

BREAKING BUSTY

J. D. TUFTS

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It was at work on Wednesday that Taylor Powell felt her bra quietly snap, breaking the clasp on the back beyond any sense of repair. Her breasts surged forward in relief, having been contained in that too small C cup bra for weeks now, while they had continued to grow at a rapid rate. Finally, the bra had relented, and Taylor was filled with a surge of triumph.

Being at work, she was still unable to remove the bra, but it had happened toward the end of the day, and she was sure she would be able to take it off soon. It was hard to believe that just a month ago this bra had fit her boobs perfectly, and now she had utterly destroyed it.

How big was she now? The thought obsessed her mind for the rest of the workday, but as her growth had begun, she had decided not to measure herself. She had wanted the joy of guessing how much she was growing as it continued, and the feeling of bursting a bra.

Still, to burst a bra like that she knew she had to have grown quite a bit. She might have been at least twice as big as she was when she started out. She was hoping that she was bigger. She would have to get a new bra and find out. That would be the exciting part.

When Taylor got home, her boyfriend was already home from work. “Hey, how was your day?” he asked her.

“It was absolutely wonderful,” she told him, but didn’t say why. Harold hadn’t touched her in about six months, and he hadn’t noticed her boobs growing either, even though it should have been obvious.

“That’s great,” Harold said, and then he went off to play video games like he did every night.

“Jesus,” Taylor muttered to herself. She went to look at herself in the mirror. In the light blue blouse she had worn to work that day, her boobs looked absolutely enormous. Maybe Harold was gay. That was the only explanation.

It had been Harold’s disinterest in her that had prompted this growth in the first place. She had been deeply unhappy. She and Harold had dated for a year and then had moved in together. Things had been fine before that, though Harold seemed to have a low sex drive compared to hers. Then once they were living together, things seemed to get progressively worse.

Taylor wasn’t sure why she hadn’t left Harold before this. They were really just roommates. Yet, Harold seemed perfectly content with the situation, and Taylor had to admit that a part of her still deeply cared for the lout, even though she was thoroughly miserable.

It had been when she entered a shop on main street that things had started to change. It was a new shop, selling occult items. Taylor had never been into that kind of thing, but she had entered the shop one day after work out of curiosity.

“You are sad,” the middle-aged woman who ran the shop said to her when she came in. “I can see it in your aura. Something is weighing on you heavily.”

Taylor was taken aback by this. This wasn’t exactly a normal sales tactic, and

when she looked at the woman, she seemed to be completely sincere.

“The truth is I haven’t been happy in a long time,” Taylor found herself confessing.

“I can see it,” the woman said. “I’ll be right back.”

The woman disappeared in the back for a second, and then she brought a small bowl filled with a pinkish powder and set it on the counter. “I really am not into this kind of thing,” Taylor said. She didn’t want to get convinced to spend money on some bunk product by this woman.

“You can have this for free,” the woman said. “I want you to close your eyes and imagine yourself breaking free of all your problems.”

Taylor wanted to laugh, but she did what the woman said. Once her eyes were closed, the woman lit the powder and the room was filled with a sweet smelling aroma. Almost instantly, Taylor felt much more relaxed.

“When you go to sleep tonight, you will dream about coming into your true self. Soon this will become part of your reality.”

Taylor did laugh this time. “Are you sure about that?”

The woman was not shaken. “Positive,” she said. “If this works for you, maybe you will come back and let me know how things went.”

Taylor went home and had a dream that night. In that dream, she had incredibly large breasts. Not just the kind of breasts that are normally categorized as large. Taylor already had good sized breasts by many people’s standards, and being twice as big, a double D, was normally considered very big by the kind of people that Taylor knew. Yet, Taylor had always wanted to have much bigger breasts. It was a desire that went back to childhood.

Taylor had seen a talk show where there were women who were obsessed with increasing their bust size. These women had done so through surgery, and had breasts as big as basketballs, or bigger. There was something about this, imagining herself as one of these women, that Taylor found arousing. Yet, at the same time, she didn’t like the idea of surgery. With some of these women, their breasts looked obviously fake.

