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The head seamstress at Ample Springs Academy gets a visitor.

Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

"Ample Springs Academy: Measurements"

"Arms out, back straight."

Evelyn Glen ran her tape measure around Elsie's ribs, just below her bust: thirty-two inches. Evelyn scanned back through the rows of neat, even script in her logbook. Elsie's underbust had held steady at thirty-two since March of her first year, briefly creeping up to thirty-three and a half after summer break. It was no secret that the college sophomore had a healthy appetite, even without the temptations of the Academy's dining hall. According to Evelyn's earliest entry, Elsie Marshall had had a thirty-eight-inch waist on move-in day. While the sophomore's tummy was still a little puffy from lunch, her waistline now measured a hair over twenty-seven inches.

Like many students at Ample Springs Academy, Elsie's bust had increased over the course of her college career. But as she'd started with a bit more "material" than most, Evelyn had watched numbers drop from her middle measurement as fast as they added to her first. Evelyn strung her tape around Elsie's breasts, scratching the number into her logbook. Forty-three and a quarter.

"Alright, you can relax. I'll be right back."

The mousey brunette covered herself with her hands, as if Evelyn didn't see dozens of bare breasts every day. The seamstress walked into her storage closet, finding the row of drawers labeled L. Thirty-two was a common enough band size, so she had several in Elsie's newest size.

The bras were plain, white cotton without lace or other frills. There were shops in the village where students could buy different colors or styles. Being less than a mile from the Academy, they often carried sizes that were more rare in the "flatlands." The college provided just the basics, however. It was enough that they had Evelyn on staff to keep the young ladies in well-fitting uniforms and undergarments during their academic development.

As she'd walked into Evelyn's workshop with two blown-out buttons, Elsie would need new uniform blouses as well. Evelyn fetched a week's worth of extra-large tops from another drawer, returned to her measuring booth, and handed the bundle of fabric to Elsie.

"Put these on, dear."

The sophomore's eyes darted around the room nervously, though she knew perfectly well there was nothing to hide behind.

"Really, Miss Marshall. We're both adult women here."

At the student's continued hesitation, Evelyn turned around with a sigh. She waited. Waited what felt an absurdly long time for a young lady to put a bra and uniform blouse on herself. A young lady who could still reach all of her extremities, anyway.

"It's, um..."

Evelyn turned to see what Elsie was trying to say. Her shirtsleeves were too long, fully concealing her small hands. Evelyn twirled a finger for the student to turn. The tail of the blouse covered her entire bottom. If Elsie were one of the bolder students who wore a shorter skirt, the shirt's hem might have peeked out of it.

No matter. She plucked at the bra straps through Elsie's blouse. "This fits comfortably, though?"

Elsie nodded.

"It's a 32L. I'll send three with you now, so make sure you wash them promptly." She tugged at the sleeves. "I'll have to alter a set of blouses for you, though. I can pin these, or you can roll them up."

In answer, the sophomore began rolling her left sleeve.

"Come back on... Thursday," Evelyn said. "I'll have those blouses and maybe a few more 32L's for you."

"Thanks, Miss Glen."

As Elsie turned to scurry from the room, Evelyn put a hand on her shoulder. She stepped in close to adjust her sloppy Half-Windsor.

"Remember, Miss Marshall: Just because uniforms are an endangered species around here, that's no excuse for not making our best effort, yes?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Run along to class, now."

Elsie dipped a curtsy. *That girl reads too much historical romance.*

Evelyn sat at her desk to draft an email to Naomi Hays. The coach likely wouldn't return for the fall semester—her disdain for the Academy's dietary practice and the development of their student body were well-known—but that was no excuse.

Coach Hays,

In the future, if you identify a student in need of a refit, might I recommend sending her to see me before she has a uniform malfunction? I expect that would be far less disruptive to your classes.

