

The clicking of computer keys echoed throughout the office, a mantra that echoed across dozens of workers, in cubicles, desks set out. Workers were in their shifts, all at their computers, though some occasionally got up to the printer, and the paper guillotine, to cut up their supply. This was Fli Co, a paper company that was well known for flyers, supplies, and plenty of information. They were always busy, and they were quite accepting. They had a split gender gap, only hiring the best of the best. And one of those workers was sighing to herself as she gulped down a gigantic cup of coffee, taking a glance to the side. This was Laurie Auburn, head of marketing. She was known for her looks. Her luscious red lips, her long brunette hair that flowed over her shoulder, her hips swishing when she walked, her thin, smooth midsection. She was perfect. Well, except for one regard. Or rather, two. Her chest was small. She didn't get why, but she grew into more of a pear shape, none of her weight going to her chest. She was slim, in perfect health, but still. She was green with envy at the other women in the office, who stretched out their bras and got the eye of everyone in the office. It seemed tits were the rage, which of course they were.

"Damn fatsos...got lucky with their chests...and of course HE's a tit lover.."

She turned an eye over to the cubicle that was stationed across from her, one belonging to one David Shawl. He was just a worker, nothing special, but he was special to her. Something about him captured her heart. Maybe it was his brown hair, his small smile, his work ethic. He was relatively shy, but clearly pervy. She caught him occasionally snapping some pictures of other girls chests, and rumors were around that he had slept with at least 3 other coworkers. The ones who did were all at least a B cup, and the fact he never hit on her was obvious enough. All of her body didn't matter if she didn't have tits, in her eyes. So every day was just a hopeless attempt for attention, for affection, for David to blush when she talked to him, and for her to pleasure him, have him inside her, achieve her goal of targeted lust. But in her heart, she knew full well it didn't happen.

And then, before she even knew it, the day was over. She packed up all her supplies, and headed home, sighing. Her suitcase rolled as she made it to her apartment, before she just dropped on her bed, staring at the ceiling. She looked over at her outfit, her shirt in particular. The white, buttoned work shirt looked good, and with her skirt, she could have looked like she was dressed up for a porn film. The sexy glasses would complete that look, but faking wasn't her thing. She wanted to be all real. That's why she shied away from implants, though with her income, she could have afforded them. But they often stuck up, missing that soft feeling she loved so much. Her sensitive nipples were a fantastic source of pleasure, she would admit. And she was certainly able to take large cocks, with her experience. She slept with who she wanted, and she wanted lots of people. Of course her latest "Target" wanted the one thing she didn't have. And almost immediately, she found herself on her favorite porn site, laying back on her chair, ready for another night of "fun". She did love watching business porn, dreaming about

fucking someone in an office. As she clicked on the video that she was probably responsible for half the views for, she spotted an ad among the usual open singles stuff, for enhancements. Luckily, it wasn't about any cock enhancer, this time around. She heard that those were nothing more than scams and spam. But this one was different.

NEW: BREAST ENHANCING CREAM: HAVE YOUR TITS AS BIG AS YOU WANT!

It said, showing a before and after image of a petite asian girl without her shirt, no chest to speak of. The after image, on the other hand..looked like she was an H cup, tits almost as large as her head. That was impossible, probably some photoshop job..but she had to investigate it. Surprisingly, she ran it through a photo editor detector, and found nothing was changed. It took her almost no time to go on that site, and ordering a bottle of expansion pills. She didn't look at the side effects, but that wouldn't matter. She'd try one for a day, and if it didn't work or caused problems, she'd trash it, maybe even sue for lying. Some wealth in her pocket could win men over. All except for him. She'd have to rely on those meds or anything afterward to get her tits to be larger. But all that she had left to do was wait. And it was obvious that she needed to just wait. She might as well relax..and have some fun with videos, as she clicked onto that brunette boss pounded by employee video. She reached a hand down into her pants, smiling.

