he took it as a green light to proceed.

Liam slowly opened the black curtain. Immediately, an aroma of sex mixed with the purest form of the most wonderful, most feminine scent in the world washed over his nostrils.

What unveiled in front of his disbelieving eyes would forever be etched in his mind. Olivia's angelic, exceedingly-sexy, ridiculously petite, behemothly busty form was facing away from him. Her top was gone. At the front her breasts were covered by her new, red bra. However, in the back, only about a half of the super-reinforced hooks were closed successfully. The rest were still unclosed.

There was also a very large, beige-colored bra folded and sitting against the wall. This must've been what she came here in. It looked much much larger than even the largest bras their shop held, although not quite as large as the new, red bra. It also looked **extremely** worn out, torn in places, with deformed wiring and mangled hooks. To let such an insanely large bra get to such a condition would only mean Olivia's breasts were **MUCH MUCH MUCH** too large for even *that* size.

Liam looked back up at Olivia's back form. He was shivering uncontrollably. Never in his *life* had he been so turned on as he had been right now. Olivia's body was just too sexy to believe. To say she was busty was like saying Mount Everest was a small bump on the road. To say her back was petite was the mother of all understatements. To say her ass was perky did as much justice to it as calling it flat. To say her waist was small would be like calling her fat. Liam' own arm looked slightly thicker than it was! But it wasn't an anorexic look at all. Her bone structure just made her look *insanely* slim.

All in all, Olivia was a *tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny* toothpick, with an *uber-perky* ass and ***super-duper-uber-perky, GIGANTONORMOUS*** weather balloons attached to it.

The 6' by 6' wide stall was extremely spacious. However, Olivia's tits filled most of it! Encased in that bra, they were *still* sticking behind and beyond her barely-existent waist by a full arm's length. Plus, they just looked *soooo* perky. *Soooooooooooo* full!
Soooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo **HUMONGOUS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

"I'm so sorry to bother you, Liam. I seem to have a hard time closing all the hooks. There are just so many of them, hehe", Olivia giggled and Liam spewed more precum in reaction. "Do you mind helping me close the rest of them?"

Liam took several deep breaths but *nothing* could calm him down. Being *this* close to this ultra-goddess, smelling her delicious, intoxicating scent, feeling the pure sex in her words made Liam desperately horny. "Nnnnnno need to appppologize. Hhhhhh happy to hhhhhhelp..."

He'd already touched that bra before. However, now that it was worn on Olivia's divine body, it felt like a forbidden fruit.

With extremely shaky hands, Liam grabbed the first unclasped hook and its corresponding eye-fastening.

“Haaaaa...”, he breathed raggedly from overstimulation and his eyes fluttered shut. Just touching the fabric on her skin was too much for him.

Liam struggled to bring both ends of the bra together, a sign of the considerable weight the cups were supporting. With determined effort, he finally managed to secure the hook into its eye.

“Mmmmm”, Olivia hummed pleasantly. Liam’s cock was throbbing uncontrollably. He didn’t know how he even managed to hold on for *this* long.

Liam found the next hook and eye easier to close, likely because the previous hooks had already distributed some of the load. He continued, and with each fastening, Olivia hummed contentedly, turning the task into a blissful torture for Liam. Just as he was about to secure the last one, the piece of white fabric caught his eye again.

Liam could stand it no longer.

He read it.

He then read it again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

22"/190" ; 22(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)L cup.

What. The actual. **FUCK???????**

That's not a bra size. That's, that's... just numbers and letters. That's gotta be a joke.' Nothing made sense in this tag.

Yet, the evidence was right in front of him. This ridiculous bra had an unheard of underbust measurement of 22 inches, and an overbust measurement of 190 inches.

Trembling, Liam closed the last hook.

"All... ddddddddddddone..." he barely said through his haze of horniness, then took a few steps back.

"Thanks a lot, Liam!"

Olivia turned surprisingly fast and almost hit Liam with her gigantic left boob.

Olivia, now in her red bra, stood before Liam with a shy smile. "Perfect" was the word that came to his mind, though he felt it barely scratched the surface of her beauty.

