

# The Project

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

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About to indulge in this porn like fantasy, I reach forward, my fingers make contact with the strained shirt and as I am about to tear it off of her, not caring that we're still at work, that we might even be on camera at this point. Just as I am about to pull we both hear a knock on the door that makes us both jump.

"Claire, it's Mike." A voice called through the door.

"Fuck!" Claire said under her breath.

Mike was Claire's line manager and right now she was in no fit state to see him, or anyone really, except for me.

The door made a loud clunk and there was no movement. Thankfully Claire had locked the door, the number of times that she had someone walk into a room when she was on a call had given her this habit and it had helped before but today she was even more glad.

"It's locked..." She gave a big sigh of relief. "Hey Mike, I'm just finishing up with something, I'll come find you when I'm free or."

"Sure, I was on the call, thought you did an excellent job."

Claire smiled at Mike's compliment. "Thank you Mike. I'll catch up later."

"Well, they want to have another call, 1-1, they messaged to ask if you could get on a call in 15 minutes. I think they're taking you forward with the funding."

There was a silence that filled the room between me and Claire.

We both looked down at her strained top, still holding on to dear life as her swollen tits had stretched the top almost to the point of shreds, it was still in no fit state to be seen out in public. With large holes in seams, breast flesh bulging between gaps made in fabric. It was a sight to see, one that I was thoroughly enjoying but in light of this new call it was something that gave Claire pause.

"I was expecting a happy outburst or something..."

"Yeah, more shock to be honest... It's great! I'll prepare for some more questions..." Claire responded to her boss, still through the door.

"Great. Good luck."

We both heard Mike's footsteps as he retreated back to his office.

"What... What are you going to do? About..." I gestured down at her breasts.

"I..." She winced and thrust her chest out.

With her back arched, her breasts were pushed forward and there was no more fight left in her top.

**\*SSSSHHHHHHHH\***

Her top tore entirely down the already ripped seam and the fabric laid flimsily on her huge tits, the collar was still intact, it looked almost like she was wearing a poncho, but the sides of her tits were visible now out the side. The skin looked to have a reddish hue to them, her veins were deep blue and very visible on the surface, to say she looked full would be an understatement.

"Oh my..." I murmured unconsciously, trying not to get too aroused by the massive melons before me.

"Well... I guess there is no need for this anymore..." Claire took the top off and left me staring at her engorged boobs.

Each one had gotten so much bigger since I first saw them, and really, I had no idea how big she was at the start thanks to her baggy clothing. Now there was nowhere to hide, she knew that, it might've been why she was smirking so much.

"Well... I must say... I've not been this big for a while..." Claire gave the side of her breast a pat, as if testing it.

**\*Think think\***

**\*Slosh Glunk Slosh\***

The deep noise of her slap was followed by the sound of her milk moving around inside her chest. I watched as the heavy orbs jiggled and bounced against one another, like some sort of Newton's cradle.

Each breast was bigger than any I had ever seen in my life, even in porn. I don't think I had seen anything that big when I was looking online.

*She must be halfway through the alphabet...*

They looked like large watermelons, they must've been quite heavy because after the pat, Claire's hands were under them giving them support, her bra was long gone at this point.

I did notice something strange though.

Her nipples.

Each looked huge, massive at this point, clearly ready to blow and spray milk everywhere. I say that even though they are covered. Two thick pads were at the end of her boobs, covering her nipples, they looked almost industrial and somehow they still fit despite the rapid change in her size. The thickness of the pads didn't mask how big her nipples were as they were poking so hard into the pad that you could almost make the outline of them.

"Covers..." Claire said in a hushed tone. "I don't want to just start leaking anywhere... Do I?" She giggled; the slightest movement sent her chest into a wobble.

"They... Stop you from expressing..."

Claire nodded, "Can be a bit of a double-edged sword as I am sure you can see..."

I nodded, "Well... Maybe you can express... Then get on the call?"

She shook her head, "It'll take too long, I'll be far too out of it and if we start and try and put the covers back on, they won't go back on... I have to grit my teeth and hope they don't have me for too long..."

"What about your... I mean... You're topless?"

Claire looked down, playfully she said; "Am I?" Using her arms she jiggled her boobs.

**\*Slosh slooosh\***

"Are they a bit distracting?" She seemed so unphased by what was going on, she didn't mind one bit and yet here she was about to go on a very important call, and she was having too much fun playing with me.

*Playing with me...*

I knew she was being a bit flirty, maybe the shock of the whole thing was putting me in a different headspace but really, she was playing with me, she was standing before me topless, her massive tits for me to ogle and gawk at.

"A little bit..." I murmured.

"Oh baby!" She took a quick step over to me and her boobs crashed against my body. "Well that just won't do... Maybe you need to get used to them? Desensitisation."

Claire almost cackled, I on the other hand almost melted.

The heat from them, the weight, it was immense, I was wondering how she could even stand.

*I suppose she has had this happen before...*

I looked down at her beautiful face and I was unable not to see the wall of cleavage, her boobs huge and heavy, each vein trailing over the surface of her giant tits.

Claire peered around my head and then made eye contact again.

“Only a few minutes left...”

She was referencing the call, but I didn't really care about the call anymore, my mind was getting consumed by this woman's massive tits. Each one pressed against me, I wanted nothing more than to fuck her senseless, whilst that might've been well received, I was not about to jeopardise any future engagement with this expandable woman.

“I...”

It didn't matter what I was about to say, my head was thrust between her tits and using her arms she spread her boobs apart so I could be wholly swallowed by her swelling breasts. They wrapped around my head, and I could hear the sloshing inside, my arms instinctively wrapped around her petite frame, enjoying the sensation of holding her in my arms..

**\*Slosh Slosh Slosh Slosh\***

It was deafening and arousing all the same, I was so hard I thought I might cum. Her boobs still though were growing, and from inside her cleavage I could feel the sensation of them becoming more taut, they were filling with milk in real time. I am sure if the sloshing stopped I could probably *hear* the milk being pumped into each orb.

That would require either of us to stop in our endeavours.

Claire let out more than a few moans as she felt me squirm between her cleavage, she was pressing her boobs into my head, as if thinking the pressure against my skull was not enough.

My palms slid down the small of her back and onto her ass, it was tiny in comparison to her giant tits, not many things could hold a candle to the immense gravity of her boobs. All inhibition was gone, and I was squeezing her cheeks, it allowed me some input of how deep I could sink into her tits, and I wanted more, impossibly.

**\*Rrriing Rrriing\***

Both of us just leapt back from one another, panting. I fell onto my ass and looked up at the giant moons towering above me. Claire's face was flush and panicked now.

“Shit... I...” Her mind had turned slightly to jelly in our encounter, something she had tried to avoid I think but right now she was in a tough spot. Topless and needing to go on a call.

Without hesitation I pulled my shirt off over my head, there was no way it would fit on her chest but if she could button the top few, it would cover her shoulders.

I quickly got it on her, thanks to my broader shoulders it did its job but we still needed to sit her in a way that kept her boobs from view so she hung them down between the desk and the chair she was sitting on.

All this happened in a few seconds, not long enough to arouse suspicion from the panel, shirtless and looking at the ridiculous profile view, I couldn't take my eyes off her udders that hung between the table. They were massive and strained, I could see they looked redder, she had some stretch marks, but they were looking angrier by the second.

*Surely she couldn't... Pop... could she?*