

Monica walked into the Palladium Advisory office Monday morning. Bright ceiling lights filled the open white space lined with desks and plants. An analyst stood in front of her trying to greet her. She pointed back behind her and told him to stop roaming around and get back to work.

She kept walking toward her office. The yellow blouse sat low on her chest. Her face stayed neutral.

1
(to herself)
"Same shit every morning with these yes-men. Already tired of it."

1
(without turning around)
"Eyes back on the screen, Kyle."

2
(grinning, casual)
"Was just checking my phone, boss. Nice view though."

She continued toward her office. Kyle Brennan, the senior associate meathead with his gym build and blonde fade, sat leaned back in his chair, phone in hand, eyes locked on her ass as she passed.



She sat at her desk reviewing the calendar and morning briefs. Her fingers moved across the keyboard. A small smile crossed her face. She knew the effect she had on everyone in the office. They all envied her influence, which went well beyond her position.

A chubby 24-year-old intern approached Monica's desk holding a coffee cup. Jules Mora was in her last year of studies and doing an end-of-studies internship. Her striped V-neck was slipping off one shoulder and she had hungry eyes. She looked timid as she stopped in front of the desk.

1
(looking up, milder than usual)
"You're the new intern, right?"

2
(stuttering, nervous, still holding the cup)
"Y-yes. I just started today. I brought your coffee. Black.
I hope you like it that way."

3
(small smile, finding it cute)
"Black is perfect. Thank you."

1
(empty smile, holding out the tablet)
"Good morning, Monica. I have numbers for Tom."

2
(smacking her lips, annoyed)
"Yeah, no. That's not gonna happen."

3
(clipped)
"First availability is tomorrow afternoon."

4
(pleading lightly)
"Come on, Monica. Please."

5
(dismissive)
"Stop wasting my time. Do you want the booking for tomorrow afternoon or not?"

6
(reluctant)
"Yeah. Sure. Whatever."

She was about to take a sip of her coffee when Dana Kessler approached her desk. The senior consultant and office ringleader had been there longer than most. Tall at 5'11" with a honey-blonde bob and a permanent empty smile, Dana compensated for her limited real power by constantly scheming for Tom's ear. She was deeply envious of Monica's influence with the boss.

Monica walked into the kitchen area to swap her warm water bottle for a cold one. Birthday decorations covered the cupboards. Priya Shah, the HR lead, stood there with a tray of cupcakes. The small Indian woman had warm brown skin, silver-grey hair in a bun with a white headband, and an overly bright smile. Her blue blouse and trousers completed the look.

1
(soft, bright smile)
"Good morning, Monica."

2
(morning greeting)
"Morning. Whose birthday is it?"

3
(soft, smiling)
"That's a secret. Hey, try one of these cupcakes I baked. They're fresh."

4
(polite refusal)
"Nah, really thank you Priya, but I don't really feel like it."

5
(insistent, people-pleasing)
"Oh come on, just one. Please? For the team?"

6
(doing intermittent fasting)
"I'm doing intermittent fasting. I'm good."

7
(still pushing)
"Just a small bite? I made them myself."

8
(firm but polite)
"Really, no thank you."

9
(soft insistence)
"It'll make the birthday person so happy."

10
(final)
"Maybe later. Thanks though."

Monica was walking back to her office with the cold water bottle. Marcus Webb stepped out of his office, phone held up as if checking for signal. The IT guy was athletic with a short black fade, tight white t-shirt, grey trousers, and black sneakers. The phone was conveniently angled toward her tits.

1
(catching him)
"Really, Marcus?"

2
(phone still up)
"No, no, no, I'm just checking the signal. Bad Wi-Fi reception today."

3
(direct)
"Yeah, right. Eyes up here."

4
(nervous laugh)
"..."

Monica entered Tom Harlan's office. The managing partner was the hard-working spine of Palladium Advisory — a self-made corporate climber in his early 60s who had built the firm through long hours, sharp deals, and relentless execution. This morning he looked stressed, gray hair slightly out of place, clean-shaven face tense as he reviewed papers at his desk in a black suit, white shirt, pale blue striped tie, dark pocket square, and black dress shoes. He looked up with softened eyes when she entered.

1
(greeting)
"Good morning, boss."

2
(stressed, rubbing his temple)
"Monica. Good morning. Did you check on the 10 a.m. with Apex Partners? They were supposed to confirm the .Voss numbers this morning and the line has been quiet."

3
(glancing at her watch)
"It's 11:15. They didn't show. Want me to call and reschedule it?"

4
(softened, relieved tone)
"Yes, please. I can't afford another delay on this one. The board is breathing down my neck."

5
(calm)
"Consider it done. Anything else?"

6
(grateful)
"Just... thank you. I don't know what I'd do without you."

1
(firm)
"What do you want, Dana?"

2
(holding out the tablet)
"Please, Monica. I really need to show him the Q3 projections for the Voss account. The board review is tomorrow and the numbers aren't finalized for the client metrics."

3
(annoyed)
"I thought I told you to book a slot."

4
(leaning to talk past her)
"Tom, please. I just want to show you this real quick. I've been working on the deck all night and the morning stand-up will be a disaster without it."

The high heels clicked sharply behind her as Monica stood firmly in the doorway of Tom's office, blocking the entrance. Dana was right there, tablet in hand, trying to slip past with that empty smile of hers. The air in the hallway carried the faint scent of coffee and printer ink from the open-plan floor. Monica's jaw tightened — she had already told her to book a slot.

Tom called from inside the office, his voice carrying the weight of a man drowning in reports and deadlines. Monica turned slightly, a satisfied look crossing her face as Dana was forced to step back. The doorway felt like a line in the sand.

2
(satisfied)
“See? You could have saved everybody their breath and just done as I told you.”

1
(from his desk)
“Later, Dana. Just send it to Monica and she will review it for me.”

Kyle and Marcus were standing by Kyle's desk, laughing low. The office hum of keyboards and phones filled the background, but their voices carried just far enough that someone walking past the row could hear every word.

2
(laughing, phone in hand)
"Yeah, right, like she would let you hit. She likes the rich guys, not the meatheads like you."

1
(grinning)
"Man, the ass on that woman is fucking insane. I'd bend her over the desk in a heartbeat."

3
(agreeing)
"Yeah, I'd have to agree with you on that. The way she got Tom wrapped around her finger. I wouldn't mind being bossed around by her though."

She was back at her desk when she overheard the two of them giggling about her ass instead of getting back to their job. She called out.

1
(calling out)
"I heard that!"

2
(blaming)
"Hey, it was not me, it was him!"

3
(blaming)
"What? No, you said it first!"

4
(under her breath)
"Fucking idiots."



She turned a little to her right to look across the office at Tom. A smile spread across her face. Hiding behind the monitor on her desk, she unbuttoned her shirt and sneakily flashed her tits to entice him.

It was lunch break. Monica sat at a table with a salmon salad. Jules sat next to her, finishing a slice of strawberry cake. The intern looked happy to be there, and Monica seemed a little nicer to her than to the rest of the office.

1
(casual)
"How's your first week going so far?"

2
(shy smile, fork pausing)
"It's... good. Everyone's been really welcoming. The work is interesting too. How's your salad?"

3
(small, almost amused smile)
"Better than the usual crap they serve in here. You seem to be enjoying that cake."

4
(blushing a little, eyes flicking up)
"It's my weakness after a long morning. I brought extra in case anyone wanted some. Do you... want a bite?"

5
(small, almost amused smile)
"I'm good. But thanks for offering. Most people around here wouldn't dare."

6
(warming up, voice softer)
"I figured you might like it. You seem different from the others. In a good way."

7
(dry but warmer than usual)
"Flattery will get you everywhere, Jules. Just don't let the yes-men rub off on you."

Priya showed up with a plate that had four donuts, interrupting the lunch conversation at the table. She tried to involve herself with her usual people-pleasing energy, pushing the sweets on Monica while Jules sat quietly beside her. The break room buzzed with other employees chatting over their meals, but Priya's bright smile cut through it all.

1
(bright smile, holding out the plate)
"Oh, there you are! I baked these fresh this morning for the team. Strawberry, vanilla, and sugar powdered — your favorites, I think. You have to try one, Monica. It's practically a celebration after that board meeting yesterday."

