

Karma is a fickle thing. It exists beyond the notions of you or I, watching from beyond whatever barrier keeps it from existing outright, but its actions are well known, even if believed to be superstition. But Karma can't act by itself, so it enlists the help of its own creations, known by many names and many faces across history. Devils, Angels, Leprechauns, Kitsune. All these and many more are simply Karma's arms into the world to reward or punish the people of the world by its own unknowable will.

And so it is today, where a servant of Karma is to act Karma's will onto another. One Linda Roberts, a secretary for Roberts Holdings, had been chosen for punishment by Karma. She was only a secretary for her relation to the CEO and known only for her self-centred nature and complete and utter uselessness in the office. To say her ego is only outdone by her incompetence would be a compliment. Karma had sent Zoe, a small being humanity decided to call a leprechaun, to act out its judgement, but Karma's will is unknowable, even to its own messengers.

It didn't take long for Zoe to figure out why she'd been sent. She'd only followed Linda for an hour, silently watching as the 30-something layabout dumped her work onto others and blew hot air over any setback, no matter how small. This lady knew no shame, no respect for her common man, and just threatened and postured her way through her life. She needed to learn a lesson in humility.

Zoe scouted the premises with what could only be described as a sixth sense. She needed a quiet place to enact Karma's will, but ideally somewhere where Linda could be found afterwards. It didn't take long to find a meeting room scheduled for 2pm, between the department's manager and the CEO. *Perfect.* As Linda's lunch break began, Zoe sprang into action. Mimicking the voice of her manager as closely as she could, she projected her voice to the hot-headed heathen:

"Linda to meeting room B. I repeat, Linda to meeting room B."

With a huff of resignation, Linda trudged away from her pitifully made lunch towards the deserted meeting room.

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Linda stepped into the empty meeting room, simply closing the door and sitting in the nearest seat. It didn't take long for the secretary to start losing her patience. "Come on, where *is* that asshole? I've already sucked enough dick this month, he better give me a bonus for- HOLY SHIT!" Linda fell out of her chair, her thought interrupted by Zoe revealing herself, seemingly phasing into existence as she laid on the meeting table with her head in her hands "Heyo," Zoe greeted, waving to the terrified secretary. "No need to be alarmed, I'm just here to- "

"How did you get in here?! What the hell are you?! Why are you, like, 60% ass?!"

Zoe simply glared, disappointed that of all things for Linda to think of, she focused on the redheaded shortstack's prodigious rear. Linda backed away, stumbling back towards the door of the meeting room. Zoe simply flicked a finger, the door's lock snapping shut with a resounding *click*. The two women were now locked in, without any distractions. Zoe took no time to redirect the conversation. "OK, for one, the size of my butt is none of your business. Second, if you'd chill out for just a second and-"

"But it's just so *huge* compared to the rest-" Linda interrupted.

"If you'll *LET ME FINISH!*" Zoe snapped; her voice far louder than her body should've been able to produce. Taking a breath, she resumed. "I'm here because of Karma. Put simply, if someone's actions swing too far one way or another, Karma sends someone like me to balance it."

"What, a leprechaun?" Linda scoffed. Zoe twitched in response, the insult registering plain as day.

“Not just ‘leprechauns.’” Replied Zoe, making mock quotes with her fingers. “A lot of Karma’s servants just look the way they feel comfortable. Most don’t look like anything you can describe with your simple human perspective.”

Linda huffs. “Simple?! I’ll have you-”

“I’m gonna stop you there. I already know who you are, and quite frankly there’s nothing you can do that matters to me. However, I’m feeling nice, so how about this: I grant you one wish, anything you want, and you try to be more respectful to the people around you. Deal?”

After a tense silence, Linda huffs once again. “Fine, if it’ll get your fat ass to leave me alone.”

Linda’s crass response leaves Zoe disappointed. This woman really wasn’t listening to anything she said outside of a wish, wasn’t she? ‘Well,’ thought Zoe, ‘Maybe she’ll actually *think* about-’

“I want my weight in gold!” Linda blurted, clearly having scrubbed her two remaining braincells hard enough to decide on a wish, and of course it was characteristically selfish and simple.

‘Alright, that’s it.’ Zoe settled. ‘This bitch is going *down!*’

Zoe considered her options for a moment. Just flipping the script on Linda wasn’t going to teach her a lesson, it needed to be something that made her consider how her actions affect others for once. Plus, she would have to grant Linda’s wish to boot...

