

The Office's Pregnant Pomegranate

While most of the other people in the office had gone home for the night, a single cubicle was still illuminated by a running computer monitor. The screen shined a light on the russet brown skin of Disha and her black hair tied up in a loose bun. The weariness in her eyes clashed against the neatly pressed, white button-up shirt she wore on a daily basis. The top worked alongside her slim-fitting black slacks to emphasize her petite figure. However, she wasn't in a mood to traverse the office in her black slip-ons to get unwanted glances from coworkers. Right now, all of her focus was concentrated on the task in front of her.

"Hey Disha!"

The sudden voice nearly made the workaholic fall out of her seat. Stabilizing herself at the last moment, she looked up to see a familiar head of frazzled, red hair peeking over the wall. With a groan, she stood up to see the bespectacled gaze and smiling, freckled face of her coworker, Ena.

"What did I tell you about trying to scare me like that?" Disha asked, trying to ignore the peppy girl dressed in a bright blue blouse and matching skirt.

"And what did I tell YOU about working too late," Ena replied with a shake of a finger. "You know we don't get paid overtime."

"Yes, but I need to put in the extra effort if I'm going to compete with the other departments," Disha explained. "It's the only way I'll get a promotion around here."

"Sorry to be the downer here, but it's not like you're beating the weirdos in the lab," Ena commented. "They come up with some really freaky stuff they promise can make the company billions."

Disha scoffed. “They’re all talk. Not like they’re actually willing to show their work for all of their boasting. I haven’t even seen one of them outside of corporate social events.”

“It’s not their fault that they had to sign a bunch of NDAs about their inventions,” Ena replied. “In any case, I’m not going to keep hounding you. But promise me that you’ll at least try to go home at a reasonable time tonight, okay? Otherwise, you’re sure to burst from the stress.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Disha said as she waved away her co-worker. “I’ll go home just as soon as I finish up here.”

It took a few moments for her to notice it over the sound of her fingers clacking on the keyboard, but eventually Disha heard Ena walk away and exit the office. The weak promise she had made to the red head was something she was determined to break if it meant getting the leg up on her work that she needed. Unfortunately, her body was working against her as she felt her eyelids staring to grow heavy. Rather than take this as a sign to stop what she was doing and go home to sleep in her own bed, she decided that now was the perfect time to enact her plan.

Poking her head up to double check that she was alone, Disha opened up one of her desk drawers. Inside was a silver can marked with a series of numbers and symbols she didn’t fully recognize. However, the people in the lab had been kind enough to leave the concoction clearly marked as an experimental energy drink. Figuring that she was already in too deep to stop now, she popped open the “borrowed” can and took a sip.

The taste of pomegranates was stronger than any guilt that tried to attack Disha. The pleasant, sweet and fruity flavor beckoned for her to take her time and savor it. However, she didn’t want to run the risk of falling behind on her work or accidentally leaving any traces of the stolen goods on her desk. Determined to drink up and allow the energy to boost her body as fast

as possible, she relented in pushing away from her monitor for a second and instead pulled out her phone for a short break.

In-between sips, Disha tapped along the tiny screen with the intention of using her typical source for getting her blood flowing. Chewing on her lips, she scrolled through a private collection of pictures showing off heavily pregnant women. Looking at the way their bellies moved made her trace her hand along her own, flat mid-section. Skimming through small clips of women lactating made her involuntarily pucker her lip and push her to chug more of the energy drink.

Part of the reason that Disha wanted her promotion so badly was for the sole purpose of supporting her indulgences. On top of her subscriptions to certain niche websites, she had sunk money into various props to simulate pregnancy in her alone time. This included a false belly to prance around in within the privacy of her own home while she pleased herself. After these sessions of self-indulgence, she was always eager to drink the special bottles of milk that had come directly from her beloved, pregnant idols. The warm fuzz that worked up in her body as she thought about what she could do with the extra money she would receive from her inevitable promotion helped her to get the energy flowing through her veins.

Putting away her phone after favoriting a new batch of photos for later, Disha stowed away the empty can in her bag to dispose of far away from the office. Stretching out her limbs to let the caffeine work towards her fingertips, she turned back to her computer. Though she only lingered on the black screen for a moment before turning it back on, her eyes did see that something was off. She shrugged it off as just her imagination and attempted to put her focus back on her assignment. The truth that she had denied was that the deep red coloring spreading across her cheeks was very real.

The workaholic's denial covered up the way something began to push at the middle part of her clothes. Hidden by her desk, her belly was able to start slowly swelling up. Though its growth did nudge at her belt, the expanding protrusion went unacknowledged as her weary eyes remained fixed to her screen.