2
(cool but polite, fork pausing over her salad)
"I'm good, Priya. Jules and I were in the middle of something."

3
(not deterred, turning to include Jules)
"Oh, don't let me interrupt! Jules, you must be the new intern. These are for everyone. Take two. It's important to foster that team spirit, you know? Monica, just one bite? I stayed late to finish the batch."

4
(shy, glancing at Monica for cue)
"They look amazing. Thank you."

5
(slightly more annoyed, voice clipped)
"Really, Priya. I've told you before. I'm not hungry. Save them for the team."

6
(soft insistence, still smiling)
"But it's for the culture. Everyone needs a little sweetness in their day. Tom loved the last batch I brought up. Just one for the road?"

7
(firm, turning back to Jules)
"Later, maybe. Jules, you were saying about your first week?"



Priya walked away with the plate, clearly salty that Monica kept dodging her. Jules was still eating her cake in the background. Monica felt a weird vibe from her — she'd been trying to feed her all day.

A few minutes later after lunch the office slowly returned to its usual rhythm. Keyboards clacked again, phones rang in the distance, and employees settled back into their tasks with the low hum of fluorescent lights overhead. Monica stepped into Tom's office and closed the glass door separating it from hers behind her. Her boobs pressed up in that tight yellow shirt, fresh lipstick on her lips, as she turned to face him with a knowing look.

1
(casual at first, smiling as she settles on the chair)
"How's work going, boss? You look a little tense today."

2
(nervous, eyes widening as she pulls him in)
"It's... it's been a long morning, Monica. The board calls never stop."



Monica straddled Tom's office chair, grabbing him by his tie and yanking him close between her spread legs. She flashed her wet pussy to him, lips glistening, easing the nervous boss into it as she owned the moment with dominant slut energy.

1
(breathing heavily)
"Mmmmmm... that's it."

3
(moaning, grinding harder)
"Deeper, good boy. Fuck... yes, just like that."

5
(voice breaking with pleasure, dominant)
"Don't you dare stop. Eat that pussy like you mean it, pet."

2
(muffled, eager)
"Mpphmphmmm..."

4
(muffled, sucking louder)
"Mmmph... mmmph..."

Tom brought his head closer between her spread legs, his tongue sliding slow and hungry along her wet pussy lips before diving in, lapping and sucking with wet, obscene sounds that filled the closed office. The chair creaked under her as she ground against his face, her heavy breathing turning into raw, needy moans while she kept her grip tight on his tie, slipping into her dominant role as she owned every second of it.

1
(riding, choking him, voice low and filthy)
“Take it, you little slut. Swallow my spit like the good boy you are. Mmmmmm… your cock feels so good inside me. Look at you, stuttering already.”

3
(squeezing his cheeks harder, hand stroking him from below, moaning)
“Yes you can. Beg for it, pet. Tell me how bad you need this pussy.”

2
(stuttering, gasping, overwhelmed)
“M-Monica… fuck… I… I can’t… please…”

She got on the chair on top of him, removing his pants and sliding down onto his cock, starting to ride him hard. She grabbed him in a chokehold, spat into his mouth, then grabbed his cheeks with both hands like a slave, using her left hand to work his dick up from under her while he stuttered beneath her, the chair creaking with every thrust.

1
(slapping him again, nails digging deeper, voice low and commanding)
“Look at you, taking it like the desperate little bitch you are. You love when I slap that pretty face, don’t you? Say it.”

3
(moaning, grinding down harder, choking him lightly with one hand while the other slaps again)
“Good boy. Beg for my pussy. Tell me how badly you need to be used like this. Mmmmmm… your cock is throbbing inside me. Don’t you dare cum until I say so.”

2
(gasping, submissive, stuttering under the slaps)
“Y-yes… I love it… please, more…”

Her long white painted fingernails dug into his skin as she gave him a few sharp slaps, the sound echoing in the closed office while she kept riding him hard, her wet pussy clenching around his cock with every thrust. The chair creaked beneath them as she owned him completely, her dominant energy filling the room.

1
(stroking slowly, squeezing the base hard, voice dominant)
"Look at this throbbing cock. You don't get to cum yet, pet. Beg me for it like the desperate little bitch you are."

2
(gasping, hips bucking into her hand)
"Please... Mmmph... I need it... I'm your good boy..."

3
(squeezing harder, slowing her strokes to torture him)
"Good boy. Tell me how bad you want to fill me again. Mmmmmm... feel how tight my hand is around you. That's all you get for now."

4
(stuttering, voice breaking)
"I... I want it so bad... please let me cum inside you... I'll do anything..."

She pulled his dick out of her, the wet sound filling the room as she started stroking it slowly, squeezing it hard in her hand, her thumb circling the head while she watched his face twist in desperate pleasure. Her grip was firm and teasing, edging him mercilessly as she leaned in close, her breath hot against his ear, the chair still creaking from the rhythm they'd built.

1
(heavy breathing, moaning)
"Yes... fuck... mmm... oh god... so fucking big... yes... don't stop... mmmph... harder..."

She put his huge cock inside her again, picking up the rhythm as she rode him harder, her pussy stretching around the thick shaft with every bounce. The sensations overwhelmed her — the fullness, the friction, the way it hit deep inside with each thrust, the wet slap of skin on skin filling the office. Her breathing grew heavy, moans slipping out chopped and slurred as she lost herself in it, hands braced on his chest while her hips worked faster.

1
(eyes rolling back, heavy breathing, chopped)
“Oh fuck... yes... I’m gonna cum... I’m gonna cum...”

2
(stuttering, thrusting up to meet her)
“Me... too... fuck... Monica...”

3
(screaming as she cums, body shaking)
“Fuuuuuck... yes... cum inside me... now!”

4
(groaning, cumming hard inside her)
“Ahhh... cumming... fuck!”

5
(cumming sounds, screaming)
“Ahhhhhhh... ouuuuuh... fuck...”

Her eyes rolled into her head as she rode him even harder, moaning and breathing more heavily. Knowing the boss’s office had soundproof walls, she didn’t have to restrain herself anymore. The build-up was intense, her pussy clenching around his huge cock as they both raced toward the edge together, the chair rocking violently beneath them.

1
(disheveled, pouring a glass)
"Want some?"

2
(cocky, legs spread, leaning back with a satisfied smirk)
"Yes. Make it a double. I earned it."

She sat on one of his chairs, butt naked, her pussy still covered in her cum and his. She liked the feeling of the chair leather against her sensitive pussy as it acted like a cooling surface, soothing the heat from the intense ride. He had put back his pants, his shirt still unbuttoned and unkempt at the neck with his tie loose, as he grabbed a bottle of Macallan 18 from the cabinet and asked if she wanted some. The afterglow hung in the air, the office quiet except for their breathing.

2
(cocky, setting the empty glass down)
"Oh yeah? I was planning on you driving me back so I can fuck you some more."

1
(concerned, watching her pour the third glass)
"I know the day's almost over, but you don't want to catch a DUI."

4
(sarcastic)
"Oh well. Too bad then. DUI it is."

3
(reluctant but honest)
"I'd love to, but I have dinner with Richard from Voss Capital tonight."

She put her skirt back on, the fabric sliding over her cum-covered pussy, before grabbing the glass of Macallan 18 and chugging it down in one go. Then another. Then a third. The whiskey burned down her throat, the warmth spreading fast through her body in the afterglow of the intense fuck. Tom watched her, concern creeping into his voice as the day's end approached.



A bit tipsy, Monica walked back into her office, clicking a few buttons on her keyboard to close out the remaining reports and emails. The sky outside had finally gone dark, the office lights dimming automatically as the building emptied. She shut down the computer, the alcohol's effect subsiding enough that she felt sober enough to drive. She was the last person to leave the office. Or so she thought.



She went to the pantry to grab one more water bottle to hydrate on her way home and avoid the alcohol headache. To her surprise, in the dark across the room, a few people stood there silently as if they were waiting for her.

1
(cheering)
"Surprise!"

2
(laughing, putting a hand on her shoulder)
"Happy work anniversary, Monica. You didn't think we'd let you sneak out without celebrating, did you? You've been the one holding this place together."

