Printing Dreams Part 1

"Ow, dammit!"

Harry glanced up from his desk, looking for the source of the painful cry. Outside his office door stood his coworker, Rachel, standing at the printer by the wall.

"You alright?" He called.

"I've had it with this printer! Half the time it screws up my print job, the other half it shocks me every time I try and use the touchscreen!"

"Have you tried printing out a complaint form and sending it in?" Harry laughed at his own joke.

He watched as she wrestled with her paper, stuck in the mouth of the printer, trying to pull it out. It ripped and she stepped back, flustered. Much to Harry's delight, she turned around and came into his office. Rachel leaned on his doorway, crumpling the torn paper into a small ball. She was dressed in her usual office work attire; a black pencil skirt reaching to her knees, with a white button-up blouse tucked into it. Her brunette hair was done up in a bun, and thin-rimmed glasses outlined her green eyes. She eyed the tip of her finger where it had shocked her, pouting at it.

"I've complained to IT, but they say they can't reproduce the shocking."

"Must be your electric personality…" Harry joked again. Rachel chuckled at his joke as she usually did; he enjoyed her pity laughs.

"Very funny… And they keep saying it only needs to be realigned, but they never actually *do* it. I have half a mind to buy my own printer for my office."

"If you do, let me know so I can use it. Couldn't bear to lose our printer-talk!" They often had small chats when one of them used the printer, their offices being next door to each other. Their offices were down a hallway in the back of the building, receiving low traffic, the other workers close enough to the front printer to never come near. 'Flirty' was often a good word to describe their day-to-day encounters.

"I'll be sure to… Two points!" She handled the crumpled paper and made a toss for the trashcan by Harry's desk. It bounced against the rim and fell to the floor. "Guess I'm not quitting my job to go pro anytime soon…" Rachel sighed. She walked over to the paper ball and went to pick it up.

Harry saw a brief window of opportunity arise as she bent forward, catching a glimpse of her breasts under her blouse. There was a gentle line of cleavage between them, and thoughts of what she looked like without her shirt on ran through his mind. A company outing to a waterpark had shown her assets to be rather ample handfuls, but Harry preferred bras to swimsuits and longed to see the real thing rather than just his imagination. Her skirt tightened around her rear as her legs folded, and a panty line shown through. She always had a panty line.

She grabbed the ball and dropped it over the can, smiling at Harry as she stood up. "Sorry, didn't want to leave a mess in your office." She straightened her skirt down her legs.

"Try to make your shot next time maybe! Or use your own trash can."

"But it's so far from the printer… Yours is closer." She explained weakly. Harry was pretty sure she missed on purpose sometimes. Her phone rang in her office next door, "I gotta get back to work."

"Don't get lost! It's a long walk." Another pity laugh. As she walked out he added, "Hey, I'll put in a complaint that the same printer shocked me. Maybe then they'll listen."

"Oh, would you? Thanks, Harry! I just want that thing gone." She smiled as she left and turned into her office. He overheard her answer her phone and start a conversation with what was likely a client. Harry went to work on finding the online complaint form.

The time ticked near 5:30 on Harry's computer. Rachel had left a little before 5, waving goodbye as she passed his doorway. The office seemed dark and quiet, an air of solemnity settling in. Harry was almost startled to hear footsteps and squeaking wheels approaching his office.

A cart appeared, pushed by someone from IT. Harry recognized him.

"Hey, Justin. What brings you so far back here?"

Justin didn't return his greeting, "Gotten a few complaints about this printer having some shorts. Decided to switch it out with one of our extras.

"You just have extra printers lying around?" Harry accused, "We've been complaining about this one for months!"

"Yea..but you know...company keeps a tight belt…" Justin mumbled. He removed the old printer and put a new one in its place.

"Wouldn't mind keeping the old one to beat it with a bat," Harry said.

