

Expanding Desire Part 6

“Did you get it?”

Ilene entered the back of a black, unmarked sedan. The windows were so tinted that one could barely tell if it was day or night outside. “Do you think I would be here if I didn’t?” she asked with a pompous huff.

Her partner, a man in a dark suit, nodded without emotion. A pristine haircut sat atop his cranium with not one hair out of place. “No, I don’t. Do they know?”

Smirking, Ilene looked out the window. Several women too big for their clothes ran past one of the upper windows in a panic. “They definitely know, but none of them are the wiser. Only one woman caught me in the act and I have a feeling she’ll be a little preoccupied for the foreseeable future.”

“Good. You’ll want to tell the boss.”

“Think I don’t know that?” Ilene puffed a strand of red hair out of her face and took a tablet from her partner. “Freaking hate this disguise...” she grumbled. The screen flashed into a video call of a dark figure sitting against a window.

“Do you have it?” he asked.

“Hello to you too, Sir~”

“*Do you have it?*”

Ilene rolled her eyes before plucking a thumb drive from her cleavage. “Every blueprint and bit of research IncrediBust has to offer. Nestled nice and warm in a soft place.”

The figure nodded in approval. “Very good. Are they suspicious?”

“They’ll come looking, but it will be a while before they can get any sort of traction. Let’s just say they’re *overflowing* with problems internally right now.”

This was enough to get a chuckle from her boss. “After everything we’ve pulled, they’ll be dealing with the fallout and humiliation for years. Their stock could crash overnight. It’s almost a shame we couldn’t manage one more embarrassment. One more train or city blocked with curves.”

Ilene itched with giddiness at the thought. Espionage on its own was fun enough, but combined with inducing monstrous levels of engorgement to any women who got in her way was sweet icing on the cake. Staring at the IncrediBust building, she could see a news van parked out front.

“Find the local news,” she told her partner.

He reached for his phone. “Why?”

“Because I have a little gift for the boss.”

A live newscast came onto his screen. A woman stood in front of the building.

“*We’re live from IncrediBust headquarters,*” the reporter informed. “*After yesterday’s events at Central Valley Mall, many are demanding answers from the popular company dedicated to female body enhancement.*”

Their boss was silent.

“So what?” her partner asked. “We already know about the mall incident.”

“Shh.” Ilene smiled. “Her blazer is looking a little tight, don’t you think?”

She was right; the reporter’s jacket was pulled tense enough to cause stress creases at her center button. Hefty breasts stretched her blouse into a drum forcing cleavage high and plump toward her collarbones.

“*We...*” She faltered, trying to adjust her top without drawing attention. “*W-We tried reaching out to IncrediBust for comment, but haven’t had any luck so far.*” Her hand drew lower to pull at a black pencil skirt. “*T-The scene at the mall yester--*”

Pop!!!

“*Ah!*” She squealed when a seam burst down the side of her hips. They, along with her thighs, had grown several inches wider than her shoulders. Tensing fabric crept up her legs to reveal stockings sinking deep into her flesh. “*E...E-Excuse me! A-A bug startled me!*”

Ilene hummed. “I seem to remember her being a cute little C-cup... And those hips *definitely* aren’t hers. What do you think, boss? Nice hourglass figure?”

She could almost hear the dark silhouette narrow its eyes. “What are you getting at?”

“Nothing, nothing... Just having a little fun with my grand escape and all your precious documents. You could say IncrediBust isn’t exactly an ideal place for a woman to be standing in front of right now...”

The reporter fought to continue despite her clothes squeezing the life from her. Even the cameraman couldn’t resist zooming out to show the full extent of her ordeal. “*As... As I was saying! Just yesterday, a girl found her body swelling uncontrollably at the mall after experimental tech escaped this facility and--*”

POP!!!

Her face turned bright red when her jacket button exploded. Two watermelon mounds lurched forth only to be caught by her blouse. Buttons spread apart to reveal a lacey black bra sinking into her tit flesh like twine.

