

## An unexpected notice

Matt's alarm blared at 6:45 AM, the same insistent beep that had jolted him awake for the past five years. He groaned, slapping the snooze button once before forcing himself out of bed. The apartment was a cramped one-bedroom in the suburbs, filled with the clutter of a single guy's life: empty coffee mugs on the nightstand, a half-read novel about spies on the dresser, and workout clothes that hadn't seen action in weeks. He shuffled to the bathroom, splashing cold water on his face to chase away the fog of sleep. Brushing his teeth, Matt stared at his reflection—brown hair tousled, stubble shadowing his jaw, eyes a bit bloodshot from late-night scrolling. At 28, he felt stuck in neutral, his days blending into a monotonous loop. After rinsing his mouth, he stripped down and stepped into the shower, letting the hot water pound against his back. He lathered up with generic body wash, scrubbing his chest, arms, and legs methodically. His cock hung limp between his thighs, untouched as he focused on the routine. No time for morning wood distractions; work waited.

Dressed in khakis and a button-down shirt, Matt grabbed his keys and a granola bar for the road. The drive to the office took twenty minutes, weaving through morning traffic on the highway. He tuned the radio to a sports podcast, half-listening as he merged lanes. The office building loomed ahead—a squat, glass-fronted structure in an industrial park, home to TechSolutions Inc., where Matt crunched numbers as a mid-level accountant. Parking in his usual spot, he swiped his badge at the entrance and rode the elevator to the third floor. The cubicle farm stretched out like a maze of beige partitions, fluorescent lights humming overhead. Matt's desk was in the corner, piled with spreadsheets and a wilting desk plant. He booted up his computer, sipping coffee from the break room pot—black, bitter, and scalding. Settling in, Matt scanned his emails: budget reports due by noon, a team meeting at 2 PM, the usual grind. Eight hours of staring at screens, typing figures, and pretending to care about quarterly projections. It paid the bills, but excitement? Zero. His gaze drifted to the cubicle next door, where Allison had sat for nearly three years.

Allison was... unremarkable. At 5'2", she was petite, with mousy brown hair tied in a practical ponytail and glasses that magnified her hazel eyes. She wore conservative outfits—slacks and blouses that did nothing to highlight her figure. Slim build, no curves to speak of, and a quiet demeanor that made her fade into the background. Matt could go whole days without exchanging more than a nod with her. She handled data entry, her fingers flying over the keyboard with efficient clicks. But today, as she stood to grab a file from her shelf, something caught Matt's eye. Allison turned slightly, her back to him, and bent forward just enough to outline her lower half. Her black office pants hugged her form, but there was an unusual fullness to her backside. It looked rounder, more pronounced than he remembered. Was her ass always that... prominent? The fabric stretched taut across her cheeks, hinting at a subtle jiggle as she shifted her weight. Matt blinked, rubbing his eyes. Nah, he was imagining it. He'd barely noticed Allison before—why would her butt suddenly register now? Maybe it was the angle, or the lighting from the window. She straightened up, oblivious, and sat back down, her chair creaking faintly under her. Matt shook his head and dove into his work, fingers tapping at the keys.

The morning dragged on. Matt fielded a call from his boss about expense discrepancies, then proofed a report. Around 10 AM, Allison stood again, this time to head to the printer. As she walked past his cubicle, her steps were measured, heels clicking softly on the carpet. Matt glanced up involuntarily, and there it was again—that posterior seemed to sway more than usual, the pants clinging to the gentle curve of her hips and the swell of her rear. It wasn't huge, but it filled out the seat of her slacks in a way that drew the eye, the material outlining the separation of her cheeks. He swallowed, feeling a faint warmth in his cheeks. *Get a grip*, he thought. *She's just Allison. Forgettable Allison.* But as she returned, file in hand, her ass brushed close to his elbow—close enough that he caught a whiff of her floral shampoo. The proximity made the fullness impossible to ignore; it looked plush, almost inviting under the tight fabric. Matt's mind wandered for a split second, picturing what it might feel like to grab those cheeks, but he snapped back, focusing on his monitor. Lunch approached, but Matt skipped the cafeteria, eating a sandwich at his desk while reviewing invoices. Allison did the same, munching on a salad without a word. Every so often, she'd adjust in her seat, and Matt couldn't help but steal glances.