Whatever extra power Disha was able to extract from the drink was partially taken up by her need to wobble back and forth. Writing it off as just her backside becoming numb for sitting so long, allowed her rear to follow a similar growth rate as her belly. Quickly filling up her pants as they continued to swell her butt cheeks seemed determined to fill up every inch of her seat.

Disha was forced to further slow herself down to constantly adjust her arms as she typed away. She was too focused on the screen in front of her to notice how her once flat chest was straining the top of her blouse. Even as her plumper nipples poked into her bra, she was able to write it off as just a lingering side effect of her phone session.

As parts of Disha's growing curves peeked out of her clothes to reveal that they had taken on the same red hue as her cheeks. Despite this, the most she could sense was a strange moisture that clung to her tongue. Her tunnel-vision on her project made her shrug it off as just an aftertaste from the drink rather than the bloating belly struggling to burst apart her belt.

Disha only had to relent to this unsettling feeling as a droplet of red liquid fell down her forehead. Mistaking the liquid for sweat, she wondered if she was having an adverse reaction to the drink. As much as she wanted to push on to keep working just a little more, she was forced to admit that she needed an actual break.

As she stood up from her chair, the overworked woman stumbled into the nearby wall. The thump of her impact made her ignore the sloshing noise that emanated from her belly. The unsteady feeling on her body caused by the extra heft as she shuffled forward, she thought was

nothing more than her own grogginess. Slowly pushing forward through the dark office, she told herself that a quick trip to the bathroom was all she needed to get back to her task.

Flipping on the light switch, the white tiles of the area momentarily blinded Disha. Shielding her eyes from the drastic change in illumination, she stumbled her way over to the sink. Feeling herself thud against the porcelain, the various excuses she had tried to tell herself fell apart as she had to accept that something was very wrong.

As her vision gradually adjusted, Disha finally got to see the red coloring spread across her face. Taking a step back from the mirror allowed her to see the extra plumpness that had been placed around her curves and hips. Seeing the way her gut was struggling against her blouse and belt, her mind raced through thoughts of a potential, allergic reaction being her punishment for downing the stolen energy drink.

Immediately Disha started feeling up her body to find any signs of discomfort. Though she definitely looked swollen, there was no sense of pain as her fingers touched her expanded skin. The only thing that actually irritated her was the sense of tightness emanating from the part of her belly held back by her belt. Beginning to undo the straps, she intended to make a beeline towards the nearest emergency room once she got a full grasp of what was going on with her body.

Disha's plans fell apart as the full girth of her belly shoved itself up against her shirt. Though her buttons held fast, she could see the surface of the red-colored protrusion sticking out between them. The longer she stared to try and confirm if what she was seeing was real, the more the gut seemed to increase its overall size. Buttons began to pop off as the globe continued to swell at a gradual pace. Other parts of her body went through similar growth spurts, but all she

could focus on was her expanding mid-section as it pushed further outwards in an attempt to break free of her shirt.

Backing up to the sink, Disha held onto the faucet to try and keep herself steady. As her spherical, bright red stomach pushed at the last few buttons keeping it in check, her logical side screamed at her to run for help or at least call an ambulance. However, something about the rounded shape kept her in place. Staring down at her gut as it groaned against its restraints, she recognized that it was taking on a very familiar shape. Rather than fear, what she was filled with was a morbid curiosity that convinced her to use her fingers to snap off the last few buttons keeping her belly held back.

Disha nearly plummeted to the floor as the full weight of her swollen gut was unleashed. Leaning her back against the sink, she was able to keep herself steady as she stared down at her addition. Chewing on her lips, she brought a shaky hand towards the sphere. Grasping at it and feeling the taut, red skin, she couldn't help a small moan from leaving her lips. The tingling sensation she felt as placed her palm against her gut beckoned for her to give it a more thorough exploration. After all, this was exactly what she wanted.

Eagerly grasping her gut, Disha gave into the temptations she had been holding back on for so long. Now in possession of a belly that looked like it was in its 10th month of pregnancy, she was able to fully appreciate the girth and fullness that came with it. The sloshing noises that accompanied her groping were easily covered up by her unbound moans. Toes curling as and feeling something drip out from her womanhood, she was ready to spend the rest of the evening just playing with her swollen gut.

Disha's attention drew elsewhere as she felt a tightness around her chest. Shuffling against the sink, she could feel the straps of her bra struggling to stay together. Looking down

and momentarily overlooking her swaying gut, she paid closer attention to her bosom. Seeing her tits struggling to stay contained by what remained of her top, she showed little restraint as she plucked the final button from her shirt.