Thank you,

Evelyn Glen

Head Seamstress

Ample Springs Academy

Naomi would doubtless reply with a scathing criticism of Elsie and the other students' eating habits, but Evelyn had copied Shelby, head of HR and Payroll, in the email. Hopefully that would forestall any ad hominem attacks.

Evelyn scrolled through her inbox. Several other teachers had recommended students for refits and let the seamstress know they'd done so. A couple of these were several days old, so Evelyn emailed the students directly to remind them of her preferred walk-in hours. Most students were quite punctual with their refits, eagerly rushing to her workshop to hear their latest size milestone. But there were always a few who, for whatever reason, dragged their feet. Some, like Elsie, were shy about being seen or touched. Others were self-conscious about their growing bosoms, which was frankly ridiculous at Ample Springs, in Evelyn's view. Whatever the cause of their reluctance, it was the Head Seamstress's purpose to see all of them properly clothed, and it simply wouldn't do to have young ladies traipsing around campus in outgrown bras and blouses.

A knock at the door snapped Evelyn out of her reverie. She was about to tell the student to come in, that there was no need to knock, when she looked up from her computer and saw it wasn't a student. Or rather, it wasn't a current student.

"Miss Carlson! What a lovely surprise." Evelyn rose to greet the young woman with a light touch on the arm.

"Please, I'm not a student anymore, call me Jade."

Jade Carlson had been one of Evelyn's most enthusiastic assistants in her undergraduate years. By the seamstress's estimation, she must be twenty-five, perhaps six. The years had been kind; she was, at most, ten pounds heavier than she'd been at graduation. Of course, Jade had been one of those rare students who remained a modest C-cup the entirety of her four years at Ample Springs. The water didn't affect everyone equally, and some, like Coach Hays, preferred to abstain.

"What brings you back, Jade?"

Instead of answering, Jade said, "I passed one of the current girls in the hall. What is she, about thirty-two L?"

Evelyn's lips curled into a proud smile. Under her tutelage, Jade had developed an eye almost as skilled as her own. "Right on the button. I'm impressed, and don't mind saying so. You've remembered your training."

Jade's pleased expression faltered somewhat. "I wish I could say that that's true—I don't get many opportunities to stay in practice, these days." As soon as the dark cloud appeared, it faded, Jade's eyes glinting with excitement. "But that's why I came to see you."

"Have a seat. Would you like some tea?"

Jade nodded as she sat, and once tea was poured, she pulled a device from her bag. To Evelyn, it looked like nothing so much as a price-scanning gun from a supermarket.

"What's this, then?"

"It's a prototype. I'm working with a small R&D firm, designing scanners for quality control systems. This one uses lasers and... well, the tech is all pretty complicated, but it can scan and measure a person's body through their clothes. It's sort of like an X-ray, but safer. It won't work for the application we're researching, the tolerances are a bit too low, but I think it'd be perfect for the Academy!"

"I'm not sure I follow, dear."

Jade grew more animated as she spoke. "Okay, so, this is just a prototype; it's about eighty to eighty-five percent accurate. But I have designs for a freestanding version, sort of like a metal detector or airport scanner, but much smaller. It would be barely noticeable as part of a doorway. You could install them at the entrances to the dining hall and the dorm buildings. The software to scan and track changes is simple enough—I have it mostly working already. And I found an AI agent I can plug into it to match the scans to the girl. Without needing to rely on the teachers to send girls to you, or the girls taking the initiative to come in for refits on their own, you could have reports in your email every morning. Why, the system could even send emails right to the girls. With enough calibration, it can identify which girls go a little too hard in the dining hall and need skirts with a little more give. You'd know when a girl's bra is getting snug *before* she starts having trouble with the hooks and straps. When her uniform top is *just about* to blow its buttons, you'd know!"

The younger chest heaved with her rapid, shallow breaths, and spots of color rose in her cheeks. Evelyn sipped her tea with deliberate slowness. When she spoke, it was with an equal measure of calm.

"Jade, why do you suppose I took this position at Ample Springs?"