From the side, her profile showed a slight overhang where her thighs met her backside, more than he'd ever clocked before. Was she wearing padded underwear or something? No, that didn't make sense. People didn't just... change overnight. By 1 PM, the team meeting rolled around. They filed into the conference room,

chairs scraping as everyone settled. Allison took a seat across from Matt, crossing her legs. When she leaned forward to pass a handout, her pants pulled even tighter, the seams straining just a bit at the hips. Matt's eyes dipped low, tracing the way her ass pressed into the chair cushion, spreading slightly under her weight. It looked softer, fuller—like it had gained a layer of padding that made it wobble subtly when she shifted. He forced his attention to the agenda, but his thoughts kept drifting. Had her butt always been this noticeable? Maybe he'd been too zoned out in the past to see it. Allison contributed quietly to the discussion, her voice steady, no hint that anything was amiss. She seemed the same as ever—small, unassuming, focused on her notes. Back at his desk after the meeting, Matt tried to concentrate, but the image lingered. Her rear end, once invisible, now occupied a corner of his mind. It wasn't porn-star massive, but it had a pert roundness that made him wonder. He adjusted his pants, feeling a stir in his groin, but dismissed it. Just a fluke observation. Someone's ass couldn't spontaneously start growing. That was ridiculous.

As the afternoon wore on, the office buzzed with keyboards and muffled phone calls. Matt powered through his tasks, but every time Allison moved—standing for water, stretching her arms—his peripheral vision snagged on that backside. It jiggled ever so slightly with her steps, the fabric of her pants whispering against her skin. By 3 PM, he was convinced it was bigger than this morning, but he chalked it up to his imagination playing tricks. Allison carried on, unaware, her small frame belying the anomaly that had suddenly captivated him. The clock ticked toward 4 PM, and Matt rubbed his temples, willing the day to end. But deep down, a curiosity simmered. What if it wasn't his eyes? What if something was different about Allison today? He glanced over once more, watching as she typed, her chair dipping under the subtle pressure of her form. Yeah, right. Just another ordinary day... or was it?

The afternoon sun slanted through the office blinds, casting long shadows across the cubicle walls. Matt leaned back in his chair, stretching his arms overhead to shake off the post-meeting slump. His inbox was a minefield of unread messages, but his focus kept fracturing. Every few minutes, his eyes flicked sideways to Allison's cubicle. She was hunched over her keyboard, typing away with that same quiet efficiency, but something about her posture had shifted. Her chair seemed to hug her lower body more snugly now, the backrest pressing into what looked like an increasingly rounded ass. Matt tried to bury himself in a spreadsheet, entering rows of expense data. Numbers blurred on the screen as his mind replayed the morning glimpses. Her pants had been tight then, but now? He risked another look. Allison crossed her legs under the desk, and the motion made her hips roll slightly. The black fabric of her slacks pulled taut across her thighs, riding up just enough to reveal the deepening curve where her ass met her legs. It wasn't just fuller—it appeared to be pushing outward, the cheeks straining the seams like overripe fruit begging to burst free.

He shifted in his seat, his cock twitching faintly in his khakis. What the hell was wrong with him? Allison was the last person he'd ever peg for a distraction, yet here he was, fixated. Around 3:15 PM, she stood up to answer a phone call, pacing a few steps in the narrow space between cubicles. Matt's breath caught as he watched her ass move. Each step sent a subtle ripple through the flesh beneath the pants, the material clinging so tightly that he could make out the outline of her underwear lines digging into the swelling globes. Her cheeks jiggled softly, not dramatically, but enough to hypnotize—left, right, left, the sway growing more pronounced with every stride. She hung up and bent to pick up a dropped pen, her back to him. *Holy shit.* From this angle, her ass looked at least an inch rounder than at lunch, protruding like two firm pillows stuffed into too-small casing. The pants creaked audibly as she straightened, the fabric stretching to its limits across the broadening expanse. Matt's mouth went dry, his fingers hovering over the keyboard. Was it growing? Right there in front of him? No, that was impossible. Stress, bad lighting—anything but that. Allison sat back down, oblivious, and crossed her ankles. But the chair protested with a louder creak this time, her weight settling deeper into the cushion. Matt imagined the pressure building, her ass cheeks spreading wider against the seat, compressing and then rebounding with a faint wobble when she adjusted. He forced his gaze back to his monitor, but ten minutes later, she was up again, heading to the supply closet for staples. As she walked past his desk, the proximity was electric.