The next morning, Laurie woke up in her bed, completely nude. Another long night of sleep, and one hell of a fingering, she was ready for another day of work, another day of being ignored. She sighed as she got into her uniform, making sure she was completely ready. She went to the bathroom, putting on her lipstick and getting her hair ready, looking her best. However, once prepared, she threw open the door to her apartment, and looked right on the ground. There was a small box there. It was completely plain, with no sender address, only one with her name on it. This was her package, with Laurie Auburn's name and apartment address on it. This must have been it. She picked it up, and dashed right inside. It was taken right into her bathroom, with her slamming a knife right into it, slicing it down the middle. One search in, and she found her hand grabbing a small pill bottle. Lifting it out, she looked at it. This bottle was completely plain.

"Damn it, no info. I might have gotten scammed. Almost two hundred dollars down the drain..."

She said through pursed lips, grimacing as she opened it up. Inside were just pale pills, at least thirty of them, all rather small.

"Well, might as well try one. Down the hatch.."

She said as she raised one of the pills up, grabbing a gigantic glass of water. With one pop and a gulp, she swallowed it.

"Better hope that's not poison of some sort. It probably isn't, knowing porn sites. Might get a small headache. Let's go!"

NIGHT:

Nothing had changed. Nothing at all. Her tits were the same. She checked in the bathroom at least five times during her breaks, but throughout the day, she was still mostly flat, and she sighed. Of fucking course she couldn't get a break. She might as well just sleep. Maybe she was scammed. Maybe..one before bed wouldn't hurt...

Another pill went down the hatch, and before she knew it, Laurie was out cold, exhausted from work, hoping for results in the morning, as rare as those would be.

The next morning, her eyes fluttered as sunlight shone through the window. Groaning, she went through the motions once more, drinking her usual coffee, eating a small breakfast, and getting dressed. From the waist down, everything was fine, normal, the norm. However, when she put her bra on, something was wrong. It felt tighter. Almost like it was squeezing her tits. But..this was weird. She'd been eating healthy..maybe..

She got right up, and dashed to her restroom, wearing only her panties and bra. She stared at herself in the mirror. Well, not at her face. Instead, her chest. And what she saw shocked her, and brought a smile to her face. They were larger. In fact, They might have actually gone up a cup size! This couldn't be real..

She squeezed them together, smiling as she wobbled them around. They were larger now. Not enough, but this was actually happening. The pills worked! Her tits were larger.

"Wow, My tits look amazing! Now, I'm sure more pills won't hurt..."

She said to herself, walking over to the sink once more, where the bottle laid. One pop of the cap, and a gulp, and three vanished down her maw into her system. She let out a small smile, knowing things would only get better from here. She started to button up her top, noticing that her breasts strained the top two buttons, bumps that were clearly noticeable. It was time to get to work.

And as she walked in, she put herself into the best pose she could to display her chest, leaning against a wall and licking her lips, making sure David was within her eyesight. She knew she had to be noticed. But she couldn't show off just yet. She knew that those other girls would be suspicious. She could be accused of implants, and she knew full well how much that missasumptoin would piss her off. Instead, she made her way to her desk, sitting down, and getting to work. Her chest felt tingly, but it didn't matter too much. It was just a side effect of growth, most likely. God, she'd have fun playing with them tonight. She imagined the pleasure that she could get from a single touch, and how fantastic it would be when David played with them himself. She imagined him stuffing his cock between them, or..even in her..god, it made her wet whenever she even thought about it. But she controlled her urges, and relaxed.

Another smooth night, and everything was calm once more. Laurie had been playing with herself overnight, her bed stained with her juices as she panted. She felt her tits wobble when she laid down, and she knew full well that her life was going to get better, and with these pills, she'll get any man that she'd ever want.

And in the morning, she got her wish again. Her first goal was to run to the restroom, and she could feel a wobble in her chest as she stared at herself in the mirror. Her tits were even bigger! Now they were pushing around a C cup, and she couldn't believe it! She looked at them, and pressed them together, picking them up, and feeling them drop. God, it felt fantastic. Her nipples were still so expensive. She did various sexy positions, showing off her tits in every single image, some to send the boys that wanted them, some for just progress. After all, these pills were doing wonders! And with research, they didn't look or feel like fake breasts! This was just amazing, perfection. But it can always get better.

