

THE SECRETARY

By TROGDOR297

MONDAY

Tim ran his fingers through his hair, as he approached the large glass skyscraper. He was nervous, but who isn't on their first day. He reminded himself as he pushed open the entry door that he deserved this. He'd been busting his ass at Williamson & Sprott Pharmaceuticals, and been utterly ignored by the executive team. So when a headhunter reached out to him about a VP position at New World Pharmtech he jumped at the position. Finally people who recognized his talent.

He was greeted in the lobby by Bob Phelps, the man who had interviewed him. "Timothy Sprack! Welcome! We're so glad to have you here, please come with me!" Tim felt his anxiety slowly melt away as he followed the senior executive.

They got in the elevator and Bob pressed the button for the 49th floor. "Wow, almost at the top!" Tim remarked. Bob clapped him on the shoulder. "Why of course my boy, where'd you think we'd stick you? In the basement! Ha!" Tim gave a soft laugh, remembering his dingy office at the previous job. It wasn't exactly in the basement, but not far off.

They exited the elevator and set off down the hall, Bob pointing out people in offices along the way. "This here is Patrick Yang, VP of marketing, and here's Donna Johnson, VP of Finance. And here..."

Tim noted he was only pointing out the people in the offices on the left. "Bob, if you don't mind me interrupting, who are the people on the other side of the hall?"

Bob smiled warmly "Not at all my boy, that's the offices for the secretaries, every VP get's their own. I'm sure you'll meet them in passing, but mostly they just interact with each other. Don't know what'd we do without them, they really keep us fools in line!"

"Did you say, every VP? Does that mean..." Tim questioned.

The jovial senior executive once again clapped him on the shoulder. "Does that mean that you'll have your own secretary? Why of course! You'll meet her shortly!"

Tim smiled as they walked on. Yes, these people recognized what an asset he was. He was going to fit in here quite nicely.

At last Bob stopped in front of an empty office, second from the end of the hall. Stuck on the glass door was a brass nameplate "MR. SPRACK - VP OF PRODUCT DEVELOPMENT".

"Here you are Tim. Make yourself at home"

Tim walked into the office. It was a well appointed office with a large desk, and comfortable leather chair. Behind the desk was a wall to ceiling window overlooking the city. He stood before it and just stared out at the bustling metropolis laid out before him.

Bob strode up next to him and put his arm around his shoulder. "Quite the view, eh?" Bob turned back in to the room. "Ah! There you are! Tim, meet Ms. Parker"

Tim turned around to view the mid twenties woman standing before him. She was tall, with a cute face, lips painted bright red, jet black hair cropped to chin length. A pair of large round glasses sat on her nose framing her green eyes perfectly. She wore a dark grey pencil skirt, with a white buttoned blouse tucked into it. The blouse was done up right to her collar, where she wore a smart red and blue striped tie. Over top she had a black blazer, buttoned at her navel. Altogether she was the perfect image of professional loveliness.

A shame about her body. Tim thought. As lovely as her and her svelte figure was, she was also completely flat.

She stepped forward and extended her hand. "Good morning Mr. Sprack" She gave him a warm friendly smile. He reached across the desk and took her hand. "Good morning Ms. Parker"

"Please, call me Paula." She said, stepping back from the desk.

Bob continued with his orientation. "Now Ms. Parker here will assist you with anything you need. Isn't that right Ms. Parker"

She nodded. "Of course Mr. Phelps."

"Excellent, excellent. I think you're going to fit in nicely here Tim." He gestured at the leather chair for Tim to sit. He himself took a seat on the desk, before drumming up some small talk.

"So tell me, Tim, are you married?" Bob asked.

Tim gave a soft chuckle. "No, No...not married, not even seeing anyone. Still looking for the right girl"

Bob smiled. "Aha fair enough! I'm sure she'll turn up soon enough"

Tim smiled sadly. He seriously doubted that. It wasn't that Tim was unable to get dates. He was a tall handsome guy in his early 30's. He'd had a fair amount of success at the dating game the few times he'd tried. No, Tim's problem was he would never find a girl with the proportions that he truly desired.

Tim, like many men, loved boobs. But not just any boobs: big boobs, huge boobs, giant boobs. He had an unhealthy obsession to the point that he often found it sabotaged relationships he had. He'd always tried to seek out partners with larger chests, but everytime he always ended up feeling unsatisfied. And so for the past year or so he'd taken a break from dating, recognizing that his was a life to be lived alone. It wasn't fair to the women, that he'd lead them on for weeks or months, and then dump them, due to something entirely outside their control.