Her ass brushed the edge of his partition—close enough that he felt the heat radiating from her body. The cheeks flexed with her steps, bouncing lightly, the pants now so tight they outlined every contour: the deep cleft between her globes, the way her thighs tapered into the swelling curves. By 3:45 PM, Matt was stealing glances every chance he got. Allison leaned forward to scan a document, and her ass lifted slightly off the chair, hovering for a moment before she settled back. The motion caused a visible quiver, the flesh undulating under the strained fabric like it was alive, expanding with each breath she took. He could swear the pants were riding lower on her hips now, the waistband dipping as her rear pushed backward and outward. His

cock hardened fully this time, pressing against his zipper, throbbing with unwelcome arousal. He crossed his legs under the desk, willing it to subside, but the image burned into his brain—Allison's once-flat ass now a burgeoning shelf that demanded attention. The office clock ticked mercilessly toward break time. Matt fielded an email from accounting about a ledger error, but his responses were half-hearted, his mind elsewhere. Around 4 PM, Allison stretched in her chair, arching her back. The movement thrust her ass outward, the pants groaning as the seams pulled apart by millimeters at the hips. From his vantage, Matt saw the first hints of strain lines forming, tiny threads fraying where the fabric met her swelling cheeks. Her ass looked twice as prominent as morning now—plump, heavy, with a natural bounce that made it jiggle even when she was still.

She stood to grab a water bottle from her drawer, turning sideways. The profile view was obscene: her tiny frame topped by an ass that ballooned out behind her, the cheeks rounding into perfect hemispheres that defied gravity yet sagged just enough to promise softness. Matt's pulse raced, his erection straining painfully. He pictured reaching out, squeezing those growing mounds, feeling them yield under his fingers as they continued to inflate. But she turned away, sipping her water, and the spell broke—sort of. As she walked to the window to adjust the blinds, her steps were slower, more deliberate, like she was compensating for the added mass. Each footfall sent waves through her ass, the pants now so constricted that the fabric dimpled where it bit into her flesh.

By 4:30 PM, the growth was undeniable to Matt. Allison's ass had transformed from forgettable to mesmerizing, each cheek easily the size of a basketball, pushing her posture into a subtle sway. She adjusted her pants discreetly, tugging at the waistband, but it only accentuated the problem—the material snapped back, hugging her curves like a second skin. Matt's cock leaked a spot of pre-cum into his boxers, the ache building as he watched her type. Every shift in her seat caused her ass to grind against the chair, the cheeks spreading and compressing, rippling with pent-up energy. The team lead called a quick huddle by the coffee machine, and Allison joined, standing at the edge of the group. Matt hung back, eyes locked on her rear as she nodded along. From behind, it was a spectacle: the pants stretched to translucency over the fullest parts, hinting at pale skin beneath. When she laughed at a joke—soft, unassuming—the vibration traveled down, making her ass quake gently. Matt gripped his mug tighter, fighting the urge to stare openly. Her cheeks seemed to pulse, inching wider, the growth accelerating as the day wore on. Back at his desk, Matt buried his face in his hands for a moment. This couldn't be real. But the evidence mounted with every passing minute. At 4:50 PM, Allison dropped her stapler and bent to retrieve it. Time slowed. Her ass ballooned toward him, the pants splitting a tiny seam with a faint *pop*. Flesh peeked through—a sliver of creamy cheek, soft and inviting. She straightened quickly, cheeks flushing as she glanced around, but no one else noticed. Matt's breath hitched, his cock rock-hard, tenting his khakis. He adjusted himself under the desk, imagining burying his face in that expanding ass, licking the sweat from her crack as it grew even larger.