Another trip to the sink, another gulp, and four pills were gone at once, another swallow introducing her figure to more stimulants. She sighed, and decided that she could save pleasure for later. She knew the perfect methods to show off to the world. Putting on her bra, she noticed how little skin the black garment covered now, tit flesh spilling out the sides. This was perfect. She couldn't even button the top button on her shirt, instead letting the top of her black bra be shown, and showing off some good boob to anyone looking at her from above. An actual cleavage window. This was like a dream. Fully formed tits, an amazing figure, this was perfect. And a day at work was going to be amazing as well. She walked in, strutting her stuff and happily watching as her coworkers eyes targeted her. It felt good to actually see men gazing at her, and admiring her boobs.

"Excuse me! My eyes are up here!"

She said, working to strike up conversation with random men. God, it felt perfect. It was a dream come true. Of course, it didn't matter to her, as these men weren't her targets. She looked at the other girls, thin and curvy, but they weren't as big as her. Without a doubt. She spent all of her time pushing her tits together teasingly, without making it bad and sexual enough to the point where anyone would suspect anything. And she was the boss of this sector, so all that she needed to do was to give some...private service to those who needed it. And she would keep getting bigger, so any problems didn't matter. She had sexual charms. She didn't have to worry about anything, unless she got nude in public. But she wasn't up for that just yet. She wasn't an idiot, despite how sensitive she was. She sat down at her computer, feeling her tits jiggle. And as she got to work, typing away, she glanced over to David's desk. He was actually staring at her! She caught him giving some glances at her tits, and looking away when she looked at him. He was a perv, and she knew that. Practically perfect. Her plan was going smoothly. And she knew that success was only going to get better and better the larger her tits grew. She did have some troubles with her larger chest, such as when she went to take a sip of her coffee. Instead, she felt her chest grow hot as she noticed a brown spot. She noticed that the coffee was

dripping onto her chest. She let out a small yelp, and placed the cup back down, looking at the stain. She was larger. She never thought about the problems with such a large chest. At least her back wasn't hurting.

And while she worked, her legs trembled, shaking as she felt herself growing horny, but she worked to restrain herself. She needed to stay calm. The fun would come later. And by some miracle, she managed to keep herself in check, despite her wanting to have fun so bad, to jack off right there, right now.

But her self control prevailed. She got up, and blushed again as her tits wobbled below her. She was actually growing unable to see below her breasts, as they were taking up plenty of space. Packing up her suitcase, she did feel some objects pressing against her chest, which only turned her on more and more. This was it, and she knew it was going to get better. God, her nipples were so sensitive. She could probably orgasm just by pressing them against the wall over and over again. But that was a test for the future.

Instead, another drive home led to a fun night, where Laurie laid on her bed, brushing her breasts together as she decided not to pleasure herself tonight. Of course, she needed to wait. The perfect orgasm would come eventually. And with that, she got up off her bed, walked to the counter, and grabbed that bottle. It was almost half empty. So, a quarter of the bottle, around seven pills, vanished into her maw, being gulped down. Only a few more days, until she finished the bottle and had the hottest sex of her life. And with that, she fell asleep, smiling as she dreamed.

And her dreams were special, to say the least. She dreamed that she was being gangbanged by amazing men, all handsome, with gigantic cocks. She was pounded from all ends, and with every thrust, she dreamt that her breasts grew larger and larger, pushing up more and more. She imagined herself being in a constant state of orgasm as her tits pushed her up, almost as large as her body. She felt stretch marks appear on them as she felt them press against the ground. She felt pressure grow as she started to realize that she was getting big.

"No, stop! Wait! I'm too big!"

She yelled through moans as she grew more and more, watching as her tits grew red and started to stretch. She yelled as she felt her breasts start to give way.

"Gonna...pop!"

Her eyes shot open as Laurie pulled the covers off her bed, yelling as she woke up. She breathed heavily, sighing, and looking at her chest.

‘Holy shit...that...was terrifying...at least you aren’t that big, right ladies?’

