

SHORELINE

BUSTLINE

by

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May Contain: Very large breasts, a containment 'bra', and a beach. You've been warned!

Carleigh carried her chair down the beach, wading through the other beachgoers. She slipped through a good portion of them, until empty space ran out among the throng of people. Finding a spot closer to the shoreline wasn't going to be possible with the density of towels on the beach before her. She was still a good 20 feet away from the first person sitting at the wave line before she selected one of the few spots available, one right between two couples, and unfolded her chair.

There was hardly any room for it, but she unfolded the beach chair nonetheless, and propped it up on the sand. The black-haired beauty stepped back to look at her handiwork, and then at the ocean. Pursing her lips, Carleigh readjusted the chair until she was satisfied that it DIRECTLY faced the ocean, and the horizon. Perfect. The girl took the time to survey the rest of her surroundings. Nobody seemed to be paying attention to the beautiful girl in her beautiful outfit. The beach was too crowded, and there were too many other beauties for her to be of note. Elsewhere, however, Carleigh's lean stature, full breasts, and artfully casual attire would have been showstoppers.

Like a model walked off a magazine cover, she had short-short cutoff jeans on powerful long legs. Her tummy was bare up until her ribcage, where the base of her red frilly tube top rested. The fabric of that top clung to her fulsome curves like packaging tape, but the frilly ribbing broke up the texture from revealing too much. Even so, her plentiful orange-sized bust looked overlarge on her otherwise thin frame, of which the flat-cut neckline only covered half and pronounced a cleavage that belied her size. For a delicious extra emphasis, the elastic was cutting into them a smidge, just enough for an obvious indentation in their softness where the tube began to cover them.

It was enough to draw people's attention as she had walked TO the beach, that's for sure. But something else always invariably stole that focus, once onlookers got a look at her back. Not her ass, though; not her slender and smooth back, not her hips hugged in jeans, and not her

toned legs. Instead, people peered at the peculiarly glowing object affixed to her top. The oddity was just where her bra hooks would be, if she was wearing one. On another tube top, the fabric here would be all one continuous piece, or both sides meeting upon a metal ring that held them together, but not Carleigh's. Most observers weren't quite able to make out what they were seeing as she walked past, but it appeared to be a small, dimly lit panel of buttons.

Satisfied with her setup, the leggy college student streeeeeeetched her catwalk-ready frame, luxuriating in the sun and the smells and sounds of her anticipated beach day. She had waited months, and was thoroughly enjoying herself already. Her arched back and prominent features DID draw some interested looks, but Carleigh paid them no mind. With a relaxed sigh, she dropped herself into her chair.

The college student sat there for a small while, content. Once she started, she would only have so much time left to enjoy herself. So she relaxed a bit, and took in her surroundings.

The stretch of shore was about a mile long, and about 100 yards deep; much of it was obscured by the summer season droves of tourists. Playing, laughing, and lounging. Almost every inch of it was occupied in some manner, from the breakers behind her, all the way up to the waterfront. Her home state didn't have many beaches, so the usual ones got swarmed with vacationers during the warm weather. Soon, however, her body reminded her why she was here.

She might as well get this show on the road.

Carleigh fussed with her positioning again to make sure her shoulders were ABSOLUTELY parallel with the blue horizon that extended as far as the eye could see. Reassured, she relaxed a bit from her ramrod straight position, and pulled her feet in. Then the busty girl leaned forward to get her back off the chair. With a last furtive glance around, she reached a slender hand up her back and tapped the glowing left button on what was indeed a control panel affixed to her clingy boob sling.

KA-SHINK.

With a huge swell, those large handfuls on her chest ballooned into something much more. The stretchy tube top kept up effortlessly, even as her bosom expanded and literally doubled in cupsize. What had been a moderate few inches of protrusion, from her chest wall to the tips of her feminine wiles, instantly became incredible.

Carleigh grunted with relief, as already the discomfort was somewhat reduced. The confinement of her minimizer bra made it so agonizing to WEAR, sometimes; even this much was a tonic for her soul and her poor beleaguered chest. The grunt also came with the newly added weight dragging down on her torso. That was one thing the torturous contraption was good for: it usually ate all the excessive weight that came with the size of her breasts.

