



If one was to analyze the office space of the Coltright Corporation's NA branch, there would be two things that would be reported back. Firstly, a critical lack of mid-level, new, onboarded customers. The second would be a foundational lack of motivation among the workforce in charge of acquiring said sales. They would be described as lazy, lethargic, and unmotivated across the board on performance reviews dating back months.

A fact that Audrey Bennet found *annoying*.

She'd been placed in charge of this branch months ago, and it wasn't hard to figure out why the lack of motivation just so happened to coincide with Audrey's taking of the wheel. People for years had told her that she wasn't fun. Against the odds, this hadn't really bothered her. That's because nothing really bothered Audrey, with the exception of things that got in the way of her business. Audrey, or Ms Bennet as she'd preferred to be known since age ten, was a business oriented mind. Things like fun, or leisure, or comfort, didn't really ever cross her mind. She'd woken up, had a breakfast of white bread and water, gone to work, had an identical three minute lunch, work, then gone home for a dinner of baked chicken and white rice every day for the last ten years.

The promotion to general manager of the Coltright Mid-Level Branch had been a big step for her. She'd been happy about it, or at least as happy as she could convey, only to find that motivation had plummeted once she'd made herself known in the office space. It seems that having a plank of wood as a manager was not the best for morale; this was on track to be her worst quarter yet.

This confused her. She'd done her job well, yet still sales languished. When one does their job correctly, things are supposed to work *better*. The gears in a machine mesh and the machine operates faster. Audrey did her job well, and yet things didn't just work *better*. She'd been up at night for weeks trying to think of ways to increase morale, ultimately to the benefit of no one.

The woman entered the office again just as she did every day, looking at the rows upon rows of grey cubicles acting as a workspace. The sea of beige cubes were like a vice that crushed the soul out of anybody that was confined within them. Except Audrey, of course. She found their geometric, uniform spaces perfectly sufficient. Her black heels clacked loudly on the quiet, echoing room as she made her way to her own private office to begin her day.

The only real effect of positive morale Audrey ever had in the office came at this part of the day, when she entered the office. While it had never once actually occurred to her herself, Audrey was quite the stunner. The woman had a fairly impressive hourglass figure, with a thin trim waist begotten from a downright demented diet of nothing but sufficient bland food. Yet despite this, her hips were wide and full in her dark blue miniskirt, coupled with black leggings that tightly hugged her plush thighs. Northern up, her white blouse was stretched into a delightful curve around her full, expansive bust. On the hottest of days, some of the more desperate workers would swear the outline of her bra could be seen underneath the thin white material of the dress shirt. There was never any evidence for this, but it didn't stop the rumors.

Audrey always peered at the world through a set of tiny reading glasses, her perpetually lidded eye scraping across the faces of her employees. Her other eye was always hidden behind a bang of her short brown hair. Some workers theorized that she didn't cut it to hide a missing eye, or more popular as a rumor these days, a bionic eye that showcased her true, robotic origin. After all, nothing else could explain the woman's emotionless response to everything. With her aristocratic features, such as a long chin, pale european skin, and widely bridged nose, she cut an imposing image for those who didn't know her. To people who did know her, she barely cut an image at all.

Which is why the most motivation anybody reasonably got when she entered the space was when they got to watch her speed walk her way to her office. This fact was not lost on her; it's one of the reasons she still bought these inefficient, thin shirts. It was the only thing she'd found so far that increased morale at all, though, so the eye candy she willingly played. The instant she found a more effective way to increase that morale she'd ditch the low-brow attempt.

She shut the door behind her and sat down at her wooden desk, adjusting her glasses with one hand. The office space behind her showed the rest of the city through large bay windows, while on the desk was a simple laptop.

Audrey felt the frustration building up in her chest, and the need to relieve it built. She allowed herself one moment to indulge in a deep breath and follow-up sigh; one of her "leisurely indulgences". After a moment, she was done.

She tapped open her emails and began to read through them at a brisk pace.

Meeting.

Meeting.

Expense Report.

Budget Adjustment.

Meeting.

Untitled.

That last one was unusual. Everything was supposed to be titled here. That was on her forty four step work plan. This would probably necessitate a reprimand, or at the very least a stern reminder. However, she felt her eyebrow raise when she saw who it was from. Cassidy Hartly, her assistant manager. That was even *more* unusual. She was usually so on-point with this sort of thing. It was almost a little bit concerning.

Audrey clicked it open to find it empty of any real content except for a few images. Concern raised somewhat; not quite to alarm just yet but a mild disconcertment for certain. Hopefully nothing bad had happened to the shy, meek assistant manager. Audrey had gotten the promotion over her because Cassidy had been too easily intimidated, but she'd been consistently useful. Audrey wouldn't hesitate to call the young woman an asset, and in the language of Audrey Bennet that was one of the highest compliments she could give.

She opened the images, and her eye opened a shred wider.

This was unusual.

This was quite unusual.

"Cassidy, please come in here."

Cassidy Hartly was not having a good morning. She'd had a very *good* night last night, chatting with her long-distance online friends into the early morning light. Sending images, gossiping, flirting, all the general things people on niche fetish chat rooms get on together about. It had lasted longer than Cassidy had wanted it to, but one thing had led to another, and by the time the really good stuff started coming out it had already been two in the morning. Might as well pull the all-nighter, yes?

The morning though had fallen apart once Cassidy realized who had been in her mailing list.

Now here she was, in the halls, sheepishly tip-toeing her way to her boss's office, whom she most certainly had emailed a bunch of porn to last night in a sleepless, drunken haze. As she passed the great glass windows that looked out onto the city, she considered the pros vs cons of just simply jumping out one instead. At the very least it would be far faster.

Cassidy was a meek woman. The small, brown haired woman didn't really cut the most imposing of images. For one, she was short. A fact that bothered her immensely in daily life yet never griped about. The second was her voice. It was small and meek; a fact that bothered her immensely yet never griped about. Third was her figure; thin and small in every way. A fact that bothered her immensely yet never griped about.

Cassidy was not one to complain. She'd been taught not to raise her voice, or show her hand. A proper woman doesn't cause a fuss, her mother would say. A truly antiquated, terrible notion that unfortunately had been coded into her brain with an arc welder. She'd fought for years to try and break this awful mind set but had had no luck with doing so. Cassidy raising her voice was just as likely as her actually jumping out that window, and would probably be more shocking to the office space.

The young woman realized that she'd been lingering outside Ms. Bennet's office for several minutes now. She'd been called in via a ping a few minutes ago and her boss probably

expected her only a few minutes after that. The longer she waited, the worse this chewing out was going to be. Cassidy bit her lip, before slowly opening the door.