Bob stood from the desk and made to exit the room. "Well, I'll leave you to get started. Swing by my office around noon, Tim, I'd like to take you to lunch!"

"Thank you Mr. Phelps!" Tim called after the man, as he set off down the hall, giving a wave over his shoulder.

Tim settled back in his chair, and looked at the computer monitor to his right. It was filled with several tabs of orientation documents. "Alright then, I guess, I better get started." He noticed Ms. Parker was still standing in front of the desk. "Oh, Ms. Parker...I mean, Paula. That'll be all for now thanks!"

She smiled and nodded. "Very good Mr. Sprack. If you need me, just press that intercom button." She pointed to a small black button on the left side of his desk. "I'll be right over...unless I'm in the bathroom or something"

Tim chuckled at her joke. "Good to know, good to know"

She turned to leave, but then swung back towards him. "Oh, I just remembered. Can I please have your phone a few minutes, Mr. Sprack?"

Tim paused, his whole body tensing. "...What for?"

"I just need to install the company file server software, so you can access the network from your phone. I can also link your work email to your phone if you'd like?" Another smile. He liked the way she smiled, the way her eyes squinted.

Tim pulled his phone out of his pocket and looked at it. He very rarely let anyone look at his phone. Mostly because it was absolutely chock full of pornography. Specifically the kind featuring women with unnaturally large breasts. Cartoons, Morphs, 3d art, you name it, he had it. It was the only way he was able to sate his lust.

He looked up at Ms. Parker. She was watching expectantly, her hand outstretched. He unlocked his phone, quickly switched the home screen image from what it currently was, a morphed photo of a girl with tits that fell down to her lap, to something generic, and then handed the phone to her.

"Here you go, just please stay out of my personal files" He said.

Her face turned serious as she took the phone from him. "Of course Mr. Sprack! My goodness, I wouldn't dream of it."

"Ok good" He felt his shoulders relax. He nodded to her, she returned the nod and strode out of the office.

Half an hour later she walked in and handed him his phone. "Here you are Mr. Sprack, all good to go"

"Thank you Ms. Parker" He said, not turning his eyes away from the report he was reading.

"I told you, call me Paula!" She insisted.

He looked up to see her with arms crossed in front of her with a smirk on her face. She really was quite cute. "Sorry, you're right. Thank you Paula."

She turned to leave, but then stopped at the door. "Oh, by the way Mr. Sprack...on your phone..."

Tim felt a rush of dread, and looked up to meet her gaze. What did she find on his phone...

"You should really choose a better home screen, those generic wallpapers are so boring!"

Tim sighed, and smiled. Of course she hadn't looked through his files, she was a professional. He was worrying about nothing. "Thanks, I'll get on that!" he quipped as she walked out of his office. Tim returned to the report on his computer. Yes, he thought he'd fit in here just fine.

TUESDAY

The next day Tim woke nursing a hangover. Bob Phelps' lunch had run into the afternoon, and had gone several rounds deep. The man was clearly very pleased to have Tim working with them. After a quick shower and breakfast he was off to work.

"Day two..." He said to himself as he pushed open the glass doors. He walked to the elevator and stepped in, pressing the button labelled 49.

"Wait! Hold the elevator!" He heard a voice echo from the lobby as the doors were closing. With only 6" left between the doors he shot his hand out between them. With a ding the doors reopened and Tim looked up to see Ms. Parker standing in front of him.

"Oh thank you, Mr. Sprack! You saved me a 5 minute wait down here." She stepped into the elevator and stood beside him. He hadn't realised it yesterday because he'd been sitting during most of their interactions, but she was almost as tall as him in her 2" heels. If she was wearing proper stilettos she would definitely be taller.

"How are you feeling today, Mr. Sprack?" She asked. "I noticed you and Mr. Phelps didn't return from Lunch?"

He rubbed his head. "Yeah...Mr. Phelps decided we should go to a whiskey bar for lunch, and then dinner...I'll be alright after a few hours"

She reached into her purse and pulled out an aspirin and handed it to him with a smile. "Here you go, Sir!"

He stared at her hand dumbfounded. He picked up the aspirin and popped it in his mouth, quickly swallowing. "Wow. Thank you Ms. Par...Paula. Thank you Paula. How'd you know?"

She laughed. "Mr. Phelps does that with all the new executives. We started calling everyone's second day here 'The Day 2 Blues'. In the past most of them just nap at their desks all day. You seem remarkably well, all things considered."

