

On the way to work that morning she had found an odd coin laying on the sidewalk between the lot in which she parked her car and the building that she worked in. She had gotten in early so there weren't many people out yet, but those that were out just walked right by the coin, as if they couldn't see it. When she picked it up she could immediately tell the coin was heavier than it should be. It was about the size of a dollar coin, but twice as thick and weighed as much as a pocket full of change. It was a dull silver color, but not a solid one. The front of the coin had a sequence of markings arranged around a small ring. The marks resembled question marks only backwards and less curved. Above one of the marks there was a symbol that resembled a sun and the ninth symbol from the sun going clockwise was more prominent embossed than the others. The back of the coin was blank, but the coloring made the metal appear to move in ripples even though it didn't. She marveled at it for a moment, and then placed it in her pocket and continued on to work.

Work was pretty tedious as usual, fixing java applets checking other people's mistakes, and writing custom apps for corporate intranets. Her last assignment was a simple one she managed to kick it out quickly so she had a half hour before lunch for internet fun. She began to log onto her game site, when she remembered the coin in her pocket. She searched for the description of the coin using rough dimensions and image searches. After twenty five minutes of hunting she almost gave up, when she noticed a line that mentioned the coin that people don't seem to notice. She clicked on the link and followed the article. The author spoke of how the twelve coins were made to allow their creator to alter reality. They were supposed to allow him to alter the very fabric of reality into any shape he desired. But somehow the coins became lost, and his dreams of ultimate conquest were destroyed. There were some stories throughout history about how people had found a coin and how it changed their lives. The web page had a picture of

a sketch found in a book written by monks in the late 800s AD, the sketch showed the exact same pattern as her coin except that the fifth mark was embossed. Following the obscure links she discovered that the coins had wandered into and out of people's lives making them great or ruining them. It tells how the coins changed people made them stronger, faster, better adapted, or monstrous. Another article proposed that the coins ability to alter reality was limited to only those who possessed the coin. It allowed them to change themselves but not others, a loophole in the spell as it were. People only had to tell the coin the change they wanted and it would make it happen. She pored over the documents until Jill surprised her. Jill told her not to get caught surfing after lunch or else. Tina looked at the clock in shock as it was now a half hour past lunch. She had been reading those articles for over an hour. She got back to work but was finding it hard to focus; her thoughts kept turning to the coin. At an hour until time to leave she finished her current project and just needed to document the changes she had made. She dug the coin out of her pocket, held it in the palm of her hand and mused over the supposed power of the coin. As a mock test she told the coin that she wished that her birth mark on her right forearm was gone. After stating her wish she looked at her arm and her birthmark was still there. It wasn't much of a mark just a raised freckle she liked to say but she didn't like it because it was off center and made her symmetry off. As she looked at the birthmark she felt the dismay of let down. She had worked herself up after her research and had just had the floor yanked out from under her, so to speak. She placed the coin on the desk and got back to the change reports. As she wrote the reports she began to scratch her right arm. Her skin felt irritated so she looked down at her arm while she scratched. To her shock the birthmark was scratching off. She carefully got the edge of the birthmark with a fingernail and pulled it off. Afterwards there was no evidence that it had ever been there. At this point she was ecstatic she saved her work and looked at the clock it was

time to quit. She grabbed her backpack and lunchbox and ran to the bathroom, and tried to regain her calm.

Tina stared at her reflection in the mirror, average height, thin frame, tight small ass, and long light brown hair. By all accounts she was beautiful. But she always wanted her breasts to be bigger than a B cup. They looked fine on her and she had been told by friends that they suited her. She even looked good in a bikini, but somehow she just always wanted more. Today she might finally be able to change that. She knew that she should wait to get home but she just couldn't wait, she hung out in the bathroom for twenty minutes waiting for people to leave. She then held the coin and took a deep breath. She wished that her breasts were bigger and then, she waited. It didn't take long before there was a slight tingle in her chest. And that tingle began to become more intense. She stared at her chest in the mirror, at first nothing other than her own breathing moving them up and down. After a few eternal seconds she began to notice that as she breathed out that her chest felt a little less. She was absolutely transfixed on her chest, watching the small mounds swell slowly growing both larger in size and in weight. It wasn't until the strap of her bra began to dig into her back and shoulders that she broke from the daze she was in. deciding that the pain wasn't as much fun, she placed the coin on the counter and took off her backpack and placed it on the counter as well. She reached around behind her back and worked her hands under her shirt to unhook her bra. Because of the new tightness it was quite a challenge but she managed to get it unhooked. As the clasp was released, her breasts bounced forward and drooped slightly. Without the restriction of the bra her breasts seemed to be growing faster, and she was very curious. She removed her shirt and let the bra fall off of her shoulders to the floor, and looked in the mirror again to see the new improvements. They were now easily a D cup and still growing, it didn't take long for her to realize that she was in the company bathroom

