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 were wasn’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, 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 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 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 800 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 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 fell a little less. She was absolutely transfixed on her chest until the strap of her bra began to dig into her back and shoulders, due to the fact that her breasts were pushing her cups out. She placed the coin on the counter and took off her backpack and placed it on the counter as well. She reached around her back and under her shirt to unhook her bra. Because of the new tightness it was quite a challenge but she managed to get it unhooked. She removed her shirt and bra and looked in the mirror again to see the new improvements. They were now easily a D cup and still growing she realized that she was in the company bathroom topless and put her shirt back on. Just as she got the shirt back in place, 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. 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 that would be fine and that she was the last one there 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, she had wished that her breasts were bigger but they were still growing. Then it hit her like in programming she had told them to grow but not when to stop. With difficulty she turned around to open the stall door her breasts rubbed up against the wall across from her and pressed her back into the other. As her breasts continued to grow she began to have difficulty breathing. Realizing it was her shirt pressing her blossoming bosoms into her chest. 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 made her temporarily dizzy so she sat on the toilet to stabilize. She now realized that her breasts were still in the shirt, she pushed the shirt forward until it rolled of the end of her breasts. Once her breasts were free they swung outward and slapped both walls of the stall at the same time. They bounced for a few more times while she stared fixated on the gyrations. As it sank in that her breasts were big enough to touch both walls at the same time she worried 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. They were now easily two and a half 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. She took a labored step forward and reached 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 to the side but her breasts were determined not to let that happen. They were firmly pressed against each wall and her nipples pressed firmly against the door. 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 breasts back which moved her center of gravity. This shift caused her to once again fall backwards onto the toilet. However this time she fell much slower as 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. Her fear came full when 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 her nipples were once again touching the door. She was beginning to completely fill the stall with breasts. She began to cry uncontrollably into her breasts as they continued to grow, finally she resolved to her fate she began to calm down, a little. When she noticed that the breasts had quit growing. She could only assume that because her breasts were so large that they were starting to touch the floor at her feet and beginning, rolling under the stall walls, and threatening her ability to keep her head out of the cleavage that a safety mechanism had 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 resting on the floor. She contemplated the fact that her cell phone was in her backpack, and the coin was just five feet from her on the counter under that same backpack. 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 the stall prison.