

## Outgrown

Codi dangled two aged garments in front of her webcam as she sat topless. Already knowing what the answer would be, she enjoyed the tease nonetheless. “What do you guys think? Should I try on this little red bra from high school? Or should I try this training bra from when I started puberty?”

The chat window gave a unanimous response; they wanted the training bra.

*Test the seams of that trainer!*

*Put that poor thing out of its misery!*

*Why not both??*

The ideas were all the same desire in disguise. Codi giggled and tossed the 32B to the side. “If you guys insist! We might as well start from the beginning if we’re going to do this, right?”

Holding the white training bra in front of her, Codi draped it across her 30K breasts. The difference was stunning and the strain they would put on the garment was clear. It wouldn’t be making it out of this cam show alive.

“Wow...” she awed at her own girth, “It’s hard for believe I was actually able to fit in this thing at once point! Like...I *can’t* remember being this small!” Squeezing her tits and presenting them to the camera, she teased, “Can you picture me with A-cup boobs?? Can you imagine?? I’m pretty sure I didn’t wear this thing for more than a few days. I barely remember it at all.”

Testing the elastic, Codi lifted her arms over her head. “Let’s see what I can do with it, shall we? I’m expecting to hear *a lot* of angry stitches.”

*POP POP!*

*“Nnngh...”*

She grunted and flesh bulged when the training bra was forced to stretch over her bust. Much to the delight of her viewers, it was far too small in every way. A comical image of a full-grown woman in girl’s clothing sat before them.

“Wooooow,” Codi gasped. “Guys... This thing would barely fit me now even if I didn’t have giant tits! I haven’t worn this since I was twelve!” Fingers poked and prodded at the heaps of overflowing flesh. “Wearing this could actually be more immodest than just going braless. My nipples aren’t even covered... It *might* actually explode if I breathe too deep.”

Codi inhaled as much as her lungs would allow.

*POP!*

Stitches blew on the training bra’s form. As long as her viewers stared, there always seemed to be more skin ready to spill over. The sight amazed Codi herself. Fishing her fingers under the band was a challenge in and of itself.

“Oook, I think that’s enough torture for that poor bra. Let’s move on!” she laughed, gasping for air once it left her chest. A red B-cup brought a flurry of likes and hearts to her chat

window. “I definitely remember this one! It was one of my favorites. It was also the first bra I popped out of during class because my boobs thought it would be funny to balloon overnight. C-cups really snuck up on me, and then Ds hit me over the head with a shovel about a week later. That’s how it felt, at least.”

Tossing her blonde hair over her shoulders, Codi wrapped the bra around her torso. It resisted her springy pillows as much as it was able but in the end, the clasp pulled taut and secure across her back. The sight was heavenly. Patting her packed bosom, Codi watched the chat light up with comments.

*How is that thing still alive?!*

*Those cups aren’t even big enough for your nipples now!*

*I swear you’re bigger every time I watch your cam show. Your bras must feel so abused!*

“You’re telling me!” Codi laughed and shook her chest. “Sometimes I’ll wake up and my boobs will feel *so swollen* and I start wondering if they’re getting even bigger. It’s exciting, but at the same time, they can’t just *keep* growing.”

*Do you want to be bigger?*

Codi blushed at the question. “I don’t know what I would do if they got much bigger honestly. I like the idea of it, but there’s only so much a girl can take! I’m sure all of you would *loove* watching me just grow and grow, wouldn’t you?”

It was a question with an obvious answer. Codi delighted in the chat’s response. “Let’s continue down our Journey of the Bras!”

Releasing her chest once more, Codi noticed an increased weight hang towards her lap. Subconsciously she wrapped an arm under them for support while reaching for her next garment.

“By this time my mom could pretty much sense my boobs weren’t going to stop growing anytime soon, so after jumping me up from a B-cup to an E-cup, she bought several other sizes too so we wouldn’t have to go back to the store in a week!”

Struggling to clasp a well-built F-cup, Codi posed for her viewers. “As you can see, this one wasn’t too helpful for very long either. Neither were the next two!”

*Looks like it fits alright to me!*

*I’m going to have to see proof.*

“You want proof, huh?”

A large G-cup bra fell onto the desk and Codi grinned. “This was one of the last bras I bought before finishing high school. It fit great for a year or so!”

Like the others, flesh poured from its cups and swallowed her shoulder straps. There was a surprising amount of overflow given its size. It was enough to make Codi pause and give her mammaries a testing wobble. They were heavy, swaying with more weight than she recalled. Her shoulders hadn’t ached in such a way since high school.

*Even in a G-cup, you’re gigantic!*

*I wish I could be your bra.*

*How do you manage to make all of your bras look so small??*

Codi's attention was turned back to the chat. A distracting sensation of swollenness was stirring in her chest. "A-As you can pretty clearly see... Much to my boyfriend's utter joy at the time... I outgrew a G-cup with no problem. It wasn't even a challenge for my tits! They're like goldfish; they'll outgrow any space you give them!"

Codi was short of breath. Lifting her chest, she let it fall onto the desk with a mighty heave. The camera shook from the force and ripples cast themselves across her cleavage.

