

Felicity appeared on screen as her stream started. She had popped up out of nowhere on the site, dazzling audiences with her flirty demeanor during her gaming and chatting streams. Her ample cleavage left little mystery to what she was packing or to her sudden growth of popularity - though many were incredulous at how she HADN'T been banned yet.

"I'iiimmm baaacck! It's Tiddy Tuesday and you all know what that means, righhhttt??"

Her audience went wild as they drank in her flashy appearance and faux energy. Blonde hair with stylized pigtails, tips like blue flames, bobbed in kind to her movements. Each end a paintbrush dipped in progressively exotic colors, a fire matching the passion she brought to her brand. Makeup accentuated her features, but her lips stole the thunder, covered in a bright magenta lipstick. She was dolled up for the event for it was a grand affair. Tiddy Tuesday *\*always\** was.

Behind her Felicity's room was peppered in pink. Gaming and anime props of all sorts adorned shelves, between them a gap stood with a sign proudly saying 'Felicity's Funzone' basking in neon flames. The edge of Felicity's bed peeked into frame, neatly organized - though bearing a cardboard box with a Lightning logo.

Felicity leaned forward exageratedly to further emphasize her pigtails' movements, and tapped her keyboard a few times. Her hype meter appeared onscreen - the main event was starting soon. Thousands of viewers and she'd only begun streaming a few minutes prior. She stood up from her desk and backed away.

"Earlier today another month's shipment of clothing arrived, courtesy - as always - from Lightning Bra. 'Lighten your loaaadd with lightning bra!'"

She emphasized the corporate slogan with a deep bow to show off the tiny valley of her cleavage, before moving into a dainty spin to show off her clothing. A bright-

purple camisole-top, matching her hair dye, hugged against her slim form closely. Her bra's grey hex-pattern bulged just barely out of the camisole while its straps continued uncovered. The right strap held a series of colored buttons, etching across the straps like ribbons. The Green one would Release a gal's chest, Red would Compact for the basic models. Felicity's also bore a special Blue ribbon that allowed her to pair it with other devices.

Her maneuvering completed, she began to move closer to eye the hype meter - right as the bells signalling her viewership was over 20,000 began to chime. Felicity smiled.

"Welcome everyone! We're on! Don't forget to head to my Discord to vote on what I should wear out next stream! Link in chat! Let's start small today!" she leaned forward again emphasizing her double entendres. "\$100 to see these puppies grow!"

She barely finished her sentence before seven \$100 donations flew across the screen along with dozens of smaller increments. A bell dinged in accompaniment to each donation with a pitch and strength reflecting the size of the donation.

"Ooooh! That fast!? You all know how to pleeeaaasse a girl" she pouted seductively. The hex-borders of the bra faintly glowed through her clothes, sparks racing through the pattern, as the bra unleashed it's payload. The purple camisole pushed forwards to keep pace with the engorging chest behind it, as it jumped in small spurts with each donation.

The chat went nuts. Text streamed across it in a blur too fast to see individual messages. Only oft-repeated cheers and her streams' unique icons kept place for long-enough to get a glance in before they too disappeared off the screen. The dinging and Pinging continued to echo as Felicity's chest jumped and poured against her top. The bra glowed and fizzled constantly, sparks dancing every which way across its surface.

Several much louder bongs pierced the cacophony. The bra pulsed brighter as Felicity gasped in surprise at the surge of breast forcing itself against her top.

"HAah! I'll give you a specialll treat for that one!"

She leaned forwards, beaming, with her breasts still growing. Her cleavage danced in shadow as the bra pulsed light against the dark valley. The crevasse grew steeper and deeper as the camisole pushed back tighter against the increasing space her bosom was claiming. The ringing continued as more of her body was obscured by her cleavage. Felicity looked up directly into the camera with a subtle smirk and paused for dramatic effect - before sticking her tongue out and rolling her eyes backwards into an ahegao face.

A deluge of horny messages swarmed through the chat - as the ringing and dinging of donations began to crescendo even louder. Felicity held her lewd pose for a second, before returning to a knowing grin.

"Oops! Did I do that?" - Felicity mused innocently, as her chest leaped forwards several inches in a few seconds. "I knowww its an amazing view, but I'm going to need to stand up. You wouldn't want me to grow so big I fall over, right?" Felicity teased at her audience again as a few more dings rang out.

She hiked herself up with some effort, her chest swaying ponderously with the new motion. The camisole had ridden up past her midriff as it hung on for dear life. Her belly was exposed, but lurking above them Felicity's titanic breasts grew. Each pulse inched them closer to covering her abs once more. All real. All Felicity. She was a big girl and The Bra had more of her to give.

"This tops still got room to spare! I know you want it tighter like I do" she teased further, shaking her shoulders some to get her knockers shifting

\*Ding\* \*Ring\* \*Bing\* \*BONNNGG\* - one sounded far louder than the rest.

Felicity's movements stopped for just a hair of a moment, eyes widening for just as long. This was going to be a big one. She steeled and buried herself beneath her flirty E-Girl demeanor.