Her tits, beyond colossal, not only filled the bra to capacity, they actually *overflowed* it so much that their upper slopes leveled with Olivia's nose! That bra, a full 190 *fucking* inches around, which previously looked like an exhibit bra for a parade, now looked woefully inadequate for Olivia's monstrous tits. Just the tit-flesh pouring from above and the sides of the bra would be enough to easily fill that 48-R cup bra on the wall.

"So, how do I look?" Olivia asked with an inexplicably insecure smile.

Liam could take it no longer. He jizzed in his pants like he'd never jizzed in his life. His eyes fluttered shut and he grabbed his crotch in a laughable attempt to hide what's happening. His knees buckled and he slowly collapsed to the floor, spasming uncontrollably while spewing cum again and again without ever touching himself.

The strongest chills ever coursed through his body. Liam forgot where he was or what he was doing. All that mattered now was prolonging that blissful orgasm as much as possible. His whole body spasmed and jerked in what was, without a doubt, the strongest orgasm of his *life*!

Olivia realized what was happening and casually pressed her boobs inwardly from the sides. This caused hillocks of breast flesh to rise so high Liam could no longer see her beautiful face. His orgasm, which had been close to its end, renewed with vigor at that spectacle. Liam's eyeballs rose so high there was only white visible. His cock spewed whatever cum Liam still had left. However, the strong chills and thrills of his orgasm kept going for 2 more minutes.

When Liam came to, Olivia was perched above him. Her wall of flesh was looming above him like an Alien mothership hovering over a city.

"Hey there. Are you alright?" Olivia's angelic face peeped behind her huge mega-jugs.

“Huh?” Liam tried to refocus. It took him a couple moments to realize what happened. “Oh, god I'm... I'm so sorry. Please, Miss Fuentes, I didn't mean to... I'm not used to dealing with customers. I'm usually just doing inventory, I...”

“Hey, don't worry about it. Really. I know I can be... a *lot* to take in...” she smiled abashedly. “Plus, I really didn't mind you... reacting like that...” her cheeks reddened.

Liam didn't know what to say.

“However, I do need your help.”

Liam's erect cock throbbed excitedly. ‘What? Erect?! Even after...’

“Oh”, he said stupidly. Olivia took a few steps back.

“As you can probably tell, while this bra is quite large, it's *still way* too small for me, unfortunately.”

‘Small... unfortunately... unfortunate...’, Liam's mind drifted off.

“You see, I gave Mrs. Clenshaw my measurements from about a month ago. The problem is, I seem to have grown a *bit* since.”

‘Grown... bit... month...’ Liam thought flabbergasted.

“Do you mind helping me re-measure them? I guess I need to order a larger model...”

Liam looked at Olivia and almost came again. This bra... this gigantic, preposterous, **humongous** bra that could be used as a tent for two large children was too **small** for her????

Yet, Liam could not deny the amount of excess flesh pouring out of it.

"J... just a second, ok?" Liam said. He quickly got up and rushed as fast as he could to the front room. Olivia was left standing there, curious.

Liam opened the drawer under the counter and frantically searched for it. 'Scissors, pen, papers... tape measure. Bingo!'

He grabbed the tape and rushed to the back room, almost toppling over.

He stood there panting, tape in hand and a tent in his crotch. Olivia giggled. Liam realized what she was looking at and covered his bulge.

"I think we're past that point now, don't you think?" Olivia smirked at him. Liam blushed profusely and reluctantly removed his hand from the front of his pants.

"Look, I'm gonna take off my bra now. I honestly don't mind if that makes you... react. I just need to get my measurements right. How does that sound?"

Liam was stunned for a moment, but then nodded his head eagerly, which made Olivia chuckle cutely.

She walked back into the measuring booth and faced the wall.

"Can you open the hooks for me, please? The load is so heavy I can't unclasp them myself."

Liam couldn't think of a single thing he's done to make him deserve this. His dick leading the way, he approached Olivia's back. "Ok, I'm gonna start taking them off now, Ms. Fuentes."

"Great. And please call me Olivia. After all you did see me in a bra and came in your pants," she giggled. Liam blushed profusely but his cock twitched again as if it didn't spew its load a few minutes prior.

Liam freed the first hook with some effort, the second was harder, but he managed. As he continued, each hook became more challenging with the increasing tension. By the last one, Liam was sweating from the effort until...