3
(raising the whiskey glass, smiling too wide)
"To Monica! The heart of this place. We even baked for you — though the birthday signs were a bit of a mix-up on my part."

5
(still in shock, laughing a little)
"You guys... the birthday signs? Really? I thought I was the last one here."

4
(shy but excited, holding a plate)
"We baked for you and everything. I hope you like the cake."

The lights suddenly turned on. Everyone screamed "Surprise!" Tom showed up behind her, laughing while she stood in shock. It seemed like the office had thrown a party to celebrate her work anniversary, though the happy birthday decorations on the cupboards were a bit confusing. Jules, Priya, and Dana were there, Priya raising a glass of whiskey as they all cheered. The break room was filled with snacks, balloons, and a cake on the counter.



The party buzzed around them, the sound of everyone talking and chatting over drinks filling the break room with laughter and the clink of glasses. Monica stood chatting with Dana and Jules, her fake nice professionalism with Dana as per usual — all smiles on the surface while the rivalry simmered underneath. A strange suspense hung in the air when Dana mentioned the dinner with Richard, as if she had been listening to what happened inside Tom's office.

Priya hijacked the conversation again, this time with a platter of cupcakes with different icings that looked like they'd melt instantly in the mouth — so delicious looking it was hard to look away. She told Monica to try some and this time she wouldn't take no for an answer. Monica, feeling a little buzzy from the alcohol and also appreciative of this little party they threw for her despite her usually not really liking to hang out much with the staff, succumbed to peer pressure and didn't want to ruin the moment. She reached with her hand and hovered for a second to decide which cupcake to grab and try, the sugar scent mixing with the whiskey still lingering on her tongue.

2
(buzzy, reluctant but giving in, hand hovering over the platter)
"Fine. Just one. Which one is the least sweet?"

1
(bright smile, pushing the platter closer)
"This time I won't take no for an answer, Monica. Just one. They're fresh and I made them especially for you."

3
(bright smile)
"I put the same amount of sugar for all of them. Try the strawberry, I think it'll be your favorite."



She grabbed a strawberry cupcake and took a long stare at it, fighting the urge to try it after years of working hard to lose all her extra weight. She had been overweight for most of her adult life, the extra pounds a constant battle that took years of strict diets, early morning gym sessions, and sheer willpower to shed. But at this moment the smell of sugary icing was too strong to resist and she thought one wouldn't really hurt.



She took a bite of it. The taste of sugar exploded in her mouth after she had been eating nothing but salads for so long. Icing smeared over her lips and face as she enjoyed it, the sweetness hitting her like a rush she had denied herself for years, her eyes closing for a moment as the pleasure washed over her.



A few minutes into the party, Monica grabbed another strawberry cupcake from Priya’s platter. Her belly was still flat but the first bites had already started something strange — the calories seemed to convert straight into fat, her body visibly softening as she ate. She was completely unaware, mouth full as she grabbed one after another like a junkie handed a syringe, mumbling how good they were. In the background Kyle watched with a smile at first, enjoying the view.



The change accelerated. Monica’s belly had started to expand noticeably, pushing against her skirt as the fat piled on from the cupcakes. She kept eating, grabbing another one, her height seeming to increase slightly as her frame widened. The sugar rush was addictive after years of salads. Kyle’s smile faded as he noticed something was off, his eyes narrowing at her growing middle. She was still oblivious, lost in the taste.



Her belly had grown round and heavy now, the skirt gently digging into her skin as the fat distributed across her hips and thighs. She stood a bit taller, the growth subtle but visible, her body converting every calorie into soft curves. Icing smeared her lips and chin as she shoved another cupcake in, completely unaware of the transformation. Kyle’s expression had shifted to shock, the smile gone as he stared at the changes.



The growth was undeniable now. Monica’s belly was prominently round, her shirt and skirt straining against the new fat, her height noticeably taller as the cupcakes continued to pile on pounds in seconds. She kept bingeing, grabbing the last ones, mouth full and eyes half-closed in pleasure, completely unaware of what was happening to her body. Kyle looked outright alarmed, the smile long gone as he realized something impossible was unfolding.

1
(mouth full)
"These are incredible..."

Monica reached for another cupcake from the platter, the soft sponge giving way under her fingers. She took a bite, the flavor hitting her in a rush that made her shoulders relax. Her hips felt a little heavier, the brown skirt sitting differently against her skin, but she paid it no mind. In the background Jules watched from the side with a neutral expression, the party noise of laughter and clinking glasses filling the room.

1
(mouth full, reaching for more)
"Can't get enough..."

The next one disappeared just as fast. The fat had started to settle into her thighs, the skirt fabric pulling taut with each shift of her weight. A subtle lift in her stance made her seem a fraction taller, the change so gradual it blended into the movement. Jules tilted her head, brow furrowing as she stared, the colorful lights from the decorations casting shifting shadows across the scene.

1
(mouth full, breathing a little heavier)
"Mmm... one more..."

2
(hesitant)
"Monica... are you okay?"

The expansion had moved upward, rounding out her ass and making the skirt seams creak with every movement. The added weight changed how she carried herself, a new sway in her hips that felt strangely good. Jules' eyes widened, her hand freezing mid-air as the confusion set in, the party chatter continuing obliviously around them.



The growth had become obvious in the way her silhouette filled more of the space, the skirt splitting at the seams to reveal the soft layers beneath. Her thighs rubbed together with each step, the shift in her center of gravity making her movements heavier. Jules took an involuntary step back, mouth agape, the plate forgotten in her hand as the impossible played out in front of her.

Without Monica asking, Priya quickly grabbed another platter of cupcakes and thrust it at her. Monica was still going over them one after another, her mouth covered in sugar powder as she sucked her fingers clean and grabbed another. In the background Tom looked at her in shock, observing that something was shifting but unable to tell exactly what it was. Jules stood shocked and speechless. Dana sipped her whiskey, smiling as she looked at Priya, almost amused by what was happening.

Dana grabbed a plate of apple pie and shoved it in Monica's face, the warm cinnamon scent cutting through the sugar still lingering in the air. She offered her some with that empty smile, saying she baked some of it last night. Monica hesitated, her stomach already full from the fuckton of cupcakes, but Dana's convincing tone lured her in. The party continued around them, the buzz from the alcohol making the decision feel less heavy.

1
(shoving the plate closer, empty smile)
"I baked some of it last night. Just one bite, Monica. The apples are fresh — completely different from the cupcakes."

3
(luring, smile widening)
"One small taste won't hurt. Come on, it's still warm from the oven."

2
(hesitant, stomach full)
"I've already had so many cupcakes..."

4
(giving in)
"Fine. Just a taste."



She grabbed a slice of the pie and bit into it. The warm apples burst with cinnamon and brown sugar, the flaky crust crumbling against her tongue in a perfect contrast to the soft filling. After the cupcakes the flavor felt deeper, richer, the buttery notes lingering as she chewed slowly, the sweetness spreading through her like a secret she wasn't ready to admit she craved. Her lips glistened with the juices, a small drip escaping down her chin as she took another bite, the party noise fading into a distant hum while the richness filled her mouth and the warmth settled low in her stomach. The sugar pulled her in deeper with every chew, her eyes half-closing as the indulgence took hold.



Monica took another slice of the apple pie, the warm filling dripping as she bit in. The crust flaked against her lips while the sweetness coated her tongue, a welcome contrast after the long stretch of plain meals. Her breasts had started to swell noticeably, the yellow shirt pulling tight across them with each breath, but the sensation blended into the pleasure of eating. In the background the party continued, the low murmur of voices and clinking glasses a constant undercurrent.



She switched to a cupcake without thinking, the pink frosting smearing across her lips as she took a large bite. The breasts had grown heavier, the shirt gaping open at the tie, the weight shifting with every movement and making her posture adjust. The sugar rush felt sharper now, pulling her in as the frosting dripped down her cleavage. The room's energy felt distant, the laughter and chatter fading as she focused on the next one.

1
(mouth full, breathing heavier)
“One more of each...”

The mix of pie and cupcakes had her alternating between them, the pink frosting joining the apple filling in sticky streaks down her chest. Her breasts had swelled dramatically, the shirt straining at the seams, the fabric stretching thin over the expanding curves as the weight pulled downward. She licked her fingers between bites, the mess spreading, the indulgence feeling like a release she hadn’t known she needed.



