

Her Biggest Fan

PING!

Stella perked up at the familiar sound of her Onlyfans inbox alerting her to a new message. Usually, this meant one thing: she had a new commission request.

“Mmm... Let’s see what they’ve got!”

The atmosphere in her room was still humid from an earlier session of taking explicit photos. Clothes sat piled on the ground around her chair, discarded as she’d grown too large for their stitches over the course of an hour. Next to her laptop sat a small remote: the key to her internet fame.

The device boasted complete control over the size of her breasts. Normally a petite A-cup, Stella had found great fortune in using the remote to plump her bosom to fantastical proportions. Whether it be a hearty DD-cup or enough to fill her arms like a pair of melons, people were willing to pay to see her chest dwarf her twiggy body.

Sweat still peppered the remote’s casing from the most recent venture. Growing herself from an A-cup to a girthy G-cup, the process had netted her over twenty sultry pictures as well as a thigh-trembling orgasm. She was tired, but not too tired to enjoy the process again.

Stella’s eyes scanned the brief commission request.

I love your content. You always get so big! What is the largest you can go? I would like to see you with tits like beach balls.

Such a comparison made her shiver with excitement. The largest she’d dared to go thus far was slightly larger than her own head. By then, the sensitivity plaguing her breasts became unbearable from their growth. The micro-orgasms were overwhelming at such a size. To more than double it was suicide.

Breathing hard, Stella read the last of his email.

I’m willing to pay double for a video of your growth, instead of just pictures. Would love for you to be naked except for a bra that eventually breaks.

It was an impossible offer to refuse. Her rates were as premium as her content. Doubling the price of such a massive commission equaled a week’s income. Glancing down, she stared at her small breasts.

“Think we can do it, girls? One more round before knocking off?”

They didn’t respond, but her heart was fluttering with anxiety at the thought of doubling her personal best. Shiny moisture coated her exposed crotch.

Quickly she replied to the request with an acceptance and a payment link.

“How about we see if he’s really willing to pay that much. Maybe he thinks my prices are lower than they really--”

PING!

It took less than a minute for him to respond. The money was in her account. All three thousand dollars. Stella could hardly believe he was serious.

“A-Alright...” she whispered, preparing herself mentally. “Let’s grow some beach ball knockers...!”

Hands trembling, she donned one of her normal bras. It was pink and plain, but somehow she knew it was exactly what he was after. It certainly wouldn’t last long, and with the money he’d just thrown at her, she could more than afford to replace it.

Stella stood in front of her desk and navigated to her recording software. Her webcam illuminated, ready to immortalize her work.

“Hey, balloontitlover69!” she smiled. Spinning around and bending over for the camera she giggled, “I’m naked and all ready to grow! We’ll see how long my bra can last! Beach balls are pretty huge! I’m excited! I’ve never been that big!!”

Sitting down, she positioned herself in full view of the camera and grasped her remote. A special mode would make her grow over the course of a few minutes. Pressing the up arrow so many times to set her size made Stella nervous.

“Uhm... Heh... My remote doesn’t really list ‘beach ball’ as an option.” She acted innocent for the camera. “H-How about seventy inches for my bust measurement? That’s...d-double what a Z-cup would be on my body!”

Knowing it was exactly what he wanted, she rubbed the start button. She was about to endure far more stimulation and expansive growth than she’d ever dared.

“Here we go...! Hope you enjoy!”

CLICK!

STRRRRTCH!!

“Mmgh!!!”

The effect was instant. Electricity shot through Stella’s chest, bringing her nipples to full attention against her bra cups. She didn’t usually like to set the remote to auto because of how sexually stressful constant growth could be, but recording a video, she had no choice. Sneaking a peek at the remote’s small display, she saw ‘1%’ and whimpered.

STRRRRTCH!!

“Hahhh... Haahhh...”

Stella breathed and shifted in her chair. The commissioner was going to get his money’s worth. Running her hands over her body, she started massaging her chest. Doing so always helped ease their sensitivity. A glance revealed cleavage heaping upward as her tiny bra failed its job.

“L...Look how big I’ve already grown...! I’m already...like a DD!”

STRRRRTCH!!

The growth was fast and relentless. Constant in its spurring of her body, the remote continued pushing her body to grow. Skin swelled and fought against her bra and hands. Sweaty cleavage rubbed together. Dark and puffy, her areolas rose over the brims of her cups.

