

# HOUSE

## OF THE HAUNTED BRAS

*by Rack-Coon*

A bra on the lawn.

That was the first thing that caught Nikky's eyes as she stepped the broken gates onto the property. A few feet ahead of her, a bra was lying on the lawn, almost covered by grass that hadn't been cut in ages. It looked like it was made for B-cups, with a plain, unremarkable design. Raising her gaze, Nikky spotted another, a sports-bra for C-cups. Then another one, D, maybe even E, lacey and all black. Over the lawn, bras of various size and shape were scattered around. And while they didn't form a straight line, they roughly framed the path that led to the front door of the old mansion in the center of the property, standing slightly elevated on a small hill.

Nikky followed the trail to the veranda, looking at the bras on the way. Some were covered in dirt as if they had been lying around for months, while others seemed to have been left behind just recently. What they all had in common were signs of weariness, even damage: Snapped straps, broken locks, worn-out cups that looked like someone had tried to stretch them over their head. There were other pieces of clothing as well, mostly pieces of fabric. But in one of the bushes that dotted the lawn, Nikky saw a torn-up blouse – all buttons blasted, it looked like it had been forcefully torn off from someone.

Reaching the veranda Nikky looked up the old building. The front had mostly broken off, only fragments of the once meticulously crafted decoration and crenels still intact. The walls had cracks all over, and most of the windows were broken. The pillars framing the front door were mostly shattered, their remnants scattered across the veranda. As she walked to the entrance, she had to be careful not to step into a crack or stumble upon the rubbish. One of the door handles had fallen off, a sorry piece of rust lying at her feet. The other handle felt dangerously loose when she grabbed it but didn't break off as she pushed it down and opened the door.

Despite the sky being a grey roof of clouds, enough light fell through the broken windows for Nikky to take a look around the foyer: A large room, void of any furniture – the only thing notable was the vast staircase leading to the second floor. Once she had stepped inside, a breeze blew suddenly through the house, slamming the shut behind her. A whirl of dust embraced Nikky, making her cough. She took off her big, round glasses and rubbed her dark green eyes, then brushed the dust off her grey, cropped sweatshirt. Its sleeves reached beyond her palms, making it look a little too large despite ending below her petite chest. Below its hem, her black tank top she wore underneath cover her down to the waist.

After putting her glasses back on, she stared up the staircase. The trail of broken bras continued upwards, lying scatted all around the stairs. The old boards creaked as she walked up to the second floor, careful not to trip over a bra. Eyes on her feet, she didn't see the spiderwebs stretched between stairs and ceiling, until she had walked right into them. Alongside the webs, she felt something crawling around in her smooth hair.

“Whoops!” Carefully, her hands combed through her medium-length hair, until she touched something fuzzy. She let the spider walk onto her palm, then put it on the railing off her stairs. “Sorry buddy” she apologized, smiling at the little creature. While it crawled into the shadow Nikky pulled the spiderwebs out of the black strands framing her face. After “brushing” through the white streak of her bangs she continued her ascent.

At the top of the stairs was a gallery splitting the floor in two. She glanced at one of the newel posts that had broken off and was lying on the ground, then looked around. To her right, where the newel post was broken, she spotted more bras leading around a corner. A big pink one was dangling over the railing of the gallery, looking like it was about to drop onto the first floor. Nikky eyed the large cups for a while, F- or even G-cups, before following the trail around the corner.

A corridor led deeper into the mansion. Over creaking floorboards and broken bras she marched onward. The only light came from a cracked window at the end of the hallway and through the rifts in the walls. Finally, the trail ended with a single, tiny red bra lying in front of a door. With no other garments in sight, Nikky grabbed the handle. The hinges squeaked miserably as she opened the door by a creak.

Poking her head into the room, she found it to be an old office. The shelves on the walls were all empty, minus the cobwebs. A large desk was standing in front of a huge, dirt-stained window, maybe the only still intact one in the entire building. The most striking thing however was that the room was littered with bras. They were scattered all around, but mostly cluttered in an arc in front of the desk, as if several women had ripped them off their chests and tossed them away there. Fully opening the door, Nikky walked towards the arc of bras and knelt in front of them. She picked a few up, rummaging a bit through the various models, from skimpy to practical, small to huge, and all in-between.

After sifting through them for a while she stood back up, when something else caught her attention: On the desk, a small amulet was lying.

Curious, Nikky stepped over the bras to the desk. It was a copper amulet, simple in design, with a small chain and round plate as its pendant. Something was written on the edges, but even as Nikky took it into her hands, she couldn't make out the crude letters. What she did make out though was the symbol in the middle, two half-spherical shapes resembling a small Omega. As she ran her thumb across the inscription, she found the metal was slightly bulged, making the symbol more akin to a... bosom?

*Wham!*

Nikky jumped, almost dropping the amulet. The door had suddenly slammed shut, even though there was no wind. She would have turned in the spot if not at the same time, the pendant was glowing in a weird, eerie light. From the bulges on the symbol, a dim light cast its sheen onto Nikky, illuminating her face. Between her fingers, the chain slithered out of her grip, followed by the pendant. Aghast, Nikky stepped back as the amulet raised itself into the air, hovering in front of her while sending off pulses of light. When it seemed like things couldn't get any crazier, a bright beam suddenly shot out of the pendant right into Nikky's chest.

"Gack!" Nikky stumbled backwards, stopping just before the arc of bras. The amulet lost its glow and dropped back on the desk. As she looked at it in confusion, a tingling sensation suddenly spread out through Nikky's chest. Slowly, she felt a pressure rise inside her own bra, as something was pressing against the cups from the inside. Behind her glasses, her eyes widened as she watched two bumps spread out across her chest, tenting her cropped sweater. Pulled forward from her body the fabric steadily cambered and rose, forming a pair of small, but distinct swells on her chest.

"H-holy...!" That was all she could stammer as her breasts inflated right in front of her eyes. The stiff fabric of her sweatshirt fought a little against the shape of the rising mounds, but steadily smoothed across the surfaces that were protruding against it. A little valley formed between the tiny swells as they were growing out from her. Wrapping her sweater around their curves, it was slowly lifted off her body between them, creasing over the gap separating her breasts. Similarly, she could feel her tank top under her sweater getting pulled off her skin, while the cups of her bra steadily cambered around them. The flexible material did well to stretch over her rising mounds, the edges of her bra only slowly getting pulled down her curves. Underneath the three layers of her clothes, her breasts billowed from barely convex bulges into a pair of small mounds, like a hand that closed into a fist inside each cup of her bra.