Ms Bennet sat behind her desk, her laptop opened. Cassidy tried to see if she could make out the reflection on what she was looking at on her glasses, but alas that was far too hard of a call to make at this distance. The woman's eye looked up from her laptop and fell on Cassidy's face. If she felt anything at all about this whole affair, then she didn't let it slip. Wordlessly, she waved at the chair in the seat in front of her desk.

It took years for Cassidy to clear that distance, her training shoes squeaking far too loudly on the dead silent room. She settled into her chair, it looking like an oversized cocoon around the small, chestnut haired woman.

"You called me, Ms. Bennet?" The woman spoke in her light gaelic accent, also inherited from her mother.

"You sent me an email this morning at five forty three AM." Ms Bennet's voice was completely even.

Cassidy swallowed. "Yes."

"It was untitled."

Was that all she was concerned about? Maybe she hadn't opened it yet. "Yes... I hadn't intended to send it, ma'am. It was a personal email, and your name was on my mailing list..."

"That explains why it was untitled, then." Ms Bennet nodded to herself, as she was filing away Cassidy's excuse. Cassidy almost let her heart fly a little higher than the pit she'd let it fall into earlier. If that was all that her boss was concerned over, then perhaps she'd make it out of here with her dignity. Or worse case scenario, her job.

The heavy chains wrapped back around her heart though when her manager continued. "Now, could you explain to me what these images are?"

She turned around the laptop to show the image set, and Cassidy wanted nothing more than for this oversized chair to swallow her whole. She managed to drag her eyes to look at the laptop and look at the illicit images. She's known them well enough; she'd been the one to amass them and send them out to her discord friends last night. Her voice was even smaller than the gentle lilt she usually spoke in.

"It... it is... um..."

Ms Bennet looked at her, still completely emotionless. "It's pornography, if I am correct."

Cassidy felt her cheeks burn so bright she was surprised she couldn't see the red light reflected on Ms Bennet's glasses. She managed a tiny nod.

Her boss returned it. "I see." She leaned over to look at the images herself. She pointed at the one in the top left. "Ms Hartly, can you please explain why this image is appealing?"

Cassidy's eyes snapped up to look at her boss. What had she just asked? Did she hear that right, or was her sleep-addled brain too foggy to understand? "Excuse me?"

"This image... it appears to be of a woman. Only she's been inflated into a balloon." She rubbed her chin thoughtfully. "That isn't very typical of normal pornography. I understand that her breasts are quite large, and that larger breasts are appealing to a wide range of interests. But this degree of transformation is unusual."

Was Cassidy dreaming? Had she fallen asleep at her desk? This wasn't happening. This wasn't a dream, it was some kind of a nightmare. Maybe if she was lucky the utter embarrassment of this situation would shock her awake. "... well, I..."

Ms Bennet continued, pointing at the next image. “In this image, this woman has been even more inflated. She’s enormous, basically a sphere. Nothing really resembling a normal human woman remains; she’s essentially a balloon. Is this still sexually gratifying?”

Cassidy managed a tiny squeak, but nothing more.

“I see. So it is.” Ms Bennet tutted. “Intriguing. I had no idea that this alternative method of arousal existed. Inflating a suitably attractive woman into a living balloon. I’ll need to do research on this.” She gave Cassidy a look as she turned the laptop back around. “Though before I do, I need an answer from you. Does this fetish have a wide-spread appeal in the office?”

“I... I don’t know... i-it could be only me...” Cassidy whimpered, her mind buzzing with the angry swarm of confusion and slight arousal.

“I see. Perhaps a department-wide poll is the solution to that question. I’ll need you to draft and distribute a-”

“Wait, wait!” Cassidy interrupted, her voice raising just an octave. Not enough to be considered shouting, but loud enough to be heard in an empty room for once. “I-I remembered... y-yes, it is. This is a widely liked thing in the office.”

Ms Bennet’s eyebrow raised. “Is it? Well, that will save me some time at least.” She stood up and circled her desk; the invisible sign that Cassidy was supposed to get up from her safety chair as well. Her boss extended a hand to shake, and Cassidy hoped that she didn’t feel how sweaty her hand was. “Thank you for the relevant information.”

Relevant information? Cassidy had just lied that her entire branch had an inflation fetish! If Ms Bennet knew this, she’d definitely be singing a different tune. Still, she shook her hand with a clammy false confidence, managing the fakest smile she could. It would have been obvious for anybody looking that Ms Hartly had either told a massive lie or laid an egg.

Everyone except for Ms Bennet, though. “Just happy I could help, ma’am.”

“You can return to your desk, Ms Hartly. I will be in here if you need me.” She returned to her desk without waiting for Cassidy to leave. “I need to devise our next motivational plan. I will have a proposal on your desk before two PM.”

The assistant manager took this as the obvious sign it was and made her march out the door with only a quiet affirmation to mark her exit.

Ms Bennet for her part swung the laptop around and reopened it. She had a lot of work to do if this was going to be ready by the next performance review.

The following days seemed to move by in a blur for Audrey. They were just as automated as they usually were, of course. White bread, filtered water, eight and a half hours of perfectly restful sleep. All that really changed was that *what* she was doing was a bit unusual. For seemingly the first time in her life, she was being, what she assumed at least, *creative*.

It was almost an intimidating prospect for her. Audrey’s right brain was so dusty from disuse it’s a wonder her head wasn’t leaning to the left all the time. Still, she’d wiped away the cobwebs and gotten the machine moving, and by the time the week was up, she was pretty certain she had a foolproof plan to increase motivation at the office space.

Was it crude? Somewhat, she had to admit. Audrey was merely building off of what was already working. It just so happened that what was working was her ass, or at the very least the office's affection for it. Coupled with what she'd recently learned from Cassidy's illicit files and subsequent research, it seemed pretty clear to Audrey what she needed to do.

So the plan had been written. The supplies were budgeted, the equipment requested, and the schedule written, then rewritten several times. She'd probably need to skip her usual lunch that day, which was fine by her. Audrey compiled her business plan into a smartly written email, of course read over several times, and sent it off to her assistant manager.

There she waited, in the office after hours for that was when the project had finally been completed, waiting for the answer. Lit only by her laptop screen, Audrey's glasses reflected her empty white inbox. Until eventually her answer came. In the exact opposite to her own sent off essay, Ms Hartly's response was succinct, with only one word.

What?

Audrey felt her eyebrow lower. She'd been *more* than clear with what she'd requested, what was there to misunderstand about that? Her fingers rapidly moved as she tapped away her quick, terse reply, reiterating her bulleted lists of emboldened points and part four's clearly outlined cause and effect report. In only a matter of minutes, the response was sent away. It took only seconds for Cassidy to respond.