He laughed and for the first time today really looked at her. Once again she was wearing a dark pencil skirt, but today she topped it with a turquoise turtleneck sweater. Around her neck she wore a pearl necklace that drooped down onto her... *Wait a minute*. Tim thought. *Did she have those yesterday?*

Underneath her tight turtleneck sweater he could clearly see a pair of lumps pressing against the fabric, a pair of small C-cups.

How is that possible? I could've sworn she was flat as a pancake... Maybe they were just hidden by her blazer?

"Something wrong, Mr. Sprack?" She asked innocently.

Tim realised that he'd been staring at her reflection in the elevator door vacantly for at least 10 seconds. He pulled his eyes away and looked back at her. "No, all good here. Just my head pounding"

She smiled her squinty eyed smile again "Well I hope the aspirin kicks in soon" The elevator door dinged at their floor and opened. Together they exited and headed to their respective offices. "Have a good day Mr. Sprack" She said with a smile before heading into her office. Tim watched her as she left and closed the door behind her. *Maybe my mind's playing tricks on me.*

He tried to put it out of his mind for the rest of the day. He didn't see her again after their brief interaction on the elevator, so it was easy for him to turn his thoughts towards his work. There was a lot for him to get up to speed on, and keeping his focus on that was imperative.

But later that night while sitting at home on the couch, once again his thoughts turned to the mysterious Ms. Parker. He opened his phone and went to google. It was fairly simple to find her social media accounts, seeing as he knew her full name and where she worked. He opened her instagram and started to peruse through the various photos she had posted that were public.

"Graduation ceremony from business school...xmas photos with family...new years party...hmm none of these tell me what I need to know" He muttered to himself. He continued to scroll until he found what he was looking for. "Aha...trip to Cancun...here we go" He enlarged a photo of her standing with a friend on the beach, both in bikinis. Her hair was a bit longer than it was now, but that was definitely her. She was doing her squinty eyed smile.

"And just like I thought...no boobs" Just as he had remembered her from the day before, this bikini photo showed her as completely flat. He checked the date on the photo. Almost exactly a year...

He rubbed his chin, unsatisfied. "This proves nothing. Late in life growth spurts happen all the time. She definitely could've grown since then" He turned off his phone and shrugged. Perhaps there was no mystery after all, just a case of ill fitting clothes. Even still, as

he laid in bed that night trying to go to sleep, thoughts of Ms. Parker and her breasts still danced through his mind.

WEDNESDAY

Wednesday morning Tim woke feeling refreshed. Late in the night he had finally let go of the ridiculous idea of breasts growing in a single day. He was a man of science, working in the medical industry for goodness sake. He should know better. He was just a fool hoping that his wildest dreams had indeed come true.

After an uneventful trip to work, and a rather uninspired everything bagel for breakfast, Tim found himself sitting at his desk, cup of coffee in hand, getting himself acquainted with the in development product catalogue. "Hmm...nothing too game changing here. Just slight tweaks to existing formulas. Product Z3XX...what was that one again...oh right, boner pills, and damn strong ones too."

A knock at the door drew his attention away from the endless list of pharmaceuticals. He looked up to see who it was through the glass pane. There stood Ms. Parker, hugging a binder to her chest. As their eyes met she gave a friendly wave. He responded by waving her in.

She entered, still holding the binder up to her. "Good morning, Mr. Sprack. How are we doing today?"

He returned to reviewing the product list. "Fine, thank you, Ms. P...Paula. Sorry, that's going to take me awhile to knock into my thick head"

She laughed. "Don't worry about it Mr. Sprack, whatever works best for you is fine"

"I appreciate your understanding. What do you have for me this morning?" He asked, still scrolling through the list on his computer screen.

She stepped forward and laid the binder down and opened it to the first page. "HR asked me to run through the benefits package with you. Do you have time?"

"Sure I do" He said, taking a sip of his coffee. He turned to look up at her and nearly spit his drink all over the binder.

Ok what the fuck is going on.

Today she had paired her ever present dark pencil skirt, with a lavender silk blouse, with a black vest over top to accent the outfit. Both of these were straining to contain what was under her shirt. Where yesterday she had small C-cups had now developed into full round F-cups. The outfit was clearly tailored to suit her previously waifish figure as the top button on both blouse and vest were straining against the heavy flesh filling her top. Tim found himself staring down her blouse at the pair of tits pressed firmly together forming a delicious valley of cleavage.

"A generous set, no?" He heard her say.

