

Only on Weekends

By Growing Desires

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“See you on Monday, Princess!” Lana heard as the door to the office closed behind her.

“Princess... How I loathed that term...” She thought to herself.

She pretended not to listen, and Lana continued to her car.

“I don’t have to think about those lot until Monday morning...” She sounded very resentful in her muttering, but an excitement dwelled within her.

Lana was dubbed “The Office Princess.” She hated it. Every. Single. Second.

She got hired into the firm by her dad, he was high up in the Pharmaceutical firm, his name carried a lot of weight and therefore Lana shot up the ranks quickly, most people held it against her but equally everyone treated her like royalty, afraid to upset her father.

Lana was quite young, especially young to be as high up in the company as she was. She had all the relevant qualifications, but her surname meant more to her line manager than her experience. Not to say she was incompetent or rubbish either, she was just so new to the field.

Her looks certainly didn’t help one bit. Lana was a stereotypical girl in her mid-20s, she hadn’t left the youngster look she had since she was nineteen and partying frequently.

She would visit tanning beds enough to keep her bronzed look about her and her hair was dyed a bright blonde and she looked like a typical air head you’d see drinking in the early hours of the morning dancing in a club.

However, for Lana, this was a ruse. Lana felt the pressure of her family name and expectations weigh down heavily on her, she fit into a group of friends that was good to her, but they never would accept her for who she was inside. For many years she struggled to come to terms with it but thankfully there was an upside for her father landing her the job and her rapid promotions.

Lana had access to the labs.

This was a massive breach of security and certainly would see her fired and probably more, but Lana was very smart. Smart enough to synthesise a drug that could let her live her true self, albeit temporarily.

Lana's favourite bands weren't on the radio that she had ever come across, her favourite clothes were not easily bought in most retailers. Lana's inner self was a lot darker than the bimbo-esque mask she wore.

Metal was the tune of her heart; her colour of choice was black and anything relating to the melancholy of death was her jam. Maybe it was an act of rebellion to her parents, maybe it was amplified by her living the secret life she had for so long, she didn't care.

Sitting in her car, turning on her favourite band and letting the guitar riff take her on an unwinding journey of leaving her job behind for a few days.

Getting home Lana was giddy, she had a humble apartment, she moved out as quickly as she could, knowing that she could start to be herself more once she left her parent's place. Sure, it was downsizing but she would take a 1x1 box where she could have her own décor up over an acre of her father's place.

Thankfully it wasn't quite that small so she could have all the dark decorations she wanted up. None of that mattered in this moment, Lana rushed to the small safe she kept under her bed, and she input the code to open.

The safe was refrigerated to ensure the stability of the formula inside, it wasn't cheap, but she happily maintained it so that she could do what she was about to do next.

On the right side, a vial as black as night, on the left a yellow. Pulling out the black vial, she locked the safe backup and walked over to the mirror.

"Here we go again..." Her voice was light and bubbly, something that didn't help her shake the princess moniker.

Lana downed the vial in one and could feel the cool liquid slide down her throat. Her eyes watched her trim figure in her blouse and skirt. She wasn't unattractive in the traditional sense, she had a lovely, beautiful face, she didn't mind that, she did however take Umbrage with the amount of makeup she was expected to wear to maintain her appearance.

"That won't matter soon..."

Her Bs were modest and perky, often getting a few onlookers.

"Not big enough..." She continued to critique herself.

Her waist was trim, to most people she had a perfect figure but to her, she was anorexic. Eating food was something that was shunned upon and when she moved out she did let loose a little on the eating, but her Mum scolded her so much that she knew she would just have to be sensible.

Eating was something she did struggle with; she loved the idea of it, but she couldn't stomach it.

"That all changes with this..." Lana said aloud, looking at the empty vial in her hand.

Fuck Laura for mentioning my waist today...

Laura made an innocent enough comment on how good her waist looked, and whilst at the time she accepted it, she hated the commentary.

"I wonder what that bitch will think in an hour's time..." Lana smirked to herself.

The formula was something she had been using for quite some time now, enough that she had ordered some clothes to wear after the transformation had happened.

"Shit!" Lana yelled; she had forgotten to get the mail from the box from downstairs.

She could feel the effects of the potion starting to take place, she felt a shifting of her skin and she felt excited, but she needed to get her packages.

Lana ran out the door, quickly down the stairs to the mailboxes in the wall to collect her packages, there were a few. Looking over the company names she was trying to work out what had arrived when she suddenly heard a button pop.

Lana gasped and looked down.

My boobs...

There was suddenly more cleavage on show, too much for her blouse to handle.

I need to get back upstairs...

Rushing again up the flights of stairs, she felt it was harder on the way back up.

I'm growing quicker this time.

Bursting through her door and running back to the mirror, she arrived just in time to witness the really good parts. Lana loved watching her body change before her eyes. It was honestly becoming a big part of who she was, and it was so exciting to see the "real Lana" come out.

The blouse was barely holding on, nor was the waistband of her skirt. Each button was stretched to its limits. She was just so thin in comparison to where she would end up, growing like this, she knew her clothes wouldn't last, actually, she loved this part.

“Oh... I am really gaining this time...” Her voice was losing its light and fairy-like quality, and she sounded much huskier, her voice was hoarse. “That... That sure is new...” She said softly.

Lana was far too distracted to even consider the additional changes, she just watched as her body filled up. The vial made it so that her body filled up with fat. All over she grew bigger and fatter.

There were a lot of noises coming from her clothes, she groaned as things were becoming too tight for her swelling body.

“Won’t be... Long...” She moaned.

Lana decided to speed up the process with a sharp inhale and a subtle arch of her back. With a machine gun-like speed, her buttons fired off her blouse and her boobs burst forward, the sudden lunge forward made her bra also snap. Her pudgier hands tore the broken garment from her chest and Lana marvelled at her swelling breasts as they flopped onto her chest and even the top of her belly.

