

### Printing Dreams Part 3



The library's basement was dreary and devoid of sunlight as always. The only indication of time, aside from the clock on the wall, were the strangled rays of a dying winter's day filtering through the window wells of the offices opposite Dave's work station. Being across the room and over several rows of aging bookshelves, they did little to adjust the dull ambiance of the fluorescent lights overhead. Dave's best guess told him his Wednesday night was nearing five o'clock; possibly the longest hour of the week.

He tapped his fingers on the counter. Time would fly faster if the university would let him play games on the computer, but these low-traffic times were better spent studying. Or so he was told; Dave would fall asleep if he dared open a textbook. Working the IT desk after classes helped with tuition but it wasn't much for amusement. The occasional cough or humorous sneeze from a secluded student studying in the library's basement served as his entertainment.

Footsteps echoed down wooden stairs in dire need of repair. Dave straightened up, expecting a student in need of IT assistance but slouched back onto the support of his elbow when his boss appeared. A large box was cradled in his arms and he struggled to see over the top while making his way to the IT desk.

"Hey, Dave," his boss, Regi, greeted. It was about time for him to close IT up for the day and sign off on Dave's hours. "How's the tech problems?"

"Oh, you know..." Dave looked around the near-deserted basement and darkened halls of bookshelves. A student coughed somewhere hunched over a table. "Pretty busy for a Wednesday."

Regi set the box on a back table. "Just gotta get this unloaded and we can close up for the day."

Anything was better than watching the shadows get longer. "What's in it?"

"No clue, it's a donation to the university from a local business."

Dave rolled his eyes. A donation box was just a comfy term used by offices getting rid of old beat-up technology in the name of tax benefits. More often than not, they contained peripherals requiring cords no longer in production. These cords were never in the box. The distinct yellowing of decades-old white plastic from the 90s never failed to make Dave feel the need to wash his hands.

A sticker sealing the cardboard flaps read the name of the company: Textile Accounting.

"Wait, wasn't this place on the news recently??" Dave asked, the name ringing a bell.

"I think so. I remember driving by the office on my lunch break and traffic was at a standstill. The FBI had the place surrounded like some kind of movie. Totally ambushed the owner and his wife."

"Yea, yea! I remember! It was the biggest money-laundering scandals in the state since the 70s!" Dave whistled. "The guy's wife looked like a supermodel! If I owned a company and had someone like that working next to me, I would probably think I could get away with anything too. Her body must be worth millions."

Regi shrugged. "I don't know... Based on the pictures I saw, it didn't look like a plastic surgeon had ever touched her. Some women are just God's gift to the world..." Dave's boss was quick to change the sexual subject and slide a box opener over the tape. "Repo company must

have had no use for the stuff they collected from his office. Let's see what we've got in today's junk lottery."

The smell immediately filling the IT area was horrendous. Both workers stumbled away from the box, holding their noses at the stench before braving the contents once more.

"Holy crap! They send us their fridge contents or something??" Dave coughed.

Only Regi dared pull anything out. "Couple random cords... HDMI; always useful... Bulb for a projector; surprisingly not burned out... Two large and--" Regi dropped them back in the box, wiping his hands on his shirt, "--very sticky binder clips... An eighteen-inch VGA-only monitor... Aaaaand a printer. This thing looks like it's seen plenty of use and better da--*oh God!*"

Regi couldn't set the printer down fast enough.

"I think we found the source of the stink," Dave said backing away. Such a combination of scents was never encountered before. "That thing smells like old milk and sex," he decided.

"Someone must have spilled something on it ages ago. Thing might not even turn on." Regi held his breath and lugged it over to the front IT desk, plugging it into an outlet. A small screen blinked to life. "Well, it's a trooper if nothing else," he sighed. "Still has plenty of ink, too."

Dave snorted, staying far away. "What poor corner of the library is getting stuck with that thing?"

Scratching his head, Regi replied, "None. This printer is meant for light home-office use; it wouldn't last a day with the torture the students here produce. You want it?"

"Do I *want* it? I *want* to throw it as far away as possible! I'm going to have to burn my clothes!"

"The smell isn't anything a Clorox wipe wouldn't fix! And you're always complaining about having to come all the way to the library to print out your homework, aren't you?"

"Well...yea, but--"

"So take it! I'm just going to throw it out otherwise. Clean it up a little and it wouldn't be any worse than a cheap printer you'll find at Best Buy. I'll bet the ink will last you to the end of the school year even."

Dave groaned but relented. Waking up early to print his homework was the bane of his existence. "Fine, I'll take it. Thanks for the smelly printer..."

Laughing, Regi suggested, "Run a couple dryer sheets through it, you'll never notice it."

"I'm a student; do you think I can afford something like dryer sheets?? My car has been on empty for the last week and--"

Hurried steps tapping down the stairs caught Dave's attention. The first sign of yoga pants lifted his spirits but seeing the face of his friend Maria helped push his attitude into the stratosphere. The two of them had known each other since early high school and by pure chance had taken the same college path. Dave couldn't say he took the same academic roadmap, but going to the same school was just as good. Maria was always leaps and bounds ahead of him in their studies. One of the smartest girls he knew, she strived for perfection in every action and never took a step towards her future without having the next ten planned out. When she finished law school, Dave was certain the world would never see a more clever, or attractive, lawyer.

“Oh thank goodness you’re still open!” she exclaimed, coming down the steps to see Dave still behind the IT desk. A laptop was clutched in her arms across her chest as she approached. Skinny thighs strode towards him wrapped in spandex. Dave assumed she must have come from a yoga class.

The device was placed in front of his willing hands and Maria leaned on her elbows to catch her breath. “Sorry...” she breathed, “I ran here from the gym after yoga ran long.” Soft hands reached up and pulled a hair tie from her ponytail, releasing a thick wave of black hair to tumble around her shoulders. Maria ran her hands through it, letting her worry wash away before looking into Dave’s eyes. “God, what a day... My laptop won’t connect to the WIFI anymore. Can you take a look? I know it’s almost five o’clock, but just real quick? Please?”

She knew what she was doing with her eyes. Maria always knew. Every move she made was calculated and had a purpose. Nothing was on accident and these puppy-dog eyes were no exception. There would be no complaints from Dave; he could stare into their blue depths for ages. Part of him wished Maria still wore her glasses. They added an air of stern eroticism to her gaze. They were just as mesmerizing with contacts, though.

Dave glanced behind him at Regi, who shrugged. “It’s up to you,” he said, “If you think you can fix it without the other computers go for it. I’m locking up, though.”

Maria’s laptop sat in front of him. “*Please?*” Maria begged. “I have an online assignment to do tonight...” She leaned forward on her elbows, letting her loose t-shirt fall forward and display a teasing view of sports bra-created cleavage. Every move was calculated. Maria didn’t own the most womanly curves, but Dave couldn’t resist the temptation of her petite vanilla cups and she knew it. Too many nights he’d lay awake daydreaming about her body. He would jump at the opportunity to date Maria, but unfortunately no such intentions had ever been mirrored.

“I can take a look,” he nodded, reaching for the computer.

