

Growing Up?
By Mr Breast Obsess

"Here we go again, I really do hate Mondays," John said to himself as he approached the building he worked at.

He had managed to get the dream job of his life not too long ago but after a while, he soon realized after a couple of months that his dream job was a nightmare. His promising career turned out to be a standard 9 to 5 job.

Despite this, John carried on and entered the lobby of the building. He was the type to arrive early to work prepared to get a head start of any issues that would come during his work day. As a result, the lobby was empty so John let himself in. He approached the main elevator and pressed the button to call the elevator. The doors immediately opened with the usual chime and allowed him to enter.

"Let's just hope today's different," John said to himself, "I wonder if she's..."

"Wait!" A voice shouted across the lobby.

John quickly turned around, hardly anyone ever came to work at the same time that he did.

"Hold the door!"

John realized who had called out. It was the latest new hire that started a couple of weeks ago, Emily. She was pleasant to the eye and checked every box John could hope for in a girl. Emily was of average height and build, had long flowing brunette hair, topped off with beautiful eyes and a nice smile. But what was most noticeable above all was her generous bust. John wasn't the type to ogle at well-endowed women, but he did have his moments of weakness every now and then. After all, he was only human. He just couldn't help but notice the gentle bounces of her breasts as she jogged across the lobby.

"Wait!" She called out one last time.

Dumbfounded, John had to snap himself out of the trance he had found himself in. He realized Emily had called out to him so that he would be able to keep the elevator door open. He reached to hold the sliding door but found some resistance as the door slowly continued to try and close itself. Emily rushed towards the doors to try and make it in at the last second. In one last leap, she made her way in the elevator.

Well, at least her breasts had. The doors had closed on Emily's breasts. In one last attempt to close, they slightly squeezed Emily's bosom between the doors. Emily looked down at her chest realizing her situation and then up to John. She smiled and gave a soft greeting.

"Hi."

"Hi." John said back

After witnessing what had just happened John was at a loss for words. The only thing he could think of to say next was.

"How are you?"

There was a short moment of silence that felt forever to John since he realized he had said just about the dumbest thing anyone could ever say in a situation like this. But to be fair, this wasn't your normal everyday situation. He had never been in a situation like this. Emily took no offense but simply replied.

"Uhh... stuck."

"Oh... want some help?"

"Yeah," Emily replied, "Could you try pressing the button on the side over there?"

John took a step toward the panel and pressed a button. Emily let out a small sound. John looked and realized the doors had tried to close themselves once more which gave Emily's bust another slight squeeze.

"Wrong one," Emily said and looked up. She found John gazing at her bust being squeezed ever so slightly.

John realized he had been caught staring and quickly looked back at the panel of buttons. Trying to hide his now flustered face.

"Crap. I'm so sorry."

John then pressed the button next to the one he had originally pressed to open the doors. But to his and Emily's dismay, nothing happened. After pressing it a couple of more times, John looked back to Emily.

"What?" Emily asked, looking towards John.

"I think it's stuck. I think... we're BOTH... stuck."

Emily processed the words John said and began to blush herself. She looked down at her bust caught between the two doors once more and then back to John again. Who she caught staring at her bosom a second time.

"Could you... not look?" Emily said flustered.

John realized his moment of weakness again and apologized.

"Sorry... It's just that... You were... Sorry..."

He looked away for a moment but turned to her once more. This time being sure to focus on her face.

"Let's try moving the doors ourselves."

Emily nodded in agreement and used her hands from the outside of the elevator to pry it open while John worked from the inside.

"On three. Ready? One. Two. Three!"

The two of them put all their effort towards opening the doors but didn't feel them budge at all. After giving it a couple of more tries, John and Emily quit after a while, having exhausted themselves. John slumped down towards the floor to recover. He looked towards the gap between the doors under Emily's trapped bust and thought maybe he could work his way through to go get help but realized he was much bigger than the opening. Plus, he was pretty sure Emily would object to the idea of letting him slide beneath her. John looked up to Emily and her bust once more. He saw her still trying to catch her breath. He couldn't help but look at her chest once more. Their little workout had actually caused Emily to break a sweat. John saw little droplets of sweat had developed on Emily's face as well as her chest. Across her purple sweater, small little sweat spots had formed. John then got an idea.

"Hey... Emily, right?"

"Yeah."

"What if we tried sliding you out?"

"Hmm?"

"Like, what if we used soap or something slippery to make it easier?"

"On my chest?"

"Well... I mean yeah. Seeing as how that is what is stuck."