Are you sure?

Audrey almost audibly sighed, deciding to fight simplicity with simplicity.

Yes.

A pause.

Okay, if you say so Ms Bennet. I'll have it ready before you come in Monday.

Audrey nodded in satisfaction before closing her laptop. Finally that was done. She was more than behind on dinner for that night. If she ran home instead of taking the bus, she might still have time to bake some chicken and boil some rice before going to bed. It wasn't right to come to work tomorrow on an empty stomach.

Or maybe it would be? She wasn't exactly sure. Audrey decided against that train of logic and swapped her heels for the spare running shoes in her purse, ready to head home and prepare for Monday's new Motivational Rally of her own design.

Cassidy was sweating on Monday morning by the time her boss opened the door and strode in. It had been a stressful Sunday night, followed by an even more stressful Monday morning. She'd been up and down the building, heading first to freight, then IT, then back down to maintenance, then *back* to IT when they didn't believe her, only now to have finally lugged all the supplies to the meeting room.

The long table had been dragged to the side and leaned against the back wall, with the chairs sitting in the hall outside. With the room devoid of furniture, it seemed almost cavernous in size. The giant spread of glass windows looking out onto the city didn't hinder the effect either. There were a few things still in the room, though. A laptop computer, a standing video camera borrowed from IT, and a large cylinder of helium also borrowed from maintenance. Cassidy for her part was just now installing an electronic regulator to the helium tank; a sort of

wireless transceiver that controlled how much air was let out of the tank in a given moment. This in turn was being hooked up to her laptop in a two-way signal, letting the release of the gas be operated via an entirely hands off system controlled by moment to moment data.

This was probably the most Cassidy had used her Computer Science Degree in years, and to tell the truth, was actually almost kind of fun. If she could get her mind out of the gutter while she was busy programming, however. No matter how she thought about it, she couldn't get her mind off of just what she was helping set up and do.

This air wasn't for a sort of celebratory balloon.

This air was for *her boss*.

Cassidy felt her face light up at the prospect once again. This couldn't be happening, there's no way this could really be happening! There's not a single possible chance that Audrey Bennet was going to *inflate* herself, on camera, as a motivational stunt. It didn't matter how many times Cassidy read those emails, there's just no possible way it was true. It just made no sense!

Cassidy got up and, not for the first time this hour, began to disconnect the supplies she'd procured. It was far more reasonable to assume that Ms Bennet's account was hacked than to believe that she was willing to become a balloon on a Monday morning in the middle of June, unprompted. That wasn't something that just happened, outside of Cassidy's own perverted midnight dreams of course. No, there'd been a mistake. Cassidy reached over and began to undo the first latch on the wireless transceiver. She'd just take all this stuff back down to IT and maintenance before-

"Great work Ms Hartly."

Cassidy whirled around to see Ms Bennet standing behind her, a computer tablet in her hand. She wasn't looking at the assistant manager, instead looking at her tablet screen. "M-Ms Bennet, I didn't hear you come in." Cassidy whimpered.

"I understand, I am sorry. I should've announced myself." The woman walked around Cassidy, making her way to the center of the room. "Judging by everything here you understood my request?"

"I believe so, ma'am." Cassidy whispered, absently following her boss to the center of the room. She awkwardly stood next to her, having nowhere to sit or anything to do with her hands. "But a-are you so sure that this is the correct idea?"

"I'm sure." Ms Bennet flipped around the device in her hands to show Cassidy. The assistant manager's face turned scarlet again.

"D-DeviantArt...?"

"Yes." She pushed up her glasses as she flipped the tablet back around. "Are you aware that over five hundred and sixteen thousand results are found if you search inflation on this website? That is remarkable data."

Cassidy felt her throat close up. That was hardly a reliable source. "I-I don't really think... M-Ms Bennet..."

"You should call me Audrey." She held a hand and placed it on her chest. "In my research into this type of material, first names are generally used. There is a likely chance you will appear in voiceover on this livestream, and if you do, you should refer to me by my first name and not by a respectful title." She scrolled a little on the tablet. "It also appears that you

could refer to me by titles such as 'balloon', 'blimp', or some other variety of phrase. Though many of these are too vulgar, so I suggest you try to show restraint."

Cassidy thought she might faint from embarrassment. "Ms Be- Audrey, I know I have put together all of these supplies, but... what exactly are we doing here?" She needed to be broken from this trance. In many respects, she was hoping that this was all a prank. That in a startlingly out of character maneuver, Audrey would scream that she'd been fooled and the cameraman would appear out of a potted plant. Or more likely as a window washer, given the plants had been moved into the halls to make room.

That didn't come. "Our employee motivation is startlingly low, and has been for months. From my own unfortunately anecdotal evidence our primarily straight male workforce finds themselves at their most motivated at six forty five in the morning, lunch at twelve, and four in the afternoon. The times when I walk by. As the vulgar few would say, sex sells." She tapped on her pad again. "Also, please make note that we need to increase our diversity in the work force, Ms Hartly."

All Cassidy could do was nod. As she murmured out yet another "Yes, Audrey," her boss carried on.

"This is meant to be a motivational experiment. You have informed me that most of our employees possess the same fetish as you," She didn't notice Cassidy light up like a traffic light at the off-hand stray shot. "With that information, combined with their previously iterated affection for my body, I have devised the Coltright NA Motivational Balloon Rally. If all goes well, then this should provide a lingering motivational point for most of the NA branch." Audrey spared her pad one more glance, then produced a small microphone from her breast pocket. She hooked it to her lapel before continuing. "Five minutes until we begin. I should prepare."

With shaking hands and the resolution that, for sure now, this was not a dream or a cruel prank, Cassidy took the tablet from her boss's waiting hands. Audrey walked to the helium tank and drew her hand along the top of it, deftly hooking the long, thin black hose between her fingers. "This is a $\frac{1}{4}$ " hose. I requested a $\frac{3}{8}$." She looked at Cassidy. "The pressure fall off is much greater with a $\frac{1}{4}$."

Cassidy blinked in surprise. Twenty four hours and Audrey was somehow more of an expert in this than she was. "I'm sorry, A-Audrey." The name still felt unusual in her mouth, like some kind of a foreign fruit. "This is what maintenance could spare."

"It will have to do." She strode to what was surely the mathematical center of the room, eyeing the webcam that Cassidy had set up. She squinted at it, shuffled an inch or two to the right, then was seemingly satisfied. The Coltright NA Motivational Balloon Rally was set to begin at exactly seven thirty in the morning, when everybody had made it to work. They'd all received their emails last night alongside links to the live stream. There was no doubt that they would be tuned in, assuming they read their emails. Though there was no doubt that they did, as that was of course company policy.