*Earthquake!!*

*I felt those things drop from my house!!*

"Whew..." Codi breathed, "They're...*nnngh*... They can get a little heavy, some days! They can take the breath right out of you!" An expanse of flesh filled her desk unlike any other time she could recall. Stuffed into the bra, cleavage heaped to her collarbones and skin bulged against her biceps. Somehow, the G-cup felt just as small as the training bra.

*God you're beautiful.*

The pressure inside the bra was becoming unbearable. Noticing her areolas rising over the cups, Codi decided it was time to move on. "Which brings us to today!" A massive K-sized bra dangled in front of her. "Years of growth and popping out of bras have left me with these giant tits! Not that I'm complaining; how many girls come equipped with their own pillows??"

Her audience drooled as they watched her don her current wardrobe. Snapping the straps against her shoulders, she giggled, "Fits like a--"

*Uh oh! Looks like somebody had another growth spurt!*

*LOL I think you might want to get yourself measured again!*

*I know O-cups when I see them, and believe me, O-cups are smaller than whatever you're stuffing into that tiny thing.*

Codi was at a loss. "U-Uh... No, that's not right..." Looking over her sides at the incredible amounts of spillage, she double-checked the bra she was wearing. "T-This is a new bra! I just bought it yesterday! It fit perfectly!"

*In my professional opinion, I don't think it fits anymore!*

*The goddess has grown once again!!*

*You should wear bras until they burst open on their own!*

Codi laughed nervously. "Oh please no!! Can you even imagine?! I would be at the mall or something, complaining about how tight my bra is, and suddenly there would just be a loud--"

*SNAP!!!*

She froze. The clasp at her back had just blown open like a gunshot. Her bra leaped from her torso and slapped her monitor.

*Oooooohhh shit!!*

*Codi Vore is blowing up!*

*That bra didn't know what hit it!*

*I want to smother myself in your cleavage.*

*Look at those jiggle beach balls!*

Codi wasn't looking at the chat anymore. The desk-filling chest wobbling off her front was all that mattered. Short of breath and confused, she watched her curves inch across the table's surface. Nipples like strawberries stood into the air, pink and puffy.

"I-I'm growing..." she whispered.

*STRREEETCH*

The sound of growth sounded in response.

"Ahh!!" she gasped, sitting back in her chair. Her chest moved a little, but its weight kept it planted firmly on her desk. There was no moving it. "*I-I'm getting bigger!! Too big!!*"

*Look at her go!!*

*You mean look at her GROW*

*Bigger! Bigger!*

"G-Guys!!" Codi whimpered, placing her hands on her breasts. Larger than watermelons, each was more than two feet across. Cleavage rose as high as her shoulders and threatened to reach her chin should she press on their sides. "*Why is this happening?! Why are my boobs...mmmmmm...*" She shivered, tingling heat washing across her chest. "*What's...going on??*"

*CRREEEEAAAK*

Her eyes widened. "Was that my desk?!"

*I can't imagine how heavy those things are!*

*Much longer and we won't be able to see her face!*

Panic swirled beneath Codi's arousal. Sinking her hands into her bust, she fought to lift them from the desk. They only engulfed her palms like rising dough. As firm as they were, they were simply too large to hold. Growing larger still, they pushed her keyboard and mouse across the desk. Several items fell to the floor against her girth.

*Don't let them knock the screen over!!*

*This was worth every penny.*

*These special effects are incredible!*

*GUUUURGLE*

"T-This isn't fake!! My boobs are...*m-mmmm!!!*...they're swelling up!! It feels like...there's something...*i-inside...M-MMM!!!*"

Codi's nipples quivered and plumped. Pressure surged through her titanic tits.

*SPLLUURRCH!!*

Milk sprayed the webcam in a shower of hot dairy. Firming and filling larger, she stared slack-jawed at the fluid leaking over her desk.

*"MILK?!"*

*God I'm thirsty.*

*Ok, I actually jumped out of my chair when that hit the screen!*

*CRRREEEAAAK*

“M-My desk!!” Codi hugged her chest, trying to lift it once more. The sloshing produced from her efforts made her groan.

*I can hear her desk getting ready to break!*

*This is legendary!*

“Nnnmmgh!!! Ooohh there’s so much milk!! W-Why is this happening?!” Codi listened to the gurgles of her chest as cleavage eclipsed her face. The chat was exploding with messages but none could be read. Her skin tingled with swirling dairy and milk poured onto the floor.

*CREEAAAANK!!!*

“My desk can’t hold these much longer!! I’m too full!! A-And...MMMMM...heavy!! I-It’s gonna--”

*CRASH!!!!*

Codi’s desk split down the middle, never meant to hold more than a computer. The weight of two yoga ball’s worth of milk pulled her to the floor amid the wreckage. Milk sprayed into the air when she landed on her own chest, arms hugging its sides for support. Somewhere, the chat continued to ping with joy.

*“Mmmm!!! M-MMMM!”*

Listening to the sounds of Codi’s whimpers and moans in the background, her viewers stared at their screens. Two mounds of pale flesh crept ever closer. Milk dribbled onto the camera, until finally, as her nipples pressed into the wall and her cleavage closed together, the camera was thrown into darkness. The sound of pleased moans and leaking milk lasted only a few more moments.

*Cam session ended*