Maria sprang up, her teasing view gone. “Oh thank you, Dave! You’re a lifesaver. I don’t know how many times you’ve fixed my technology issues since high--” She stopped, her nose scrunching as she inhaled. “*What is that smell??*”

“Oh, it’s that donated printer...” Dave explained, pointing to the device to their side.

Curious, Maria reached a hand out to press some of its buttons. “It smells like someone--”

*KZZAP!*

*“OW!”*

“What happened?? Are you all right??” Dave asked, seeing Maria recoil as if bitten.

“That damn thing shocked me!” she growled, glaring at the printer.

“Maybe it has a short,” Regi suggested, listening to their conversation.

“I’ll see if it even works when I get home,” Dave sighed. Already the printer was more trouble than it was worth.

“Be better thrown in the dumpster,” Maria said shaking her hand out. “The trash might actually make it smell better too.”

“Ok, all fixed,” Dave announced.

“What? Already??”

He shrugged. “I just had to reset the network adapter.”

Maria's eyes sparkled. "No wonder they have you behind that desk...!" The laptop slapped closed and she stuffed it inside a backpack. More relaxed with a working computer, Maria sighed before asking, "Are we still on for studying this Friday night?"

"Pretty sure it's going to be more like you tutoring me, but I'll be here! I'll snag that table just for us," he indicated, pointing to a table on the other side of the room next to some bookshelves. "Should be quiet down here."

"Oh yes, because the library is so often such a noisy place, *especially* on Friday night," Maria teased.

"Some of us non-geniuses need quiet if we want any hope of understanding calculus!" Dave couldn't admit he would enjoy having Maria completely to himself either. She was lightyears out of his league, but it was fun to dream nonetheless.

"I understand." Maria got ready to leave. "I'll see you tomorrow in class!" Eyeing the printer with resentment, she added, "And take that thing out of here before they have to burn the library."

"Will do." Watching Maria leave in yoga pants was almost as mesmerizing as her puppy-dog eyes, even if there wasn't much to fill the spandex.

"Nice work," Regi said. "Now grab your fancy new printer and let's lock-up. There's a lasagna waiting at home for me."

With some reluctance, Dave grabbed the printer after slinging his backpack over his shoulders.

"Have fun!" Regi called out before exiting through the back door.

The open winter air did wonders for keeping the printer's smell away from his nose. Dave feared he may still have to burn his shirt afterward, though. The smell was obvious as ever once it was brought into his small apartment bedroom. It was even worse in close quarters. Before changing clothes, Dave set about wiping the machine down and cleaning any mechanism he could reach.

"Ok... Not so bad," he breathed, much of the smell transferred to the wet rags. "I guess the last owner really did just spill something on it."

The freedom of owning a personal printer was setting in. Such a thing was like gold in the college world. No longer would he have to walk to campus at eleven o'clock at night. No longer would he have to pay ten cents for every page, or wait in line, or wonder which printer his essay was sent to. Dave swallowed, realizing another freedom he had just acquired; he could print whatever he wanted, from homework to personal items, some crossing into the erotic.

Plugging it in proved it still worked and it wasn't difficult finding the correct driver online. Dave sat at his desk, pondering his next action. "What should I test this printer with..." A very familiar tightness in his chest stemming from arousal told him he already knew.

Photoshop was a hobby of Dave's. Nothing professional, but enough to satisfy some of his deeper urges lying in the realm of fantasy. After Maria's tease at the IT desk, he knew what he wanted. A quick flip through Facebook revealed the perfect image; a picture of Maria from last summer sunbathing in a bikini. The angle was perfect and the amount of skin on display was to die for.

The act itself of manipulating Maria's body was part of Dave's foreplay. As perverted as it sounded, he enjoyed working over her frame with the cursor. It was as close as he could ever come to touching her intimate parts. This session was concentrated solely on her bust and the B-cups stashed within the bikini.

Dave was careful not to let himself run wild. Several minor tweaks were all it ever took to add an incredible amount of transformation to someone's body. Too much and his skill would fall apart, defeating the purpose and the illusion. With gentle mouse strokes, Dave brushed between Maria's cleavage and plumped her breasts, bringing them together as if she were growing within her swimsuit. The slightest tug on their sides gave the impression of bulging skin. Dave couldn't help but admire his handiwork, bringing Maria to what he believed to be a D-cup. The image could never compare to the real thing, but it was plenty for his imagination.

"All right, printer," he nodded, ready to take his creation into the bathroom before showering. "Make yourself useful."

It whirled to life like a golem brought back after eons of slumber. Printing in color was a slow process, but before too long a page shot out from its feeder and landed in Dave's waiting hands. Maria was cast in ink in all her Photoshopped glory, breasts overflowing her bikini and suiting Dave's fantasy. "Next best thing to real life," he grinned, closing his laptop before taking the photo with him to the shower.

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Dave trudged to class the next morning through a winter chill. The excitement of his new-to-him printer had gotten the better of him and even after his shower, he found a rekindled love for strengthening his photo-manipulation skills. Just thinking about how late he stayed up made him yawn. The only redeeming aspect of having to get up for an eight a.m. calculus class was the opportunity to see Maria. She was leaps and bounds ahead of him in understanding the content and sat front and center, but she never failed to smile when their eyes met. He was lucky to have her as a study partner.

"I'm so not ready for the test on Monday..." he groaned to himself, walking into the classroom. The homework was difficult enough with an entire night to work on it; the content wouldn't be any easier under a time constraint. "At least the next two classes are for review."

Dave collapsed into his chair on the edge of the room with sleepy eyes. Most other students were in a similar mental state, either dozing off or sipping morning coffees. Tangible energy flowed through the room, however, when Maria entered. Waves of black hair flowed in her wake. Dave's eyes, as well as several other guys', sprang open at the sight.

As always, Maria was devastatingly gorgeous. Her outfit was a pair of simple skinny jeans and a soft white sweater. It contrasted her hair like a raven in the snow. The hair wasn't what drew the attention, though; it was the contents of her sweater. He knew this sweater well and it had never been this tight on her frame before. The fabric was pulled taut across gentle bubbles of flesh. Such rounded curves of white were devastating on Maria's body and Dave watched her cross the room to her desk. Those were not the masses of B-cups.

“Hey, Dave!” she waved, her arm striking the edge of her chest. “Thanks for fixing my computer! It’s working great!”

The thought of Maria wearing a push-up bra with so much padding as to double her breast size was mind-boggling. Staring at them head-on when she turned towards him was like staring at the sun and he knew he had gawked plenty. “You’re welcome!” he said too loudly, snapping his gaze upward to knowing eyes. Maria had to have known how her sweater looked. The difference her clothes made to her appearance was far too obvious for it not to be on purpose. Dave had never thought of Maria’s chest as sweater puppies, but this morning, her top was barking.

“Maria! I *love* your sweater!” one of her girlfriends chimed. “Is it new?”

“Nope, I got it for Christmas a few years back. Super comfy!”