By now the platter was a mix of half-eaten slices and cupcakes, the pink frosting covering her chest in sticky streaks as she kept going, one after another. Her breasts were enormous, the shirt barely holding on, the weight bouncing with each movement while the growth continued in waves of warmth and fullness. She was completely lost in it, the party noise fading as the pleasure took over, her fingers sticky and her mouth smeared with sugar.



Later that night when she got back home, stuffed, drunk, gassy and exhausted. The drive had been a blur, the alcohol still buzzing in her veins as she pulled into the driveway. She showered, the hot water running over her swollen belly and heavy tits, the steam filling the bathroom while her stomach churned from the mix of pie, cupcakes, and whiskey. Then she went straight to bed, too lazy to even dress. She sat there naked, tilted back from the weight in her belly and tits, the sheets cool against her skin as the exhaustion settled in deep.



Her arms were planted behind her for support, eyes closed as she breathed slowly in and out. After years of strict salads and clean eating, the sheer volume of pie and cupcakes had left her stomach shocked and bloated. Her belly was noticeably chubbier and heavier than it had ever been, while her breasts had grown significantly fuller. The sensation felt completely alien to her body, like something was off in a way she couldn't quite understand.



She remained seated on the bed, arms still braced behind her. Her breathing stayed deep and deliberate as she tried to settle the heavy, bloated feeling in her stomach and the unfamiliar weight on her chest. The strange fullness refused to fade, making every breath feel different than it used to. The room was quiet except for the sound of her slow inhales, exhales, burps and hiccups.

The exhaustion finally won. Monica lay back on the bed, eyes fully closed, body sinking into the mattress. Her heavy breasts and chubby belly rose and fell with each breath as sleep took her. The strange sensations from the night's binge lingered even as she drifted off.



Morning sunlight streamed through the large windows. Monica slowly woke, still lying naked on her back. The light caught on her fuller figure — her noticeably larger breasts and the soft, rounded belly that remained from the previous night. She blinked against the brightness, her body still adjusting to the new weight.



Fully awake now, Monica stretched both arms high above her head, back arching slightly. Her breasts shifted heavily with the movement while her rounded belly remained prominent. She let out a long, deep yawn, face scrunching as the morning light filled the room and the full reality of how different her body felt began to settle in.



Years of iron discipline had defined Monica's life — early mornings at the gym, strict calorie tracking, and nothing but lean protein and salads. That carefully maintained body was now betraying her. Still naked except for a pair of tight white mesh panties, she walked into the kitchen with a pounding hangover headache. The cool tile under her feet and the faint morning light filtering through the windows did little to ease the heaviness in her chest and belly. She intended to make coffee and eggs, something normal to settle her system. Then she saw it — a bright pink box sitting on the counter that definitely had not been there when she came home.



She approached the counter slowly. The pink box was from the office party. Next to it lay a handwritten letter. As she picked it up and began reading, the pieces fell into place. Her colleagues had apparently sent her home with the leftovers after the party — a kind gesture that now felt like something far more deliberate. The realization settled heavily. These were the same donuts that had started everything the night before.



The scent hit her immediately. Sweet, powdery, impossible to ignore. Her body remembered it too well. The same strange warmth she had felt at the party began to stir again. Monica reached out, fingers hovering over the box, then pulled her hand back. She knew better. She had fought this battle for years. But the pull was stronger now, almost unnatural. After a long moment she gave in, picking up a powdered sugar donut with reluctant fingers.



She brought the donut to her mouth and bit in. Powdered sugar exploded across her lips, chin, and chest. The taste was overwhelming — sweet, rich, everything she had denied herself for so long. For a brief second the disciplined woman who had built her entire identity on control simply disappeared. She chewed slowly, eyes half-closed, the white powder coating her skin as the sugar hit her system again.

1
(mouth full, moaning softly)
“Mmm... fuck... so good...”

The first wave of growth began in her hips and ass while she continued eating. Her lower body slowly swelled, hips widening and ass becoming noticeably rounder and heavier. The white thong dug deeper into softening flesh as saddlebags started to form. Monica remained completely lost in the donut, chewing with slow, deliberate bites, powdered sugar falling onto her chest.

1
(chewing, breathing heavier, moaning)
"Mmmph... yes... just like that..."

The expansion continued. Her ass grew thicker and heavier, hips flaring wider as the saddlebags became more pronounced. The rapid accumulation of soft fat changed her silhouette dramatically from behind, yet she stayed focused on the donut, taking another large bite, completely unaware of the changes happening to her lower body.

1
(mouth full, low moan)
“Mmmmmm...”

Her hips and ass continued expanding at an alarming rate. Thick saddlebags now curved outward on both sides while her ass became massively round and heavy, the white thong almost disappearing between the growing cheeks. Powdered sugar coated her face and breasts as she kept eating, utterly absorbed in the sweet, addictive taste.

1
(licking her lips, satisfied moan)
"...so fucking worth it."

The growth finally slowed, leaving her with dramatically wider hips, thick prominent saddlebags, and an enormously enlarged, rounded ass that dominated her lower half. The white thong was now painfully tight, buried in soft flesh. Monica took the final bites of the donut, face and chest covered in white sugar, still completely unaware of how much her body had changed.



The transformation had now moved upward. Monica stood barefoot in the kitchen as a new wave of warmth spread through her core. Her breasts and belly were visibly swelling while her frame stretched taller. Powdered sugar dusted her skin as she brought the donut to her mouth again, still completely absorbed in the taste after years of rigid self-control.



Each bite seemed to fuel the change faster. Her body continued expanding upward, breasts and belly growing heavier as her height increased again. Sugar coated her chest and face while the strange euphoric rush clouded her thoughts. The disciplined woman who once tracked every calorie was nowhere to be found.



The growth had become relentless. Her upper body was markedly larger now, belly soft and rounded, breasts heavy and full, her arms thicker. She had grown tall enough that the kitchen counters felt lower than they should. Still she ate, eyes half-lidded, chasing the overwhelming sweetness.



By this point the transformation was unmistakable. Her breasts and belly had grown dramatically, her entire frame taller and softer. Sugar and frosting covered her skin as the intoxicating rush deepened. She no longer questioned it — only the next bite mattered.



The peak finally overtook her. Monica’s eyes rolled back, face locked in an intoxicated, ahegao expression as she licked sugar and frosting from her lips and fingers. Her body had grown substantially larger in every dimension — breasts massive, belly full and soft, height noticeably increased. She trembled with pleasure, completely lost to the overwhelming high.



Monica returned to her bedroom still buzzing from the sugar, her body now carrying the unmistakable softness of prolonged overfeeding. The plush weight of her belly, the heavy sway of her breasts, and the thick fullness of her ass and thighs made even the simplest movements feel different. She picked up a brand new pair of black sheer tights she had bought just weeks ago, when her body still obeyed her rigid control. Now she bent forward, grunting as she tried to pull them up over her thickened thighs. The delicate fabric stretched painfully tight, digging deep into her soft, overfed flesh like a second skin that could barely contain the results of her recent indulgence.



The tights surrendered with a sharp ripping sound. The thin fabric tore violently along the seams of her enormous ass, unable to contain the sheer volume of soft, heavy fat that had accumulated there. Pale, pillowy flesh spilled out through the fresh tears in thick, yielding waves, jiggling freely now that the restrictive material had given up. The once-expensive tights hung in ruined tatters around her widened hips, a testament to how completely her body had outgrown its former limits.



From the front the sight was even more overwhelming. Monica stared down at herself in disbelief. Her belly had become a soft, prominent dome that rested heavily above her ruined tights. Her breasts hung full and thick, while her hips had widened dramatically. The torn black fabric clung desperately to her thighs, framing the undeniable evidence of her rapid transformation. The woman who once prided herself on discipline and restraint was now staring at a body sculpted by excess — plush, overfed, and impossible to hide.



Monica returned to the office as if nothing had happened. She had squeezed herself into the only dress that still fit — a tight black number that clung desperately to every new soft curve. Beneath it, the ruined tights from earlier were still torn open across her massive ass, the seams having given up completely. Every step made the fabric strain and shift against her plush, overfed body. The usual office hum grew deathly quiet as employees turned to stare. No one said a word. They simply watched the woman who used to command the room with disciplined precision now walk past them completely transformed.