Disha lunged forward once more as her breasts tried to break free. Once she was certain that her grip on the sink was strong enough to stop her from falling flat on her beloved belly, she slowly brought a hand over to her tits. Unsnapping the overburdened bra, she allowed it to fall onto the ground to give her free access to her enhanced bosom.

Just like her belly beforehand, the office worker's blatant disregard for the strange color of the engorged breasts allowed her to fully enjoy herself. Swaying around the tits without a care about the sloshing noises they brought, her curious fingers eventually made their way towards her nipples. The expanded size of her teats provided her with yet another source of pleasure as she groped at the tits with the intention of trying to enjoy every last inch added onto them.

The enthusiasm Disha showed as she fondled herself inevitably led to her bouncing her backside up against the sink. A sudden chill brought a momentary halt to her playtime as she felt her skin touch the porcelain. Readjusting her position to get a different view in the mirror, she was able to see the sizable hole that had formed in the seat of her pants. This would have been more distressing if the tear didn't reveal that her buttocks had also received a sizable upgrade.

Ensuring that her pants' modification was in full view, Disha began to sway her hips back and forth. Her movements served to send her tits and ass into a shaking fit to properly emphasize her curves. The impromptu dance helped her with her fantasy of being a sultry MILF, who had a long list of potential suitors who could be responsible for her swollen belly. It was the exact type of body she had lusted over every chance she got in order to forget the stress of her work.

Before Disha could have a chance to grope her ass cheeks, she was stopped by something trickling down her gut. Bringing herself to a stop, she turned around to see droplets leaking from her teats. Sliding a finger across the nipples, she came away with a red, transparent liquid hanging from her fingertips. The color pushed back her earlier enjoyment as her mind was filled with the fear that she was bleeding.

Disha's concerns were replaced with confusion as she picked up a sweet scent from nearby. Curiosity getting the better of her, she brought her hand to her lips and sucked up one of the droplets. It only took a moment for her to recognize the sweet flavor. It was the very same that she assumed had caused her growth in the first place. Daring to give her breasts a bit of a firmer squeeze created a splash of the same liquid across the floor. Seeing the bright red contrasted against the tiles, she smacked her lips with the realization that she was lactating pomegranate juice.

The unsettling sensation that spread through the red dyed woman's body culminated in a gurgle from her pregnant belly. Clutching at the sphere, she felt a series of tremors grow more powerful as the sensation migrated downwards. A loud splash echoed through the bathroom as more of the pomegranate juice poured out from her womanhood. Stumbling through her self-made puddle as she tried to get a hold of reality, she finally was given a sliver of understanding that her body wanted to push something out.

A mix of fear and excitement controlled Disha as she grabbed onto the sink once more. Keeping one hand tight to steady herself, she used the other to begin massaging her belly. The gentle caresses contrasted against her heightened breathing. Unsure of what to do now that one of her fantasies was coming to fruition, she tried to ease herself with the pleasure that came with each contraction.

So focused on the task at hand, Disha failed to notice how her legs and arms were starting to plump up. The added thickness gave her a better hold of the sink but also made it more difficult to keep herself steady. Spreading out her thickening thighs, she scrunched up her plump cheeks as she felt herself reach the apex of her limit. Thankfully for her, her efforts bore fruit in the form of a moan leaving her lips and something being pushed out of her vagina.

Left a trembling mess from her release, Disha tried to focus on the object that had sent ripples through her puddle. Her swollen form made it impossible for her to see the thing being kicked around by her ankles. A lucky strike from her plumped up feet sent the odd object rolling away from her to give her a clearer view. A line of juice leaked from her lips as her eyes focused on the round, apple-sized red orb that seemed to stare back at her with an ominous sense of foreboding.

“What is that MMMPPPHH!”

Disha’s discovery was interrupted by more contractions taking over her body. Even if she was expecting this time, the sensation had not lost its power as she was left a shaking mess. Forced to stand still as she pushed out another orb, her next cry of ecstasy came out to coincide with the splash her birthed ball created.

Knocking the new addition away to join its sibling, the maternal office worker didn’t know how much time she had before she went through her next contractions. Slowly waddling forward, she attempted to reach for the spheres. Squatting down at the risk of giving birth once more, she let her fingers inch closer and closer to giving the strange spheres a thorough examination.

Disha’s balance was thrown off as her expanded rear finally tore apart what remained of her pants. Under the duress of the jiggling orbs, she had no hope of keeping herself standing.

Flailing her arms as she made a vain attempt to keep herself upright, her battle with gravity inevitably ended with her tumbling onto her gut.

