

# ***Tales of Elithor***

## ***Breast Relief***

***By***

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***There are many rare genetic conditions that have been discovered in our world. Such as Auto Manika Syndrome, Glutusmontatia or Buttocks Hypertrophy, and Hydris Syndrome. There are of course many others, some that even have been made by magical exposure. You will read about those later in your Medical Textbook...***

***(pg.01)***

The glass doors slid shut as the last passenger boarded the bus. Its destination blared in green lights reading “*Ulus*”. The engine soon roared to life and the large vehicle began rolling down the street towards the main highway. Streetlights illuminate across the wide clear windows as passengers, both young and old, sat in their seats. Most were students from the nearby college, carrying backpacks and laptop bags. Dormitories and lecture halls gave way to trees and then cars as the bus merged onto the highway heading eastward.

A young woman shuffled her way to an empty grey seat that was parallel to a Dragonoid woman and a human man sitting together. She placed her backpack down to her feet and rested her head on the seat cushions. Her dark skin was occasionally illuminated by headlights from vehicles passing by. She was dressed in a plain white button-up shirt, black dress pants, and pair of black dress shoes. Her braided black hair hung neatly from her head.

Whenever the bus was consumed by darkness, the young woman would move a hand to scratch her ample bosom. Since her last class ended, her breasts were constantly itchy and tender her chest tickling her nipples. The stresses of today weighed heavily on her, she knew she would need to destress when she got back home. She smiled at the thought and as she breathed a sigh of relief, her boobs slightly shifted within her top. When she felt this, she quickly tensed back up, causing them to shrink.

“Gods, I hope we don’t hit any traffic” the woman whispered as the bus drove on.

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***Giganonuctus, also known as Controlled Breast Hypertrophy, is a disorder like Gigantomastia with one main difference. The person with this condition can control the size of their chest. This version of Gigantomastia is found in about 4% of the female population across the planet. Further on, you will learn about some of the symptoms of this unique condition.***

***(pg. 47)***

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The woman rushed her body through the door and quickly slammed it shut. Exhaustion was plastered all over her face. Mixed in was a twinge of relief, knowing she finally made it to her apartment meant she could relax a little. Despite her wishes, the bus was caught in at least an additional hour of traffic. Her chest responded to her relief by growing a couple inches within her button up. A small crack holding back an ocean of growth that welled within her bosom.

“Ngh! D-damnit I just hOOME!” She moaned loudly when her breasts pushed further out threatening to pop one of the buttons off her shirt. The young woman started breathing deeply and

focusing on things other than her chest. Things like her classes or her job hunting calmed her mind enough to have her tits start to recede. When her nipples retreated, she looked down to see one of the buttons had its threads stretched to almost breaking off. She managed to avert the ruining of her dress shirt today, she thought.

With the black woman's breasts under control. She took a second to listen for her roommate only to be met with silence. She started walking around till she saw a note laying on the kitchen counter. She looked it over and recognized the somewhat cruddy handwriting as her roommate's.

"Hey Leela,

I hope this letter finds you well; when you see this message I will have already left for my parents' house for the weekend. So, you got the place to yourself for two days. Feel free to use the food in the fridge, I'll be restocking when I get back. You know the drill: don't break my shit, don't go into my room (smells like shit anyway), and don't burn the apartment complex down. I'd like a place to come back to on Monday.

Sincerely,

You're roommate Josh

P.S. —"

Leela's breasts surged while she was busy reading the note. The immediate rush of boob flesh strained the buttons on her top and made her crumple the note in her hand. Her face washed with pulsing discomfort as she tried desperately to get her breasts to stop growing. In the midst of her struggle, the sound one of the white shirt's buttons popping off reached her ears following the clack of it hitting the wooden floor. Now with more room, the busty woman's tits surged some more threatening to destroy their fabric prison.

She needed to keep herself focused or else risk ruining another shirt. Her breathing became slow and steady, like she had trained herself for years to keep her rowdy chest in check. Since she was first diagnosed with this condition back in Highschool and throughout her years onward. Soon the pressure was subsiding and instead of receding, Leela's tits simply rested slightly bulging out from her strained shirt.

Leela made a be-line to her room and began quickly unbuttoning her white top before throwing it on her bed. She noticed her reflection in her full body mirror and started studying the beautiful woman staring back at her. Her frame was made up of her wide hips that carried her pear-shaped rear and her two massive mounds that hung proudly just below her shoulders. Her thighs were somewhere between thick and thin, showing a small window between her legs.

The young woman thought about her situation, how she has the entire apartment to herself. She smiled as she came up with the perfect activity to get some much-needed stress relief. She strutted her way to her record player and popped a cassette into the machine playing music from one of her favorite pop groups. She then began stripping down further till she was nearly naked. She danced along to the tune, shaking her hips and making her booty cheeks clap within her black panties, while she went to her closet to pick out her night outfit. Her eyes darted around the myriad of clothes that were hung neatly in her dresser till she found a soft yellow top with blue strips. She smiled and snatched it off the hanger and slipped it on, accidentally flicking an erect puffy nipple with the hem of her shirt making her gasp as lightning shot across her body.