"I see. I'm pretty sure I brought my water bottle from home. Let me check." Emily looked away from John and searched her bag. "Got it."

She returned her gaze towards John and then realized what she had just agreed to. She paused for a moment looking at John.

"Hey... John, right?"

"Yup."

"John, could you not look?"

Dumbfounded, John asked "Why?"

"Well, I'm about to pour this water on my breasts and I'm not really one to be giving a free show."

"Oh.... OH! Got it. Sorry, I'll just turn around then."

"Thanks."

John turned around to give Emily some privacy. With his back turned, he heard Emily handling the bottle. After a moment of bottle clanking sounds and no water, Emily called out to him.

"John."

"Yeah?"

"Could you... turn around again and do me a favor?"

John turned to Emily holding the bottle of water overhead.

"Could you pour this on me?"

"What?!" This had thrown him completely off.

"It's just that, I can't really get a good angle from this side. And since you're in there..." John went and grabbed the bottle but Emily still held it with a slight grip. "Just don't make it weird. Like I said, it's not like I'm trying to give you a show or anything."

"Of course. Just a simple favor."

Emily released the bottle into John's hands.

"Cool bottle by the way," John observed the bottle now that it was in his hands, "Looks like something out of a cool science lab."

"Thanks. It was a gift from my sister. She got it from her work. We totally match when we drink water now."

"Neat. Alright, I'll go ahead and close my eyes."

"Thanks."

John cracked open the bottle and positioned it above where he believed Emily's breasts to be.

"Right here?"

"Yeah. Just move it slightly to the left and right. So that I'm completely covered."

As John began to pour, Emily let out a chilled brrr.

"You okay?"

"Yeah, it's just that the water's pretty cold. I forget how cool I like my water. Just feels especially cold."

"You and I both," John replied.

Emily smirked in agreement.

Eyes remaining closed, John finished emptying the bottle.

"Good?"

"Yup. Let me try getting out now."

John listened as Emily tried to free herself. He couldn't help but vividly imagine the scene that was happening before him.

A busty woman stuck in an elevator, trying to set her boobs free that had miraculously gotten stuck in the most inconvenient of places. Breasts doused in water trying to squeeze back through an opening just too small for them. John's imagination was about to run wild.

"Crap. I'm still stuck."

John opened his eyes out of instinct.

Before him stood something more amazing his imagination could ever hope to create. Emily stood before him completely soaked in water. Her purple sweater, now a darker tone of violet as now every inch was soaked with water. The water caused her sweater to cling to her skin, enhancing her bosom to the maximum. The chill from the water had its effect too as John was now able to see Emily's nipples jutting out ever so slightly from under her sweater. It was clear to John how generous Emily's genetics were to her. Any hope of guessing her size was bound to be wrong as John imagined no matter his guess, she was larger than that. Emily's bust truly was a sight to behold at this moment. Emily brought John back to reality.

"Hey! I told you not to look!"

"Sorry! I-"

"No free shows, remember?!"

"I can't help it! Sorry!"

"Could you at least say sorry to me and not my boobs?!"

John quickly looked up to her face and found her staring back at him.

"Sorry," he said once more, this time to her face.

Emily's face turned into a slight smile.

"I guess guys really can't help it."

"Huh?"

"You suddenly see a pair of big boobs soaked with water and can't help but stare."

John was silent.

"Well... At least I know they work," Emily said to herself, "I've still got it. You guys really don't get bored looking at them do you?"

"No..." John quietly admitted on behalf of all men.

"I knew it. Guess today's your lucky day, am I right?"

John didn't dare to answer.

"Am I right?"

"Huh?" John replied.

"Don't act confused. I know you've stolen some glances. Ever since I started, I've noticed you looking my way. Don't think I didn't notice. I know I've got some assets," Emily said with a smirk.

John knew the jig was up. He was sure he had gotten away with his quick peeks at Emily the past couple of days.

"You're just lucky I think you're good looking yourself. Don't think you're the only one stealing some quick peeks."

Emily's tone had a friendly vibe to it and John perked up.

"But that's besides the point. I'm still stuck. Maybe it's my bra. Might be getting caught on the doors."

"Well if that's the case, why not... take it off?" John asked carefully.

"There's no clasp on the back for me to undo. It's a custom one designed for me and other girls of my size. Kinda like a sports bra. It really helps me throughout the day with carrying these around," Emily motioned to her breasts which were still soaked, "And I'm not trying to go topless commando out here. So you think you could take a look under... and possibly give me a push?"