and topless. Deciding that this would be a ridiculous way to get fired she started to put her shirt back on. Just as she got the shirt over her head and was pulling it down over the new assets that didn't wish to fit inside, she heard someone grab the door handle. Out of both fear and embarrassment she grabbed her bra and ducked into the stall directly behind her. In one quick tug she managed to get her shirt down over her breasts and sat on the toilet so that she wouldn't look suspicious. She then heard someone walk in to the bathroom and stop. It was her boss Susan; she asked if Tina was working late this weekend. Tina told her that she was but would be leaving in less than an hour. Susan told her that would be fine, and since she was the last one in the office to please lock up when she leaves. Tina told Susan that she would and to have a nice weekend, and couldn't believe that Susan didn't notice the near panic in her voice.

While she was hiding from Susan she had paid little attention to her chest. She was just now realizing that the shirt was at its capacity. She was now beginning to panic; all she had wanted was for her breasts to be bigger, why was this still happening. Then she realized that she had wished that her breasts were bigger but she had not specified how much bigger. With some difficulty she stood up and attempted to open the stall door, but her breasts bumped the door as she pulled and pushed it closed again. By this point her breasts had filled all of the space in the shirt, which got her attention again. As her breasts continued to grow she began to have difficulty breathing, she realized it was her shirt pressing her blossoming bosoms into her ribs. She tried to lift her shirt up from the front but was unable to lift it past her chest. After a few more failed attempts she pulled the back of the shirt up and over her head. It took a try or two, what with the shirt pulling under her breasts and not wanting to go over her head but she got it. Once she got the shirt over her head she straightened out and took a deep breath. The fresh intake of oxygen temporarily made her head spin, fearing she may fall she sat on the toilet to stabilize. She now

realized that her breasts were still in the shirt, and the continued growth had filled it again. She pushed the shirt forward until it rolled off the end of her breasts. Once her breasts were free they swung outward and slapped both walls of the stall and the tops of her legs. They bounced a few more times while she stared fixated on the gyrations. Suddenly it sank in that her breasts were big enough to touch both walls at the same time; she immediately began to worry that she wouldn't be able to get out of the stall. She tried to stand up but failed due to the added weight of her breasts. Freed from the confines of her shirt her growth had sped up again they were now easily two feet in diameter each. As she sat on the toilet her breasts rested heavily on her lap she could feel the flesh of her breast slowly growing over her knees. In a combination of panic and determination she tried again. Almost falling twice she managed to stand by straddling the toilet and walking her legs back from under them mass of mammaries. In the few minutes that it took for her to achieve this, her breasts had continued to grow. They now were beginning to use the stall walls as a bra. She took a labored step forward, pushed against her breasts until they slid along the walls, and attempted to reach for the door handle. Because of the sheer volume of cleavage in front of her she couldn't see the handle. She tried to turn but her breasts were determined not to let that happen. Suddenly she felt the cold chill of the door against her nipples as her breasts had grown large enough to reach it. With a great deal of effort she forced her arm passed her breasts and felt for the door handle. When she found it she pulled it towards her, which resulted in a cascade effect. The door pulled in and pressed her huge breasts back, as the mass shifted she found herself falling backwards onto the toilet. However she fell much slower than usual due to the fact that her breasts dragged down the walls. After landing on the seat she felt the immense weight of her breasts seat completely on her lap, hanging over knees, and pinning her helplessly into position. As she watched her breasts continue to grow, they once

again grew large enough that they pushed her nipples into the cold door. Slowly they pressed harder against the door until, due to the door, her breasts could no longer grow forward or outward so they started to fill in the small room. It only took moments for her fear to set in fully as she realized that at this point not only was she sitting, but her breasts had grown enough that the cleavage was starting to push up towards her face and that she might eventually be crushed by the wall of flesh. As they began to completely fill the stall she suddenly felt the bottoms of her breasts lightly touch the floor. She began to cry uncontrollably into her breasts as they continued to grow, resolved to her fate and fearing the end. As her breasts covered almost the entire floor around her feet, suddenly they quit growing. Although she had no idea why they finally stopped she began to calm down, overcome with joy that they might not crush her to death in the stall, the stark reality that her breasts were so large that they were rolling under the stall walls and reached up to her chin. Staring at the ocean of cleavage that lay in front of her she rationalized that some sort of safety mechanism must have kicked in to prevent it from killing her. She could only guess at the size of her breasts since they were obscured by the cage she was now in. she guessed that they must be at least five feet in diameter each, and figured that if she were able to stand out in the open that her breasts would still be completely resting on the floor. She contemplated in despair the fact that her cell phone, which was in her backpack, her backpack, and the coin was just five feet from her on the counter. So close to salvation, yet so far. She could only hope whoever came in on Monday would be able to see the coin to give it to her. Otherwise she would be quite the medical mystery, once they freed her from her restroom prison.