

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

Part 3 is here! Expect Part 4 to be the conclusion of the story at least for now. If you have been eagerly awaiting more content, I post my stories on deviantart first at a-spooky-ghost which is also the best place to contact me.

Upper Management 3

The sound of a gently-tolling bell woke Cora from her slumber. Following the hours that she and Vanessa had spent exploring one another's bodies she had been in deep need of rest. Little else had been explored in the newly-reformed building other than the existence of a custom mattress on the second floor. Much to the amazon's disappointment Vanessa was nowhere to be found. She reached over to dismiss her phone's alarm and noticed she'd received a text from Vanessa.

Cora's face went beet red and her heart fluttered. Setting the phone down, she set about to begin her day by exploring how much the world had changed. In addition to turning part of the bank's headquarters into her own personal loft everything was sized for her. The shower, the soaps, and the towels were all custom-designed for a 7'1" giantess with breasts the size of her head, an ass the size of a couch cushion and muscles worthy of a fitness model.

For the morning, Cora decided to stay nude under the assumption nobody would bother her. She sat at her computer located on the first floor. The keyboard was the only appliance not sized for her fingers, forcing her to resort to hunting-and-pecking one key at a time.

First, Cora discovered that she was no longer VP but in fact the sole owner and proprietor of the bank. Second, she found that the 'no more taxes' portion of her wish had increased just as the rest of her had. The universe, apparently, interpreted the improvement of not paying taxes as the IRS paying her an exorbitant amount of money over time. Her immense fortune allowed her to purchase and rename the bank to 'CoraBank.'

"It has a nice ring to it," Cora said to herself. The last thing she checked was on Vanessa, assuming she would have gone up the corporate ladder as well. Instead, she found that Vanessa was still in her prior role of floor manager. Such a tangled mess of corporate hierarchy sat above her girlfriend that she made an executive decision. Vanessa went directly to President of Marketing with the press of a few buttons. Just then, her phone went off again as another text from Vanessa arrived.

When another text didn't arrive explaining the outburst Cora set her phone aside. She strode into the massive closet and changed into a simple black pantsuit and black flats. Her ample curves were still plainly visible packed into this outfit, but it was better than venturing out in public naked. Yet again her phone began to rumble but to her surprise it wasn't Vanessa. The called ID simply said "Trevor" which she assumed this reality's Cora knew much better.

"Hello?" Cora asked into the receiver.

"Good morning! This is Trevor, with security. Do you have a moment to speak?" he asked.

"Er, yeah? I mean, yes," Cora self-corrected.

"Excellent. You may be aware that we recently opened a new commercial branch?" Trevor paused a moment then continued, "well, we've received reports of an ongoing armed robbery at that location."

"Oh, that's terrible! Have the police been called?" a fearful shiver ran down Cora's spine. Some odd sense of dread regarding the reason she, specifically, was being notified was forming.

"Yes, ma'am, I just thought you should hear from me," Trevor sighed shakily, "that, uhm, we've been informed that the new President of Marketing is present at that location."

"Send me that branch's address," Cora demanded brusquely. Without delay she then disconnected the call and took her leave. Dread had turned to fury; she was partially emboldened by her confidence in what her body could do even against armed criminals. On her way out she found that her compact sedan had been replaced by a large truck meant to accommodate her size. Her phone buzzed once more with another text, but it was in her pockets and she had other concerns demanding her attention.

On the way to the bank branch Cora risked numerous collisions; she sped through red lights and swerved across lanes of traffic like her life depended on it. To her, Vanessa's did, and that superseded all other concerns. Finally, she arrived to the scene of numerous police cruisers parked outside the bank. A team of armored SWAT officers seemed to be conversing. She strode past them and stepped over their barricades, eliciting shouts for her to stop. None of them could, and their only effort was verbal.

"Well, go find her!" one of the masked men shouted. This was the first utterance Cora heard upon striding into the bank. Though she had to duck to fit through the door the building was rather large for a bank branch and had at least two stories. The criminal that had been instructed to search the building left, but as she stepped forward all attention in the room fell upon her.