Carleigh flicked a coy glance around, checking if anybody had noticed the sudden enlargement of Carleigh's cantaloupes. Nobody had, even though her new sack-of-flour size was certainly noteworthy. Carleigh straightened her back a bit so she could reach behind more

comfortably, enjoying the heft and sway and FREEDOM of her assets still wrapped in her forgiving top.

KA-SHINK, the panel on her back shrieked.

Carleigh's bazooms billowed into her legs, which were so long that her knees rose above the low sitting beach chair. Combined with her lean forward, there was now a mounded cushion of boob between her torso and gams. She might as well have been hugging a throw pillow ... or two! It was sooooo soft and plush. She LOVED letting these puppies breathe!! Carleigh allowed them to prop herself up off her legs as their growth slowed to a halt. With just that, she could feel the tension leaving her body as she let more and more of herself out. She reveled in it.

The girl took a moment to slow down, and appreciate her current size. If she wasn't already the bustiest babe on the beach, it would only be because of an overweight grandma. Regardless, it was a preposterous endowment for someone so rail thin. Each bulbous orb was about as wide as her waist! But it wasn't enough ... she still had so much more to give!~ There wasn't going to be enough room between Carleigh and Carleigh's legs for Carleigh's breasts, so she didn't even bother leaning back ...

KA-SHINK.

... She was forced back. Nearly all the way back into her seat as her basketball breasts explosively doubled again, crushed between her legs and her ribs until something had to give. With mere inches between her back and her chair, the exceedingly and increasingly endowed woman pushed her feet forward in the sand so that her raised knees were no longer an obstacle to her expansion. Doing so let her full enormity really flop out on her lap, and settle heavily on her thighs. They were MAGNIFICENT, even if she thought so herself. Not just because they were her own home-grown behemoths, not just because the pale pile of boobage was now one of the largest sets in the world, but because they felt so ... so ... right. This was her, and her body. Her best kept secret overflowed her lap, gloriously weighed down on her legs fat and full, and provided a warm comfort against her tummy. She put her left hand on her left breast, hopelessly dwarfed on the pale sphere, and tested its give. Squish, squish, it was all her. Handfuls had become more than armfuls. It was always a wonder to her, but she shouldn't let herself get distracted. She had seen THIS much many times in the comfort and privacy of her home.

But few others had EVER seen such extreme boobs. "Holy shi-" came a voice from just to her right. Carleigh flicked her eyes over to see a woman and her partner looking amazed and dumbfounded. Ah, the first to notice, Carleigh thought, allowing a smirk to grace her pouty lips. The woman averted her eyes with a blush, but the man was a moment late to follow suit, and was definitely caught in the act. He turned away with an even heavier blush. Carleigh giggle inwardly. In the corner of her eye, she saw the man and children in front of her also turn at the couple's exclamation, and now goggled at the immense breasts she was now sporting. She looked at them more seriously, though still smiling.

"Please move," Carleigh suggested. Then added, "You don't want to be there." She paused, but they seemed content to sit there and gawk. Well, they'd get the message.

KA-SHINK.

She was getting REALLY sizable, now ... for conventional human standards. For Carleigh, this was still an exceedingly reasonable amount of breast. Nonetheless, the effect was dramatic on the observers that HAD noticed her stupendous chest balloons. People stopped and stared. A domino effect triggered as somebody froze, and another looked over to see why, and suddenly joggers were 'catching their breath' as they halted and ogled, men and women with half applied sunscreen held their open bottles aloft but forgotten, and books were put down with their places lost.

Carleigh's fleshy beasts were falling off her lap now, overlapping her knees, and squashing her chair arms. Overflowing her REAL arms. Leaning forward was no longer so easy, but Carleigh had already made the necessary room. She tucked her legs together, into the underbelly of her cleavage, and then reached under her shelf to the bottom of her tube top. She stretched it out over her knees, to get them past the fabric barrier and poke into her soft undersides. With only moderate management, she folded her legs between her breasts to allow the pontoons to fall on either side. "Urk," she grunted as they swung down and clanged against her legs, but didn't quite reach the ground. "Easy, girls." With an eyebrow twitching at the strain of the new burden, Carleigh clicked again.

KA-SHINK.

