

Expanding Desire Parts 1-3

The downtown mall was alive and bustling with a Saturday crowd. A movie had just concluded at the theater and patrons could be overheard talking about the end of The Terminator as they processed back into the real world. In the distance came the distinct scent of light and buttery pretzels as the kiosk saturated the air with its baked goods.

Amy and Margaret were among the many enjoying one of the salty delights. There were few things the two friends enjoyed more than browsing the mall on a Saturday, taking in the sales, and spending most of the time chatting and people-watching.

Between pretzel bites, Margaret asked, “You think Mr. Hoolridge is going to make us take the test on Monday?”

“He better not! I barely understood Friday’s homework. Plus he *said* we could have an extra study period in class.”

“He’s said a lot of things...” Margaret sighed and felt anxiety gnaw at her stomach. She couldn’t handle another failed math test. “Maybe we should get together and study tomorrow.”

Amy delivered a look of horror. “On a Sunday? *No way!! I’m not--*”

“I bet we could get Kelly and Joe to join~! Maybe Kelly and I would go grab food halfway through... Leave you and Joe *all alone to study...*”

Redness peppered Amy’s face at the insinuation. “D-Don’t make promises you can’t keep.”

“Oh I keep my promises.” Margaret nudged her friend with an elbow. “You could even wear the cute little skirt you just bought. Shows an *awful* lot of thigh for a study party... Joe might not be able to concentrate with you--”

“*GRAB HIM!!!*”

“*SOMEBODY STOP THAT GUY!!*”

“*AHHH WHAT’S HAPPENING TO MEEEE?!*”

“*MMMNGHHH!!!!*”

Chaos erupted down the expansive corridor. Shaken from their conversation, Amy and Margaret looked up to see a throng of people blocking the hall. An odd symphony of confusion and shouting came from the other side. Most perplexing were the deep, sexual groans bouncing off the mall’s ornate stone walls.

They reached the back of the crowd and Margaret stood on her tip-toes. “The hell...? Did some guy rob a store?”

Amy stood behind her. “See anything? What’s all the--”

Panic moved through the crowd in a wave. Something was heading toward them.

“*You think that’s the worst of it?! I’ve only been having fun up until now!!*”

“*HOLD IT!!*”

A devious laugh came between the gasps of someone out of breath. “*Why don’t we see what this baby can do at FULL POWER!!*”

People started to scream and the crowd parted as if by an invisible hand. From the chaos emerged a crazed man, sprinting and stumbling as two female security guards gave chase. One of them wore a surprisingly revealing uniform given her voluptuous frame and she looked to be out of breath. In the man's flailing hand was something resembling a toy ray gun made of pink plastic.

"Holy shit!" Margaret scrambled to move as he barreled out of the crowd. *"Amy we need to--"*

In her wake was Amy, left defenseless with a piece of pretzel sticking out of her mouth. *"Huh?"*

KZZAP!!

Swinging in a wide arc just as the security guards tackled the man, the ray gun ignited in a flash of pink. A bubblegum-colored beam shot like lightning to strike Amy square in the torso and elicit a surprised squeak as her arms shoot up to protect herself.

THUD!

The chase ended with them scrambling on the floor and the mall erupting into chaos. The device skidded across the tiled floor and out of reach.

"Mnghph!! Get off of me!!!" the man yelled under the two uniformed women. *"Get OFF!!!"*

"I'll hold him!! Get the cuffs!!" The curvy one pressed her full weight onto his back. Several buttons exploded from her shirt as flesh bulged against the back of his head. *"You got some nerve. This was my favorite bra."*

"Someone call the cops!!"

Margaret had her friend by the shoulders within seconds. *"Amy?? Amy, are you alright?? What was that?! Are you hurt?! Amy??"*

"I..." Amy gulped and held her hands where the beam of light had struck her. Warmth was spreading through her body. Beneath her diminutive B-cup bra, she could feel her nipples flaring with sudden desire. *"I-I don't..."*

"MMMGGH!!!!!"

"Aahhh!! Oohhhhh my Good!!!"