Leela moaned through folded lips as her chest ballooned further, quickly turning her pajama top into a crop top. She emerged from her bedroom clutching her chest, groaning from the intense pleasure straining her brain. Her bloated bosom hung like heavy sandbags threatening to bring the woman down. Nipples the size of thumbs poked through the soft fabric which stimulated them further. Her attempts at controlling her impatient tits were only met with immense pressure building within each fleshy mound. When she finally regained control of her chest, they hung over her exposed stomach with the shirt's collar pulled downward from her chin. They were massive, bigger than most women she knew. Yet to her, they were tiny in comparison to how big she could really get.

The days where Leela went without growing, even a small bit, usually leads to this. Normally she would grow and shrink a little between classes in empty hallways or restrooms. Today the college was alive with students and teachers as spring break was approaching fast. When she wasn't waiting to use the bathroom or rushing to classes, she was going to or hosting tutoring sessions. The other problem was she had tests in multiple classes. Long ago before she got accepted to Zeifer's College of Science and Arts, she learned her condition would worsen with high amounts of stress. She still remembered how, all day, during finals week, her nipples would be on fire.

The young woman walked to the couch making her tits sway in their soft cotton confines. An immense pressure was building within her bosom, a sign of a massive growth spurt. She plopped down letting her boobs flop onto her lap. At their current size they blocked the view of her thighs and knees. Her nipples began to tickle as their stiff forms became visible through her yellow top. When she got comfortable, she leaned her head back and closed her eyes as she awaited her much needed release.

With nothing holding them back, Leela's melons bloated another few inches, jutting the shirts hem further away while cleavage bubbled up over the collar. Her tits then started a slow constant growth that sought to fill the remaining space in her top. Her legs were slowly consumed by oozing boob flesh that stretched their confines to absurd lengths. Space under her arms were filled as her sides were covered by her growing mounds. Smooshed cleavage can be seen rising like dough to the woman's chin and bloating out below reaching her belly button. All the while newly made nerves were firing constantly pleasure signals to her brain releasing gallons of dopamine.

Leela felt at peace as the day's troubles were leaving her mind and pouring into her massive chest. Every inch added to their massive size created a spark of bliss that rushed across her body. Moans of pure pleasure grew louder and more sensual as her bliss morphed to arousal. She rubbed her legs together shifting her overflowing pillows.

Mixed in with the young woman's moans, the subtle sound of thin fabric being ripped filled the room around her as small holes began to form across the front of her top. Growing larger as chocolate flesh oozed out, exacerbating the tears.

Beneath the young woman's growing mountains, the velvet walls within her delicate flower quivered from the stimulation that racked her body. She was reaching climax while her shirt's ruination became more distinct and visible. Chocolate flesh continued to pour from increasingly large holes in the soft shirt like jello. Eventually, both events played out in synchronicity with Leela giving a long passionate moan as she came which mixed with the sound of her yellow shirt splitting in two. Limp rags fell away from the burgeoning breasts as her nipples now reached her knees. Finally, after swelling for several minutes her breasts ceased their advance. She could stop here, revel in her size and orgasmic release. Though she knew that there was more to her, more to her chest.

Leela reached for her fist sized nipples, her face a mixture of eagerness and drunken arousal. Her delicate fingers graced her areola and touched the front of her bloated boobs. The sensation immediately sent goosebumps across her body making her moan in blissful pleasure through folded lips. Her nipples were stiff and warm, standing tall atop her giant mounds sending waves of crotch wetting signals to her brain. She bit her lip in horny anticipation, it felt like she was about to uncork a bottle of champagne. Unable to wait any longer the young woman slid her hands down slamming softly into her puffy areola. All Leela could do was loudly groan from the sensations spreading like wildfire from her dark brown towers. It only took a few seconds of jerking off her puffy nubs till she felt her tits ripple and rumble. She quickened her pace and slammed harder into her mounds. Her nipples lengthened further and puffed up fatter in response.

Buried underneath her immense chest, Leela's damp black panties would soon be awash with another spray of her lustful fluids. Her quivering lips were leaking sexual fluids in preparation as pressure was building in her pelvis reaching a crescendo that would send the girl over the edge.

“Haaa - oooh god! AHHHUUUGH” Leela’s hips thrust as her fluids sprayed so hard, trails can be seen on the outside of her undergarments. Shortly after, her heavy pants turned to loud moans as her chest bloated fatter. Dark flesh flowed over her legs and knees and onto the floor like a waterfall. The sheer weight made her knees bend inward as tits larger than her own body filled the immediate space around her. Her nipples began rubbing the top of the wooden table as they glided across the smooth material with no sign of slowing down. The wooden floor would meet the meat of her underboob as it slammed onto the ground with a soft thud, still her breast flesh continued. The sound of the table slowly being pushed began to fill the room, overshadowing the TV and Leela.

Leela’s couch filling mounds rested gently like chocolate mountains on the floor and her lap. The view of the TV was blocked by her cleavage while her dark erect nipples rested over the wooden table that was moved during the final growth spurt. From the front, the woman’s body was obscured.

“Mmm gods, that – was sooo needed”, Leela gave a sigh as she sunk into the couch. Letting her massive melons consume her in their warm soft embrace. She placed a hand against one of her mounds, it looked so small in comparison. When she was about to close her eyes, she heard her roommate yell behind her.

“What the hell?!” Josh stated as he stared at the giant mass of dark colored boobage resting on the couch.

In her drunken stupor, Leela turned around to see her roommate standing in the doorway. Now forced to figure out a way to explain to her roommate about her condition that she had she was a teen. She was hoping to avoid this talk altogether but...better late than never.