As they jutted slightly, but noticeably from her body, the pace of their growth decreased, before coming to a halt. Seeing a small bump where used to be a flat board, Nikky blinked at her bust. Her gaze then wandered to the amulet on the desk. It rested perfectly still, showing off no signs that something was unusual about it.

Until it started hovering air again.

Standing with a small rack in the middle of the room, surrounded by broken bras, Nikky watched it float upwards, and then towards her. Suddenly, the pendant fired another beam at her. Nikky winced, feeling the same sensation as before. Having just settled, the swells of her bosom spread out again, pressing against her bra. Slowly, the cups were pushed down the growing bumps while stretching around them, just like her tank top and sweater on top. Between the frontal slopes of her bust the fabric creased as their surfaces bulged and widened. While cambering away from her, her breasts gradually arched on the edges, their widest parts moving outwards and away from her torso. Her sweater hid their peripheral curves for a while, but as they swelled against the fabric, they forced their rounding shape into it. Blowing up to a pair of softballs they steadily reached over her body, becoming more and more prominent through her sweater.

While the fabric smoothed around their edges, the wrinkles between her breasts were steadily pushed forward. Ever higher the folds were billowing as the fabric creased. Underneath, the slopes of flesh were gradually bulging towards each other. Little by little, they filled the space under her sweater, pushing forth her tank top until it snuggled her sweater. Meanwhile, their bottoms swelled down her ribcage. The deeper they cambered, the more the fabric fell down their curves, while around her waist it was getting peeled off. The falling fabric obscured the shape of their bottoms a bit, knitting over them. On the other end of her rack, its tops slowly arched towards her collarbone. A little depression formed on her sweater, right where it was pulled off her neck and stretched towards her bust. While wrinkles and depressions formed on their periphery, her sweater was growing steadily tighter around her orbs, their firm shape shining through as they swelled to the size of small grapefruits. Bulging equally on all ends, they showed no signs of sagging, reaching straight away from her.

The entire time, Nikky's eyes were glued to them. Her once tiny breasts had surged into a modest bosom, now on the verge to transcend into the realm of true bustiness. Overwhelmed, she fell to the ground, almost into the pile of bras. Her bust jiggled within her own, the creases dancing on her sweater as it rocked around. Leaning on her hands, her fingers wrapped themselves around a bundle of bra straps behind her. She arched her back, causing her sweater to smoothen even more over her curves. Dim light shined through the window on her breasts. Their slopes cast steadily darker and larger shadows around them, as well as between the wrinkles as they bunched up. While getting wrapped around their flanks and tops her sweater fell from her breasts like a drape. To either side, the swells of her bosom were aching beyond her body, wrinkles framing where they flared out from her torso. Similarly, their crests pressed their shape into the steadily tighter sweater, emphasizing the gap between them as they cambered higher and wider.

Underneath her sweater, she felt her tank top was stretching just as much. Lying ever firmer on her globes, the fabric already had trouble giving them the room they needed to grow. The spaghetti-holders strained against her shoulders as they were pulled down

her bust, the neckline descending little by little. Similarly, the cups of her bra were moving down her curves, the band connecting them getting stretched over her breast gap. While her bra was getting pushed forward, the little rift between her breasts steadily closed. Filling out all the space between them, they softly bumped against each other. No sooner than breast rubbed against breast they started to squeeze each other's surface flat, trying to keep their round shape while flattening the other's. The larger they swelled, the more tightly their curves hugged each other, squishing on an ever-larger surface together as they were stuffed inside her sweater, tank top and bra while growing steadily larger.

Carrying a pair of cantaloupes on her chest, Nikky felt their growth slowing down. Pulling her hand out of the bra straps she adjusted her glasses, watching some of her midriff disappear behind her bosom before the swelling ceased completely. Still sitting on the ground, it took a while before Nikky raised her gaze from her chest back to the amulet. It still loomed in the air, the round plate casting its dim sheen down on Nikky as it glowed in an eerie light.

*Kehehe...*

A sudden cackle made Nikky tense her shoulders. "W-who is there?" she asked, looking around the room. Her question was only answered by a weak echo. Suddenly, the amulet floated towards her again. She leaned backwards over the bras, before quickly jumping on her feet. Despite resting tight on her, her bra did little to keep her breasts from swaying left and right as she leapt over the pile towards the exit. Her lady bumps were the first to reach it, pressing their swollen surface against the door when she crashed into it. Pushing herself off, Nikky hastily grabbed the doorknob. It rattled a little but didn't budge.

"Come on" she whispered. While she tried to turn the doorknob, her arms rubbing against the sides of her bosom, the amulet slowly approached her. After all fumbling proved fruitless she kicked the door, then pulled out her smartphone. "I-I gotta call someone!!" she yelled, wiping over her screen. "B-but who can help me in a situation like -"

Suddenly, she froze. Standing sideways to the door, a pale light was shining on her cheek. Slowly, she turned her head. Only inches away from her, the amulet was hovering, its chain rattling quietly as it slithered across the pendant.

The phone slipped out of Nikky's hand, landing with the face on a bra. Her perky chest pressed against her sweater as she pressed her back against the door, staring in horror at the amulet.

*Kehehe...*

There it was again, that cackle. Behind her glasses, Nikky's eyes shifted around. There was no one inside here but her, the flying amulet, and a floor full of bras. Movement of

the amulet put all her attention back on it. She pressed her head against the door, squinting her eyes as it floated right in front of her nose. Then, it sunk down, to the height of her chest. Suddenly, despite being alone in the room, someone spoke to Nikky.

“Not bad” a cold, creepy voice whispered. The amulet hovered around her breasts, Nikky trying to move out of its way. “But... still far from good enough - don’t you agree?”