2
(trying to sound casual, not breaking stride)
"Morning."

1
(stuttering, eyes wide)
"G-good morning, Monica..."

Monica kept one hand protectively over her soft, rounded belly as she walked, feeling the weight of every gaze on her thickened figure. The torn tights threatened to rip further with each step, the tight dress riding up against her heavy breasts and wide hips. She did her best to look nonchalant, jaw set, eyes forward, pretending she couldn't feel the shock radiating from her colleagues. Marcus stared openly, mouth slightly agape. Jules looked genuinely stunned at how much bigger she had become overnight.

1
(under her breath, to herself)
"Just keep walking... pretend none of this is happening."

As she passed Kyle's desk, the silence became almost deafening. He leaned back in his chair, hands behind his head, staring in open disbelief at the enormous, jiggling ass that now dominated her lower body. The torn tights did almost nothing to hide how massively soft and thick she had grown. Other staff in the background continued to stare, but Kyle was completely speechless, his usual cocky smirk nowhere to be found.



2
(wide-eyed, stirring her coffee nervously)
"I know... I still can't believe how fast it worked. The oil... it was like she was ballooning right there in front of everyone. I thought it would take weeks, not hours."

1
(sipping her coffee, clearly amused)
"You should have seen her face yesterday. One minute she's pretending to be disciplined, the next she's stuffing her face like she never left her old habits. It was almost too easy."

3
(smirking)
"That's the beauty of it. After years of starving herself, her metabolism is probably fucked — slow as hell now. All it took was one party and your little baked goods to crack her open again."

In the pantry, Dana and Priya stood by the coffee machine speaking in low voices. What had looked like innocent baking the day before had been anything but. At Dana's request, Priya had laced every cupcake and donut with a highly concentrated fattening oil — a potent formula designed to accelerate weight gain dramatically in someone with Monica's history of yo-yo dieting. Priya had only agreed because Dana had pulled strings with her insurance contacts to get Priya approved for a new car despite her poor credit. Now the two women were quietly processing the results of their conspiracy. Dana looked amused. Priya looked genuinely surprised at how well — and how quickly — it had worked.

The two women lingered by the pantry, the corporate hum of the office continuing around them. Dana's plan had always been cold and calculated: make Monica softer, heavier, less desirable in Tom's eyes. Once her influence weakened, Dana would be ready to step into the power vacuum. Priya, still a little uneasy about her role, had gone along with it to repay the favor Dana had done for her car insurance. Now they quietly dissected the results of their scheme, two professionals trading office gossip with much darker undertones than anyone else in the building could imagine.

1
(leaning in, voice lower)
"Be honest... you really think this is going to work? She looked so different already. If Tom sees her like that—"

3
(still a little stunned)
"I just can't stop thinking about how her belly looked by the end of the night. And that ass... it was like the oil hit her like a truck. I almost felt bad."

2
(smiling with satisfaction)
"He'll lose interest. Trust me. He likes her now because she's the sharp, untouchable one. Once she's visibly soft and out of control? I become the next best thing. And you... you did beautifully. Those cupcakes were perfect."

4
(cold, amused laugh)
"Don't. She's had her turn at the top. Now it's mine. Just keep baking if I need you to. Our little secret stays between us."

Tom Harlan walked past the pantry on his way to his office, carrying his usual stack of morning reports. He gave the two women a polite nod, the same way he did every day, completely unaware of the conspiracy that had been unfolding just moments earlier. Dana and Priya straightened slightly, shifting back into their professional personas.

1
(nodding politely as he passes)
"Good morning, ladies."

2
(warm, professional smile)
"Good morning, Tom."

3
(matching Dana's tone)
"Good morning."

1
(starting to speak)
“Anyway, about the—”

3
(quickly recovering, lifting her coffee to look busy)
“Sure, no problem.”

2
(eyes still on Tom, cutting her off)
“We’ll talk later. I gotta ask Tom something real quick.”

Priya was about to change the subject to something safer when she noticed Dana’s expression shift. The calculated amusement faded as Dana’s gaze lingered on Tom’s retreating back. Without breaking her stare, Dana set her coffee down and spoke in a low, decisive tone. Priya, not wanting to look like she had been abruptly abandoned mid-conversation, quickly lifted her cup again and pretended to take another sip, masking her awkwardness with practiced ease.

Tom sat at his desk, the weight of the Voss contract heavy in his hands. The dinner with Richard the night before had gone better than expected — the client was finally on board. Still, the stress of finalizing such a high-stakes deal showed on his face. He read sections aloud to himself, the legal language grounding him as he prepared to sign.



2
(smiling smoothly)
"No, no, it's nothing urgent. I just got some good news I thought you'd want to hear."

1
(warm but tired)
"Dana. Good morning. What can I do for you?"

A soft knock preceded Dana's entrance. She stepped into the office looking impeccable — fresh red lipstick, perfectly tailored suit, and the unmistakable elegant scent of Chanel No. 5 trailing behind her. She held her tablet with poised confidence. Tom looked up, grateful for the distraction from the contract.

Dana moved closer to the desk, tablet in hand, exuding quiet confidence. She had spent weeks working behind the scenes to bring back a client the firm had lost months ago due to funding complications. Now she laid out her success, watching Tom's reaction carefully. This was the first step in her long game.

1
(professional, proud)
"We finally secured Apex Logistics. Remember how they walked away last quarter because of their funding issues? They're back on board."

2
(impressed, leaning forward)
"How did you manage that? We tried everything."

3
(smooth, confident)
"I pulled a few strings with their CFO. Turns out they just needed the right financing partner and a slightly restructured offer. I made some calls."

1
(casual)
"And how did it go with Richard last night? Any progress on Voss?"

3
(helpful tone)
"Would you like me to review it for you? I have some time this morning."

5
(subtle, measured)
"Hm. She has been... a bit scattered lately, hasn't she?"

2
(pleased)
"Great actually. Richard's fully on board. I have the signed contract on my desk right now."

4
(hesitant)
"No, that's alright. Monica's going to look into it. She seems to be running a little late today though."

Dana saw her opening and took it. She casually asked about the Voss dinner, steering the conversation exactly where she wanted it. Tom, still pleased with his own success, mentioned the signed contract. When he brought up Monica reviewing it, Dana saw her moment to plant doubt — carefully, professionally, never too obvious.

Dana moved with surgical precision, framing her suggestion as pure business strategy. A “trio dinner” with the newly secured client would position her closer to Tom while further sidelining Monica. She kept her tone light, professional, careful not to scare him off. The perfume lingered in the air between them.

1

(smooth, businesslike)

“Actually, since we just brought Apex back into the fold, I was thinking it might be smart for the three of us — you, me, and their CEO — to have dinner soon. Celebrate the win and lock everything in. What do you think?”

Before Dana could finish selling the idea, she felt a tap on her shoulder. Tom's expression changed instantly — his eyes widened as he looked past her, swallowing hard like he had seen a ghost. Monica stood behind Dana, her transformed body impossible to ignore. The tension in the room became electric.

1
(calm, professional)
"Good morning."

Monica stood directly behind Dana, coffee in hand, her transformed body impossible to ignore. The soft, heavy weight of her breasts and the thick curve of her hips filled the space. She had heard every word of Dana's carefully rehearsed presentation. With calm, cutting precision, she dismantled it in front of Tom, taking visible pleasure in putting her subordinate back in her place.



2
(interrupting sharply, authoritative)
"That is completely out of line. You will go back to your office. Need I remind you that you report to me, Dana. Not Tom. Not directly. Me."

4
(cutting her off, calm and final)
"Now."

1
(turning sharply, eyes wide at Monica's size, voice rising)
"You— Did you call them after I left? This reeks of sabotage—"

3
(flustered, defensive)
"I was only—"

Dana whipped around, her composure shattering the instant she registered how much bigger Monica had become overnight. The sheer size of her breasts, the soft dome of her belly, the commanding width of her hips — it was shocking. Flustered and humiliated in front of Tom, Dana lost her professionalism and lashed out with a reckless accusation. Monica's response was immediate, ice-cold, and final.



