

Things felt off today.

Well, they had felt slightly off ever since their manager had gotten laid off and replaced. But Maggie was used to that. It happened all the time in her office within the past few years. But the gears continued regardless, and Maggie came to work, as she did every day, dressed in her beige skirt and white blouse, sitting at her desk and entering data, day after day. A few hour's work stretched across a whole day. Maggie found herself used to this, and began to develop a routine for it, to keep herself from completely losing the rest of what was left of her sanity.

A lot of it was just eavesdropping.

“...and I told him that if he filed it without signing off on our TOS report that he'd have to get some kind of...”

“...yeah, she totally blew me off last night, I dunno what happened. Have you heard from her? I'm a little worried...”

“...he'll be four years old soon! He's growing like a weed. Hard to believe how tall...”

It was a blend today. Sometimes, there was a common thread. A rumor that chained all these disconnected voices together into one large conversation, completely out of their collective view. Maggie heard it, however. She spent a lot of time just in her cubicle, with no other sound, pretending to be looking over her work as the sounds bled in through the walls, very little barriers from keeping even the most hushed of voices from leaking in.

“...I dunno if Sheryl really wants to have kids, but she's certainly looking more...well you've seen her...”

Maggie's ears perked up at that. That was the second time someone had mentioned Sheryl in that sense. No one had outright said what they meant by what she looked like, but it was enough to make Maggie curious. She stood from her desk, making her way for the restroom, purposefully passing Sheryl's cubicle. Peering in as she passed, she only saw Sheryl from behind. Nothing seemed amiss – she was working away with no issue in sight. Maggie shrugged, making her way into the bathroom to take care of business. After washing her hands, she made her way to the door, before it swung open out of her reach, causing Maggie to step back in surprise. On the other side was Sheryl, jumping a bit at the sight of Maggie, blushing slightly as she noticed where Maggie's eyes had darted to.

Sheryl cleared her throat, which caused Maggie to meet her eyes. Putting her hands up over her chest, she made her way into the restroom, slamming the stall door behind her. Maggie circled around her as she passed, starting to go red in the face herself.

“S-sorry, Sheryl I...uhm-” Unable to finish her sentence, Maggie made her way back to her cubicle, sitting back in her chair and staring at her blank computer screen. Eyes wide. Expression blank. Her mind replaying that moment over and over.

Sheryl was one of the only blondes in the office, recently opting for a short bob haircut over having her hair up all the time. What was off, however, was her chest: she was wearing her usual clothes, but they seemed to be...struggling to stay together. Her buttons were practically bursting, barely holding back breasts almost as big as her head.

Of course, it goes without saying, but Sheryl never had that big of a chest before. C cups, if Maggie had to guess, at best. But nothing like that at all. And, stranger still, it was only yesterday that Sheryl had a much more...modest size.

A few minutes passed before Maggie heard the bathroom door open, the distant whirring of the hand dryer briefly audible before the door shut behind her. Maggie sat for another minute or two before making her move, stepping over to Sheryl's cubicle cautiously.

"...Sheryl?" Her head whipped back over to see Maggie staring back, rolling her eyes and continuing her computer work.

"What." It was more of a statement than a question in the tone Sheryl was using. Maggie sighed, stepping around the cubicle wall and into the small space. Sheryl's space was always organized, but it seemed...disheveled today. There were papers scattered under her desk and napkins crumpled all over her desk.

"I guess I...are you...feeling ok?" A beat passed, Maggie feeling as if she was holding her breath as Sheryl stared her down. She was trying, with every bit of might she had, to maintain eye contact with Sheryl, avoiding all glances at the failing threads that were desperately holding her black blouse together.

"Go away, Maggie." And with that, Sheryl resumed her typing, leaving Maggie to skulk away back to her own cubicle. She sat there, mystified. How could something like that happen? She'd likely never hear from Sheryl, as they weren't necessarily in good standing at the moment. Or ever were, for that matter. Sighing, Maggie looked at the clock, her mouth perking into a smile as an idea came to her.

It was lunchtime.

* * *

"No kidding?!" Olivia nearly dropped her sandwich into her lap, opting to aim for the Tupperware she brought it in instead as she clumsily lost grip. "How big?"

"Like, four or five times as big as she usually is. I dunno, they looked almost as big as...like...volleyballs or something-"

"That's ridiculous! How?!"

"I dunno! She wouldn't tell me!"

The two chatted in an abandoned part of the office: some old break room that was going to be converted into something else but everyone forgot about it after the budget got dropped and now it was just a vacant room with two fold out chairs and a small picnic table. They came here for the privacy, not so much the ambiance.