The amulet backed off from Nikky. Before she could react, another beam was shot right into her breasts. Nikky gasped, her whole body tensing as the tingle returned one more. Her back arched she pulled back her shoulders, wrapping her sweater around her bosom even before the growth kicked in. The front of her assets widened and cambered from her, growing into large domes leading the charge of her bosom. Over their inflating slopes, the wrinkles in the middle of her chest were slowly extending, connecting her breasts like bridges as the creases reached out of the gap between. Underneath the fabric, as the swells spread against each other they steadily pressed her bra against her tank top. Across her breasts, the black top was steadily wrapped tighter, the neckline bit by bit descending towards her rack, while the spaghetti-holders cut deeper and deeper into her shoulders.

While her breasts expanded, sticking out in an ever-wider curve from her, the amulet hovered around Nikky. “Oh yes, now we’re getting somewhere!” the bodyless voice croaked.

Over the sides of her body, her bosom was flaring towards her shoulders, her upper arms bit by bit obscured by their bulges. Bending over her torso, their shape was more globular by the second, the wrinkles on the edges crooking over their slopes as they billowed backwards. While her sweater lay taut on their flanks, leaving nothing to the imagination, it still fell off in bunches from their bottoms. However, the further her bosom swelled down her body, the more the fabric was arching inwards, retreating into the gap behind her curves. At the same time, the hem of her sweater steadily climbed up towards her chest. Lifted off her tank top, it began to flutter a little below her bust, the cropped shirt growing even smaller on her. Inside the small pocket of space, her tank top tented towards her bosom, in large thick folds like her sweater had.

“Yes, yes, YES!!!” The chain spiraled around the pendant as it spun in the air, accompanied by a creepy cackle that echoed through the room. “THAT’S what I’m talking about!”

Each time it spoke, the voice sounded more aggressive, aggravated, sinister. Watching the amulet dance in the air, Nikky slid along the door towards the wall. Her breasts kept swelling against the cups of her bra, stretching them over their swelling fronts while making them glide down their crests little by little. Falling into the sink between them, the fabric of her sweater outlined the shape of each breast. “Who... who are you?” she screamed. “What are you? And w-what are you doing to me? S-show yourself!”

The amulet stopped. Silence fell over the room, the only sound coming from Nikky's sweater as it stretched over her rack. Around the plate of the pendant, a transparent shadow suddenly manifested itself. Dark and blurred at first, its contours sharpened, taking on a round shape. Though still opaque its color became clearer, a bright, slightly see-through hue of beige. In front of Nikky three shapes distinguished themselves, connected by a dark aura burning like a black flame around them: Two ghastly hands, more like a pair of huge claws grasped the amulet. Behind them floated a round blob with an eerie grimace. A pair of black eyes with tiny yellow dots inside glanced at her, while a wide, crescent-shaped mouth showed off rows of dagger-like teeth. "Kehehe... what I am?" the shade asked amused. "What do you think I am, babe?"

Nikky's eyes grew wide like her bosom. She pressed her back even more against the wall, her fingers scratching over the wood. "A-a-a-a a g-g-g... A GHOST!"

Her scream sent her jugs jiggling. Between her midriff and bosom the hem of her sweater fluttered around, steadily closing in on her breasts, while her tank top bunched up under it. While her breasts swelled downwards, the black fabric continued to crease in a slant down to her waist, the wrinkles moving a little as they arched towards her bust. Jutting forth little by little, her bosom reached a good foot from her, steadily approaching the size of her head.

The ghost chuckled. "That's right! A ghost, in the flesh – well, you know what I mean" it said, floating around the room. "Though, if I had to describe myself, I'd say I'm a connoisseur of beauty, on a mission to spread it around the world." With great delight it watched Nikky squirm against the wall, her breasts steadily protruding from her. His unreal smile however dropped for a moment, as her bosom was swelling more slowly beyond her body. "Hold on" it said, pointing the amulet at her. From between its ethereal claws, another beam shot out of the pendant into her body. Nikky grit her teeth, feeling the tingle inside her chest get stronger once more. Her breasts picked up pace again, swiftly reaching to her shoulders, then steadily past them. "Much better" the ghost said, its creepy smile growing even bigger than before.

Glancing at her chest, Nikky watched the crests billow higher, up towards her collar. Underneath the steadily stretching meshes of her sweater, they were swelling out of her bra, bulging against her tank top the further they mushroomed out of the cups. Where they rested over her curves, their edges began to press into her flesh. While the outlines of her bra steadily showed through her sweater, it glided down her curves, bending in a crescent-shape over her growing globes. Under the slant of her tank top, the hem of her bra was also rising, pulled by the billowing bottoms of her breasts. Meanwhile, the grey curtain of her sweater was being lifted bit by bit, hovering towards her bosom. The further the hem was pushed forward and up her breasts, the more they spread out inside the space between her body and sweater, the inflating domes of their undersides inching to reach out under her shirt. "W-why are you doing this?" Nikky screeched.

“Isn’t it obvious?” The ghost drew closer to Nikky, more specifically, to her bust. Her big meat melons grew proud and firm against her sweater, pulling it tightly around them. The little depression on top of her bosom shrunk towards her body, the fabric folding into long tubes to either side as the crests of her breasts pulled it down from her shoulders. “I told you, I am a connoisseur of beauty – the big, squishy kind of beauty.” From one side of her bosom the ghost hovered towards the other, its leering glare fixated on the curves. Over the wide front of her assets, the meshes widened so far her tank top was shining through, little by little darkening the grey hue of the fabric. “The kind of beauty that melts beneath your fingers as you clasp it, yet is just so firm you can knead it like dough, that is too vast for you to grasp, but you still want sink your hands in all the glorious grandness!”

The ghost took one hand of the pendant, eagerly reaching for her bust. Nikky winced, pulling back her bosom from the ghostly claw. “D-don’t touch me, you creep!” she yelled. As her mounds jiggled and swayed, the ghost cackled.

“Oh, how I LOVE it when they squirm!” it laughed, wrapping his claw back around the pendant. On the sides of Nikky’s sweater, a deep shadow was cast on the fabric as her breasts bent over her body, further emphasizing how wide they were. Billowing to either side, the slopes stretched out to form a backside that steadily spread out around Nikky. Beneath her sweater, she felt the neckline of her tank top getting lifted off her body, hovering towards her curves like the hem of her sweater. Her spaghetti-holders also were raised off her skin, stretched like a laundry line between her shoulders and the neckline of her top, with her sweater rising around them. “Mmmmh, yeeaaaah – you’re almost ripe to pluck” the ghost remarked, watching with great delight how Nikky’s breasts became as large as her head, larger than its own “body.”