Screams of ecstasy pelted her ears. Amy looked up as her heart started to race and a familiar, intimate sensation sparked between her thighs. Moisture was soaking through her panties with enough volume to worry her about the modesty of her jeans.

Nearly a dozen women were struggling down the mall's corridor. Some wrestled with blouses overflowing with monstrous breasts. Others had curves bloated beyond what should have been physically possible. Exposed skin and nudity heaved and jiggled around them as they moaned in orgasmic pleasure between the mountain ranges of their tits and ass. Some bigger than a van and completely lost within their own mass.

Margaret followed her eyes and stared with rising confusion. *"W-What the hell did this guy do to them...?! Come on! We need to get out of here! Amy?!"*

The rushing storm of people faded away. All Amy could see were the women squirming in unbridled pleasure at their ballooned frames. Worrisome heat was building in her gut. Sweat ran between her cleavage. Her underwear felt heavy with her sudden arousal.

“M...M-Margaret...” Amy whispered, suddenly feeling out of breath. Sensitivity and arousal were crashing over her mind. “I... I-I feel...kind of...” She trembled and bit her lip as her thighs rubbed together. She groped a breast. Goosebumps broke out across her skin. “Good...”

Aghast as her friend started fondling herself, Margaret insisted, “What are you talking about?! Amy, we need to go!! Do you see those--”

STRRRRTCH

“MMMM!!! O-Ohhhhh God!!!”

It struck her like a boxer’s punch. What felt like dense, warm mass suddenly pushed outward inside her curves. Amy’s jeans, once loose, pulled into a layer of skin-tight denim taut enough to prevent her legs from moving. Cleavage surged into her groping hands from two breasts leaping into her bra like wild animals. Margaret almost fell back when her friend’s bust expanded into supple cami-stretching melons within seconds.

STRRRRTCH!!

“Ahh! Marga-- MNGH!!! M-Margaret...!” Amy’s words came out in half-baked English. Steam left her lips as she gasped and allowed her hands to travel and squeeze. “My body... It feels like it’s...”

STRRRRTCH!!

“AMY YOU’RE BLOWING UP!!” Margaret shouted, standing back as flesh widened her friend’s figure.

“I... MM!! I can feel...e-every stitch rubbing against me!! Every...seam!! I’ve...” Amy’s eyes glazed over and a hand slipped between her legs to cup a pussy swelling against her jeans. “I’ve never felt so fucking good... My own clothes...feel like they’re...fondling me!”

Skin heaped around the waistband of her jeans. The distinct outline of her bra pushed into her cami, forced far beyond its capacity by two pumpkin-sized globes.

Clatter!!

Margaret’s foot struck something. Looking down, she saw the ray gun by her shoe. Trepidation made her heart race when she picked it up to see a logo stamped across the side: *IncrediBust Curve Enhancer*. A dial had been turned to the maximum power setting. Margaret would have been lying if part of her anxiety wasn’t due to a rush of excitement.

“Oh no...”

STRRRRR--BOOM!!

“AUGH!! Fffffuuuuck!!!!” Amy shrieked when the back of her jeans exploded against her ass. Larger than her breasts, it was the only thing balancing her body to keep her upright as blushing cheeks emerged from the denim prison.

BOOM!!

“Ah!! AAMMNH!!! Mar...garet!!” A tear shot down her thigh. Amy’s shirt might have been stretchy enough to contain her beach ball knockers, but her jeans couldn’t stand to put up such a fight as her bottom limbs came to resemble tree trunks.

Even worse, her growth was accelerating at an alarming rate.

STRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“More!! PLEASE MORE!!! Even the air...FEEL INCREDIBLE!!” Amy’s hands began tearing at her shirt. Quaking boob flesh squeezed around her straps and out across her stomach. Waves of thick, glistening nectar fell from her crotch as her pussy forced its way through the widening holes of her jeans. What was left of her modest pink cotton panties had dwindled to only a sliver of fabric flossing its way between her sopping lips and ass.

The security guards looked on as they restrained the man. “Fuck he got her good.”

“What’s happening to her?!” Margaret demanded.