"That's crazy...I heard a rumor of Katie calling out for some weird health issue...no one said what though."

"Could be anything though, that doesn't mean its related."

“Still, kiiiiinda weird timing, like, only a few days after the old boss gets sacked. Like, what gives?”

“I dunno Olivia, all I know is that Sheryl's tits are practically *busting* out of her outfit today and it is *so* not ok!” The two laughed at the comment before Olivia shot back.

“Ohh, what, you jealous Maggie?” Maggie fake gasped, bringing her hands up to her non-existent breasts as she glared at her.

“How dare you! I'm perfectly fine with my body, thank you very much.”

“Mhm. Ok. Anyways...I'll try to talk to her and see what she says. Might not be until after you get off though. If she fesses up, I'll fill you in, ok?” Maggie shrugged.

“Worth a shot. She actually *likes* you, so...”

“Trust me, its a thin line there, haha.” She patted Maggie on the shoulder before making her way out, the two resuming work as usual not long after. The rest of the day resolved, uneventful as Maggie headed home, trying to steal one last glance at Sheryl, and failing to do so, before making her way to her small compact car and driving her way home to her apartment.

In the cramped space of her studio apartment, there was a mattress, a couch, a TV on a stand, and a beanbag chair. Several shelves lined the walls, holding up various school art projects and traveling memorabilia. Maggie undressed, getting into her comfy silk pajamas before making her way over to the kitchen. As she tended to do every Tuesday, to keep it easy on herself, she reheated leftovers from the other night. Simple, easy. Mac and cheese still sounded good too, even if it wasn't the healthiest, she hadn't eaten much today aside from some yogurt and a salad anyways. May as well.

After having her dinner, Maggie scrolled on her phone for a bit, reading trough various articles about celebrities and science breakthroughs. After a while, she'd put on a drama or a true crime before getting tired enough to go take care of herself in the bathroom (washing her face, brushing her teeth, etc), before promptly stripping down completely and getting into bed.

This was Maggie's routine. It was a bland one, but it suited her. She had finally reached a point in her life where the chaos was slightly maintained, and she preferred it that way. Maybe in a few years she may adventure outside of this little cloud of comfort.

But for now, she slept in it. And each day, she got a little bit better.

And yet, more tests were yet to come.

* *WEDNESDAY**

Maggie arrived the next day, on time, as she always did. Surrounded by the gray walls of a concrete and glass monstrosity, she made her way to the time clock and punched in, adjusting her skirt before stepping into her cubicle, computer already booted and ready to go. Pulling up to the screen, she began her work, inputting data into various spreadsheets for a mind numbing few hours, before, like always, all the tasked work had been completed.

Its not like Maggie didn't enjoy working; quite the contrary, when she first started, she'd go a full eight hours non-stop...but she'd run out of things to do about two days in to her week. And that really tended to fuck up her whole week, as the tasks were doled out by input and need, and not necessarily based on how fast or slow a worker could go. It was for that reason, and it was no secret, that killing time within the cubicle walls wasn't only acceptable, it was almost required. 'Whoever thought that eight hours was the agreed upon amount of time for every job out there needs to be shot' was a thought that Maggie had had a few times in the past.

But the time killing resumed. Curious, unable to shake the rattle of yesterday's events, she stood from her chair and made her way to the restroom. Along the way, she looked over her shoulder to see Sheryl's cubicle empty. Entering the restroom, Maggie could tell from the stillness that it was also empty. Taking care of her business quickly, she finished up and made her way back to her cubicle.

She sat there, on her phone, scrolling through various social medias. Seeing if there were any blips out there she could latch onto. The usual spam of politics and pictures of loved ones living their lives scrolled by, Maggie looked up at the corner of her phone and realizing that it was finally lunch time. Grabbing her lunch on the way to the break room, she walked up one flight of stairs to the usual spot. Except, it was empty. Usually Olivia beat her to it, but it wasn't like that today. As confused as Maggie was, she decided to be proactive and check Olivia's cubicle. Sure enough, there she was; tucked into the corner and frantically typing away. Maggie cleared her throat. This caused Olivia to jump, turning her head slightly, face colored a robust shade of pink.

“Oh! Uh...h-hey Maggie. Uh...just...had to work a little late on this, so uh...I won't be able to take lunch today, s-sorry...” Maggie knew something was up. Olivia was acting odd. And from everything that was currently happening in the office, she needed to know for sure if her suspicions were true.