Her exercise balls doubled into something much more. There was no longer an easy comparison to be made for their sheer mass, as most conventional human objects were far smaller than Carleigh's proud display of genetic freakishness. The streeeeeeeeetching of her bloated spheres felt SO GOOD! Like a cramp working itself out. She could feel them gobble up more space in front of her, breaking out of their prison and into the salty air. Yep, they were all her. Not an ounce was fake. Her hefty norks kept going until they reached the ground, and then swelled bigger and bigger still! Swafts of it were pushed aside as those breasts mounded up on either side of her legs, mushing their considerable weight and surface area upon the warm sand. The fine grains really tickled her underboob, and Carleigh giggled at the sensation of it shifting and shaping under her skin as her growth inched over it.

The ripple of jaw-droppage continued, propagating down the beach as Carleigh achieved such significant breast mass that she was starting to overflow her space allotment into the towels on either side of her. Her boobs had to be about 3 feet in diameter now, apiece. That bra-busting girl leaned forward, and winked at the aghast girl on her right, who was yanking their towel out from under the flank of Carleigh's right breast.

KA-SHINK.

She turned to put her chin in her cleavage. "Move, please," Carleigh reminded the people in front of her, as she blew up yet again. The quaking spheres heaped up to her eye level, and kept rising like bread in an oven. In a second her cleavage had risen to sitting height, and yet more boobage just kept pouring out in a torrent. Carleigh lost sight of the family in front of her, as the crevice of her own cleavage swallowed her entire view. As it stopped, the sunbathing model had

COMPACT CARS for breasts! She could walk into a parking lot and her tits would need the greater part of two spaces. Try not to hit her with your door!

Apparently, that was passing a threshold of realization. Her alarming growth scattered the family in front of her as she softly overtook their blanket, annexing it for the freedom of her breasts. Without stopping and without effort, her monstrous beauties battered into their umbrella and bent it forward, the collision enough to nearly uproot it.

Carleigh frowned with disapproval. That had been poor umbrella burying technique. A good wind would have taken it right out. The dark-haired girl turned to the still gaping woman on her right, and her dear partner. "Am I clear?" Carleigh asked.

The woman jawed her mouth but no words came out. "I mean, is there anybody still in front of me? I can't exactly see." Carleigh asked patiently, opting to rest her cheek on her warm enormity.

Seeing the woman was clearly useless, Carleigh flipped her head like a burger patty atop her wobbling cleavage. "How about you? Do I have enough space in front?"

The man, also holding an armful of stuff he rescued from her encroachment, stammered, "I-I think so. They moved-"

KA-SHINK.

Sand splayed everywhere as the already obscene boulders Carleigh called her boobs grew even larger, pushing their impact craters to twice the diameter. The umbrella didn't have a prayer, it was immediately knocked flat and then flattened under her growth. It was a flimsy wooden thingy, so no real loss beneath what was now literally tons of tit.

The family blanket in front of her was indeed dragged along a slight ways before it snagged on something, maybe a hump of sand, and was quickly lost underbust. Carleigh's leading fronts continue on to conquer the blankets on each side of that, and the blankets a row in front of THAT. Formerly just a dot on the grid of people, Carleigh's ink splotch was spreading.

The sheer massiveness of her breasts had stolen the spaces and spots for a dozen other beachgoers, and their blankets. Her cup-size was FAMILY-SIZE, only far more accurately than any bag of chips that advertised something similar.

People ran past the outskirts of her bosom, fleeing the condemned zone in front of her, while other people congregated behind her and gawked. Carleigh paid them no mind, as time was of the essence. She was here for the sensations of sweet, sweet release, and she was still at a size she could achieve at home. Although barely, as this was the very upper limit if she didn't want to break something.

Now the beach was eerily quiet. Everyone had stopped. Everywhere. She was vast enough to be visible across the beach for anybody curious, which was now everybody. With a quick glance at her audience, Carleigh returned back towards the helpful man. "How about now? Everybody clear in front?"

"I, uh ..."

 He and his girlfriend were hurriedly packing their stuff.

"Can you go see, please?" she asked to confirm, arching her eyebrows. Her breasts were clearly taller than him, and clearly extended past him. From her body they were visible beyond his, which meant he couldn't see in front of her any more than she could. She knew her breasts waited for no man, so she waited on this man to consider his answer carefully.

"Hold on." He staggered to walk a bit around the left flank of her dump-truck-flattening rack, so he could properly check it out for her. "They're gone," he said nervously, coming back into view.