All of the day's customers, security guards and staff were gathered on the ground in front of the counters. Seven criminals wielding rifles of some kind stared at the large woman but wasted no time in training their weapons upon Cora. She hadn't actually tested if she was somehow more durable and it occurred to her this might hurt. Worse, she couldn't see Vanessa in the crowd. She assumed when the apparent ringleader said 'her' that he was referring to Vanessa.

"Oh, hey, who ordered the candy?" a criminal called out. A fit of chuckles broke out among the would-be thieves. Just as Cora started to step forward the bank's intercom system relayed a buzzing feedback signal.

"You know," a feminine voice cut through the feedback, "I love her, I really do. I just.."

"Vanessa?!" Cora cried out frantically. Rationally, she knew that Vanessa probably couldn't hear

her, but couldn't help from expressing herself nonetheless. Just then, she remembered that she'd received a test and immediately checked her phone. It had doubled in size, fortunately, but it was still awkward to use a touch screen with huge fingers. A look of surprise crossed her face and she put her phone away.

"I just feel like she's missing something," Vanessa continued, "I mean, Cora is such a small name. Is it short for anything?"

A familiar tingling built up within Cora. Though it hadn't begun yet she knew what was coming. A smile spread across her face. She centered her attention back on the robbers.

"I know everybody will agree with me when I say that Cora could just be..." Vanessa seemed to pause purposely. Cora's heart began fluttering, she clenched her fists and shut her eyes.

"Much, much bigger," Vanessa finished the thought. This time, in full view of a room of people, Cora felt her body being stretched. The growth was different, however; she presumed it may have been because reality was having to adapt in real time.

All of Cora's body began to pulse with each beat of her heart. Her breasts began pushing further out of her button-up blouse. She had only created large indentations before, but spaces between the buttons began to form. Mountainous cleavage was immediately visible between the spaces in her top, which grew more numerous each second. Her breasts puffed up out of her blouse's neckline, threatening to brush the bottom of her chin by the massive bra constraining them.

Cora's breasts quickly delivered on their threat. An expanse of cleavage could be seen over her shirt's neckline, and through many straining buttons. With an audible snap her bra was snapped by the ceaseless discharge of boob, and then vanished from her top completely. Each tit gradually swelled past twice the size of her head. Another pulse ran through her body and her shirt broke open completely. The motion of being freed caused her tits to sway and jiggle. Still, they rode high on her chest as they made one final push.

All the while Cora had been expanding upward with staggering spurts. She began to massage her breasts, tweaking her nipples as she felt her powerful body become ever greater. A pop echoed throughout the chamber, and then another. Her ass and hips were pushing outward inches at a time. While her thighs thickened, too, she maintained a visible gap between them.

The perspective of Cora's audience was skewed; confusing, to say the least. When she'd first walked in the crooks were eye-level with her shoulders. Their eyes rose higher and higher, some focused on her astounding tits, others on her hips, and others still trying to get a better look at her perfectly round ass. There was enough glorious booty that just a portion could be seen peeking out from behind.

Still, Cora's body continued its conquest upward. The ever-towering woman began to step towards the perpetrators. Her muscular arms and shoulders burst out of the blouse and blazer.

Long, firm legs tore her business slacks to shreds. Everybody in the room, with the exception of

the growing giantess, began to question how she had entered the bank to begin with.

Then, the building's concrete walls began to twist and groan. The doors soared upward, the ceiling rose and the branch itself seem to double in size. A white camisole appeared over Cora's breasts which defied any bra manufacturer to create something that could contain them. To an average-sized person they were as large as a beanbag chair, but twice as soft to the touch despite their high position on her chest.

A flowery skirt manifested over Cora's waist, leaving several handfuls off buttock hanging out for all to see. Sandals appeared over her massive feet, decorated with a little flower sticking out of the top strap. At the end of the spurt the assailants stood just a few inches taller than her waist. A massive, powerful arm shot out and grabbed one of them by the legs. A moment of fear washed over the giantess when the others opened fire. She braced for impact.

