

## **Hyper Clit Expansion, Hyper Pussy, Hyper Anus, Breast Expansion, Belly Expansion**

Everyone lies in job interviews, and Sarah Phillips is SO tired of taking them. It's been WEEKS of job hunting, of dry appointments with the same back and forth script, of uninspired cover letters and rewritten resumes.

Hopefully this will be the last. That's what she's been telling herself, but also she's EXACTLY as qualified as she should be for it. No over or under, almost no lying. It should count for something, right?

What she doesn't even think about is that the night before she was the designated driver for her friends, since she couldn't afford to be hungover today, and that her friends started hyping her up in the strangest of ways. It was nice, but too incoherent— The moment where everyone is so drunk it doesn't really matter what they're blabbering about.

Maybe that's what feels so different about this one. A bit of heat under her collar and between her legs. But she brushes it off as PMS as she arrives at the 6th floor, perfectly on time.

“Miss Sarah Phillips?”

“Yes, that's me. Nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you too, follow me.”

She meets Mr. Eric Shaw, a regular hiring manager, whose demeanor makes him seem older than what he probably is— She can tell he's a millennial like her. Even though she gives it her all and almost doesn't lie, it doesn't feel promising either.

And she almost pays attention to that pesky heat again. She doesn't recognize what or where it is, so she just looks at Mr. Shaw as they wrap up the interview.

“Great, we're almost done, Miss Phillips,” he says, turning a page on his clipboard. “I have only a few more questions before you go, they're not mandatory but they might allow us to get to know you better. Do you have the time? It won't take more than 5 minutes.”

Oh, no, she HAS to answer those. Those are the most important questions, aren't they? She wants to roll her eyes, but she just nods. “Sure, I have the time.”

“So, tell me, how can your throbbing clitoris help us in our company?”

If records still were around to get scratched, Sarah definitely would've heard one just now. She does a double, triple take, blinking straight at Mr. Shaw. Did he just say that? Her heart rushes blood up her face from fear and anger, is he trying to harass her?

No way she'll allow something like that! But before she can say anything, she notices, that, well—

Even though the question is bizarre, her clit has somehow expanded enough to stretch her skirt so thin its veins and pulse can be perceived through it.

She's speechless, the most immediate urge is to scream but she just can't find her own voice. It happens very fast and right before her eyes, which are glued to her groin as her clit expands to ridiculous sizes for any human genital, colliding with the desk between her and her potential future coworker.

"Ah... I... I d-don't..." she gasps and pants, feeling every part of the hardwood against her huge clit. By now it's the size of her head and as long as an oxygen tank, and Mr. Shaw seems to act as if his question was sane and normal.

It's not like it really is, he's just caught under a strange spell. Even though the sight does harden him well enough, he's taking it professionally first and foremost, paying no attention to the wetting tent on his dress pants.

While Sarah's scared and in shock— Seemingly not affected by that same strange spell, or maybe it's because she's the one changing for some bizarre reason, Mr. Shaw clears his throat as it's the first time she hesitates. "It's okay if you don't feel ready to answer that question, I just think..."

He would've continued, but Sarah's monster of a clit ripped her pantyhose very loudly, followed by her moans and it growing more and more under the desk, propping it up with its sheer size.

After a full minute of panic and expansion, Sarah's clit— which she couldn't believe was a part of her body right now— was clearly going to rival Mr. Shaw's desk in width, and that couldn't be anything other than a huge problem. She grips her chair as she moans more, overwhelmed by all the nerve endings that seem to have tripled during these last few seconds, even the hardness of the wood was enough to get her very close, and it was so ridiculously good she almost lost herself humping it.

What stops her is that the now beach ball sized tip of her clit is touching Mr. Shaw's full erection. Smothering it, even.

And he continues after a shaky breath, "I just think- um, that you should know t-the strengths of your clit, Miss S-Sa-Aah!— Sarah!" He yells her name as he humps her, their bodies technically not even getting into their personal space, and yet he could hug her clit almost like it was a person.

She doesn't understand what he's on about... Or... Does she? For a second, it sounds like it may make sense and she just didn't understand him well until then.

It's not just her clit either, her labia are thicker than her thighs, keeping her legs spread forever. And for an instant she loves the feeling. Her entire body feels on fire. "I t-think you can see it for your- mmm- yourself— T-try it for yourself..."

What the hell is she saying? What could he even try?

He seems to understand something she doesn't, he unzips his pants and— well, Sarah can't see any of this, her clit is getting so big it's obscuring him and even lifting him off the ground as it squishes him against the wall.

A desk balanced on her meat, stationery falling off with loud thumps just a bit louder than their moans. Mr. Shaw slips his cock in between the folds of Sarah's clit and feels in heaven, both of them do.