Disha's fall was cushioned thanks to her now medicine ball-sized belly. The tradeoff was the leftover impact was used to push out two orbs at once from her quivering womanhood. Gritting her teeth from the wave of pleasure that struck her, she tried to maintain a semblance of her senses as she reached out towards one of her spheres.

Managing to just barely grasp the orb in her palm, Disha brought it to her face to try and make sense of what was happening with her body. Squeezing a little too hard on the sphere caused it to pop with a splash of more pomegranate juice. Caught off guard by the sudden explosion, she incidentally caught a mouthful of it. The sweet taste the accident left on her tongue in no way compensated for the rumbling that shook around her fruity figure.

A loud sloshing sound echoed through the bathroom as Disha began to swell once more. Rather than limit itself to just filling up her gut and curves, the juice further spread out towards her limbs. In a matter of seconds, her ability to move was removed as her legs were encompassed into her more spherical form. With her fingers following the same fate as they sunk into her torso, she desperately searched for some way to stop her transformation.

Disha's thoughts turned into a mess of pleasure as her growth pushed out another orb. The tremors of euphoria that came from her release was in no way enough to combat her worsening situation. As if hearing her concerns, her body was able to shove out another globe in quick succession. With her womanhood left agape by the continued emergence of her "children" any attempts for her to call out for help was overwritten by the moans that left her lips.

A gush of juice from the office worker's breasts gave her a modicum of clarity. This came just in time to watch as her already engorged bosom took on several extra layers of growth.

Though her boobs had engorged to resemble bellies at their fifth trimester, their rounded surface was distorted by numerous bumps.

The protrusions came around the time Disha's nipples began to dilate and stretch out. Her myriad of questions were answered by the tremors emanating from her chest. Granted a new source of pleasure, she let her body take its course as it attempted to push something out. Widening out with each push, her teats slowly managed to give birth to a pair of orbs similar to the ones piling up by her womanhood.

Now pushing the juice globes from three orifices, any chance Disha had of making an escape was relegated to enjoying the constant waves of euphoria. Rather than fight against her fruity form, she allowed herself to cry out in ecstasy with each release. The reward for her surrender was giving her lips some of the extra plumpness that had affected the rest of her body. However, any accentuation the swelling made to her mouth was undercut by her face becoming more rounded to show off its bright red color.

Over the course of the next few orgasms, Disha let the tremors cascading through her form take control. Though she no longer had use of her limbs, her body began to slowly move under the influence of these shakes. Rolling through the growing puddle of pomegranate juice momentarily muffled her euphoric cries as she got to retaste the sweet flavor. She spun at a glacial speed at first, but she began to pick up momentum as she drew closer to her next release and the exit.

Just as it seemed like she was about to break free from the bathroom, Disha's slammed against the threshold with her engorged backside. The pair of butt cheeks were several sizes smaller than her bosom by this point. However, they still had more than enough cushioning to

send her careening back across the floor. While the bounce did result in a small scream from the pomegranate women, it was shortly cancelled out as she hit her next climax.

Back and forth Disha rolled through the bathroom, spreading trails of her juices everywhere she went. The tiles became stained with red as each of the orbs that squeezed out of her orifices were squashed beneath her girth. Even when she did manage to occasionally slow herself down, the promise of more sweet juices to drink up pushed her to wiggle her sunken in extremities to get herself rolling through her puddles once more.

Disha's best efforts to push out her "seeds" still left her with a surplus of them as she grew. The bumps along her breasts were soon mirrored by her belly as she failed to keep up with the production. The protrusions lining the surface of the sphere making up the majority of her mass made her passes along the floor much rockier. Had she been in the right mindset, she would have been wondering if she had finally gone past a point of no return. In her current state, she couldn't think of a better outcome.

Through her various drinking and pushing, Disha was given a chance to fully let herself go. It wasn't in the way she had suspected to achieve her fantasy, but it was hitting the right nerves with each twitch of pleasure and sphere she birthed. Basking in her status as a pomegranate woman, she couldn't care less that her figure had been completely distorted into a massive globe.

The only things preventing Disha from becoming a completely rounded object were the protrusions of her expanded ass cheeks. Though her backside had fallen behind the rest of her figure, it still managed to make itself known. With each tremor of pleasure that cascaded through her form, the buttocks clapped against each other to further spread the juice clinging to her flesh.

The office worker's overly plump breasts worked hard to keep up with her constantly active womanhood. Orbs began to slip out of her nipples almost as frequently as the juice that leaked out. The constant splattering of the spheres and liquid from her chest ensured that not a single inch of the bathroom was left untainted by her red color.

