

That was the third pair of underwear he had ruined in that week alone. It was getting patently ridiculous how much money he had to waste on those, especially since they were supposed to be able to handle sizes like his. On and on the advertisements went about how this new and fancy technology could hold back even “the greatest of growth spurts” and yet the bun found himself breaking free from those things on a regular basis. A good day used to be when he could go through it all without the bulge starting to show; now he considered anything from one to three tears in the fabric to be acceptable, especially since he didn’t even bother wearing anything around the house anymore.

Still, Ike had things to do outside, out where *other people* were, and he couldn’t rightfully hang around with his cock out without someone taking umbrage with that. Plus, it was just embarrassing that he couldn’t hold it all in, even after spending a small fortune on clothes and “experts” who all sold him a variety of relaxation techniques that helped do precisely jack diddly in controlling his size. He sighed, heading back to his closet to rummage through whatever he still had in there; whether or not he liked it, he no longer had any underwear that might remotely fit his torso-length rod and its accompanying stuffed yoga balls underneath, so the best he could hope for were the biggest pair of pants he had in there. The bulge pocket was woefully undersized and he had to be careful not to have this tip poke out the end of the pant leg; overall, it was dreadfully tight... but it worked, for a given definition of the word. It left absolutely nothing to the imagination, to the point where a few of his throbbing veins were perfectly outlined against the denim, but it kept him decent, even if only technically.

Next came the shirt, and the endless struggle to find something that fit him without ripping apart at the shoulders. A semi-casual look for him was something of a pipe dream; while he would go out of his way to get something special done by a tailor for his pants, he wasn’t about to waste that much money ordering custom-made t-shirts from the lowest bidder. Did it mean that even the tiniest flex had a non-zero chance of ripping the fabric apart and exposing his well-toned musculature for the world to see? Yes. Was he going to do anything about it?

... Probably. Some day. He’d been meaning to take up sewing just for that one purpose actually.

Regardless, the bun was already late and he still had to get used to moving around with his junk out like that. It was extremely uncomfortable and somehow even more embarrassing than normal, leaving his face red and his voice stuttering when he passed by a few of his neighbors on the way out the door, many of which were anything but subtle in how directly they were ogling his package. All he wanted was to get out of there as quickly as possible and close the car door behind him, and though the suspension creaked suspiciously loudly that day, he got his wish.

“Just need to focus, just need to focus,” he kept droning on, “one interview, just go in, talk for ten minutes and get out, you can do fine. You’ll do fine... you’ll do *fine*, darnit!”

Convincing himself was the hardest part, as the bun didn’t quite like lying. To say he was perfectly ok was to deny a fundamental truth about reality, because he was *never* fine. He might look alright, perhaps even stable, maybe even normal if not for his colossal tree trunk of a cock bulging out one of his pant legs, but the truth was Ike was never too far away from having his day sent completely off-course by a random growth spurt. Maybe it was his abs ripping through his shirt, maybe that rod he was carrying growing three sizes larger; it was always a gamble with his body, especially when anything happened that “activated” him in any meaningful way: arousal, for instance.

This, above all other things, worried him deeply for what he planned that day. He’d already seen the person in charge of going through the new applicants and he was *not* eager to meet her again. A rabbit as well, she was probably more well-endowed than even *he* was in her own way, enough that one of her tics involved pushing her cleavage apart just so she could look whoever she was talking to directly in the eye. That bun had been single-handedly responsible for Ike being as large as he was that day; the last big surge of growth came right after the initial interview, and much to his chagrin, had never really let up. He often woke up significantly larger than when he went to sleep, and it was almost always linked to a few select dream sequences he remembered having. Knowing he had to face her down for a full ten minutes just to get his job was *not* making him happy at all.

It was making him *very* aroused, just not happy.

The thoughts were enough to make his jeans start to groan loudly, the bun having to bite his lip just to keep focused on something other than his cock. It was a given that part of his junk would be fully visible by the end of the interview, but he had hoped he could keep it from happening until then; instead, after somehow parking his car in the first try, he had to contend with a *very* leak-happy tip already poking out next to one of his shoes, necessitating the quick intervention of a few tissues and a lot of heavy breathing. Didn’t do *much*, but it allowed his shaft to recede to just above the clothing line. A victory for the time being.

The time spent in the waiting room at least let him recompose himself and think of all manner of avoidance strategies. All he had to do was *not think about the tits*. Easier said than done, sure, but he could... he could look at the ceiling, look at the table, look at his hands maybe! Out of sight, out of mind and all that; all he needed was a little bit of imagination and creativity, as well as ample amounts of willpower he seriously doubted he had in him. As the

candidates were called in sequence and all left looking like they had spent five hours in a sauna, his own worry began to grow once again, *almost* as much as his balls were.