Justin snorted and laughed, "Like that movie…" Harry didn't know what movie he meant, but he agreed anyway. Justin continued, "You want it?"

"The printer?"

"Yea…"

"Won't management get mad or something? You aren't going to fix it?"

"It's just going to go in the trash. It's pretty outdated now."

Harry had always had a hard time throwing out pieces of technology, not at least without giving it a good second chance. He was an accountant, but tinkering wasn't a stranger to him. "Sure, I'll take it I guess."

Justin shrugged and removed it from the cart, placing it on the edge of Harry's desk. "Don't have to twist my arm; less work for me." He left quickly, the squeaky wheels falling off into the distance.

Harry looked at the broken appliance in front of him. *If I could fix it, I could have my own printer… I bet Rachel would even come to use this one rather than the one in the hall if I could get it working…* The possibilities flowed through his mind, and he liked them.

He opened the top of the printer and looked around. He removed a tangle of hair wrapped around the output roller and removed a round plastic roller that was cracked and wobbly. He

grabbed the wire coming out of the back and plugged it directly into his computer, hitting print on a test page with gibberish.

The screen on the printer flashed yellow as a warning appeared:

Error: calibration status critical.
Perform diagnostic process to find
and solve the problem.

Harry stared at it for a few seconds. He didn't have the faintest idea how to start the process. Pressing a few buttons trying to return to the home screen, he found he was stuck with the warning. Slowly his heart dismayed until an idea hit him.

He opened a web browser, and searched for printer diagnostic processes, happily clicking on the first result; Dream Printer Diagnostic Tool, it was titled. He clicked it without a second thought. A download started and soon finished; Harry ran the program.

A loading screen appeared, and the window read 'Scanning attached printer for issues, please wait'. He waited, minutes passing. His mind ran wild with thoughts of Rachel leaning over his desk to use the printer, her blouse straining as her back arched. He could see the edge of her bra, cupping her breast through a gap in her buttons, her blouse unbuttoned enough to display cleavage.

The printer screen flashed, startling him out of his daydream. It strobed for a number of seconds, and he grew worried he had broken it. The ink cartridges clicked to life and loudly ran side to side, and the rollers roared to life, printing invisible pages. Harry was scared someone might hear the commotion and come to investigate, but as quick as it started, it finished. The process on his computer read 'Two issues found, two issues resolved'. He clicked ok and the window closed itself.

The printer displayed it's home screen, waiting for a job; it seemed fixed. Harry thought for a moment, fighting erotic thoughts of Rachel. He opened a new test page and quickly typed

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Rachel wears only black bras
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He felt giddy like he was doing or looking at something he shouldn't be. *I'll put the page in the shredder after, just to be safe*, he thought, not wanting to take a trip to HR if someone found it. Pressing print, he watched.

The printer sprang to life, eating a piece of paper. It whirred softly, before spitting out Harry's paper, 'Rachel wears black bras' clearly printed. He smiled, excited at how this would lead to more printer chats. Grabbing it off the desk, he cleared a spot for it in his bottom drawer, feeding the wire out a hole in the back and into his computer. *Secret printer*, he thought, closing the drawer. He looked at the clock; it read 6 o'clock, and Harry decided to go home. Packing his stuff, he left his office, dropping off the piece of paper in the company shredding bin on his way.

Harry sat at his computer the next morning, groggily typing as he sipped his coffee. He heard footsteps approaching; they sounded like Rachel's but hurried. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw her pass by his door.

"Morning, Rachel!" He called.

She stopped abruptly, and turned into his office, "Hey, Harry, how's it going?" She seemed flustered.

Harry was about to respond, but something caught his eyes. A dark shape could be seen under Rachel's blouse; it didn't take him long to realize she was wearing a black bra, clearly as it overpowered the white fabric covering it. He saw her notice where he had looked, and quickly averted his gaze. She was blushing heavily. "Is it really obvious??" She asked shyly.

"Is what obvious?" He played dumb.