He pulled his eyes up to her face where she was smiling innocently.

Tim audibly swallowed. "Excuse me?"

She leaned over pointing at the page open in front of him. "The package! It's a generous set of benefits wouldn't you say?"

Her leaning over had given Tim an even deeper look down her blouse. The round mounds of cream colored flesh heaving with each breath. Along the left breast he could see the traces of a single vein just visible under the surface. God He wanted to just reach out and grab them...

He sat back in his chair and cleared his throat, Looking up to meet her gaze. "Yes, yes of course. That's part of why I chose to work here. Thank you for bringing this by, Ms. Parker"

Ms. Parker nodded with a smile. "My pleasure Mr. Sprack." She turned and walked from the room. Tim held his composure until she had crossed the hall and entered her own office.

As soon as her door closed he put his hands over his face. "What the fuck! Where did those come from! There's no way she had those yesterday, let alone Monday!" Tim stood and wiped a hand over his forehead, turning to stare out the window. "Those...were some of the nicest tits I've ever seen. And to think I almost reached out and grabbed them...what the fuck is wrong with me" he smack himself in the forehead. "Get your shit together man. You want to get a sexual harassment lawsuit in your first week!?"

He sat back down and finished his coffee. He grabbed the binder off the desk and tossed it in his desk cupboard. "OK. New rule. Avoid Paula Parker. I don't know what the fuck is going on with her and her tits but I've got a good thing going here and I don't want to blow it. And i don't know if I'll be able to help myself around tits like that" he paused for a moment thinking about her. "My God...what if they get bigger..." he shook his head to clear his mind. "Get ahold of yourself, Tim"

Tim was able to follow through on his plan for the rest of the day. He even went and got his own coffee in the afternoon and after a lot of awkward questions with some of the other secretaries he learned where to find the printer and copier and how to use them. Anything to avoid more interaction with his secretary and her irresistible tits.

At home that night he flopped on the couch with a sigh. "How the fuck am I going to do my job like this...I'm going to have figure out a new plan" His thoughts as he fell asleep that night were of Paula Parker and her tits waving in front of his face.

THURSDAY

Tim woke up having slept very little the night before. He had gotten up and jerked himself off twice throughout the night, but still the image of his secretary and her tits nearly bursting out of her top continued to haunt him throughout the night.

He arrived at work 30 minutes early ("That's 30 minutes I won't run into her!" He had said to himself while getting in the car) and decided that the coffee he'd had with breakfast wasn't going to cut it today. After learning where the secretaries made the coffee yesterday he felt relieved that there was one less thing that he'd have to rely on Ms. Parker for.

He walked into the kitchenette on the opposite end of the 49th floor and froze. Standing before him with her back to him was a tall woman with chin-length black hair, wearing a forest green, long sleeve dress. *Goddammit, of course she's here early. Ok, let's get this over with.*

He cleared his throat. "Good morning" He said, while feeling his mouth begin to dry up.

She spun on the spot, clearly startled by the presence of another person. "Oh my! Good morning Mr. Sprack! You startled me! How are you today?"

He was doing Good. He was doing very good, as he took in an eyeful of Ms. Parkers chest. They had grown again. *Of course they grew again.* Tim thought as he felt a bead of sweat appear on his forehead.

The green dress was made of a light stretchy fabric, and when she had almost no boobs, it would've been quite modest. However now that her breasts had each swollen to the size of small watermelons the piece was downright indecent. Each tit stretched the fabric to its limit, and even then only barely half of each breast was covered. Where yesterday he had noticed only the hint of a vein tracing the surface, now even from this distance he could note a couple on each breast. At the edge of the fabric covering each tit he also caught the tiniest bit of pink pebbly texture, the edge of her areolas coming out to say hello.

He closed his eyes. This was too much, he couldn't look at her and speak. "Fine, thank you. Just came to get a Coffee" He answered with his eyes shut.

"Mr. Sprack, please, this is ridiculous" She huffed.

He sighed, she was right, he was being ridiculous. He opened his eyes again to look at her. Her back was to him again as she worked away at the counter of the kitchenette. She turned back around, extending a cup of coffee to him.

"Absolutely ridiculous that you feel you need to get your own coffee!" She chimed, giving him her squinty eyed smile. His eyes couldn't leave her delectable melons. He felt himself harden in his pants.