“Olivia, are you...?” Stepping a few feet into the cubicle, Maggie could see them from over Olivia's shoulder. “Holy *shit*, you're bigger than--” Olivia turned, giving Olivia a quick jab in the shin with the armrest of her office chair. Maggie yelped, grabbing her leg and doubling over. “What gives?! Wh...” Now that Olivia had turned to face her, Maggie could see her full figure on display: she was sporting breasts that seemed to be as large as half grown pumpkins. The sight stunned her; the top that Olivia wore, a blue baggy T-shirt, still did very little hide their full forms, the hem just barely managing to cover her navel as her breasts now threatened to fill her whole frame up top.

“Look, keep it down...I've been trying to stay out of sight and I've been cramming my work so I could sneak out early...”

“What the fuck, Olivia?! How did you...when...what the fuck?!” She still couldn't quite absorb what was happening, and all Olivia could muster was a sigh.

“Look, Maggie...I really...I don't wanna talk about it right now-”

“Aww, come on Olivia! It'll be our secret, ok?”

“See, that's the thing, its like...its just...”

“What do you mean?” Maggie scratched at her red curls, Olivia's demeanor confusing to her as she kept avoiding eye contact with her as she spoke. Letting out another frustrated sigh, Olivia pinched her forehead and tried her best to push through the conversation.

“Just...gimme a day, ok? This is a lot and I just need...one day...alright?” Maggie was pissed. She was so absolutely, mind-numbingly angry with Olivia in that moment...however, the way her hazel eyes just bore right through her...not to mention the new set of massive knockers to go with, it made her all the more convincing when she pulled this technique. Maggie relented.

“...fine. You owe me an explanation tomorrow though.” Maggie stated with a point. Olivia gave a slight nod and a nervous smile before turning back to her computer and quickly typing away. Maggie left it at that, sitting around and listening to the daily gossip for a moment before packing up for the day.

“...just really don't understand how TOS reports are so hard. Like, why can't anyone...”

“...came home last night and I couldn't believe it. She was staying at her friend's place. I just wish she had called me and...”

“...starting daycare soon! Its gonna be really weird, yeah...”

“...that new intern we got the other day sure is a piece of work. You see what she wore...”

“...you seen Sheryl? Is she also gone too? Damn. That's four people now. What the hell is going around anyways...?”

Four people called out today? Was it all for the same reason? No, of course not. There was more than just a weird breast growth bug going about, people were likely also getting normal sick too. Shrugging the thoughts off, Maggie packed her belongings and made her way out, her eight hours complete for the day.

The drive home was uneventful. Her mind was still swimming with the image of Olivia in the cubicle, shocked look on her face, shirt practically giving up as she sat there. Maggie just couldn't believe it; how has there now been two people she's known undergoing this same affliction? And why wouldn't Olivia just tell her? Sheryl she understood, but Olivia? She was always so open! Maybe something was really weighing on her mind...but her aversion to the topic altogether was certainly...telling.

As she stood in the kitchen, making some ground beef for tacos, her mind kept drifting off. She suddenly cursed, hand slipping and touching the side of the heated pan as it cooked the meat. She waved her hand, putting her lips to the side of her palm, cursing more to herself as she turned off the heat, the meat being about done anyways.

The cycle repeated. Doing her usuals, she ended up in bed hours after dinner. She laid there, staring at the ceiling, thinking of her busty coworkers as she drifted off to sleep. The very idea that there was something potentially happening within their office both excited and terrified Maggie. But most of all, in the back of her mind, there was something else she couldn't put her finger on.

But it'd make itself clear by tomorrow.

**** THURSDAY ****

Maggie had slept in that morning, her alarm failing to do its job. This hadn't happened in a while, but all her tossing and turning last night had definitely made it hard to stay asleep. She kept having these

odd dreams about everyone in her office sprouting bigger and bigger breasts by the day, while Maggie remained there, flat as ever, typing on her computer like nothing was wrong. The image was burned into her brain as she showered, trying desperately to shake the thoughts as they were really starting to get to her. None of any of what was happening made any sense, and yet, she had to just keep going to work like everything was normal.

As she arrived at work, blouse slightly untucked from her skirt, hair half falling out of its bun, Maggie pushed her glasses up her face as she made her way to her cubicle. Like every other day, the work was easy, quick, and painless. The painful part started the moment her work had finished. She sighed heavily, turning her head over to the bathroom. Shrugging, she stood, making her way over while glancing over at Sheryl's cubicle. She was still absent, it seemed. As Maggie reached the restroom, she paused, turning her head towards the other hall before slowly sauntering over to Olivia's cubicle.

