

Proof of Concept Part 1

Megan grumbled. A dark cloud hung over her head as she stomped through the halls. Around her, coworkers were busying themselves getting ready for the big investor's presentation. Everyone was on edge, even those who weren't in the meeting itself. Tension hung in the air. Megan huffed for a different reason, however.

"Hog my spotlight, will you... Take all the credit..."

One of the mailroom boys passed her and flashed a smile. She didn't return it. She hardly noticed him steal a glance at the flared collar of her unbuttoned blouse. Cleavage was pushed up with pride. Cleavage she'd been sure would have won her boss's favor.

She was going to have her way, though. Even if it meant ruining the pitch. She'd gone to the flea market last night, where an old crone had seen her frustrations. The paper, scribbled with an old-world curse, was clutched in her hand. She only wanted to practice it once more.

"I should be the one up there... They used *my* body as the model, for fuck's sake!"

She turned a corner. Her hands slammed into the door to the women's restroom and it burst open. Heels clicked over the tile floor.

"It should be *me* showing off to our--"

Megan froze. Her eyes met with a topless woman standing at the sink.

"*Oh! H-Hey! Sorry!*" Kate blushed bright red and gathered her blouse against her naked chest. Soft pillowy flesh from a pair of cute, exposed B-cups squeezed around her hands and fabric. "I was just changing into the--"

Megan rolled her eyes. Of all the people to run into, it had to be Kate. "The sports bra, I know." It was difficult holding her tongue when facing the woman who'd been chosen over her to represent their latest product. The bra itself, a shiny blue spandex thing, sat on the bathroom counter.

They stared. Kate blushed harder and tried to shrink behind her crumbled blouse. "W-Were you gonna--"

"Oh don't let me stop you! Go on ahead!" Megan crossed her arms and leaned against a wall. "I'm just as nervous about the pitch as you are."

Kate gave a tiny squeak and looked at the ground before resuming her undressing. The blouse pulled away from her front and her breasts fell to their natural, perky form. Megan's eye twitched at the tiny things, in disbelief that the company would choose such a petite girl to wear the sports bra when there was a woman sporting full-formed G-cups running around the office.

Megan growled, "You ready?"

"I'm kind of nervous, honestly," Kate confessed, wrapping an arm across her chest while grabbing the bra.

"Yea, it's a *big* responsibility. You'd have to be a pretty *big* girl to handle it."

A flash of curiosity flashed from Kate but she chose not to consider the words too deeply. She held the sports bra in front of her before opening the bottom and sliding it over her arms. Spandex snapped and bunched when she pulled it over her torso.

“*Ah!*” she gasped.

“Tight?”

Adjusting it and straightening the straps and band. Kate inspected different angles in the mirror. “*Very!* But...it feels good. Secure, you know?” She looked at her profile and gave a small bounce on her heels. “Wow, there really is no movement!” Two fingers poked the gentle domes of her breasts. “These things are rock solid!”

“Because there’s hardly anything there to bounce...” Megan said under her breath.

Kate heard nothing and grabbed her blouse. “I can do this... I can do this... I just have to give a presentation, then show off a sports bra for a bunch of investors! With them all...staring right...at my chest...” She blushed harder, buttoning her blouse over the sports bra slowly.

“What’s the matter? Cold feet?”

“Just... Just nervous,” Kate nodded. “Any advice?”

Megan tried not to snicker. “Just be yourself. You’ve prepared for this! I’m sure you’ll do *great.*”

A warm smile spread over her face and Kate nodded. “You’re right. I can do this! *I can do this!*” She buttoned her blouse, donned a suit jacket, and headed for the door. The meeting was only minutes away. “Thanks, that was just what I needed!”

Megan chuckled, grasping the folded note in her hand. It still smelled of the old crone. She followed Kate from the bathroom like a stalking tiger. “Don’t worry; I’ve got *exactly* what you need...”