Wait a minute are those? His eyes widened. While she stood holding the cup of coffee two little peaks appeared in the fabric. *Oh my god those are her nipples. Fuck me.* His cock strained against his grey slacks. Then when he thought it couldn't get any worse, a damp spot appeared in the green fabric of the dress where the left nipple poked into it. It slowly spread as he stood watching. *Holy shit, is she...*

"Milk, Mr. Sprack?" Ms. Parker asked, cocking her head to the side.

"P..P..Pardon?" He spluttered.

She gestured to the coffee in her hand. "Do you take milk in your coffee?"

He reached out and grabbed the coffee from her, holding his briefcase over his crotch. "Black is fine, thank you"

She smiled and nodded. "I'll remember that! Now next time, if you want coffee come find me, or page me with that intercom. That's what I'm here for! Same thing goes for using the printer or copier. The other girls messaged me saying you asked them how to use it? I don't know what your last job was like, Mr. Sprack, but here we're a team, and my role on the team is to service you!"

Tim just smiled dumbly and nodded. He didn't take in a word she said, he was just watching those amazing tits shake and wobble in her dress as she talked. A damp spot had formed over the other nipple now, and on the original one white droplets were starting to show through the fabric.

Suddenly she noticed his unwavering gaze and looked down. "Oh my goodness! I must have spilled something on myself, how embarrassing. Thank you for letting me know Mr. Sprack. You're such a gentleman." She turned back to the kitchenette to grab a handful of napkins and began daubing at her dress. Tim took this as his opportunity to leave. He headed straight back to his office, before deciding to take a detour at the mens washroom to get himself off.

The rest of the day was a blur. He couldn't focus on anything work related, it took all his concentration just to keep the thought of Paula Parker in the kitchenette out of his head. At the end of the day he turned off his computer and sighed, leaning back in his leather office chair. "Why here, why now. Why couldn't I have met her at a bar, or at a coffee shop. What the fuck am I gonna do..."

FRIDAY

Before he had left work on Thursday Tim noted the reminder on the bulletin board beside the elevator. 'REMINDER: THE LAST FRIDAY OF EVERY MONTH IS CASUAL FRIDAY'. He checked the calendar on his phone and sure enough, tomorrow was the last friday of the month. "Maybe I'll wear sweatpants, so I can stop hurting my dick with all these erections..."

When Friday arrived he woke ready and determined. He was going to beat this thing. Ms. Parker was just another woman. Yes she was beautiful, and yes she had the most amazing pair of succulent breasts he'd ever seen, that also happened to be lactating, but that was beside the point. He was a man of considerable will power, he could control himself. As if to double down on his commitment, he wore a tight pair of jeans for Casual friday.

On the way to work he stopped at the coffee shop around the corner from work. "I just like their coffee better...I'm not trying to avoid her" he reassured himself.

He did a double check of the lobby before hopping in the elevator, and hammering the close door button. "I like the peace of a solo ride" He lied to himself once again.

As he arrived at his floor he dashed down the hall to his office. He entered his office and then closed the blinds between his office and the hallway. "Whew, made it" He said, as he sat down at his desk and pulled up his agenda for the day:

8:30 Product Pipeline review. Meeting invitees: Timothy Sprack, Paula Parker.

He slapped a hand over his face in frustration. "Ok...I can do this. I *am* a man of considerable will power"

Soon enough 8:30 rolled around. He took a deep breath and pressed the button on the intercom. "Ms. Parker, I'm ready for you"

"I'm all yours Mr. Sprack!" Came her immediate reply.

He sighed. If only that were true.

He braced his hands on his desk and mentally prepared himself. *She was already huge, almost the biggest I've ever seen, there's no way she could've grown more.*

He was very wrong.

The door to his office opened, and Ms. Parker entered. Or at least her breasts did. She followed a moment later. For casual friday she had finally ditched the pencil skirt and instead wore a pair of high-waisted light blue jeans. On top of that she wore an oversized plain white t-shirt. Or at least it used to be oversized.

Ms. Parkers breasts had expanded considerably overnight. Tim thought to himself, it looked like she was smuggling two basketballs under her shirt. But then basketballs don't have inch long nubs on them, he concluded. Indeed capping each monumental perfectly round breast was a proud nipple, poking defiantly through the fabric. The white T-shirt rode up so much trying to cover her bust that Tim could clearly see her navel as she walked over to his desk.

She sat down in the wooden chair in front of him, her tits bouncing playfully underneath her T-shirt with the motion. "Are you ready sir?" She asked.