The curvy guard fumed. “Maniac stole a growth ray from the IncrediBust boutique and went on a tour of the mall!” She looked around, her shirt hanging open against waist-concealing breasts. *“Where did that damn thing go anywa--”*

STRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“AAAAHHH!!! HAAH!!! MMNGAAHHHHH YEEESS!!!!”

SHRRRIIP!!!

Amy fell to her knees when her clothes exploded and flesh poured in all directions. Hardly recognizable as she gasped and squirmed between two pairs of couch-sized mounds, she screamed in ultimate pleasure. A puddle of fluid spread around her knees and drool fell from her panting lips.

“BIGGER!!! FUCK THIS IS BETTER THAN...” Amy had to think as her mind started blanking more and more. *“It’s... I can... GOD!!! THIS TILE IS FREEZING!!”*

Margaret had to back up before the rising wall of flesh knocked her over. Her eyes couldn’t keep up with Amy’s transformation. Whether it was her billowing ass creeping across the floor, her legs spreading themselves by their own intimidating girth, or the pair of tits rapidly bloating into a pair of blimps, she couldn’t keep her gaze on any single thing. Amy’s nipples alone could have plugged an open manhole.

“Amy?! Amy, you have to calm down!!! YOU’RE GETTING TOO BIG!!” Margaret yelled, cautious to touch her chest as she tried to get through to her friend. Losing sight of her as flesh rose and closed, she looked at the security guards. *“How big is she going to get?!”*

“It depends on--”

The man in custody giggled with a toothy grin. *“Huge.”*

STRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

“MMMMGHHH!!!!!! IT’S GONNA MAKE ME COME!!! I WANT TO COME!!!! I WANT TO FEEL EVERYTHING!!! SOMEBODY TOUCH ME!!! SQUEEZE MY NIPPLES!!! FUCK MEEE!!”

Amy was dwarfing the other women down the hall. Pale-faced, Margaret stared at her friend's form rising like an erotic blob from a cheap horror movie. Her nipples puffed into massive pink mountains and began to tremble. People raced around her as several benches and potted plants were shoved aside by her fleshy horizon.

All the while the man looked on with a satisfied grin.

STRRRRTCH!!!

"MMMMMMMGH!!!! MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!! I CAN'T...I CAN'T!! MORE!! GIVE ME MORE!!!"

Amy's voice was becoming more muffled as she was consumed. Sweaty flesh squeaked across the floor as the rapid growth caused her skin to jump and jolt against the friction. Large enough to fill a classroom, Margaret's heart raced to see Amy engorge like a balloon amid her pleased screams for more. Beneath her skirt, she felt her own lustful thoughts dampening her delicacies.

STTTTTTTTTRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

"HAAAHHH!! MMMNGGAAHHHHH!!! I... I-I'M GONNA-- MMPH!!!" Amy could yell no more. Although buried, it was obvious the girl was nearing a monumental orgasm strong enough to knock out a dozen women. *"MMMPH!!!!!"*

GUUUURRRRGLE

A warning sound came from her breasts.

GUUUUUUURGLE!!

Margaret and the remaining crowd saw Amy's trash can-sized nipples start to buck and heave. Her areolas plumped with growth before darkening and thrusting her crimson columns into the air.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRGLE!!!

Watching her breasts swell with sudden pressure to the point of rounding out and displaying veins, Margaret screamed, *"Hey!!! W-What's happening to--"*

STRRRRTCH!!

GUUUUUURRGLE!!!!!!

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMGH!!!!!!!" Amy's muffled bellow surged and her nipples flared into mighty monuments.

SPRRRRRRRSH!!!!!!

The gurgling came to a head as fluid rushed to her nipples. In a sudden, violent release of lust, milk sprayed from her pores to create a mist of dairy coating fifty meters of the corridor in front of her in a layer of white. Amy had fallen silent, the stimulation stealing her voice away as she tensed and writhed within her undulating cave of flesh.

SPLRRRTCH!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

The constant spray turned into spurts before leveling off into a gentle flow running down her slopes. Reaching her final size, Amy's curves came to a wobbling halt with hardly enough space for someone to maneuver around her bulk and continue down the corridor. Deep inside, Margaret could hear the squeaking gasps of a girl wracked with pleasure with a hand paralyzed between her thighs.