A room of muttering investors, men and women, greeted Kate when she entered. The back lights flicked off as she assumed her position at the front of the meeting room behind a podium and opened a laptop. A table of twenty people stared back. Her boss, Roger, sat at the front with nervous eyes. The entire product was riding on Kate. In the back, she saw Megan take a seat in a corner with a wave and sly smile.

The paper unrolled in Megan’s hand. Her heart raced as she looked over the words.

“Hello, everyone,” Kate began, “Thank you all for coming. Our new Super-Stretch Sports Bra has been a long time coming and we’re excited to finally show it off.” She breathed deep, feeling the bra glide under her blouse.

In a breezy whisper, Megan read the scrawled words:

Small of voice and body fair,

Change this woman until her body is laid bare

Smoke rose from the letters. They were mundane, but Megan could feel a power within them. She stared, watching for any misfortune to befall Kate and humiliate her moment.

“Our new sports bra is made of a revolutionary new spandex weave that--*Ahh!*” She faltered. “Sorry... Sorry...about that...” Kate swallowed, feeling hot. “O-Our new...sports bra is--*Mnngh!?*”

Mutters began now. Kate could hardly get a sentence out before waves of tingles attacked her chest. They poked and prodded, filling her tiny breasts with monumental stimulation. She hoped it was only excitement and butterflies escaping her stomach. Megan grinned from the shadows, watching her co-worker's face flush with color.

“Kate?” Roger asked softly, “Everything alright?”

“Mhm! Just--” She coughed and pressed a hand to her chest. “Just a tickle in my throat! As I was saying, a new weaving technique in spandex has allowed us to create an incredible article of clothing. It--*mmmgh~--I-It's a one-size-fits-all athletic top for women... That--*”

The heat was back with a vengeance. Pulsating currents flowed through her breasts. The sports bra constricted around her, making it difficult to fill her lungs. Kate pulled her jacket closed as she felt her nipples harden into pebbles. The laptop hid her chest from most of the room, but not all of it.

An image flashed on the projector of two women, one small and one well-endowed. Each wore the same sports bra.

“It's a top...that...works wonders in...nnngh...securing a woman's bust during athletic activity! Whether small or--Gaahh!?”

Strrrtch!

Her hands gripped the podium. Some of her audience jumped when she gasped for air. Under her blouse, she felt the sports bra tighten. Her breasts were angry as if fighting one another. She worried she was allergic to the fabric as a strange sensation of intense swelling and bloating poured into her B-cups.

“W-Whether small or large, the--NNGH!--the Super Stretch Sports Bra is ready to contain you!” she managed through steaming gasps.

The mutters weren't stopping. Kate's cheeks burned. Heat rose from her blouse collar. Under her jacket, she could feel her nipples prodding the bra like fingers. Even on her most hormonal days, never had her breasts felt so engorged.

“I... Aahhhh~! I-I'll play a short video clip for you now... A-About the new manufacturing progress!”

Her hand could barely manage to click the touchpad. A video sprang to life on the projector screen. Under its audio, Kate tried to control her breathing. She prayed their attention was on the screen and not her.

Strrrrrrtch!

“M-Mmnggh!?” It happened again. A rush of stimulation and contraction, as if her chest were being groped and kneaded by invisible hands. She leaned on the podium and breathed deep.

Strrrrrrtch!

Kate’s voice fell to a flutter. “Haaahhhh... What’s... What’s happening to--”

She felt it then: tension. Tightness in her blouse pulled across her bosom and wrinkles at her back.

Megan’s eyebrows raised. She’d been enjoying watching Kate flounder, but now there were physical changes coming to the surface. Her hand clenched on the paper as she stared at Kate’s chest. It was larger. Far larger than it had been in the bathroom.

“What the hell did that witch do...?” she mumbled, confused at the development.

Strrrrrrtch!!

“Ah~! Mmph!” Kate gasped when fabric tensed. The video still playing, she dared to open her jacket and inspect her chest.