From where he sat, Dave had a clear view of Maria’s profile. The rounding mound of her left breast arching over the top of the desk was beauty to behold. Covering in the soft white, her bust looked like a luxury pillow. A pair of mammaries had never made him so sleepy. Needless to say, Dave failed to pay much attention to the review session.

The rest of his classes were just as fruitless. Even without Maria in sight, the image of her enlarged chest was impossible to keep from Dave’s mind. Recalling the cleavage she bribed him with at the IT desk, it just didn’t match with what was hidden under her sweater.

“There’s *no way* she wasn’t wearing a deluxe push-up bra or something...” he assured himself. Facing such a reality was the only way he could keep his mind from slipping into the abyss of imagining Maria experiencing actual growth; he didn’t dare get his hopes up. Dave didn’t have many fetishes, but the few inhabiting the far reaches of his mind were powerful. Fighting his imagination was a chore in itself until he returned to his apartment after his classes and collapsed on his bed.

*GRRRRR*

His stomach growled. Dave had been hungry since the sight of Maria’s chest. It was time for a late lunch. Hoping food might distract him, he rose to his feet, stopping only when catching sight of the photoshopped picture sitting on his desk. Dave stared at it for far longer than he cared to admit, gears churning in his head as he compared the image to reality.

“No...” He shook his head. “No no no...” Dave tried to leave his room but stepped to the picture instead. “I’m insane to even think something like that,” he told himself.

Looking closer, Dave examined his photoshop. The resemblance was impossible to deny; the contents of Maria’s sweater were eerily similar in size to his fantastical enhancement. Too close in size for Dave to immediately shrug off as a coincidence. As long as he’d known her, Maria hadn’t been one to wear a push-up bra; there wasn’t much to push in the first place.

His palms were sweaty while he looked between the picture and the printer. “I *have* to be insane,” he snorted. A part of him would give his right arm for his ridiculous suspicions to be true. Looking around an apartment he knew to be empty, Dave sat at his desk. He couldn’t believe what he was about to do.

“I can just throw the page out,” he assured himself, “No one will ever know how utterly stupid I’m about to make myself look.” A word processor opened and a blanking cursor screamed at him for his idiocy. “But...if there’s even a *chance* that magic exists...”

Given the absurdity of the scene, Dave's hands trembled while typing.

***Maria has a blue highlight in her hair and wears a blouse with a lot of cleavage to class tomorrow***

The printer's jolting sounded like laughter when he clicked print. "God, I'm stupid," he scolded himself, already regretting wasting a piece of paper for such an experiment. The likeness of Maria's body to his photoshop was too similar to ignore, however. Not testing his theory, no matter how farfetched, would have kept him up at night. Even as the page left the printer and he stared at his work, Dave knew he would find no sleep regardless.

Reality-altering devices were a common staple of his erotic fantasies. Years of growing up playing fantasy games and reading magic-filled books had steeped his mind in wonder. In the end, the same elements had ingrained themselves into his sexual desires. The amount of fun Dave could have shaping the world, and women, around him knew no bounds.

Reading over the printer's product, Dave had never felt more ridiculous. The paper was crumpled into a ball and thrown into the trash without hesitation. Closure was as relieving as anything else. As the rest of his day drew on, however, Dave knew he wouldn't find definite peace until he saw Maria in class tomorrow.

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Dave was ashamed to admit he actually lost sleep to his overactive imagination. Despite his lack of rest, he was quick to rise from bed with more energy than ever before to head to his early Friday class.

"I'll see her and it will all be settled! She'll be normal as always!" Dave was doing anything in his power not to raise his hopes. "I must be delusional for even jumping to such a conclusion in the first place. The idea alone is laughable."

The anxiety could be seen pouring off Dave in waves. Just one glimpse of Maria was all he needed to lay his imagination to rest and focus on his studies. "Dealing with my attraction to her normally is hard enough," he breathed into the cold air. "It's another thing to add this kind of daydreaming onto something like--"

Dave's feet refused to move another step. Several yards ahead of him, standing under a barren tree was a group of three girls. Maria was among them. A turn of her head as she waved at a passing friend was all he needed to feel the stress of immense, child-like wonder. Perhaps magic did exist.

Blazing down the side of her head like a neon waterfall was a bright streak of blue. The sharp color cut through Maria's midnight hair and Dave watched as she brushed it behind her ear. Their conversation made Dave's pulse skip necessary beats.

"I just can't believe how good it looks!" one of the girls complimented. "Blue is *so* your color!"

"I just felt like changing it up a little, you know?" Maria shrugged and pulled a lock of her hair in front of her face to inspect the highlight. "It's a new year, I wanted to try something new."

“That explains the cleavage,” the other girl chuckled. “I didn’t peg you for the push-up type!”

“I’m not!” Maria glanced down. “That’s all me, honestly... I think the new yoga class is helping lift them or something. I’ve been doing more chest workouts at the gym, too.”

“Maybe I should join the yoga class... Is there room?”

“Yea! There’s plenty of spots ope--*brrr!!*!”

The wind blew around the girls and they shivered, shuffling in place to stay warm. Dave was petrified when one girl moved to the side and exposed Maria’s outfit. A frilly long-sleeve blouse hugged her torso even better than he imagined. The top four buttons were undone, her collar flared open as the fabric strained to close across the center of her bust. Cleavage like Dave had never seen on Maria was exposed to the open air, soft breasts pushing together in the too-small shirt. From the looks of it, Maria couldn’t have buttoned the blouse if she tried.

“Aww, your new boobs cold?” her friend teased.

“You could try buttoning up! Unless there’s some guy you’re showing off for...!”

Maria ignored their remarks. “You know I’m too busy to date. And it’s nothing like that; the third button just fell off when I got out of my car this morning. It looked silly to button all the others and have this gaping hole across my chest.”

“So you thought you would show off your new goods! Good excuse. You should remember that when you’re a lawyer. You won’t lose a single case if you’re on display like that.”

“Oh shut up!” Maria pulled her shirt against the cold but it did nothing to cover her exposed bosom. Over the top of her friend’s head, her eyes met Dave’s. “Hey, study partner! We still on for tonight? I hope you’ve been listening in class!”

Dave didn’t hear her; he was too busy fighting every shred of logic in his mind. There was no conceivable way Maria’s appearance was a coincidence and just happened to match the words he printed. The thought of a printer actually affecting something other than paper was ludicrous.

“Dave? Helloooo?”

“U-Uh...” He knew he had to say something. “I... I like your hair.”

“Oh! Thanks, I did it last night. Should we get to class? It’s about to start.”

There was no time for class. Class was for students without magic printers. Possibilities exploding in Dave’s mind, he took a step back. “I’m actually not feeling so hot. I’ll see you tonight!”

He was jogging back to his dorm before Maria could respond.

“Holy shit... *Hoooooly shit!!*” he repeated over and over, climbing the steps to his apartment. “There’s no other way!! The chances of Maria dying her hair and wearing a shirt like that are too small!”

The printer was the only answer. School was canceled for the day. Nothing else mattered except for the fairy tale wonder sitting on his desk.