"Amy..." she stared, placing a hand on the flesh wall to make it jump. "*You're...*" Dryness coated her throat as she felt a twinge of desire beneath her skirt. "*You're incredible...*" "*Ha!!! Hahahaha!!! Look at her!!! She's--MPH!*"

One of the security guards silenced the man's crazy ramblings. "I'll hold him until the police get here." Motioning to her partner, she instructed, "You find that growth ray before someone else gets a hold of it! They're supposed to keep those things locked up!"

"On it."

Watching her escort the villain away, Margaret stayed close to Amy, not knowing what the immediate future would hold. Perhaps the boutique had a way to reverse the growth.

One thing she knew for sure: so long as she kept her back to the looming mound of tit, no one would see the outline of the growth ray nestled down the back of her skirt.



"*Where did you get the growth ray??*"

"I don't know."

"*Who gave it to you?!*"

"Like I said, *I don't know.*"

Thud!!

A woman in a suit slammed her hands on a metal table. "*You expect me to believe that?? You don't know where the stock in your own store came from??*"

The boutique manager shrugged. "Sorry..."

Denise narrowed her eyes and glanced at her partner, Kira. Frustration was mounting in IncrediBust's Department of Intellectual Protection and Recovery. Their boss was breathing down their neck over the last several weeks and the punk sitting in front of them wasn't helping.

Denise looked the young woman up and down. She couldn't have been a day over twenty-five. Bright red dye colored her pixie cut along with a streak of white. Torn jeans clung skin-tight to her crossed legs. On top she wore a faded concert tee featuring an 80s metal band beneath a baggy overcoat. For a girl her age, it was impressive she was running her own IncrediBust boutique out of the mall, though Denise found it odd that she had so little in the way of curves. The store manager was petite with nary a pair of B-cups to fill her top.

"Priscilla..." Kira started, leaning on the table to make eye contact. "We have it on good authority that someone gave you the growth ray to pass off to a buyer. I'm sure we don't need to

tell you it was a prototype. Not ready for consumer sale. I'm willing to bet they were offering you a pretty penny of the deal too, am I right?"

Pricilla glanced away and puffed a lock of red hair out of her face. She remained silent.

"We're trying to help you. Either you tell us which IncrediBust employee gave you the ray and who the buyer was supposed to be, or we find out on our own and you spend time in jail."

Casting a glare, Pricilla insisted, "I already told you, I don't--"

"Oh stop your bullshitting!" Denise jabbed a finger into the air. "While you're sitting here playing dumb, your buyer is running around wreaking havoc on women everywhere! You watch the news? Seen the disaster with the train in New York? All those women filling with milk? Or maybe you heard about Seattle and that freak downpour they had? We're still dealing with the property damage from that one. And they're *all* connected, and it's all because of your buyer. We're lucky someone robbed the store before your little deal could go through! Imagine what would have happened if that ray had fallen into the buyer's hands!"

"Doesn't help that we haven't even recovered the ray yet..." Kira grumbled. "Poor girl was a blimp for several hours. That kind of device could wreak havoc on the black market."

Pricilla shrugged and remained uninterested, her lips sealed. "Sounds like a corporate problem to me. Not my fault IncrediBust can't keep a lid on their own products before they're ready for market."

Both investigators groaned. They had been grilling her for hours with no answers. Glancing at each other, Denise motioned with her eyes. Kira nodded almost imperceptibly.

"Priscilla..." Denise began. A small smile cracked her lips as she stood and smoothed the front of her blouse, accentuating her ample company-gifted bust. "We couldn't help but notice you're fairly...er...*flat*, on top. Pretty odd for someone selling IncrediBust merchandise... In fact, our background check shows you don't actually own *any* IncrediBust products at all! Why is that?"

This caught Priscilla by surprise. Her cheeks turned a light pink and her posture faltered. A twitch in her arms signified an instinctive reaction to try and touch her diminutive bust. "Because I'm happy with myself! I don't need some product to give me giant tits! I like myself as I am!" Further color tinged her face as she grew defensive. She shifted uncomfortably in her chair while she became extremely aware of her chest and hips. They itched under the investigators' eyes and she very much wanted to grab them.