That was it. She only had to grant her wish. Suddenly that weird class in wish-twisting last year was showing its use. Zoe fished around in her coat pocket for a moment, conjuring a single gold coin into her hand before pulling it out and flipping it to Linda. Linda immediately scoffed. “What, that’s it? I said *my weight* in gold, not a coin!” Zoe simply sneered, chuckling. “Babe, that is your weight in gold. After all...” Zoe snapped her fingers again, a slow hiss of gas, akin to a balloon filling, slowly growing louder in the room. “You’re nothing but hot air anyway!”

The hissing intensifies, and Linda felt a warmth and tightness in her chest. Her blouse, previously a comfortable fit, was slowly but surely feeling tighter and more restrictive, the heat making her sweat. She ignored the sensations however, too enraged by Zoe’s quip to care. She hurled insults at the smirking shortstack at a breakneck pace, many almost completely illegible as she huffed and puffed faster than her brain could form new sentences. It wasn’t until the top button on her blouse burst open that Linda realised something was wrong. “W-What?” Linda sputtered. “Th-This wasn’t what I wished for! Change me back right now!” Zoe’s smirk simply widened, revealing her sharktooth grin. “Oh, Linda...” Zoe finally rose to her feet, slowly walking closer to the panicking secretary. “You wished for your weight in gold, but sadly you’re only worth a single measly coin. So, I thought, ‘Hey, why not make her *lighter?*’”

Linda’s eyes widened as the reality of her situation finally crashed on top of her. Another button burst, revealing her shirt, now marked with stress lines. Diamond openings between the buttons gave a view into her cavernous cleavage. Zoe raised her hand slowly, gently plucking and tugging at the front-most opening of Linda’s shirt. Fabric creaked and groaned, straining hard from such a simple action. Suddenly, Zoe tugged hard on the shirt, the buttons spraying as the shirt fell open. Linda’s chest was now exposed, far outsizing the bra valiantly trying to hold them together. Linda gawked at her newly ballooned breasts, not feeling any weight in them as they gently bobbed and creaked in her bra. A pulse of gas bulged them out slightly, and Linda felt a little bit of weight alleviate. They weren’t just blowing up; they were getting lighter. And hotter. Way, way hotter.

Embarrassment and rage swelled within Linda, her insults and fuming resuming with renewed vigour. Each uttered sentence was followed with more hot air filling her chest, the hissing of gas and creaking of her bra only growing louder and louder as Linda’s boobs built more and more pressure inside their

confines. With a mighty snap, Linda's bra split right between the cups, finally shutting her up in shock. Her boobs surged forward as they spilled free from her bra, floating near-weightlessly now that they were free from their prison of fabric and wire.

"Wh- Why are you doing this?! I thought you were granting me a wish!" Linda finally pleaded, feeling her chest in her arms as they continued to stretch and hiss. She was slowly losing her footing, the filling of her breasts, hot to the touch, beginning to pull her from the floor. Zoe snickered again, as if the answer was obvious. "Well, *Linda*, I was going to grant you a wish, and I was hoping you'd actually be willing to be a bit more considerate. However, you've done nothing but bitch and bluster not just to me, but to everyone else I've seen you talk to. So now you can bluster and fume all you like... as a HOT AIR BALLOON!"

Another snap of Zoe's fingers makes Linda's breasts inflate even faster, the sensations burning across Linda's chest as she balloons almost too fast for her breasts to stretch. Her skin was tight and sensitive, the heat inside her chest sending tingles through her. In mere seconds, Linda's breasts had ballooned from an incredible J-cup to going far off the scale, bloating past the size of her torso and rising upwards, taking her whole body with them. even her nipples were inflating, little squeaks and hisses paired with moans as they puffed up then leaked air repeatedly, continuously stimulating the poor woman as she floated in the meeting room.

Zoe walked around, grabbing one of Linda's nipples to slowly turn her around to face the doorway. Not that Linda was going to be able to see it, but Zoe was determined to give her coworkers a good view when they eventually arrived. She kept poking and prodding at Linda, teasing the helpless secretary as she flip-flopped between throwing insults, whining like a dog in heat and pleading to be let go. Linda tried her hardest to hate the situation, to fume and seethe until she was finally released, but something, deep down in her core, was beginning to enjoy what was happening. The feeling of floating off of the floor, the inexplicable sensitivity of her enormous tits, the teasing and embarrassment of being seen in such a helpless position. It all began to compound into a steamy fog in her brain. Linda stopped throwing insults, her breathing becoming heavy and laboured. Her panties and leggings became damp as she tried to caress her titanic teats, even bucking her hips to attempt to rub her crotch into them. She had caved completely to the sensation of being a boob-blimp, revelling in her new form to such a degree she forgot that she was at work. Zoe knew her job wasn't quite done yet, but she didn't need to do much more than observe now. She dematerialised, watching from a plane beyond reality as the clock struck 1:58PM.