KA-SHINK.

"Thanks," she sighed.

The man had to dive out of the way, as Carleigh had spared no time after hearing the prognosis. Her breasts found the water, to her utter delight. They broke the surf and pushed into the water, where the waves lapped up at her swollen bottoms and through her porous shirt. It washed over her and she sighed again with such contentment, both from the exquisite sensation of growth and the gentle chill and massage of crashing and receding sea spray. Even though she was adding ton after ton to her tits, it still felt like a weight was being lifted from her chest. Each Step releasing some of the pent up pressure she had to endure constantly.

Each colossal boob had swelled into houses ... probably. Thereabouts. All she could really see was a yawning chasm of cleavage that rose about 12 feet above her head, before endless red tube top stretched into the sky. What had she been before, garage size? It didn't much matter, Carleigh decided. That was in the past. The important thing was that this was officially a bigger release than she had enjoyed for such a loooooong time. Her bust now exceeded the square footage of her apartment, and she cooed with the reveal of her gigantomastia. Giganto wasn't a severe enough prefix, but whatever. She had never found one that sounded properly big enough to do her justice. They didn't have medical words for her condition. Most of the scientists she knew had been a bit more preoccupied with finding a hangar large enough for her. Perhaps a medical term was a futile effort anyway. If her condition was defined and classified by science, then -very much like her hangar- she might just outgrow it and need another one anyway ... Dwarf planet and planet, indeed! She was simply Carleigh, the girl with the big boobs.

All blankets around her for a 50 yard radius were clear. She was pleased that nobody was underestimating her growth potential out to the side. Just about everyone within that 20 foot distance closest to the water, anybody on the beach ahead of Carleigh's chair, was in the 'splash zone', so to speak. Only it wouldn't be a spray of water from an orca, it would be gallons. Of boob. She felt the slightest bit guilty about chasing everyone away. But she had needed this so badly, and there hadn't been any spots closer to the water! She'd only borrow this beach for a little while.

Carleigh thought about this as she listened to parents on the shore call their children in from the water. It was not unlike a scene from Jaws, but she welcomed it because she was going to

need that room. When that had settled down and gotten sorted out, Carleigh pulled an enormous, spotlight-bright smile at her audience ...

KA-SHINK!

What was better than breasts the sizes of houses? Breasts the size of TWO houses. Although the Steps of her bra (currently in the form of a tube top) didn't quite work that way, as it doubled her bra size. Try something like the volume of FOUR houses ... PER BOOB!! The earth groaned and the ocean protested the excess of sweater meat as Carleigh's impossible tits antagonized them both. With a boatlike crash into the surf, a huge Carleigh wave surged outwards, forged by her growth. She had added two new whales to the world's oceans. Save the whales! Or free the whales.

Her breast's wake kept going with its momentum even as the bra Step subsided, rippling out into the sea a ways with a surge of displaced water. It even fought with some of the incoming waves before it died out, their crests colliding violently. Her width had also increased dramatically, and the beach was quickly being overrun by woman. It was getting ridiculous even for their owner! She was such a size that she could barely comprehend her own breasts. She certainly couldn't see all of them, and she almost never got to be this big!! At least on the outside. She knew she was big, conceptually, but it was a different experience to uncage the tigers and let them prowl.

The half-circle of an audience kept retreating around her, there was now at least 15 yards between her and the closest person as they watched on in awe, but giving her judicious space. Others on the beach had started leaving in droves, for some reason. THAT was hardly necessary, she wouldn't be here that long, but it made no difference to her. She focused instead on the orgasmic release of her pent-up chest. The amazing unloading of her bra, the waves, the sun ... ah, this was the best! She was a simple girl looking for an even tan ... And this top needed to come off, otherwise she would have the world's largest tan lines.

KA-SHINK!

A city block sized bustline continued to engorge as more of Carleigh burst forth from the damnable tube top, and out into the salty air.