Blowing up in all directions, they bent her bra around them. While the contours of the cups were shining with growing strength through her sweater, they were pushed forth over the sides of her breasts. The edges of the cups slid across their bulging backsides, slowly pulling the straps of her bra from the sides of her body up their cambering slopes. Meanwhile, her flesh continued to bulge over her bra, the overflow becoming increasingly apparent through her top. The creases running over her bust were getting pushed back in between her breasts, the parts of the wrinkles reaching over their fronts getting squashed flat by the slopes bulging forward. While the neckline of her tank top slowly reached for her breasts, the collar of her sweater began to stretch towards them.

After scanning the billowing surface of her bosom Nikky’s glance shifted to all the broken bras in the room. “So... so all these... you’re the one responsible for this?”

Pleased with itself, the ghost chuckled. “*Kehehe*... Quite the work of art, isn’t it? Just imagine all the tit flesh it took to blast these off!”

A few inches down her curves, the neckline of her tank top finally landed on her bust. Behind it, the swells of her flesh bulged past, her bare skin pressing against her sweater.



As the meshes widened around them, her pale skin shined through a little, brightening the fabric in contrast to where it stretched over the tank top. The more tightly the crests of her bosom snuggled her sweater, the clearer the outlines of her breast gap were shining through. While the dark line between her assets appeared sharper and more prominently between the meshes, it also extended down her bosom, her tank top getting pulled over her bust. The neckline was steadily curving between the holders, turning into a U that wandered up her bosom. While it climbed the rising ascent of her rack, part of the holders also landed on her bosom, getting stretched onto them. “How long have you been doing... this?” Nikky asked, her voice trembling.

The ghost threw its disembodied hands up in the air, as if it tried to shrug. “Weeks, months, years – beats me! Time doesn’t really matter when you’re dead.”

As the holders of her tank top were pulled across her breasts, their outlines popped through her sweater. They were only visible for a moment however: Bulging out of her tank top like muffins, her breasts swelled around the holders, making them sink into their firm flesh, while lifting the fabric over them so their outlines became blurred. Similarly, as the neckline of her tank top wandered along the slopes of her bust, it pressed into her skin, creating a slight overflow effect in addition to the one of her bra. The little depression on the top of her sweater was pushed back until it hovered above the tip of her breast gap. Around it, the fabric billowed into large tubes, running from her neck to the base of her bosom where the fabric was smoothed over the swelling bulges. Again, Nikky’s gaze wandered from the slopes spreading out in front of her to all the bras that were lying around. “And just how many... how many women did you...?”

Pride burned in the ghost’s tiny eyes. “Impressed? At first, it was quite hard to lure them in here. But the more babes I caught, the more bras they left behind as they ran out screaming. The trail that was created picked the curiosity of more and more people – now, there’s not a single day without someone dropping by! Granted, most are guys who want to steal my trophies, but a quick “BOO” usually scares them off.” Eying the growing rack of Nikky, it hovered towards her. “Though to be quite frank, the *real* trophy is feeling the fruits of my labor with my own spectral hands...”

While it drew closer, Nikky’s tank top wandered up the crests of her bust, extending the cleavage under her sweater. At the same time, the fabric wailing down her bosom was growing shorter by the moment, being pulled up the swelling curve of her rack. Bit by bit, the hem approached her bosom, while also stretching around its increasing bulk. Below, the swells of their undersides were poking out, reaching down her body inside her tank top. Finally, the hem lay onto her curves, gently pressing into them. While her sweater reached up the steepening slope of her bust front, her tank top rested more and more tightly around the bottom of her breasts, the bunched-up fabric smoothing as it was getting pulled into the gap between her bosom and body. “You’re sick!” Brows

furrowed Nikky's breasts bounced in fury as she leaned forth, almost spitting the ghost in its cartoonishly evil face.

Slowly, the grin on its face turned upside down – not because it frowned, but the ghost literally turned around in the air, hovering on its head. “Cut that bullshit, will ya?” it groaned. “Heard enough of it while I was alive.” It let the chain of the amulet glide onto one of its claws while letting go of the pendant, and whirled it around its finger. “When I got my hands on this thing here, I thought I hit the jackpot. But the babes were just no fun –wouldn't let me grow and fondle them without calling the cops. I had to be super careful not to get caught when using it, but even when I was successful, I couldn't just run up and grope the tits I had cultivated. And after the door into a world of ultra-busty chics had opened before me, kneading the tiny tits of some random gal on the street just didn't cut it anymore.”

Suddenly the ghost spun around, grabbing the amulet. “But look at me now!” it shouted, the black aura erupting around it. “Not only did my passion for big ol' tiddies bring me back to life, but I've also returned right by the side of my wonderful partner in crime! Now I'm a damn ghost with a boob-growing thingamajig – I can be as sick as I wanna be, grow as many boobs as I want to, feel them up to my dead heart's contend, and no one can do squat about it!” Throwing back its disembodied head it let out a maniacal laughter. “I'm dead and I've never felt more alive! KEHEHEHE!!!”

Listening to the ghost sent a shudder down Nikky's spine. Standing against the wall, her breasts firmly stuck out from her, the outlines of her cleavage, tank top, and bra clearly shining through her sweater as it was rolled up her bust. Just like its hem, the bottom of her bra was also rising up her bust, towards the bottom crests that reached further and further out under her sweater. With small bulges of her breasts billowing out beneath her bra as well as around it, pushing them towards the front of her assets, it looked like the cups were shrinking on the constantly growing surface of her rack. When the straps and holders cut into her breasts, ploughing faint rills into them, their swelling began to decrease. Their slopes bulged a little further up, down and beyond her body, obscuring most of her chest area as well as her upper arms and the top of her midriff behind them. Finally, they stopped, leaving Nikky with a pair of volleyballs strapped to her chest.

Eyes wide and mouth agape, Nikky put a hand on the side of her bust. Through the taut meshes of her sweater, she got a feel for just how massive she was. A loud moan turned her attention back to the ghost. Hovering in front of her, it stared at her breasts with a lecherous glare. “Marvelous... simply marvelous!” A long, blue tongue slipped out between its teeth, licking over the ghost's non-existent lips. “I can't wait any longer!” With a flick of its hand, it wrapped the amulet around its wrist. “I'm gonna fondle you all the way to hell and back!”