Dana turned and walked away, cheeks burning with embarrassment, still trying to process how dramatically Monica's body had expanded in just one night. As she left, Monica turned slowly. The slightest movement made her massive ass cheeks clap heavily together beneath the tight skirt. In the background, Tom could not tear his eyes away from Monica's enormous, barely contained boozums, his face frozen in disbelief.

1
(low, teasing, dominant)
“Good morning, baby.”

2
(nervous, breathing shallow)
“Good morning…”

3
(staring, voice unsteady)
“You… you look different.”

4
(smirking, tilting her head)
“For the better… or for the worse?”

5
(stuttering, clearly overwhelmed)
“F-for the better. Of course.”

The second the door closed behind Dana, Monica’s demeanor changed completely. She kicked one leg up onto the desk, still wearing her glossy black high heels, and crawled slowly across the polished surface on her knees and hands. Her massive breasts swayed heavily beneath her tight white top, her soft belly and enormous ass shifting with every movement. She moved like a predator who knew she owned the room — and the man in it. When she reached Tom, she placed both hands firmly on his shoulders, looking down at him with a sultry, possessive smile.



Monica leaned in closer, her enormous breasts now so large that even from a few inches away, Tom's nose sank perfectly into the deep, warm valley of her cleavage. The intoxicating, expensive scent of Baccarat Rouge 540 clung to her skin — far richer and more commanding than anything Dana could afford. Her body radiated soft, heavy heat. She watched him with half-lidded eyes, enjoying how easily he came apart for her.



With a playful but firm grip, Monica grabbed the back of Tom's head with both hands and shoved his face deep between her massive tits, smothering him completely in soft, perfumed flesh. She held him there for a long moment, fully aware of the power she had over him. Her voice remained sweet, but the underlying threat was unmistakable. Tom belonged to her — and she was reminding him exactly what that meant.



The workday had officially begun. Monica made her way back to her desk, every step a reminder of how much her body had changed. She lowered herself into her chair with visible difficulty. The leather creaked loudly under her new weight, the seat too narrow for her widened hips and massive ass. The soft, heavy flesh of her belly rested on her thighs as she tried to get comfortable. The dress felt suffocating, digging into every plush curve.



She clicked aimlessly on her desktop, pretending to work while her thoughts turned darker. Dana's calculated smile in Tom's office kept replaying in her mind. The woman was clearly trying to undermine her and take her place. Monica's jaw tightened as she stared at the screen, irritation building with every meaningless click.

Dana wasted no time. The moment she saw an opening, she grabbed Priya by the arm and pulled her into the least populated corner near the pantry. Her usual composure was gone. She spoke quickly, still shaken by what she had seen in Tom's office. Priya's eyes widened as the reality of their dangerous gamble began to sink in.



1
(smiling, innocent)
"Good morning! Is everything okay? You two look like you're plotting world domination over here."

2
(forced bright smile)
"Everything's fine, Jules."

3
(matching the fake smile)
"Yes, totally fine."

4
(eyeing the plate)
"Mind if I grab some of those eclairs? I was going to bring Monica something for breakfast since the coffee machine is broken again."

5
(quickly, too eagerly)
"No, no — go ahead, serve yourself."

Before Priya could finish explaining, Jules appeared from around the corner, chipper as ever. Both women instantly switched on fake smiles, trying to look casual. The plate of eclairs sitting on the counter — also laced with the same unregulated extract — suddenly became a major problem.



Priya squeezed Dana's hand hard the moment she gave permission. The eclairs were heavily dosed with the same black-market concentrate. Both women tried to steer Jules away without looking suspicious, but the intern was already reaching for the plate, completely unaware she was about to deliver another dose straight to Monica.



Jules walked away happily with the plate of eclairs, completely oblivious to the panic she was leaving behind. Dana and Priya stood frozen with fake smiles plastered on their faces, watching her head straight toward Monica's desk. The consequences of their unregulated black-market extract were about to spiral even further out of control.

1
(nervous but friendly, holding out the plate)
"I brought you some eclairs. The coffee machine broke again downstairs, so I thought these might be a nice breakfast instead. They're fresh — chocolate filling."

Jules knocked softly before stepping into Monica's office, holding a white plate with several glossy chocolate eclairs. She tried to keep her usual cheerful demeanor, but the moment she saw Monica behind the desk, the words nearly died in her throat. The woman who had been sleek and commanding just days ago now looked dramatically softer and larger — her breasts straining heavily against her top, her belly resting softly on her lap, her hips and ass overflowing the office chair. Jules swallowed her shock and forced a smile, deciding it was safer to focus on the food.



Monica reached out and took the plate directly from Jules' hands. For a long moment their fingers brushed, and neither woman spoke. Jules couldn't stop staring. Monica's body had changed so drastically overnight — the sheer softness, the exaggerated curves, the way her breasts and belly seemed to dominate her frame. She desperately wanted to ask what had happened, if Monica was okay, how it was even possible to gain that much in a day. But the courage never came. Instead, she offered the only safe compliment she could manage, her voice slightly higher than usual.



At Monica's polite request, Jules left the office, closing the door behind her. Alone now, Monica stared at the plate of eclairs. She tried to resist — she really did. Her mind knew better. But something deep in her body felt magnetic, irresistible, pulling her toward the pastry with a hunger she couldn't explain. Her hand moved almost on its own, lifting one eclair toward her lips.



The resistance crumbled. Monica opened her mouth and took a slow, deliberate bite of the chocolate eclair. The rich filling burst across her tongue. Her eyes fluttered slightly as the familiar overwhelming pleasure from the night before rushed through her again. She was already lost.



The growth began again almost immediately. With each bite Monica took, her body swelled larger. Her breasts grew heavier, her belly softer and rounder, her hips and ass expanding outward. She remained completely unaware, chewing mindlessly, the chair beneath her beginning to creak under the increasing weight.



The transformation accelerated. Her thighs thickened dramatically, pressing hard against the armrests of the chair. The tight black skirt started to rip at the seams as her ass continued to balloon outward. Fragments of fabric fell silently onto the carpet. Monica simply took another bite, eyes half-closed in bliss, making wet chewing and pleasure-filled groans with zero awareness of how her body was rapidly outgrowing the chair.

1
(mouth stuffed, moaning uncontrollably)
“Mmmph... fuck... *chew* mmmphhh... more...”

By now the growth was undeniable. Her skirt had torn open in multiple places, the ruined fabric pooling around her hips and thighs. The chair groaned loudly beneath her ever-increasing mass. Her breasts and belly had grown so large they rested heavily on the desk as she leaned forward for another eclair. Still she ate, completely mindless, driven only by the addictive pleasure.

1
(licking her fingers, moaning deeply)
"Mmmmmm... yes... more... *slurp* so fucking good..."

As she kept eating, the growth pushed her even further. Her body had grown massively soft and thick, the chair now visibly struggling to contain her. The last pieces of her skirt lay scattered on the carpet. Monica licked chocolate from her fingers with long, satisfied moans, still completely unaware that her transformation was continuing with every bite.



Monica paused mid-bite. She felt her thighs thickening noticeably against the chair, the soft fat spreading wider. The sensation was strange, but the rich chocolate still called to her. Without thinking much about it, she brought the next eclair to her mouth and kept eating.



Under the desk, her thighs continued swelling thicker and softer. The black tights stretched painfully tight before they began to rip apart at the seams. The chair creaked loudly beneath her increasing weight as her massive ass spread even wider across the seat.

The growth intensified. Her ass ballooned larger, plush and heavy, forcing the chair to groan and shift. One of the wheels popped off and rolled away. The torn tights hung in shreds around her thickening thighs while she kept chewing mindlessly.



More wheels gave way with loud metallic clicks. The chair was slowly collapsing under her. Her ass had grown so enormous and soft that it completely engulfed the seat. The remains of her tights were in tatters, yet she remained unaware, fully focused on the eclairs.

1
(moaning between bites)
"Mmmph... so soft... *hic*... fuck that feels good..."

From the side, her body kept expanding. Monica patted her soft, heavy belly with one hand while taking another bite. The plush fat jiggled under her fingers. She was deep in a simple, bird-brained haze of pleasure, not registering how much bigger she was becoming.