- PLUCK -

The bra was opened.

Liam took a few steps back. Olivia peeled off the straps and cups away from her body. Her entire upper body was completely nude. Just the breast flesh visible from behind beyond each arm had more volume than a beach ball!

Olivia started turning around.

Liam was breathing heavily. His cock twitched and throbbed in anticipation. It was a surreal moment. The heavy orbs kept turning his way, when finally, those glorious nipples became visible.

"Gahhhhhhhhhh...", Liam came again immediately.

"Sorry, my body tends to have that effect on men...", Olivia said. She just stood there, half naked in front of Liam, letting him gradually get used to her nakedness. Liam, however, kept cumming for a long time. Every time he looked at those perfect nipples on those super-ultra-perky, ginormous tits, his eyes would flutter up and his orgasm would reintensify. When it would taper off enough for him to reopen his eyes, he'd see those magnificent orbs and restart his orgasm all over again.

Liam was now really able to fully appreciate just how perfect and ginormous Olivia's bust was.

Unrestrained, her boobs now seemed even larger in all directions. They projected about 4 feet forward, extended around 2 feet on either side of Olivia's torso, and reached as low as her upper shins!!! But they were far from saggy. These breasts, despite weighing a weight Liam was afraid to even guess, did not only not sag downwards, but they actually perked upwards to her chin level. They oozed youthfulness and eroticism all at once.

For over 5 minutes this orgasm cycle continued, with Olivia trying her best to just stand still and not over stimulate Liam.

Olivia was stunned. It's always been easy for her to make men cum, but this was ridiculous. Liam was the first guy to see her naked boobs since her recent illness, and apparently that effect she's always had on men rose to other levels. In plural. She was just standing there, doing nothing, and he couldn't stop cumming without even touching himself... Can she even have sex with a guy now without putting him in a coma?!

Finally, after having cum multiple times and feeling his dick go raw from over stimulation, Liam was able to *sort of* look at Olivia's ultra-angelic form without cummeing automatically.

"Again... *gasp*... so sorry... *gasp*... about that..." he panted.

Olivia reassured him with a smile, "No need to be sorry, Liam. I'm flattered. But can you handle measuring me now?"

Taking a deep breath, Liam hesitated, "I... maybe. Yeah. I have the tape here..." He unrolled their largest measuring tape, which now seemed inadequate. "Ok, so... now, I... I need to... well, I'm going to have to..."

"It's ok Liam, you have my full permission to touch whatever you need in order to take my correct measurements. Don't worry", Olivia said and thrust her chest further at him. Liam thought he was gonna faint.

"O... ok then", he said, trembling. Slowly, he approached Olivia's form, but then stopped, not sure how to proceed.

"Maybe start with the underbust?" Olivia suggested thoughtfully.

"Right, right. Ummm..."

"Here, let me help", Olivia said

She spread her breasts apart as best she could. They were so perky that it took a ton of effort to separate them, but after shoving two armfuls inside her cleavage, she finally managed to create *just* a crack between them.

Liam blinked. 'Is she serious??'

He felt his next orgasm *fast* approaching. Liam's cock was twitching, trembling and spewing more precum in anticipation of entering the world's largest, perkier, most perfect set of boobs. He took a slow step, then another, when he crossed the line of her nipples. Olivia smiled encouragingly.

Hesitantly, Liam took another step, when he suddenly felt the sides of his torso (in)advertently touching Olivia's soft breasts. Immediately, his body shook as a new orgasm began. The world's most pliant, gigantic tits massaged the sides of his body softly. Olivia bit her lower lip in arousal and felt her own perfect pussy gushing, but kept quiet as Liam rode out his orgasm.

Finally, it tapered just enough for him to continue. Each consecutive step brought more and more contact and pressure from those glorious orbs and Liam's orgasm renewed in vigor. However, he marched on, albeit shakily, through the sea of breasts all the while. He was astounded to find out he needed 3 whole steps inside her cleavage before he reached Olivia's sternum.

They stood face to face, mere inches from one another. Liam was a tall guy, but he now realized he was eye level with Olivia. God she smelled so good! And she was

Sooo
ooo
ooo
oo beautiful up close he almost cried. Olivia
smiled shyly and Liam melted while he came again.

