

It was finally the day. My boss, four colleagues, and I sat in a taxi, each balancing a box on our laps. We were moving offices today—or rather, one of the biggest corporations on the planet had bought us out and was moving us *in-house*.

I glanced around at my coworkers, offering a small smile. My boss sat in the front seat, making small talk with the driver, his eyes fixed on the road ahead.

It had never felt strange being the only woman in such a small company. Our coding team had been together for years, and I was always treated with respect. Not that I was the type most people would hit on anyway. At 5'3", with shoulder-length raven hair usually tied into a bun, and a simple pencil skirt and blouse for work, there wasn't much to catch the eye. My mother always told me I should eat more so I wouldn't "look like a stick."

"So, uhh, are we all excited or...?"

Sam broke the silence. He sat next to me, the soft-spoken type with shaggy brown hair and glasses—the picture of a classic nerd. From the moment I'd joined three years ago, Sam had gone out of his way to make me feel welcome, and I trusted him more than I trusted most people.

The others didn't answer. The air was thick with nerves. This wasn't just *any* company; this was *LoneSkum Industries*, one of the top three corporations in the world. We all knew they'd bought us out just to get their hands on our state-of-the-art firewall software, and the payout had been too good for the boss to refuse. Still, he'd fought hard to secure us hefty raises and guaranteed positions. It was comforting in theory, but the uncertainty gnawed at all of us.

The taxi pulled up, and my stomach twisted as I looked out the window. The headquarters towered above us, a glass giant scraping the clouds. It was overwhelming. Our new office? It felt unreal.

The boss opened the door, and we stepped out, boxes in hand, standing in silence for a moment as we stared up at the building. Madness.

We followed him up the front steps, where he paused to swipe a keycard and usher us inside. The lobby was cavernous, polished marble floors reflecting the vastness above.

"Wait here," he said, lifting a hand as we clustered near the entrance. "I'll go get—" He paused, searching for the right words.

"—I guess your new *big boss*?"

With that, he walked toward the front desk to speak with the receptionist, who pointed him toward the elevators. He glanced back at us once before stepping inside, leaving us to clutch our boxes and take in the sheer scale of the place we were about to call home.

The place was *massive*. Of course, he didn't show us everything—just the essentials: cafeterias, restrooms, our new floor with our desks. Even that was overwhelming, the scale of everything making it hard to breathe.

Finally, Mello led us to the elevators, gesturing grandly.

"And now, floors twenty through twenty-two, our recreation floors. You're welcome here anytime during your breaks."

The elevator doors slid open, and we stepped out into what looked like an entire shopping mall inside the building. Designer outlets, clothing stores, even a grocery store. People bustled everywhere.

"As you can see," Mello continued, "this area is open to the public during the day—except for the section we're about to visit."

He swiped a card at a large gate, which slid open with a soft *click*. We slipped through before it closed behind us, Mello striding ahead with his hands clasped behind his back. He stepped onto an escalator, and our boss, Damien, followed.

“Well then, recreation hall,” Mello said, glancing back. “Care to introduce your crew, Damien?”

As we rode up, Damien introduced us one by one:

“This is Brandon, our framework developer.
And Sam, our lead developer.
Matthew, our project lead.”

I was last, already feeling the weight of eyes on me as I ascended. The room we entered felt like an arcade out of the 80s: deep blue carpet with pale blue dots, cozy corners with couches and game consoles, and people everywhere—watching us as we arrived. My breath caught as I saw an entire bowling alley and a fast-food counter, *with no prices*. Were they free?

“And last but not least,” Damien said, “our tester and super-hacker, Tegan.”

Silence. All eyes were on me. I felt my cheeks burn as it dawned on me—were there no other women here? None?

“Feel free to make yourselves at home,” Mello said, his voice smooth, amused. “Rest a while before heading to your desks. Tomorrow will be your true start.”

Mello turned to speak privately with Damien, and I noticed Sam wandering toward an empty gaming booth. They weren’t very private—semi-connected—but it seemed cozy enough. I slipped in beside him, trying to distract myself with a quick game. The atmosphere was oddly friendly, *too* friendly, with people calling out to each other, laughter echoing across the room.

I glanced across the room, spotting Damien and Mello still deep in conversation, occasionally glancing at our team. Before long, though, I noticed someone approaching—well, *smelling* him before I *saw* him. A young guy, maybe twenty at most, damp with sweat, leaning casually against my legs as I sat with my knees pulled to my chest.

“Hey, darlin’. Having fun? Nice to meetcha.”

I recoiled, pushing him away. I wasn’t confident by nature, but this? This was *too much*.

“Thanks, but I’m taken.”

His arm slid off me as he stumbled back, giving me a strange look before slinking back to his group, who laughed and jeered as he returned. I glanced at Sam, uncomfortable.

“Hey, uhh, can we go unpack our boxes?”

Sam gave me a gentle nod. “Of course. Let’s get you out of here, hm?”