The mounds of sand around her outerflanks were forming proper dunes, all the displaced material piling up, up like a huge snowstorm depositing frozen fluff onto a windswept wall. Her inexorable growth bulldozed it all out of the way, leaving naught but warm and compacted sand under her fleshy udders. It was so wonderful, and she relished all three types of terrain at once. The dense, warm, dry sand beneath her chest near her main body, the hard wet sand a ways off but still just under the middle of her bust, and surrounding her fronts was the salty water sashaying on her private parts. It was here that she was most pleased, still watching as the waves she made eclipsed the natural ones and overrode them. The immediate sea was in torment, having to displace so much in so little time to make way for all this Carleigh, and the resulting chaos nuzzled her leviathans with a luxurious fervor. Gallons of water resisted, with no luck whatsoever.

Carleigh was most pleased to see her tits rivaling her neighborhood back home. She was nearly as large as she had ever seen herself, but she knew the next Step would not be the last. There was still a whole lot of her that had never seen the light of day! And that was a tragedy. Sometimes a very itchy, achey tragedy.

She was a little disappointed that the water level didn't even reach her areola, though. Carleigh was dying to be played with, even nature's caress was better than nothing, but alas. The consequences of being so stupidly big was that hardly anything was suited to giving her pair the loving they deserved. Flat women everywhere really brought those standards down, leaving girls like her high and dry. These shallows of the ocean moreso flapped uselessly around the base of her tremendousness, as if she were a docked cruise ship. The water even lapped up inside her cleavage, like waves licking a pier, but they rose no higher. Carleigh frowned. Well, if she was already to big for an areola dunking, there was no sense waiting around.

KA-SHINK!

She felt the exhilarating surge of bosom pull out the confines of her bra, and the great waterweight of tossed aside ocean as she ballooned before herself. That in and of itself was a terrific thing, and her breasts each rivaled apartment complexes ... the kind that were spread out instead of stacked tall. Hell and high water, that's what she was creating. The waves actually swamped some of the beach as the water was dammed and diverted around her protrusions. Just like that, her breasts rested more in the water than in the sand. And Carleigh herself had yet to touch any! Too late now.

Over the din, the insanely endowed raven-haired beauty was aware that the rest of the uncertain crowd was now scrambling to leave. That still left quite a few people who hadn't left their spots, and were just watching awestruck. Others were asleep, and one oblivious guy was chilling and bangin' with his headphones. The helpful guy from earlier was nowhere to be found, so maybe he had booked it. She watched the streaming crowd, as the shadow of her cleavage fell ever higher around them. It was a little amusing, her Godzilla breasts sent them all scattering just like a classic giant monster flick. While her breasts certainly qualified as Kaiju -did that make HER one? A titty monster?- she didn't think she was being all that threatening. Maybe people just like to run from things bigger than them.

Then again, she was stealing the view AND the coast from them all; her bra size so enormously outsized that she had deprived an entire beach of their fun just with her sheer massiveness. The phrase 'pardon my tits' sprang to Carleigh's mind, and while she seldom had case to use it, now would probably be appropriate. She left nobody a reason to stay, she was even stealing the SUN from a vast majority ... And if people wanted to admire her way-too-big bosom, well, they could also do that just as easily from the comfort of their own homes. Especially if ...

KA-SHINK.

KA-SHINK.

KA-SHINK.

She had the beach nearly to herself, and goodness she might as well use every inch of it! Her exponentiated bra reeled out more and more of her phenomenally overdeveloped self in a blind panic to comply with the Steps. Her pale silky boobs soared into towers and beyond, stretching for the blue sky above. The crack of her cleavage sat before her, and arched up like a vertical horizon line. Her mountain tops scraped away the atmosphere, as her widths elongated and stretched to get as far away from their owner as possible. She watched as best as she could as her breasts grew ever distant, yet still a complete and wonderful part of her own body. She was a small speck attached to cleavage.

Overhead, the birds SHRIEKED and wheeled with the terror of her fleshy invaders, but Carleigh could still hear her bra whining piteously as it struggled to keep up.

FA-TOOOOMSH!

Carleigh jolted upright as her right breast collided with the cliff that marked the end of the right side of the beach. The rock face crumbled under the pressure of her monstrous udder, yielding a dull corner as if she had sanded down a corner of a wooden block. She had positioned herself appropriately to face forward towards the horizon, but she hadn't accounted for her horizontal positioning on the beach. She wasn't at dead center, so her right breast had run out of room far before her left. Her growth came to a slow halt before left boob made contact with the wall off in the distance, so she'd have to wait until the sensations evened out. It was satisfying to see, though, that this cliff barely rose up the breasts she bore. Once an excellent view, she had filled it all with herself! If any lovers were smooching in cars up at the top of the point, they were surely having the surprise of their lives. She couldn't see them from this angle because the rock face was many stories tall, and yet her gazongas overshadowed it with ease. She wanted to cackle evilly, but she was enamored with how much she dwarfed the little lookout that was not so little at all.

