

Author's Note: If you are under 18 turn back now! This is NOT for you.

This is my first story, please let me know what you think! There may be a part 2, or more other things coming. Who knows! Feel free to follow me on deviantart at a-spooky-ghost, which coincidentally is also the best place to contact me.

Upper Management [GTS/BE/AE]

All her life Cora had been happy with how she looked. At 5'4" she knew there were taller women out there but didn't let it bother her. She took great pride in her athletic body, her perky B-cup breasts and firm derriere. The 25-year old woman was blessed with naturally lustrous auburn hair which she typically wore in a ponytail. In point of fact Cora was frequently the object of envy ever since puberty.

All of that changed the day that Cora was promoted. Sure, it was exciting to be able to say she was the VP of marketing at a big bank. The bank paid for her to relocate and she would even be provided with her own private office. Almost all of her new coworkers and employees were kind as they were capable.

Except for Vanessa, a woman which Cora soon discovered had been up for the same promotion and had been passed over. Upon first meeting Vanessa, Cora stayed professional but felt somewhat envious. Vanessa stood at 5'10", boasted a more pronounced yet visibly firm ass which her shimmering black hair was nearly long enough to touch. On days when Vanessa wore short-sleeved shirts it was clear she was in good shape, too.

What began pushing Cora over the edge was Vanessa's immense chest. Cora guessed Vanessa was somewhere in the DD-cup range, possibly even E-cup. Whether it was implants, some strange diet, the world's best push-up bra or voodoo Cora didn't know. On Vanessa's tall-yet-slim figure her tits looked just enormous.

Cora theorized that Vanessa caught her staring one day which is what set her off. All she had done was ask Vanessa to re-send an email.

"Sure thing, little lady," Vanessa had wryly replied.

"Th-thanks!" Cora stuttered.

Cora had hesitated just long enough that it was clear she took it personally. From each day onward the teasing became worse. Vanessa would wear some combination of high heels, tight skirts and/or revealing tops. The ensemble was just enough that Cora couldn't catch her on violating the dress code policy. Still, it caused Cora to spend hours each day seething in her office.

Vanessa decided to push it over the edge by barging into Cora's office one day. She was wearing a white blouse with a lacy black bra that was clearly visible beneath the shirt. The blouse was clearly a size or two too small as the buttons were bulging trying to keep her contained.

"Hey, kiddo, my reports for the day are all done," Vanessa said with a grin. Both women knew the effect that Vanessa's words were having.

"You don't need to print them Vanessa, you can email them, but while you're here we need to talk about—" Cora was cut off. Vanessa had leaned over to place a stack of folders and papers on Cora's desk as she spoke. That moment, three buttons popped off of Vanessa's blouse revealing a canyon of milky white cleavage. The display left Cora utterly speechless.

"Oh, goodness!" Vanessa gasped as she immediately covered herself with both arms, "sorry about that! Guess the girls aren't done growing!"

Cora's face and ears ran hot and red. She was both angry yet aroused at the ongoing show.

"U-uh, yeah," Cora chuckled nervously, "well, take whatever time you need to change. Thank you for the reports, that'll be all!"

Cora was speaking at nearly mach speed, looking down and away from Vanessa's face. She couldn't have noticed that Vanessa was grinning ear to ear, eagerly drinking in Cora's embarrassment. By the time Cora looked back up Vanessa was wordlessly hurrying out of her office. It took Cora an hour to cool down which she spent isolated, in her office, with the blinds shut.

At the end of that fateful day, as Cora took her leave of the office she spotted Vanessa seemingly unpacking boxes in her car. Confident she wouldn't be spotted, Cora kept back and kept watch of her underling out of sheer curiosity. Vanessa appeared to be withdrawing and examining

different tops from a box in her car and putting them back. It was evident at some point she had changed into a fitting top, too.

Cora peeled her eyes off of Vanessa and looked back at the clothing items. Even from a distance it soon became clear that Vanessa was excitedly going through a number of increasingly smaller tops, tighter and more inappropriate than even the blouse she'd burst out of earlier. Again, Cora's face went beet red as a realization dawned on her: it had been an act.

Fury consumed Cora as she stormed away and into her own vehicle. She was determined to have revenge for the way Vanessa had manipulated and bullied her. Upon arriving home Cora wasted no time looking for a solution. Her first thought was the internet: from bust-enhancing pills to beauty creams to surgeries did she search. All such results she could either tell were scams or were revealed to be such with a cursory follow-up search.

It was early in the morning, deep into the night that Cora found her solution on the Tor network. The item she found seemed sketchy and a likely prank but it was cheap and somehow promised free same-day shipping. Cora gave herself the following day off in anticipation.