He looked down at his crotch, the outline of his cock stiff against the denim of his jeans. *Oh I'm ready alright.*

He looked back up at Ms. Parker, who patiently waited for his response, a pleasant smile on her face. He gulped. *I can't do this, I can't sit here for an hour looking at those wondrous globes, without jumping across the table and smothering myself with them. Especially if they...yup, there they go.*

Almost as if like clockwork, the white fabric around her nipples slowly became clear as it became inundated with milk. He could see the pink nipples pulsing rhythmically through the fabric, releasing more and more heavenly nectar. Through the transparent shirt he could see that her areolas had grown as well, each of them now 6" across. His mouth went dry at the sight of them. *Oh god how I want to stick those in my mouth.*

All the while Paula Parker's face was the image of perfect innocence, just a gentle smile of contentment as she waited for the meeting to begin. *She...she has to know she's doing that right? She has to feel that happening. Fuck...* He began to sweat profusely as he watched both tits quiver as they continued to release milk. He heard splatters from underneath his desk. He didn't need to look to know that the milk had started to form puddles on the floor.

She leaned forward in her seat, which resulted with her resting her breasts on his desk. The milk dribbling down the front of her shirt, now began to pool on his desk. *How much milk does*

she have! He wondered as both nipples continued to pump laboriously. He wiped the sweat from his brow. At this her face turned to one of concern.

“Are you ok, Mr. Sprack? You look a little unwell?” She emphasised this last word by leaning further forward, pressing her tits into the desk. The added pressure caused the milk to jet further, splashing him in the face.

That's it, that's the final straw.

He stood abruptly, the erection in his pants pushing hard against his zipper. “I HAVE TO GO!” He shouted as he bolted from the room. He didn't dare wait for the elevator, to give her the chance to catch up. He headed straight for the stairs and ran all 49 floors to the bottom. Once he got there he paused to catch his breath, before calling Mr. Phelps to inform him he'd be out for the rest of the day.

As he sat on a bench outside the lobby collecting himself, he wiped moisture off his face. Looking down at his hand he realised it wasn't sweat, but the milk that he'd been sprayed with. He brought his hand up to his mouth and licked it. It was the most delicious thing he'd ever tasted and as he swallowed he began to cry.

MONDAY

Tim had done a lot of thinking over the weekend (And a lot of masturbating to thoughts of Ms. Parker) and by Sunday night he'd finally made a decision. Friday's fiasco had made it clear to Tim that he and Paula could not work together. It was too much for him to handle, and he couldn't risk fucking up this job. So the simple solution would be to ask for a new secretary. Have someone else take Paula off his hands, so he could focus on work again.

It really was a shame, he thought as he was riding up the elevator, typing the transfer request email on his phone. Paula was really a lovely person, and seemed very committed to her job. It wasn't her fault that they weren't compatible as employees, it was her tits. The very thought of them made Tim's dick start to strain. He finished typing the email and fired it off to Mr. Phelps as the elevator door opened. *This is for the best.* Tim reassured himself as he put his phone back in his pocket and headed to his office. A couple minutes later Mr. Phelps replied, his email saying “Sure thing we can get you a new secretary, although Ms. Parker is one of the best, she comes highly recommended” Tim shot back a quick response saying his decision was final.

It was an hour later when he unexpectedly heard his intercom chime. Maybe this was his new replacement secretary coming to say hello?

He reached over and pressed the button. “Yes?” He asked.

“Mr. Sprack, it's Ms. Parker. I just got an email from Mr. Phelps...Can I...Can I please speak to you?”

Tim began to panic. “Umm...can we just do it over the intercom?”

He heard a sniffle over the intercom. “I'd really like to speak in person, please.”

Was she crying? He didn't want to make her cry. His heart got the better of him "Ok...come in Ms. Parker"

He heard the door across the hall from him open, and then his own door opened. Ms. Parker walked into the room, her eyes red. Tim's cock nearly split a hole in his pants at the sight of her.

It had been 3 days since he'd seen her, and it seemed that she hadn't taken a break growing for a second. She was wearing the same outfit that he had first met her in, with some...adjustments. The black pencil skirt was there. The black blazer was on, done up at her navel. The red and blue tie was around her neck. But instead of the delicate white blouse she had worn a week ago, she now wore a mens XXXXL white button shirt with black pinstripes, and it was just barely big enough. Her tits jutted out from her body a tremendous distance. Each one had to be at least the size of a yoga ball. At the center where the shirt did up, there were tremendous gaps between the buttons, as they were all straining to hold back the tidal wave of tits that they were holding together. He could easily see the round edges of her globes through these holes, the creamy flesh just as soft as ever with gentle blue lines criss crossing under the skin. And of course at the end of each breast sat her nipples, now each the size of a shot glass, the fabric doing nothing to hide their shape and size.

