

## Butterflies in the Breasts Part 1

“Ok... Ok! It’s just a date! Just a little date!”

Claire sat in her car. Anxiety brought restless bouncing to her legs. The heat of nervous excitement made her hands clammy.

“It’s just a date...” she reminded herself once more. “*W-With a really cute guy...*”

She glanced down. A playful, flowy pink skirt covered her lower half down to her knees. It paired nicely with a short-sleeve button-up designed to accentuate her slender figure. However, Claire wasn’t nervous about her outfit; it was what it contained that brought her heart to flutter.

“Please, please, *please* stay down tonight,” she whispered to her breasts.

Substantial and weighty for her frame, they delivered a significant effect on her blouse. She felt like she could feel them taunting her with their relatively disproportionate size, daring her to dare to go into the restaurant in such a risky shirt.

Claire smoothed the front of her blouse and delivered several inspective pokes to her chest. Her DD-cup bra continued to lay flush with her torso. There was minimal bulging over the cups, but nothing she wasn’t accustomed to.

She took a deep breath and made sure her buttons didn’t splay apart even with her lungs full. “I just have to stay calm. Stay calm, and not let my nerves get to me. It’s just dinner with another human being! People do it every day! It’s nothing to be nervous about!”

The time for mental preparation was over. It was already several minutes after seven, and her date was sure to be waiting inside. Gathering the rest of her courage, Claire left the privacy of her car and entered the restaurant.

Warm Italian tones and the scent of fresh bread washed over her. Inhaling brought an immediate appetite to her anxiety-twisted stomach. The nervousness melted away at her hunger.

A waving arm caught her attention from across the room. Heat rose to her cheeks as her eyes met with Jake’s as he beckoned her to their table. She felt on display as she crossed the distance, feeling his eyes on her the entire time.

*STRRTCH*

A light complaint rose from her bra band.

“*Stay down, stay down...*” she whispered to her breasts.

Jake stood to greet her and pulled out her chair. “Wow... You look amazing.”

“T-Thanks!” Clair blushed and accepted the seat. Glancing up, she couldn’t help but be impressed by how well he cleaned up compared to his normal appearance at school. “You look really nice, too...”

*STRRTCH*

“Eep!”

Jake raised an eyebrow as he returned to his chair and saw Claire leaning forward with her arms folded over her chest. “Are you alright?”

She nodded with pursed lips. “Mhm!”

*STRRTCH!*

He chuckled. “Was that your *stomach* growling??”

Claire’s face turned bright red. She was hungry, but she could never tell him he’d actually just heard her bra stretching across her breasts.

*Relax!!! Relax, you dummy!!! Are you trying to blow a button?!*

Her mind raced at the rising pressure in her bra. Only a minute into her date, and her nerves were getting to her.

“You must be hungry!” Jake pushed a menu toward her. “How about we order?”

Food was the last thing on Claire’s mind as she felt her bra lift away from her ribs.

“S-Sure!”

She knew she had to calm down, or her shirt wouldn’t last long enough to make it to their food.

Jake smeared butter across a slice of steaming bread. “So how was your day? What do you usually do on a Saturday?”

“It was good! Helped my mom pull some weeds, then I took care of some homework.”

“Are you ready for the chemistry test on Monday?”

Claire froze. “T...The what?”

He raised an eyebrow. “The chemistry test? Our midterm? Worth thirty percent of our grade?”

*STRRTCH*

Anxiety bubbled in Claire’s stomach and her blouse filled out. “*We have a test on Monday?!*”

Jake paused. He couldn’t steal a long enough glance to be certain, but his date looked far bustier than when she arrived. “Uh... Yea... Mr. Hougas told us about it on Thursday, remember?”

*STRRTCH*

Claire’s mind was a blur. In her excitement for her date, she had been mentally absent from class for the last few days. Her leg started to bounce beneath the table. Her bra felt tighter than ever. Her breasts pulled at her shoulders as they swelled to loaded H-cups. Gaps began spreading between her buttons. Trying not to look, Jake couldn’t help but notice the light blue shade of her bra showing through.

“Claire...? Are you alri--”

*“I forgot about the test!!! CRAP!!!”*

“I-It’s ok! You still have--”

*THUD!*

Claire put her elbows on the table and cradled her face in her hands. “*I suck at chemistry!!! If I fail this, I’ll fail the class!!!*”

“Hey, hey, hey!”

She put a hand down and looked up.

Across the table, Jake reached over and placed his hand on hers. “Don’t worry about it! I’m really good at chemistry. I can help you study tomorrow if you want!”

Heat gushed from Claire’s face at the touch of his hand. She stared at it, feeling its weight rest on hers. She hadn’t prepared herself for such intimacy, even something as innocent as holding hands.

Overwhelming anxiety ballooned in her core.

*Oh no... Ohhh no...*

***STRRRRTCH!!***

“MGH!!”

Her mammaries surged forward to resemble volleyballs stuffed into her blouse. A gentle breeze rushed over her bulging cleavage, on proud display as it squished through her gaping buttons. Claire recoiled and pulled her hand away to cover her chest.

“NO!!!”

Jake’s eyes bulged after watching what looked like his date’s bust inflate several sizes. He looked hurt at her response to his offer. “S-Sorry, I thought you might want to study for it...”