Kira nodded. Her arms crossed under her bust to hoist two melon-sized assets with pride. "Hmm, interesting. Yet you sell our enhancement products."

Strrrrrtch...

Tickling heat was assaulting Priscilla's curves. She thought she heard one of the holes in her jeans pop wider on her thigh. Beneath her t-shirt, her bralette shifted with constrictive force. The sudden lack of breath was making her nervous as the investigators bore down and questioned her bodily choices.

“W-Well yea! It’s not up to me what another woman decides to do with her body! If she wants--”

Strrrrrrtch

“*Nngh!*” Priscilla groaned, clenching her hands. Her panties were rubbing mercilessly against her crotch. Her bralette felt more like twine sinking into her ribcage. “*I-If she wants...to make herself bigger to be happy...t-then she’s free to do that... More power to her.*”

Denise and Kira exchanged quick glances, noticing Priscilla’s top stretching across her bust. The band’s logo was starting to deform and every breath only warped it further.

Strrrrrrtch!

A swelling sound made Priscilla tremble. Sweat beaded on her forehead as she fought to correct the discomfort blossoming under her clothes.

“Everything alright?” Denise asked.

“I-I’m fine...”

Kira hummed. “You’re looking a little flushed. We can get you on your way if you just answer our questions...”

“I... *Nngh...*” Priscilla had to catch her breath. Her nipples were on fire and her underwear was flossing its way between her nethers. “I already told you... I... *I-I don’t know anything.*”

“Shame...” Kira sighed. “Let’s turn it up until you do.” She motioned to a two-way mirror.

“Huh? Turn what--”

STRRRRTCH

SNAP!!!

“*Augh!!!*”

Confusion swamped Priscilla’s mind when immense pressure surged within her body. A force from her breasts pushed her into the chair’s back as they lurched forward and broke out of her bralette before slamming onto the table with heaving masses larger than her head. Around her hips, rips had turned into gaping holes allowing her pale thighs and cheeks to ooze into plain view. They revealed more skin than they covered at this point as her butt grew to overflow the sides of her seat.

STRRRRTCH

STRRRRRRTCH

Panic took hold when the growth didn’t stop. Grabbing the sides of her chest, Priscilla squeaked in fright as they billowed across the table. Fabric pulled taut around her watermelon-sized mammaries. Underboob escaped to rub against the cold metal and bring her nipples into rock-hard nubs.

“*W-What are you doing?! Stop!! STOP IT! I--*”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

“*MMGH!!!*” A moan quaked through her bust when her shirt’s hem sank several inches into her.

SHRIIIIP!!

A tear shot up the back of her ass. Her jeans had split down the middle. Wide eyes filled with shock watching her once petite frame bloated into a heaving hourglass.

“*THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!*”

Denise inspected a speck on her fingernail. “Testing a little interrogation device... It’s new. What do you think? Uses special hormonal wave emitters to stimulate real growth.” She flashed a smile at Kira.

“Even better, *the growth is permanent*,” she lied. Lifting her sleeve, she revealed a white band with a flashing light. “Handy bracelet blocks the effects though! Thank goodness; even *I* wouldn’t want a pair of udders as big as what you’re growing!”

SHRIIIIP

Color drained from Priscilla’s face as a tear opened down the middle of her shirt. “*I-I-I’m bigger than beach balls!! You fucking lunatics!!! Turn it off!!*” Her hands groped and massaged her breasts, trying to squish them back to their old size. Flesh only bulged over her hands, sinking over her wrists. “*I-I was fine being small!! I never wanted to look like--*”

STRRRRTCH!!!!

“*Ahhh!!*”

Priscilla trembled against her burgeoning mounds. Skin billowed in front of her in all directions. Her legs had begun pushing each other apart from the size of her own thighs. What remained of her jeans were only tattered seams sinking into her bulk.

“Any of this jogging your memory?” Denise asked.

“A *lot* of women got a *lot* bigger than this because of your buyer... Suuuure would be nice to get him off the streets, don’t you think?”

STRRRRRRTCH!!

CREEAAAAAK!