She mumbled, calming herself down by squeezing her breasts together, smiling as she worked to keep herself up, before finally falling asleep once more. It was only a few hours before the morning, so it wouldn’t hurt. Instead, she made it so that, laying on her breasts, she fell back asleep, not paying any attention to any risks. After all, it was just a larger chest. Nothing like that dream was even feasible.

And in the morning, when she awoke, Laurie yawned, getting right back up and letting her breasts wobble. She didn’t notice all too much that her tits had grown even larger, almost to the point where they were F cups. She started to get some signs, however, when she arched forward, and she felt a spike of pain hit her back. Looking up, she groaned.

“Ooh....geez....”

It was obvious enough what the reason was. Looking down, she saw that her feet were hardly even visible. Instead, they were replaced with the pale orbs. As she looked at her tits, the pale jiggling balls. She didn’t care too much about risks, as she slept topless. She wobbled them around, leaning forward. It wasn’t too bad actually, so long as she didn’t thrash around too much. She might actually have to lean her breasts on objects.

And that wasn’t the only problem. As she attempted to shove her bra on, she found that she hardly ever managed to get a single part of it clipped. Her breasts were far too large to be contained. She did have some problems, mostly with keeping her outfit on. The top three buttons were completely undone, giving one hell of a window that hardly covered her nipples. It was quite erotic, actually looking like something out of a porn flick. Walking over to the bottle, she opened it again.

“Hmm...only one day left...tomorrow has to be it....”

She said to herself, closing her eyes, wondering if she could take the bet or not. And in the end, she took it. Gulping down the remnants, all that she did was throw the empty bottle away, grinning. She found herself smiling as she grabbed her breasts. God, the simple touch of her outfit turned her on. She’d have to hold herself up. But enough of that. She had a job to get to.

And when she made it there, she found herself letting out winks almost every single second at every man that walked nearby, keeping her bra trapped between her breasts for another porn-like illusion. She let her hair flow as she strut her hips, showing off her hourglass figure. She had to keep her back up. And once she made it to the office, she decided that she might as well manage some of her other work. She went up to handle her paperwork, standing up, loving the feeling of her nipples against the cloth. She happily walked to the room, and grabbed her

stack of flyers. Giggling, she got to chopping, pressing the paper guillotine against the stack over and over. In fact, she laid her chest on the machine occasionally, just to keep herself up. They were quite nice. As all of this happened, she looked out the window, and saw the blinds, and David walking by. She stuck out her tongue, and exposed her right nipple for a second while he walked by, and pushed it back into her shirt, putting a finger to her mouth so he wouldn't tell. And this was growing too tense for her, so she needed to...let off some steam. She immediately left, locking the door behind her, not caring about leaving anything loose. Janitors could just fix it. The people who actually cared about the technology. She had a better thing to do.

She dashed into the restroom, panting heavily as she laid back, relaxing as she shoved herself into one of the employee stalls. Making sure nobody was around, she sat right down, taking a look at herself in the mirror, slowly pulling her tits out.

"Well..look at you, you goddess...you can't even contain those tits...now...let's play..."

She said as she pressed them against each other, grinning as her face turned red. She pressed her fingers against her nipples, her legs shaking as she rubbed them gently. God, they were sensitive. All she wanted was to play with them, and she sighed as she pleased herself gently, shoving her tits around and wobbling them over and over again, groaning as she reached a hand into her crotch. Reaching into her pants, she started to pleasure herself even harder, groaning as she played further and further, groaning as she grew wetter and wetter, working to hold her moans in, letting out slight whimpers. However, it all came to a climax as she felt that dam inside her break, and she orgasmed once more, groaning as she splattered her juices against the inside of the toilet, her moans of pleasure loud as she pressed her tits against each other, lubed up with her sweat. She made sure to button herself up as her legs pressed together, wiping clean her cum as she finally made it so that she looked presentable, her pleasure unknown to the world. All that she knew was that tomorrow, she'd find herself having the best sex of her whole life. As she made sure that nobody suspected her, and made it back to the desk. With her "bathroom break" over, she made it to her desk, and returned to work, looking at David.