“And she completely explained it all away! Like everything was by pure chance or the result of her own free will!” Dave was ranting now, pacing back and forth in his room. Too many

questions existed without answers. “Does it only affect Maria? Can it affect *anything*?? Is there a limit?” Dave felt like a babbling madman.

Patches of sweat doused his shirt when he finally sat at his computer. The only way to learn more was to experiment. For the time being, he decided to leave Maria out of his tests for her own sake. This was a time for exploration and discovering the printer’s limits of power. Several pages fell from its tray over the next hour.

***I am five inches taller***

***My gas tank is full***

***The sky is green***

***Vegetables taste good***

***Dave has no student loans***

***My dick always makes women orgasm***

Dave would be the first to admit some of his tests were more self-indulgent than others. In the end, however, none proved to have any effect on reality. Despite his best measuring, Dave remained the same height, broccoli still tasted terrible, and his student loan account had the same number of zeros. His manhood would have to wait to test, but he had a feeling it remained as effective as ever.

“Ok...” he mused, discovering more about the printer. “Looks like it only affects Maria, *if* it actually affects her at all and I’m not losing my mind. I might belong in an asylum.”

It wouldn’t have been hard to test something at that moment. If he was right, Dave could have made Maria appear at his apartment within minutes, possibly stark naked and begging for sex. The idea was tempting for more than a moment, but he knew there would be time for such shenanigans later. Right now, his time was best spent preparing for his study session later that night.

Ignoring all of his classes, Dave sat hunched over his computer for the next several hours putting his shaky IT and coding skills to use. At a quarter to seven, Dave had a rudimentary app running on his phone. A single text field and a button could send his request to his computer, where it would print his every wish. The app was simple and ugly, showing only a scrolling list of past commands aside from the input. It wasn’t much, but for the time he spent on it and what it was for, Dave was more than pleased. His hard-on hadn’t retreated since seeing Maria before class.

“Crap, it’s almost time to meet!” he panicked, noticing the time. It was unclear how far Maria’s mind would go to gloss over the printer’s effects on her life. “Time to put it to the test.” The system’s first command to affect Maria was quick to manifest and was sent to the printer with a flurry of fingers. Dave held onto his memories of their high school uniform fondly.

***Maria is dressed as a schoolgirl with a black push-up bra and her glasses.  
The blue highlight is gone.***

This was doing more than just testing the printer's effects; it was testing the machine's ability to recognize Dave's intentions. A schoolgirl outfit was fairly open-ended but he had a very specific image in mind. Time would tell his fortune soon enough. Grabbing his bag and command-ready phone, Dave rushed to the library with countless erotic experiments for the rest of the night.

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The library was dead. Only students like Maria would consider spending time in such a place on a Friday night, and even then, none would think it necessary to make the trek to the lower floors. Being alone in the library basement was unnerving for Dave, especially with the darkness looming outside. The air had a sense of tension as if one wrong step could easily land him in a horror movie.

Light tapping coming down the old stairs snapped his attention. It was Maria, it had to be Maria. No one else in their right mind would be coming down right now. Dave's heart threatened to burst with excitement when the footsteps neared the corner before coming into view. Every fantasy he had ever had was riding on this moment.

Maria turned the corner. "There you are," she sighed with relief. "I'm so sorry I'm late; I was getting in my car and some jerk drove through a pile of slush! I was soaked! Can you believe some people? I got dirt in my contacts from it too. It was time to order new ones anyway, I guess."

It was too much to take in. Dave's mouth was dry watching Maria approach. Every inch of her appearance was a schoolgirl miracle. Legs hugged by white thigh-high stockings slid into small black shoes. A plaid skirt swished around Maria's hips and upper thighs, its waistband covering the bottom hem of a white button-up blouse. Although it was buttoned to her neck, the obvious girth of her enlarged breasts enhanced by padding was obvious and stretched the shirt to the point of creating stress wrinkles when Maria inhaled. Black lace showed through the blouse in stark contrast to highlight her curves. Like the icing on a cake, a pair of black-rimmed glasses sat on the bridge of her nose. Maria was every bit of his perfect schoolgirl and more; Dave was speechless at the printer's ability to read his mind.

"Nice... Uh... That's..." He gulped, watching Maria's skinny thighs move back and forth under the cover of her skirt. "That's some outfit..."

Maria glanced down. "Oh, right. Like we're back in high school, right? I started a load of laundry right before coming over so everything I could have changed into was soaking wet. It was either this or sweat pants and a t-shirt. You can be *sure* I'm not getting caught dead in sweatpants on campus."

The printer was truly amazing. Total control of Maria's reality was in Dave's hands and she was none the wiser. Regardless of what he caused, there was always something to explain it away. Dave's fingers itched to turn on his phone and begin his fun. For the moment, however,

his eyes were glued on Maria as she sat in a chair adjacent to his. It was clear her blouse was still meant for her high school bra size.

“Should we get started?” Maria asked, pulling out her calculus book. “You definitely need to study and I can’t stay too late; I have an exam in my Saturday lab tomorrow morning.”

Only Maria would give up her Saturday for the sake of her school work. Dave admired her drive and intelligence, but at the moment he admired his newfound power more. “Right! Yea, let’s get started!”

Maria looked through her notes. “So where are you having the most trouble? Integrals?”

How Dave was supposed to pay attention was beyond him. He was more focused on what to send to the printer first. There were so many possibilities it was hard to choose. *Start small*, he decided. With expertly-honed texting skills, he turned on his phone under the table.

***Maria’s nipples are fully erect and engorged***

Dave knew it would take a moment for the message to go through and print. The wait was painful.

“I know all the rules can be a little difficult to grasp,” Maria admitted. “I...had trouble with them at first too.”

There was little reaction. Aside from a slight pause, Maria showed no signs that anything had changed on her body and the bra was much too thick to show the state of her nipples. *Ok, we need a little more*, Dave decided, *something obvious*.

***Maria feels intense bursts of pleasure whenever I say the word ‘equation’***

“Are you paying attention?” Maria asked, “There’s a lot for us to cover tonight.”

“I am!” Dave felt enough time had passed for the printer to do its work. Pointing to his book, he started to say, “So if I had an equation like--”

“*Nngh!*” Maria gasped loudly, falling forward as color rushed to her cheeks and she opened her mouth to breathe.

“You all right?” Dave asked, barely able to contain his own excitement.

She was visibly flustered. “Y-Yea, sorry, just a tickle in my throat. What were you saying?”

“Oh, I was wondering about this equation. Is it--”

“*N-Nnnngh!!*”

Watching Maria shudder and try to contain the spontaneous bolt of pleasure was a cock-throbbing sight.

“What’s wrong??”

“Nothing! I just...keep having this bad itch.” She scratched her knee but Dave knew better.

“As I was saying, this equation--”

“*Nnnngahh!! H-Haahhh...!*” The glasses sat askew on Maria’s nose when she gripped the table. Lips clamps between her teeth were unable to stifle her groan. Hair fell into her face from the rapid jolts of ecstasy, giving Maria a rare disheveled appearance.