"My bra, I saw you looking... I knew it was obvious!" She dismayed, running her hands down her front trying anything to hide it, "I must have been tired this morning or something… I hadn't even realized what I had put on until I was almost at the office; I knew I should have gone back home!"

"I-It's not *that* obvious…" he lied.

"Be honest. You can tell me, I'm not going to report you to HR because I made a bad wardrobe choice"

"Ok, it's pretty obvious."

"Dammit, I knew it. I was speed walking to my office because I have a sweater in there I can hide in all day…"

"Good plan."

Rachel looked at him, "Please don't tell anyone ok? Pretty sure this counts as a workplace distraction…" She smiled playfully at him as she pointed at her chest; she knew he would look.

Harry followed her pointing fingers on instinct, and again saw the dark outline of her bra, each cup covering half of her breasts. He quickly looked up, and she chuckled. "I'll see you around, Harry!" Rachel ducked into her office, leaving Harry with the image burned into his mind.

The words he had printed the previous night popped into his brain. *'Rachel wears black bras'*, he thought. That had definitely been what he had printed. But what were the chances? *What if…* He shook his head, feeling crazy. *How would that even work?* He pushed it out of his mind. But in the back of his head, he couldn't help but think about how Rachel had never once made a wardrobe mistake in all the years he's worked with her.

He looked at his closed drawer, the printer hidden inside. *Even if it is stupid, who's going to know that I actually tried it?* He wanted it to be true, so very bad. His pulse quickened as he opened his word processor and stared at the blank screen, not believing what he was about to try. He slowly typed:

Rachel with her hair down

and tapped print. He heard the printer come to life inside his desk as it inhaled the paper.

"Harry!" Rachel called. She was peeking her head in his door; he nearly had a heart attack as he jumped in his chair, the printer still going, near silent in the background. She was wearing her sweater now.

"Yea?" He responded, his voice cracking.

She giggled, "Sorry, didn't mean to scare you, I just noticed that there's a new printer out her! I was so embarrassed this morning I didn't even notice! Was that your doing?"

"Yea the IT guy got rid of the other one last night." Harry's heart was beating like mad in his chest as he listened to the printer; if she heard it, she might investigate and see what he had printed. He had no idea how he would explain that.

"Well, thanks a lot for submitting the complaint--" Harry heard the printer spit out the page, hitting the inside of his drawer, "I'm sure it really hel--oh!" Rachel interrupted herself. Harry had to work to keep his mouth from falling open. Her hair had just fallen from her bun and now hung around her shoulders and neck.

"Did my hair tie just break or something?" Rachel asked, confused. "I didn't hear it break, or really even feel it!" She started looking around her on the floor. "Do you see it anywhere?"

"I--What did it look like?" Harry could hardly think.

"Bright pink… Hmm, I'm not seeing it…"

"Happens to me all the time with pen caps; I drop them, and they just seem to disappear, you know?"

She brought her hand to her mouth as she thought, confounded. "I guess… Let me know if you see it, ok?"

"Will do!"

She left the room, her hair now bobbing around her. Harry sighed with relief, finding no other explanation for what he saw; not that his explanation made any more sense. *I can change things about Rachel with this printer!* His mind began to race with possibilities. *She doesn't seem to notice the cause, like when she put on her black bra this morning….but her mind doesn't seem to dwell on it because it can't make sense of it.*

Harry realized he had all the power. His mind was flooded with different ideas, all about what he could print out for Rachel. Her pert breasts entered his mind; could he find a way to see them? He turned to his computer. First, he had to get rid of her sweater.

Rachel is too hot to wear her sweater

The printer commenced, and he waited until the constant whir stopped; now he waited. It didn't take long.

"Hey, Harry?" He heard her call.

"Yea?"

"Is your office burning up? I feel like my heater is on full blast…"

"Mine seems fine, maybe your thermostat is broken."