I nodded, relieved, and we headed toward the escalator together.

The sweaty kid watched Tegan and Sam as they descended the escalator before turning toward Mello and Damien.

“So, you managed it?” Mello asked, not even bothering to look at him.

“Yeah, sure did,” the kid replied, smirking. “She must be susceptible; look! She’s already looking pale.”

Damien's eyes narrowed. "Remember the contract. I don't want her harmed. *At all.*"

Mello let out a low laugh as he turned to follow them down the escalator. "She won't be. In fact," he said, a sharp glint in his eye, "I think you'll *love* the changes.

Descending the escalator, I felt my blouse shift against me, clinging in a way it never had before. It was usually loose, giving me room to breathe, but now it pressed tight across my chest. I swallowed, bringing a trembling hand to my front, only to feel two firm, unfamiliar mounds there.

"I—I..."

My hand gripped the escalator's rail, knuckles whitening as dizziness washed over me. The bottom was nearing, but each second felt stretched. I heard a soft *creak* from my blouse—a sound I had *never* heard before—and my pulse spiked.

As I stepped off, my knees nearly buckling, I leaned against a nearby table for support. Sam turned, expecting me to be beside him, his eyes widening.

"T? A-are—"

I was panting now, each breath shallow as heat built inside me. My skirt strained around my thighs, the fabric pulling tighter with each heartbeat as my hips and ass pushed outward, demanding space that didn't exist.

"G-go... get... someone..."

Sam hesitated, eyes darting over me, before rushing back up the escalator.

My blouse *creaked* again as I staggered behind the escalator, my heart slamming against my ribs, breath ragged. The world felt wrong, too bright, too loud, too *much*. My head swam as I felt the swell of my breasts, the fabric straining, a button pulling, then—

Pop.

Warm air washed over the exposed skin of my chest as a button flew off, revealing the edge of a bra that looked pitifully small now. My breasts—huge, swollen, *heavy*—spilled outward, stretching wider, the pale skin flushing pink from the strain.

The heat wasn't just in my chest; it spread downward, pooling between my thighs as they thickened, pressing together, soft flesh grinding with every tremor of growth. The skirt tore with a sharp rip down the seam, and a gasp escaped my lips, high and sharp. My spine arched, the motion enough to snap another button, sending it pinging across the floor.

"Having fun...?"

My head jerked up, hair falling loose from its bun, as Mello stepped into view, arms crossed, a wolfish grin on his lips.

"W-What... did you... do...?" I panted, my voice trembling.

"Improvements."

"F-fuck... you..."

I tried to stand tall, but my legs quivered, my body swelling in all the wrong—and right—places. My breasts surged again, another button giving way, landing with a soft *clink* at Mello's feet as his grin widened.

“Oh, you are going to be *perfect*...”

My body *moved* on its own, stepping toward him, the motion forcing my thighs to rub, forcing my breasts to bounce, heavy and alien. I realized, in a shock that made me falter, that I was taller—where once I barely reached his chest, I was now eye-level with this nearly six-foot man.

Those inches vanished as my breasts pressed into him, soft but insistent, forcing him to step back. Heat dripped down my thighs, shame and arousal tangled in the confusion.

I dropped to my knees, gasping, sweat beading on my flushed skin, the heat between my legs pooling, soaking.

“Almost done? Come, we’ll get you proper clothes for such a beautiful, powerful woman.”

The heat stopped, suddenly, as if he had flicked a switch. I knelt there, chest heaving, trying to catch my breath. My clothes were rags now, torn fabric clinging to impossible curves.

Mello turned, heading into one of the designer outlets, glancing back expectantly. Swallowing, I pushed myself to my feet, unsteady, clutching scraps of fabric around my chest that barely covered me, my breasts spilling over them like overfilled balloons.

The store was *beautiful*, everything tailored for curves, hips, and bustlines far bigger than I had ever imagined. It hit me like a punch.

“You’ve done this before... all these clothes...”

“Yes,” Mello said, without a hint of shame, “but never as perfect as you. You’re the first of—the perfect. The *only*.”

He handed me an enormous red lace bra, the cups larger than my head. My trembling hands took it.

“This should fit.”

Piece by piece, he handed over a new outfit: leather pants, a soft undershirt with a chest window, a crimson jacket, and a thick corset belt.

“Perfect.”

“I—” I started, but he cut me off.

“Don’t ask. Just go put them on. Changing room’s in the back.”

The changing room felt tiny, or maybe I was just *huge* now. No, not just huge—*curvy*, *impossible*. My reflection was a stranger, a goddess carved in flesh.

I stripped away the scraps, breath catching as I slipped the bra over my breasts, the fabric hugging them perfectly—*too* perfectly. How did he know? The weight was insane, the roundness obscene, my nipples pressing against the lace.

I stared, unable to look away. He was right. I was perfect.

I pulled on the leather pants, the fabric hugging thick, powerful thighs, the undershirt clinging to my waist before the jacket draped over my shoulders. The corset snapped shut, cinching my waist smaller than I thought possible, exaggerating the wild swell of my hips and breasts.

