

Proof of Concept Part 2

“O-Oh no. Please no!! I-I’m--” Kate swallowed a well of rising panic. Her chest was stuck fast, refusing to leave the podium’s cubby. Pressure compressed her breasts into a box shape, hugging them on all sides. More than a dozen eyes were upon her waiting for the odd presentation to continue.

“Kate, what’s wrong??” her boss whispered. *“Get it together!”*

“I’m trying! But-- M-My--”

STRRRRTCH!!!

“AH!!”

She stiffened when her breasts swelled, forcing themselves out of the cubby and against her torso. Flesh billowed to the sides of the podium like bubbling dough. Several investors raised an eyebrow at the strange sight and leaned in for a better look. Her arms flew and lifted her broken jacket to cover the bloating masses. Much bigger and there would be no hope of hiding her assets.

“Can we continue the presentation, please?” someone asked near the back. “I have another meeting in twenty!”

“I-I-I think we’ll have to do this another time!” Kate begged. She tugged but her chest held firm. Even worse, the podium had begun creaking. Its sides bowed outward with a dangerous slope.

“Another-- Certainly not! We flew in from Dallas to hear this pitch!” They glared at Kate’s boss.

He started to sweat. “Kate! We need--”

Crraaaack!!!

“NNGH!!! No please no!!”

All stared when wood groaned like a failing house. Once square and straight, the podium was assuming a deformed oval. A fissure split down one side.

The slideshow moved on. Kate saw the title and whimpered. There wasn’t enough strength in the world to continue even if she wanted to. The prison squeezing her breasts wouldn’t even let her stand up straight, much less think with a clear mind.

“A-A-And now--”

Crrrraaack!!

“Ahh!!! A-And now-- We have a live demo of t-the Super-Stretch S...Sports--”

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!

“MMNGH!!”

Heat and billowing skin pushed up to her neck. Despite her size, the bra’s durability was outstanding. It pulled ever tighter within the podium, helping squeeze her breasts against the wood.

“I-It’s...durability is unlike--”

CRAACK!!

POP!!!

She shrieked, jolting when a nail shot from the podium like a bullet. One side was folding outward like a wing. A gap had opened down a front seam. The extra space was taken by her greedy flesh and it rapidly filled the space.

All eyes fell upon the podium. One woman’s jaw dropped. Another man let a pen fall from his hand. In the back, Megan’s grin had started fading into worry.

A chill breezed over Kate’s bare skin. She whimpered, knowing she’d been exposed.

Her boss leaned forward and squinted at the odd mass squeezing out of the gap. “What in the world... Kate, what’s wrong with the podium?? It looks like it’s--”

CRAAACK!!!

“AAHH!!! E-Everyone, I think I need help!! There’s something--”

CREEAAAAAK!!

“MMNGH!?”

Wood complained constantly now. Popping nails and carpentry struggled with pressure.

Megan swore, seeing a bulging mass pushing out from the side. “Shit... Shit shit shit! That’s-- *When did she get so big?! That’s way too far! She’s gonna--*”

BOOM!!

One side of the podium buckled in the middle like a tortilla chip. Megan’s eyes widened and saw the blood drain from Kate’s face. Quickly she scanned the old woman’s paper and read the words aloud again in hopes it would cancel the spell.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“Ahh!! W-Wait!?” Kate looked on in horror. Cleavage bubbled beneath her chin faster than ever. Like an angry pale blob, her chest rapidly bulged around her arms and torso. *“WHY IS IT GETTING WORSE?!”*

The paper fell from Megan’s hands. “Uh-oh...”

Investors stood up, not sure what they were seeing. Kate’s boss nearly fell back in his chair when her chest bloated toward him like a wall of flesh.

“Good Lord! She’s--”

“Are those her breasts?!”

STRRRRTCH!!!!

“It’s fine!! E-Everything is-- Nngh!! Fine!” Kate squeaked like a mouse despite her arms struggling against a bulging mass as big around as a tree. *“I’m just-- Experiencing a little water retention and--”*

CREEAAAA--BOOM!!!