She stood with one arm behind her back, holding the other at its elbow. How she was standing vertically Tim had no idea.

She sniffled once more. "I saw the transfer request from Mr. Phelps...You don't want me to be your secretary anymore? I...I don't understand...Don't you like me?"

Tim's heart broke, she really was such a kind woman, it killed him to have to move her on.

"I'm...I'm Sorry Ms. Parker, it's not that I don't like you...it's just..." He stammered, failing to find the right words.

She wiped away more tears that had started to form. "Are they...are they not big enough?"

"No it's not that...wait, what? What did you say?"

She gestured to her bust. "Is it because my tits aren't big enough?"

Tim stood and walked to the front of his desk, hoping his erection wasn't too visible through his pants. "What...what are you talking about?"

She shrugged. "Well...I heard you talking with Mr. Phelps on the first day, about how you weren't married and that you hadn't found the right girl yet. And so I thought to myself "Hey Paula, you could be the right girl!" There's so few good men in this city, so I thought maybe...maybe I could seduce you. So when I took your phone, and I'm sorry about this, but I went through your files to see if I could find any clues about what you liked and...well it wasn't hard to find."

Tim smacked his forehead, of course she'd looked, he was an idiot. He gestured for her to continue.

“Once I saw those pictures I went down to talk to the boys on level 31 to see if there was anything they could do to help me. They were working on a prototype for a lactation aid pill, something to help women who have trouble producing milk after birth. They’re still trying to work out the kinks as the side effects of the pill have been universally rapid and extreme growth of the breast tissue. Of course that was just what I needed so I took their whole stock.”

Tim paused her at that. “Wait a minute, they just gave them to you?!”

She smiled softly and shrugged, the motion making her enormous tits wobble. “Being the secretary for the VP of Product Development has its perks. Anyway, I started taking them, and well they worked! I had never had tits before and so when they started to grow within the first 12 hours I was ecstatic. Of course I knew I wouldn’t be able to seduce you with just C-cups, so I kept going. It...it honestly felt really good, waking up every morning and seeing how big my breasts had become. And then from Wednesday on, every morning I gave myself a pep talk. I said to myself ‘Today will be the day that he notices me’. And so I tried to play coy and flirt with you, but you just sort of ignored me...”

He swallowed, still reeling from the story. “I’m sorry.. I didn’t mean to...”

She wiped her eyes once more and smiled. “It’s ok, Mr. Sprack. I was being unprofessional, making such brazen innuendos. You were right to not do anything. Anyway, after Friday when I really went too far, and you ran from the room, I just felt so lost. Why doesn’t he like me and my tits? So over the weekend I just sat in my room, took my pills and watched myself grow. This morning I woke up and thought. ‘Ok, now I’m definitely big enough’ and then I get to work and I see this email from Mr. Phelps that says that...that you want to get rid of me!” She began to bawl at this point.

Tim rushed around her and put his arm around her shoulder. He offered her his handkerchief as he rubbed her shoulders. “Thank you” she whispered as she wiped her eyes once more.

“Paula...you want to know why I requested your transfer?”

She smiled. “Hey...you said my name!”

He smiled back at her. “I asked for the transfer because I couldn’t stand being in the same room as you for one second more without making you mine”

She gasped and put her hand over mouth. “Do...do you mean it?”

“Yes I mean it. You’re the most beautiful girl I’ve ever seen, and you have the most magnificent pair of tits I’ve ever seen. They’ve only grown more and more amazing each day.”

She laughed and then began to cry once more, though this time with joy. “I’m so glad to hear you say that Tim...I can call you Tim, right?”

He smiled, “You damn well better”

She smiled back. Then a shudder passed over her body. “Oh boy...”

Tim stepped back to look at her. "What was that?"

Paula looked at him sheepishly. "Well, when I did my pep talk this morning, I decided I needed a little extra pep...and so I took 3 extra doses. I think...I think they're kicking in"

Tim's jaw dropped as he watched each breast shudder and tense. "Oh here it comes!" Paula grunted. A high pitched ping sound echoed from across the office. As her breasts began to swell, a button had flown off her shirt and collided with the window. Paula sighed with relief "Ahh that feels much better, although I don't think I'm done..."