Through all of this, Disha continued to revel in each of her releases. She became lost in this seemingly endless cycle of buildup and release. Unable to stop herself from fulfilling her new duty as the office pomegranate, time passed by with the only indicator being her continued swelling. The only thought that was left in her pleasure addicted head was, "How big can I get?"

Arriving to the office fashionably late as always, Ena took a slow sip of her coffee as she noticed the huddle around the bathroom. Thinking that Janice from accounting had made her dreaded "breakfast sausage" again, she had intended to merely pass by. That was until the muttering around the doorway was offset by a loud, euphoric moan that sounded familiar.

Chugging her coffee and tossing it in a trash can, Ena barreled towards the source of the noise. Shoving aside the other employees, she splashed through a puddle of red liquid to make her way over to the restroom. However, she was prevented from going any further thanks to the massive wall of taut, red flesh blocking the entrance.

Seeing the bumps lining the object's skin, Ena gave one of them an experimental push. From the other side, she heard another euphoric cry and the sound of something splashing down into the flood of juice. In the wake of release came a sweet, fruity scent marked by an aura of desire. When the ripples from the orgasm finally subsided, she heard a weak mutter of, "Keep it up big boy."

Even with the words slurred by a downpour of juices and extra heft, Ena could tell who it was. Hearing the muttering from behind her, she realized that it would only be a matter of time before the rest of the employees figured it out as well. Understanding the severity of the situation, she went against her usually care-free demeanor to pull something from out of her pocket.

“Go back to your desks, now!” Ena ordered as she waved around a badge that made all those nearby quickly comply.

With the majority of the crowd dispersed, Ena could focus on the task at hand. Taking off her shoes and rolling up the cuffs of her pants, she began to squeeze through the small gap left open in the doorway. Going through the cramped, wet corridor, every bump and nudge of her body against the red object brought about more moans. Having to press herself past the set of swollen ass cheeks that were each the size of her desk, she was forced to stop as the object vigorously shook.

At the apex of another moan, Ena got to witness firsthand as an orb popped out of the woman’s womanhood. The sphere rolled through the lingering puddle to eventually collide with the pile of its siblings nearby. Daring to pick up one of the globes, she gave it a small squeeze and was bombarded with a sickeningly sweet odor. Leaving the orb to join the countless others littering the floor, she was careful to watch her step as she proceeded forward.

As Ena came up the side of the car-sized mass, she took notice of the bumpy, engorged breasts ahead of her. Either one of the tits could have been enough to flatten both her and several other people with one swing. The threat of being crushed didn’t prevent her from reaching out towards the swollen nipples that were constantly dripping with the red fluid. A small touch was

all it took to make the teats gape open to release a surge of juice and more spheres to add to the collection.

Finally making her way towards the proper front of the giant fruit, Ena had to stand on her toes to get a better look. Within the center of the sphere, she could see the sunken in face of her co-worker. Despite the strange circumstances, the pomegranate woman appeared to be in a state of complete bliss. Not knowing when she had last seen her friend's hair put down, she dared to squeeze in a little closer and ask, "Disha, are you okay?"

"MMMMPPHHHH more!" Disha moaned out as her body trembled from another release.

"What happened to you?"

"I... drank some strange MMMMPPPHH energy drink from the research department," Disha admitted, thinking she was far beyond any attempt to hide her crimes. "Now I just sit here, release juice, and MMMMPPPHH birth fruit globes."

"I see," Ena commented as she picked up one of the seeds and carefully balanced it on her palm. "Don't worry Disha. I'll try and get you some help."

"S-sure. But take your MMMPPPHH time. I'm in no rush."

"Heh, I did say that you needed a vacation," Ena remarked as she dared to sample a drop of juice clinging to her companion's shaking belly. "Sit tight while I go get some assistance."

"Thank MMMMPPPHHHH you."

Leaving Disha to continue enjoying her strange state, Ena began the trek back towards the exit. Stopping within the cavern located beneath her friend's massive ass cheeks, she reached into her pocket and pulled out her phone. Careful not to let any of the juice splatter across the screen, she dialed in a number and held it up to her face.

“It’s me, Ena,” she began. “Do you have the retrieval team on standby? We have another test subject.”

Ena was forced to pause for a moment as Disha let out a gush of ecstasy and juices from her latest release. A quad of seeds pushing out of the giant pomegranate’s body had Ena adjust herself to avoid tripping over the pile. Seeing the lingering tremors send the spheres rolling through the juice puddle brought a grin to the red head’s face.

“This may be the one we need to finally get the company to approve the next step of our experiments,” Ena explained, tapping her fingers against her friend’s skin as a way to thank her for the opportunity she provided to her to further her team’s research.