“*Mnngh!! I...don’t know anything!!*” Priscilla insisted. Her butt had grown twice as wide as the chair. Shifting her weight was a balancing challenge as her wobbling mass lifted her higher and higher by the second, cushioning her hips in a Jell-O-like cradle. Her nipples, although out of sight, felt as large as apples.

Denise clicked her tongue. “Shame... *Turn it up.*”

“*W-W-Wai--*”

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

CREEAAA--CRASH!!!!

Priscilla’s chair collapsed in a flurry of wooden debris. The fall would have hurt if not for the two-foot-thick layer of ass hitting the ground beneath her. Bare cheeks slapped against the tile with a sharp crack to leave them red and stinging. Even sitting on the ground, however,

Priscilla was horrified to see her breasts still resting easily on the table above her. They loomed as heaving mountains blocking the ceiling light. Everything was growing inches by the second.

“Oh shoot. Kira, we *really* need to get better chairs in here if we’re going to be using this thing more.”

“You’re insane!!! You’re both in--MMNGH!!!”

Priscilla gasped as her nipples flared. Every inch of her body was alive. Too alive. To move her legs meant massaging a pussy cradled deep within her flesh far too sensitive to be messed with. Even still, she rose to a shaking stance and leaned over her breasts for support as her legs threatened to push each other into the splits.

The size of her bust took her breath away. The table was nowhere to be seen. Only her breasts, spreading in all directions.

“Wow... Better hurry...” Denise chided, “Much longer and our truck won’t be able to take you home. Unless you want to be your own bed tonight.”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Priscilla’s eyes bulged as her rear grew large enough to brush against the ground behind her. *“A-Ahhh!!! OK OK OK OK!!!! JUST TURN IT OFF BEFORE I GET ANY BIGGER!!”*

Kira shook her head. “After you tell us.”

“Mmnggh!!! DAMMIT!!! I don’t know him!! I really don’t!!! All I know is that he was in contact with your employee to deliver the growth ray to me and--”

STRRRRRRTCH!!

CRCK!!

“AHH! AAHHHH!!! Ohhh GOD!!! Too biiiig!!!” Priscilla ground her teeth as an orgasm brought her inner thighs to drip with fluid. *“I don’t know either of them!! Honest!! It was just delivered to my house after we emailed a few times!! I-I was supposed to meet the buyer tomorrow at the food court by the pizza place!! He--”*

CRASH!!!!

“AAHMMMM!!!”

The table shattered. Breasts larger than a twin bed slammed down, bringing Priscilla with them. Skin engulfed her within her own cleavage within moments as she gasped and heaved for relief.

“HE SAID HE WOULD BE WEARING A GREEN HAT!!”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

“MMMMMM NOW PLEEEAAASE TURN IT OFF!!”

Denise watched as Kira took down everything into a notepad. “Thank you, Priscilla. You’ve been very helpful.”

They made their way toward the door.

“W-Wait!! Aren’t you going to--”

Denise smirked. “Turn it all the way up.”

Certain she hadn't heard them correctly as they exited the door, Priscilla whimpered, "W-W-What did you--"

GRRRRMMMMMMBBBBLLLL

A tremor shook her body. Priscilla's arms scrambled over her curves as energy blossomed and the walls hummed. Her core tensed as incredible arousal mounted. Sweat ran down her back as Priscilla felt like her pussy was about to erupt like a pent-up volcano.

"WAIT!!! WAIT I TOLD YOU EVERYTHI--"

BWOOOOOMPH!!!!

Outside the interrogation room, Denise and Kira heard a muffled thud collide with the wall. The window darkened against a mass of heaving flesh rising to the ceiling. Barely audible, they could hear Priscilla's moans of unbridled pleasure entering her cleavage.

"What do you think? Can we trust her?" Denise asked, watching a nipple flare and squish against the glass until it pressed as wide as a manhole cover.

Kira chuckled and shut off the wave emitter. "You kidding? Nobody can think straight enough to lie when they're under that much stimulation. She would have given us her bank account info if we'd asked."

Click

She started a timer on a console, prompting a size reduction program to begin in five minutes and bring Priscilla back to normal.

"What do you feel like for lunch?"



