

## MythBUSTers

### *Contains implant-based breast expansion*

“Welcome back to Mythbusters!” a buxom woman greeted a camera. “I’ve gotta tell you, today’s myth isn’t like our usual experiments. This one might get us in a little trouble with the network, but it’s in the name of science!”

Eve leaned closer to the camera, gifting the audience a healthy view down her low-cut shirt. Motioning to her coworker, Jaime, standing in the back of the warehouse tinkering with a control console, she whispered, “You may have noticed our lovely Ms. Jaime wearing an uncharacteristically loose tank top instead of her usual flannel.”

Hearing her coworker, Jaime looked at the camera. “Hey, guys!”

Eve turned the camera towards a large egg-shaped capsule in the middle of their warehouse. “You may have also noticed this fancy contraption Jaime and I have been working on for the past month! What is it? It’s a special pressure control chamber! It allows us to lower the air pressure inside to something you might find at the top of a tall mountain.”

The show cut to a cartoon animation of a woman sitting on a plane. Jaime’s voice came through the background, narrating the scene. “The story goes that a woman took a flight a few months after a breast augmentation. Once reaching a high altitude, she began experiencing strange sensations in her chest, such as bubbling, sloshing, and tightness.”

The cartoon woman’s face filled with concern as her shirt vibrated. Two large mounds began inflating from her chest to match her head.

“As the plane climbed higher, her implants began expanding in the lower pressure environment. Her breasts were literally inflating! Of course there’s no ending to this story because it’s a fabrication, but the myth has persisted regardless. Some cases have even been claimed of women popping out of their bras while hiking.”

Eve jumped in with a gleeful face of excitement. “I’ve been waiting years to test this myth! I would do it myself, but I’m a little too natural for a real scenario.” Eve puffed her natural J-cup breasts out with pride. “Lucky for us, due to her constant fear of drowning, Jaime happens to own quite the pair of implants and she’s agreed to be our test subject for this little experiment. Your girls all strapped in and ready to go, Jaime??”

The busty mythbuster rolled her eyes before pulling her tank top overhead and tossing it aside, leaving her standing in a tight-fitting black bra for the camera. “All set. Viewers, you’ll notice I’m wearing a very snug bra. That’s because if any expansion *does* take place in my implants, we want to be able to see it happen in real-time. Normally I would wear a G-cup, but I went with an F-cup just for this.”

“Let’s just hope it doesn’t snap and take away our PG-13 rating!” Eve winked at the camera before turning to the educational side of their show. “Now, Jaime, before we send you into the magical boob chamber, what do you think is going to happen?”

Jaime shifted her head back and forth and looked at her chest. “I think at the end of the day this story is just a myth. Implants are extremely well sealed and contain little to no air if done correctly. There is no reason for them to expand upon going to lower pressures. However, the human body *does* in fact expand very slightly at altitude. I think this may lead to some of the strange sensations described by some women, such as tiny pockets of air forming around the implants itself, but the actual implant will see no growth.”

“Time to find out! Get in there!”

Eve closed the door behind Jaime as she sat in a chair amid the phone booth-sized chamber.

“All set?” Eve asked through a window.

Jaime flashed a thumbs-up before settling into her chair and leaning back, awaiting the process.

Rushing to a console, Eve explained their setup. “We really have quite a simple rig. A single dial is all I need to control the pressure inside the tank to have Jaime’s body act like we just dropped her off at the top of the Himalayas. Let’s see what happens!”

*WWHHRRRRRR*

A vacuum churned atop the chamber as Eve and the camera crew gathered around a small window. Although Jaime was shifting slightly in the chair, she continued staring upwards without a reaction.

“The anticipation is killer, isn’t it?” Eve whispered over her shoulder. “Just sitting here waiting to see if her chest comes to life? It’s exciting! Maybe we should have tied a rope around her ankle in case she floats awa--”

*“Nnngh!!”*

Eve and the cameras jolted to look through the window. Inside the chamber they saw Jaime staring at her chest. Her hands hovered an inch in front of them, as if she were cautious about touching her mounds.

“What’s going on in there, Jaime??” Eve tapped on the glass.

“T-There’s...some pressure under my skin...” Eve poked at a breast, testing its bounce. “They feel tight. I don’t know if they’ve grown, but my implants definitely feel off. My skin is firmer as w--”

*HSSSSSSSS*

*“MMGN!!!”*

Like a valve opening, Jaime’s bust surged forward in size. It took only seconds before it overtook her head and ballooned to two basketballs on her slender frame. The unfit bra lifted away from her body to constrain her breasts like a belt.

*“T-They’re definitely growing, Eve!!”*

“Do you need me to turn the chamber off??”

*HSSSSSSSS*

“*M-Mmng!! Ooohhhh!!*” No response came save for strange labored moans. Staring at the inflating sight, they saw Jaime gasping for air. Color filled her cheeks from obvious arousal. With such large breasts, even a bra could not hide her erect nipples.