"Oh, fuck me," Cora heard the ringleader lament. Opening her eyes, she found that she had not in fact been gunned down. Flattened bullets littered the floor in front of her, having struck against her body and simply fallen from her flawless skin. Her clothing, however, hadn't been so lucky as the rest of her and sported a few more bullet holes than before. The predatory grin returned as she pulled the criminal she'd apprehended up to her full height.

A heavy 'thump' echoed throughout the room as Cora flung him into the concrete wall behind her. He slid down onto the ground, motionless. Hands on her generous hips, she sighed triumphantly and leaned down in front of her impotent attackers. The cleavage put on display as she moved was beyond mountainous; the top managed to push her boobs together without breaking, causing them to nearly burst from the neckline even when standing. By leaning over, the fraction of boob she revealed was itself large enough for an adult person to sleep on.

"Run," Cora purred. Without hesitation the troop of crooks turned tail and ran. A few cheers rang out from the captive audience. As their gigantic savior began to stalk her prey the former hostages began to clear out of the building. At the conclusion of the readjustment, it appeared that the entire building had been designed from the ground-up to fit Cora in every nook and cranny.

Heavy footsteps echoed off the walls as Cora tracked her quarry. She was navigating the back offices of the branch. There were a few closets and corners that made decent hiding spots. When she closed her eyes to listen, she could faintly hear the sound of panicked breathing somewhere in the hallway.

"I'm not trying to suggest that size is everything, by the way," Vanessa's voice returned to the intercom system, "I said I loved her and I meant it!"

Cora stuck her head through the massive doorway to a conference room but didn't notice anybody within. Hearing Vanessa's voice continued to fill her chest with butterflies; her ears burned bright red.

"But, if there's more Cora, there's more to love, right? I have so much love to give, and she's

just too small to handle it all!" Vanessa decreed proudly.

With each step Cora took her body took up more space in the hallway. A mountain of boob poured into her top. Her ass and hips billowed outward, pushing her skirt up and out until it was less clothing and more a suggestion of what could have been. She meant to continue her search but the feeling of her body pulsing and pumping all on its own was beginning to overwhelm her. For the first time since she had made the wish a desire manifested in her thoughts: to never stop growing.

For the time being Cora's body would arousingly manifest her desires. A shuddering pulse caused her body to bloom upward and outward. She stopped, concerned about fitting in the hallway without realizing the tight corridor she'd chosen. With her back against the wall, she paused to slip a hand into her tingling sex. Her movements became more vigorous as she felt herself push more deeply into the wall and floor beneath.

A moan erupted from Cora's soft, pillowy lips as she continued massaging herself. She raised her other arm to begin fondling her breasts again but flexed her inexorable muscles just a little too hard. The camisole tore setting her breasts tumbling free. Another shiver pushed her breasts ahead an inch, and then another. Still invested in herself, literally, she hadn't noticed her ongoing developments until her breasts pushed into the wall opposite from her.

The sound of a masculine gasp echoing throughout the hallway tore Cora from her conundrum. Fury at the attackers for threatening Vanessa overwhelmed her arousal. The building shift again, releasing her just as she returned to the task at hand. A sports bra molded itself over her chest and a tight pair of shorts manifested on her bottom. Her hair swayed and shifted until it draped over her head just enough to cover one eye, otherwise hanging down her back just above her buttocks.

A golden light had begun to shine from Cora's eyes. The building finished reshaping, once again much larger, which also left the crook exposed in the middle of the hallway. Confusion flooded his mind as he tried to understand why he had thought standing in the middle of the enormous hallway was a good idea. The giantess approaching him dwarfed him by several feet; at full attention the top of his head was just barely level with the smooth curves at the top of her buttocks.

A foot half the size of the crook's torso launched him through the air. Cora watched him crash into the concrete hard enough that she heard the telltale cracking of breaking bones. Without bothering to pay him any more mind she continued to walk through the bank's back area. It had increased in size enough that a full staff and call center could fit within. She saw the very back of one of the assailants hurry into empty call center.