It dug into her dug on the right, but far from unpleasantly. No more than the things she would insert into her bra, during self experimentation. In a moment, it would mean even less to her.

KA-SHINK.

KA-SHINK.

KA-SHINK.

KA-SHINK.

She tapped it with glee, NOW giggling madly. Just how much more was there to go? Had she really grown this much, since she put this dimensional prison on? It was exciting, and she couldn't help but be impressed by her gorgeous babies. But willfully, she stopped pressing the button to let the bra catch up and give the world around her a chance to settle. A butterfly

flapping its wings was nothing compared to Carleigh trying to take off her clothes! She hoped there were no hurricanes or tsunamis on the other side of the world, but there wasn't much she could do about it. They'd all understand. She was a good, quiet, normal, and even personable girl the rest of the year, though living with a tremendous-in-every-sense secret. Surely she could be allowed this necessity every now and then; she hadn't been naked in several years! Not in the shower, not in the sweltering heat at home, and not even on one opportunity to go skinny dipping. And forget flashing her boobs at Mardi Gras. What's a girl to do?

Carleigh's southpaw boob clobbered the other cliff almost immediately, and thus it had become official: the beach was closed. Sealed, in all honesty. Barrier to barrier it was stoppered by an overabundance of Carleigh. There was sea water still dammed up on this side of her breasts, maybe a foot or two deep at the most in places, but otherwise it was entirely cut off from the ocean beyond. Her breasts spanned the coast, and had conquered and comfortable outbusted it. The excessively busty girl dug her toes into the sand, savoring the thought. This coveted summer spot had clear, pale alabaster skies above ... and yet still more was on the way. The view was already cliff to cliff pale expanse of wobbling breast, and yet each surge of her growing bigger shimmied the leviathans further in every direction except backwards. She couldn't even see it anymore. She bet the people in town could, a few miles back, but alas she could only feel it.

Moisture brushed her mountain tops, and she looked up the sheer plane of her cleavage, arcing up into the great beyond. Apparently her breasts had swatted the clouds up above, brushing them aside to dissipate. More cartoonishly perfect puffs even blew themselves into her peaks, splashing their cold atmospheric mist into her cleavage, only wrecking themselves upon her vastitude. That was yet another curious sensation, as the air temperatures on her main body and the bottoms of her breasts were quite warm, and the higher atmosphere and the chilly clouds were a stark contrast.

Carleigh cloud watched for a moment, trying to think of metaphors about reaching for the sky that were now utterly broken because her breasts COULD do just that. A goofy grin crossed her face, as it occurred to her that her own curvature now appeared to her as the ocean horizon had earlier. Perceptible, but too big to really understand. Too big for sphere physics and the mortal human eye; a scale left for titans and the natural Earth. Where early philosophers thought the world might end at the horizon, so too could they have made such errors by looking at the sight she now beheld.

The water felt disappointingly shallow now; she'd need to grow out much further to find deeper water. Although by then, she'd be so much bigger that she wasn't sure it would matter. This piddly puddle of an ocean no more than resting her breasts on a countertop covered in spilled water. Gosh, she really HAD gotten disastrously big! She knew she was still growing, every day had been a bra adjustment, sometimes two or three, but this was unexpectedly substantial. Just how many miles had she packed on? She used to be measured in the number of hangars it took to house her, but ever since they strangled her in this contraption, she lost any true appreciation of her growth. A girl deserved to know the size of her own breasts, that was for certain. They were HERS, not theirs.

KA-SHINK.

KA-SHINK.

KA-SHINK.

The sky was cold and distant, but if she closed her eyes, it was embracing her. She imagined she now covered OTHER beaches, in other places. She could feel the itty bitty waves being blown back by her growth. She felt temperature differences in the water, the sky, the atmosphere, different weather patterns across the sea all tickling her in different ways and in different places. Her boobs were being seen by people she did not know, and would never meet. They loomed over towns and coastal cities that she had never been. They touched deeper in the ocean than she could ever swim with scuba gear, and higher in the sky than she could ever go by jet plane.