“*N...Not...yet...*” Jaime finally responded, running a hand along the side of her chest.

Jaime chuckled and jokingly held a hand over a camera to block its view. “Viewers, I’m not sure we’re allowed to show Jaime in such a state...”

Another rush of moans drifted from the chamber. Watching with scientific curiosity, Eve ogled the beach balls inflating on her co-host’s body. Deep valleys dove into their forms where the bra straps refused to stretch.

“How is it, Jaime??”

It was becoming hard to see her from behind her chest. Only her legs, hands, and top of her head were visible. At some point, the button and zipper of her pants had become undone to expose lacey pink panties. “*T-They’re very...tight! I can feel my implants expanding inside of me! I-I...Ahhhugh!!! God, my tits are actually blowing up!! It feels incredible!! I can feel them stretching around my implants!!*”

*HSSSSSSSSSS*

“This is more exciting than I thought!” A cartoon animation came on screen to accompany Eve’s educational injection. “Scientifically, what we’re seeing with Jaime’s breasts is no different than what happens when you take your tube of toothpaste or a bag of chips on a trip to a higher elevation. Since that container was sealed at higher pressures, those trapped pockets of air will expand when the pressure outside the container drops low enough. Apparently, Jaime’s implants have some substantial air pockets! I would hate to be the guy sharing an armrest with her on a plane ri--”

*SNAP!!!*

*THUMP*

Eve jumped when an object struck the window. She glanced over in time to see Jaime’s black bra fall to the floor and reveal its struggling owner within the chamber.

“*MMMGGH!!!!*”

Jaime arched her back in the chair, heaving a pair of over-inflated yoga ball tits up and down. They wobbled tight and round, stretching her chest to a bright latex-like sheen. A hand was hidden down the front of her pants, thrashing madly as coffee can nipple trembled atop the pressurized knockers.

“Jaime?? *Jaime, are you ok??*”

“*MMMMMMM!!!!*” The camera watched the TV host masturbate without shame.

“*So...TIGHT!! MY tits feel enormous!!*” Jaime screamed in agonizing pleasure. “*I-I don’t think I can take anymore!! Get me out of here!!*”

*HHSSSSSSSS*

The expansion within her implants grew louder resulting in accelerating growth. Rushing to action, Eve dove towards the control console only to find the dial breaking off in her panic.

“Oh no.”

*“Aaahhhh they’re getting so BIG!! EVE!!! My chest feels like a balloon!!! I-I’m gonna pop it feels like!!!”*

*HSSSSSSSSSSSS*

*CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!*

Jaime’s implants roared with stretching pressure. A peek inside the chamber revealed Jaime completely buried by her chest. Engorged, puffy nipples like five-gallon buckets pressed against the wall of the chamber. Eve took a cautious step back when pale skin inched towards the window with a tightening line of cleavage.

*“Behind the glass... Get behind the bulletproof glass!?”*

The crew came alive with energy and rushed to safety, followed by their host. From behind a barrier, they zoomed in on the tank. The window turned dark from pressing skin hiding the events within.

*HHHSSSSSSSS*

*CRRRREEEEEAAAAK!!*

*“MMNGH!!!! MMMMMM!!!!!! AAHHHH I DON’T THINK I CAN STRETCH MUCH MORE!!!”*

*SQQQUUUEEEEAAAAAAK*

Muffled moans and squeaking echoed from the chamber. Like a low rumble of thunder on the horizon, the tank churned and creaked at its seams. The crew was speechless as they watched what felt like a bomb ready to explode.

*“This is always the hardest part...”* Eve whispered. *“Just having to sit in anticipation waiting for the--”*

***BOOM!!!!***

The chamber’s shell ruptured at multiple seams. Broken pieces flung far and wide across the warehouse, causing the crew to cover their heads in safety.

***BWOOMP!!!***

Like two airbags inflating after a crash, Jaime’s breasts expanded to their full size where the chamber once stood. As large as a van, they bounced on the ground like two fleshy bubbles before quickly shrinking in size from exposure to the outside pressure with a muffled internal hiss.

Eve was quick to approach, running to Jaime’s side by the time her chest had reached beach ball proportions. Her co-host lay on the ground in the broken remains of her chair. A pair of pants and underwear sat bunched around her ankles to leave her naked in full view of the cameras.

*“Oh my God!”* Eve laughed. *“That was awesome! Did you feel that shockwave?! It just hits your body like POW!”*

Stooping down amid the wreckage, Eve addressed a heavily panting Jaime. A ruined bra was plucked from the ground and held up for the camera. *“Well, Jaime... I think it’s pretty clear. What do you think about breast implants expanding at lower pressures?”*

It was difficult for her to talk while recovering from such an exotic orgasm. Wrapping an arm across her re-pressurized chest and trying to block her nudity, Jaime blushed and admitted, “C-Confirmed...”