Audrey eyed the hose with minor scrutiny. Cassidy had been sure to clean it first with disinfectant; point six of the multi-dozen point outline she'd been sent. Showing no indication on whether or not she could tell it had been cleaned, though Cassidy was sure the woman could somehow count the germs individually, she reached south to her skirt with hose in tow. In a series of movements that were simultaneously relaxed and robotic, Audrey Bennet reached the hose south and drew it under her skirt. One hand hooked into her underwear and drew it to the

side, while the other inserted the hose into her bountiful backside as easily as someone changing the batteries on a remote control. The panties were drawn back into place, and Audrey stood there with her hands on her hips as if nothing had just happened.

Cassidy was worried her eyes would actually pop out of her skull. The utterly mesmerized and flabbergasted look on her mug must have been truly something else, as even the emotionless Audrey noticed something was amiss. “Ms. Hartly, are you alright? You do not look well.”

Words fluttered around her throat, trying to find a way out, and managed to escape through her nose as Cassidy managed only to exhale the breath she’d been holding. “I-I-I’m f-f-fine, A-Audrey.” She mewled.

“Good. I do not have time to find someone new to assist me in this event, or have time to brief them. We should be online in less than a minute.”

Less than a minute. Less than a minute before her boss becomes a balloon. That was so little time, how could it possibly be that short. Something like that was supposed to take a lifetime to happen, or at the very least forever. Cassidy felt like she was going to set off the fire alarms with the heat rising from her cheeks. This was all her fault, and she prayed that Audrey wouldn’t let that info slip.

“O-Okay... we’re going to live in... f-five, four, t-three, two...” She let the numbers finish up silently, pointing to Ms. Bennet instead.

The light on the camera flicked on, a single red light blinking in existence. There was the sound of helium hissing down the hose only an inch until it hit the wall that was the wireless release transceiver. There it would stay until the transceiver gave the okay for it to snake down the hose and into Audrey’s ass. Cassidy sat herself cross legged on the ground and put the small computer on her lap, watching the livestream number.

Audrey stood there, one hand on her hip, the other at her side. She looked dead at the camera. “Hello, staff of Coltright NA Branch. I am Audrey Bennet, your acting Mid-Level Branch manager. I am sure you know me.”

She had all the television charisma of a dead fish, but the body of the lioness who caught the fish. Cassidy watched her through the tiny livestream view on her laptop, mostly in a bid to not look her boss in the face.

“I want to welcome you all to the first ever Coltright NA Motivational Balloon Rally. I am sure you read the email which explained how this works.”

Cassidy coughed. Not loud enough to be picked up the mic on Audrey’s shirt, but enough for the manager to hear her in the otherwise quiet room. She brought her gaze from the camera and instead onto her assistant briefly. To her displeasure, this was obviously a sign that no, the staff had most likely *not* read her email in detail. A habit she had hoped to curb by releasing more emails; evidently not an effective strategy.

“Though if you have not read the emails, I will explain.” She turned to the side and gesticulated to her rear, even bothering to stick it out a little bit for emphasis. Her small dark miniskirt hugged her rear and thighs deftly, letting a clear outline of her butt shine through. The hose even produced a bump in its surface, snaking down from her lower rear before exiting at the bottom of the skirt. This is clearly what she’d been trying to draw attention to. “As you can see, I have attached myself to a tank of helium that will inflate me.” She returned back to her

normal position, one hand on hip. The other pointed to a space beside her head. "How much helium I will be filled with will be controlled by this number."

This was Cassidy's cue. She tapped a button on her keyboard, and on the livestream, a box with a big zero appeared inside.

"This is the amount of sales we've made this morning. Private contractors, elevated contracts, or personal use. As that number increases, so will the amount of helium that I will be inflated with." She crossed her arms underneath her bust, intentionally drawing attention to it. She'd seen this in ads for cars before, and the maneuver seemed applicable here. "I am well aware how popular this type of event is online, and I believe that if we all come together, we can inflate me to great sizes."

Then she did something that nobody in the office had really seen before. She smiled, tilting her head. "Now, let's work to make me a balloon we can all be proud of. Work hard, and blow me up."

She let the smile drop, returning her hands to her hips. Hopefully that had been sufficient; she'd spent almost an hour practicing the smile in her bathroom mirror this morning.

Cassidy looked down at the livestream. As she'd suspected, the number of employees that had tuned in for this *technically* optional quarterly motivational rally had been in the single digits. More than likely, Cassidy was going to see more confused emails in her inbox than viewers at the current moment.

The helium tank sat next to her, only a few inches away from her head. It seemed so large and imposing compared to the tiny and meek assistant. Inside the great and powerful thing was the ability to unlock the midnight fantasies that even now were dancing like cultists in her head. If one of the employees watching now believed the incredibly ludicrous things that Audrey was saying, dared to try and make a sale solely to call the bluff on this bizarre stunt, then maybe, just maybe, those fantasies might spring to reality. She bit her lip, watching that big, fat, stupid zero. Seconds ticked by.

Audrey stood motionless, watching Cassidy. She was an endless wall of confident patience. This was going to work. The data said so; the gears were going to mesh and the machine was going to go. This was *her* machine, and the research was good. By God, she was going to be a balloon this morning and it was going to be the best thing that had ever happened to this branch.

Still only 7 viewers. Cassidy's eyes darted from Audrey, to the livestream, to the air tank, and back to that awful, obnoxious zero.

Then, the zero finally took its leave. In its place, shining like the sunrise, was a beautiful and glorious one.

The transceiver instantly processed the data and graciously moved aside for a pocket of helium, which proceeded to race down the hose and into its target.

Audrey did not react with any shock at the air, nor any pleasure. She simply cocked her head to watch the helium tank hiss as its payload was delivered into her waiting body. There was a soft hiss as the helium entered her, and the effect was instantaneous. Her hourglass figure, the shining star of the office, expanded like a balloon. Inches appeared on her chest and hips in only a second or two as the helium made its way into the woman. She expanded in an unnatural way, with her newly growing curves containing no fat, or much weight at all behind them. Her large and impressive D-cup breasts expanded not just into DD, but into E size, but

did not sag or dip. Instead, it looked as though a pair of party balloons had been shoved into her shirt. Perfectly rounded and even more bouncy than they had been before. The same effect was done with her hips and rear, growing at least half a dress size larger. The hem of her miniskirt, which already had been tightly wrapped around her thighs, now visibly dug into her body, bulging where her now pneumatic flesh met the cloth.