She couldn't even hear the ocean anymore. There was no ocean of water here. As she listened to the quiet, there was the approaching sound of something. The sound of a helicopter flying near. A megaphone rang out, barely heard over the propeller din as it approached. "Carleigh!! STOP!!" it screamed.

So there it was. All the king's horses and all the king's men were finally here. Hurriedly, Carleigh tapped on her back, even standing up so she had leverage to do it as quickly as possible.

KA-SHINK. KA-SHINK. KA-SHINK. It could only be pressed so fast!! KA-SHINK!!

Men rappelled down, and ran over to her. She noted with interest that the helicopter couldn't hover too close to her, because its propellers might drift into her cleavage perhaps result in something fiery. She certainly knew her boobs could take on those dinky bits of metal, and it seemed the pilot was all too aware.

The men landing on the beach stumbled as the Earth sloshed about them. Her powerful growth was shattering her world, in more ways than one! The men clambered over the earthquaking sand to reach Carleigh, colliding with her in a clumsy tackle and shoving her body up against her breasts. All three rebounded off her pliable bosom. The girl struggled to give her blouse just one ... more ... tap ... but the men leapt up and pulled her arms down in a position of restraint. She might as well be a perpetrator against a cop car, though she had naught but a face full of her own softness. The incredibly, dangerously, overbuxom woman grinned ruefully at the military man behind her shoulder.

"Paul," she said greeted coolly.

"Carleigh," came his irate response. "Just WHAT do you think you're doing?"

"I needed a day at the beach," she said brightly. "To decompress."

He scowled. "Is that your idea of a joke?"

"I just needed it off. Just ONCE."

"NO!" he said vehemently. "Goddamnit." Then he sighed. "You've gotten so much bigger –

“Thank you.”

“- than we feared,” he finished, his scowl deepening.

“Ok, so let’s find out how big,” Carleigh pleaded, her cheek squashed against her boob, arms grabbed behind her back. “I feel so LOCKED UP. Come on ...”

“That would be irresponsible,” he said severely. “And illegal.”

That ... was technically true. The bra was dangerous, and its contents even more so. She was legally required to wear to wear this contraption, and removal was breaking the law. She wondered what other laws she had just broken, incidentally. Environmental protection laws? International deep sea fishing rights?

“And the whole world is going to know about this now,” he continued, though she hadn’t been paying attention. “I have to make a call to get this cleaned up. Jesus, what a mess.” He sighed. “Johnson, Terry, you got this?”

“Yes, sir,” responded the man holding her, and another she hadn’t seen from her position.

She could hear the captain walk off, to make his phone call.

“Come on,” Carleigh urged Johnson. “You’re really going to make me wear this FOREVER? Never let me take it off? That’s cruel.”

Johnson hesitated, looking at her puppy dog eyes. She was taller than him, but looking down upon him with vulnerability.

“It’s illegal,” he muttered.

“I just want to be free, for once,” Carleigh sighed. “Is that so bad?”

Johnson considered her words, and looked down at the strap behind her back, finding the control panel that worked the wondrous contraption. His eyes lingered on it a moment.

“Johnson!” came a sharp voice, apparently Terry from the other side. That seemed to wake the man named Johnson from his reverie, his doubt gone.

Carleigh whirled on her other captor with the most scathing, withering look she could manage. “This thing is a prison,” she said. “My chest feels tight all the time, and some days I feel like I can’t breathe. You’re condemning a girl to suffering, TERRY.”

“Maybe so,” Terry shrugged, “but that’s a sacrifice I’m willing to make to protect my brother.”

Johnson shot him a quizzical look. “I thought your brother lived in the UK?”

“He does.”

Carleigh glowered at the man for a moment, letting that hang in the air, before she leaned into her cleavage in defeat. “Hmph,” she grumbled. “Have it your way. But you better get me a bigger bra, darn it, because this one is starting to chafe!”

The two soldiers looked at one another.

“Do we HAVE a bigger one?” Johnson asked.

“Dunno,” Terry said. “But we couldn’t take this one off, if we did. Maybe we can just double bra her.”

Carleigh stared at him. “You are my least favorite person, ever.”

THE END