In her dream, Taylor had breasts bigger than any of the women she had seen that day. She would have absolutely dwarfed some of them, yet her breasts were real. She dreamed of herself walking around in a tight dress, a foot of cleavage on display, and getting the stares of everyone she passed.

When she woke up, she was incredibly aroused. Harold was in the shower, so she had time to touch herself before he came out and get herself off. It didn’t take that long. She had seemed to be right on the edge, and all she had to do was imagine her breasts growing, and then she was having an orgasm.

She was able to finish just in time, and Harold didn’t even notice that she was trembling and red when he came out. He wasn’t noticing her at all. He didn’t even notice when her boobs started growing.

Sure, it wasn't obvious at first. It started happening very slowly. Taylor estimated that the first increase in cup size took about two weeks, but after that things started to pick up. If Harold was noticing anything at all about Taylor, he would have seen that her bra was getting very tight, but he didn't. For Taylor it was like a dream come true, and all she could do was hope it would never stop.

Taylor decided to change before she went to the bra shop. She chose a red polka dot dress and her favorite white sunhat over her blond hair. Her boobs looked positively obscene in the dress without a bra, and she loved it. Despite their size, her breasts were so firm and perky that they simply thrust outward without the support of a brassiere.

When she got to the bra shop, she was helped by a young salesgirl who looked to be about five-foot-two. Taylor was five-foot-nine, and basically towered over the girl while she tried to size her. Taylor loved the fact that she was bigger than this girl in every way.

"We don't have your size here," the girl told her.

"What do you mean?" Taylor asked.

"Well, you could get yourself a sister size. Your sister size here would be a 38DDD, which is one of the bigger sizes that we stock, but what you actually need is a 36F, which we don't carry."

"Do you know what stores do carry that size?" Taylor asked.

“I can give you some names,” the girl said.

Taylor bounced out of the store, excited about how big her breasts had become. Despite her fantasies about having massive breasts, Taylor had never known much about bra sizes.

The bra shop was in a small shopping center, and while on her way to her car a man called out to her. “Excuse me, miss,” he said, and started to walk toward her.

Taylor looked up at the man. He was handsome, looked to be in his early thirties, and a little bit taller than she was. “Yes,” Taylor asked him.

“I’m sorry,” the man said, stopping a few feet in front of her and looking sheepish. “Have you ever done any modeling?”

Taylor laughed at what he assumed was the man’s attempt a pickup. “No, I can’t say I have,” she said.

The man still looked embarrassed, but he reached around and grabbed his wallet before producing a card. “I’ll just give you my information,” the man said. “You can check out our website and let me know if you’re interested. This isn’t how we usually approach potential models. I just saw you here, and well I thought you would be a good fit.”

Taylor took the card and stared at it for a second. Mike Dalton was printed on the card as well as a website, and email address.

“I’ll give it a look,” Taylor said, and she put the card in her purse.

At that moment, Taylor thought that she was just being polite and would never think about the man’s offer. Not only did she find herself thinking about it, but she couldn’t stop thinking about it all the way to the other bra shop.

Once she was at the bra shop, Taylor bought herself two new bras. She considered the idea that she might want to buy herself more, but a thought crossed her mind. “I’m probably still growing,” she said to herself, and the words sent a tingle all through her body.

When she got back home, Harold was still playing video games. “Guess what happened to me today,” she said.

Harold stared at her blankly. He looked to be honestly confused, and then he said, “Did your boobs get bigger?”

Taylor laughed out loud. It was about time that he noticed. “Yes, they have,” she said. “That isn’t what I was talking about though.”

“What are you talking about?” Harold asked.

“This guy stopped me in the store parking lot and gave me his card. He asked me if I had ever done any modeling.”

Taylor wasn't sure what she expected of Harold, but she expected something. He seemed to hardly react at all. “Is that something you'd be interested in?” he asked her.

Taylor shrugged her shoulders. “I don't know,” she said.

Harold still showed no sexual interest in her despite the fact he had finally noticed her boobs had grown, and Taylor had a hard time falling asleep. As she lay in bed she was thinking, “It's over. I just have to end it officially.”

She didn't check the website until the weekend. The site was one for fetish modeling, and it represented girls in a variety of different kinks. It wasn't what Taylor had expected, but as she looked at the kinds of things that the different models did, she was aroused. She assumed that Mike Dalton had stopped her for her curviness.