It makes no sense, but Sarah's head is spinning and Mr. Shaw's dick is so, so tiny in comparison to her fridge sized pussy, but it manages to make her feel so good anyway.

Two and a half minutes have passed and she feels like she passed all the tests.

Mr. Shaw cums hard, gripping on Sarah's swollen foreskin and kissing the upper side of her glans as his semen gets lost in between the folds of her still expanding sex. Every thrust drops a few more in there and his moans 'wake' Sarah up a bit from her daze.

Even though it does edge her just a bit to realize she just gave in to an unknown instinct and is technically having sex with this stranger, it's not enough to prevent her massive orgasm from all the stimuli— including her own hands massaging the base as much as she can. She also screams, her clit now almost elephant sized throbbing loudly and milking another surge of cum from her poor interviewer.

“Oh my god!!” Her voice comes out hoarse and her orgasms lasts way more than she would ever wish for in a time like this. “I-I'm so s...”

Sorry, she wants to say sorry. It's the most polite thing to say now. Like this was her fault somehow.

“S... Sensitive...” She finishes and feels like jelly, though her clit doesn't really shrink at all and the veins are still hard and mighty, it softens up the slightest bit— Mostly perceivable only to herself, given the heightened sensitivity.

“That's- hff- a good quality, Miss.” Mr. Shaw attempts to fix his tie, unable to get down as he's still pinned to the wall. He doesn't seem to mind though and has found a comfortable spot now during his refractory period sandwiched between those growing folds. The wet and delicate skin feels so good he got rid of his lower garments entirely, accepting Sarah's clit skin to hug his lower body as much as it liked. It was like a warm bath. “It'll be good f-for, ah, morale...”

Wait, did that sound like he was hiring her? “Oh? Y-you mean e-everyone would like to be i-in your place?” And use her like a public, humongous, obscene sex toy? She puts her hands on her cheeks, somehow now redder than before, just thinking about it. And there her clit goes, harder again.

“And so much more.” He breathes out. “We'll redesign the office for you, we'll make everything to accommodate your b-beautiful growing body...”

Even though it probably doesn't make sense on paper, and that she still feels like the world's strangest fleshlight, she also feels like a goddess! She has the hunch everyone around her, everyone in this floor and this building is ready to worship her with everything they have.

“My next question is—” miraculously he can still grab the clipboard, and inexplicably seems to be able to read the following bullet point, “Are you willing to put your supple, plump, breedable body to work as an extraordinary natality enhancer?”

Given the distance, Mr. Shaw's cum won't get near her vagina anytime soon, but regardless her body seems to respond to that of a fertility goddess. Nothing near as big as her clit or pussy, but she gains a lot of mass, especially on her hips, ass cheeks, belly and breasts.

She can feel her hips widen and widen, with enough fat to support them all around. It makes her cunt feel hollow, more than she ever would like to, and strangely her ass too. She has only entertained the thought of sticking just the tip of her finger in her ass before, and now it's like it's waiting for a fist.

Her belly grows enough to unbutton her shirt and strain the hem of her skirt. She wants to undress but it's been four minutes and at this rate she might lose her whole outfit in seconds anyway.

She's not pregnant, but her body is getting ready to host many, many offspring. The breeding instinct is loading into her brain and letting her know, subconscious first, that these will be her worker babies. They will grow fast and strong, and they will worship her.

It makes her want to stroke her belly, but her breasts grow so big that they get in the way. The strain snaps her bra out and lets her 5-gallon sized teats free, oversizing her belly as a sign of a yet unfulfilled pregnancy, as they begin to fill and slosh a bit with milk, but not ready to give it out just yet.

She's a mess, a bloated, sexy, horny, divine mess. She's sweating and still, a little bit in love with everyone who worships her, even if she can only tell by their gaze.

Well, she notices that when someone opens the door.

It's been 5 minutes since the bonus questions and Sarah looks back, to the door, and the employee is met with a growing asshole as wide as the door frame.

At first she's startled, but then it hypnotizes her. Sarah's asshole swells out so much, a sensitive and comfortable fit between her huge cheeks, that she no longer sees the employee— But from the brief peek she got, it seems to be the secretary that greeted her first, when she got to the 6th floor.

And now that secretary wants nothing more than to make out with her asshole.

It's almost as tall as her and she doesn't care. She touches herself as she sucks and licks and kisses loudly and shamelessly, muttering something about a goddess and thrusting as if she could fuck her with her pussy.

“Mm! That's so good, good girl!” Sarah moans, the words sounding even better outside her mind. She has never received a rimjob and she should feel self conscious of such a stupidly huge anus, but she can't. She's embarrassed that she can't.

Mr. Shaw seems happy to hear one of his workers enjoying herself to what he decided now officially is the newest and most important hire of his career. “I-I see, that's enough for an answer I suppose.”

And with that, her last job interview finishes with another climax.