John's eyes lit up immediately.

"Just don't make it weird. Looking is one thing, touching on the other hand... Any funny business and I'll-"

"You have my word," John reassured Emily, "No funny business here. Cross my... chest."

"Really?" Emily looked towards John with a face of defeat after his pun.

"Sorry, I couldn't help it."

Getting down to his knee, John was face to face with the underside of Emily's bosom. From this angle he could have sworn Emily's bust appeared even bigger than a couple of minutes ago. Each breast loomed overhead soaked from the water. John desired to remain at this angle for a while longer but he needed to help Emily out. Despite Emily's sweater being in the way he saw no signs indicating something was getting caught in the doors, nothing besides....

"Well?"

"I'm not seeing anything. I think you're genuinely stuck cause you're... too big."

"Too big!?" It was as if hearing the words sent tingles throughout Emily's chest. "You're telling me my boobs are too big to fit back through this gap?"

"Yup," John replied honestly, "I'll give you a push now."

"Wait..."

John paused but Emily continued.

"Nevermind. No funny business, got it? You're only pushing."

John nodded. He raised his hands towards her chest. Each one making contact with each of her breasts.

John's mind went wild. A while ago he was about to start his work week at his mundane job. Now, here he was putting his hands on the chest of his cute coworker. His hands were now pushing into Emily's chest. He tried pushing each breast back through the opening but found it to be useless. Each boob just got in the way of the other. Whether trying one at a time or both at the same time, there was just too much breast to push back through. The only words that echoed in his mind were 'TOO BIG'. Giving it one last push, John felt a new sensation. It was as if Emily's boobs were beginning to push back.

"John..." Emily interrupted, "I think I felt something."

"Good, are you loosening up?"

"No. With that last push I felt the opposite."

"What?"

"It was like it tightened."

John lowered his arms and looked down at her breasts.

Something had changed for sure. At first, John had his doubts as he was sure it was just the doors pressing her boobs that made them seem big. But this time he was sure Emily's chest

was bigger. He had been in here long enough to remember the size of her chest. But what surprised him most was the absence of water on her chest now. He had been caught up trying to push her breasts through the gap that he hadn't noticed she had dried up. He focused on her chest for a moment and then asked.

"Emily, how big are you?"

"What!? You're not getting any ideas are you?"

"Would you say you're about watermelon-sized?"

Emily was shocked but flattered.

"John, I'm pretty big but not huge. I'd say more like regular melon sized. But can we not compare my boobs to fruit right now?"

"Sorry. I didn't mean it like that. It's just what came to mind. I'm not really sure how bra sizing works. Are you sure you're about there?" John continued to focus on her chest.

"Yes, why? Emily replied, still not catching on. Just as John was about to answer, he saw it. He witnessed Emily's chest move slightly.

"John..." Emily called to him trying to get him to make eye contact with her.

"Cause I'm pretty sure you've gone up."

"What?!"

Just as Emily replied, she felt that same tingle from before. John looked down at her chest once more and confirmed his beliefs. Emily's breasts were now growing at a noticeable rate. Her purple sweater covered boobs were starting to make their way into the elevator with John. Her sweater began to stretch as it was forced to accommodate Emily's developing assets. Her sweater was beginning to struggle to cover Emily's torso.

"You're growing Emily!"

"I'm growing?" Emily couldn't believe the words coming from John's mouth. From where she stood everything still looked relatively normal. "What do you mean I'm growing? You mean to tell me my boobs are getting bigger?"

"Yes! I can see you filling out your sweater!" John said back.

Feeling another tingle in her chest and some slight movement she knew she had to take John's word.

"Oh God! I am growing! I am getting bigger! I can feel it now! But I'm still stuck! John please try pushing again! I gotta get out!"

Wasting no time, John placed his hands on her chest once more. His hands covered less area than his last attempt. He started pushing once again but found it even harder. As he pushed into her chest, her bosom pushed back. Her sweater began to fill out. Now containing breasts the size of award-winning watermelons, Emily's sweater was at its end. Small rips began to appear in her sweater; they ripped loud enough for Emily to hear from the outside.

"Oh God, is that my sweater?! Am I really getting too big for my sweater?!"

John could only nod his head in confirmation. The sight before him was amazing and left him speechless. Emily's tits were becoming bigger and her sweater was only a small obstacle for them. More tears began to develop and through these tears, John was able to see Emily's breasts themselves. Emily's black lace bra broke through as well. Although it was holding up better than her sweater, there was no telling how long her bra would be able to hold on if she continued to grow.