Taylor didn't write him though. She still wasn't sure about the whole thing, and she knew she had to end things with Harold one way or another.

A funny thing happened on Monday. Taylor had tried out one of her new bras on each day, on Thursday and Friday at the end of the week. That weekend, she hadn't left the house much, and as a result had gone mostly braless. When she put on one of her new bras on Monday, it felt tight. That seemed like it was impossible, but it was definitely the case. As she walked around work all day, she could tell that the bra simple did not fit any more.

Again, she resisted measuring herself. Instead, she tried to guess how much she had grown. A cup size, or two cup sizes? That was an absurd amount of growth in four days she realized. It looked like she had grown at least two. That was insane. The next day, her new bra snapped just like her last ones.

At this point, Taylor knew that her co-workers had to be noticing that her boobs were growing. She had gone from a C to an F, and she had to be at least three cup sizes bigger than she was before.

Taylor went to the same bra store she had gotten her 36F cup bras and got measured again. She was a 36HH now. She bought a new bra even though it was over sixty dollars. She knew exactly what would happen, and it did. By Friday her bra had snapped in half again, and she was back at the store.

“Weren’t you just here last week?” asked the salesgirl. She was the girl who had sold Taylor the bra the first time, but not the most recent time.

“I was,” Taylor said. She had come wrapped in a trench coat she wore. She unwrapped it to reveal her new figure, braless and in a t-shirt and jeans.

“Holy shit!” the salesgirl cried. Taylor could feel her nipples getting hard at that reaction. “How did you get so huge?” the girl asked breathlessly.

“I grew,” Taylor said with a shrug. “Measure me”

The girl did what she was told, and soon Taylor learned that she now had a stunning 36K bust. She couldn't believe she was so huge, but she bought another bra, certain that it would be too small for her before too long.

Harold still wasn't home when she got back from the bra shop. Taylor assumed that he was working late. She decided to wait for him and give him quite a surprise. When he opened the door, she was standing in the living room in her white robe.

"Hey, what's up?" Harold asked confused.

"Remember when you asked if my boobs were growing?" Taylor said. Then she let the robe fall to the floor.

Harold's face was absolutely shocked by what he was seeing, and it was the only enjoyment she had gotten from him in months. "Dear God," Harold finally said. "Taylor, what happened to you?"

"I've come into my true self," she said. Then she bent down and picked up her robe. "By the way, I'm moving out."

Harold was too stunned to really respond, and Taylor walked off to the bedroom and put on some clothes. She had already packed all the things she thought she would need. She had called her friend Sheila and asked her if she could stay with her.

“Jesus Taylor, your rack!” Sheila said when she saw her.

“Yeah, I know,” Taylor said with a giggle. She was wearing a tight sweater that she thought made her look absolutely immense.

“How?” Sheila asked.

“I grew,” Taylor said with a laugh.

She loved the reactions and wanted more of them. The best way she thought of getting that was to get in touch with Mike Dalton. She wrote him an email that night. He answered her within an hour and suggested that she meet him on Monday.

Taylor showed up in a red dress that was struggling to contain her. She had found it in a shop on Sunday, and it was obviously made for a woman with some curves, but a figure like Taylor’s was beyond what anybody would have imagined while creating some dresses. Her boobs were practically spilling out but were held in just enough to preserve the smallest sense of decency.

Every head turned to stare at her as she walked through the building and up to the office. She saw one man run into a pillar and laughed to herself. When she got to Mike Dalton’s office, the young woman at the secretary’s desk couldn’t keep her jaw from dropping open.

“I’m Taylor Powell, I’m here to see Mr. Dalton,” she said.

Soon Mike was coming out to meet her, and the expression on his face was one of complete awe. He sucked in air and struggled to take his eyes away from her chest in order to meet her eyes as she stood up.

“Miss Powell, thank you for coming,” Mike said. “Please, come into my office.”

Taylor followed him into the office, enjoying her massive jiggle with every step. When they got back to the office, Mike sat at his desk, again struggling not to stare at her chest. Taylor decided to take pity on him.