“Mmmgh!!!” Stella leaned back, arching her chest into the air. *“Look at that...! Look at all my underboob this little bra is making!! It can’t even hold me!”*

STRRRRTCH!!!

Both her breasts and her bra groaned when she surpassed a G-cup. The weight was always significant at this size. Even with the help of her prison-like bra, Stella’s mammaries tugged at her shoulders and back. Every breath felt more labored than the last. Moving sent their masses swaying and jiggling like Jell-O.

“Ah!! T-They’re... getting so full!!”

A hand slid between her thighs. Spreading herself in full view, she slipped three fingers into her aching crotch.

“I’m already so wet... God, my chest is on fire!!”

Only a small part of this was an act. Stella loved the sensation of her breasts growing. It drove her wild.

“Mmgh!! Oohhhh yes!!!”

CRREEAAAAAAK

Her bra complained. Sinking a hand into the volleyball-sized mounds, she marveled at how plump she’d become. Rich skin heaped on her torso in a daunting display. The bra straps sank into their tops, deforming her assets. She was approaching her personal best.

“So big... So big!! God, they’re SENSITIVE!! I-I feel like I’m gonna--MMGH!!!”

She squirted. Pussy juice pelted her laptop as her fingers flew over her clit.

“MMMGGH!!! MMMMGH!!!! MY TITTIES ARE SO BIIIG!!”

The orgasm passed, although Stella would be given no time to catch her breath.

STRRRRRRTCH

“Nnngh... Mmmnngh... They’re still...growing...!”

She gazed at her bulging melons. Pale veins crossed over them like jewels. Her bra sank into them to the point of discomfort. Contrary to most men’s beliefs, bras were difficult to break, even with breasts far larger than what they were designed to carry.

CRREEEAAAAAAK

Stella whimpered, squeezing her chest between her biceps for the camera. *“Ooohhh they’re too big!!! I-I’ve never been...this big!!! I feel like they’re--”*

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Her record-breaking growth rang in her ears. Their sensitivity was rising. These were far bigger than she’d ever dared to go. Already her body felt overwhelmed. The sensations shooting through her chest and bloated nipples were like lightning bolts.

A glance at the remote made her heart skip a beat.

“O-Only fifty percent!” she squeaked, writhing in her chair.

CREEAAAAAAAAAK!!!!

“I-I’m bigger than basketballs and they’re only halfway done!!”

Her bra refused to die. Sinking deep, she could feel her nipples throbbing larger and larger against the thin padding. Slowly the cups started to deform and push outward, outlining the hard shapes of her fleshy nubs. The sight of her pleasure-swollen nipples made her breath catch in her throat.

“T-They’re so thick!!”

STRRRRTCH

Her growth was far from over. Although the torture was enjoyable, nervous anxiety was bubbling in her belly. She had no idea how large her tiny A-cups could actually stand to grow, and she knew the remote had no safety function. Surely there was a limit. She’d always used her ability to endure the sensitivity as a way to mark her extremes, but now, she was growing into unknown territory overflowing with micro-orgasms.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

“Mgh!! MMM!!! Ah!!!”

Stella shook. She tried to rub her clit, but it proved to be too much. Merely touching the swollen bulb almost paralyzed her.

GUUUUUURGLE

“HUH?!”

Her breasts had never made such a sound before. Wide-eyed, she ogled her chest as cleavage neared her chin. By appearance alone she could tell they were overly swollen. Her skin rippled with tightness. Held firm by her bra, her breasts fought for space and bulged around every strap, band, and corner.

Worry panged at Stella’s core. Gently rubbing her bulging mammaries, she looked helplessly into the camera. Men always loved that.

“I-I can’t believe...you want them so big...” she squeaked, barely acting. *“My little body can’t handle these!”*

STRRRRTCH!!

“Mmmgh!!! God...! I feel like my tits...are going to explode!!”

Rivaling watermelons, Stella felt at her limit. This was far bigger than she’d ever dared to venture. She could feel her areolas stretching with growth. Extreme sensitivity swirling around every nerve ending. Breathing proved difficult as it rubbed her bra across her skin.

GUUUUUURGLE

“MMGH!!”

Her breasts groaned again. Instinctively she brought her hands to grab their fronts and massage the pressure of growth away.