“I do!! I-I do!! I didn’t mean--”

***SSTRRRRTCH!!***

“EEK!!”

Frantic as her blouse seams began digging under her arms and around her back, Claire snatched her napkin and tucked it into her collar. The draped piece of fabric covered the majority of her chest and button-stretching flesh.

“I-I do want to study!!” she squeaked. A restless leg made their table vibrate and water glasses jostle.

“Cool! You can come to my place!”

*His place?! , Claire panicked. HIS PLACE?! What if we study in his room?! What if my boobs--*

***GUUUUURGLE***

Jake’s expression turned to confusion. His eyes fell on Claire’s torso momentarily while searching for the source. “What was *that?*”

She gripped the side of the table. It was too late. She’d failed miserably at maintaining her composure. Her breasts were past the point of no return.

The milk had arrived.

***GUUUUURGLE***

“N-Nngh... Oh no... Please no... Not here...!” Claire pleaded, whispering under her breath.

The napkin shifted on her front. There was no denying her strange transformation any longer as slow, burgeoning growth assaulted her breasts. Slowly the napkin rose like a curtain as her blouse became stuffed with flesh.

“Uh... Claire...?” Jake shifted in his seat. “Is something wrong? You look like you’re...uh...having some kind of reaction...”

There was little she could do to hide the basketballs bloating inside her shirt. Leaning forward as sweat poured down her cleavage, Claire tried to play it off. “I’m fine! I-It’s just hot in here!”

*GUUUUURGLE*

*STRRRRTCH*

“Mmmgh!!”

*My milk is coming in!! God, why did I let it get so bad?! I must look like a freak!! Everyone is staring at me!! Jake can’t keep his eyes off my chest!! I’m blowing up like a--*

*GUUUUUUUUUURGLE*

“NNGH!!!”

Claire’s anxiety skyrocketed. Feeding back into the disastrous loop, her swelling bust only fueled her anxiety. Milk stretched her skin to the point of bringing pale, luscious veins to the surface. The bottom of the napkin rose higher to expose her bra. With most of her chest uncovered, Jake couldn’t help but ogle the engorged vision.

“C-Claire... I think you need to go to a doctor or--”

“Nope!! N-Nope!! I’m fine!!”

She trembled, still fighting to somehow salvage the date as stitches popped under her arms. Milky pressure sent incapacitating waves of pleasure through her body. Though highly embarrassing, feeling her milk glands come to life with such energy was always devastatingly arousing.

*CREEAAAAAAK!*

“MGH!!” she groaned amid her complaining bra. The clasp dug at her spine in anger.

A shaking hand grasped her water glass and lifted it to her lips. The tiniest sip was difficult as her bra strained against her mammoth weight and sank into her skin.

*CREEEEEAAAAAK!!!!*

A waiter appeared at their table, trying not to ogle Claire through sheer force of will.

“Are we ready to--”

*SNAP!!!*

“AAUGH!!!”

*SPLASH!!!*

The table shuddered when her bra exploded. She cried out in shock, accidentally spilling her water down her front.

*SSTRRRRTCH!!!!*

Releasing her swollen weight, Claire’s breasts applied their full girth to her blouse. They stretched the fabric to a comical point. Stuffed and ready to blow, Claire’s apple-sized nipples shined through the wet shirt. Seams popped as she breathed. Ice slipped into her cleavage to bring goosebumps to her skin.

*GUUUUUUUURGLE*

“C-Claire...?” Jake asked.

She grabbed the armrests of her chair and leaned back, arching her chest forward. Deep, long breaths hoisted it up and down. Thick milk sloshed under her chin at the movement.

*GUUUUUUUURGLE*

“O-Oh no... Nnngh... Oh no... They’re too full...” she moaned. “Goddammit... This...nngh...always happens...”

The waiter backed away. Those sitting nearest had lost all focus on their own meals. Not one person in the room wasn’t staring at her.

*STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!*

“My milk...! Nnngh oh God!!” Claire tried to breathe but her shirt was too tight. Ice water stung at her chest and brought her nipples to full attention. “They’re too full!! They’re too full!!”

*GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!*

Flesh squished into her sleeves and between her buttons. Pressure pushed dairy into her nipples, puffing them to monstrous pink mounds.

*SPLRRRTCH!!*

*SPLRRRTCH!!*

*SPLRRRTCH!!*

Every heartbeat sent a spray of milk through her shirt and across the table. Jake didn’t seem fazed, even as she peppered him with cream.

“T-There’s too much!!!” Claire stared with horrified, pleading eyes at her overreacting chest. “M-M-My boobs are so big that they’re gonna--”

*BOOOOSH!!!*

*POP POP POP POP POP!!!!!!!*

They exploded from her blouse in a glorious display of fleshy freedom. Buttons pelted Jake, but he remained motionless. He refused to blink, unable to miss a moment of the unbelievable sight.

*SLOOOOOSH!!!*

Her mammaries fell against her. As large as overgrown watermelons, they reached her thighs and leaked milk in surprising quantities. Helpless horror filled Claire’s face as she saw her nudity jiggling in her lap in full view of the restaurant.

She looked across the table. Mortified, she squeaked, “I-I-I’m so sorry...”

Her chair clattered to the floor when she stood. With her breasts gathered in her arms, she stumbled desperately through the restaurant before escaping to the bathroom with her milky burden.

*To be continued*