1
(mouth full, moaning)
"*Burp*... mmmph... more... *hic*..."

Her belly and thighs grew fatter with every bite. She slapped her belly lightly, watching it wobble, then moaned as she shoved more eclair into her mouth. The chair armrests were beginning to strain and crack from the pressure of her swelling hips and thighs. She burped quietly, completely lost in the sensation.



The growth became overwhelming. Her massive thighs finally snapped the armrests of the chair with a loud crack. Her heavy belly pushed forward against the desk, lifting the edge of it slightly. She kept eating and moaning, totally unaware of how enormous she had become.



She licked the plate clean of every last smear of chocolate, then ran her tongue slowly across her lips. Her belly protruded heavily through the rips in what remained of her skirt. She gave it a firm slap, watching the soft fat ripple.



The last of her skirt finally gave way and ripped completely apart, leaving only a tiny fragment of fabric clinging to the bottom half of her massive tits. She continued patting and squeezing her enormous soft belly, still deep in her mindless, bird-brained pleasure.



The chair finally collapsed beneath her with a loud crash. Monica struggled to her feet, but her body felt incredibly heavy, way too heavy to move normally. She stood there breathing hard, burping softly under her breath, suddenly realizing she was completely naked in the middle of the office. No clothes in sight that could possibly cover her. She glanced nervously toward Tom.

2
(standing in shock, voice strained)
"...Monica... what... how..."

1
(awkward, slightly out of breath)
"Oops... I don't know what's wrong with me, Tom. I just had a few eclairs and... well... this happened."

Tom opened the office door and froze. His eyes went wide as he took in the sight of her massively overgrown, naked body. Monica turned slightly, one arm trying and failing to cover her enormous chest while the other rested on her huge belly.

1
(breathing heavily, soft burp)
"*Burp*... Can I come to your office for a bit until we figure this out? I can't exactly walk around the building like this..."

2
(still stunned, clearly aroused)
"...Yes. Of course. Come with me."

Monica noticed the very obvious bulge in Tom's pants but chose not to mention it. She shifted her weight, her massive body feeling impossible to hide. She spoke breathily, still burping quietly between words, trying to stay somewhat professional despite being fully naked in the office.



The moment the soundproof door closed, they lost control. Tom pushed Monica against the wall and she braced her hands on it as he drove into her from behind, pounding her massive ass hard. Whatever had been in those pastries had completely altered her body chemistry — even getting fucked was now making her swell bigger.



Tom kept her pinned against the wall and railed her without mercy. Her ass was swelling even larger and softer with every brutal thrust. The chemicals had rewired her so completely that rough sex itself now triggered fresh growth. The soundproof walls let her moan as loud as she wanted.

Monica's enormous cheeks rippled violently as Tom slammed into her from behind. The soft fat kept surging bigger and heavier with each impact, her body reacting helplessly to the pounding. She was deep in dominant bliss, completely lost in the feeling of her own expanding mass.

1
(heavy breathing, moaning)
"Haaah—*moan*—fuuuuck it keeps getting fatter—*unghhh*—*clap clap*—more—give me more cock—"

2
(panting, submissive)
"Jesus Christ—your ass is swallowing my dick—*grunt*—it's still getting bigger—*slap*"

1
(screaming in pleasure)
"FUCK—*aaaaah*—I'm turning into such a fucking hog—*unghhh*—harder, pet, HARDER—*clap clap clap*—"

2
(grunting desperately)
"Y-Yes goddess—*grunt*—it's getting so huge—*heavy breathing*—I can't stop—*slap*"

The longer he fucked her, the more her body betrayed her. Her ass ballooned outward in heavy, plush waves, the sheer mass clapping loudly against him as it grew. The addictive chemical change turned every hard thrust into another surge of uncontrollable swelling.



Tom was trembling behind her, barely able to keep up as Monica's ass continued to swell massively. The sound of wet, heavy flesh clapping filled the soundproof office while she moaned like an animal, fully aware that the pastries had turned even this rough fucking into more growth.

Monica laid back on Tom's desk and raised one leg high. He gripped her thigh tightly and pushed inside her, fucking her with urgent, submissive strokes while she braced against the wood.

1
(low moan)
"Harder, worm. Fuck me like you mean it—*ungh*—"

1
(biting her lip)
"Don't you fucking stop—*moan*—"

Her breathing turned ragged. Tom held her leg higher, pounding deeper. Monica's fingers dug into the desk edge as her body began reacting violently to every thrust.

1
(voice cracking)
"**Fuuuuck**—*gasp*—**it's happening again**—"

Her face twisted. Nails scraped loudly across the desk as her back arched. Milk started beading at her nipples while her expression grew more strained with every deep stroke.



Her eyes began crossing. She convulsed hard on the desk, one hand clawing deep gouges into the wood while her tits and belly visibly tightened and surged. Milk started dripping freely onto the scattered papers.



Stretchmarks ripped across her lower belly in real time. Her nipples sprayed thin jets of milk that splattered across the desk and Tom's hands. Monica thrashed, eyes rolled back, teeth sunk into her lower lip as violent spasms tore through her.



Milk sprayed in messy arcs from her swollen nipples, pooling on the desk. Her stretchmarked belly and tits continued expanding as she convulsed uncontrollably, one hand ripping at the wood, eyes crossed in total overload.

1
(moaning deeply)
"That's it—*ungh*—just lie there and take it—*heavy slap*—"

They switched again. Tom laid flat on his back across the desk while Monica climbed on top, straddling him in cowgirl. She sank down hard onto his cock and immediately began riding with aggressive, heavy slams of her hips.

1
(riding harder, moaning)
"Fuuuuck—*milk spraying*—feel how heavy I'm getting on you—*grunt*—"

2
(overwhelmed, gripping her)
"Monica—*grunt*—you're... you're crushing me—*heavy breathing*—what the hell is—"

Every time she slammed down, Monica felt the skin across her belly and tits stretching tight, a deep itchy pressure blooming underneath as her body surged heavier. Tom's eyes widened beneath her. He grabbed desperately at her thickening thighs and swelling belly, feeling her weight increase with every bounce.



The pressure under her skin intensified into burning heat. Monica's tits sprayed milk across Tom's chest as she rode him violently. He clutched at her rapidly fattening belly and thighs, fingers sinking deeper into soft flesh as her weight pinned him harder against the desk.



Monica felt her entire frame lengthening, bones creaking as she grew taller and heavier above him. The skin across her belly felt drum-tight. Tom was panting, hands frantically kneading her expanding thighs and overflowing gut, still unable to process the sheer mass pressing down on him.



Every downward slam sent ripples through her massively fattening body. She could feel the deep pull under her skin as her thighs and belly continued to balloon outward, making her feel gigantic. Tom was almost flattened beneath her increasing weight, hands sinking uselessly into her soft, heavy curves, face full of shock and lust.



From his back on the desk, Tom looked straight up. Monica's enormous stretchmarked belly filled his entire view, hanging lower and closer with every breath. She grabbed a thick handful of it with one hand, jiggling the heavy fat in front of his face while squeezing milk from her tit with the other.



The office door suddenly clicked open. Monica whipped her head toward the sound. The violent shift snapped the desk clean in half with a loud crack. Splinters dug into Tom's back. He yelped in pain while Monica gasped, instinctively grabbing her own belly hard like a stress ball.

Priya stood frozen in the doorway, eyes wide with pure horror at the sight of gigantic naked Monica. Tom, still on his back on the broken desk, looked at her upside down and panicked.

2
(stuttering, horrified)
"S-sir... I booked a time slot with you last week... at this exact time... to talk about the new intern quota..."

1
(panicking)
"Priya—it's not what it looks like! What are you doing here?!"

2
(ignoring Tom, staring at Monica, frantic)
"How... what... why are you so *big*? Monica, what happened to you?!"

1
(nervous, bent over)
"Priya, please—just wait, this is... we can explain, don't leave—"

Tom scrambled off the ruined desk, wincing as he pulled on his underpants and shoes. His back throbbed from the splinters and Monica's earlier weight. His cock ached from how hard Monica had been riding him. He hobbled toward Priya bent forward, trying to block her exit and downplay everything. Monica simply stood beside the broken desk, towering and silent. Priya wasn't even looking at him — her eyes were locked on Monica.