“This equation says--”

“*Ahh!! A-Ahhh!!*”

“The equation--”

“*NNGGGH SHIT!!*” Maria’s forehead was shiny with perspiration under the lights. It was surprising there weren’t dents in the table where her hands were gripping so tightly.

“Equation--”

Her hand flew to her hips, only to freeze in the gentle cushion of her thighs in a trembling fist. It was a battle to keep from touching herself. “*GAH!! MMMM!!!*” Panting loudly, she sat back in her chair and tried to compose herself, letting her head roll back as she closed her eyes. “Maybe...M-Maybe we should look at something else aside from equa--*those things*.”

The sight of Maria leaning back and arching her chest into the air was magical. Never before had Dave wanted to shout ‘equation’ at the top of his lungs so badly.

***Every second makes it harder for Maria not to touch herself***

She sat forward, her hands twitching on the table with an expression like she forgot to turn off the oven. “How about t-the quotient rule? That can be tricky to memorize.”

“I don’t think I can even come close to touching it,” Dave admitted.

“You just...” One of Maria’s hand slid towards her chest before she stopped herself. Dave wasn’t sure how much more difficult it would become for her every second, but from the looks of it, they were adding up. “Y-You just...uh...” Maria scooted her chair closer to the table until the edge touched her stomach. The sound of her bouncing foot was rhythmic. “It’s not bad, you just n-need to...*nngh*...remember the jingle!”

“There’s a jingle?”

Maria couldn’t to breathe without using her mouth now; the level of arousal was too high. From the way her hands were fidgeting with paper and her pencil, it looked like she was fighting for dear life. “Yea, i-it goes like...”

*SHRRRIIP*

“Whoops!” In her efforts to resist the mounting urge, Maria tore a section of her notebook when a hand tried to make a break for her body.

“Are you feeling ok? You’re acting weird,” Dave acted.

“Just fine! T-These old clothes must be itchy is all,” she explained. Seizing the opportunity, she allowed her nails to scratch her abdomen just below her chest. The look of fleeting relief was like erotic art. A gentle moan escaped her lips from the scratch alone.

“So what’s the jingle?”

“O-Oh, it’s ‘low D high, l-less high D low...’” Dave noticed one of Maria’s hands quietly slip under the table into her lap. The redness in her cheeks said it all. “O-O-Over...*nnngh*...bottom squared...*mmm o-ooohh*...we go...!”

“I have heard that before! So I would use that on the equations--”

“*NNGGH GOD!!!*”

Maria clamped her hands over her gaping mouth to muffle her labored gasps for air. Eyes watery from pleasurable torture stared back. “I-I’m *so sorry*, Dave,” she blushed. One of her

hands was already slipping lower, the urge now risen so high it had a mind of its own. “I-I don’t know what’s coming over me. I-I’m having these...*mm...o*-outbursts!”

One of Maria’s fingers was slipping between the buttons on her blouse. Unable to look away, Dave saw her gently rubbing the soft inside of her cleavage between her bra cups. Her gaze followed his until she saw with horrified eyes what her hand was doing.

“*Ah!* I-I-I’m sorry! I was distracted! Please don’t take that the wrong way! I-I’m not feeling quite myself... It feels like my hands h-have restless leg syndrome!”

***Maria can control herself impulses to touch herself***

***Maria’s breasts swell***

Dave was having too much fun to stop. It was time for the real show now, as well as to see something he’s only been able to imagine until now.

Visible relief came over Maria. The twitching vanished from her hands and she breathed with new calmness. “Oh, *hmm*,” she hummed to herself while rubbing her hands together. “I’m starting to feel...a little better actually... Sorry, we really haven’t accomplished much yet, have w--”

Maria’s face froze, her mouth stopped midword. A sensation like she’d never felt before was occurring inside her bra: rising pressure. The already-packed cups drew tight against her breasts and her skin plumped similar to her cheeks filling with water. She could feel her skin bulging over the brim of her undergarment, as well as cleavage being forced together in the confined space. Each nipple rubbed across the inner cotton with intense sensitivity before coming to a halt just as the flesh below her collarbones pushed into the bra’s shoulder straps.

“Maria?” Dave asked, watching her blouse tighten. “What’s wrong?”

She blinked, unable to make sense of the new tightness inside her shirt. “Sorry...” Maria coughed, patting her sternum with flushed cheeks. “I had a...tickle in my chest... What...What was I saying?”

***Maria grabs my cock***

“You were talking about the quotient rule.”

“R-Right.” Maria’s train of thought was completely gone after her spontaneous engorgement. Leaning around the table to point in Dave’s textbook while taking noticeably shorter breaths, she pointed out, “We use the quotient rule when--*whoa!*”

The edge of the table slipped from her sweaty grip and Maria’s palm fell into Dave’s crotch. Grasping for support, her hand latched firmly onto Dave’s hardened shaft through his pants. Her grip held for several seconds before her hand flew back to her own body, horrified.

“D-D-Dave, I am so, *SO* sorry! I-I slipped! I swear! I didn’t mean to... I would *never!!* I don’t think of you that way!”

“It’s fine,” he accepted, the sting of the friendzone real. “I know it was an accident.”

“I swear I didn’t feel a thing! I’ll be more careful.” Maria looked like she was losing her mind.

“Don’t worry about it! Already forgotten.”

***Maria’s cleavage pops a button***

Maria was an over-aroused mess. “Maybe we should study another night. I don’t quite feel like myself and we’ve wasted so much time already...” Maria stretched her arms overhead and leaned back in her chair, groaning with dissatisfaction for their progress. The blouse strained tight and firm across her chest as her spine arched, Dave’s expectant eyes unwavering until--

***POP!!!***

Maria’s eyes shot open and stared at the ceiling, too terrified to look down. The sound of a piece of plastic bouncing across the table echoed in the library basement for an eternity. All the while, Dave enjoyed a scenic view of Maria’s arching cleavage bulging out of her shirt. The black edge of her bra cups were swallowed by her swollen bust like a taut valley of engulfing skin rising from her torso.

Finally, she found the courage to slowly look down.

“*S-Shit! Shit!*” Maria worked in a flurry to cover the opening, trying to pull the blouse back together. “I knew this shirt was too small!” Wrapping her arms across her body, she started gathering her things. “I’m sorry, Dave, I think we might need to postpone our study session. We can pick it up tomorrow after my class, I promise. I-I really need to go, though.”

***Instead of leaving, Maria strips naked and***

***SLAM!!!***

The sound of a dumpster lid closing just outside a window above them in a parking lot startled the two students. Jumping at the shock, Dave’s phone tumbled from his grip and clattered to the floor between Maria’s feet.

Not wanting him to go below the table while she wore a skirt, she reached down and grabbed his phone. “That thing scared the living daylights out of me,” she confessed. “Here, looks like it got you pretty good t--”

She stopped, catching sight of her name on the phone’s screen. For a split second, Dave contemplated snatching his phone and sprinting outside before she could react. Instead he watched her eyes grow wide before she abruptly stood up, toppling her chair to the floor.

“Dave... What the hell is this?! ‘Instead of leaving, Maria *strips naked and*’... And what?? What the fuck is this?!”