When the helium ceased, Audrey Bennet stood a few inches more curvy than she had been when she began. Her shirt was just a bit more tight on her chest, her butt just a bit more rounded and full. The real sign that she had inflated like a balloon though was clear to see in her bouncy and rounded her body had become. Most of the early air seemed to be dedicated to making her already existent curves more balloon-like overall, leaving the stern and emotionless boss more like a blow-up doll version of herself in the conference room.

Audrey craned her neck to look at herself, taking in her newfound inflated state. It hadn't been a lot of air, certainly less than she'd expected to be bombarded with when she turned on the stream and began the rally. Though it was still worth trying to get used to. It was a consistent pressure all within her body, all the way from the tips of her toes to the top of her head. The pressure itself didn't feel that bad, not at all really. It felt kind of relaxing in an odd kind of way. The same feeling she'd had wearing a large sweater on a cold day, but almost inverted. Like the pressure was creating a comforting warmth in her core. Though that mostly applied to her bust and rear at the moment. She suspected it would advance as she grew larger.

Ms. Bennet turned herself to the side and cocked a hip, trying to eye how large her rear had become. "Ms. Hartly, how much air was that the equivalent of?"

Ms. Hartly could not answer at the moment. Ms. Hartly was busy trying to pick her jaw up from the floor where it had fallen. It hadn't been a lot of air, really. The images that she'd searched for earlier that had started this whole mess had balloons that had been many magnitudes more full than Audrey. The fact that it was in fact, Ms. Bennet who was inflating though, close enough that Cassidy could realistically crawl across the floor like a possessed woman and wrap her body around those hips, was what caused her to be malfunctioning. This was something she'd fantasized about before, and here it was happening right now in front of her.

"Ms. Hartly. The number, please."

Her mouth moved automatically. "T-t-t-that was o-o-o-one, ma'am."

Audrey noted this down in her head. This was less air than she expected for one sale. The $\frac{1}{4}$ " hose was diminishing the amount of air, as she suspected. She'd need to recalculate how many sales it would take to get her big enough to draw the whole department's attention. Whatever that number is, it would need to be a lot. She drew her hands to her hips, and leaned forwards a little bit; her bust wobbled unrealistically, a fact that Audrey had intentionally drawn attention to. "That is an example of the rally in action. More sales, more air. It is that simple."

Cassidy's eyes shot down to the livestream view count.

Double digits. Word was spreading.

Just like that, the number changed. Not to two, but to three. Word was spreading *fast*. Like an ant colony that had just been given word of a fallen fruit, the office space was rapidly turning their attention to what was happening on the stream. That mythical sexy robot Audrey Bennet was willingly turning into an Audrey the Balloon. The effect of this motivational rally was

instantly showing itself; the number that had been 1 only a few moments ago was changing. To Cassidy's delight, it had changed to 2... and then to 3.

The transceiver next to the assistant beeped, and once again helium began to hiss down the hose and into its waiting target. Audrey, for her part, didn't react. She instead moved from her pose of showing off her bust, to instead to that same stock-standard front-facing position that she had taken earlier. With the air properly flowing again, her body once more resumed its expansion and began to take on the inches.

Audrey's breasts swelled once again, moving from the prior E size and into further levels beyond. Her bust swiftly moved into more resembling watermelons stuffed into her button-up shirt than any degree of reasonable sizes. This effect was amplified by the degree of unnatural roundness and perkiness of her breasts. She had an almost toyetic look about herself, like some kind of perverted toy version of the same woman. The same effect was had with her rear and hips, growing even wider and wider by the second. By now, her hips had grown to be wider than Audrey's shoulders, and her skirt dug into her bulging, swelling thighs. Any thigh gap that she had had before was gone; even just standing still had her legs rubbing against one another.

The effect of the consistent inflation didn't have much of an effect on Audrey's mentality at the moment. The only change in her stance or mannerisms was how her back arched. She was standing a little straighter now; no, that wasn't right. She'd always stood as if she'd had a six foot poll up her ass at all times. Now that she had an air hose up it instead, she stood a little unnaturally. Like her spine wanted to curve backwards.

Audrey herself was feeling the effect on this. Helium *may* have been an incorrect choice on what air to fill herself with. She hadn't anticipated how much it would be pulling herself upwards, and she was finding it a little hard to keep her normal position up. That, and the pressure inside of her was starting to grow a *little* more intense than she had thought it would. Her breathing was a little bit more labored now. It was as if something heavy was sitting on her chest, though now more like it was inside her chest instead. Nothing she couldn't deal with, though. The show must go on.

By now, Ms Bennet's figure was nothing short of outlandish. Her breasts were getting unreasonably large, being opposite-world bowling balls bouncing on her chest. Her shirt was wrapped tightly around her chest, the buttons straining against her powerful bust. Down below, her hips and ass were outlandish, her seat being easily enough to dwarf the standard chairs kept at the office. At the rate she was currently expanding, she's outgrow her uniform in no time at all. This was, like most things that had happened thus far, expected.

"Cassidy," she began, using the casual name. This was supposed to help create a laid-back environment for the viewers. "What is the sale's number at now?"

Cassidy glanced down at the livestream; an easy task at the moment. She'd been caught in a red-faced loop of glancing at Audrey, feeling the blood shoot to her head, then at anything that she could look at instead in the room. Then eventually back to the balloon in the room. She'd settled on looking at the tiny livestream on her laptop instead of the real mccoys in her room.

The effect that the helium was having on Audrey was kind of insane. Besides her obviously expanded figure, there was so much else that was changing on her. The buoyant way that she simply stood there, with every microscopic movement causing her inflated figure to bounce and sway. The new, shiny look her exposed skin now had, like she was made of latex.

Her exposed cleavage that bulged between the straining buttons shone like a rubber balloon whenever she caught the light that streamed through the giant bay windows. The tiny noises her curves sounded like an over eager Cassidy rubbing balloons together in the privacy of her home; music to her ears. The curvaceous balloon that had taken Audrey's place was the object of Cassidy's night time fantasies, and one that she was trying her best not to indulge.

Hence why she squinted at the live stream instead of leaping across the room and hugging every inch of her boss. "T-t-the number is," she had to lick her desert-dry lips. "It's at 12 so far..."

12 sales, that's not bad to start. Audrey was hoping to hit bigger numbers before the rally ended at 8. A half hour may be a short time for the rally, but the office always complained about the long meetings, even if they were helpful. However, she'd need to take the time to deflate, and she didn't want to lose more than half the day on the rally in general. She still had work to do; 'balloon' wasn't a position that paid in this company, and while she was okay with filling the role today, if this was a success she may look into others taking her place. Regardless, 12 sales so far has been okay for now. Though now it is time to try and push them forwards.