Deep down, Maggie didn't want to wait until lunch for answers. This whole situation was driving her mad and she *needed* answers now. To her dismay and shock, however, Olivia was nowhere to be found – just like Sheryl, it seemed she had not come in today.

Frazzled and confused, Maggie posted back up at her computer, letting the silence bleed in. There were no voices today, the office being hauntingly still for whatever reason. It felt like half the staff was missing, perhaps. The ticking of the clock in her cubicle started to knock into Maggie's brain.

Tick-tick.

“...just gotta get through the day, then go home...”

Tick-tick.

“Olivia's fine, she's probably just seeing a doctor and getting help for...whatever is happening to her...”

Tick-tick.

The sound was irking her, pushing her to walk away from her desk and towards the water cooler on the other side of the office. Usually there was at least one or two people perched up by it. Today, the new intern was standing nearby, back facing Maggie as she filled up her water bottle. Her short black hair and small frame made it obvious who it was, even if Maggie had only seen her once a little while ago. As she turned to face Maggie, however, she bumped right into her, nearly knocking them both to her feet.

“Sorry! Shit...oof...” The intern reached up and grabbed the two pillows that had caused the collision in the first place: breasts that hung all the way down to her navel, covered in a tight white t-shirt that was ready to give up on her, as well as a pathetic black blazer that wouldn't even button a single button. Each breast seemed to be at least a foot in diameter, at least. The sight caught Maggie completely off guard yet again; this random intern was even bigger than Olivia! “...still not used to this...” She muttered, rubbing the side of one of her massive mams gingerly.

“...its...its ok, uh...” Maggie was at a loss for words. How could this same exact event just keep happening, over and over again? This was a prank right? Someone was messing with her? Without much more thought, she blurted out her question: “...what the hell is happening around here?” The intern perked up at the question, a devilish smile crossing her face.

“What do you *mean*, exactly?” Her coyness irked Maggie, her face crinkling up into a scowl.

“Oh, come off it! Everyone in here is shoving balloons down their shirts to mess with me. Is that it? Mess with the ones out of the loop? Big elaborate office prank on the quiet one?” The intern rolled her eyes at this, giggling a little at Maggie's frazzled state.

“So you wanna know what's going on, then? You suuuuuure?” The intern dragged it out, almost getting pleasure from dangling information in front of the redhead across from her. Maggie groaned and balled her fists together, frustration peaking.

“Yes! Just get it over with so I can go back to my day!” Speaking rather loudly, both women looked around to see if anyone was looking; yet the coast was clear. The intern moved in a little closer to Maggie to speak in a more hushed tone.

“Ok, so...this is how it happened...I talked to Lisa in marketing the other day. Same kind of situation you're in right now, actually; I walked into her office, she had these *huuuuge* knockers and I asked her what happened. She was kinda...weird about it, but eventually told me that when *she* had asked another coworker about *their* big boobs, she woke up with her own set. And then...well, I went home after she told me her story, woke up the next morning and...” She waved her hands in a displaying manner at them, like she was introducing a prize in a game show. “...*these* were there when I woke up this morning. Weird, right?”

“And...you're able to walk upright...how?” The intern shrugged.

“No clue, back doesn't hurt or anything for some reason. I mean, I'm not really worried about it. You...probably should be though...” She stated with a roguish grin.

“And why is that?” Maggie asked, a hand on her cocked hip. The intern merely giggled.

“Cuz you *just* asked. That's all *I* had to do. That's all Lisa did too. So...” She shrugged, tits heaving up, then wobbling as they came down. “I gotta get back to work now...” And with that awkward departure, Maggie was left to stand by the water cooler and ponder what she had just been told. She had felt her heart sunk when she realized just what she had been told. Had she just cursed herself, like all her other co-workers? Or was this intern just playing into the elaborate gag?

Her mind was swimming now. She seemed to float back over to her computer, mind blank, unable to think about anything else but what she had just been told. The mindless chatter of the office was even thinner today. The walls seemed wider. The air was thinner. What was happening in this place?

Maggie jolted in her kitchen, hamburger meat tumbling to the ground as she cursed aloud. Shoving the tupperware into the microwave, she punched the 30 second button twice as she leaned down to clean up the mess she had made. While she wiped it down, her eyes glanced down at her chest. Her hand slowed, the one hand not occupying a rag drifting up to her chest. Feeling herself up, all she grasped was the familiar chest she always had. The words of the intern still buzzing in her head. Was that why Olivia didn't want to tell her what was happening? But...the whole idea was ridiculous. How could someone possibly grow from just...someone else saying they did?