The podium's demise sounded like a bomb. Wood exploded, sending the podium's walls in all directions. Flesh heaved into its full form. Finally free, her chest swelled into a bean bag-sized mound and pulled her to the ground. The sports bra wrapped across them like a second skin. Blue and stretched taut, it sank into her enough to deform her chest despite its enormous weight.

"Holy... Her tits are--"

"Oh God!! GOD, I'M HUGE!!" Kate screamed. *"H-Help!! HELP!! Someone!!"* Kate knew hiding the growth at this point was a fool's errand; she could no easier hide a pair of yoga balls inside her jacket. *"THEY WON'T STOP GETTING BIGGER!!"*

STRRRRTCH!!

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Panic clutched her heart when they bloated faster. Tingling sensations blossomed and spread like wildfire. Flesh pushed against her abdomen and thighs, trying to take her knees off the ground. Pressures shifted within her in a search for space against the sports bra.

"She's getting bigger!?"

"Is she allergic to something?!"

Several of the investors with their wits still about them ran to her aid. Though they knelt at her side, their hands didn't dare touch the rapidly engorging mounds lifting the woman higher and higher.

"I don't know! I don't know! They just--"

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Kate's hands sank into her cleavage as if pushing it down might stop her growth. *"Mnngh!!! They just started...swelling!! And now they won't stop!! God, I just want to burst out of this damn bra!!!"*

Realization struck Megan like a bullet. The incantation's words echoed: *'Change this woman until her body is laid bare.'* Her eyes widened. *"Shit! That's it!!!"*

Everyone looked as she jumped from her chair.

"W-What??" Kate looked at her for any source of hope. *"Megan?? D-Do you know what's happening?!"*

"Uhh..."

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Her knees left the ground. The sports bra dug deep. Frightened panting shorted her breath. *"Megan!!!"*

Megan nodded. *"Don't ask me how, but I don't think she's gonna stop growing until we get that bra off of her!"*

Every face in the room turned red. Despite her being large enough to fill a kitchen table, the thought of removing her bra was out of the question.

Her boss scoffed. *"How would that--"*

STRRTCH!!!

“NNGH!! *I don’t care!! I don’t care!*” Kate groped her flesh as tightness deformed her into a series of bulging globes. “*JUST GET THIS DAMN THING OFF ME!*”

No one stepped forward. Every man took a step back.

“*I don’t care who!! GET ME OUT OF THIS BRA!!*” Kate gasped as cleavage heaped into her face. “*It’s getting hard-- T-To breathe!*”

One of the women stepped forward. “*God, you cowards...*” Falling next to Kate, she tried to get a finger under the bra.

“*Mmnnggh!!! Ah~! Careful! Ohhh be careful!!*” Kate begged. “*They’re so...s-sensitive!*”

“Sorry, dear! But it’s...*nnggh!...really tight!*” Her fingers couldn’t work between Kate’s flesh and the spandex. Every attempt sent the titanic bust heaving. Deformed curves bloated around the bra’s straps and neckline. Underboob lifted Kate’s legs from the floor. “*The hell is this thing made out of?!*”

Her boss perked up. “That’s our proprietary spandex! The specialized weave makes it incredibly--”

“*MMMMM NOT THE TIME, HAROLD!*” Kate hissed.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“*Haaahhhh...!! Ohhh God!! I can’t-- Breathe--*” Gasping for air, she pointed at the front of her chest. “*Pull it...over!! It’s gonna pop me!! It’s gonna pop me!!*”

Megan nodded and rushed forward to help. “*Get several people pulling on it!*”

Megan, the woman, and an older man knelt before the titanic mounds. Their hands sank deep, gaining the slightest leverage on the bra.

“*Mmmm!! T-Too hard! Gentle~!*”

“We’ll be quick, dear,” the woman promised. “*On three! One...two...three!*”

They pulled. Spandex groaned. Skin inched out as spandex stretched up her curves, but then it stopped.

“*Haahhhh!! W-Why did you...stop?!*”

Megan’s eyes bulged.

