

The Project

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

“Hello everyone, Mark tells me that you were more than interested in my proposal for my project.” Claire turned it on super quick; the pressure of her swelling chest seemingly put to the back of her mind. She spoke with a confidence that honestly took me by surprise.

They started to speak back but I wasn't interested in paying attention to what was going on, I was more fixated on the two large orbs hanging down between the desk and the chair. Sitting side on, I watched her face as she focused on the call.

Being the focus of the call meant that she couldn't let her face waver at all, there were eyes on her at all times.

Thankfully for me, I was not in that same position.

Side on, shirtless and a bit cold because of the air con, I just stared as she maintained composure for the call.

It must be so hard to be so focused...

Grrrrr

Her boobs were so huge, the stretch marks had become pronounced on her skin, the red hue only getting worse as her veins popped on her skin.

Especially when you're still growing...

Grrrrr

Every second I could see them growing still, the gap she had made for them was becoming not enough as they became larger still.

*Wait... **still growing**...*

Grrrrr

I hadn't really taken in the last part; they were still growing. The noise I had been ignoring was the sound of her tits straining as they continued to grow. Instead of sagging now the milk inside was making her boobs inflate rounder and bigger.

*They're like... **Balloons**...*

That imagery in my head used to invoke fun thoughts of breasts that you could choose to grow, they could be big and round and perky but right now that was not the case. My head only thought of one thing.

Grrrrr

Balloons go pop...

Claire's hand rubbed the side of her overfilled milk tank and somehow kept a straight face. Her nipple covers were doing such a good job of not allowing the milk to leave but I was starting to wonder if that was really for the best.

I wasn't really sure what else I could do other than watch, a horniness like I had never experienced before was slowly being diluted with fear.

She's going to pop if they don't wrap up soon.

I tried to tune in, but I had no idea what they were talking about. Looking at Claire's face I could see sweat beads forming on her face.

Was she worried?

I looked down and I saw her hand beckoning me closer. I shuffled my chair closer, ensuring that I wasn't in the camera view.

Not sure how she would explain me being there shirtless.

Claire reached out for my hand and when she made contact with me, she yanked my hand to the side of her massive boob, and I felt the heat overwhelm my hand. She moved my hand around her boob in a circular motion as if to suggest I needed to rub it.

I was not going to argue.

My hand slid over the taut surface, and I couldn't help but press into it to feel how much give there was left and I was shocked when there was none. My palm didn't deform her breast at all; it just moved the solid orb to push against her other globe.

So tight...

Grrrrr

I couldn't even hear any sloshing anymore because there was nowhere for the milk to move, it was just like she had two spheres of milk on her chest.

So full...

Grrrrr

She pulled my wrist as if to ask me to do more, so I slid off the chair and went under the desk. On my hands and knees, I looked up at the giant boobs that filled my vision and almost all the distance between the chair and the desk.

Her boobs were huge, and they looked angry with how stretched and overtaxed her skin was. I stared for a second before I saw Claire's hand desperately tap the side of one of her boobs.

I had work to do.

I timidly reached out and touched them, fearful that they might explode. I rubbed in the most gentle manner I could, I wasn't sure if it was helping or not, but I continued anyway.

They felt different to how they did earlier, I could feel the stretch marks, I could feel the bulge of her veins too. They were packed and still I felt the march of their girth as they continued to fill with milk.

It felt impossible, it felt incredible, it was dizzying.

"Done." I heard Claire call out and then it felt like my whole world was being taken away from me when she pulled the chair backwards.

I crawled out after her boobs and stood up and watched how she somehow lifted the giant tits high into the air, and she stood tall and proud.

"I... I've never been *this* big before..." Claire's focused voice was gone and there was a hint of trepidation and something else. "Look at them... *Look...*" She let out a moan as her fingers made contact with her over sensitive skin.

She was turned on.

She looked insane, so full and round each breast had no sag to them at all, they both looked immense, and I couldn't take my eyes off of them.

"I... I really think you need to... Relieve them..." I suggested.

"But they feel so good this big... Don't they look good too?" She was losing herself to her lust. "They felt good with your hands on them... Maybe you should do that again..." Her voice was less commanding and flirty and more desperate. "Didn't they feel good?" She asked as if seeking validation for her choice of not wanting to release the gallons of milk she had within.

"Claire... You... You're going to pop..."

"*Pop?*" She blurted out and her body shuddered.

I thought she was going to orgasm.

“Pop...” She murmured as she rubbed her fingers over the skin. “Do you think?” Her thighs were rubbing together.

“Claire?”

I called but the vacant expression on her face seemed to suggest that there was nobody home. She was too focused and fixated on her tits.

“I really th-”

I was cut off by her arching her back and letting out a loud moan and I watched as her boobs grew a few more inches, her skin becoming more red and her nipples looked like they might explode through the industrial grade covers she had seemingly welded onto her boobs.

“C-c-laire...” I backed away and stumbled onto the desk, my ass almost crushing her laptop.

She looked at me with an intense fire in her eyes and she strut over to me, her round perky spheres didn't jiggle or move much they closed the distance and I felt them cover my chest and most of my face, I looked up between her cleavage, something that I couldn't get between because of how tight her boobs were.

“They... They feel amazing...” She moaned over her mounds to me.

“We need to get out of here...”

“Not before you fuck me... I'm too fucking horny...”

“We need to get the milk out Claire... You're going to pop.”

Claire let out another moan, I felt her body shudder this time against mine, her weak legs almost giving way as her body experienced a horny shiver that was almost too much for the woman. She pressed her chest into me more and I laid back on the desk, her giant breasts looming over me, I could only see her eyes, that intense stare still there.

“Take your pants off. Now.”