"But I'm just so nervous, y'know," Vanessa began speaking over the intercom once again. Cora stopped her pursuit to fully inspect her surroundings. She soon found herself staring into a camera mounted high on the ceiling. Furtively, she confirmed that she was alone in the hallway and looked back at the camera. Once confident she was alone, she vigorously waved both her

arms and jumped up and down. The motion sent her enormous boobs, each nearly the size of a full-grown average adult, into an avalanche of jiggling.

"Because the world is a big place! And it's not easy for a woman to make it out unscathed," Vanessa said.

While Cora's sports bra was itself an incredible feat of textile craftsmanship, her incredible pectoral muscles combined with the sheer volume of boob meant very few if any top could truly contain her. She stopped her jumping and flashed her bare breasts at the camera with a wink. Then, she made a heart-shape with her hands, blew the camera a kiss and took her leave.

"I don't want Cora to get hurt by what's out there. I want her to be safe. I need my little shorty to be safe," Vanessa's voice seemed to quiver.

To Cora's chagrin the cubicles seemed designed with her height in mind. The desks were obscured with walls tall enough to block her vision on all but one side. Even inactive, the sound of humming machinery would make it difficult to track her prey by sound. That same euphoric feeling began to take over her desire to hunt this crook down. She felt her hips pushing further into the custom-tailored shorts wrapped around them. More delicious flesh poured into her buttocks; her ass rounded out with more plump, grabbable skin each second.

Cora felt her boobs shift in her top but the growth, this time, seemed to be focused more on her lower half. The previous spurt had left her somewhat top heavy and the magic was still interpreting her wish in the most beneficial way possible. A lifetime's worth of squats began manifesting on her ass, ensuring it was firm enough to bounce a hubcap off of it.

Cora's hips swayed with every movement she made, even while she was standing still. Her thighs plumped up another inch, and then another. Her legs stretched longer, and longer still until the average person would come up to her thighs. Her body broadened in order to support the ever-growing assets. Her figure had initially begun to become an hourglass, but as it continued to grow virtually no part of her was hiding another. While Cora's waist was still small it remained at a size appropriate for a woman of her level of fitness. Her musculature gained no mass but instead became increasingly pliant with time. A full school of gymnasts and ballet dancers' worth of agility seeped into her body.

Though it pained Cora to do so, she dismissed the rising tide of arousal in favor of finishing the hunt. Even as she continued to tower over the cubicles she realized it was too much space to search. She took to kicking down the wall in front of her. With just a brief motion of her foot did she managed to not only push the cubicle wall but launch it. Three desks were destroyed in one sweep, and it was then that she heard a pained yelp.

Cora bounded over to the mess from which she'd heard the voice. She felt her growth coming to a close just as her head came within a few inches of the fourteen-foot ceiling. With one hand she cleared the debris away, revealing a cowering crook. No time was wasted in throwing him across the office; he flew for dozens of feet until hitting something. The gigantic huntress paid no mind for his destination once he'd been tossed.

By some miracle Cora's clothing had managed to contain her after her most recent growth. The building didn't change, either; she paid no mind to these facts beyond brief recognition. She came bounding back out of the call center in time to see four crooks rushing into the restrooms. Both pairs seemed to struggle with the doors' immense size but only briefly.

"So, what I'm saying is that I don't care what happens in the world, or what changes come," Vanessa spoke through the intercom, "I can handle it, I know that I can."

Cora chose to enter the men's bathroom first, flinging the door off its hinges with one hand. The men's room was clearly not built to accommodate her as its ceiling was only teen feet high. She ducked in, having to crawl on her hands and knees in order to fit inside.

"But I know I can't handle a world without you in it, Cora, and I know I have the power to prevent that," Vanessa's voice was resolute.

"Please come back to me, shorty," Vanessa commanded in a domineering tone.