She whimpered. As bad as it felt, the situation was ten times worse. Her breasts were indeed bigger, but far bigger than she thought. The sports bra contained them and squeezed them into flattened domes against her torso. But they had grown now enough to push into her blouse. The shirt was skin-tight around her torso, pulling thin and spreading its buttons over what looked like a compressed pair of party balloons. Bright blue diamonds glinted between the button gaps as she breathed.

“W-W-What the--”

Strrrrrrtch!

Air leaped from Kate’s lungs when she saw her chest bloat. Nowhere near the B-cups she remembered, her breasts were rapidly swelling into bulbous constricted mounds. Even smashed against her body, she could tell she’d outgrown a pair of basketballs.

POP!

“EEP!?”

She squeaked when a button burst from her chest’s center and tacked her laptop.

“Kate, is everything alright??” Roger whispered over the video.

She panicked, pulling her jacket over her chest and clasping the buttons. It was enough to hide her rising flesh for the moment, though the curve doming her front was still pulsing larger.

“Mhm! M-Mhm! I’m fine!” she piped with a reddening face.

A muffled chuckle came from the back. Over the heads of the investors, Kate saw Megan stifling a laugh. She had only a moment to ponder before tightness stole her attention back to her chest.

Creeaaaaaak!!

“H-Hhaaahhhh! Oh God!” she moaned, leaning on the podium.

More and more eyes were leaving the video in favor of her.

Shrriiip!!

Her legs trembled. A tear had just shot down the side of her blouse. The sports bra was squeezing the life out of her breasts. It might have been able to stretch widely, but her office clothes had no such power.

“R...R-Roger!” she rasped, feeling her constrained bust inch larger. Cleavage bubbled out of the sports bra’s neckline and up to her collarbones. “*I think I might need to take a break and--*”

The video ended. All focus fell back to Kate. Megan could hardly contain herself. “U-Uh--”

POP!!

POP POP!!

“O-Oh no!!”

Buttons burst and pinged against the lectern. As her blouse gave up, Kate felt her breasts swell wider with new freedom. They pushed into her biceps like blossoming airbags. Her mind raced, knowing she was too large to hide behind her laptop.

Panic took over. Kate leaned forward, grabbing the podium and thrusting her chest into its cubby.

“Ahhmm~!!”

It squeezed the sides of her breasts when she wedged it in place. The room stood deathly silent when she moaned in pleasure. Megan snorted back a laugh.

“A-As you can...see... *The Super Stretch--NNGH!!--Sports Bra is a u-universal--*”

Strrrrrrtch!!

“A-A-A universal solution for women of all bra sizes! It--”

STRRRRTCH!!

“Aaahhhhhh i-i-it keeps a firm grasp on--”

BOOM!!!!

A shot like a pistol stole her focus. The front of her chest billowed forth and she realized her jacket had just burst open. The button sounded as if it had dented the inside of the lectern.

“Could you stand up straight, please?” someone asked from the back, “It’s difficult to hear!”

“S-Sorry, I--”

Strrrrrtch!!

“Are different-sized bras needed for heavier women versus more petite women?”

“I--”

STRRRRTCH!!

The sports bra was all that remained to contain her breasts. The only layer of modesty Kate had left. Larger than beach balls, they filled the small wooden cubby to every corner. Blue spandex stretched across the mounds like paint, holding her in a prison of fabric. Kate dared to

glance down and saw an ocean of cleavage heaving off her front. Taut shoulder straps shot down the slope of her chest.

She's engorged to impossible proportions that made her heart race.

"I-I'm sorry!! I'm sorry! I'm afraid I have to excuse myself! I've--"

She tried to pull back. To remove her breasts from the podium.

Creeeeaaaaak

Desperate pleading whimpers came form. *"No! N-No please don't tell me--"*

Her eyes widened when she pulled again. Fear struck now, fueling higher panic.

CREEEAAAAAK!!

Wood groaned around her chest as it swelled larger in the prison. Her laptop clattered to the ground as her hands flailed over the heavy lectern, trying to push it free.

Roger stood and approached. "Kate?? What on Earth is--"

"I-I'm stuck!!"

CREEEAAAAK!!!

"I'M STUCK!!"

To be continued