None of it made sense. Maggie laid in bed, eyes struggling to stay shut as she flipped around, hand

slipping down her panties as she tried desperately, in any way she could, to forget about what was haunting her. But instead, as she pleased herself, her worries started to blend in, and soon she was imagining herself with tits larger than the interns, swelling up and filling the room before the walls started to collapse...

Then she passed out, into a fitful slumber, before even reaching climax.

**** FRIDAY ****

When the morning came, Maggie expected to be unable to move. Buried under a mountain of flesh, filling her bed. Just like the dream she had that night that seemed to play on repeat, over and over, for hours.

And yet, when she awoke, she was just as flat as always. Maggie moved to her mirror, looking close to see if there was any semblance of change. She scoffed, rolling her eyes and turning pink from embarrassment.

“That lying fucking...” She groaned, going to her closet to pick out the usual black pencil skirt and beige blouse. “...they're all fucking with me, I know it, its just some...some weird...bullshit...UGH!” She grunted in frustration as she buttoned her blouse incorrectly for the third time, deciding to give in and just go out, adjusting herself as she got into her car. She didn't even shower that morning, wasting all her time pacing and lost in thought, she didn't really care how she looked or smelled today. It was her Friday, after all.

When Maggie arrived, the silence in the office was absolutely deafening. The lack of bodies in the building was very obvious – the staff was never massive in the first place, maybe 20 or 30 people being on her floor at once. Now, it was clear that number was chopped in half – and it was mostly the female staff, at that.

Maggie barely noticed at this point. Her mind was so blurry and haggard that she didn't notice when her bra had shifted around slightly on her body as well. She merely adjusted it, sitting at her computer and groggily inputting the data on autopilot to the necessary places. Doing something like this for over two years will make any bad day or sick day non-existent. The workers here barely had to function at all to get a lot of what they did done. That's why this whole mass call out was so intriguing, and if Maggie's brain was working that moment, she would've investigated more.

Instead, a few hours passed with her continuously inputting data, until she eventually noticed the time and decided to take a break. Pushing her chair away from the desk, Maggie put her hands together and above her head and stretched. The sound of ripping fabric and a small *ping* emitting from her computer monitor finally got her attention. Looking down, Maggie was greeted with generous cleavage – it seemed like she had graduated from an A to a D cup in only a few hours time, right under her nose, without her noticing, the second button of her blouse now resting on the floor under her desk.

The sight caught her off guard. First of all, according to the intern, this was supposed to happen when she was *sleeping*. And she had slept last night. Right? Was the constant barrage of dreams she had somehow keeping her from sleeping in the same way as everyone else? Had she become so accustomed to this working lifestyle that the monotonous labor she endured was now when her mind was at its most peaceful?

These thoughts would have bothered her more if she wasn't absolutely spilling out of her work top in that moment.

“Holy *shit!* It happened...!” Maggie whispered out to herself, pulling the ends of her blouse apart to get a better view. They were puffing out of her bra, the strap beginning to dig in to the undersides of her arms as she reached back to release the clasp. Gasping as she did so, she felt flesh vault out slightly at its release. They were clearly still growing, even in that moment; albeit at a slow pace. As Maggie pulled her blouse together, she could feel the sides of her breasts pushing up against them, spreading the fabric apart as more and more cleavage seeped out of the top.

Deciding to take control and break through her frozen stature, she stood from her chair, wobbling a bit at her new center of gravity. Her tits were continuing to inch outwards, their forms starting to develop into a tear drop shape, mass pumping in as they outgrew what she thought looked like a DD cup and slowly began to resemble two large grapefruits straining behind her top.

“God, I really hope I don't get as big as that intern...fuck, this isn't good...!” She raised her head, looking to see if anyone was around. The coast was clear, and she made her move, hunching over and pulling her blouse as closed as possible as she made her way to Olivia's cubicle.

“Olivia! You gotta...” She whispered as she entered the cubicle; but alas, Olivia was still not present, a thought that chilled Maggie. Why was she missing so much work all of a sudden?

“Is that you, Maggie?” It was her new boss, the voice still strange but familiar enough. Maggie straightened, doing her best to only turn to the side while keeping her body hunched forwards.

“Y-yes...I was seeing if Olivia had my TOS reports ready, but...”

“Yes, she's been calling out the past couple of days. I think she caught whatever bug is going around.”