Audrey put one hand on her hip and leaned forwards towards the camera, putting one hand atop her chest. She looked over her glasses at the camera, posing like some kind of a magazine model. Only here, she had a figure that only the most perverted of animes could compare to. The buttons on her shirt were valiantly fighting to avoid losing ground against her bust. "Cassidy, would you classify me as a balloon so far?"



Even though Audrey was looking at the camera, it felt like she was looking right into Cassidy's burning soul. She'd dreamed of anybody to say that to her; the women on the edits she found online, the hunky-voiced men on her virtual reality chats, the supermodels and pin-up guys she found in magazines... and now that it was happening she found a fist sized rock in her throat. "W-w-what?"

Now her voice was being caught on the livestream, now that she had to project. Her light, lilting voice sounded so loud on the livestream to her, like somebody else was talking. Audrey nodded, arching her back to bounce her chest once. She was certain her skirt and especially shirt were going to bust any second. "I asked you a question. Am I a sufficient balloon yet, in your professional opinion?" She gave another practiced smile.

Attitude was definitely a part of the facade, in her research. Hours of skimming online databases of this sort of material gave her the context she'd needed. Balloons came in various personality archetypes, and while some were far too low-brow for her to degrade herself to, simple flirtation was something she could try. All that was was talking to the camera and asking flirtatious questions. Phrases like, "Enjoying the view?" and "Am I big enough yet?" were innocuous, easy to remember, open, and vague.

These were easier for her to swallow than other options, which were appropriate only for the bedroom in her opinion.

It was as if Audrey had wrapped her hands around Cassidy's eyes and forced her to look at the balloon in front of her. Her body squeaked softly as she bounced, still inflating even now. It was like a rubber angel had descended onto the office.

"I-I-I... I believe so... A-Audrey."

A tiny, imperceptible nod showed her approval; she'd remembered to call her by her first name, even now. It wasn't hard to see the effect this was having on Cassidy, even Audrey could tell that, and she was pleased that she'd remembered her training. The approved balloon remembered her own routine, straightening up and turning away from the camera, giving the office a view of her expanding backside. Her voice, still robotic despite the flirtatious dialog, rang out leagues louder than that of her small, off-camera assistant. "I do believe I could be bigger, though."

She turned to the side, putting her arms behind her head, then stuck out her chest and backside. With a ripping of cloth and a bursting of buttons, Audrey's outfit *exploded*. The shirt ripped in twain as every button was eliminated all at once, spinning out onto the carpet. Her skirt ripped clean up the sides, going almost all the way to her stomach, with only a few threads holding it together. Much the same could be said for her stockings, which had begun to tear at the top where it met the thigh. Beneath her shirt, her dark purple bra could be seen on display, wrapped tightly around her beach ball sized bust.

The cost of the outfit was something she could expense away, she figured. She'd weighed the cost and it really wasn't that much. The effect she'd assumed it would have on the numbers was something she was hoping would be well worth the price.

Her hypothesis would not take long to be confirmed. Cassidy spared a single sweaty glance down at the livestream.

1352 watchers. 53 sales. 54 sales, actually, as the number increased as she watched. The masters degree in Cassidy sputtered like an old car come to life in her brain as she quickly compared the numbers vs. the air that had already been pumped into Audrey. The first sale had had enough air in it to inflate her enough that it showed off a few more inches. That amount multiplied over 50x fold didn't seem to show on Audrey at the moment.

It struck her now that the smaller diameter hose may be letting less air into her at the moment... but the transceiver was still programmed to be open until a certain amount of air flowed through, not just an amount of time. Which meant that there was probably a backlog of helium still waiting its turn to be pumped into Audrey.

Cassidy looked up at her boss and immediately assumed that Audrey was aware of this fact. That was probably why the rally was only scheduled to run half an hour. To make sure that a humongous backlog wasn't established and blow Audrey to the size of a passenger blimp. That made sense.

Audrey, meanwhile, gently pushed her bust up with two fingers per breast, looking coyly at the camera. Her naturally resting face ended up taking on a new light when filtered through the veneer of an inflating pin up girl. What initially seems like an emotionless husk turns instead into a sexily nonchalant come-hither gaze. "Cassidy, what are our sales?"

"5-5-57."

57, now *that* was more like it. The cogs were running now, that's for sure. "That is quite good." She gave a smile again. She wasn't sure how many more of those she had in her; space was getting tight. "That is the type of motivation I am looking for, you understand?" She turned to pat her hips, making a somewhat loud, hollow *tump* sound. "With that type of drive, we can get our branch to the top."

Her hands traced up her thighs to her stomach, pausing when she did. A probing, gentle hand confirmed what she assumed to be true; her stomach was starting to inflate as well. Her trim, fit, flat stomach had ballooned out to about a couple of weeks pregnant. The swelling of her skin gently parted her fingers as she lay her perfectly trim nails atop it. This was *also* expected, though perhaps a little fast. Her internal clock told her that the rally still had at least 17 more minutes left at the moment, and the fact that her belly was already inflating told her that her perhaps high sales expectations were driving her inflation faster than she expected. Still though, sales were sales, and this is what she wanted to happen.

She decided to play into it, turning to the camera and swaying her hips, trying to show off her belly. Her bra was a tight thing now, pushing her bust uncomfortably. Though the camera couldn't see it yet, as she hadn't turned around since her skirt had split, but her panties were identically tight on her. She hadn't had time last night after work to hit a store that sold more stretchy undergarments, let alone ones that were graded for this degree of punishment, so she'd just simply used her oldest and most comfortable set. Needless to say, they were not up to the task, and were already threatening to throw in the towel on her.

Audrey's exposed skin gleamed in the sun; it now no longer required a perfect sunbeam to cause her body to shine like a soap bubble. Now firmly a rubber balloon, Audrey shone like a latex doll at all angles. Every sway caused a rubber squeak from her thighs, or her ass, or her bust, or *something* rubbing against something else. The pressure was causing her to breathe a little heavier now, and to her surprise, her breath was hot, just like at the end of her runs. If she

breathed too hard, she was in danger of fogging her glasses; the exertion from this pressure was making her sweat. It turns out being a balloon was more of a work out than she'd thought.

Cassidy looked at the sweating, panting, swaying balloon in front of her. She crossed and uncrossed her legs repeatedly, trying desperately to find a position that would curb her overwhelming lust. 1450 viewers. 1455 people worked at this company. That meant that only 3 people were not currently watching this livestream, given that Audrey and Cassidy were in the room partaking in it. Cassidy threw a silent prayer to the unlucky 3 that did not get to see this in all its glory.