Cora's heart fluttered at the sound of her girlfriend's demand. The flutter increased in intensity until it felt like her entire body was pulsing. While the restroom itself was wide she remained on her hands and knees, crawling across it in search of her prey. Her body was visibly pulsing, even to the point of causing the ground to quake somewhat as she crawled. She seemed to be stretching her legs, reaching her arms and flexing her back.

Yet, Cora was merely crawling through the increasingly inadequate space. Her body expanded outward with forceful spurts. Along with the rhythm of her beating heart did she become more, and more, and more. Her ass pushed out until her shorts finally burst at the seams, revealing a derriere that jiggled with every step. She felt her shoulders brush against the ceiling, so she bent her arms to remain small enough to fit inside the room.

A loop of shoulders scraping ceiling tiles and Cora bending lower and lower occurred. When she was pushing tits the size of full-size sedans into the floor she decided to stop playing around. She flexed her arms and shoulders until her bountiful breasts bulged around every orifice of the garment. The amount of boob on display above, below and to the sides of the bra dwarfed any other living human alone.

When Cora sat up her back and head utterly destroyed the ceiling above. She flexed again as she felt another pulse pour into breasts. The sports bra finally tore off and she waited expectantly for clothing to reappear on her body. None did, signaling the collective surrender of the world's tailors to try to contain her incredible body. She huffed angrily and grabbed hold of a counter that was host to a set of ten sinks. Then, she swung the object into every stall she could until it was destroyed.

There was a sickening crack followed by a pair of voices crying out in pain. With two fingers, she reached into the rubble to confirm the presence of two motionless masked figures. As Cora took her leave, the bathroom did not reshape itself. The entryway was utterly destroyed when she forced her shoulders through it. On the other side she was pleased to find out she could stand

up to her full height.

It appeared the women's restroom was significantly larger than men's, or at least the door was. Standing still, she was taller than a double decker bus. If she went up on the tips of her toes, she could hug the roof of a two-story house. With her stature she could also likely destroy it with her car-sized breasts, or smash it with her equally-large ass. A sigh of satisfaction escaped her lips at the sight of her gratuitous proportions.

Just as Cora pushed open the door to the bathroom did she hear the intercom emit a feedback signal. She stopped briefly in anticipation of Vanessa's next message.

"Oh, looks like somebody's at the door. Hey, tiny, can you wrap it up already? I'm in the security room, first floor, door's labelled," Vanessa was trying and failing to hide the fear in her voice. Fear-fueled rage ignite within Cora with a renewed intensity. She pushed the restroom door open, shattering its hinges as well. Her form rapidly began to lengthen once more. She began smashing one stall door after another until she found the first crook. He was picked up by a hand as large as he was and used as a battering ram until he was knocked unconscious.

Still, Cora continued using the assailant to bash open doors until she found the second. With one gripped in her hand, she kicked at the man's chest. Then, she threw the other at him for good measure. Neither seemed to be moving. Immediately, she turned on an enlarging heel and made a mad dash toward the security room. At such a high speed her body was sent into a fit of bouncing and jiggling.

Each step created the illusion that Cora was walking up a flight of stairs. One step pushed her head high and she remained at that height. Her bust would bounce upward and come back down an inch or two larger. Her frame increased once more to keep her proportionate, but still utterly gargantuan from every angle. By the time she reached the security room the majority of Earth's population would stand no higher than her knees.

The sight that greeted Cora sent terror through her spine. The last gunman, the one that had been sent away, was holding a pistol to Vanessa's head with one hand. With his other he was squeezing her bust. For a brief moment the giantess regarded her girlfriend, having seen her for the first time that day. Something about her seemed larger, fuller; and was she taller? Cora couldn't adequately focus on ogling Vanessa.

"You breathe wrong and this bitch is dead!" the gunman screamed.

Cora's mind raced; she looked for anything in the room that could help. Even at her size she felt that distant feeling of powerlessness and humiliation wash over her. She made eye contact with Vanessa and her eyes welled up with tears. Then, while staring at the girlfriend she dwarfed by more than a dozen feet a plan came to her.

"Baby, don't worry. It's going to be okay," Cora said as she raised her hands, "I'm signing ownership of the bank over to you."