"John, what's going on!? Why is this happening to me!?"

John was at a loss for words; he was just as confused as Emily was.

"Your sweater, I think-"

Emily's boobs continued pushing, testing the limits of her sweater. More tears developed with bulging skin. Her sweater had met its match.

"My sweater's gonna rip!" Emily finished.

And just like that, Emily's breasts ripped through what remained of her sweater. Her boobs had freed themselves from the confines of her sweater. In a glorious display of skin, her breasts rested in her bra, overflowing their cups. Her bra, now strained by Emily's new size, began to have difficulties.

"Oh God, I'm huge!"

"Holy Crap, you are!"

John was witnessing something he could only ever imagine could happen in his wildest dreams. Emily's breasts stood before him having since passed the size of any normal-sized fruit. By John's estimates, Emily's size was now near the size of beach balls.

"I think it's the water!" John called out to Emily.

"What!?"

"I think the water is what caused you to grow. When I poured it on you, you were completely soaked. But after trying to push you out, you dried up. Or at least I thought you did. But I think your boobs soaked it up!"

John looked down at the bottle he left on the ground and picked it up. He gave it back to Emily so that she could examine it. She gave it a look and came to a horrifying conclusion.

"Oh no..."

"What?"

"This is my sister's bottle... and her formula..."

"Formula?"

"Yeah, she's a botanist. She's been working on a project to make plants grow. And I mean REALLY grow. The samples she's brought back home have been crazy. She made a grape grow to the size of a BASEBALL! She's been growing all sorts of things and getting massive results. I must have grabbed the wrong bottle on my way out! And you poured it all over me!

"Then we should be fine right? Those are some crazy results but you couldn't grow much bigger now, could you?"

"She only used drops at a time... Over the course of a few days!" Emily revealed to John, "You covered me in that stuff and I soaked it all up! I'm gonna- Oooo..."

It was as if Emily's breasts had been listening. They started up once more and continued their growth.

"I'm gonna be MASSIVE!" Emily finished.

Her breasts surged forward. Still cupped by her bra, her two mounds were overflowing her custom made bra. Flesh crept over the cups but continued to push her bra as well.

"Oooo... John. I'm too big now! I'm too big for my bra!"

John looked at Emily's breasts contained by her special bra. The manufacturer made one hell of a bra, able to contain breasts of all sizes. However, the bra hadn't been designed for continuous growth.

"It's too tight! John, it's too tight! It's gonna burst open! My bra can't handle it!"

Strained and overloaded, Emily's bra met the same fate as her sweater. In one more swell of growth, Emily's bra snapped open. Black lace cups that had been overstretched now hung loosely on each side of Emily's boobs. Now only able to cover just a fraction of her breasts.

Emily's breasts hung loosely in all their glory between her and John. Free of any clothing John was now able to see Emily's true size. He noticed her nipples had increased in size as well.

"Hey don't look!" Emily shouted. But John having a quick glance was the least of her worries. With no restrictions now Emily's breasts continued to work their way into the elevator. John now had to take a step back to not get in the way of Emily. The elevator was big enough to hold several people but Emily's breasts were now taking up space for about two people.

Her nipples, now erect, pointed towards John. As if guiding Emily's breasts in the direction to grow. Behind them stretched Emily's areola covering an area far greater than a normal areola would. To top it off, Emily's veins had surfaced even more across her skin. Having to cover a greater area, it was as if her veins were working overtime. Pulse by pulse, Emily's breasts continued to heave making their way further into the elevator. Her continued growth caused John to retreat to the opposite wall.

"Holy shit!"

"John! It's not stopping! I'm only getting bigger! Call for help please! Press the emergency button!"

John looked towards the panel but saw no emergency button, only the higher floor numbers.

"I think you're blocking the button! I can't see it!"

"Please try and find it John! I can't move, try and reach for it!"

John reached over one of Emily's breasts to get to the panel. He managed to wedge his hand between her breast and the panel wall but could hardly move it around. As he continued to fumble around, he could feel Emily's growth beneath him. It was as if someone was inflating a giant yoga ball under him.

"It's no use I can't find any-"

John was interrupted by a surge of growth. The swell had thrown him away from the panel and back against the wall.

"Oooo John... Something's happening!"

Up against the wall, John could see what was happening. Emily's breasts had finally managed to grow towards all four walls. They had run out of space to grow horizontally and now looked in new directions to grow.

