

The Project Pt 2

The following was a commission submitted to me by a Super Fan on Patreon.

I was sweating, it was impossible not to keep thinking back to what just happened, focus was the farthest thing from my mind right now, not true, I was focused, just on the wrong thing.

She held a straight face as everyone logged on and everyone introduced themselves. Claire reached under the table and placed a hand on my thigh and gave it a squeeze when she introduced herself on the call. I thought it was for comfort because she was nervous, but whilst she was speaking I felt her hand travel higher up my thigh.

Fucking hell!

I almost leapt out of my chair; this was a game of chicken I was most definitely losing. Thankfully I was off screen, so my facial reaction wasn't caught.

Claire finished introducing herself and the brief overview of the project before the next person stepped in and she clicked the mute button on the laptop.

"That went well, sure it's just the start but I think I have good chemistry with that guy, he's the one who runs the finance department and therefore where the funds go." Claire explained, as if she didn't just reveal her big tits to me, try to grab my dick and almost make me explode from many emotions. "You being here helps keep me calm... I think I should get you on more calls."

I was about to reply, and I couldn't tell you what I was going to say because out of the line of sight of the camera Claire lifted her boobs and rested them on the table. There was no denying their dimensions now, they were big, probably bigger than her head, I wasn't an expert cup size guesser, but they were certainly bigger than one of my Ex's who was an F cup, at a guess at least two sizes. I wasn't sure how perky or saggy they might be because of the feat of clothing engineering that was holding her boobs together was working to perfection, although I could see how there was a bulge forming on the top from her boobs rising above the hem.

My focus was clearly on the two mounds now on the table and Claire laughed as she realised just how gone I was.

"Well... I guess you're a boob man huh?"

I felt like I was caught red handed, my face was burning, and my dick was stirring. I could only nod in response.

"Wasn't that hard to figure out..." She winked and turned her attention back to the screen.

I tried to do the same but the shock of these two large melons on her had me staring for a few seconds after she had turned back to the camera. For whatever reason, I wasn't paying attention, she started speaking, she was talking about the idea for the project and I knew a bit about the plan but the idea was already too high level for me to understand, now it was just impossible for me to follow along. I was about to try but when she was speaking I noticed that her hands went up to her boobs on the desk and she started to trace her fingers across their vast expanse.

She's teasing me and presenting...

Claire was something else, something I had never encountered before, she was a professional at this level of torture. I was fully erect now, there was no denying that I was turned on beyond belief but there was no way for us to do anything about that right now.

Still, she spoke, and I saw her hands become more aggressive and she was starting to jiggle and move them on the table. I had expected her to need to stop because it was affecting her voice, but she wasn't. She was cool, calm and collected. The only inclination I had that she wasn't was her nipples.

Her nipples were so hard that they pressed through her bra, and I could get a good idea at how big they were. This side angle gave me a vantage point that suggested they were quite long. I would probably expect as much based on her size, but the size was through her bra, so naked they were probably even bigger.

So big... I bet... They'd be great to suck on...

My horny brain was taking over, hell it had been in control for the last few minutes.

That bulge on the top of her bra was looking a bit more pronounced now.

Probably because she's playing with her boobs, moving them around...

I reasoned with myself but there was a lingering feeling that wasn't the answer. Not that I could think too hard about it, I just kept watching the show of her rubbing her tits on the desk. I took a rare glance at her face, drawing my gaze away from her tits for a moment and I noticed that she was looking a bit flush, yet she was gritting her teeth. I could see how tightly she was clenching her jaw.

The people on the screen were talking, it seemed positive, she was being asked questions that she was able to answer but I saw her hands were no longer playing with her breasts, they were instead gripping the table, white knuckled.

"Thank you, please stay on the call, we'll hear the other cases and then decide after a brief adjournment."

"Thank you very much." Claire nodded her head in respect and quickly tapped the mute button.

She held her expression together but there was a sense of worry on her face, I could tell.

“What’s wrong?”

“N-nothing...” She stammered. The confident woman who was just teasing me relentlessly wouldn’t stammer.

Something is wrong...

I thought it might’ve been about the presentation, but she wasn’t telling me. The next project started to pitch their case and Claire was focusing on the screen. Her breathing was becoming quicker, and she was still gripping the table.

“Hurry up...” She murmured under her breath.

“It’s only the second one, how many are there?”

“Six...”