The yellow dots in its eyes set on her bosom, the ghost hurtled at Nikky. As its twitching claws drew closer, Nikky hurried along the wall. When she was driven into the corner, the ghost launched its claws at her. Immediately she wrapped her arms around her

breasts, shielding them like a newborn baby. Her palms barely touched each other at the center of her chest, squeezing into the curvaceous surface. Her swells bounced up against her chin as she ducked and jumped forward, diving under the claws coming at her.

“*Kehehe*, how cute.” The ghost’s cackle in her ear, Nikky leapt across the bras scattered throughout the room, before coming to a sudden stop. The sides of her bosom lapping beyond her silhouette she stood in front of the desk, staring at the window behind it. She turned on the spot, breasts swinging after her, only to face the ghost hovering between her and the door, floating towards her. Nikky clenched the edge of the desk, panic flickering in her eyes as she watched the ghost fly at her. “Your tits are mine!” it yelled, its blue tongue hanging from its grinning mouth. Claws spread out, it soared over the arc of bras at the terrified woman.

That was when all terror and panic vanished from Nikky’s face. “I don’t think so” she said, her voice suddenly beaming with confidence. Her elbows rubbed against her breasts as she held out her palms, smiling. “Banish!”

Midair, the ghost stopped. “Huh?” The wide grin on its face faltered. Its claws flinched, its ball-shaped twitched turned a little, but aside from that, it was frozen. Confused, the tiny dots in its eyes glanced at the ground. Below it were the bras surrounding the front of the desk. Within the mess of cups and straps, some of the holders were shining in a bright light. They were arranged in a strange way, forming circle with rune-like symbols on the inside. “Wait is... is that a binding seal?” the ghost stuttered. “A-a seal made of bras???”

A cackle echoed through the room, but this time, it wasn’t the ghost. “Impressed?” Nikky asked. Elbows on the desk she crossed her legs, looking over her bosom at the ghost. “Drawing up a circle with chalk would have been too obvious, especially since I didn’t know if you were watching me. So, I had to get creative.”

With its minimalistic mimic the ghost stared at Nikky in horror. “Don’t tell me... y-you’re a ghost hunter?!” it screeched.

Behind her glasses Nikky rolled her eyes. “Well duh. You really thought you could keep playing your little games without one of your victims calling one on you?”

Panicked, the ghost wriggled in the air. As if strapped by an invisible rope, it couldn’t move, only shake its body on the spot. “A-and this was your plan from the start?” it yelled, furious and hysterical. “You... you set up a trap right under my nose and then had me fly right into it!?”

“100 points for the candidate!” Nikky leaned forward, transparent cleavage showing through her sweater. “Your prize: A one-way trip back to the pit you came from.” Through the room, she called out: “Voice command activate – photo series!”

At the foot of the door, her phone sprung to life. Leaning against a bra with the camera pointing into the room, it flashed a bright light. Surrounded by the flare the ghost screamed. “STOP! D-don’t take photos of me, o-or I’ll lose my incorporeal form!”

“That’s the idea, genius.”

In quick succession, her phone took picture after picture, flashing each time. Still paralyzed the ghost writhed in the air, screaming and flailing. Each flash made it lose its opacity, while it steadily sunk to the ground. The black aura around it dispersed, just like the yellow dots in its eyes and the teeth in its mouth. With the last snapshot it crashed into the pile of bras, a bright white blob with hollow black holes for eyes and mouth.

Once it touched the glowing seal, the straps of the bras suddenly sprung to life. They wrapped themselves around the dazzled ghost, tying its claws to its body while anchoring it to the floor. Underneath the seal, the boards of the floor warped into a whirling mass of darkness. As it surrounded the ghost, the bra straps dragged the ghost into the black hole, its body slowly sinking into the nothingness.

“N-no!” Squirming in the bras’ grasp, it tried to wriggle itself back out. Its claws struggled to break their confines, the amulet rattling around its wrist. “I can’t go back! I-I haven’t fondled nearly enough tits yet!”

A shadow loomed over its pale body. Past the wide slopes of her bust, Nikky glared down on the ghost. From below, most of her head was hidden behind her breasts, but the icy sheen in her eyes was enough to make the ghost shiver. “Where you’re going, that will be the least of your problems.” Again, the swells of her bosom squeezed through her sweater as she leaned down at the ghost. “And I’m afraid luggage’s not allowed on the trip.”

She picked up the amulet, unwrapping the chain from around the ghost’s wrist. Swaying only a few inches above it, the ghost tried to grasp her bosom, but the straps kept its claws chained to its body. After fumbling around for a bit, Nikky leaned back up, the amulet in her hand. “Hey, that’s mine!” the ghost protested, albeit with a weak voice. “I’ve rightfully stolen it!”

“I’m sure you have.” One hand on her side, Nikky walked up and down in front of the desk. The chain between her fingers she let the pendant hang in front of her face, curiously inspecting it. “Hm, yes... this is an occult object, no question. Triggered by the desires of whoever wields it, it seems.”

Though it still struggled as the bras tried to pull it into the darkness, the ghost cackled. “*Kehehe*, hate to break it to you, but there’s no reverse button on this baby. Not that I’ve ever tried-“

“Who said anything about reversing?” Nikky cut the ghost off. She spun the chain around her finger, let it slip out, then caught the pendant in the air. Holding it in front of

her chest, she closed her eyes, her sweater stretching around her globes as she took in a deep breath.

A bright beam shot out of the amulet into her body. Nikky winced, making her jugs jiggle a little. A wide grin spread across her face as the tingle returned to her bosom. Slowly, it was swelling outwards again, reaching in all directions. Lips of flesh poured out under her bra as it rode up her bosom, overflowing the cups from all around. At the same time, her tank top kept bunching up below her breasts, while also stretching across their undersides. More and more the black fabric peeked out under the hem of her sweater, which little by little climbed up the arching front of her rack. Between her assets, both her sweater and tank top creased above her breast gap, wrinkles running down the entire length of her bosom. In the center of her chest, some wrinkles spread out across her assets, forming a pleated pattern as they protruded further and further from her body. Beneath the folds, the shape of her breasts was steadily shining through as the fabric stretched across them.