"Changing it doesn't seem to help… Guess I'll put in a maintenance request."

I think she's taken it off now… he thought. Time for step two.

Rachel comes to my office to chat and all her buttons fall off

Print. He heard the page hit the side of his drawer as it was spat out, and he listened closely next door. He heard a chair wheel around, and shuffling, followed by footsteps; she was actually coming. Her head poked around the door.

"Hey again…"

"What's up?" Harry asked, looking like he was busy.

"I need a break," she told him, walking in, "this morning has been crazy…"

He looked down; she had taken off her sweater, her black bra visible again. She blushed, "I know, I'm sorry, it was too hot in that office too wear it!"

"I won't look, promise."

"Well… I really don't think it's *that* obvious. Look," she instructed as she grabbed the bottom hem of her blouse and pulled it at an angle away from her body, "if there's space between the shirt, it doesn't show as mu--"

POP!

POP!

POP!

POP!

POP!

POP!

POP!

*pop!*As she pulled on her blouse, every button down her front fell away, pinging softly onto the office carpet. Rachel, her hands still gently tugging at the bottom of each side of her shirt, pulled her top wide open, her reflexes not fast enough to react.

Harry watched as Rachel flashed him, exposing her flat tummy and trim waist. The same black bra was clasped around her bust, and Harry got an eye full of the cleavage created from her creamy breasts, two respectable mounds cupped in her bra.

For a second, Rachel stood speechless, looking down at her open shirt, displaying her bra to a coworker. Her face grew red, and she felt a wave of confusion and embarrassment crash upon her. She recovered quickly.

"Ah!" She gasped in surprise, quickly turning to face the wall as she gathered her shirt around her front. She tried to rebutton it, but found no buttons, and remembered they were all on the floor. "H-Harry? Did you see….anything?"

"Uh… Like what?" He played dumb, again.

She wrapped her shirt around her tight, and crossed her arms in front of it to hold it in place, turning slightly to see him, "I don't suppose you have any safety pins in your desk?"

"Sorry I don't, why?" Harry was trying not to blush as well.

"N-Nothing, my shirt just…lost a few buttons is all…" She looked at him, "Oh, God, you're blushing! I knew it, you did see! How couldn't you?? I basically flashed you! I didn't think I was pulling on my buttons that hard!"

"I only saw a little, I swear!" He lied, he could still see her boobs, sitting round and firm in her bra.

She leaned her head against the wall, too embarrassed to look at him, "Well, how were they?" She asked timidly.

"H-How was what, I mean, t-they were...not that I was *looking*…"

She giggled a little, "I'll take that as 'they were good'..." She sighed softly, getting a firm grasp on her shirt, "Think I'm going to work from home for the rest of today. Cover for me, ok? I'll see you tomorrow. Sorry about…basically flashing you." She quickly turned and left.

"S-See you tomorrow!" Harry called, seeing her walk past his office with her bag towards the door a few seconds later, still clutching the front of her shirt closed. She blushed and smiled at him before walking out of his sight.

Harry sighed; it had been one of the greatest moments of his work-life. Something inside pained him though. He thought for a second, sighing again as he realized. It was guilt. Although the view had been amazing, he had forced his friend to expose herself to him, even if she didn't know it. It didn't make him feel right. He knew what he had to do, but he didn't know what the consequences would be.

The next morning, Harry sat at his desk, nervously tapping his fingers. He was fighting the temptation to use the printer. *Maybe it could make her forget what had happened, or make her ok with it…. No.* Harry pushed the ideas out of his mind, it would still be wrong. Even more so if he made her forget about it. He had to tell her.

Footsteps approached; it was Rachel. She walked past his open door, "Morning, Harry!" She said cheerfully. Her eyes quickly darted away when they met his; she was still embarrassed.

"Morning!" He called back. She was wearing a dark grey blouse today, and he realized the printer's command was still affecting her, making her wear only black bras. More guilt.