Ilene’s boss grunted in approval. “Most entertaining news I’ve seen all day. Now can we please--”

“Shh,” Ilene hushed as a vibration ran through the ground. “*That wasn’t the gift.*”

Rmmmbbbbbbllllll

CRAAASH!!!!

Chaos erupted over the newscast and outside the car when the top of the facility blew open like a volcano. From within emerged two titanic breasts squeezing themselves over the crumbling concrete. Nipples the size of cars heaved and puffed into the open air with their newfound freedom. Ilene’s partner’s eyes widened in shock, as the reporter’s eyes bulged in fear at the looming shadow of two gargantuan udders.

“It-- Oh dear God! I-It appears two enormous breasts have broken free of the IncrediBust building!” she yelled into her microphone. *“I can’t even--”*

Guuurrrrrrrrgle!!

SPLRRRRRSH!!!!

Milk gushed in geysers of dairy. With so much pressure behind them, the bloated nipples sprayed milk high into the sky to create clouds of creamy white. The pattering of droplets came soon after. Ilene’s driver turned on his wipers as milk doused a mile radius. Happy with her use of the mosquito bot, Ilene wondered whose breasts had grown big enough to blot out the sun. Could have been any number of women after the mess she’d left, but her gut told her she was looking at Mary’s grand tetons.

“Milk?? Milk is...raining from the sky!” she reported, covering her hair with a hand. Dairy soaked through her clothes all the same and left her blouse far too transparent for cable news. Thumb-sized nipples tented the dripping fabric. *“I can only assume yet another experiment has gone--”*

Guuurrrrrrgle

Her words froze. The reporter squeaked, stumbling back as a new pressure filled her clothes and breasts. The microphone fell to the ground and she grabbed her front. Milk ran from her lips and tongue as she struggled for breath.

GUUURRRRGLE!!

“W-What the fuck?!”

Flesh ballooned against her buttons. Cleavage billowed out of her collar and against her chin. Within seconds, her blouse rounded out into a tight sphere in a fight to contain her beach ball mounds.

“John!! J-JOHN!!! CUT!! FUCKING CUT!!! I’M--”

POP POP POP POP POP!!!!

Her shirt burst apart. Expanding flesh filled the camera after a button struck the lens hard enough to crack it. The world tilted violently a second later when her breasts struck the cameraman. Lustful, confused yelling came over the broadcast before the feed was finally cut to a slack-jawed anchorman.

Ilene chuckled, proud of herself. “Those little bots can cause a world of chaos... Few drops of milk go a long way! We might want to get out of here before the streets are all blocked.”

The driver nodded and started the car.

“I can’t believe you did that...” Ilene’s partner awed.

“Very well done, Ilene,” her boss congratulated.

She shrugged and removed a bracelet. They were out of range of the emitters by now, and if they weren’t, she wouldn’t mind a cup or two of swelling.

With the bracelet gone, Ilene's hair shimmered and flicked. The wispy redhead transformed into a full-bodied blonde with locks flowing past her shoulders. Volume poured into her curves like water to bring her figure back to normal. Ilene ran her hands through her hair and down her front, making sure everything was where it should be. Her partner tried not to stare as she hefted her breasts and groped her hips.

Her boss was impatient. "Good work, Ilene. I expect the package by tonight."

"I'll be there and let you fish it out however you please," Ilene teased. There came no response and her boss ended the call. Stretching her arms overhead, she groaned. "Ahhh... Feels good to not be disguised with that stupid... I can breathe again. The girls don't like being so small!"

Her partner blushed. Averting his eyes wasn't easy with her sitting next to him in the back seat. "You couldn't have waited until you were in clothes that fit your normal body?"

Ilene's outfit struggled as she moved. Arching her back, she played up how tight her shirt had become over her ample bust. "What's the matter? *Little successful corporate espionage got you all hot and bothered?*"