83 sales now. The helium was not going to stop coming anytime soon, and was probably not going to stop in any way for the rest of the rally. Any sales after this was just growing numbers on a screen, not having any bearing on Ms Bennet's balloonification. The backlog of helium that was fighting tooth and nail to get down that hose would be sure to keep her inflation up for the next 15 minutes of the rally. Obviously the staff didn't know that, and even now more sales kept coming in. Cassidy was even sure that the janitor was probably auctioning off mops to try and move that number up. This was primed to be one of the single most profitable half hours in the company's history.

Audrey's belly ballooned out at a rapid pace. Though her butt was the size of two car tires stacked atop one another, her belly was rapidly trying to take the crown for her biggest attribute. Her skirt lay in tatters, and her panties were quickly eaten by her cheeks. Every second, another seam on her stockings would quietly bust and let another section of shiny skin bulge through. Up north, her bra was shaking with the pressure. Her cleavage was getting so vast that it was impossible for Audrey to see past her own chest. Add on to the fact that her yoga ball sized belly was acting as a table for her chest to sit on, and she was as good as blind.

One heeled foot tapped on the ground, then the next... then they didn't. For the first time, Audrey seemed caught off-guard by her inflation. She strained her leg, with her enormous thigh and even softly-swelling calf, to try and reach the carpeted floor. After a moment's effort, she realized that she could not reach it and gave up. It was clear the helium had finally cleared the threshold of her mass and sent her airborne.

Cassidy watched with unrestrained delight as Audrey took to the sky. She was only a few inches off the ground, but she was rising still. The manager-turned-balloon kicked her legs a few times, then stopped, resting her hands atop her belly gently. Even the gentle movement of placing her hands on the giant mass that was her globular stomach resulted in another hollow sound.

"It seems that-" she was cut off by a loud snap as her bra was flung away by her bust. Her breasts bounced free atop her belly for a second, celebrating their freedom, before settling, though still blocking most of Audrey's view. In a maneuver that took Cassidy by surprise, Audrey had placed a criss-cross of what looked like electrical tape over her nipples; the vain attempt at censoring her nudity only drove Cassidy more up the wall.

Audrey took a moment to compose herself after her own bra had interrupted her. She patted her belly again; it was far bigger than a yoga ball now. That comparison applied more to her breasts at this point. No, her belly was almost around 5 feet around now, starting to rival the size of her almighty ass. Her panties were showing more resolve than her bra had, still hanging on despite the utter discomfort they were bringing her. "As I was going to say, it seems that this

balloon is getting very big.” She ran one hand down her belly, before trailing it to her ass best she could.

Her arms were getting more puffy. She’d noticed that a few moments ago; it was becoming a little bit harder to bend them. Most certainly she was getting very full, maybe near the higher echelons of her capacity. A sign of sure success. “I’m very proud of you all so far. You’ve turned me into quite the blimp.”

The balloon squeaked again as she wiggled her legs best she could. The dark stockings were almost nearing the end, crackling like a fuse on a gunpowder bomb as they reached her heels. Every part of her was starting to feel the pressure now, growing tighter and tighter as more and more helium was being pumped into the giant balloon.

100 sales. A company-wide record, no matter the branch. This was going to put them on the map.

“You’re doing great, Audrey!” The voice on the live stream surprised Cassidy. She didn’t recognize it. It had the same gaelic lilt of her own, but spoken with such confidence, such bravado-

“Just keep it up! Let’s see how big this balloon can get~!”

It was her own. She lay her own hand over her mouth, as if she could catch the words and examine them closely. This volume was alien to her, never in her life has she spoken with such passion.

Audrey pursed her lips as she felt her ass bump against the ceiling of the room. Her belly was almost 10 feet across, her ass almost 7. Her giant, round breasts with the useless electrical tape were about 5 feet each. She was like a immobile parody worship to femininity. Like the ancient exaggerated clay statues dug up in ancient Eurasia. Only now, a living breathing woman, and blown up like a perverted balloon. Her arms barely moved now, and she could feel them puffing up at her shoulders. With her legs spread wide by her belly, her arms joined them in professing her utter immobility.

“Thank you for the encouragement, Cassidy.” She had to raise her own voice, worried it wouldn’t get past her chest. Not only were her own breasts threatening to smother her, but her breathing was getting even rougher. The pressure inside her was trying to overwhelm her at every moment. Sweat dripped down her face and into her cleavage; she could feel the little rivulets of sweat trail down her side and ass like rain on a car window. Audrey had never felt this degree of pressure before, or this level of exhaustion. Being a balloon was straining her to her limit.

Only a few more moments were left at the rally. The sales were pouring in by the second, basically one every 3 or 4 seconds. Everyone was blowing Audrey up into a bigger and bigger blimp; more than half the conference room was being taken up by her overwhelming expanse.

Cassidy was on her feet now, silently cheering on her boss’ inflation. This was more than anything she’d ever experienced. All those hours in the night staring at balloons and fantasizing about one blowing up in her home bedroom were absolutely nothing compared to the sight in front of her. For the next remaining three minutes of the rally, Audrey was her fantasy come to life. The balloon of her dreams, growing even more round and full with every moment that passed. 11 feet, almost 12. The entire back half of the conference room was dedicated exclusively to housing this blimp of a boss.



Audrey carefully controlled her breathing. Her internal clock told her that only a few more minutes were left in the rally. This was getting to be a little much; she hadn't been this out of breath in a very long time. Her swelling body was starting to feel pretty tight... it seems like her comfortable capacity had been reached, and exceeded. Despite the discomfort, the pressure inside her, and her panties trying their best to cut her in half, Audrey was still pleased. At 12 feet, she was certain this meant truly awe-inspiring sales. There's no way nobody would ever forget this rally.

She felt her belly touch the floor. With her ass pressed against the ceiling, and her belly brushing against the carpeted floor, it seems that her inflation had finally exhausted all the vertical space in the conference room. This confirmed her suspicion of 12 feet; she'd measured the room before leaving last night. She felt her hot breath on her face, and to her dismay, her glasses finally fogged over. All she could do was expand out horizontally, sandwiched between the ceiling and floor. Though with how tight she felt, she wasn't entirely certain how much more she'd be able to grow regardless.

A sound rang out, familiar to Cassidy's ears. The sound of a balloon nearing its limits. Her voice rang out again. "Audrey? Did you hear that?"