He heard her put her bag down in her office and open her mini fridge to store her lunch. He grew anxious but knew he had to do this. "Rachel?" He called.

"Yea?"

"Can you come here for a second? She walked into his office a moment later, "Close the door, please."

He saw Rachel tense up, as she pushed the door. "Is this about yesterday?" She asked timidly.

"No… Well kind of."

"You're not reporting me to HR, are you?! It was an accident! I know I can be kind of a flirt and stuff, but I swear I didn't mean for my shirt to rip open!"

Harry had to calm her down, "No, no no, I'm not reporting you or anything… And I know it wasn't your fault."

Relief washed over her face, "Thank you, Harr--"

"It was mine." Harry interrupted her.

She looked at him for a moment. "What?"

"What happened yesterday, with your buttons, and the color of your...well you know…" he admitted sheepishly, "Even your office getting too hot for you to wear a sweater… It was all me, and I'm sorry."

She stared at him, then laughed slightly. "Very funny. You don't have to try and make me feel less embarrassed, you know."

"I'm being honest!"

"Ok, so what, you snipped some threads on all my shirts? Somehow made me wear what I did yesterday?"

"In a way…"

"No, I choose what I wear. It's a conscious decision."

Harry made sure the door was closed. "You're wearing a black bra today, right?"

That had startled her, "So what if I am? I'm allowed to wear other colors. And I don't know how you know that, but it's none of your business!"

"It's the printer. The old printer that would always shock you."

She just stared at him like a crazy person now.

"No really! Look." He opened his drawer and motioned for her to look inside. She approached cautiously and saw it. "The IT guy gave it to me when he replaced it, and I fixed it! Now whatever I print about you, becomes reality!" He took out the pages from the previous day and handed them to her. "See? Everything is right there."

Her face changed expressions multiple times as she ruffled through the pages. "You can't expect me to believe this… It's weird that you would print this stuff, don't get me wrong, but it's crazy."

"It's the truth. I swear. And I'm sorry, I shouldn't have made that stuff happen to you."

She stared even more. "Alright, fine. Prove it then." She put the pages on his desk. "What?"

"You say you can control me with that printer, then do something."

"Like what? Everything I've done, your mind has explained away somehow."

She leaned in close to him and narrowed her eyes. He could smell her perfume, and he knew if he had only looked down a little, a perfect view of her breasts would greet him, but he didn't dare. She stared at him intently and said, "Then you had better make it unbelievable." she stood up and crossed her arms, waiting. "Well?"

Harry stuttered for a minute. "O-Ok… Go stand over there." He pointed to the center of his office. She obeyed and stood for a moment.

"Aren't you supposed to type something for your magical printer?"

"I'm trying to think of what to do! Give me a second." He thought for a bit, then started typing. "Ok, it's printing now." His office was silent as they both listened to the machine. Then it stopped.

"Alright, it's done." He informed her.

She looked down at herself, inspecting her clothes. "What's done? Nothing happened." She watched as Harry's face grew red, his eyes lingering on her hips. "What? Did you make a 'kick me' sign appear on my butt or something?" She craned her neck around, looking. "Well?"

"I made your underwear disappear…"

She looked at him. He saw her shuffle her thighs in small motions, her expression changing slightly. A hand ran down her hip, looking for the bump from her panties; it was gone, Harry had seen it disappear.

"Maybe I didn't wear any today. A woman is allowed to not wear underwear if she wants to." Rachel explained, looking back at him.

Harry sighed, "See? You explained it away. I know you always wear underwear."

"Then do something I can't explain. Right now you're just a pervert who looks at my panty-line."

Harry was finished messing around. "Ok, you asked for it." He turned to his computer and typed quickly.

Rachel is naked

Punching the print button, he turned back to her, smiling.

"What?" She asked.

"Just remember you asked for this." He smiled at her, and she cocked her head slightly.