“Gahhhhhh”

"Hey, don't you forget why you're here", she taunted him with a smirk.

“Ahhhhh... right, right. Yes, haaaaa... sorry...” Liam said as he kept spewing cum.

He placed the tape below her sternum.

"C... can you... lift them a little?" He asked fearfully.

“I’ll do my best, but try to make it quick. They’re quite heavy…hnnnnng”, Olivia said with a grunt as her arms hefted both breasts from the inside up as much as she could.

Liam quickly positioned the tape under Olivia's chest, securing it with his left hand while wrapping it around with his right. He was surprised to find his right arm easily completing a full circle around Olivia's torso, meeting back at his left hand. The feeling of those soft orbs pressing on his arm from above against her sexy torso was a feeling he'd never forget.

Liam took the other end of the tape, ensuring it was well aligned and tight, before reading the measurement.

17 inches. 'What?!' he thought aghast. He rechecked the fit of the measuring tape. Yep, it was sitting just below the bottom of her breasts, pulling gently against her skin. There was no measuring error. She was just *that* slim.

"Do you have it?" Olivia asked hushedly in his ear, suppressing an exertion grunt. Liam felt her hot, sexy breath and spurted more cum as he shivered uncontrollably. A moment later he realized what she said.

"Oh, right yeah yeah I got it, sorry", Liam said as he hurriedly freed his right arm and pulled back the tape into his hand. Olivia lowered her breasts with an exhale.

"Phew. I did get stronger lately but they're still quite a challenge to lift."

Liam quickly walked a few steps back, afraid to spend a single unnecessary moment in Olivia's cleavage.

"Sssssso... you have a 17 inch ribcage measurement, which would give you a... 22 inch underbust", Liam summarized as professionally as he could while his dick still tented the soaked front of his pants. This measurement was ludicrous. But he verified it again and again.

“Ooo ok. So *that* hasn't changed. At least not since... never mind. Great! So now for the *big* one I guess, hehe,” she said giggling. Liam's cock twitched when she said 'big'. At least he stopped cumming. For now.

“Hahaha...”, Liam laughed nervously. He looked at Olivia's monumental breasts and put his fingers in his hair desperately. Her nipples hypnotized him. He was just the inventory-guy. Now he's supposed to measure the world's biggest, most perfect tits???

“Liam, look at me,” said Olivia carefully. “I'm not gonna force you to do anything. If you say no, I'll respect it. But we got this far, might as well finish it, no? There's no way around this. If you're going to measure my breasts, you're gonna *have* to touch them. Let's just get through this together. What do you say?”

Liam paused for just a moment before a resolve came over his face, which made Olivia shiver with excitement. He grabbed the tape and marched on. Olivia pushed her breasts forward as much as she could to allow him full access to them.

Liam placed it on the side of Olivia's left breast, about a foot in front of her breastbone. Most women wouldn't even reach *that* far. His hand sank inwards a little and several fingertips gently touched its pliant surface.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...” he cried as he came once more. This was... far beyond anything he'd ever felt. This was pure heaven. “Cccccc can you... ppppplease...”

“Sure, I'll hold it,” Olivia said and pressed the tape in place.

Through spasming cock and chills of pleasure, Liam took the extra long tape and started walking behind Olivia's back. He very quickly passed her incomprehensibly slim back and reached her right breast. Liam was again astounded to find out he had to walk *several* steps along Olivia's right breast just to reach its front curvature.

The end of the measuring tape arrived way too fast. It landed a couple inches before her right nipple! Liam held it in place and shivered as he tried hard to stay conscious. His finger pressed as lightly and respectfully as he could to catch the tape in place, but a little breast flesh still grazed his finger and his cock spasmed from the direct contact.

“Hhhhhhhaaaaaa.... It's gaahhhhhh, too short... it's... *only*... 96 inches looooong...”

“Oh, yeah that's not gonna cut it”, said Olivia. “I wasn't this tiny since before I... oh, sorry, I'm babbling. I'll keep my finger in place so we know where we started. But you're on your own from here. I can't reach that far, hehe”, Olivia giggled her angelic giggle once more.