“I-I... It’s a...” There was no excuse. Any excuse he could come up with was far more outlandish than the truth. Fear gripped him when Maria’s thumb started to scroll through the history.

“Cleavage pops a button... Grabs my *COCK?! TOUCH HERSELF?! NIPPLES ERECT?!*” Rage burned in the schoolgirl’s eyes. “*WHAT THE FUCK, DAVE?!*”

“I can explain! It’s--”

“What kind of pervy app is this?! Are you keeping a journal of what I do or how you think I’m acting?! This is *WAY* out of line!”

There was no escape. The only way forward was for Dave to tell the truth. Any lie would only implode. Above all, he wanted to keep her friendship. It may have been a lost cause already. "It's...It's the printer."

"The *what?*"

"The printer, from the other day!" Sighing, he put his head on the table in shame. "Anything I print on it about you comes true."

Maria had no words. There was no reaction to such a moronic story. Scrolling through the printer's history, however, it was hard for her to deny how accurate it matched her experience thus far. "Dressed as a schoolgirl..." she muttered, reaching the top. The similarities were undeniable.

"I swear it's true," Dave grumbled, not looking up. "I'm sorry I took it so far. I was just so excited and it's everything I've ever wanted and--"

"Shut up." Maria was one step away from beating him with the phone, but the printer's history was too accurate to ignore. "You have one chance. *One* chance to prove your fucking story. Got it? If I'm not convinced, I'm calling campus security and then the cops."

Dave looked up; Maria's eyes meant business. She was far too angry to try and cover her exposed cleavage, but he didn't dare glance down. "I-I'll need my phone."

"*Here.*" It was slammed on the table next to him. "*One. Chance.*"

"W-What should I do?"

"Anything too unbelievable to happen otherwise."

"Like--"

"*Aside from me getting naked.*"

"Then I don't know!"

Maria scowled, crossing her arms. "Fine. I have a test result from my Advanced Law class that's supposed to be posted tonight and I don't think I did so well."

"B-But you're so smar--"

"Shut up. I want an A. A full, one-hundred percent. I *know* I got questions wrong. Now show change it."

"Uhh, o-ok. Let me try." Dave prayed the printer's power could extend so far.

### ***Maria gets 100% on her last law exam***

"Well?" she asked, looking around.

"It's done. I-It might take a while for it to become obvious though!"

"*Ooooh, of course it wiiiiill,*" she sneered. "How convenient! You're lucky I don't knock your teeth out here and--"

***DING!***

A notification on Maria's phone made her stop. Her eyes widened at the sight of it. "It's from my professor..." she whispered. The email was read aloud. "Maria, I was grading the class exams and noticed yours was missing from the pile. I certainly recall you in class, so this is clearly an error on my end. As per university policy you will see a 100% mark as your score, however the option to retake the exam is open should you like. Sincerely, Professor Yerron..."

Maria's voice trailed off reading the closing words. Standing in place, her arms dropped to her side and she stared forward. "Y-Yerron is such a hard-ass... He would *never* lose an exam..." she whispered.

"M-Maria? Do you believe me? I'm sorry for how I used it, really! I won't do it again!"

"Ok... Ok..." There was a sparkle igniting in Maria's calculating eyes and her tone was changing. A grin spread slowly across her face. "Dave, I believe you."

"Oh thank God," he sighed. "I'll go home and throw the printer out right now and--"

"So you can change anything about my reality? *Anything?*"

"I-I--" Dave was shocked at her change of emotion.

"What else can it do? Is there a limit??"

"I'm not really sure, I haven't done--"

"Could it change *me*? Like physically??"

Dave was silent, staring at the exposed portion of her cleavage.

Maria's eyes widened and her jaw dropped. "Have you already *done* something to me?!"

"I-It's in the history," he squeaked. "I made your boobs swell up... A-And grow a few sizes the other day... That was an accident though!"

He saw the realization hit her as Maria looked down at her missing button. "You changed my body... *My* body... The one thing *private* to me..."

Dave didn't know if her eyes were full of anger or wonder.

She suddenly exclaimed. "I *knew* they were bigger!! Nothing fit anymore!! My bras have been squeezing the air out of me for two days! I can *barely breathe right now!*"

"I can put them back!! I swear! Just give me a second and--"

"Uh uh. I want them bigger."

Dave was sure he was having a stroke. How he wasn't already beaten within an inch of his life was beyond him. "*What?*"

"I want my boobs bigger. There are a couple of things I want to change about my body, actually."

Dave was beyond confused. "But... But you're already attractive! Y-You're hot!"

"Awww..." Maria cooed, blushing. "You're sweet... But seriously, there's some stuff I want done. Every girl has a list and I have the once in a lifetime opportunity to have mine fulfilled."

"I don't know... This feels like it could get out of hand," Dave said in a worried tone.

"Dave, you just spent the last hour *making me touch myself, making my chest swollen, forcing mini-orgasms, AND you were about to make me strip naked in a library*. You're in no position to deny me. You *owe* me after what you pulled tonight."

He was cornered. As long as she wasn't mad, he counted himself lucky. "O-Ok, that's fair," Dave accepted, looking to the ground.

"Don't act so glum!" Maria leaned in. "I'll make a deal with you. You can do whatever *you* want to me, so long as *I* always get what *I* want. How does that sound?"

Dave nearly soiled the front of his pants. "Are...Are you *serious?*?"

Maria leaned further, pushing cleavage through her broken shirt. "*Dead serious*. The thought of being at someone's mercy is exciting... I'll never know what's going to happen to

me... A girl *likes* feeling helpless sometimes.” She straightened up and put her hands on her hips. “This printer is some kind of miracle. I could do anything. Student loans?? *HA! So much for them!*” Her eyes flashed with cold calculation. “This printer is *everything*. You can have your fun so long as I can have mine. Plus, I trust you not to take it too far.”

“*Really?* After what I just did?” As surprising as her words were, Maria had a point. Even with this power, Dave knew he could never bring himself to brainwash her or turn her into a complete sex slave. They were still long-time friends; it wouldn’t feel right.

“Ehhh, you *could* have just totally taken advantage of me. Instead you went for a bit of cleavage and got me horny. That’s fairly tame, now that I actually *know* about it. You’re really a good guy; that’s part of why I’ve always kind of liked you.”

“You’ve *liked* me?? Since when?!”

“Why wouldn’t I? You’re a catch! Unless you were cute enough to use that thing to make me like you while you were making my little boobs grow...” Maria teased. A sly smile crept over her face then. “But after this, feel free to take your printer fun up a notch... We have a deal?”

Dave blinked several times, unable to believe his luck. “*OK!! DEAL!*”

“Great! Now as for my list.” Noticing Dave was still staring at her, she motioned to his phone. “Well come on! We don’t have all night!”

“S-Sorry!” Dave fumbled his phone, hands sweaty with anxiety. The situation’s turn was one he never would have predicted. Most of all, he was happy to not be talking to campus security. “Ok, ready,” he nodded, looking over Maria’s body. He had no clue what she could possibly want to change.

Craning her neck and inspecting various portions of her body, Maria decided where to start. “First I want a bigger butt.”