Several more pings as each button slowly gave way and flew across the room as her breasts continued to expand. "Last one!" Paula greeted her teeth. And then...nothing. One button still held at the center of her bust. "Hmm...I think I'm done growing. But no sense in leaving this shirt partially intact" She took a deep breath and then flung her arms behind her thrusting her chest forward. Her entire bust jumped at the motion, and sure enough a small ping sounded as the last button flew off and landed on his desk.

Tim walked back to his desk to survey paula. The shirt hung in ruins around her, each tit exposed in all its glory. She had grown by at least 3 inches, he'd suspected. Her areola were the size of dinner plates, and the nipples had expanded to the size of a double shot glass. They quivered in the cold office air. He reached out but then stopped himself. "Can..I touch them?"

She pushed her round glasses up on to the bridge of her nose and smirked at him. "After all I've done, you better touch them!" Tim needed no further permission.

He dove into her chest, taking a tit in each arm and squeezing. As he buried his face further and further into the soft flesh he thought to himself *This is it, this is home.*

From a foot in front of him he could hear Paula begin to moan. "Ohhh fuck, that feels better than I thought it would. Don't stop Tim!" Tim continued to fondle and manhandle her breasts when he felt them tighten under his touch. He poked his head up through her cleavage to address paula. "What was that?"

She smiled mischievously. "That my dear Tim, would be my milk coming in"

Tim stepped out of between her breasts to get a good view of the impending letdown. He grabbed one breast in both hands and held the nipple up to his face, licking his lips with anticipation. Paula caught a glance of what he was doing and warned "I wouldn't do that if I were you...ohhhhh too late" She bit her lip and moaned as her milk finally letdown.

The previous two times Tim had seen her lactate, it had started with a few drops and then a gentle stream. Since then her milk ducts had grown in size and strength considerably. The jet of milk that came out of the nipple in front of him was like a hose turning on. He heard paula laugh through her moans as he spluttered against the torrent of milk. *Only one way to plug this spout* He thought as he lunged forward throwing his lips around the engorged nipple. The flesh pulsed between his teeth as he gulped down milk as fast as he could. "OH FUCK, TIM" he heard paula cry out as he applied more pressure with his sucking. After 20 seconds he couldn't take any more, he was going to puke if he drank any more milk. He pulled back still holding her tit to his face, only to see that she was no longer standing, but instead kneeling with one hand between her legs. The other tit rested on the floor gushing milk into the carpet.

“Oh god, that was intense” She said as she continued to finger herself. She looked at Tim and then at the bulge in Tim’s pants. “Come here and fuck me, Mr. Sprack”

He smiled, gently setting the tit in his hands down beside her. She was truly enormous now, and seemed to be reveling in it. He undid his pants and climbed on top of her, entering her with one smooth stroke. “Ohmygod...yessss” She cried out as he started to move within her, slowly, deeply, powerfully. He braced himself atop her with one hand on each tit, each wrapped around one of her rigid elongated nipples. He squeezed in rhythm with each thrust, each teat gently spurting out milk in time. As he continued to thrust deep within her, he felt her clamp around him as her body was rocked with release. He couldn’t hold himself back, and soon followed her into orgasmic ecstasy.

As they lay there in satisfied exhaustion, Paula on the floor, Tim atop Paula’s beanbag sized tits, they heard a cough from the door. Both looked up to see Mr. Phelps standing in the doorway. “So...” He drawled. “Does this mean I should cancel that transfer request?”

TUESDAY - Epilogue

After Mr. Phelps discovered them, he sent them home with a stern warning. This wasn’t the 50’s anymore, you didn’t fuck the secretary in your office with reckless abandon. They both thanked him for his mercy and headed back to Tim’s place. There they spent the afternoon and evening getting to know each other...in the biblical sense.

The next morning they awoke to discover that Paula’s tits had grown again. (Well of course they did, she took 3 doses, remember?) Tim had to help her stand from the bed, but found it not as hard as expected when they discovered that when she stood her breasts now rested on the floor. The nipples on each were the size of soda cans, and each released a constant drizzle of milk.

Tim walked out of the kitchen bringing her a cup of coffee. “Hey!” She blurted. “I’m supposed to be getting you coffee!”

Tim chuckled. “I think your days as a secretary are long over, my dear. So what now?”

She grabbed her purse from the night stand, and pulled out a pill bottle. Within were still a dozen pink pills. “You tell me, Mr. Sprack” She smiled impishly.

Tim, feeling his cock harden as he walked to her, kissed her deeply, before pouring the entire bottle into her coffee. With a wink she drank it down in a single gulp.

THE END