Stepping out, I struck a pose, unable to stop myself.

“So, how do I—”

My voice. I clapped a hand over my mouth. It wasn't the soft, squeaky voice I'd always had—it was low, sultry, *commanding*.

Mello's eyes widened, his grin feral, pupils dilating as his gaze dropped, lingering on my curves.

"I knew you were the perfect one," he breathed. "But this... *mmm...*"

His arousal was obvious, pressing against the fabric of his trousers.

He turned, grabbing something from a nearby shelf: knee-high boots with thick, high heels.

"To finish the look."

"Mmm..." I purred. It didn't sound like me, but it *was* me. The new me.

I slipped the boots on, each heel clicking against the floor. Standing, I realized I was now *taller* than him—and it wasn't just the heels.

"Hmmm... shall we go show everyone?"

He blinked, surprised by my confidence. I was surprised too.

"Mayhaps we shall," he replied, a wicked smile on his lips.

I began walking back toward the escalator, each step punctuated by the sharp *click* of my heels. The corset pushed my curves out, emphasizing every obscene inch, but already, the size was starting to feel *normal*. I could sense how my body moved now—how my hips swayed, how my breasts bounced with every step, heavy and commanding. It felt... *right*.

Mello ascended before me, and all eyes in the recreation hall drifted to me. But this time, there was no anxiety, no heat of embarrassment crawling across my skin. Inside, a part of me was still screaming, but it was distant now, fading beneath a rising tide of smug, delicious power.

I smiled, letting them all see, letting them *feel* it.

"May I reintroduce Tegan," Mello called down, his voice warm, satisfied. "She will be working with many of you, I'm sure."

My hand settled on my hip as I scanned the room, letting my gaze travel across the sea of stunned, wide-eyed men below. Worthless. Pathetic. They *wished* they could be worth my time.

Silence.

"None of you are worth my time yet... hm."

I didn't even glance at Sam, simply called out:

"Sam, we're going to fix our desks."

My voice. It was powerful, each syllable wrapping around the room, forcing them to listen, to *obey*. Sam, back at the couch where he'd likely been told to stay while Mello handled *me*, jumped up and rushed to my side.

"Y-Yes, Mi—T..."

Mello stepped forward, his grin stretching from ear to ear as he handed me a pass. I saw it immediately—VIP, all-access. Plans. He had plans for me before I ever stepped into this building. Was I the reason he bought the company?

"Have a pleasant rest of your day, Miss Tegan."

I nodded, flicking my eyes toward Sam, gesturing for him to move. He obeyed, scurrying ahead as we descended the escalator.

The ride down in the elevator was silent. Sam didn't dare speak, stealing glances at me, at the towering curves threatening to tear free of the soft red jacket and leather corset, at the thighs pressing against the tight pants, at the smirk that wouldn't leave my lips.

I was a foot taller than before, a goddess next to the woman he used to know, each soft *click* of my heels on the carpet a reminder of my new presence.

When we reached our floor, heads turned, jaws dropping. My VIP lanyard couldn't even settle properly on my chest, sliding off the massive curves, a small symbol of the authority I now carried.

"O-our boxes are here, that's... good..." Sam stammered as we approached the desks.

The workstations were pristine, multi-monitor setups with organized trays and neat pens. As I opened my box, I found everything I'd packed, but also... *extras*. A sleek nameplate. A LoneSkum company calendar. And—

"Oh, Mello, you naughty boy..."

The voice that slipped from my lips was dark, amused, and it made Sam shrink back as I lifted a long, coiled leather whip from the box. It smelled of new leather, sharp and clean, a promise and a threat.

I scanned the room for a seat. My old desk, tucked in the corner, felt passive, *small*. My eyes shifted toward the edge desk, by the walkway where everyone would see me. Where they would *know* I was watching. Where they would remember not to disappoint me.

Almost as if sensing my thoughts, Sam moved his things, clearing the desk for me without a word.

"Good boy..."

I lifted a hand, tracing his jaw with a single finger, watching him shiver before gently pushing him away. I placed the new nameplate on the desk, reading the engraving:

Tegan Moore
Office Manager

Sam blinked, glancing from the plaque to me. "N-new role?"

"Mmm, oh yes, Sam." I tilted my head, letting my hair fall over one shoulder, leaning forward just enough for the leather of my corset to creak. My breasts pressed together, forming a deep, dark canyon that caught his gaze, pinning it there. Watching him squirm was... *delightful*.

"Does it worry you, being seated next to *this*?"

He swallowed hard, words caught in his throat as I giggled softly, a dark sound that rolled through the space between us.

"Perhaps," I purred, stepping back and letting him breathe, "we should head back upstairs, hm?"

He didn't need to be told twice.

As I turned, my hips swaying, I felt every gaze on me, felt the heat of power blooming inside me with every click of my heels.

Perhaps I will enjoy working here...