"Someone mind telling me what's going on?!"

The door to the interrogation's observation room burst open and slammed against the rubber stopper. Mary, one of IncrediBust's senior research leads, stormed in with a dark cloud of rage hanging over her head. Her brown ponytail danced behind her. Denise and Kira stared back with hardly a reaction.

"What's this I'm hearing about a lead on my stolen growth ray?? Were you planning on telling ME about it at any point in time?? You know I've been--"

Mary's attention caught sight of the mounds of skin pressed against the one-way mirror. Noticing the gentle hum of the growth emitters as well as the control panel's illuminated screen, it didn't take her long to put two and two together.

"ARE YOU USING THE EMITTERS FOR ACTUAL INTERROGATIONS?!"

Kira rolled her eyes. "Only a little. Relax, she's having the time of her life in there."

Mary huffed. "Those are still in testing!?" She pushed between them and forced the machine into a shut-down sequence. "Dammit... It's going to take her hours to get back to normal."

“Sounds like a fun night,” Denise offered.

Dealing with the investigations department hadn’t been on Mary’s list of annoyances today. It was bad enough she’d been dealing with her research being halted after a prototype went missing, but after hearing that it had been used to extreme degrees in a mall incident, tensions rose to new heights. She couldn’t take having another project canned. The memories of the rainstorm in Seattle were still too fresh.

Rubbing her eyes, Mary asked once more, “*Has there been a breakthrough or not?*”

The agents ignored her question and approached the door.

“We might have a lead but nothing concrete,” Denise informed.

“*That’s it?*” Mary gestured to the heaving folds of tit and ass flesh squished against the glass. “*You did THAT for a possible lead??*”

The agents shrugged. “She wasn’t talking. Those emitters made her *sing*.”

They left without another word aside from their lunch plans. Mary leaned against the window and massaged her temples. Muffled moans were indeed coming from the other side.

This wasn’t how she’d expected her year to go. Two stolen prototypes within several months of each other and two attacks of expansion on the general public. Even worse, that was looking at only her branch of R and D. Including the train incident made for very bad press for IncrediBust.

This hadn’t been what she signed up for. Mary joined IncrediBust to help give women the bodies they had always wanted. Seeing her research used to force growth upon unwilling victims made her stomach turn. She glanced at her own figure. There wasn’t much on top; most of her curves had settled in her lower half giving her an alluring pear-shaped figure. Thinking about someone messing with that made her feel beyond uneasy.

“I need a day off...” She considered asking her husband if he wanted to play hooky the rest of the day and start the weekend early with a cuddle and a movie. When her hand moved to her back pocket for her phone, however, she found only emptiness.

Her mind retraced its steps. It settled upon her office. She’d left in such a rush after hearing about a possible break that she didn’t waste time taking it with her.

The IncrediBust facility sprawled itself over a massive campus. Navigating the halls between the different fabs and manufacturing buildings was no small feat. An average worker easily got their 10,000 daily steps in by simply going to meetings. By the time Mary was back in her bullpen, now empty as her coworkers had left for lunch, it was fifteen minutes later.

Mary was approaching her private office when she noticed something peculiar about the office next door. Although her coworker was out of town for the week and the lights were off, the computer screen was active. Through the fogged glass door she could make out the silhouette of a figure in front of the faint white glow.

The door was unlocked when she grasped the handle.

“Megan...?” she called softly upon cracking the door. “I thought you were--”

It wasn't Megan, but a young research assistant barely breaking into her mid-twenties. They had only been at IncrediBust for less than a year but Mary recognized them from enough meetings to know their name. She was mousy with curly red hair draping around her head. A petite flat figure signaled she hadn't been at the company long enough to receive any of the complimentary plumping creams.

"Ilene?"

The girl turned around, unfazed by the intrusion. Several quick taps locked the computer to hide her actions.

Mary stepped into the office, now certain something dark was afoot. *"What are you doing at Megan's station?? You're not even authorized to be in this section of research! You need to come with me right now and--OW!"*

Something pricked the back of her neck. Mary's hand instinctively slapped the assailant. Pulling it away, her heart dropped.

