

Butterflies in the Breasts 2

Charlotte bounced her leg. The engineering office's foyer was too warm for her liking, especially in her blouse and jacket. Anxiety hung over her mind in a cloud that magnified every detail of every passing second: the ticking clock, the secretary's clacking keyboard, the hum of the AC, and worst of all, the tightness of Charlotte's blouse.

"Too small... Way, *way* too small..." she mumbled nervously, cursing herself for not shopping for a better-fitting outfit since freshman year of college.

The secretary glanced up. "Hmm?"

"Nothing! S-Sorry."

A red lipsticked smile helped soothe Charlotte's worry. "Nervous?"

"A-A little..."

"Well, just take a breath. Mr. Howard is very nice. It will hardly feel like an interview." The secretary stood up and went to a nearby water cooler to fill a cup. Charlotte couldn't help catching a peek at her backside in her skin-tight pencil skirt when she bent over. When she approached and extended the cup, a generous heaping of vanilla cleavage pushed her flared blouse open. "Have a drink! It will help you focus."

Charlotte averted her eyes and blushed, taking the gift. "Thank you."

"Let me know if I can get you anything else!"

Watching the secretary return to her desk, Charlotte wondered if her appearance was a good omen. Maybe a blouse that was a size or two too small was a fortunate accident; after all, it was only so tight because she'd gone up several cup sizes since buying it. Her cleavage was nearly on par with the secretary's.

"Anything to get a job, I guess..." she said softly, looking into the water before drinking it in a single motion.

It was the job of her dreams, and just as importantly, the salary she needed to pay off years of college debt that were looming in the coming months. The engineering firm was the best in the business; Charlotte couldn't hope for better without moving several states away.

Her leg bounced harder. Charlotte chewed on her lip. With every passing second, her blouse felt tighter across her chest. She'd already opened one button; opening another would be inappropriate.

Creeaaaak

She froze. A sound had come from her bra, drawing Charlotte's gaze downward in horror.

"Oh no."

It hadn't happened in years. She thought she'd found a way to manage her condition, but it always had a way of rearing its ugly head in her family.

Creeeeaaaaaak

Her jacket pulled tighter. Charlotte held her breath when she felt cleavage push higher up her torso.

"Oh no no no no...! Please! Not here! Not today! Not NOW!" She whispered. Getting up, she moved to flee to the bathroom and compose herself against the butterflies filling her chest.

"Ah~ Charlotte?" the secretary called with sharp eyes. "Mr. Howard is ready for you. Through those doors."

Charlotte froze like a deer in headlights. There was no time to run to the bathroom now.

Strrrrrtch

A whimper slipped free when her bust swelled beneath her tightening clothes.

"T-Thank you!" she squeaked, feeling cleavage fighting for space.

She was already overflowing her bra. Their enhanced weight made itself known with every step. Charlotte could feel her DDs pushing past G-cups. Her bra might have been able to stretch for the time being, but her blouse and jacket were meant for a girl no larger than a C-cup. She dared to steal a downward glance.

"O-Oh no--"

Strrrrrtch!!

A mound of cleavage stared back, flaring the top of her blouse open and pushing her jacket's front apart. It was worse than she thought. Seeing her appearance only stimulated her anxiety-driven swelling.

Calm... Have to stay calm... Deep breaths. But not too deep! Don't you DARE breathe too deeply! Or you'll blow a button and--

STTRRRRTCH!!

"EEP!"

Charlotte resorted to holding her breath when she opened the interviewer's door. A cozy office greeted her with an attractive man in his late 30s sitting behind a desk.

"Charlotte?" he asked.

"Yes," she nodded, rushing forward. "I-It's nice to meet you!"

She could feel them when she leaned over his desk to shake his hand. Even worse, she saw his eyes shoot down her front before darting back. There was no hiding the girth she'd packed into her outfit.

"Nice to meet you. Have a seat!"

She did so, struggling to find a balance between sitting up straight and hunching forward to hide her assets.

"So I've had a look over your resume. Very impressive, especially as an upcoming graduate!" He laughed and leaned back. "Don't you ever sleep?"