Her boss pointed, “*Your nipples are too big, Kate! They’re holding it up!*”

Two teacup-sized mounds tented the spandex. Hardened to rocks, they wouldn’t move for anything.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“*Mmmmmmm!! Oh no!! O-Oh...no!!*” Kate whimpered, her entire body lifting atop her chest. It squeezed into a pale raspberry of fleshy shapes as the bra held impossibly strong and sank more than a foot into her mass. So deep, it was ready to vanish into the pale valleys of tight skin.

“She’s... *Is she gonna blow?!*” a man said, retreating to the back of the room.

“*No!! P-Please don’t let me--*”

CRREEAAAAAK!!!

“Nnnghh!!! IT’S TOO TIGHT!!”

Megan stared under a blanket of guilt. She’d only wanted to embarrass Kate, not turn her into a human inflatable mattress.

Investors backed away as Kate’s bust demanded more space. *“S-Someone...please...do something...”* she rasped. *“God, how has this thing...not blown open?!”*

“What if we cut the bra?!”

“You want to get a pair of scissors close to those things?!”

“Well we can’t just let her--”

“Scissors!! PLEASE!! Anything!” Kate howled.

Megan jumped. *“I’m on it!”*

She ran from the room, returning moments later with a pair of scissors. A crowd had gathered in the hall outside at the sounds of Kate’s distress.

“Where should I cut?!”

The woman pointed. *“Her back! Along the side! There should be a tiny gap!”*

Megan searched as Kate’s torso heaved and trembled for breath. Along her side where her chest was bulging around her ribcage was a sliver of space. *“Don’t move, Kate!”*

STRRRRTCH!!!

“MMMMM HURRYYYY!!!”

The blade slipped in. Bra fabric rumbled as if in protest.

“Let me out of here!!” one man demanded, running for the door.

CRREEAAAAAAAK!!!

“Mnngh!! M-Megan...!! PLEASE!!”

The scissors worked in her hand. Fabric fought the edges, fraying only slightly. *“I’m working on it! Just--”*

A tear opened. Spandex split at the sports bra’s band.

STRRRRTCH!!!

“T-Too tight!! It’s too tight!! I’m gonna--” All air squeezed from Kate’s lungs and cleavage swallowed her face. *“MMPH!!”*

The scissors closed. The gap widened and Megan felt hope. *“Hey!! I think I got--”*

Creeaaaaa--BOOM!!!!

The tear opened itself the rest of the way. Splitting open like an exploding boiler’s belly, the sports bra tore apart where Megan had broken the seams.

BWOOOOMMMPH!!!!

“MMMMMMGH!!!!”

Kate cried out when the garment lashed across her overly sensitive breasts and whipped over her head before landing on a gawking investor. Her chest filled out to its true form, burgeoning in all directions to take up the entire front of the room.

“Mmnggh!! O-Oh-- Oh my--” Kate panted, collapsing over her chest. Sweat drenched her face and cleavage as the growth ceased. Nipples as big as coffee cans trembled off her breasts’ fronts. *“That’s-- So much-- Better...”*

All stared. None dared speak as Kate caught her breath.

One of the investors removed the bra from his head. He looked it up and down, the only damage from Megan’s cutting.

“Wait...” He started laughing. The others looked at him with horror. *“Don’t you all see??”* He held up the bra. *“It was all a stunt! This WAS the presentation!”*

Kate’s boss started to speak but caught himself. Megan’s jaw dropped.

“Look!” he continued, showing off the bra. *“It’s hardly stretched out at all! Even for how big they made her!?”*

“N...No...” Kate moaned. *“This was-- I was really--”*

He laughed and threw the bra on the table before clapping his hands. *“Wonderful!! Brilliant!”* He pointed at Kate’s enormous chest. *“I don’t know how you did that, but I’m sold! And I want the number for the special effects agency! I have a buddy’s bachelor party coming up!”*

Other investors nodded, slowly at first, then joined in with applause.

“Stupendous!”

“Groundbreaking presentation!”

One slapped her boss on the shoulder, stepping around Kate as he led them out of the room. *“I want to start mass production as soon as possible! There are big things in your future, Harold. Big things!”*