This girl was in line to become one of the state’s top lawyers and she was asking for a bigger ass. The backwardness was logic-defying. “R...Really?”

“Yes, really!” Her hands smoothed her skirt over her backside. “It’s always been a little flat. Most everything about my figure is lacking a certain womanly charm, I think. You’re going to fix it unless you want me reporting you.”

“No, no I understand! No need to twist my arm... How much bigger do you want it?”

Maria considered the question, staring behind her as best she could. “The wording probably matters...” she muttered, brain ten steps ahead. “How about ten percent fuller?”

### ***Maria’s butt fills out by 10%***

“Ok, that should do it.”

They waited in silence and Maria tapped her foot. “How long is it supposed to--*Oh!!*” Her hands shot to her rear, cupping each cheek as the toned flesh rounded out under her skirt. The plaid’s ruffles flattened across the rising curve and Dave watched as the hem drew up ever so slightly across her thighs before stopping.

“*W-Whoa!*” Maria gasped, her body tingling with her new awareness. “I don’t know *how* I missed something like that before!” Eager fingers squeezed her new ass, only taunting Dave’s

returning arousal. Maria snickered, looking at her new hips. “Ehhh you know what, go another ten percent.”

### ***Maria's butt fills out by 10%***

“*O-Oh! God this is incredible!!*” Maria hollered. Dave had never seen a girl grope her own ass so much. The skirt hung unevenly around her legs now, the back lifted higher atop a shelf of firm flesh. “All right now my thighs!”

“What? I like your thighs...” Dave frowned.

“Awww. Again, you’re sweet, but my body isn’t here for you. Except after this when you have free reign of that printer...” Maria winked. “I’ve had chopstick legs my whole life. I could somersault through my thigh gap. I want it closed, or just barely. I’m not going for thick, but I want some meat on my bones.”

Hearing Maria speak about her self in such a way was beyond comprehension. She was always so proper and refined, more concerned with her grades than sexual needs. “I think I understand.”

### ***Maria's thighs plump to her satisfaction***

The printer’s ability to deliver his exact request was without equal. Dave stared ahead, ready to watch the scene unfold within seconds.

“H-Here we go! *Mmmmmm I can feel them tingling!!*” Maria’s legs gyrated to rub her inner thighs against themselves. A light tap of her heel sent a gasp of delight from her lips. “*Ahh! I-I can feel them getting big enough to jiggle!*”

To his utter pleasure, Maria lifted the bottom of her skirt enough to show the majority of her thighs. Pale skin was filling her stockings to the point of bulging over the elastic. A space never-before filled was quickly overtaken by supple skin worthy to be called a pillow. A flash of black panty lace shown as her hands trembled but Maria regained enough composure to keep from giving Dave an eyeful.

“*Nnngh... A-Almost...there...*” she moaned, delighted in the sight of her own legs thickening. “*God this is hot! I-I think I can...mmmm...feel them p-pushing on my...m-my...pussy!*”

This was not the Maria Dave knew, but he was more than happy to witness her birth. Her legs plumped for another second before their growth ended amid pleased gasps from their owner. Unable to resist, she pressed a hand into her right leg and watched its supple form mold to her fingers.

“Equation.”

“*G-GahhHHHH!!! D-DAVE!!!*” Maria shrieked, flinging her hand to her lace-covered crotch at a lightning strike of ecstasy while falling to her knees. A face red with restrained release glared at the cause. “V-Very...nnnghmmmmm...funny. I forgot you had that set.”

“I enjoyed it!” The cheeky grin on Dave’s face wouldn’t disappear anytime soon.

“You can have...your fun later,” she breathed, returning to her feet. The skirt no longer fit in any conceivable fashion outside of an erotic student’s fantasy. Maria recovered quickly. “All right, now I want to be taller.”

“Uhhh, how tall?”

She strode to where Dave sat and stood behind him, running hands over his shoulders and down his chest before whispering in his ear, “*Tall.*” Her breath burned when she added, “*Make me fill this room.*”

The image made Dave’s eyes bulge. “I-Is that even physically possible?? That kind of thing sounds...”

“Only one way to find out... Go ahead, make my entire body *grow*. I’ll be your *personal bouncy castle.*”

Dave’s core temperature skyrocketed at the thought. Growing to such a size would spell disaster for her clothes, leaving him along with a naked, giant-sized Maria. A single nipple would dwarf his head. Without a second thought, he began typing.

### ***Maria grows to 50 feet ta***

“Oh my God!! You were actually going to do it!!” Maria interrupted him with a howl with laughter, stepping away from his chair.

Dave felt like his heart was going to explode. “You...You don’t really want it?”

“*No! God*, can you even imagine?? What would you even do with a girl that big? You should have seen the look on your face!” Laughter dying down, her eyes narrowed themselves and she grew serious. “Something like that is off the table for your own fun, by the way. No destruction of property. I don’t need that on my record.” Maria winked. “Get me stranded in the middle of the woods if you want to do something like that to me...”

Dave’s brain couldn’t handle much more of this. There hadn’t been blood in his head for an hour. “So you don’t want to be taller?”

“I do! Just a few inches, though. There’s a shelf in my apartment that’s *just* out of reach and I’m tired of getting the step stool.”

“How’s five sound?”

“*Perfect.*”

### ***Maria grows five inches taller***

A creaking sound came from Maria’s shoes before anything. “S-Shit!” she swore, realizing her mistake. Trying to kneel down, she found the motion too complex as her entire body began its changes. Going for the safer route, she stood up straight and watched as the floor slowly inched away.

“How does it feel??” Dave asked, her expression alien.

“B-Better than...I thought it would! It kind of...ow...stings in some places, like growing pains...” Her eyes bulged watching her arms stretch in front of her, elongating and sliding from her blouse’s sleeves. Dave was more than happy to watch her skirt pull up her legs, but it stopped just before the big reveal.

“Wow,” she awed, flailing her arms to find her body’s new sense of balance. “So *this* is what it feels to be six feet tall, huh?” Taking a step was like watching a newborn colt. Maria caught on fast, extending her legs and stretching her new frame. “Glad my shoes didn’t break! I

just got them and I don't think the store would believe me if I told them my feet burst out of them."

"Anything else?" Dave gawked. Maria was beautiful before, but what her transformation was bordering on angelic.

"Almost done! I have a feeling you already know..." A finger pointed to the side of her chest, poking the soft overflowing flesh.

"Oh, yea, sorry... I can make them smaller."

"Uh uh. Wrong way, Dave."

"You want your breasts *bigger*?" By his best guess, Maria must have already doubled her original size after his meddling. An E-cup fit her well but did seem a bit small on her new height. Especially compared to the butt lifting her skirt.

"Always have. B-cups were soooo small... I couldn't do anything with them! A girl can't be smart *and* have a nice rack? Nature is cruel. You're going to fix it now, though."

Dave's mouth was dry. Much bigger and Maria's blouse wouldn't hold. "How big do you want to be?"