POP

Another button flew off her blouse, breasts lunging forward as they seemed to settle down for the moment. However, her shirt was doing quite the opposite, only one button hanging on for dear life. Maggie desperately hid this from her boss, feeling herself go pink as she stared at her quizzically.

“...are...you feeling alright, Maggie? Because I already got your reports for today.”

“I...suppose I have been feeling a little...off this morning?” It almost sounded like a question, Maggie's voice shaky as she continued her struggle in hiding her newly developed melons from her nosy manager. She seemed to take Maggie's response well enough, however, and backed off.

“You can...leave early, if you need to. Its your Friday, after all. Just...make sure you come in after your weekend, alright?” She started stepping away, Maggie still frozen to the spot until she had finally turned the corner. Feeling the peace of the moment, Maggie let out a sharp breath of relief, only for the final button to finally pop and bounce around Olivia's cubicle.

“...yeah, I really *should* go...” Olivia muttered, knowing that it was best to not hang around the office today with....*this* happening to her. Tomorrow was the start of her weekend, after all. Two days was plenty of time to figure out what the *hell* was going on around here.

Gathering up her belongings, Maggie snuck her way out, going relatively unnoticed by her peers, save for Dave in accounting, but his expression didn't even change when he saw her. The glassy haze of a man long gone likely kept him from either seeing, reacting, or feeling anything.

The drive home was frantic. It wasn't very far, but she had to push her seat back from the wheel just ever-so-slightly, which threw off her whole stance when pressing the gas and brake pedal. She swerved a few times, but managed to get herself there alright. Swaying a bit as she walked, Maggie was still adjusting to her new center of gravity, now being much more top heavy than she was used to in a very short amount of time. Managing to make it into her small home, she tossed her bag to the side and collapsed on her couch, merely staring down at the new breasts she had suddenly sprouted in just a few minutes time.

“...that intern wasn't joking...they just...” she brought a hand up to one of them and caressed it gently, cradling it in her palm and moving it from side to side. The feeling gave her goosebumps, this sensation foreign yet...stimulating to her. “...wow, is...this what having boobs feel like...?” Maggie wondered aloud, bringing her other hand up to the other breast, their forms overflowing her small hands by quite a lot. “At least I'm still smaller than her...and Olivia too, if I think about it...hers were definitely bigger than mine...” The thought of Olivia's surprised expression looking up at Maggie, breasts that nearly filled her lap, stirred something in the redhead. She felt her own breasts tingle in her hands, a strange gradual wave of pleasure beginning to roll within them. This only caused Maggie to squeeze them harder, another memory of her encounter of Sheryl flashing through her mind as she began to moan and knead at her breasts, the memory of the intern flashing by, then Olivia, then Sheryl, then back again.

Lust had taken Maggie away. Far away. Somewhere she hadn't ever known. Whatever had happened to her, she was starting to enjoy it quite a bit. An intense orgasm rocked through her as she thrust into the couch, hands digging her tits as if pleasure itself was squeezing from them and into the rest of her body.

“FUUUUUUUUCK!!” Maggie shouted before slumping over, passing out almost immediately in the afterglow. It was so quick, so sudden, and so intense, that it knocked her out for quite a while.

****SATURDAY****

And when she awoke, it was dark.

“Mmmph...holy shit...what...happened...?” Maggie was still a bit blurry from what she had just done to herself, brain a touch fried from the recent stinger of pleasure she had applied to it. Shifting in her seat, she found it oddly difficult to move. Grabbing around, she felt as if there were warm pillows resting on top of her, weighing her down, until she managed to find her phone on the armrest nearby. She clicked the button on the side, enough light coming from it to reveal Maggie's now lap-filling breasts, cleavage going on for so long that it faded away with the dim light source. Maggie almost screamed out of shock, but merely passed out again instead, head slumping to the side as her phone tumbled to the floor.

She was unconscious, yet again, until the sun started to flit through her window. Her eyes fluttered open, looking around the room for a moment before rubbing them. She felt what was beneath her arms as she did so, however, and slowly stopped, lowering her hands and looking down at the monstrous orbs that now filled her entire lower vision. Pendulous breasts, the size of jumbo watermelons, were now attached to her, seemingly sprouting overnight.

“...*FUCK!*” It was the only word that came to her mind in that moment, and she screamed it as loud as she could muster. All she could do was sit there a moment, staring at them, dumbfounded; furious, but curious as well, prodding at them and watching them jiggle every so often. With great struggle, she managed to reach down and grab her phone off the floor, dialing Olivia's number.