“Thaaat’s it” Nikky cooed, softly stroking one breast. Beneath her fingers, the sweater was pulled taut across her curves, pushing her hand away. Around the sides, front and tops of her bust the fabric became a broad-meshed layer on her bust, the gaps in the material widening by the second. The further the hem of her sweater was being dragged up the inflating slopes, the deeper the neckline of her tank top was dragged down them. Warped towards her chest, it stretched into two triangles covering the front of her breasts, pressing the spaghetti-holders into their crests. The further her breasts ballooned upwards, their wobbling surface swelling above her shoulders, the more they were bulging around the holders of both her tank top and bra. Similarly, the straps on the sides of the cups were cutting into their sides, restraining the burgeoning flanks a little as they flared outwards.

Stuck in the ground, the bra straps tied around its body, the ghost’s hollow eyes stared up at Nikky’s breasts, watching them breach the size of basketballs. While her sweater turned semi-sheer around her bosom, the cups pressed deeper and deeper into their fronts, which were oozing out of her bra on all ends. “The... the heck?! You WANT to get even bigger?!” the ghost yelled.

Nikky chuckled. “Of course – that’s why I took this job.” She looked straight ahead for a second, just to see the crests of her bosom swell up into the bottom of her vision, before turning her gaze directly down on them. Pretty much the entire ground below her was obscured by her breasts. As their curves pushed with growing strength against each other, their fronts slightly drifted apart, increasing the strain on her clothes. On the bulging surface of her bust, more wrinkles were reaching out from her breast gap across their cambering fronts. Depressions formed between the wrinkles, making the creases stand out even more. Meanwhile, the depression below her collar was steadily rising as her bosom lifted it upwards, just like all the fabric around her neck. Pulled into a slant

it arched up from her bosom to her shoulders, following the steadily rising tops as they reached for her face.

All around, her curves bent outward. The backside of her bust arched so far, it formed its own slope, gently cambering from her body towards the flanks of her bosom as it moved out from her. As her hand rested on it and was pulled away, the fabric creased a little around her fingers. The cups of her bra clearly shined through her tank top as it stretched around them, and in turn shined through her sweater, alongside the part of her bosom uncovered by it. The further her tank top was pulled down her rack, the more skin pressed against the broad meshes of her sweater. Warped over the entire top and most of the front of her bust, her tank top's neckline approached the hem of her sweater. Finally, as her sweater was rolled up the bottom third of her bust, it slid past the neckline of her U-neck. As her tank top continued to curve downwards between the holders, an eye-shaped cleavage poked out under her sweater, slowly expanding the further its hem glided up her breasts.

All the while the ghost stared at the scene, struggling not to get pulled into the dark hole. "So... it's all been an act?" it finally said. "You've... planned this from the start?"

"Eyup" Nikky nodded.

"And... you've been enjoying the growth this whole time?"

Nikky patted her growing bust. "Every. Single. Second."

The ghost watched Nikky's bosom grow bigger, noting the content smile on her face. Suddenly, its body trembled.

"THAT'S NOT FAIR!!!"

From its trap in the ground, the ghost was fuming with anger. Its hollow eyes and mouth warped with rage, forming a furious, if empty grimace.

"What's even your problem with me giving all those babes a boob-job then?! What's wrong with me groping all their tits!? Or yours??" Focusing all anger, it wriggled in its chains. Bit by bit, as they slid off its body, the ghost crept out of the void. "You are just a bag of flesh begging to be manhandled! If you want to bitch yourself up anyway, you can at least let me have fun with your-"

*SPLAT!*

With the sole of her shoe, Nikky shoved the ghost into the ground. It let out one last scream before vanishing in the whirling pool of darkness, its echo slowly dying off. Around Nikky's shoe, the darkness that quickly dispersed, while the straps of the bras lost their glow, dropping motionless to the ground.

"And this time, stay down." She cast one last glare where the ghost had disappeared, before her gaze wandered back to her bosom. Like giant pumpkins they stuck out from

her, tightly wrapping her clothes around them. Though outside of her view, she felt the cleavage window between her sweater and tank top expand, turning into a gap the size of her hand. Through that gap, swells of her breasts were starting to bulge forth, trying to escape the confines of her clothes. Enforcing increasing pressure on each other, their curves tried to push the other away, while squeezing each other flat. As Nikky felt the tingle subside, she placed the amulet on her bosom. “Now, let’s see what this thing can *really* do.”

A wide grin on her face, she pressed the amulet against her breast. Glowing bright, its power fired right into her body. The tingle intensified throughout her bust, the slopes reaching out faster again as they swelled to the size of beach balls. More flesh seeped out of her cleavage window the further it widened across her rack, her tank top arching downwards while her sweater was rolled up. Its hem pressed into her breasts while gliding up their curves, wrapped around her bosom like a tight belt. As such, the part lolling out beneath it, covered by her tank top, bulged forth a little further, oozing out under her sweater like upside down cupcakes. Similarly, the crests of her bosom were inflating out of the neckline, steadily stretching the meshes of her sweater around their ever-wider slopes. The wrinkles across her breasts further billowed, while between the cambering hem of her sweater and neckline of her tank top, her cleavage was bubbling out, standing off from the fabric surrounding it.

As her breasts bulged out of her bra, the cups looked smaller and smaller on their wide fronts, despite having been stretched so far each could have covered Nikky’s entire head. Alongside shining through her tank top, they were starting to crease its fabric around their outlines, making the hard edges pop even more out as they were framed by small wrinkles. Already two feet away from her body, her bosom continued to push her bra forward, while swelling on all ends out of it. Steadily, the cups drifted apart, the band between them stretching from a small strap into a stripe running over her breast gap. Her cleavage window glided past the stripe, showing how it struggled to keep the cups connected. Over the front of her bosom her cleavage kept widening, the rim of her tops arching across the billowing mounds.