Belly.

Lana never had a significant one before this vial, her midsection was concave in her early teen years but as she grew up she did have a little softness in her middle, but she wouldn’t be considered anything other than average. Thanks to this vial, that was rapidly changing.

Her hands moved down to her stomach, and she let out a soft coo as she gripped the fat that was forming into two large rolls on her body.

“So... Fat...” Lana moaned.

She loved the feeling of her forming fat swelling between her now chunky fingers. Things were speeding up; she was growing quicker than she did before. Her skin was glistening, she was covered in a sheen of sweat.

The sweat played a very unique part for Lana, it stripped away her tan, making her pale, ghostly even. It had a similar effect on her hair, taking away the dye and revealing her true natural black hair. Her makeup, despite being sweat proof, was taken from her naturally beautiful face. It might not be the most hygienic, but the effect was more than what she could’ve hoped for.

Her tattered blouse was discarded on the floor, along with her bra.

“Next...” Her deeper voice was a delight to her ears.

Turning around to look at her butt in the mirror, she bent forward and could hear the skirt and tights were losing the battle against her billowing flesh.

The tights were already forming ladders because of her thickening legs, her waist made light work of the skirt, but her fat ass needed a bit extra to tear through her tights.

Standing naked she looked at her fat riddled body and felt a shiver go down her spine.

"I... I look..." Her hands slapped against her growing breast. "So... hot..."

Her hands kneaded her mammaries and moaned at their sensitivity.

"I bet Derek from accounting would love these fun bags..." Her voice was filled with a flirtatious lust that was never there during the week. "If he worshipped me... Maybe..."

Lana's mind raced as her body continued to grow. There wasn't too much more growth, but Lana could tell she was bigger than last time. In general, she usually finished around 190 lbs, but just feeling her new heft with each subtle movement as she shifted herself from one foot to another, she knew.

"Woah..." She muttered, looking at her fatter body which had now turned pale.

Lana flicked her long black hair back and just stared for a few more seconds before she caved and decided to get the scale out. Standing still was the hardest part, she so desperately wanted to feel her new curves, her new fat.

It excited her.

After a few seconds of standing still, she looked down and was greeted by her pale cleavage and her fat gut.

Oh... I'm too big to see...

This hadn't happened before either. Lana had to bend over to even have a hope to see the screen on her digital scale. It flashed and she paused.

"Holy shit." Her husky voice filled the room.

The words were heavy, just like her.

"Two... Hundred and... Forty..."

Her legs felt weak, she couldn't believe it, a whole 40 lbs heavier. Her hands shot to her chest, and she started to play with her much larger and softer fun bags. The sensation was intoxicating to her.

Before things got too hot and heavy, she remembered something.

"Oh, the clothes!"

Lana remembered her packages that she risked exposing herself over. She tore into the packages and prayed that she ordered the right sizes. A task that would be much harder now that she had put on an extra 40 lbs.

Lana had no idea when she placed the order, to play it safe she had ordered multiple sizes. Eyeballing the first three bras, it was clear that they would not have a chance in containing her new larger mammaries. The fourth one she put on was a 44G, initial thought was that she had the band right at least, it was a bit snug but it didn't dig into her too much but when she scooped her breasts into the cups she realised that it was a bit of a tighter fit there. Her boobs were massive compared to her small perky Bs, now fat and heavy here Gs were bulging over the cups, threatening to become Hs.

The effect of them being contained in the barely fitting bra was quite the sight for Lana and she gave some testing shakes and jiggles to admire them in their pretty black prison.

They are so... Big and jiggly...

The next thing was the trousers and top, she skipped the other sizes and went straight to the biggest she had ordered, and she prayed it would be enough. Lifting her thick leg into the black jeans she had ordered, she noticed that it was significantly harder to put clothes on when you have a belly in the way. With her first leg into the trousers, she realised that it was a bit of a tight fit.

"I ordered... The biggest size..." Her voice was low and sultry.

Lana was shocked that she could even come close to filling the largest size the website had to offer, let alone be struggling to get into it. The legs of the denim acted like a compression sock but when it got to her waist she was out of luck, the button wouldn't come close enough to close.

She threw herself onto the bed, nearly knocking herself out with her boobs, and sucked in and arched her back so that she had the best leverage to get her gut into the jeans and with a lot of pulling and tugging it finally came closed, when she sat up she heard the button wail in agony as her fat stomach shifted and pushed against the waistband. The only way she could keep the jeans buttoned up was to hang her stomach over the waist band, the waistband digging into her now fat wide hips. Her belly bulged over the top like a tidal wave enveloping flood defence.

Picking the top up off the bed, she threw it on and had to fight with it to get past her ginormous fun bags. They were too big to be truly hidden within her black top, it was clear that she was very busty but her fat belly did take away a good amount of that attention, her upper roll bulged forward far more than she could've anticipated and her hanging gut was too much for the top, the lower portion was visible. When she lowered her arms, it was enough to remain mostly hidden, but Lana could feel the breeze on the underside of her stomach.

She felt the tightness on her arms too, she lifted them and noticed that the shirt rode up and revealed the lower half of her stomach.

Not very appropriate...

Despite her thoughts, she loved knowing that she was now so fat and overflowing from her clothes that she could just pop her gut out with such ease.

Taking one last look in the mirror at her transformation she decided that it was time to enjoy her weekend. The difference was incredible, 100 lbs extra on her body, five cup sizes larger and her drastic change of complexion. Lana loved what she saw and couldn't wait any longer. She needed to go out and show off her newfound fat.

She said in her now husky voice "It's time to show everyone how sexy my new body is."