“MMMGGHHH!!!!!! HOLY SHIT!!!!”

She recoiled as if she'd just grabbed a burning stove. Touching her breasts brought an unimaginable wave of pleasure her mind found itself incapable of processing. Sweating and leaning back in her chair, Stella panted and stared at her slowly distending chest.

"T-They're too sensitive...! Mmmmmm they're so big... I can't... I-I can't stand to touch them!!!"

The air in the room felt like a thousand hands caressing her bust. Exhaling upon them was torture. They prayed to be groped, squeezed, and massaged, but Stella was certain she'd faint from such stimulation. A puddle of fluid overflowed from her chair.

CRREEEAAAAAAAK

"Ah!!!"

She winced, her bra digging into her. Folds of flesh engulfed the straps and band. The sight was frightening as the enhanced cleavage rose into her face and blocked her view. Stella arched her back, trying to look into the camera from over her chest.

CRREEEAAAAAAAK!!!!

"T-They're too big!!! THEY'RE TOO BIG FOR MY BRA!!! WHY WON'T IT FUCKING BREA--"

SNAP!!!

"AHH!!!"

The bra's explosion startled her. Releasing its prisoners, Stella's breasts fell out of the limp garment and came into full view.

"MMMMMMGH!!!!!"

The stimulation was like a blow to the head. Feeling the bra snap across her skin, as well as her massive breasts slapping against her torso, Stella saw spots and her hearing turned to white noise.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

She fell back in her chair, reclining her body in full view of her camera. Her actions were not her own. Staring into the jiggling chasm of her cleavage, Stella furiously worked a hand across and in her pussy. A full palm massaged a flaring nipple.

"AH! AH!! AH!! AH!!!"

Words failed her. Barely able to breathe as her breasts pushed their limits and filled her torso between her arms, Stella uncontrollably assaulted her body. The sensations were overpowering. Everything felt ready to explode. Deep veins boasting her gargantuan size adorned her chest.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

The remote urged her larger. Even if she wanted to, Stella couldn't have stopped it. Eyes slammed shut, she pictured her breasts growing too big as she felt their weight push the air from her lungs.

They're going to explode!! They're going to explode!!! I can't get any bigger!!! I can't take it!!

Her mind flew as fast as her fingers. Feeling her hot breasts inch across her stomach and rub against her thighs paralyzed her with pleasure.

TOO BIG!!! TOO BIG!!!! MY TITS ARE FILLING MY LAP!!!

“MMMGGH!!!! MMMMMMMMMGGH!!!”

Her words were unintelligible.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Hot, sweaty skin engulfed the hand between her legs. Stella opened her mouth in a silent scream of pure bliss as her nipples flared and expanded atop her heaving chest. Light danced in her mind as orgasm after orgasm merged into a single wave ready to crash upon her.

SSTRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

“AAAHHHH!!! I’M GONNA EXPLOOOODE!!!!”

BEEP BEEP!!!

The remote alerted the room with a gentle bell. ‘100%’ flashed on the display, signaling she’d reached her goal.

“AAHHH!!!! AAAHHHHMMMMGGHH!!!!”

Her growth might have stopped, but the pleasure didn’t. For several minutes she masturbated furiously for the camera until exhaustion forced her to stop.

“MMMMGGH!!!! MMMMMMM!!!! Mmmmmmm...!! Mmmm.... Ohh... O-Ooohhh my...”

Stella fell limp, lying back in her chair gasping for breath under a pair of breasts large enough to double her body weight. Sweat poured off her body in streams. Touching her breasts brought her to the brink of unconsciousness.

Smiling weakly at the camera from under her chest, she said, “H... H-Hope you liked it... Thanks for the...c-commission...!”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

An hour had passed since she delivered the video. Not willing to say goodbye to her massive bust, Stella had remained in her chair. Getting used to such a massive size was a monumental task, but one she wanted to overcome.

PING!!

A new email popped into her inbox. Seeing it was from her commissioner, she gingerly moved to open the message. Stella gulped as read, feeling her heart throbbing in her throat.

*Loved it!! You look amazing with those knockers!! Great work!!
Would you be open to doing another? Maybe going twice as big with
a vibrator inside of you this time? I’m willing to pay any price.*

Before she knew what she was doing, Stella had already clicked ‘Accept’.