Audrey, for her part, did. Though she didn't show any real alarm. "Yes, I did. I do believe that it came from me." She wanted to pat her belly again, though realized that her arms were swollen into nothing but rounded bumps on her circumference. She was nothing but a collection of spheres and curves by now. Spheres for her belly, spheres for her breasts, spheres for her ass and legs. Only her head had been saved from any expansion; even the fingers on her

hands and the toes in her awfully tight heels had been puffed up with air. She was truly out of places to expand. "It is..." She had to pause to catch her breath. "It is a sign that the branch has done a quite excellent job of inflating me."

Cassidy bit her lip, looking down at the live stream. Two more minutes left in the rally. Sales were over 120. They didn't stop, only increasing the speed at which they wanted air pumped into the globular manager. Her body was struggling to inflate at all; with how much the room was pressing against her, she looked like she was being forcibly compressed by it. The cool, cool glass was pressing against her side, and even Audrey's face was red at the sensation. Though Cassidy couldn't see her boss's face at all; her massive wall of her bust blocked any attempt to see her clearly.

Another creak rang out. It was far from a comforting noise. It was the sound of a balloon being blown to its utter limit. Cassidy recognized it well from her videos.

"Audrey!" She cried out, waving her arms for good measure.

"Yes, Cassidy?" Audrey responded, her body creaking and groaning all the while.

Whatever concern that Cassidy had died somewhere in her throat. There was only a minute left in the rally. If she stopped it now, then that meant that Audrey wouldn't be inflated anymore, and any threat of oncoming detonation would be averted.

On the other hand... then Audrey wouldn't get any bigger. She'd stay at this size, still not *technically* at her limits. So close to her utter cap, but not actually there. Cassidy bit her lip, her knees bending inward at the thought. To get this far and not see her truly massive, big enough for her sweaty body to pin Cassidy to the wall... she couldn't bring herself to prevent that from happening. She'd be fine. Only a few dozen short seconds left in the rally. "You're doing great, Audrey! Looking like an amazing balloon!"

She let the lust fuel her. Her voice was loud and strong, rising high above the creaking and groaning that was becoming omnipresent. Audrey was straining, it was clear to see. Her body was completely, utterly out of room in every single way. The blimp had been blown to her utter capacity.

Audrey let herself emit a single grunt of effort. This was beyond uncomfortable; the sensations that were cascading across her body were unlike anything she'd ever experienced. More than that, though, was a lingering concern.

Maybe she hadn't done quite enough research. Her voice was a little weaker than she expected it to be. "How much more time is left... on the rally?"

"Only 30 more seconds, Audrey! You got this~!"

Her body was trembling with the pressure now. She could feel every single fiber of the carpet against her, the cool smoothness of the glass on her side, her desk and chair against her ass. Looking down at her own chest, she could see her skin even start to turn transparent with the sheer pressure.

She had definitely not done enough research.

"Cassidy?"

The creaking was growing deafening. There were only about a few seconds left. Less than fifteen. The giant, creaking blimp that was the emotionless, unapproachable Audrey Bennet almost whimpered. There was nothing left of the sexy office manager. Now there was nothing but a titanic, trembling blimp only seconds away from bursting into a billion pieces.

Cassidy almost drew blood from how hard she was biting her lip, her legs trembling just as the balloon did. Audrey continued. "Is it possible for me to... pop?"

5 seconds left.

"No, of course not! You're fine!"

4 seconds left..

"I mean, you're huge, but you got this!"

3 seconds left.

"There's no way you'll explode!"

2 seconds left.

"I bet you could get *twice* this big!"

1 second left. Audrey squeaked. "Oh dear."

KABOOM

In a massive, building shattering blast, Audrey burst. The trembling, gleaming balloon of the office worker blew apart like an overtaxed party balloon, showering Cassidy in a deluge of tan confetti and latex scraps. She was blown off her feet and into the wall by Audrey's detonation, her head banging hard on the drywall. The tank, the camera, the laptop, everything was blown around by the thunderclap of air that left Cassidy's ears ringing. The glass windows blew outwards, sending tiny little pieces of glass twinkling out into the bay below.

Cassidy lay on the floor, her legs up in the air like a dead bug. Tiny little scraps of Audrey fluttered down around her, landing on her legs, her chest, and on her head. All across the room, pieces of the manager descended to the floor, giving everything inside a thin coating of latex. Outside, the wind caught just as much of the confetti, scattering the rubbery scraps that made it out to the greater city or bay respectively. A few pieces of Audrey that were identifiable remained. Her glasses, albeit the frame alone, lay not far from Cassidy's head. Her hair had slapped against the door and now hung like a wig on the door handle. At the back of the room, barely recognizable given how stretched they'd become, were Audrey's everlasting panties, now a purple thong made for a giant.

Cassidy rubbed her head, blinking repeatedly in shock at the mess that surrounded her. The incredible events that just transpired still seemed utterly unbelievable. Though, the cracked screen of her laptop confirmed that it had in fact all been true.

Audrey Bennet had just popped in front of the entire branch.

Cassidy scrambled for the camera, dangerously close to having been flung out the broken window, and pulled it in. She did her best to fix her hair before pointing it towards herself.

"T-thank you all for participating in the first ever Coltright NA Motivational Balloon Rally!" She did her best to stifle an awkward laugh. "As you can see, it's been a major success! Have a great rest of your day!"



Following the events of Audrey Bennet's impromptu retirement, things at the NA Coltright Branch had been shaken up tremendously. Sales were up, *way* up, in a way that was unprecedented at the company. In a maneuver that would spread through every section of the company like wildfire, the NA branch had managed to outsell their competitors' quarterly profits in the span of less than an hour. Upon reviewing the recordings of assistant manager Cassidy Hartly, it was easily determined what the cause of such a surge in productivity was caused by.

Newly *promoted* branch manager Cassidy strode the halls in her new button up, scrolling the tablet in one hand as she did. She happily waved hello to her coworkers, each of which eagerly returned her morning greetings. "Good morning, good morning!" She happily called out, being sure to smile and use names. Her voice echoed through the cheery office space; it was nearing the end of the season and everybody knew what exactly that meant. It was time for the expected Motivational Rally later today.

Cassidy returned to scrolling her tablet. Names upon names of newfound interns and hire-ons all in a row. She thought in her head about which ones she'd call up to help with the rally. The higher ups were determined for the rally to be a quarterly thing, and speaking truthfully, Cassidy couldn't agree more. Though there was no way she was going to volunteer herself for that level of pressure.

She smiled as she settled on the first of the list. Melissa was pretty cute. Tall, too. She'll call her up in a few minutes, see if the intern feels like volunteering for a new company tradition.