Liam fought through the cum like a true warrior. He marked the place and moved on to the next section. ‘fuck me... a 96 inch tape is too short...’ he thought.

The tape went over Olivia's erect, right nipple, then over her erect, left nipple as well.

“Mmmmmmmm” Olivia moaned and made his cock jizz some more cum in response. Olivia was so sexy, she could probably cough and make Liam cum in response.

Liam *finally* rolled around the left breast. He kept extending the tape over Olivia's breast, looking at Olivia's delicate finger, getting closer and closer to his target, when all of a sudden - the tape ended. Again.

Liam looked in horror at the end of the 96” tape, then at Olivia's finger, and realized there was *still* quite a distance left! He looked up. Olivia shrugged her shoulders at him in a “what can I do?” motion. This girl just had 2 back-to-back 96 inch measurements around her tits, 192 inches total, and they *still* weren't done measuring her!!!

Liam, both as excited as he was fearful, marked the second spot yet again, and continued measuring from there. He took another full step forward before, at long last, he reached Olivia's finger. He looked at the reading.

24 inches. Plus 192, that's...

216 inches total! 18 feet!! Eigh**TEEN** feet of almost nothing but breasts!!! Liam's never heard of *anyone* being even 8 feet around, let alone 18!!!!!!

"So? How did I do, doc?" Olivia asked playfully.

"Y... your bbbb... b... bust... measurement is... it's... t... two... ttttwoooo... ... ttttwo huuuuuun... hundred and... and... ssssixteen inches."

"216? Wow, that's a lot, even for *me*!" Olivia exclaimed happily.

Liam took a second. She ordered a 22/190 bra, a month ago. Which in itself is a story from crazytown. And now, she measured 216 inches. That's 26 inches of growth. She grew an entire round of the alphabet in a single **month**!

"And you said I was 22 underbust, right?" Olivia asked. "So that would put my cup size at... help me out here..."

With the last ounce of mental energy, Liam did the math. He was lucky to be so good with numbers.

"22(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)L cuuuuuuupppppp", Liam said before he could hold himself no longer. His cock erupted in his pants one last time before he fell unconscious on the floor.

Olivia bit her lip, having mixed feelings that became extremely familiar by now. Excitement, with a tinge of disappointment that the fun had ended so soon.

* * *

Liam woke up sometime later. He was laying on something soft. Olivia was gone by then. His dick was, amazingly, still painfully erect, just from the memories of Olivia.

He slowly lifted the blanket off his body. 'wait, blanket?!'

Liam looked more closely at the beige-colored cloth covering him. He looked underneath him and realized it was connected to another 'blanket'. He got up. It was a bra. A very huge bra. Not as huge as the red one Olivia tried on but huge nonetheless. Then he remembered - this was the bra Olivia arrived in! He had been laying on the floor, encompassed in that bra like a pearl in a sea shell. Up closed it looked even more worn and full of tears and deformities than he caught on.

His inner boob-hound would not give him peace. In a second he was filled with arousal, his dick throbbing as he reached for the worn out straps, searching for the tag frantically.

'24/150; 24(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)V cup'

Liam's cock twitched again. Then, he spotted a note laying in one of the cups that he had missed before. There was elegant handwriting on it. He picked it up and read:

'Hey Liam, sorry for causing you all this trouble. You seemed so peaceful sleeping, I didn't wanna wake you up.'

*As a thank you and apologies for all your trouble, I leave this old bra I got here with for you. It's **WAYYYYYYYYYYYY** too small for me anyway, now. You... seemed to enjoy larger sizes, so I thought you'd appreciate it 😊*

I took the red bra for now, which is a much better fit. However, I'm afraid even if I ordered a 216" bra I might grow out of it by the time it's ready... Can you please order a new bra for me with Mrs. Clenshaw? Given the rate of growth I had over the last month, I think it's best to aim for a larger model. I'm pretty sure I'm still growing but I think I'm now slowing down so it's not that fast. Can we do a 22/230 bra? Or like, a 22(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)Z cup? I think it's a safe bet.

Oh, and make it red again, please. I think it looks kinda cute and sexy on me, don't you think? Thanks a lot, handsome. Olivia 🥰

Liam erupted once more, creaming his already soaked pants, lost consciousness again and fell back into the bra for a long sleep.