Tension eased. Mr. Howard was personable and inviting. Most of all, his smile was disarming. Charlotte could feel herself becoming more comfortable. Her bra almost felt like it could loosen. "Oh you know, an hour here and there!"

“Heh, ain’t that the truth.” He tapped a pencil. “Tell me about this energy dashboard project. What made it difficult?”

Guurrrrgle!!

She tensed. A frightful sensation tingled across her milk glands.

No! No please NO!! Not that! Not now!

Charlotte sucked in her breath and pursed her lips. Heat was spreading through her mounds as if a tap had been turned on. She couldn’t tell if he had glanced at her chest or not, but it had definitely bloated too much to ignore. Creases shot outward from the button on her jacket as it struggled. Fabric pulled around her back.

“Well-- It was our first-semester senior project. We had to create a real-time energy consumption dashboard for the university.”

“Mhm. And what was your--”

Guurrgle!

“A-Ah!”

He stared. “Are you alright?”

She fidgeted. Her bra’s underwire had just lifted away from her torso and given way to a flood of underboob. They weren’t just swelling now; they were engorging. “*M-Mhm! Mhm! Just--*” She shifted and pulled her jacket down.

“No need to be nervous. Now, what role did you play?”

She could hardly hear him over her heartbeat, much less think clearly as her breasts swelled larger with every breath. They tingled and sparked, feeling full of helium despite their rising mass. “I... I-I was mostly on the software side of things. I managed a lot of the backend and helped maintain the API calls.”

“And what would you say was the most important aspect you took away from that?”

“Definitely learning breast practices when-- *BEST! BEST PRACTICES!*”

STRRRRTCH!!

Her face went red. Flesh surged into her blouse, pulling it and her jacket drum-tight across her torso. G-cups were small compared to the volleyballs she felt like she’d hidden down her front. Cleavage shoved its way up to her collarbones. Even Mr. Howard couldn’t hide his confusion as his eyes trailed down to see the pale chasm rising with her breath.

Charlotte adjusted her seating and crossed a leg. “*F-F-Following BEST practices really helped to--*”

Creeaaaaa--SNAP!

Horror turned Charlotte’s eyes into saucers when her jacket burst open. Her arm shot upward reflexively to hug her front and keep the garment from blowing open completely. She could only hide so much. A blouse packed full of tit flesh bulged against her forearm with enough weight to make her muscles tremble.

“Erm...” Mr. Howard blushed and looked away. “Charlotte, is everything... *ok?* You’re looking a little pale. If we need to continue this another time, we could--”

Guvurrrrrgle!

“No! No no! I’m fine! Really!” She nodded quickly, trying not to sweat as she felt her nipples start to throb. Milk was flowing. Pressure was rising. Swelling was going to be the least of her concerns soon enough. “I’ve just been so busty that-- *BUSY!! I meant busy!!*”

GUUURRRGLE!!

“Mmnggh!!”

She had to lean forward when tension spread across her mammaries. Milk surged to fill them like balloons, stretching her skin as her bra deformed her basketball udders and squeezed them against her. One of Charlotte’s fingers fell into a widening gap between her buttons and felt searing cleavage rumble.

Pop!

A button burst off her blouse. Mr. Howard couldn’t avert his eyes now; they were glued to her front in perplexed wonder as skin pulled the college girl’s blouse into a second skin. Flesh oozed into her sleeves and flared her collar. “Charlotte??”

“*Hahhh~ O-Ohhh God...*” she panted, wincing at the churning milk. “*I-I’m so sorry! I’m-- It’s a-- I have a condition where--*”

STRRRRTCH!!

“*AHH!!*”

Both arms were needed now. She hugged her chest for all she was worth as it bloated like a pair of balloons sucking on a gushing hose. The hem of her shirt pulled out of her pants and exposed her midriff. A seam split beneath one arm. Sopping, wet heat leaked into her bra’s padding.

Mr. Howard pushed a button on his intercom. “Kiley, please bring the medical kit! I think she’s having an allergic reaction, or some kind of a--”

“*NO! I-I’m fine! Really!*” Charlotte lurched from her chair, using her size to carry her to her feet. Both hands groped her bust when she searched for balance and swayed, unsteady. “*I have a condition where--*”

Snap!