After what felt like an eternity the package arrived which Cora giddily opened. The large box contained only one object: a portable voice recorder. The listing online stated that it would grant any wish but was old and would only last for one more recording. When Cora picked the device up it had clearly seen better days. It appeared battered, stained and even burned on some sides. The tape within seemed good as new but, notably, Cora could see no seams on the device that would allow the tape within to be accessed.

With the recorder in her hand, Cora lifted it up but hesitated before pressing the 'record' button. One more use, she thought, meant she needed to make the recording count. She let out an anxious sigh and hit record.

"I wish that every time Vanessa teases me about my size that I will grow. Taller, bustier, more beautiful—just more, more than her. Nobody will notice that I have changed..."

Cora paused briefly to consider the clause she had started. Knowing it was too late to go back she thought quickly. She wanted to get that feeling that Vanessa had caused her the other day.

"Except for me, and Vanessa. I want her to be the only other person that notices...oh, and I don't have to pay taxes anymore," she added with a smirk. Why not go for broke, Cora thought.

Upon pressing stop the device sputtered and sparked. For a moment she felt like she could hear innumerable voices speaking from within the device. The shock caused her to drop the recorder. As it hit the floor the recorder sparked again and ignited. Cora let out a shriek and ran from the dining room to the kitchen to fetch water for the fire. Once she'd returned, however, she was greeted by a pile of ashes rather than a flame.

Curiosity got the better of Cora but she knew there was no way to notice until she went back to work. Difficult and agonizing as it was she let the day pass without further incident. Upon waking the next morning, however, Cora was as excited as she had ever been. Entering the office, she thought about how best to find out if wishes can come true or if she'd been tricked.

It was when Cora went to the break room for coffee that she heard Vanessa standing outside talking to somebody that she found her opportunity. Vanessa was wearing a pantsuit that seemed to fit but something looked off. Her waist was pinched in somewhat, her bust sitting higher in her blouse. Cora's breathing quickened when she realized that Vanessa was wearing a corset under her suit. The thought drove her mad with both arousal and rage.

"Have you talked to Cora recently?" Vanessa asked, talking to a male coworker whose name Cora had trouble remembering. Steve, or Brent, maybe, she mused. Cora dismissed the thought when the conversation picked back up.

"No, I think she might be sick? I know she took yesterday off," said Steve-or-Brent.

"Damn," Vanessa clicked her tongue, "the office just isn't the same without princess shorty."

Just as Cora felt her face turn red she felt something else. At first it felt like she was stretching, but she was standing still. Gradually, she saw the floor drop away as inch after inch poured into her legs. The feeling nearly elicited a moan from her lips as she felt her clothing constrict on her body. Her shoes became too small, her socks slipped down on her swelling feet, her pants became too tight as her thighs and buttocks gained an inch or two themselves.

Cora's brown eyes began tingling as they lightened a shade, her hair became that much more lustrous and her voice became softer. Finally, what Cora had been waiting for: her breasts shifted in her top. Out of habit she had worn a bra that day which she could feel shift alongside her chest.

Cora looked down and once again had to stop herself from making noise. In slow, gradual spurts her breasts began to pump outward. Their growth seemed to gain in speed until Cora was watching her formally smaller, pert breasts push into her bra and blouse. She felt her bust rubbing against underwire and fabric as the expansion continued. To her dismay, her growth slowed to an eventual stop.

Fortunately nobody else had entered the room. Cora realized she was panting and sweating, and she had no idea how much time had passed. With a deep breath, she shook herself off and examined her body. She knew her body very well and was confident she had at least grown to 5'6". Both hands wandered up to her chest which she gingerly cupped. She estimated that she may have grown to a C-cup, maybe a little larger. A shiver ran through her body, causing her to quell a sudden physical need. The memory of Vanessa's smooth, pale breasts breaking free of her blouse flashed in her mind.

A low moan escaped Cora's lips which brought her back to reality. She looked around and immediately thought to get herself a cup of cold water rather than coffee. Furtively, Cora examined the area around the break room and realized that at some point Vanessa and Steve-or-Brent had left.

Cora couldn't shake the cascading feeling of her body growing and thought better than to stay out in the open. She hurried back to her office, offering cordial nods and greetings to anybody that tried to stop and talk to her on the way. It didn't escape her that nobody gave her odd looks or did a double-take at her appearance. There were some she was now taller than, and others she had caught up to that acted as though nothing had changed. She couldn't shake the smile from her face.

Once inside the office, Cora shut her blinds, locked her door and placed her phone on 'do not disturb.' Cora began to unbutton her blouse to examine all of the changes. As she did, she heard a knock at the door. Personal fascination and arousal clashed with professional responsibility. A minute later, she was dressed and unlocking the door. To her excitement it was none other than Vanessa on the other side.