Tom kept shuffling forward, one hand outstretched in a pathetic attempt to look in control. Priya stood frozen near the door, her face drained of color as she stared past him at the colossal naked woman behind the broken desk.

Tom stopped directly in front of her. Even hunched over in pain, he still towered over the much shorter HR manager. Priya's eyes flicked between him and Monica, her breathing shallow. The room felt smaller with every second.

1
(voice trembling but resolute)
"Mr. Harlan... even though you're the boss, this company has stakeholders. It is my job as Head of HR to report what I'm seeing. Immediately."

2
(trying to reason, then flashing anger before backing down)
"Report? Priya, be reasonable. You don't want to ruin your career over a... private moment. I can make this worth your while—"

3
(quickly softening, almost pleading)
"...Look, let's just sit down and figure this out. Please."

1
(cold, commanding)
"Tom. Step aside."

2
(startled, looking up at her)
"Huh? Why—"

3
(low, dangerous)
"I'm not going to repeat myself."

Heavy footsteps shook the floor. Pens and pencils rattled off shelves and clattered onto the carpet with every impact. Monica moved forward like a slow-moving force of nature until she stood directly behind Tom, towering over both of them. The air itself seemed heavier.

1
(calm, chilling)
"I'll talk some sense into her."

Monica placed one massive hand on Tom's shoulder and effortlessly moved him to the side. She didn't wait for a response.

1
(quiet, menacing)
"Those cupcakes and that apple pie yesterday. The donuts you left at my house that I ate this morning. The eclairs Jules brought me earlier. You and Dana have been awfully pushy about making sure I ate every single thing you offered. What exactly did you put in them?"

Monica took one slow step forward. Priya barely reached her belly button. The HR manager had to crane her neck painfully upward. Monica's voice dropped into something low and suspenseful, the pieces finally clicking together as her eyes narrowed.



Monica kept advancing. Priya tried to back away but had nowhere left to go. Her face was now buried deep into the warm, suffocating softness of Monica's enormous belly. The giant woman spoke with calm, terrifying certainty.

Monica loomed over Priya like a living monument, deliberately pushing her massive, stretchmarked belly forward until it smothered the smaller woman's face. She wore a slow, sadistic smile, clearly savoring the fear.

1
(mocking, theatrical)
"Well, well, well... would you look at that? My belly's getting so big it's practically swallowing your whole face. You like what you see, Priya? Or are you starting to regret your little science project?"

2
(muffled, panicking, trying to pull her head back)
"M-Monica— please— this isn't what you think— we were just trying to—"

3
(pressing her gut harder, laughing softly)
"'Just trying to'? Oh that's rich. Keep squirming. It feels good."

1
(gasping for air, voice breaking)
"I swear I didn't know it would go this far! Dana said it was just supposed to make you gain a little weight, that's all! I never wanted this!"

2
(grinning, cold and theatrical)
"Oh I'm sure you didn't. Poor innocent Priya, just following orders. Tell me — when you watched me stuffing my face with those cupcakes and that apple pie yesterday, did you get wet thinking about what was coming? Be honest."

3
(crying, frantic)
"Please— I'll do anything— just let me go—"

Monica continued grinding her heavy belly against Priya's face, forcing her back against the wall. The smaller woman's desperate attempts to talk her way out only seemed to entertain her more. The power in the room had completely shifted.



In one smooth motion, Monica bent down, grabbed Priya under the armpits, and lifted her clear off the ground as if she weighed nothing. Thick strands of drool poured uncontrollably from her mouth, dripping onto Priya's suit. Her eyes gleamed with predatory hunger.



Monica's mouth stretched open impossibly wide. Her eyes rolled back into her skull with perverse pleasure as she shoved Priya's head and shoulders between her lips in one powerful motion. The wet, rhythmic sounds of swallowing filled the office as she began to consume her head-first.

Monica straightened up, easily lifting Priya's entire body upside down. The HR manager slid deeper head-first into her throat, which bulged obscenely. Tom stood frozen in the background, hands gripping his head in pure disbelief.

1
(gagging, struggling to speak)
"Glk—*gulp*—"

2
(muffled screams from inside Monica's throat)
"Let me out you fucking freak! I'll ruin both of you—Tom help me you coward!"

1
(muffled, furious, thrashing inside)
"It's so fucking hot in here—disgusting—let me out right now or I swear I'll—"

Glurk… sluuuurp… glrrrk.
Monica's belly surged outward at an alarming speed. This was no longer the slow pastry-induced growth. Something else had taken over. She moaned deeply around the living meal, throat working violently.



Glllk… squelch… glorp.

Her stomach ballooned even faster, rounding and sagging heavily as it worked on the full-grown woman. Monica's eyes fluttered, half-lidded in monstrous pleasure. Tom stumbled backward, still unable to process what he was seeing.

1
(muffled, disgusted shouting)
“So humid and gross— I can feel it squeezing me— you psychotic bitch!”

Hrrrk… sluuuurp… gluuuuurk.
The belly swelled massively, stretching tight and shiny. Monica gagged and moaned, one hand resting on the hugely distended gut as it continued to expand at unnatural speed. Priya’s struggles were still visible from inside.

Glrrrk… gulp… squuuueeeelch.

Monica's stomach had grown enormously heavy and round, sagging almost to her knees. She kept gulping and moaning wetly, completely lost to whatever had overtaken her. Tom had gone pale, mouth open in silent horror.

1

(muffled, furious)

"I'll kill you both for this—*glrk*—this is disgusting—you fat monster!"

Tom fell to his knees, eyes wide with shock. The last of Priya—her kicking feet and curling toes—disappeared between Monica's lips. She used both hands to shove the struggling legs down her throat with wet, powerful gulps.

1

(moaning, gagging)

"Hrrrk... gluuuurp..."



Inside Monica's stomach, Priya was curled up in a tight, slimy ball. Digestive fluids churned loudly around her, soaking her clothes completely. She punched angrily at the slick stomach walls, causing deep, reverberating burps to erupt from Monica outside. Her face was one of pure annoyed fury.

Thick strings of saliva dripped from Monica's lips as she stood there breathing heavily. Uncontrollable burps erupted from her chest while her massive stomach churned and shifted violently — Priya kicking and shoving from inside. Tom stood frozen a few feet away, one hand clamped over his mouth in absolute horror.

1

(shaking, voice barely a whisper)

"Monica... what the fuck did you just do?"

Tom crouched down, staring at the constantly moving, gurgling belly. Priya's kicks and punches made it bulge and distort in grotesque waves. Monica kept burping wetly, drool running down her chin as panic began to creep into her eyes.

2
(panicking between burps)
"I don't... *buuurp*... I don't know what took over me. I didn't mean to—*hic-uuuurp*—I swear I didn't mean to do that."

1
(trying to sound calm)
"Priya, just calm down in there, okay? We'll get you out. Just stop kicking for a second."



Monica's hands rubbed frantically over her huge, shifting gut as another deep burp rolled out of her. Tom paced back and forth, holding his head, eyes wild with disbelief as he tried to think through the impossible situation.

Tom suddenly stopped pacing. His eyes lit up with an idea. Monica kept rubbing her constantly moving belly, burping and drooling as Priya continued to fight inside her.

2
(rubbing her belly, burping)
"Calm the fuck down in there, Priya—
buuurp—"

1
(urgent, raising a finger)
"Alright — we go out the back, straight to the parking garage. I drive you to my house. We'll figure the rest out there. We can't stay here any longer. It's too dangerous. No one can see us or we're completely fucked."

Tom moved closer, speaking quickly and quietly.

1
(serious)
"You need to follow my lead. I'll tell you when the coast is clear so you can move. Try to be as quiet as possible."

2
(soft, grateful)
"Thank you... baby."

Before Monica could finish her sentence, another growth spurt hit. She shot taller and wider in an instant. Both she and Tom looked shocked. From deep inside her stomach, Priya's muffled voice rose in panic.

1
(muffled, furious)
"What the fuck is going on out there?! Why is your body vibrating?!"

The growth hit again, even stronger. Monica swelled visibly larger and taller as panic finally seized all three of them. Time was running out fast — they needed to get the fuck out of there before this became a complete disaster.

TO BE CONTINUED...