It was an out of world experience for John. As he stood with his back against the wall, he was able to feel Emily's growth right up against his body. Looking down he saw her breasts meet him at hip level. Her bosom pressed against him working its way up towards his chest and downward as well. Feeling her growing chest rub across his crotch made his mind run wild. It was a sensation he could only dream about. Lost in bliss, Emily had to call out to him one more time.

"John! Get out! Get out before I crush you with my boobs! They're getting way too big! I'm really starting to grow! I can feel all the walls and you up against my chest. It's going to get real tight in there! Please find a way out!"

John came back to reality. As much as he fantasized about being smothered by gargantuan tits, he knew he had to escape. Looking around for an exit, most of John's field of view was a sea of breast flesh. He could see Emily's face through the gap with a look of concern and discomfort. Looking up John saw nothing but tiles and lighting fixtures, no exit was in sight.

"I don't see a way out! Only tiles and lights!"

"There's gotta be something! Like a top hatch or door! Anything! Maybe it's hidden behind the tiles? Please find something or else I'm gonna crush you for sure!"

Out of options, John knew he would have to work his way up.

"I'm going to have to climb. I gotta get on top of you, alright?"

"Yes! Just go already! I think I filled up half the elevator already! I can feel the floor now!"

John hadn't realized until now that Emily's breasts had managed to fully make their way downwards. Breast flesh now pressed across his body from the waist down. It crept its way up now as if in a race to get to the ceiling before John could.

John used the tops of Emily's breasts for leverage to get himself out, placing each of his hands on each tit. His hands sank in a little but he could feel her breasts pushing back against his hands.

"Oooo... John, please be careful! It's like I can feel everything now! When you press, there's pressure!"

"Sorry! I didn't mean to!"

"No, it's fine... I'll just try to hold on... Just please be careful and get out!"

Giving it one more go John placed his hands on top and started pulling himself up. He nearly lost it as his crotch skimmed across Emily's breasts. He finally stood on top. Looking below, the elevator floor was nowhere to be seen. John only saw two oversized breasts mapped with a network of pulsing veins that seemed to throb even harder with a new found weight that had just been placed upon them. It was as if he was standing in an erotic bounce house.

"John hurry! I don't think my tits can take it for too long with you on them! Oooo, it's like they're gonna pop with you on them!"

Wasting no time John looked to the ceiling and started pounding on tiles. Each tile seemed stiff and refused to budge until he finally found one. He pushed it aside and to his luck he found a hatch. John gave it a push but it refused to budge. Giving it a couple more pushes yielded the same results.

"I found an exit! But it's stuck!" John shouted. Looking down he estimated the sea of breast had risen by about a foot.

"Please give it everything you got John! I don't know how much longer you have! My boobs are gonna keep growing! I'm gonna fill this elevator with you in it! Hurry! I can really feel the pressure rising!"

With only a couple of more feet left, John had one more idea. John laid on his back on top of Emily's gargantuan breasts. This erotic bounce house had now become an erotic mattress in John's mind. With his feet and legs in the air, he positioned them up towards the hatch. Riding the swell of growth, John waited until his feet met the hatch. Giving the hatch one great kick with both of his feet had done the trick. The hatch flung open revealing his escape route.

"It's open!" John yelled to Emily, but she was nowhere to be seen. Her breasts had finally managed to block each other's lines of sight. Not hesitating any longer, John climbed through

the hatch and onto the elevator. Looking around he saw a service ladder and started making his way to the next floor. As he climbed, he could hear a constant groaning throughout the shaft. Massive growing breasts confined in a metal box below him caused the metal to groan and echo throughout the shaft. By now, John was certain that Emily's boobs nearly filled the entire elevator.

Finally, he made it to the doors of the next floor above. Looking around he found a release lever and pulled. The doors released open and provided John a ledge from which he could pull himself upon.

"Finally, now to get to Emily."

John ran towards the staircase which was right around the corner. He had no idea what to expect as he ran down stairs. He thought to himself how he could even help in a situation like this. Running down the stairs, Emily called out to him.

"John! Hurry, I've filled the elevator! I think I'm about to-"

BANG!

"AHHH!"

John heard the loud scream and feared the worst.

"Shit! Emily!" He called out just as he reached the door of the lobby floor. He flung the door open. "Emily are you alright!?"

To his relief, he found Emily still standing before the elevator and her overgrown bosom that now filled the entire elevator.

