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<The Wish>

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## Chapter Four

I was very pleased with myself and my newfound powers, I buttoned up and now with Chris out the back, I just had to work a few hours before closing time. The times suited me, and I got paid a fair chunk in commissions. I'd always wondered if it was because I knew my stuff about computers or if it was because I was a girl.

The girl part certainly seemed to break most of the men's guards and when I started to talk about CPUs, PCUs and GPUs, I could see their eyes light up.

The door opened and I had my first customer. There were plenty of models on display and lots of parts on shelves for the customer to see but the main reason most people came in here was to look for advice on being sold a part. I was quite honest when it came to selling because I wanted the repeat customers to continue to make that great commission. I was even very up front about the fact I got a commission; it felt wrong not saying that to them,

despite the fact that Chris urged me against it all the time.

The guy in question was someone who had been coming to the shop for a long time. I've been working here for 4 years, and I can say that I've seen him probably at least once a month for the last 3 years.

His name was Ben, he owned an internet café down the road, part of the business has now branched out into having gaming machines available for customers to play for time slots, the shop was near a school so it did get a lot of attention from the teens in the area wanting to play games with their friends.

Ben was very good looking, he was always smartly dressed and today was no exception, his longish black hair was thrown back today and he looked pensive today, it was the second time he had come in this month, he had been talking about getting more computers for the café, even upgrading some of the older machines.

He walked right over to the display cases of graphic cards and got distracted by the brightly lit up RGB keyboards and mice.

"This one looks new." He murmured, just loud enough for me to hear and respond to him.

"Ah yes, Chris put them out on Monday, new range." I paused and saw his eyes rise up to meet mine. "Like them?"

His eyes didn't make it to my eyes initially, he got stuck on the two speed bumps during the journey. He was a respectful man, so he didn't linger like Chris did, his eyes finally met mine and I saw his cheeks turn a bit red as a

result.

“Y-yeah!” he practically spat out.

“The Melon Duo” I said softly, more awkward than sultry. “That’s what we call them...”

His eyes went wide, and his face grew redder. His eyes looked at my chest once more and then back to the keyboard and mouse.

“Because... They’re green and pink...” It finally clicked in his brain.

“Yeah, exactly!” I said excitedly, bouncing on the spot, testing the limits of my top by accident. After the first bounce I realised the mistake I had made and stopped, thankfully short of busting out of my top.

Ben however did notice my jiggly display. “I’ll take a set.”

He hadn’t even listened to the sales pitch I had for him. Is this because of...

I picked up a set, squishing it to my chest inadvertently, making my chest bulge was a strange sensation, but not an unwelcome one.

“Great. Was that all you were here for today?” I flashed him a big smile.

“Yes...” His eyes screamed no, but I could see that he was walking a bit funny. He shook his head, as if snapping out of a daze. “Actually, I was here for some parts, one of the machines got some drink spilled on it.”

“Oh bummer, that’s not good. Well, what do you need?”

Ben’s brain was already at max processing power now, he usually was concise and knew exactly what he needed, however this time he replied

“Actually... Maybe just a new machine...”

I led him over to the displays that were running their demos. Pointing out the various different specifications on each machine along with their price point.

“And... Do you have the same commission on each machine?”

What a strange question...

“Well... I get the same percentage on all of them except this one, this one because it is new, I get an extra 6%... But that one is-”

“I’ll get three.”

I gasped.

“Ben, that one is quite expensive and very much overkill for what you use it for, this is not re-”.

“I’ve made my mind up, I’m expanding my business, you can treat yourself this weekend, a win is a win right?”

Did he just buy three machines to replace his broken one just to get me more money...

“Well... That is very kind, you certainly don’t need to-”

“I won’t have another word against me buying them.”

He was so adamant that he wanted them... He even interrupted me...

His gaze was struggling not to glance at my top and I now saw why, the button in the middle of my bust had popped off entirely, the small boob window was now more like a door, my cleavage was packed firmly together and it was bulging through the hole in the top.

Shit!

I put down his peripherals and turned to button them up quickly, but it was no use, for some reason it felt like they were never going to get back in there. Probably because I was flustered and fussing.

“Everything okay?” He asked kindly.

“Yeah... Just... sorry...” I turned around; the button still popped open. “Wardrobe malfunction...” I plainly admitted, it obviously invited his gaze back to my boobs.

He looked for a few seconds and in those moments, we both knew that he was staring, almost with permission. I felt a sensation that I had never felt.

“Sorry, it’s terribly unprofessional.”

“No, it happens, don’t worry about it Kim.” He smiled, his cheeks burning red.

There was an awkward pause before I took him to pay. I even asked if he was sure about the thousands he was about to spend and he happily agreed to it. I gave him an enthusiastic wave as he left, he was going to come back to get the machines tomorrow morning.

I couldn’t believe how he was eating out of my hand when I didn’t even want that.

The rest of the shift followed a similar pattern, I found that unbuttoning the top button allowed me to button the one in the middle of my chest, it was showing much more boob than I was initially comfortable with but it made much more sense than showing the dead middle of my new tits to everyone who came in.

People came in, would get their eyes lost in my cleavage and then buy from me. At one point Chris came out to help with the queue that was forming but they didn't want to see him, they actually told lies about needing to see me because I had dealt with them before about this specific issue.

Work flew by, the fastest shift I had ever done and certainly the most profitable for me. Somewhere along the day I had lost another button, the shirt was not holding up very well, looking down at my boobs I was shocked to see just how big they looked propped up in this tight top.

This... This is incredible...

I submitted my sales to Chris before leaving, he didn't see the paper, he was lost in my cleavage too.

"Have a good night Chris, see you in a few days." I strut out the door, my boobs jiggling with such force that I was worried I might actually bust another button.

As I crossed through the doorway I faintly heard Chris yell "YOU SOLD HOW MUCH???"

I didn't sell anything...

I looked down at my chest.

These did...

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