

The Project Pt 1

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

Working in an office had its perks, the 9-5 was a pretty good set up, I meant I had weekends free, something that my previous job couldn't afford me. Sometimes however there were calls to work on, do extra and put yourself out there for promotion. That wasn't a fun part of the job and usually I wouldn't look to do that. I had done it when I first got here, but that was a few years ago now, approaching my 30s, I knew that it wasn't always worth it, usually not.

All that being said. Today was different.

As a single guy, I was looking for a girl. I had tried dating, and the advent of dating apps was pretty much the death of finding love in my eyes. Thankfully there was a cute girl that I worked with. We didn't interact too often because we were mostly in different teams, but I did find that I bumped into her many times during lunch and on the walk back to the car after work.

Her name was Claire, a lovely bubbly girl a few years younger than me, seemed very interesting as a person and her department was something she had been part of since she finished Uni a few years back. She worked in HR, and I worked in Finance, the two most boring positions in the company probably but we both didn't hate our jobs, especially when we were talking to each other, at least it seemed that way.

In her mid-20s she was a platinum blonde that she curled into large ringlets and let it hang down over her shoulders, her face was pretty enough that I thought she could be a model, she did wear a bit of makeup but there was no worry in my mind that she was covering up, she was using makeup to accentuate her looks. She was quite short compared to me, I had a good 10 inches over her, standing at 6 foot myself, the smaller girl was always looking up to me.

There was one other thing.

Her peers wore blazers, shirts, dresses, all very form fitting but Claire usually wore baggy things, she wasn't a big girl by any means but she always wore things that minimized her figure, it wasn't a deal breaker for me because I genuinely just enjoyed her company. If she was fat or flat it didn't matter to me.

Today was the day we had to do an extra piece of work, Claire was looking for a promotion and not that I wasn't, I just didn't have the effort level she had. When I found out she was heading the project I signed up after she approached me. I was quite shocked to see only her when I got into the conference room.

She didn't give me a great deal of detail about what I needed to do but she just asked that I turn up to conference room C after work had finished.

I walked in and saw her sitting in the chair, the mostly petite woman looked up at me and smiled. Still in her baggy clothing she looked very cute. In this intimate of a setting, I felt my cheeks start to blush. It was infectious because Claire's cheeks were rosy, red too.

"Hey, so glad you could make it."

"No worries, very glad to help." I smiled at her. I looked around and saw just her laptop on and facing her. "Just us?"

"Yeah, I'm afraid so... Not many people even showed an interest in helping... Other than you..." Her words trailed off and I felt a wave of embarrassment come over me.

I was caught out!

She didn't press the issue, she was looking at her laptop, almost as if she was trying to avoid my gaze.

"Well... Uhhh... Glad I could help..." I said lamely before taking a seat up next to her.

As I sat down I saw her screen was attempting to connect to a call. Turning to me she started to explain.

"We're going on a call here with these investors, they are going to speak a lot about projects and what we're looking to do this year and we have to use that information to formulate a fully written out project, this will need to be reviewed by our boss before being submitted to them. So, this stuff is super important to take in before we start work on it." She said a lot rather quickly as the call was loading but I couldn't really focus because her smile was just so cheery.

I had never really sat this close to her without much to look at, I couldn't stop myself from glancing over her petite form, still hidden so well under the baggy clothes. The call started and I was taking some notes as was she, but when I looked up to view a slide they were referencing, I noticed something.

I had finished writing my line first, I got eyes on the screen first and then I saw from the corner of my eye Claire lifted her gaze up. It was a subtle and quick movement, too quick for the baggy shirt. The briefest of movements, like a shark underwater, its fin peeking through the surface of the waves, I saw a sizable movement under the jumper.

Was that her...

My face felt on fire, and I looked at the screen, my mind was racing.

Her... Belly? Her boobs? No way, what?

I was spiralling, the guy was talking about something that didn't mean anything to me at that moment, I looked back at Claire and her face looked flushed. My eyes roamed down, and I

unashamedly stared at the shirt as she moved back to pen and paper, I saw the subtle movement once again.

Her... Tits!

The baggy shirt made sense, she was trying to hide her boobs, they looked rather large, it was impossible to say but with movement like that, it was obvious that she had something going on under her shirt, on her small frame, they would look even larger.

I tried to play it cool, tried to remain calm and collected but Claire must've known I was staring, she turned to me and with heavy eyes and a slight breathlessness in her voice, she purred.

"Well... I guess there was no hiding them forever..." Taking a moment to focus on the call, she checked her camera and saw that her chest was in the frame, she moved slightly for just a second and pulled the shirt tight on her stomach.

My first shock was that she was thin, she had a fairly thin overall shape from what I could see but with baggy clothes you can't help but assume that someone has self-confidence issues based on their size.

My eyes rolled up from where her hand was holding the shirt firmly against her stomach and up to the big boobs proudly on her chest. There was no worry about fat or flat, she was fully stacked. My own joke would've made me laugh if I wasn't so frozen by the action.

I looked at her blushing smirking face and she let go of her top, once again obscuring her breasts from me.

"I think we should focus on the call... Don't you?" She smiled and twisted a ringlet of her hair around her finger, knowing full well what she had just done, it was likely written all over my face. Her face was blushing red for me, fawning over her bust.

After a few seconds of basking in the awe from my face, Claire reached out and turned my head to the screen, whispering softly, despite her mic being on mute.

"If you want to see more... Be a good boy and focus..." She cooed.

Focus? And how in the massive melons am I supposed to do that!