“Well... At least there aren’t seven...” I tried to make light of the wait, but she still looked very much concerned.

I didn’t know her well enough to soothe her troubled mind, so I just sat there and tried to focus on the presentation, it seemed that the fun had finished. I couldn’t help but notice that her boobs were still on the table.

Her... Boobs...

The bulge above the bra was more noticeable now, she hadn’t been touching them this time, this wasn’t due to her movement.

I was freaking out, tits don’t just grow, my cock was harder than ever.

The massive melons before me are getting bigger...

As someone who was an enjoyer of “BE” I found myself getting caught up in the real-life fantasy.

I must be imagining...

CCCCRRRRREEEEEEAAAAKKKKK

The sound of straining fabric filled the room, and I looked at Claire, who’s eyes went wide, she turned to me and quickly took her boobs off the table.

CCRRRRRRRRRR

There was a deluge of noise from the subtle movement, and it certainly sounded to me as if it was her bra. I don't know how I wouldn't have heard that noise when she moved them before if they hadn't grown.

"C-Claire..."

"Not now not now... Please..." Claire muttered under her breath whilst looking at her boobs, she was leaning over, her breasts pressed against her lap.

There was a person speaking from the laptop, it startled both of us as it seemed to quiet down during the abrupt movement from Claire.

She turned back to face the screen, trying to keep a straight and sensible face for the audience.

"Claire... I whispered... What's going on..."

"It's fine... It's...It's..."

Crrrr

The noise returned, it was quieter this time, but it was continuous.

Crrrr

It very much sounded like the elasticated fibres of her bra were being pushed too hard.

Crrrr

Claire was almost panting now, like she was equally trying to deal with discomfort but also pleasure.

Crrrr* *Pring Pring Pring

The noise of fibres giving was now filled the air and I was grateful that we were on mute.

Crrrr* *RRRRIIIIIPPPP

The bra was starting to tear, it was giving way somewhere along the vast expanse.

CCCREEEAA-SHHHHKKK

There was an almighty tear, and I saw Claire's body visibly move from the sudden lack of support.

Her... Bra... Broke...

Not wanting to pay attention to what had just happened she plucked her bra from under her top and discretely for the others in the call, she discarded the bra to the floor beside me.

Staring at the bra, I could see that it certainly looked sturdy and capable of a considerable weight. Looking at the baggy top, it wasn't looking as much anymore, I could much more clearly see the outline of her boobs, the long nipples were trying to cut through the top and I noticed that when she placed her hands on her boobs, there seemed to be less give to them, her fingers were unable to sink into the flesh as much.

"C-Claire..."

"We just need to get through this... Ca-AAAAHHH" Claire yelled, the pain she felt was from her tits based on her clutching at her mounds.

She tried to mute her expression but if anyone was seeing her camera feed they'd know something was clearly wrong. She moved the camera up a little and once again placed her boobs on the desk, this time they were most certainly larger, I could see that they were in danger of covering the keyboard of her laptop and even as soon as they were put on the desk I noticed how they looked rounder, somehow perkier without her bra.

Before I could question I saw them actually moving, it was so subtle that you could hardly tell but the noise of her top shifting and being moved as her breasts advanced towards her laptop, I knew I wasn't seeing things, this wasn't just a fantasy, this was real life.

"Claire. What the fuck is going on??" I whispered in shock; I was not able to get anything out more than that.

"I... I have... A condition..." She groaned and rubbed the side of her boob. "Why now... Why can't I control it better..." she muttered once again to herself. "I can't..." Her eyes were looking to the ceiling as if she was seeking power from a higher entity than herself.

I grabbed her leg, not wanting to alert anyone on the call. I gripped her tight. "Claire. Snap out of it." I said sternly.

My harsh tone seemed to snap her out of it, she turned to me with a stone-faced expression, her eyes were burning and serious.

"I can't control it..."

"Control what?"

"My... Tits..." She looked down briefly before she turned back to the camera. Giving the most blank expression that she could, she continued to observe the call. "I've got a condition... Ever since I was 20, I started... Producing milk..." She took a pause, probably because she felt crazy admitting this to a coworker. "When... When I start... I usually have to milk myself until it stops..."

Creeeeaaakk

The table was starting to sound a bit worse for wear, looking back down at her baggy top, it was being pushed upwards and outwards with each passing second, her boobs were still growing, becoming heavier by the second, the table was starting to yield to the concentrated pressure that her boobs were putting on this side.