“*Ahhh!!*”

One of her heels broke. Panic enveloped her when she flailed, stumbling forward and slamming both hands on Mr. Howard’s desk to catch herself.

Slooomsh!!

Two watermelon-sized tits squeezed between her arms, pointing at her interviewer like bulging eyes. Buttons spread wide enough to fit several fingers into the cleavage plumping through their holes.

“*Hahh-- Haahhhhh-- I-I’m so sorry! I’m sorry! I--*”

GUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

“Ahhhhmm~!!!”

Milk came in a torrential wave. Her shirt stretched into transparency to show off a light-blue bra hanging on for dear life as it was swallowed by her bulk. Dairy dripped from its spongy padding to his desk.

The door opened. His secretary rushed in with a first-aid box. *“Is she alri-- Oh my Lord!”*

STRRRRTCH!!

Charlotte gasped for air. Her chest screamed with pressure. Veins throbbed through her blouse.

GUUUURGLE!!

“AAhhh-- AAHHHH-- I-I-I-I’m gonna--”

CRREEAAAAAK!!

Mr. Howard ogled the engorging mounds filling the girl’s shirt to the brim. Stitches popped and screamed. Creases shot across her front as underboob crept lower and into the open to cover her belly and waist.

“I-I-I’m fine! I’m fine!” Charlotte whined as her chest ached with milk-laden pressure begging for relief. *“I promise-- I-I-I’m only--”*

CRREEAAAA--POP POP POP POP!

BWOOMSH!!

“GAAHHHH!!!”

Her blouse exploded. The clasps of her bra gave out. All at once, a pair of beach ball-sized breasts burst forth and slammed onto Mr. Howard’s desk with enough force to topple his monitor. He and his secretary stared in awe as the fleshy globes trembled and pulsed, rounding forth.

GUUURRRRRRGLE!!

Charlotte was beside herself, watching as her chest bloated inches at a time. *“I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I’m SO SORRY!!”*

CRREEAAAAAK!!

They crept larger and rounder. Her skin drew tight and shiny. Her audience stared in stunned silence.

“Too...much!! I-I can’t-- Hold it--”

STRRRRTCH!!

Charlotte panted as her chest reached its limit. Her areolas elongated, doming like the necks of overinflated balloons. *“I’m SORRYYYY!! I-I-I THINK THEY’RE GOING TO--”*

SPLRRRRRRSH!!!

“Ahh~ Ahhhhh~ AAHHHH~!!!”

Milk erupted with an orgasmic release. Charlotte bore down over her chest as its contents surged from pulsating nipples, undulating and kicking with minds of their own. Gallons poured forth to flood Mr. Howard and his desk, dousing him head-on and pushing his chair back.

“MMMMM!!! MMNNGGHHHH!!”

Charlotte’s pleased moans filled his office over their milky roar. It lasted less than a minute, but by the time it was done, Charlotte was leaning on his desk gasping for air and staring at a pair of exposed head-sized breasts dribbling milk.

His secretary held a hand to her mouth in shock. “*What on God’s good earth...*”

Watching Mr. Howard drip head to toe, Charlotte whimpered, “*I’m so, so, SO sorry! It happens when I get nervous! I-I can’t help it! They just--*”

He held up a hand. Wiping his face, he gave a half-hearted smile. “It’s quite alright... Things these... Er... happen, I suppose.”

Hugging her blown-out clothes around her for modesty, Charlotte felt close to crying. “D-Does this mean my interview is--”

“Yes, I’m afraid it’s over... You’re a fine candidate, but we have too much sensitive hardware on the premises that would be at risk given your *condition*.”

She sniffled. “I-I understand...”

“However.” Flinging milk from his arm, he opened a drawer and withdrew a business card. “I have a contact at this up-and-coming tech company. I have a feeling they would *love* to interview you, if not, be able to help. You wouldn’t go wrong working with them.”

Charlotte took the pink business card and read the company’s name, feeling a small pang of excitement she couldn’t quite place. “IncrediBust...?”