The clock hit 5 PM, signaling the unofficial break window before the final push to quitting time. Allison gathered her things—a yogurt from the fridge in her drawer, her phone—and headed toward the break room. Matt watched her go, mesmerized by the hypnotic sway. Her ass cheeks rubbed together with each step, the friction audible in the quiet office, the pants now dangerously close to shredding. The growth had turned her from invisible to irresistible, her tiny body crowned by a rear that jiggled like it was made for grabbing, spanking, fucking. He hesitated, then stood, following at a distance. The break room door swung open, and there she was, sliding into a chair at the small table. Her ass overflowed the edges immediately, spilling onto the seat like dough rising in a pan. Matt's heart pounded as he entered, the scene about to unfold in ways he never imagined.

Matt lingered by the door of the break room, pretending to fiddle with the coffee machine. The hum of the appliance masked his ragged breathing as he stole glances at Allison. She sat at the small round table, spooning yogurt into her mouth with mechanical bites. Her posture had changed dramatically in the last half-hour; she perched on the edge of the chair now, as if afraid to fully commit her weight. But it was no use—her ass dominated the scene, spilling over the sides of the seat like overflowing batter. The black slacks were a lost cause, the fabric stretched to razor-thin transparency over the massive cheeks that ballooned beneath her. He poured himself a cup of stale coffee, the steam rising in lazy curls, but his eyes never left her rear. From this angle, partially obscured by the table, he could see how her thighs pressed together, forced wide by the encroaching swell of her hips. Each spoonful she took caused a subtle shift, her body rocking forward slightly,

which made her ass cheeks grind against the plastic chair. The material squeaked in protest, and a faint ripple traveled through the flesh—waves of jiggling that started at the base of her spine and radiated outward, making the overtaxed pants creak audibly. Allison set her spoon down, wiping her mouth with a napkin. She adjusted her position, trying to cross her legs, but the motion only exacerbated the pressure. Her ass lifted an inch off the seat, hovering for a beat before slamming back down with a thud that echoed in the empty room. Matt's cock surged in his khakis, the head grinding against the fabric as he imagined the impact: those enormous globes compressing, then rebounding with elastic force, the cheeks clapping softly together under the confines of her clothes. Pre-cum soaked through his underwear, a warm slickness that made him grit his teeth.

She stood up abruptly to rinse her yogurt container in the sink, and Matt nearly dropped his mug. Her ass thrust backward like a wrecking ball, the pants splitting along the inner seams with a sharp *rip*. Creamy skin burst free, the cheeks now each the size of watermelons, pale and smooth, marked only by the red indents where the fabric had bitten in all day. They wobbled violently as she walked the few steps to the counter, the exposed flesh quivering with every movement. The growth hadn't stopped; if anything, it accelerated here in the relative privacy, her ass expanding visibly, the cheeks rounding fuller, pushing her tiny frame into an exaggerated hourglass that bordered on caricature. Matt set his coffee down, his hands trembling. He stepped closer, drawn like a moth to flame. Allison turned on the faucet, bending slightly at the waist to scrub the container. That was it—the view that shattered his restraint. Her ass cheeks parted under the strain, the cleft deepening as the globes swelled outward and upward, forming a perfect heart shape that jutted at least ten inches from her lower back. The pants shredded further along the back seam, a long tear exposing the full crack, dark panties wedged deep between the burgeoning mounds. Sweat glistened on her skin, trickling down the divide, and her cheeks flexed involuntarily, clenching and releasing in a rhythm that made them bounce.