He spent so long carefully massaging his right leg just to avoid the monster hugging his left that he failed to account for what all of that excitement was doing to his nuts. Sure enough, the bulge pocket they were contained in was already making its complaints loud and clear, several of the seams on its surface evidently struggling to contain the hyperactive mounds within them. It wouldn't take too long before their sloshing and churning, still thankfully quiet enough that he needed to tune in to listen, would become so loud as to be audible from the other end of the room... and with that came the customary ripping of clothes that more often than not led to an even larger growth spurt thanks to second-hand embarrassment and direct arousal and sexual stimulation.

He could only hope he'd be on top that time.

His name was called and immediately the bun sprung to his feet, wanting to get everything over with. He wasn't even thinking about getting the job anymore; just as long as he was allowed to go home to cool off he'd be happy, which is precisely why the sight that met him after he walked into the interview room left him as sweaty as the other participants almost *immediately* after he laid eyes on it.

Somehow, the other rabbit was even *bigger*. Hard to tell if those were implants, natural or something enhanced by chemicals because the only thing he really saw was *tits*, there, right there, big, massive, heavy enough to make the table creak and very obviously possessed of quite the loud slosh of their own, promising so many things that he would never get that any thought of holding back melted from his mind. His shaft groaned audibly enough for the woman to wonder what was making that noise as it began to poke out the end of the pant leg again, at least until he sat down and tried to make polite conversation.

"You'll excuse me for the odd arrangement, but I'm nursing you see?" the other bun spoke up, slightly muffled by her own breasts, "Didn't have the time to empty out this morning so I'm afraid you'll just have to get used to it."

Oh, he didn't want to get used to it. Woe betide the poor soul who saw a pair of breasts like that and thought nothing of it. He was already feeling the inevitable rip approaching at high speed by the time the other rabbit began speaking again.

"I have to say, of all the people we had coming in for this position, your résumé was probably the most... interesting one, to say the least" - the sounds of rustling papers came from

behind the literal wall of boobs that strained the table's ability to remain upright - "in a good way, of course. I presume this isn't the first time you're applying for a position of this type?"

Ike took a bit to realize he was being addressed, and even then his brain had to snap back to reality properly before he could formulate an answer; he was a tad too busy trying to keep his composure after being confronted by one of the biggest busts he'd seen in his life; it was somewhat understandable that he'd be distracted.

"Th-that's right, yes! Not the first time, I mean," he stammered, taking that opportunity to close his eyes while rubbing the back of his head. He didn't quite know *why* he did that, since the other rabbit wouldn't even be able to tell if he wasn't looking at her, "but, y-ya know, times are what they are and jobs come and go and all that."

"Yes, yes, of course, but, *do tell me*, what motivated you to contact us?"

A simple question, and yet one that could be answered in so many wrong ways that even the bun found it funny at how deep the trap was. He had to pick his next words extra carefully, lest he trip over his own libido and say something that could be misconstrued for lustful; he was already having to press down on his shaft just to keep it from bursting out of his jeans and didn't know how much longer he could take exposure to his interviewer without losing it completely.

"It seemed like the most obvious choice after my last position," he replied, trying his best to sound professional and composed, but having his voice crack so much that he could see the woman's ears perk up in surprise, "I wanted to find something that would let me grow into my full potential. I mean, uh-"

"No, no, you're absolutely correct," the HR manager cut through, apparently unaware of the wordplay at work there, "there's no point beating around the bush, your previous job would get you nowhere. We here at Rivtech pride ourselves in working just as hard to broaden our employees' horizons as we do to widen our customers'. I can assure you, if you work even half as hard as you have so far to accrue this much experience, you'll be making double the entry salary within a year."

"Wait, are you saying...?"

"Well of course I'm saying it, why wouldn't I? Miste-"

"Just Ike, please," the bun quickly rattled off.

“Certainly. Ike, I’ll be honest, and I’m sure you noticed this as well, but none of the other candidates were nearly as suited for this position as you are. They lacked certain... attributes, you see, that would make them a proper *fit*.”

There was something in the way the woman spoke those words that made Ike’s fur stand on end. Was she aware of how embarrassed and about to burst he was? Was she making allusions to his... size? The way she pronounced that last word made it sound like something more than just a simple compliment, especially after she began shifting her weight around just hard enough for those immense mammaries to start sloshing about gently.