“You can go ahead and say it,” Taylor said. “I’ve grown. It’s obvious.”

“I saw you just a week ago,” Mike said. “How is this possible?”

Taylor laughed, and she enjoyed the massive shudder of her bust, as she noticed Mike did as well. “If I told you the story, I’m sure you wouldn’t believe me. I can just tell you that I’m going through an incredible growth spurt.”

Mike took a few minutes where he unapologetically “appreciated” Taylor’s size. After staring into her cleavage for what had to be at least a solid thirty seconds, he tore himself away. “You took the time to look at our website?” he asked. “You’re interested in doing the types of pictures that we normally do?”

“Oh yes,” Taylor said. “I would very much enjoy it. Right now, I think I would

also really enjoy you having your hands all over my massive tits.”

Mike’s eyes went wide, and Taylor stood up again, breathing deep and letting her gigantic breasts rise up before Mike’s eyes. Then she put her hands on her shoulders and lowered the straps down.

It was so exciting to see Mike’s reaction to her huge tits being naked in front of him. Unlike Harold, he was obviously a man who could appreciate a huge set of tits. Taylor’s pussy was wet at once when she saw Mike’s eyes on her. It was so hot to be looked at in that way.

Mike didn’t hesitate to do what she asked. Soon, his hands were on her tits, and Taylor was overcome by her own arousal. It had been so long since she had a man’s hands on her body. The feeling was absolutely intoxicating. Mike was kissing her neck, and she could feel her pussy practically gushing with her juices.

He took her on his desk, and he fondled, squeezed and sucked her tits as much as he could. “Have you ever felt tits this huge pressed against you?” she asked Mike.

“Never,” he said, pumping inside her.

“They’re going to keep getting bigger,” Taylor told him. “I want them to be much bigger.”

After Mike had come inside her they discussed her first shoot. “We’ll need to take some measurements so that you can have wardrobe for the spread,”

“There’s a problem,” Taylor told him. “I’m going to be bigger by the time that the shoot happens.”

“You’re serious,” Mike said.

“You’ve already seen how much I’ve grown,” Taylor told him. Mike couldn’t disagree with what he had seen with his own eyes.

The shoot was scheduled for two weeks from that day, and measurements were made for wardrobe. Instead of getting the clothing made in that size, Mike calculated how big Taylor would be based on the rate of growth that she had already exhibited.

“You’re playing a dangerous game,” Taylor teased. “You’re betting that the rate of my growth isn’t going to accelerate much more than it has previously. The clothes could all be for nothing.”

“Oh, I think it would be even more fun if they don’t fit,” Mike joked.

The two quickly became inseparable and spent most of their time together fucking. Mike loved Taylor’s massive tits as much as she did, and he couldn’t keep his hands off them. With the way Taylor loved to tease him, he really didn’t have much of a chance. She was constantly wearing new sexy outfits, and very

soon, growing out of them.

Mike got to see Taylor's incredible growth firsthand. She was indeed growing faster, just as she predicted she would be, and this meant that she was blowing through cup sizes in a matter of days. It also meant she needed new clothes all the time.

Mike had the money to get Taylor these clothes, but the problem was that her proportions were already so preposterous that hardly anything could fit her. So, they would try to improvise. They would fit her with clothing that were made for corpulent women, and she would stretch it out with her huge boobs so that it would fit tighter on her thinner body.

Of course, this never looked right. There was no way that Taylor could wear normal clothes again, but she was also growing so fast that custom fit clothing was impossible. Within days of coming to Mike Dalton's office, Taylor had exceeded the size of any bra on the market, and she was bursting out of anything she wore, much to Mike's delight.

She started spending a lot of time at Mike's place, and she would spend the days at his apartment wearing huge oversized t-shirts while her gigantic braless chest would bounce and sway. She loved watching Mike's eyes follow her as she bounced around, knowing that her tits were just getting bigger and bigger, and would continue to do so until they split this new t-shirt in half. It never took long at all, and she started going through the shirts.

"It's always been my fantasy to have tits this huge," Taylor explained to Mike. "I'm making this happen. I'm making myself grow bigger and bigger, to become the woman I always knew I was."

She was sure that Mike didn't actually believe what she was saying, but it sure turned him on. She could see it in his pants, him getting hard listening to her talk about her giant tits.