Peering down the cleavage exposed from the blown button, Maria's answer was quick. "I must be about an...E-cup, right now? Somewhere around there?" Her eyes flashed. "Let's go with a *J-cup*. That's a strong letter. Double me up! I want to be so big I need to wear two sports bras at the gym! I want boobs as big as my head, like some of those porn stars!"

A fainting spell was on the horizon, Dave could feel it. Maria's lifetime of small assets had left her greedy and ready to overcorrect. But if this was a trick like her giantess ploy, he wasn't going to waste time waiting for it to play out. His fingers flew like the wind.

### ***Maria's breasts grow bigger than her head***

Dave sent the request and stared forward, refusing to blink until it was over. This was a dream come true.

"N-Nngh..." Maria groaned, shivering from a passing chill. Her hands pulled her blouse tight across her stomach, accentuating her chest. "Hope you...*mmmm!!*...like the show!"

It looked like Maria was inhaling, trying to fill her lungs to the limit. But when her chest continued to rise, Dave noticed she was actually holding her breath.

"Oh my God... *O-Oooohhhh my God!*" she cried out, the pleasure far more intense than she imagined. "My boobs are...Dave my breasts are *growing!! I-I can feel them...stretching!! It's like puberty in seconds!*"

The buttons started to spread wide and tight on her blouse, stress wrinkles sinking into Maria's bulging skin and tortured bra. With her nipples fully erect for the last hour, every movement against the bra's insides was a shock of delight.

"*Oooohhhh, OOHhhh they're just growing and growing and GROWING!! Dave this is AMAZING!!*"

The outline of her push-up bra deformed the blouse. Every line of her overflowing flesh stood out in obvious curves as cleavage, inside her sleeves, and emerging from under her bra. It gave a disgruntled groan, the stitching reluctant to contain such masses.

“This is... *God I’ve always wanted this...! Look at them!! M-MMM!!*” Maria whimpered, the bra cutting into her torso like a rope. Her expansion was relentless, driving her into the throes of orgasmic pleasure. Dave’s gaze switched between her engorging tits and the glistening moisture coating her exposed inner thighs.

*PING!!*

*“MMMGGH!!”*

*PING PING!!*

*“FUUUUCK!!”*

Buttons burst from Maria’s body, pelting Dave in the face. He would have taken a thousand of the blouse’s shots if it meant the show could continue. As they stared at her bloating cleavage, however, Maria’s chest came to a tightly-packed, jiggling halt. Each mammary settled at a hefty girth larger around than her head. Even with her new height, they were incredibly large on her frame and stole one’s gaze away from all else.

Dave could still hear her gasps echoing in the library. Eyes wide, Maria brought her hands to her new assets and groped with greed, forcing flesh to squish from her broken shirt. Slowly each hand traveled lower over her body, caressing her widened hips and grasping her thighs. Such an hourglass figure would have been impossible by normal forces of nature.

*“I’m gorgeous!!”* she exclaimed.

A picture of divine feminine beauty stood before Dave. Clad in a schoolgirl’s uniform far too small for such curves, the sight alone threatened to make him come.

*“Thank you, Dave! Thank you!”* she swooned, in love with her new form. *“Ooohhh I love it!! This is my new body. Whatever you do to me, this is how I want to go every time. And you know what?”*

Dave tried to respond but could only manage a dry rasp.

Maria giggled. *“I’m all yours now. Take that printer and do whatever your heart desires with me.”*

*“I...I can do anything?”*

After a wink, she amended, *“Try not to go too crazy when I’m not alone... I’ve still got my career to think about. But my body is at your command.”*

Numb to anything except the throbbing in his pants, Dave glanced down to his phone. Shaking hands refused to type what he wanted. Finally he managed to get his point across.

### ***Maria strips naked and***

*“Ohhhhhh, Daaaaaveee...”* a sultry voice called out, interrupting him before he could send the request. He glanced up and his eyes almost melted from his head.

Maria stood before him, her skirt around her ankles with her blouse unbuttoned and hanging at her elbows. The overfilled black panties were pulled askew down one side of her hip by a tempting thumb, while her other hand beckoned towards him with a waving index finger. Breasts like ripened melons fought to escape her bra on all sides, the bright pink of erect nipples rising over the brims of its cups. A smooth-shaven navel showed pale in the light, slick with the fluids of extreme arousal. Both of her stockings looked fit to burst around her new thighs.



“You won’t be needing to send that one to the printer,” she whispered. The stitches in her panties popped when she stretched them over her legs. They fell limp and joined the growing pile of clothes on the floor. The blouse slipped from her forearms as Maria relaxed, allowing herself to stand exposed in an overflowing bra.

“Mmmm... *This bra is so...full!* I don’t think it could take much more abuse, *do you?*” she teased. “*I hope I don’t grow anymore... Or it just might...pop off!*”

Dave caught her drift.

***Maria’s breasts swell continuously***

***CREEAAK***

“MmmmmMMMM!!! *U-Uhh oh! Theeereee they go again...!*”

Flesh oozed around the cups and slick pleasure lubricated Maria’s thighs. Frozen in place, Dave watched Maria walk closer until her naked abdomen stood in front of him. Maria’s pussy was all he’d ever imagined and more, now nestled between two supple thighs like a hidden gem. Only inches away, it made his mouth water. Thighs begging for strong hands bent and creased at her hips, each swinging to either side of his chair as Maria straddled Dave and sat in his lap.

*CREEEAAAK*

Angry cleavage pushed into Dave's chin and nipples like thimbles inched higher into the open. "*Oohhh they're getting so big!! They're stuffed so...TIGHT IN THIS BRA!!*" Maria groaned. The heat rising from her navel and cleavage was beyond intense. Dave's cock fought desperately against the front of his pants with the promised land waiting just on the other side of the fabric.

Still unsure of his freedom, Dave reached a hand towards the ballooning tits. His fingers brushed her skin for just a moment, the tightly-packed flesh begging to be groped. An angry shudder came from the bra at his slightest touch.

"*A-Ahh! Careful!*" Maria cried out, "This little push-up bra can't hold much more of me! *I-It's going to BLOW AT ANY SECO--*"

*SNAP!!!*

A set of padded cups exploded off her body and slapped Dave on each cheek. He didn't flinch, too busy watching a set of mammaries like watermelons fall free into their natural shape. With her new height and sitting on his lap, Maria's bust came to eye level. They were magnificent in every way, rounded, firm, and resting high on Maria's body with gentle slope. Each was plenty full to close the gap across her sternum on their own merit. A nipple was close enough for Dave's heavy breath to moisten its pink surface and make Maria shudder. Every passing moment brought her still-swelling tits closer and closer.

Bringing her arms under her chest, she lifted them towards Dave's face like two giant mounds of sweet ice cream. Maria moaned, "*Nnnnghhh... W-Well? You just going to stare?*"

Dave's consciousness abandoned him long ago. Stupidly, overwhelmed by the night's turn of events, he gulped in the face of his sexual fantasy and asked, "What...What do you want me to do?"

Maria giggled, sending a heave through her bosom before tapping the phone in his hand. "Didn't you hear me earlier? *Whatever you want.*"

TO BE (VERY) CONTINUED