“Like I said, there’s no point beating around the bush,” she repeated herself, this time adopting a tone that betrayed a whole lot more than just professional interest, “Ike, I would like to ask you a question. And I need you to be fully honest; we don’t appreciate obsequiousness in the corporate ranks, so you’ll speak to me as if you were speaking to any other coworker, understand?” - the bun took a moment to let her interviewee nod, though again, *how* she saw that was anyone’s guess - “Good. Ike, what do you think of my size?”

*Instantly* the conversation was interrupted by a large rip, quickly followed by a loud thump when a large, solid object impacted the bottom of the table between the two. Ike’s face was as bright red as a can of paint now that his hands were touching his own skin rather than overstretched denim; that one question was enough to break through every line of defence he still had around him and pierce straight through his oh-so-vulnerable arousal. Maybe it *was* intentional; she *was* chuckling, after all.

“I don’t think I need an answer after that. Could you be a dear and look directly up and then to your right?”

“B-but wh-”

“Just humour me for a second, please?”

Ike gulped, fearing the worst, but did as he was asked. There, on a corner of the room, was something he had mistaken for a weirdly-shaped lightbulb at first, but now opened up to reveal a miniaturized camera. He barely had time to look back at the woman in front of him before she got onto her feet, standing *just* enough above her bustline to reveal a small PDA on her hand, flipped around to show Ike a live feed of... himself.

“Surely you couldn’t have thought that I’d be able to conduct an interview like this, could you?” the other bun mused, giving one of her extremely stuffed tits a good slap and causing it to

ripple aggressively, “Though I have to say, I would’ve hoped you’d be the first to point it out. Couldn’t have expected someone who looked like *you* to be such a shy little thing, quite honestly~”

With a loud groan, the table was released from its punishment when Ike’s interviewer pulled her breasts from atop it, giving it a moment’s rest before promptly smashing it to pieces by falling to her knees. The sudden shift was enough to send the larger bun reeling backwards, his center of gravity shifting so much that he ended up flat on his back, throbbing and pulsating shaft held proudly on display above him.

“I apologize if I came on too strongly,” the domineering bun quipped, obviously enjoying herself far too much, “but it’s difficult to walk around the room with a table in the way. Now, I fully understand if you’d rather pursue your professional future elsewhere, but, and I say this with the utmost honesty, Rivtech would be *honoured* to have someone of your... *caliber*, let’s say that, working within its ranks. Of course, we’d still need to hash out the details, but I don’t think anyone would think twice if I offered you the position right here, right now.”

The larger woman stood over him, having walked close enough where her immense bosom was casting a shadow over him. She made no motion to do anything at all with him, though it was clear that a “No” would leave her incredibly disappointed, and not even on a professional level either. As for Ike, he was still too busy trying to process what was going on to really think about his job, doubly so now that he could feel a trail of pre bubbling from his tip and making its way down his cock.

“B-but... I d-don’t understand,” he babbled, “I thought...”

“Oh, these?” - the busty rabbit tapped both of her tits’ underside - “These are mostly for show; I keep them drained whenever I don’t need to impress upon newcomers the importance of self-control. What, did you think you were the only one to break this hard? I can guarantee you, Ike, the only reason your fellow applicants still had their pants on was due to their less-than-stellar sizes. You, in the meantime, have *exactly* what we’re looking for.”

She mimed flicking his tip, though thankfully kept her hand just far enough away not to actually touch it.

“So, what do you say? Care to join the team?”

Despite her tone being as sexually inviting as it had always been since her true intentions were revealed, Ike didn’t sense any duplicitousness in her words; she really *was* offering him a

job, albeit in the most roundabout and unnecessarily arousing way possible. He was almost afraid of what might happen if he said yes... but even more terrified of what she'd do to him if he said no.

"I... I guess...?" he ended up whimpering, only to have a bright red pill thrown onto his chest.

"That's the spirit!" the manager shouted enthusiastically, bouncing all over the place, "Take one of those and you should be back to working sizes within... I'm gonna say ten minutes, that's what the boys at the lab told me. A courier will be here with a pair of pants for you shortly" - she turned to leave through the double door on the other side of the room, only stopping when she had her hand on the handle - "Oh, and don't hesitate to follow up. I didn't show you what my tits could do to a table just to brag~"

The last comment was oddly confusing, until Ike noticed something else had been thrown onto his chest; the paper wrapper the pill came in had something written on it. A phone number and a name, *Samantha Dodson*, along with a short, handwritten note:

*"Don't be a stranger <3"*