"OoOoh!" - she purred, as her gradual growth was interrupted by a sudden surge. The top, already stretched taut, had nothing left to give and ripped apart instead, unleashing nothing but her Lightning Bra and her not-light load. The dinging ratcheted up in response to the copious display of boobage that had torn her undershirt. Still the bra held firm against the brewing projections of her chest.

"Decompression Limit Reached" - a synthetic voice sounded out.

"And that's my cue! Bra's got no more of \*me\* to give"

The chat groaned and whined as Felicity reached for and tapped the blue ribbon on her bra-strap, before doing all sorts of motions to get her massive mams a-jiggling. The growth-show was over - for now.

"Alright! That's it for that shirt. How about I cut to an ad break and put another one on?"

She playfully blew a kiss to her audience and kept her jiggle show going by hopping and bouncing her way towards her computer, egging on her audience one last time. After reaching her desk she leaned over and gently smooshed her breasts into its surface like gelatin before leisurely searching for her mouse. Slowly rolling forwards

upon the sheer size of her udders as she inched towards the screen. She mashed her face and chin into her desk-pillows, sending them wobbling slightly, before giving them a quick lick while looking towards the camera. Right as it seemed like she was going to do more, she went to ad break - teasing her audience agonizingly.

"\*LIGHTNING Bra! Lightn' your load!\* Here's Lightning co-creator Sara Volterra!"

The ad's punchy intro was followed by a grainy, flickering before settling into a bleak black and white scene of a - mostly - average woman. She moved deliberately and delicately, every step an exhausting effort. Her pale-grey face bore a grimace of pain, and her dark hair looked disheveled and unkempt. A loose and boxy sweater was draped over her, crinkling and folding over most of her body bar one exception. Where slack formed folds elsewhere, Sara's chest pulled it tight, where her figure was hidden underneath the fabric her breasts proudly announced their presence. Sara was huge, simply too busty to hide. Pausing mid-screen, she arched her back and reached behind to pose in exaggerated discomfort. She looked straight at the camera and frowned - just as a dramatic squelch sounded and her form paused.

Upbeat music began to play as Sara, in full color, practically galloped from offscreen. Gone was her pained expressions and baggy clothing - instead she radiated an infectious smile as she wore a navy blouse that rested loosely upon her now-slim figure. The casual clothing did not betray signs of stretch or strain - as though Sara's massive breasts were but a fraction of their size. She halted right in the middle of the screen, partially covering the recording behind her.

"Look Familiar?" - the woman gestured behind her. "Scenes like this are happening all over the world right now. Back pain, embarrassment, and ill-fitting clothes. We invented the Lightning Bra to help women with unique bodies like mine! I used to struggle to accept my size - but now with Lightning Bra I can keep it close to the chest..." - Sara emphasized with a mock-hugging gesture - "...or..." she raised her arm and snapped "...let things loose for a little excitement!"

Lightning crackled as her blouse began to rapidly shift and tighten. The buds within bloomed from the charge, quickly claiming what space they could. Just as the buttons began to pull taut electricity arced and the entire garment - pants included - spectacularly exploded. Sarah's massive chest from before had returned, and fit perfectly into a ruby-red mini-dress that had been hidden underneath. Every inch of fabric clung provocatively and emphasized her figure, and Sara flaunted and spun herself around to show it off. A deep plunging neckline showed acres of cleavage, and yet her breasts slightly bulged around its edges. It was as though Sara's outfit was tailor-made to fashionably showcase just how huge Sara's chest was.

"With Lightning Corp's Adaptive Compression technology big boobs aren't a burden anymore. Be your breast self at any size with Lightning Bra!"

Felicity's form returned onstream once more. She stood bent-over like earlier, showing off a tasteful amount of cleavage in her new crop-top - but also just how small she was now compared to before.

"Welcommmme Back!" Felicity bent back upright, "How'd you like spending time with Sara? I couldn't help but notice the ad was about one of theese" - she patted at her breasts - "Can't escape seeing them, can't you? Why don't we get back to 'stress testing' the wonderful bra Ms. Volterra and her team made by making me bigger? I made my growth limit jussst a bit larger?"

Felicity spun in place to show off her new peach crop-top and her denim shorts. She tapped at her bra-band to activate it again.

"You ready? Time for round twoooooo!"

The ringing returned as donations poured in, her fans eager to see her outgrow her new top. Her breasts continue to bubble larger constantly with larger spurts of growth from bigger donations. Her cleavage developed deliciously, and Felicity moved

herself in ways to emphasize the growing valley of cleavage she was growing.

\*BONGGGG\*. The noise startled Felicity. No one had donated this large before, not at once at least - and she had never set a limit on how loud her donation rings could be. At the top of her stream \$5,000 and a donor name drifted by.

"Oh! That's... uh..." She stuttered, bewildered, before composing herself. Five. THOUSAND dollars. "Thaat's a lot! You... must really want to see me grow!"

She bent over the table again, her breasts swelling rapidly to seize the dwindling space between them and her desk. The valley deepened to a grand canyon between Felicity's mountains. More and more donations poured in. She reached around and shoved the keyboard forwards to make more room. The crop top stretches and stretches, Felicity's funbags bulging all around any free space they can make, but the top still held. Right as though the top seemed like it would break her audience's least favorite voice rang out.