All around, her breasts formed wide, convex curves that were reaching out from her. Her hands on the sides of her bust, she felt their slopes getting shallower and softer underneath them, her palms and finger almost lying flat on their flanks. At the same time, her hands got gradually pushed forward, away from her body, her arms being dragged over the sides of her bust as they grew away from her. From her hands towards her body, the slope of her bosom was steadily bending outwards, expanding the backside of her breasts. To either side, a wide curve was bulging beyond her torso, her upper body looking like it was embedded between her breasts. Alongside her arms vanishing behind them, her waist was almost entirely obscured by their bottoms, hanging down to her navel. The fabric of her tank top bunching up between her bust and body was slowly creeping into sight again, creases running up the wide undersides. Dragging up the hem

of her tank top, her breasts gently pulled it up towards her curves, blurring the shape of their bottoms a little.

On the other end, the crests of her breasts were escalating towards her face, the fabric that stretched between them billowing up her neck. In front of Nikky's eyes, the wide desk of her bust spread out, the wrinkles between them billowing wider and higher. On either side of her breast gap, her skin shined through the almost sheer sweater, just like the holders of her tank top and brassier. Outside of Nikky's view, beyond the top of her bosom, the tip of her U-neck glided down the towards the bottom of her bust. Stretched across her breasts, the spaghetti-holders were digging deep into each. Large lips of flesh reached forth on either side of them, steadily closing above the holders and encompassing them. Next to them, the straps of her bra were slowly sliding across the tops of her breasts, while the corners of the cups bent over them. Barely seeing the tips of the cups where they connected to the straps, Nikky felt her tank top slid over them as it was pulled down her bosom, steadily unveiling her bra and leaving only her transparent sweater to "cover" it.

Nikky looked over the bulging tops of her bosom, while stroking their sides as they flared past them, and feeling them grow out under her bra and sweater. Though hard to measure from her point of view, she guessed each was just a little larger than a car tire, at the range of pumpkins and melons you'd only find at farm fairs. "Not bad" she said, patting her rack. At the same time, she tightened her grip on the amulet, pulling some of her sweater around her fingers. "But you aren't done yet, are you?"

She closed her eyes. Still feeling the swelling sensation in her chest, she shot another beam right into it. Overflowing with occult powers her bosom glowed for a moment. Then, the growth of her breasts accelerated, reaching out faster from than ever. The fields of their backsides widened on either side from her, small lips of flesh reaching around her torso. Against and around the pendant of the amulet they were cambering, pushing her hands back their slopes while bending her arms over their growing shape. To every side of her bra, the surface of her bosom was rapidly expanding, making it look like someone shoved it against her breasts. Though looking tinier by the second the cups still stretched over her rack while her clothes creased around their edges. Especially her tank top showed the clear frame of her bra where it still covered it, her U-neck revealing the cups as it expanded around them. While her underwear was gradually laid bare her flesh bulged beyond it, oozing through the window that grew across her bosom, showing off a large plate of cleavage.

As her sweater was gliding up and her tank top down her bust, her clothes were also pulled over the sides of her bosom. On both of their flanks, a bulge of flesh pushed the hem and neckline apart, a lip of flesh squeezing through between them. Like the one on the front, cleavage windows were growing on her left and right breast, showing her bare bosom. The swells pushed through between her sweater and tank top, reaching beyond and over the fabric. Since her tank top was stretched into a triangle over each of her



breasts, the eye-shaped slits mainly expanded towards her body, taking on an elongated teardrop-shape. Above the side windows, the holders of her bra slid off the tops of her breasts towards their flanks while steadily pressing into their flesh. In a diagonal line, they reached from the corner of the cups over the slope where the top of her bosom transitioned to the sides, then curved further towards her shoulders to go down her back, into which Nikky felt the lock dig deeper by the second.

While the holders of her bra slid down, holders of her tank top ran straight across the crests of her bust, cutting them in two. With the extra shot of the amulet, her breasts were billowing even faster around the holders, leaving a deep rill on their flesh as the thin bands nearly vanished between the swells towering to either side of them. Her sweater was peeled off and hung above the holders, creating a ceiling for them as they ploughed through her mammaries. Around the billowing front of her bust, the fabric of her tank top was stretched thinner and wider, the triangle-shaped fields of fabric seemingly shrinking over the flesh spreading out around them. Flowing more and more prominently out of her bra, her bosom peeled her tank top and sweater off the cups, making the fabric that still covered them hover above. Ever larger the swells were protruding through her cleavage window. As the hem of her sweater rolled up the flanks of her bust and lips of flesh spilled over her tank top, they were pushed apart, further opening the window.

Where her black tank top still rested on her curves, it was skintight, the bottoms of her assets clearly showing through. As her breasts pulled its neckline down, they pushed the holders deeper into their surface. Each of their crests bubbled up around them, turning into hearts that billowed up her face. Already small the spaghetti-holders were growing thinner and weaker, like nylon-threads strangling her breasts. With a loud snap, one of them suddenly broke. Immediately the cup of her bra was launched forward by the swell of flesh that jut out from her. At the same time, the divided crest of her breast jumped against the fabric that had been peeled off, wobbling and shaking as it pressed against the meshes of her sweater. As her breast wobbled and shook, her tank top slipped out of her sweater, down the entire front and flank of her breast and past the cup of her bra, to crease up around bottom of her bust. As the broken string and fabric dangled under her breast, the bottom of her bosom was exposed underneath her bra, shining in the dim light of the window. Only a small part of fabric still rested on its very bottom, held in place by the holder running across her other breast.

Then, after the liberated breast pushed a bit faster out from her than the restrained one for a while, the other holder also snapped. Freed from one of its confines, her bosom swayed from side to side, the tank top fully falling down its curves. As the top limply hung around her waist, there was nothing to cover the bottom of her bust, a huge under-cleavage poking out and rocking around under her sweater. Once the jiggles subsided, one could see the bare swells steadily bulge larger, burying her snapped tank top under them as they swelled down her lab, arching towards her knees. To either side, her breasts reached out over half an arm-length from her, each the diameter of a hula hoop. With

the tank top gone only her sweater and bra covered them. While the later continued to stretch around their fronts, her sweater was growing weaker and weaker by the second. Between their rising crests, Nikky's face steadily vanished, the fabric getting stretched up towards her nose, then further above the rim of her glasses.