"Um... You really like sewing clothes?"

"Would you say that altering identical uniform blouses satisfies a creative drive?"

"I guess not..."

"Does the Academy need a full-time seamstress on staff?"

"Well, of course."

"Of course?"

"With the way the girls grow, they're always needing bigger bras and tops..."

"Is distributing clothes in larger sizes the extent of what I do?"

"Um."

"Could we not have a well-stocked storeroom and a staff member or two trained to take measurements?"

"I guess..."

Evelyn softened her tone. "It's been a few years since your time in my shop, so I'll toss you a line. I'm here to provide a human touch. A constant. No matter how much a young lady's body changes during her Academy career, I am here. To make sure she always looks—and feels—her best."

Jade nodded slowly.

"Now, do you think efficiency is necessary for that vocation? Something I need to fulfill my purpose? In my place, would you want a machine to scan the young ladies for you, sparing them the chance for a comforting touch?"

"But—"

Evelyn held up a hand. "Besides which, we'd have to find the budget for all those gadgets, which I'm certain aren't cheap, if they're prototypes. We'd also need written consent from every student to scan their bodies, and if a student refused, would we deny them access to her dormitory, or the dining hall?"

"No..."

Jade hung her head, but Evelyn was a boulder rolling downhill. "Not to mention the computers to manage all that data, and the IT staff to maintain them, and did I hear you say something about AI? Absolutely out of the question. Even if I were to bring your proposal to the Headmistress, she'd never approve. And even if she did, the board would not. I'm sorry, Miss Carlson."

Jade looked like a deflated balloon, her eyes downcast. She flinched at Evelyn's return to the formal address as if slapped. Evelyn immediately regretted the harshness of her tirade. She'd meant only to be frank, not crush the poor woman's spirit.

"Jade," she began slowly. "Is there something more to all this? Something you're not saying?"

Jade glanced up at Evelyn for a moment before her gaze dropped back to the floor.

"I just... miss it."

"Miss... the uniform shop?"

She regained some of her energy, then. "All of it! The school, the other girls, measuring them and watching them grow... Everything's so drab and boring down in the flatlands."

"Jade, you know you're welcome in my shop any time. You didn't have to invent some invasive gizmo as an excuse to visit."

Her eyes brightened. "Really?"

"Of course."

"It's not the same, though."

"You could always come back as a volunteer."

"I could?"

"I'm not sure I could offer you a paid position right away. But I'm certain Miss Anderson would let me hire you part-time during the rushes—start of the semester, the weeks before fall and spring formals, that sort of thing."

Jade's eyes shone with the beginnings of tears. "Really?"

"And who knows? I remember you having quite the aptitude for the work. I'll be retiring eventually. If all goes well, you could work alongside me for a few years to ease the transition."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!"

Before the young woman could dive at Evelyn for a hug, a student knocked at the door. She stood at 5'4, with a thick mane of ginger waves. The gaps between her blouse buttons were so wide they peeked out behind her necktie. Evelyn recalled her size being a 30F, but she'd have to check her logbook to be certain. Regardless, Sophie wasn't a 30F anymore.

"Good afternoon, Miss Johnson." She hesitated, deciding to see if Jade was still up to the job. "Jade, this is Sophie Johnson."

A flicker of lascivious glee passed over Jade's eyes, but she covered it with a mask of friendly professionalism. "How can we help you, Sophie?" There was a hint of caution in her tone, as if speaking to an animal that might spook.

"My bras are all too tight," Sophie said with a shy grin. "Annie—my roommate—said I should get measured for new ones."

"Oh, congratulations!" Jade looked to Evelyn for confirmation. Evelyn pulled the tape from around her neck and handed it to the young woman, then gestured at the measuring booth.

Jade rose and gestured to the student. "Let's step over here and get you measured."

Evelyn smiled as she returned to her desk. She had an email reply from Coach Hays, but she'd read it later.