"Decompression Limit Reached."

"Aww, that's too bad. My small tiddies just can't get beg enough to rip this top. What do you say to that, chat?"

Her viewers went nuts in frustration at the garment not exploding, mixed between trying to encourage her to increase her limits. Felicity drank in the attention and made a show of making a decision to further rile up her crowd. She gasped at a light-bulb moment.

"Mods, enable text to speech on large donors. Over \$500. If you give me a goood reason I miiliiight increase the limit!"

A few DONGs and BONGs echoed, Felicity wincing at how loud some of them were. All sorts of TTS messages of adoring fans echoed across to her. She relented, and increased the limit some.

The growth continued, the crop top dug further into chest. It screamed in protest, still just barely holding on.

"Decompression Limit Reached"

The stubborn crop-top would stay a little longer. Her chat was even more furious. Felicity showed an expression of surprise herself, sure that the new limit would have given her audience what they wanted. Before she even had the opportunity to try and elicit more donations from her fans a new \*BONNNG\* echoed loudly again. The same donor as before dropped yet another five grand, accompanied by a TTS message.

"Disable your limiter and there's 20k in it for you."

A blur of messages begging and encouraging her to agree to the bargain zipped by while Felicity stared in shock. She'd never gone this big before, but her audience smelled blood in the water and knew this might be what would push her over the edge. She shakily reached towards her pocket, searching blindly as her bosom obscured her view down. She had made up her mind.

"Fiineee. Just this once. You better follow through on that promise!"

With her phone in hand, she stood up, cradling her breasts under her forearms, where they spilled over and enveloped them fully. They were hefty and unwieldy, yet



she relished in exaggerating this fact - as each overt motion sent the twins jiggling and gyrating. She took a few careful steps backwards, attempting to make sure that her waistline would be visible, before lifting her bra-bound breasts up to cover her face and letting them go into a tiddy-drop. The heavy mountains slapped against her audibly, and rumbled with the motion what little they could in their cloth prison. While her audience was hypnotized by the motions, she tapped at her phone to remove the limiter.

"Aaand there we go! Come on chat, you wanted me bigger - so let's see it!"

She hadn't had time to finish her words before more dings, pings, rings, and Dongs all poured in. Her growth resumed with a vengeance - further and further down the alphabet they grew. Felicity began making a spectacle of movement back towards the stream so her audience could enjoy the growing fruits of their donations. The crop-top finally ripped to shreds, the built-up tension propelling it across the room, and Felicity's chest too springing every which way within her Lightning Bra. The stretchy material of the bra kept pace with her ever-growing size, but it too looked a tad fatigued.

She waved her arms around and exuded a sultry grin, her voice dripping with an exaggerated charm. "I'm a biiiig girl - did you know I haven't gone this big in a while? I'm sharing this moment with my immense tiddies just with youuu"

The Lightning Bra began to groan under the strain, hexes stretching thin, as the edge curled around her bulging breasts. The gaps between each hex sparkling continually as the bra stretched to accommodate tits bigger than even it was designed to handle. A particularly loud crackle drew Felicity's attention downward, seeing the unusual sight before her. She paused and frowned, her playful demeanor flickering.

"I better end things here then. I wouldn't want to have a wardrobe mal-"

"Bra integrity compromised"

"Uh oh!" she gasped, hands flying in surprise. "I didn't know that could happen! Guess I'm toooo big for even a Lightning Bra!" Her voice lilted with a mischievous faux-innocence, but her eyes betrayed a hint of concern.

She started walking towards her computer to end the stream, but with her 'newly-found' size each step was slow and difficult. She exerted herself and struggled, growing all the while as dings continued to ring, before reaching her desk. Her chest spanned so far down her body that they actively hit the desk before she did - blocking her progress forwards. She grimaced in exertion as she struggled to heft them up so she could get closer. No matter what she used to lift them, hands, arms, bra, her breasts deliciously enveloped and overflowed it. Leaning back and using her leg to help lift upwards, she managed to get one breast on the desk, and then the other, before leaning forwards against them to shut the stream off.

"Sorry guys for the quick exit! I'll be back next time!... - she began to wave. "Hope I don't catch a ban..." she muttered right as the bra began to sputter and spit out waves of sparks. A foot of Felicity simply \*bwoomfed\* into existence as the hexes shredded to pieces. Nipples the size of fists erupted forth, surrounded by dinnerplate areolas. Her breasts engulfed and smooshed her keyboard, before her webcam's view was mostly covered by an areola.

"RIIP BRA! RIIP Stream!" - all sorts of messages commented on the sight, though the deluge was slowed due to the shock of the predicament. Felicity groaned and whined as she struggled to move herself to see over her breasts or grab the mouse. Glimpses of her flailing arms and the tips of her hair appeared over the globes of her chest from time to time.

Suddenly the broadcast cut out, replaced by a message.

"Broadcast suspended for violating nudity policy"