Maggie didn't make a habit of hanging out with Olivia outside of work. They had met up a couple of times, watched a movie together on a few occasions. But these were limited, fleeting moments that ended a few years ago. However, this was a special occasion. She needed someone who could understand what was going on with her, and figure out some way and fixing it. The dial tone went a few times before she picked up.

“Maggie? What's up?” Olivia asked from the other side of the phone.

“Hey. My boobs got huge too.”

“Oh no...Mag...”

“Can you...can you come over real quick? I just...I dunno, I need a bit of help right now and I don't really feel...comfortable asking anyone else...”

“Of course, I'll be there in five, ok? Hang in there.” Maggie thanked her, hanging up on the call and rubbing the side of her bosom anxiously.

“...this is not good...at all...do I even have anything that fits these?” She stood from the couch, back handling the new weight completely fine. She wobbled a bit here and there, but found herself able to stand with little issue. “...intern wasn't kidding about THAT either...hmmm...” She could feel the bottoms of her tits brushing up against her navel, a sensation she was definitely having to come to terms with. The way they moved after she did, and wobbled about freely for some time even after she had stopped moving. It was all very...odd to her. Managing to find a large pink top in her closet, she tossed it on as she heard a knock at her door.

“Coming!” Maggie wobbled a bit on her way over, opening up the door and waving Olivia in. Olivia gawked at her office companion, face going pale at the sight of her.

“Holy shit, Mag...you're...uh...”

“Friggin' HUGE, I know, I am *very* aware of this at the moment.” Maggie blurted out, flustered. “This is so...weird, Olivia. I just...I talked to that intern the other day and she told me about what happened to her...and...how she got big overnight afterwards.” Olivia seemed to get tense at Maggie's recollection, trying to cut her off, but Maggie pushed on before she could speak up. “...and then the next day I started to grow at the office for some reason...like...it just happened then and there while I was working. I looked down and I was huge! But then I went to bed last night and then I woke up and...I was...well...I wasn't this big yesterday, let's just say that. Not by...a lot.”

“That sounds about right...” Olivia interjected. Maggie raised her eyebrow.

“How'd it happen to you, anyways?” Olivia went pale at the question, much like how she did when asked the first time.

"I...I don't..."

"Olivia...it already happened to us. Don't sweat telling me now, ok?" Olivia rolled her eyes, but figured Maggie had a point.

"I just...asked Sheryl. And she told me. About how she asked Cassandra in accounting if she had gotten work done or not. And after she was done being offended at the question, she told her she had grown after asking someone herself. And then I went home, went to bed, woke up and...well...here you go. Came to work to knock out as much as I could before putting in for a week off so I can...adjust."

"I was worried about you..." Maggie admitted, looking down to the side.

"Hehe, really? You could've just called..." Maggie shrugged, looking back up at the brunette. She came over, resting a hand on her shoulder comfortingly.

"We'll figure something out, right? Cuz there's *gotta* be some kind of answer to this...whatever is going on with everyone." Maggie shrugged again, looking out her small window before speaking.

"I mean...the common part of all our stories is just...the fact that we *told* one another."

"Yeah, but that can't just be it-"

"But what if it is? What if that's *all* there is? I mean...Olivia, I've been...there's been all these stories online on social media with girls posting pictures of themselves and giving all these...ridiculous, weird reasons for why they now have boobs bigger than their head! I mean...this is just another one of those things, its just..." Maggie sighed heavily, putting her head in her hands. "...its just happening to us instead."

"...did you say you...grew at the office?" Olivia asked, trying to continue her timid investigation on the matter. Maggie nodded.

"Yeah. It just...I was working for a few hours and then I looked down and...there they were."

"That's so weird, cuz like...everyone else in the stories we've told, its happened...overnight."

"Yeah, I guess I...I just didn't sleep all that well and then when I got to work I just...I zoned out so much that I guess that it was...I dunno, its hard to explain."

"No, I think that means something, Maggie. It means...it means sleep isn't the only thing that triggers it."

"Yeah, but it only happened once-"

"And what if it happens again, though? Like, we don't know, maybe there's like...a few different ways to experience it-"

"No, Olivia, you're missing it. Its the *relaxation*. The fact that I was actually zoning out and not focusing on myself or what I was going through. That didn't happen when I was sleeping the night

before, that's for sure..."

"Huh...alright, I guess. Fair enough. So...we just relax and we get bigger, or...?"

"I'll be honest, Olivia, its gonna be real tough to 'relax' at all for a while with these things swinging off me." Olivia couldn't help but giggle at that, which only caused Maggie to laugh along, the two having a fit of laughter together for a moment before grunting, both of their chests vaulting out a few inches in unison. They both looked at one another with worried looks.