"OH JOHN! YOU MADE IT! I THOUGHT I CRUSHED YOU FOR SURE! I COULDN'T TELL ANYMORE! THERE'S PRESSURE ALL AROUND MY BOOBS IN THERE AND I COULDN'T FEEL YOU ANYMORE! AND THEN THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPENED FROM ALL THE PRESSURE OF MY BOOBS! AND IT SCARED ME FOR A SECOND! I THOUGHT I POPPED! I THOUGHT I REACHED MY LIMIT! Oooo..." Emily interrupted herself, "But I still haven't! I'm still growing! My boobs still want to keep growing but there's no more room in there! Help me please!"

John looked to the elevator filled with breasts. Emily's breasts had filled the elevator from top to bottom. John could see the wall of breast covered in dark blue veins pulsing to its absolute limit. Emily was more breast than woman.

"John, get me out! I'm gonna EXPLODE!"

John did the only thing he could. He grabbed Emily from behind and began pulling. But he already knew this was a lost cause. The elevator doors were now open but getting Emily out of the elevator was an impossible task. There was just no way to free her tits that wedged themselves in the elevator after filling every cubic inch available.

Despite this, John continued to pull in hopes of a miracle. Amid his efforts he noticed they had managed to take a couple of steps back from the elevator.

"Emily! I think it's working!"

"That's not me coming out John, that's me GROWING out! I'm still fully stuck!"

Emily was right, her breasts had nowhere else to grow but back towards them. Breast flesh was growing out of the elevator and into the lobby. The elevator itself chimed for mercy. Above John and Emily, it displayed its warning message frantically as if it was a cry for help.

"MAXIMUM CAPACITY! PLEASE EXIT!"

"MAXIMUM CAPACITY! PLEASE EXIT!"

"MAXIMUM CAPACITY! PLEASE EXIT!"

"Oooo, John this is it! There's no more room, my tits can't take it anymore! I'M TOO BIG, I'M TOO BIG!"

John continued pulling Emily from behind when he suddenly heard a sound as if something had fallen to the floor. He looked down and saw a vial that was similar in style to Emily's bottle. It seemed to have fallen from Emily's bag.

The vial was labeled: NEUTRALIZER ;)

"Emily look! I think it fell from your bag!"

John picked it up and showed Emily.

"What?" She stared at it for a second, "That looks like one of my sister's vials! How did that get in?"

"Do you think it can help?"

"I don't know but I'm out of options John! Only one way to find out..."

Emily motioned to John for the vial. John quickly opened the vial and gave it to her. Without any delay, Emily downed the contents of the vial. Within seconds Emily felt a tingling sensation down her throat through her stomach and into her breasts. She wasn't so sure if it had worked.

"Oooo John somethings happening! My breasts I think they're gonna..."

The contents of the vial kicked in. The network of veins that spanned across Emily's breasts appeared to react to the contents of the vial. They pulsed in reaction to the new stimuli in Emily's system.

"OH God! John!"

The groaning from the elevator sounded throughout the lobby. The elevator was at its end.

"I'M GONNA POP!"

"I'M GONNA POP!"

"I'M GONNA BLOW!"

"I'M GONNA BLOW!"

"I'M GONNA- AAHHHHH!"

John closed his eyes in fear of the worst.

"I'm gonna... be alright!"

John peeked open and was relieved to find Emily still standing before him.

"Oh God! That feels good! I feel like a built up pressure finally released. I'm not feeling any more growth!"

"So... you're alright...?" John asked since there was still a wall of breast that stood before Emily.

"Yeah, I think so... I mean I'm still stuck. My boobs are still cramped in there. But I'm not feeling any more growth, I'm sure of it. I think they might have shrunk but only a bit."

"Good!" John let out a huge sigh of relief, "Good... So... what now? How do we go about getting you out? We should try something before everyone else shows up for work."

"Oh... they're not coming in today. Actually, no one's coming in today."

"Huh?"

"Yeah, it's a holiday today."

"Really? Damn... you're right, it totally is."

"Yeah. That's why I was rushing to get to you to tell you. So... there you go!"

Emily and John both chuckled a bit.

"Thanks... Wait... Then, how did you know that I would come in today?"

"Oh... Just a lucky guess I suppose..."

Emily had that same friendly tone from earlier, this time with a slight tease.

"Sooo... We have this lobby all to ourselves... aaand I'm still stuck. But I think if we could 'relieve' some more pressure I could probably get free... If you know what I mean..."

"Oh... OH!" John met Emily's eyes that had a certain look. Maybe, just maybe, Mondays aren't so bad after all.