They fucked constantly. Taylor had been so deprived by her time with Harold that she wanted to get fucked as much as possible, and as many different ways. One of her favorite ways was to ride Mike and have her huge growing tits roll over his whole body, and to smother him as she pressed them down on top of him.

In this position, Mike would love to play and suck on her nipples. Her tits were soon so gigantic that he hardly had to sit up in order to do so. Taylor thought about them getting even bigger. The thought turned her on too much. Would there be a point when her tits would be too big for Mike?

It kind of seemed that way when they would have sex in the missionary position. By the time the two weeks before her photo shoot ended, Taylor's tits were so gigantic that Mike had a hard time staying on top of her while he pumped inside her. Taylor loved the struggle as he would practically slide off her tits, but she knew if her mountains got much higher, then it would start to be an issue. Mike was already sinking his body into her cleavage.

Another one of her favorite positions was from behind, because it allowed her to rest on her own preposterously overdeveloped tits. It made her feel so huge to be leaning against her own massive mounds and to feel them pressing against her, while Mike was fucking her from behind. Of course Mike was reaching around so that he could feel as much of them as he could. Taylor was amused to feel the little man try and get his hands to her nipples as they kept growing more and more every day. Soon it became impossible for him to reach them.

By the day of the shoot, Taylor could not believe how incredible her tits were. This was the fantasy. She was standing in Mike's apartment in front of a full-length mirror, naked, and looking at her unbelievably massive tits.

They stuck out three feet in front of her and hung down to her knees. It wasn't the sag that made this the case, merely the preposterous size. Dear God, they were insanely huge, but they retained their teardrop shape in a seeming defiance of the laws of nature. Taylor was incredibly turned on looking at herself.

Mike came into the room, already dressed for the day, but Taylor could see the bulge start to form in his pants as he looked at her. She knew what he must be thinking. He had just seen her yesterday, yet she already looked bigger than she had looked before. She was always looking bigger, because she was always growing.

"Do you think those clothes you had made will fit me?" she asked with a smirk.

"Not a chance," Mike said with a laugh. "I just want to see you try to put them on."

Taylor moved from the mirror over to the closet, where she would attempt to put something on for today. It was amazing that as huge as she had gotten that she could still move around. She should be far too big, but it was like her body had adapted to her massive tits perfectly, and she was able to carry them no matter how big she got.

They just needed to cover her long enough to get her to the studio, so that was what they did. Clothing was something Taylor felt she no longer had any use for. She thought that she would rather do without it. After all, her breasts were something people should be able to gaze at all the time. Nobody had tits this big before, not even close. Tomorrow they would be bigger still. She thought she needed to share that with the world.

The first outfit that Taylor was dressed in when she got to the studio was a red bikini. The bottoms fit her perfectly, but the top barely covered her nipples. The illustration of how absurdly Mike had underestimated her growth made her laugh.

“You really thought I would only be this big?” Taylor asked and laughed.

“I know,” Mike said. “You warned me.”

Taylor stepped out to have her picture taken, and the photographer and small crew gasped at the sight of her. She never got used to this reaction from people, and she craved it more and more the more she got it.

“This is the biggest big bust model we’ve ever had,” the photographer said to Mike. “I can’t believe this is possible.”

“Believe it,” Mike said. “And she is still growing.”

Taylor posed for the pictures and she thought about all the men who would see

these pictures soon. They were all men who loved big breasts, who had fantasized about having hugely busty women, and maybe even had a few in their lifetimes. Yet, Taylor would dwarf them all. She would exceed their wildest fantasies.

She thought about what this would mean, what reactions she would get. Millions of men all over the world would be obsessed with her, and her massive growing bust. As she got bigger and bigger, their adoration of her would grow as well. She would be like a true modern-day goddess.

She was getting very wet as she posed for picture after picture. She put her hands on her hips and thrust her chest out. She bent over so the photographer could get a shot of her jaw dropping cleavage. She did a shot from behind, so everyone could see how much of her there was to gawk at even with her back turned. Each shot got her more aroused, and she thought she might have to take a break before the next outfit. This was her dream, and now she knew, dreams did come true.