The printer finished. Rachel looked around. Her arms fell to her sides and she shrugged slightly, her eyebrow rising in question. "I'm waiting…"

All at once it happened. Buttons either fell off or fell through their holds, clasps broke and fell loose, joints split and gave up. From Harry's perspective, it looked like Rachel's body had become frictionless, as her clothes simply *slid* off of her. Her shirt rolled off of her shoulders and fell around down her arms, her bra straps sliding down the same path. Her skirt simply fell off of her hips, like it was too big for her and crumpled around her feet. Even her feet became bare, her heels breaking suddenly, and her feet splitting out the sides from the force of her heels failing. It was as if all at once, her clothes had become water and simply flowed off of her, piling up around her feet.

Now Harry looked at Rachel, standing naked in front of him. Her breasts were certainly ample, perhaps C cups. He determined she must wear a push-up bra usually. She was incredibly fit, her thighs toned and firm, supporting a perfect ass, a small gap between each leg. A small dark tuft of pubic hair rested on her crotch. He looked back to her breasts; in the cool air of his office, her nipples had begun to grow hard. They stood out, tinier than most on breasts of her size. They looked like they loved to be sucked.

She stood there for a full three seconds before she noticed what had happened. Rachel felt cold, and bare, exposed. She looked down slowly and saw her own body, as naked as she could be. Her nipples pointed outwards as if to say hello.

She gasped in surprise and confusion, and her hands flew to cover herself up, one to her hips and her other arm to cover her breasts. She crouched down a little. "W-What happened to my clothes?!"

"Shhh! Someone will hear you!" Harry hushed. He stood up quickly and grabbed her shirt off the ground, handing it to her. She grabbed it and draped it over her breasts and down her front. "I told you, it's the printer."

She looked around, almost crazed. Her clothes had just completely fallen off of her. Her bra clasps had failed completely, and her hip-riding skirt had slipped right off. *How did this happen??* She thought, *The printer…* a small voice said. She calmed down a little. "The printer…"

"That's right," Harry confirmed.

"I-It's like my mind is refusing to listen to that excuse… Like it purposefully overlooks it, and tries to fill in the blanks with something else… For a split second, I actually thought that maybe I had come to work naked. But… I would *never* do that…" She stood shaking for a moment. Finally, she said, "I-I believe you." Her doubts seemed to melt away when she accepted it, and her belief grew. She calmed down a bit.

"Good… You can get dressed, I won't look."

"Thanks…" Rachel said, pulling her clothes back on. Some buttons were gone, and her bra wouldn't clasp. "You can turn around now…"

"You look…"

"I know, I'm a mess. I don't think these clothes are going to work. Although I guess I asked for it, huh?" She stepped closer to Harry. He could see her breasts, her bra hanging limply around her.

"Here," he said, going to his desk. He grabbed a box of safety pins, "these might help."

She glared at him, "You *did* have safety pins."

He shrugged, "I'm the one that broke all your buttons in the first place, remember?" She punched him lightly in the arm.

After fixing her bra and missing buttons with the pins, she almost looked fine at first glance. "Good thing hardly anyone ever comes down this way…" She spoke softly, getting even closer to Harry, "Or someone might have seen me *naked* in your office."

"Are you mad about everything I did?"

She looked at him for a moment, before speaking. "I was confused if anything. I felt like I was losing my mind…" Rachel giggled, "I've always known you sneak peeks down my shirt, or look at my butt when I bend over; in fact, I'm giving you the opportunity on purpose. But now that I know what you've been *doing* to me," she grabbed his hand and placed it on her left breast, "I want you to do *more*."

"W-What?"

She leaned in close now, and her breast pushed into his hand. She whispered in his ear, "I've always had a thing for being ordered around, not being given a choice of what happens to me. But you being able to physically *control* what happens to me without me having any say, now that *really* gets me going." She pressed her thigh into Harry's and could feel his erection.