"Hey boss," Vanessa said to Cora's dismay, "just checking in to make sure you're okay, I was talking to—"

Vanessa suddenly stopped mid-sentence. It was clear to Cora that the raven-haired woman was making direct eye-contact with her newly-enlarged bust. Cora commanded every last bit of her willpower not to smile or laugh. As Vanessa's shocked face looked back at Cora she realized the VP's head wasn't as far down as she used to be.

A moment later Vanessa had collected herself as though she'd figured something out. She turned and shut the door, shimmying her chest and swaying her hips as she did so.

"So, you bought a push-up," Vanessa finally said.

"I don't know what you mean, and that's a little unprofessional, don't you think?" Cora feigned ignorance.

Much as Cora found herself fixated on how Vanessa would look wearing the corset and nothing else, she was more interested in pushing her bully over the edge. She shifted her weight, causing her shirt and bra to audibly shift in containing her new assets.

"I get it, people like you need the edge," Vanessa teased.

Cora set her jaw but quickly found her path to victory.

"What ever do you mean, Vanessa? What am I like?" Cora asked.

Vanessa put her hands on her hips and took a step forward. The smile had melted from her face and had become a grimacing sneer.

"A tiny, mousy girl with stubby legs and a flat chest," Vanessa said through clenched teeth.

Cora's eyes closed as she felt that familiar stretching feeling wash over her. When Vanessa had only teased her in an offhand remark to a colleague she had grown considerably. This time she'd devoted much more effort. Cora couldn't contain her excitement for the results.

As before, Cora's legs began to grow first. Bit by bit she felt her feet taking more real estate in her shoes as the world began to fall away. Vanessa let out a sharp gasp as she followed Cora's face up and up and up. Cora felt her body stretching out of her clothing, punctuated by the sound of tearing fabric. Her feet had torn out of her socks and her legs had turned her pants into capris.

Rather than slow down Cora's increasing height seemed to speed up, possibly spurred by Vanessa's choice to spend so much time and energy triggering the wish. Cora's hips began to burst her pants at the seams as her ass bubbled out and perked up, retaining its firmness. Just as her shoes began painfully compacting her growing feet, Cora heard the sound of bursting leather and felt the air on her feet—she'd grown out of her shoes.

With a wicked smile on her face, Cora looked up at Vanessa at first, then directly in the eye. The look of terror and confusion on Vanessa's face nearly doubled the pleasurable feeling radiating throughout her overheated body. By the time her head stopped rising Cora realized that she had to look down, even a little bit, to make eye contact with Vanessa.

In watching the display Vanessa's face, too, had turned beet red. Though not as much as Cora she was panting as well. Her mouth had gone dry and she seemed to be reaching out with her right hand as if to touch her growing manager.

"That's not even the best part," Cora said breathlessly.

Cora's eyes lightened another shade, now more a dull gold than brown. Her hair somehow broke free of the tie binding it into a ponytail. If she was lacking luster before Cora's hair now gloriously reflected any light. It grew long enough to drape itself around her breasts, which were heaving as though in anticipation of their incoming increase.

Cora's lips plumped, her teeth whitened and her skin was fully cleansed of any possible blemish. The years of workouts that had made her body athletic seemed to magnify. Cora's previously fit form began to become somewhat more muscular. While still supple and soft, she gained definition and volume in her musculature. Her torso shifted until she had a visible six-pack, her pectoral muscles pushed her breasts upward and her arms and legs gained slight muscular definition and mass.

A flawless, radiant smile spread across Cora's face as she lifted her hands to her breasts. Still confined in a bra, her tits began their gradual, jiggling journey outward. Cora grabbed her shirt and with her newfound strength tore the garment to shreds with one yank. Still, her burgeoning breasts were confined in a plain beige bra. Each passing second caused more titflesh to bulge over her cups.

As Cora's breasts began to overwhelm her poor bra she let out a moan. She felt her breasts overwhelm the bra entirely, pushing it up and over until they were revealed in all their naked glory. Pert and perky pink nipples capped her breasts which Cora couldn't help but massage. The

motion and increased muscle on her torso caused her bra to snap and fall to the floor with the remainder of her clothing.

Cora felt her breasts pulse larger and larger in her hands. As her growth came to a halt it was clear her tits were just a little too large for her hands. Still, she massaged herself and let out another moan. Having watched the display, Vanessa let out a shriek which brought Cora back to the present.

Cora was panting, sweating and stark naked. In her haze, she guesstimated she stood at around 6'2" and her breasts had stopped somewhere in the F-cup range. Still smiling, Cora planted her right hand on her hip and cocked it to the side.

"How's that for mousy?"