From the strained fabric on the top of her bust, little threads began popping off. Curling up around the meshes, the stitches of her sweater began to dissolve. Even more than it already did, it grew sheer over her bust crests, the gaps in the meshes spreading out the size of a volleyball-net. As the swells of her bosom bulged further upwards, looking like giant dinosaur eggs that had been stuffed into her bra, the fabric audibly stretched around them, more threads popping and standing off from her sweater. Finally, across each of her globes, it ripped. The meshes snapped and tore, quickly retreating across the wobbling surfaces of bust skin as they burst free. While sliding down their flanks and fronts the fabric fell into her breast gap, the wrinkles collapsing between the slopes of her bust. Two giant holes gaped in her top, each showing off the entire crown of one breast. The giant domes continued to billow out of her sweater, rolling the fabric up around them as they mushroomed larger and higher.

While her sweater was pushed down and up their curves, steadily turning into a tube top around her breasts, her bra was still stretching around them. Half covered by the wide meshes of her sweater, it was diving into the sea of their skin. The cups still billowed over the bulging flesh while the straps, like her spaghetti-holders before, were cutting deeper and deeper into their surface. Between the holders and straps of her bra, which framed the flank of each breast, a lip of flesh was bulging larger. Up those bulges, the fabric of her sweater was further creasing up, turning from a ripped tube top to some ragged cloth that was lying on her bust.

Seeing her mammaries spread out in front of her, slipping out of her sweater and filling up the entire bottom of her vision, Nikky chuckled. Hands on their sides she felt them squish against her palm and the amulet, pushing them further and further apart. Wide enough to fill a couch table, her arms couldn't even reach half around them, their backsides flaring to her elbows before their curve even bent towards their flanks.

"Now we're talking!" Content, Nikky caressed her humongous rack, before walking over to her phone. The jiggling mass of her bosom bounced with each step, pushing out a little further with every leap. Her chipper mood however got a little dampened as she stood in front of the door, her bosom already touching it well before she was in reach of her phone. Nikky turned up her mouth, then turned to the side. Even like this, her breast rubbed already against the wall (and rubbed with growing strength against it) when her phone was still out of arm-reach. "Oh well." Shrugging, Nikky bent to her knees, tilted her bosom a little so there was some space between it and the wall, then reached with her leg for her phone. She kicked up the bra it rested on, causing it to flip into the air. Between wall and bosom it soared above her, Nikky turning her body so it dropped right between her breasts.

“There we go!” she giggled. While sucking up the bit of her sweater that rested between them, her breasts squished against the phone. The way their slopes embraced it steadily more slowly, it was becoming apparent their growth was steadily down, yet continued strongly. The amulet tied around one hand she picked her phone up from her bosom. Turning back to the door, she had to maneuver a bit to reach the doorknob. Just as she was about to turn it, she stopped. Smirking, she twisted her torso a bit, then flicked her bust against the door. One of the rusty hinges snapped as it swung open, falling right out of its frame.

“Whoops. Gotta be more careful.” Blushing, Nikky pushed one of her breasts through the doorframe. She waited a moment, feeling them engulf the wood over the shreds of her sweater and grow around it, before squeezing her body past it. With some effort, she got to the other side, then pulled her other breast out of the door. Nikky threw one last glance into the room full of bras before she went down the corridor from which she had come.

While making her way back to the gallery, her bra kept digging deeper and deeper into her bust. Despite having stretched considerably, the cups were visibly holding it back, her breasts bulging around on all ends – though even with the restraint, they still jut out from Nikky like yoga balls. The surface of her breasts billowed between holders and straps of her bra, reaching beyond the rest of her bust, while the band connecting the cups was stretched across her cleavage as it inched out from her. With little ways to see in front of her, Nikky took step after step, careful not to trip over a bra. As she walked along the gallery, she looked at the pink bra that hung over the railing, the cups large enough to cover her head, and grinned.

Her way down the stairs was the biggest challenge yet. Every time she took one step down, her bosom bounced up against her face, making it even harder to see where she was going. In addition, her knees bumped into her under-cleavage, further agitating the jiggling of her jugs. Though lolling deeper and deeper down her legs, the rate at which they swelled towards her knees decreased little by little. At the bottom of the stairs, she stopped for a moment, waiting for her bust to stop bouncing. Riding up around her breasts, her bra was becoming more of a burden by the second. Her flesh swelled around the straps, holders and cups, her assets looking like pillows with a button in the middle. “Should have gone for hyper- instead of super-stretchy after all” she mumbled as she walked towards the exit.

With a smack of her bust, the doors flew out of their angles. Over the swelling crests of her bosom, the dim daylight blinded Nikky for a moment. Once she had adjusted, she held her phone over her cleavage, and rummaged through the contacts, arms on her bosom. After some searching and flesh pushing up her elbows she suddenly paused. Around her bust the pressure on her bra eclipsed, the lock pushing hard into her back. Finally, it snapped in two. Immediately the split straps slid over her curves, rushing forth

as her bosom leapt forward. The cups were catapulted against the little bit of her sweater still covering them, Nikky jolting a few steps forward as her rack pulled her along.

“Much better” she sighed. Bouncing and wobbling, her breasts stood out from her like a pair of bean-bag chairs. Between the buoyant crests the little bit of her sweater was completely swallowed, nothing obscuring the wide cleavage showing their tops. Equally wide her under-cleavage reached out below her sweater, hem and neckline of her sweater curled up around the domes billowing out of it. Between the perky and round swells of her cleavages, it lay strapped around her chest like a belt, the wide, transparent meshes cutting a little into their slopes. To either side, their flanks reached an arm-length from her body, still spreading out further all around her body. Her entire head was hidden behind them and their bottoms hovered past her knees when finally, their growth was ending, leaving her with globes almost as tall as herself.

The amulet around her wrist, Nikky ran her hand over her curves. Her fingers then slipped under her sweater to fish out her bra. The cups had stretched so far, they could have covered up a pair of beach balls, yet looked tiny compared to the puppies they had once covered. Holding the amulet and bra with one and the phone with her other hand, she clicked with the thumb on the screen, then put it on her ear. While she waited for her call to connect her gaze wandered forth and back between her bosom and the bra. After tossing it on the lawn with the other, far smaller bras, she heard someone pick up.

“Hello, Dominique Morel here” she said while walking over the lawn to the gate. “Just wanted to inform you I’ve taken care of the ghost... No problem, it’s all part of the job. ...Payment?” Holding the pendant up above her cleavage, Nikky smirked. “Don’t sweat it. I’d say this whole endeavor was pretty rewarding in itself.”