"It wasn't... It wasn't always this bad... But each time my boobs wouldn't go down quite as much as before... That's why I wear baggy clothes, that's why my boobs are so big, that's why I try to keep myself to myself... *These*." She pointed to her chest, not breaking eye contact with the webcam.

What the fuck is happening...?

If I wasn't seeing it happen before my eyes, I wouldn't believe a word she was saying.

"So... Why don't you just... Ya know... Express?" I felt a bit strange saying those words to her, certainly felt even stranger when her face turned a bright red and she squirmed in her chair.

"*Express* huh? You going to help me with that?" She turned and despite the concern that was obviously flowing through her, she cooed and gave me the burning look of desire.

It was still there... She... This is turning her on...

The realisation hit me and whilst every porn fantasy would scream that I just indulge in our joint fantasy, I knew this was real life and for the moment, my sex fuelled machinations would need to take a back seat, at least until this call was done.

"I'd love to..." No sooner had the words left my mouth did I realise that I just ignored my inner thoughts. The temptation was too real.

Thankfully for the two of us, Claire has much more control than I could muster. She put her hand up to stop me from making any further movements.

"Not yet hotshot... I need to get through this call... This... This is important to me... I can't duck out of it yet..." There was an uncomfortable pause as the first tiny creaks of her top could be heard. "Plus... It won't work... Not with my..." She paused and looked at me with an embarrassed look. "Never mind!" She focused on the call, leaving me in silence, save for her creaking top.

I stared as her boobs continued to swell and bulge between her torso and her legs; she was almost needing to lean forward to let them hang between her legs. The Fabric was getting tight now.

Crrrrreeeeeeee

The fabric was being pulled tight over her back.

CREEEEE

Her top was now forming creases from the overexertion of fabric.

“F...Fuck...”

CRRRREEEEE

Claire's tits were massive, like balloons they swung lower by the second. I could tell the weight was pulling her to the ground. Her milk laden tits were still swelling and finally they were so big that the top was entirely stretched over her boobs.

CREEEEEEAAAAA* *Pring* *Pring* *Pring

The polyester was meeting its match, she needed to speak one last time but I could see the ladders forming from the breaking threads of her top, thankfully they were not visible on the camera, each second that went by made another thread become too taut and the force of tension won out.

The investors were talking for ages, I hadn't picked up a single word from them, I was too focused on Claire's growing predicament. Claire was still locked in; however, she took a deep breath in.

Pring* *Pring* *Pring* *Pring* *Pring

The inhale sprung a bunch of threads and then she unmuted and started to speak, replying to the question from the callers. She managed to hold it together but from how tight her top was, I could see how her veins were bulging through the fabric because it was so thinly stretched. Her nipples looked huge and engorged.

How isn't she leaking if there is milk in there?

The question was answered by my curious glance around the front of her boobs, I could see the outline of something covering her nipples. It must be like some sort of stop to her teats, making sure she didn't have any unwanted accidents, now it was causing her this level of uncomfortable growth.

Her voice was straining to remain normal, but the growth was taxing her whole body.

After speaking for a few seconds I saw her face drop, she slammed the mute button and let out a fake cough, it was to mask what she was holding back.

SHHHKKK

A sudden surge of growth.

Her boobs had bulged forward, resting on her inner thighs as they hung low to avoid being on the camera in any capacity, I could see them grow and the tearing sound was thanks to her top ripping under her armpit, the weakest seam in her clothing.

I watched with a rising lust as her boob oozed out the gap and slowly the tear was becoming larger as the weight of her tits tore apart her clothing.

“Thank you very much, we look forward to working with you.” Claire said and nodded before hanging up the call. She slammed the laptop shut and turned to me, her massive boobs resting on her lap, the top barely holding it together.

“So... How about that help now?” Claire smirked at me, her arms either side of her boobs pressing them together, the small pressure she applied to them made her eyes in part roll into her skull and also wince from the overwhelming pressure.

“You’ll... You’ll need to... Take it off...” I said, trying to act smooth.

“I suppose you’re right... I think this top has had its best day... Don’t you think?”

I nodded.

“Are you ready? I don’t think I’ve ever been *this* big before...”

I nodded again.

“You really are a boob man.” Claire giggled.

I nodded once more.

“I sure am...”