He was rock-hard now, his cock throbbing painfully, the tip leaking steadily. Matt's mind raced with filthy urges: grabbing those massive cheeks, spreading them wide to bury his face in her ass, tongue lapping at the sweaty pucker hidden within. Or better yet, yanking down what remained of her pants and slamming his dick between them, fucking the soft, growing valley until he painted her crack with cum. She straightened, turning off the water, and her ass smacked against the counter edge, the impact sending a shockwave through the flesh. Jiggles cascaded across the surface, the cheeks slapping together with a meaty *thwack* that echoed off the tiles. Allison glanced over her shoulder, her eyes widening as she caught Matt staring. But instead of shock, a flush crept up her neck—embarrassment mixed with something hotter, more primal. "Matt? You okay?" Her voice was breathy, strained, as if the weight of her ass was pressing on her lungs. She shifted her weight, and the motion caused another growth spurt: her cheeks inflated like balloons, pushing her hips wider, the panties snapping at the sides with a twang. Now fully exposed from behind, her ass was a monument—plump, heavy orbs that sagged just enough to sway pendulously, the skin taut yet yielding, begging to be kneaded and slapped. He swallowed hard, stepping forward until he was inches away. "Allison... your ass. It's... huge." The words tumbled out, raw and honest. She bit her lip, turning to face him, but the table blocked her front, leaving her rear on full display. As she leaned against the counter for support, her cheeks spread naturally, the crack opening to reveal the damp fabric of her panties clinging to her holes. Matt's cock pulsed, a wet spot blooming on his khakis. He reached out, hesitating only a second before his palm met her left cheek—hot, soft, like warm dough rising under his touch.

She gasped, but didn't pull away. Instead, her ass pushed back into his hand, the flesh overflowing his fingers as it continued to grow. He squeezed, feeling the give, the way the cheek molded around his grip before springing back. Another spurt hit, her ass ballooning to beach-ball proportions, forcing her to widen her stance. The pants fell away completely, pooling at her ankles, leaving her in tattered panties that rode up like a thong. Matt's other hand joined the first, groping both cheeks, thumbs dipping into the cleft to brush her asshole through the thin material.

"Oh god, Matt... it's not stopping," she whimpered, her small hands gripping the counter. Her ass quaked under his assault, the growth making it vibrate, cheeks rubbing together with slick friction. He kneaded harder, pulling them apart to expose her fully—pussy lips outlined against the panties, already swollen and wet. His cock ached to plunge in, but he focused on her ass, slapping one cheek experimentally. The *smack* rang out, the flesh rippling like jelly, turning pink under his palm. By now, her rear dominated her 5'2" frame, a massive shelf that made her tilt forward, ass high and presented. Matt ground his erection against the left cheek,

the heat searing through his pants as he humped the yielding globe. Pre-cum smeared across her skin, mixing with her sweat. Allison moaned, pushing back, her cheeks enveloping his bulge in a hot, plush vice. The growth peaked in a final surge, her ass expanding to absurd size—cheeks like overinflated pillows, heavy and hypnotic, jiggling with every breath. He couldn't hold back. Fumbling with his zipper, Matt freed his cock, the thick shaft slapping against her right cheek. He thrust between them, fucking the deep crack, the soft walls of flesh milking him as her ass cheeks clenched around his length. Allison reached back, spreading herself wider, her fingers digging into the swollen mounds. "Fuck my ass, Matt... it's so big, so full..." Her words dissolved into pants as he lined up, pressing the head against her pucker. With a grunt, he pushed in, her asshole stretching around his cock, hot and tight despite the growth. Inch by inch, he sank deeper, her cheeks smothering his hips as they ballooned even more, trapping him in their embrace. He pounded her, hands gripping the overflowing flesh, slapping and squeezing as her ass rippled with each thrust. Cum built fast, her hole clenching rhythmically, the growth making her tighter, wetter. Allison cried out, her body shaking, pussy dripping onto the floor as she came from the anal reaming alone. Matt followed, roaring as he unloaded, hot spurts flooding her depths, overflowing to coat her massive cheeks in sticky ropes. He pulled out, watching his cum dribble down the crack, pooling in the dimples of her jiggling ass.

They slumped against the counter, her rear still twitching, still subtly expanding. The break room door remained closed, the office oblivious. But for Matt, the monotonous day had ended in ecstasy, buried in the impossible, insatiable growth of Allison's ass.