And she had the exact same dream, one of swelling tits, sex, and an explosion. Groaning, she woke up once more, sighing. Right off the bat, she found herself staring at two gigantic tits. And boy, they were gigantic. Larger than her head, they were like exercise balls attached to her chest. And they were quite heavy as well. She forced herself off of the bed, moving to the ground and pressing her feet down. As she awoke, she reached for that bottle of pills, only to realize that it was gone. So that was it, her final size. It wasn't that bad. It was actually a relief that she didn't eat any more. If she grew even more, then things might have gotten worse. She couldn't do anything if her tits pinned her to the ground, like in those weird dreams. But she needed that sex TODAY. This was it. She'd fuck David's brains out, and finally achieve that golden pleasure she wanted NOW. After that, who knew. She had the tits, she could get

whatever she wanted. And, in fact...she knew the perfect place...

Her shirt hardly even fitting, she pushed herself through the doors, making sure that her breasts didn't get caught in anything. That was actually a risk now. But these were real, all real, despite being inhumanly large.

She reached her goal also right off the bat, as she found David. She pulled him into a corner, pushing her tits right against his chest, grinning.

"You, me, five minutes in the printer room. I'm going to give you exactly what you want with these babies..."

She said as she kissed him, pulling away as he blushed. Though he smiled at her. Her legs shaking, all that Laurie wanted was to fuck him now. She went right into that printer room, and threw all of the shades down, looking for something to keep people out. And, in fact, a few wet floor signs and other warnings would make it so that nobody interrupted. Except for her special guests. All that she found was one grinning David walking through the door, his pants unzipped and unbuttoned. He found himself with quite the sight, one completely nude Laurie laying on a table, grinning at him. Her tits were completely exposed, almost dripping as she pushed them together.

"Yes...they're real...now...strip and slip it in, and I'll let you feel them."

And with that, she had him in her grip as he exposed his cock, making sure that her tits were ready as she pushed herself against the table, smiling as he slid his dick right between them. Groaning, Laurie felt herself grow wet already as he pressed against her, with her feeling her vision fading as she was getting the best pleasure of her life. But seeing his rod go in and out of her tits wasn't enough for the horny boss. Instead, she started to get off, giving off a sexual walk as she bent over the paper guillotine, waving her ass around.

"Enough of the front, hit me from behind...give me some fun..."

She said with a small giggle, watching as he approached her. She felt him slowly enter her, pressing into her pussy with a fully engorged member, with her shaking from the sheer feeling. It was large. And as she pushed herself further against the surface, she felt him thrust, and slam his entire body against her. She let out a loud moan as she let out a small amount of drool, pressing against the paper guillotine. And she felt herself grow closer and closer to orgasm with each thrust. While she pushed herself up, she didn't notice where exactly she was stationed. Her tits were right under the blade. And as she felt herself growing closer and closer to orgasm, she didn't hear the sound of metal moving as the blade started to shake along with the table as she was pounded harder and harder, her and Daniel's moans not warning them of the impending danger. And with one final thrust, Laurie let out a loud yell as she orgasmed,



spraying her juices across the bottom of the table, eyes rolling into her head from pleasure. At that exact moment, the blade fell.

Looking up, Laurie watched in slow motion as the blade fell, an impending sign of what she brought on herself from her lust and riskful thinking. Her eyes widened as she still continued to moan, seeing it slowly lower down as she worked to move back, attempting to escape. However, she couldn't do anything but watch as it slowly dug into the top of her breast, the pain spiking.

**BANG**

In an instant, almost like a bomb going off, Laurie's chest burst like a bomb. She and David went flying back as her tits ruptured, sending her slamming against the wall. The entire room was coated in a paint of blood, with flesh and even splashes of milk covering the walls, her, and David as she struggled to make it up, groaning as she felt blood pour out of her, her head swimming as her eyes twitched. David yelled out in surprise, and hopped on his phone, dialing 911. As she flopped down against a table, head swimming from blood loss, her vision started to fade, as the sound of sirens came from the distance.