It was one of IncrediBust's canceled research products: a mechanical mosquito, roughly the size of a nickel. Though her hand had smashed it, the nano-based device had already started work on repairing itself. It zipped out of her palm seconds later and flew to hover next to Ilene with a gentle buzz.

Tingles raced through Mary's body. Her nipples were perking up within her bra. Their sensitivity was rising and her breath was becoming short.

"Ilene what are you doing??"

The redhead's reply was cold and collected. "I'm just doing my job."

Mary wanted to reply but sensations were swimming around her head. Tightness caused her clothes to shift and pull. Pressure was welling within her curves to gently push against her skin.

Sttrrrrtch

Mary brought a hand to her backside as her jeans tensed. Her panties were already sinking deeper between her cheeks. *"What... W-What did you just do to me??"*

"Nothing personal, I just couldn't have you interfering." Ilene motioned to the mosquito bot. "I'm sure I don't need to remind you what this little guy is capable of. You recognize it, yes?"

Sttrrrrrrrrtch

Mary shifted her footing. Her thighs were fighting for space. Daring to glance down, she noticed a healthy increase to her cleavage drawing her neckline lower. There was far more mass there than what two C-cups should have possessed.

Anger flared. Mary stepped forward but stopped short when the mosquito darted in front of her. It was so fast she wouldn't have been able to stop it from stinging her again.

"I wouldn't, if I were you. You just got a tiny prick a second ago and I'm sure you're already starting to feel its effects. But there's still a very generous full dose waiting to be

delivered if you don't behave. And I assure you, this one is far more powerful than that failure of a test on the train."

Sweat beaded on Mary's brow. The swelling was slow but steady. Flesh was creeping out of her bra to dangerous degrees. "*Ilene, you need to--*"

CRREEAAAAA--SNAP!!

"*MMPH!!*"

Her bra broke, sending a distressed squeak through her pursed lips. Heavy melon-sized mounds dropped to hang like teardrops against her shirt. Thimble nipples teased against the fabric.

"*I-Ilene... Make it stop, please...! What were you getting off Megan's computer??*"

The responding chuckle made Mary's blood chill. "Swelling out of your bra and you're still fretting about that?" Ilene started for the door with a casual stride. "You have much bigger problems at hand, and I don't just mean your new tits. Those look great on you, by the way. Really round out your figure. I always thought you were a little too bottom-heavy."

Mary had to lean on Megan's desk. Her lower half was larger than ever. Her breasts might have grown, but her hips and thighs were doing the same. "*What are you talking about??*"

"I'm sure you're aware of those emitters they've been toying with. Ever wonder what would happen if they were focused at 180 degrees to cover a large area and set to overload the output?" Ilene smiled. "I don't think R and D fully knows the range of those dishes yet, do they?" Exiting the door as Mary's pulse quickened, Ilene called back, "We should find out in a little bit I think! Just in time for everyone returning from lunch. I would try and get out if I were you! Those emitters combined with the serum from that little sting? Could be a dangerous combo."

STRRRRRRTCH!!

Mary felt panic coming on as Ilene left. A door slammed moments later, indicating Ilene had taken a back exit down the maintenance stairs.

STRRRRRRTCH!!

Her clothes were getting tight. Soon they would be too tight to move, or worse.

"*M-Mmmgh!!*"

Mary's arms cradled her watermelon breasts. Flesh bulged over her jean's waistline. A seam felt ready to split down her inner thigh. Mary was forced to waddle to a nearby fire alarm, but when she pulled it, only silence followed.

"*Shit.*"

It had all been disabled. Had she had her phone, she would have seen the company's internal communications network had been disabled as well. Getting an email out to warn everyone wasn't an option.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

"*Mmmmm o-oh fuck!*"

BOOM!!

A tear shot down the back of her pants and she felt her beach ball cheeks squeeze into the opening. She didn't have long. Already people were trickling back from lunch.

"Get out!!" she yelled. "If you're a woman, get out of the building!!"

Several glanced at her but didn't pause. Mary needed more help, and she needed it while she could still move.

Legs threatening to give out at any moment, she began a frantic race to the security desk as onlookers assumed she'd encountered a faulty growth device.

To be continued