She looked over his shoulder and motioned at the printer. "What else can it do?" Rachel bit his earlobe.

Harry was speechless. "I-I don't…"

She backed away from him and stood there. "Do you think it could...affect *me*?" She looked down at herself.

"Affect you?"

"You know...*change me*."

"I-I hadn't considered it, especially when you didn't know…"

She smiled at him and laughed tenderly, "You're a good guy. But now that I know, I want you to do *whatever you want to me*."

Harry felt like he was about to faint.

Knock knock knock

Both of them must have jumped three feet into the air. Someone was at his office door. Harry composed himself, settling down his heart rate, and trying to hide the erection in his pants. He opened the door slowly; it was their boss.

"How's it going, Harry?"

"Good, good…"

His boss looked over his shoulder and saw Rachel by his desk. "Am I interrupting?"

"No, just...finishing up a conference call. AC out in the hall was getting a little noisy, had to close the door." Harry lied.

His boss looked up at the vents, rattling softly, before turning his attention back. "Anyways, I'm going to need the two of you to stay late tonight, probably until 8 or 9."

"On a Friday night?" Rachel chimed in.

"That's right. Sorry about the overtime, but we have a client that wants someone on call in case their meeting needs them. You know how it is. I doubt you'll get any calls, but you're free to come in late Monday if that helps."

Harry and Rachel both agreed to surrender their nights. "Thanks a lot, sorry again for the bum deal. Have a good morning." He walked away, and Harry left the door open. The room seemed to cool down twenty degrees.

They looked at each other and before laughing. "That would have been hard to explain had he come by five minutes ago…"

"No kidding. I should get back to my desk, but before I go, there's something I want you to do." Harry nodded. She whispered something into his ear, and his eyes grew wide.

"You're not serious."

She sat on his desk by the computer with her legs crossed and swiveled his chair to face him, "Do it." She said.

Harry sat down and typed a new page.

Rachel has breasts as big as grapefruits

He clicked print, hesitantly. The printer came to life in the drawer below Rachel's feet, performing his request. And then, it was done.

Rachel looked down at her breasts, her shirt holding together only because of the safety pins. Her hands reached up and cupped them, waiting. She shivered like a chill had gone down her spine, and then Harry saw her breasts move under her shirt.

She bit her lip as she looked down, her boobs slowly expanding outwards from her body and into her hands, quickly filling them up. Her loose, broken bra quickly filled, pulling tight against the safety pin, and her blouse smoothed out across her bust. Cleavage rose, spreading the top of her shirt open, and she sighed deeply. Her chest pressed tight into her bra and shirt, as they forced her boobs flat and up.

Her fingers spread apart as they moved with her inflating bust, and small squeals of arousal escaped from her lips as she watched herself grow bigger and bigger. Her shirt pushed outwards further, tight wrinkles pulling across her boobs as it ran out of stretch. But all too soon, it seemed like her growth subsided.

Rachel's breasts had just tripled in size before Harry's eyes, and now they were bursting out of her clothes. Her bra was much too small, and cleavage was showing through the top and between her buttons and safety pins. Two grapefruits were forced together in a space meant for two small oranges.

Rachel cooed, "That felt...so...*goooood…* I've always wanted to know what that would feel like! Having a big rack isn't so bad either." She winked at him, bouncing her new bosom in her hands, "Bet you never would have guessed I was into the whole breast expansion thing, huh?" She leaned back on her arms and shook her jugs back and forth on her chest. Tiny ripping sounds could be heard as the pins pulled against the fabric. She stood up and faced Harry, her breasts jiggling tightly in her bra. She took his hand and ran his finger down from her collarbone and into her cleavage, saying, "Remember, *anything* you want. Make me your puppet." His finger sank between her plump tits, and it was overcome with warmth. She winked, and pulled his finger out with a soft pop, before turning and walking out of his office. Harry could have died happy at that very moment.

TO BE CONTINUED