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As Bradley, Linda's manager and occasional sugar-daddy, began preparations for his meeting with the companies shareholders to secure a raise in the department's funding, trailed by his own boss Robert Roberts, Roberts Holdings' CEO, he couldn't help but feel something was off. Linda had disappeared during her lunch break and hadn't been seen since. On top of that, there was a low sound emanating throughout the offices, barely registering to him. As he led Robert and his trade partners through the building, the sound only seemed to rise, now clearly the sound of hissing gas. As they came close to the meeting room, the sound only grew louder. To make matters worse, the halls were getting warmer and warmer, and a smell was permeating the halls, musty and heavy. Just before Bradley opened the door to the meeting room, a shareholder finally spoke up:

"Bradley, why can I hear gas?"

"Oh, must be a boiler issue. As you know, we've not had much spare liquidity to repair issues like this"

"Bradley, the building is electrically heated..."

“Hahaaa, good one! Now if you’ll just step insi- WHAT THE FUCK?!“

Bradley had opened the door to find two inhumanly sized breasts, each his full standing height in diameter, floating directly inside the room. His shout had startled Linda, who jolted with a creak before freezing solid. She still couldn’t stop moaning quietly to herself, the stimulation was simply too much to resist, but now her mind was all too aware of the eyes on her and her blimp of a chest. The embarrassment overwhelmed Linda, the shame of being seen compounding with her own lust and constant teasing that she teetered on the edge of orgasm. Her nipples puffed and squeaked faster and faster, her leggings and panties had been ruined by her wet cunt dripping juices down her legs. The light from the hall was just bright enough that Linda could see through her strained and bloated tits, and there she saw the *worst* possible group of people that could have discovered her.

“B-Brad!- Hnnngh! Brad...”

Bradley simply stuttered and sputtered at the obscene sight before him. The chest before creaked and grown, each nipple pulsing with air before releasing a pulse of it with a loud *hiss*. Only after a moment did he recognised the muffled voice behind them. “L-LINDA?!“ It was Robert’s turn to be stunned, realising it was his own daughter that was blown up like a blimp in the meeting room. Not only was seeing his own flesh and blood in such a state extremely embarrassing, but his credibility was also sure to be ruined. He simply stormed off, red in the face, followed by the shareholders who would surely never forget the events of the day.

Linda was left with a single figure before her where there were several, his voice the only identifier through the silhouette caused by her boobs smothering her vision and her face. “Br- oough... Brad... ley... please... hnngh... I can’t-ngaah... stop it...!” It was Bradley’s turn to be red in the face. There was no way the higher ups were going to give any funding after a disaster of this scale, and to the CEO’s family no less! He finally found the words to speak, and none of it was kind.

“I can’t believe that after everything this department- no, everything I’VE done for you that you’ve done something so *obscene*! You could have done this *anywhere else*, but you decided to humiliate not just yourself, but everyone in this *entire building* with... *whatever the fuck* this is. I hope you realise what you’ve done today, because we’re through, and you’re done! Fuck what Robert thinks, I’m not keeping a spoiled, bitchy, *brat* who balloons her tits *in the office* as a secretary!”

Linda’s embarrassment peaked, and she finally cascaded over the edge. Her breasts rumbled as the air inside grew restless, her nipples squealing like balloon necks as gas escaped. She came the hardest she ever had in her life, spasming as orgasm after orgasm rocked her body senseless, and yet even after expelling so much hot air, her breasts hadn’t shrunk an inch. Instead, she was stuck, her mind hazy with embarrassment and the fog of her afterglow as Bradley simply continued to berate his now ex-employee, who could not and would not listen to his demands to deflate or leave. He simply had to improvise, seeing a window *just* large enough for Linda to squeeze out of.

“Fine then,” Bradley fumed. “If you won’t listen, I’ll send you packing myself!” He shoved into Linda’s breasts, pushing her towards the window. Linda didn’t care however, too engrossed in the new stimulation to care that she was about to be defenestrated. Zoe, still watching on from Karma’s plane of existence, flicked the window open ahead of the pair. A cool breeze filled the room, fresh air flooding across Linda’s now sweaty blimp-tits. It didn’t take much effort to get Linda out of the window, and as she floated free, Zoe kicked her magic into high gear, rising the blimp-breasted bitch away from the building. Linda wouldn’t be anyone’s problem for a while, at least until Zoe decided that she had learned her lesson, and she could only stew in shame and lust as the entire city saw her fly along, carried by her creaking, squeaking breasts into the horizon.