"...that's not good."

"No shit." Maggie adjusted her top, scratching her head as she walked over to her bed. She stumbled, her tits once again giving a slight rumble outwards, the momentum of the growth throwing her off balance and topping onto the bed chest-first. Olivia fell back onto the wall behind her, blowing a loose strand of her black hair from her face as her tits vaulted downwards and outwards, their bottoms starting to crest her navel and push down to her hips, growing faster and more aggressive than her redheaded counterpart.

"What's going on?! Why is this happening now?" Olivia shouted, tits gradually creeping down to her thighs before finally stopping.

"I dunno, you tell me! You're the one connecting all the dots. What's something else in common?" Maggie managed to finally sit up on the bed, eyes going wide at the sight of her now impossibly massive friend. "Damn, you're even bigger than I am! How...is...that..." A thought came to her mind at her observance of Olivia's titanic size. "...hey um...you know something I've noticed about...all this?"

"What?!" Olivia asked desperately, tits halting their expansion for a moment, allowing her to catch her breath.

"How every time the next woman heard the rumor...her tits would get even bigger than the last one..."

"...oh yeah, that is kinda-" Olivia's eyes went wide, the two looking at each other as it dawned on them in unison. As it did, it was Maggie's tits turn to begin growing once more, their forms filling her lap more and more as they began to reach beach balls in size.

"We told each other the rumor." They stated in unison.

"Does...d-does that mean...?" Maggie bit her lip as her tits continued to advance, soon meeting Olivia's thigh slappers in size before advancing further still, creeping across her own thighs and pushing down further, reaching yoga balls in size before once again coming to a slow stop.

"I don't think we're going to stop. We're going to keep...topping one another over and over..." Olivia's mind went numb at the thought as her tits once again began to tingle, her round of growth beginning quickly after her companion's had ended.

* *SUNDAY* *

As the sun crept up on the horizon, a woman opened up her window to let the air in. Breathing in, she sighed, looking out across her view, only to gasp as she saw it partially blocked out by what looked like

four pink balloons crushing the landscape. It was surrounded by helicopters, and the woman could only assume there was some kind of media circus present.

“Hello Cyndi, this is Matt Stonewaler on the scene of what seems to be another anomalous event involving, this time, anyways, two women. On Baker's street and 167th street west we find the remains of an apartment building where the two women resided. Luckily, as it stands, it seems like no one was hurt and that the area has been evacuated successfully, as the advancement of what seems to be the women's...er...breasts seem to be...taking down various structures throughout the city. Including several apartments and a nearby public park. An evacuation order has been ordered by the county as local residents rush to escape the area. I'm here to see if I can communicate with either of the women present here to see if I can try to understand what led to this event a bit better.”

“Excuse me? Miss? Can you hear me?” Matt called up to the body that was slightly suspended in the air; Maggie's feet had long since left the ground as her breasts continued to push larger and larger, hills now becoming comparable to her swelling mounds. But with every push that her breasts let out, Olivia was not long behind, standing next to her and rising just the same. Maggie had passed out a while back, her snoring interrupted as she heard a voice not far from her. Opening her eyes, Maggie screamed out at the sight of her changes. They had only been as big as mattresses before she had lost consciousness; and now here they were, bigger than two tour buses stacked together! And only continuing their relentless growth.

Below her, Maggie could see the waving form of a body. She couldn't quite make out his features, but she tried leaning downward to see him better. Her weight shifted, Maggie's breasts seeming to roll backwards, the physics of it all throwing the reporter completely off as she reached the ground. Matt had to run over to her, her body landing dozens of feet away from where he was standing, her breasts now completely in front of her instead of resting below her. The reporter had caught up with her, catching his breath for a moment before lifting his phone to her face.

“Yes, hello, could you tell me more about exactly...what happened here?” Maggie swallowed hard, eyes staring into the camera that was carried by the man standing next to Matt, her stomach turning into a pit as several more feet pumped into her tits.

“W-well...um...my co-worker...we work at this company...called...” Maggie began, trying her best to be as clear and articulate to the events as possible.

Meanwhile, a woman, hundreds of miles away, days later, was watching a clip of the interview on social media, one of her friends tagging her in it. Arcing her eyebrow, she watched as the impossibly endowed woman explained how she had and her friend had become so massive, about some strange rumor going around her office, growing overnight, all sorts of odd nonsense. The woman scoffed at the video, rolling her eyes as she began her work day, an odd itching in her breasts going unnoticed throughout her day...

THE END