

Natalie: The Office Slut

by Bobbie Bazooms

Prologue:

Natalie is a proper, young lady recently hired as the office manager for Harden Construction Company. She is unaware of the other duties she will be expected to perform.

Chapter 1, Preliminary Jitters

As she maneuvered her black Chevy Blazer through morning traffic, Natalie was filled with anticipation on her first day as the new office manager of Harden Construction Company. The drive was a little long, but her starting salary was wonderful. Plus, she was approved a company gas card to cover the cost of her commute. She thought that was a very nice thing for her new boss to do for her. When she was hired, she was told her qualifications were outstanding. And, the company would be more than pleased to compensate her fuel expenses. That made her feel so good. Even though she would be the company's only female employee, she was eager to get started.

Natalie could see the company complex in the road ahead. Three one story buildings of steel and aluminum formed a 'U' shape with a large parking lot centered in the middle. She pulled into a parking space in front of the building which housed the main offices. Gathering her things, she noticed a group of workers standing in the dock area of the warehouse building which lay directly across from the main offices. There were four or five men wearing ball caps and work clothes. One of the men held a styrofoam coffee cup. She put her purse over her shoulder, and got out of her car. All of a sudden, she was caught off guard by a loud wolf whistle aimed in her direction.

"WHEEEEEEEEEEEET-WHEEEEEER!!!"

She turned towards the men for a second. They were looking at her and laughing. Quickly turning away, Natalie felt her face turn beet red.

She tugged on the handle of the heavy steel door at the office entrance. It seemed to be stuck. She could not pull hard enough to get it open. Suddenly, she heard two loud thuds from the other side. Followed by a man's voice saying, "Back up!". She did as instructed. And, the door pushed open. A burly guy about forty years old was on the other side.

"Yeah, that's a bit tough for a pretty, little thing like you." He smiled at her.

His bearded face was big and friendly. But, his eyes traced the tiny redhead up and down. It was like he was sizing up a piece of meat. It made Natalie very uncomfortable.

"Thank you." Natalie said her face still flushed with embarrassment. She lowered her head and went past the man as swiftly as she could. She could feel his eyes locked on her as she made her way down the hall.

She suddenly felt a nervous quake in her stomach. Maybe this job wasn't going to work out as well as she had hoped it would.

She followed the twists and turns of the hallway as it led past several cubby hole offices. It was still early, so some of the offices were vacant. A few were occupied by men of varying ages either talking on the phone, or engaged in some type of morning routine. Natalie noticed that every one of them stopped what they were doing to look up as she passed. They tried as best they could to make contact with her pretty, blue eyes. But, she did not return their gazes. A couple of them even said 'hello'. One guy stood in his doorway and watched her butt until she turned a corner.

"What is up with that?" She thought to herself. It was not like she was dressed slutty at all. That morning, she was outfitted in a gray skirt suit and white, high-necked blouse, neutral hose and black, low-heeled shoes. Had these guys never seen a woman before?

All the leering she caused had formed a knot of nervousness in her stomach. But, that knot was coupled with a moistness building between her legs. In spite of the fact that the attention of these strange men made her nervous, deep inside, she felt flattered and sexy. A feeling she tried both to deny and repress.

The hallway opened up into a wide reception area. In the center of this sat the front desk. It was a large desk with a telephone and a company calendar upon it. A smaller side desk formed a wing off the larger one. Resting there was a computer and small printer. In front of the telephone was a nameplate bearing the name, NATALIE THOMPSON.

She set her belongings on the big desk and took a deep breath. She wasn't sure where to start. For a little while anyway, someone would have to line her out on what was expected and needed to be done. She hoped to get the hang of everything quickly. She wanted to catch on as fast as she could and do a good job. That way her boss would be glad he had hired her.

What she did not know, was that he was already glad he had hired her. She was the cutest, little thing he had ever seen, with her pretty, shoulder-length, red hair. She had the face of a classic beauty with a fresh scrubbed, unaffected appearance that was completely alluring. Her big, blue eyes were childlike and pure. But, in her gaze was an undeniable smolder. That combination was what made her so innately seductive to men. Also, the fact that in spite of her degree in business, she still spoke with an obvious southern drawl and made occasional errors in grammar and syntax which belied her rural upbringing, but, only added to her charm. And, she was so petite. Barely over five feet tall, she looked as innocent and adorable as a little speckled puppy. Although, her stubby legs did not exactly taper like those of a supermodel. They were definitely sexy and inviting. Especially, since at the bottom of them were her dainty, delectable feet and at the top were her wide, shapely hips and plump, round buttocks, as well as the womanly delights nestled in between. When he had interviewed her, he had been powerfully fascinated by her tiny breasts. Her tits were like bee stings, practically nonexistent. They looked underdeveloped and out of proportion even on a girl so short.

"Ah, Natalie, good. I see you're here!" A booming voice came from the office adjacent to the reception area.

It was Mr. Harden, her new boss. With his salt and pepper hair and big mustache, Buck Harden was an attractive man in Natalie's opinion. Even if he was clearly over fifty years old. He was a tall man. She figured he was about as tall as her husband, Charles. So, that would make him about six feet two. He towered over little Natalie. She had always been particularly attracted to tall guys. He was also sharply dressed in a pair of pressed navy slacks, a crisp, white shirt and red power tie. Which, she liked as well.

"Hello, Mr. Harden." Natalie smiled cheerfully. The events since her arrival had made her unsettled. But, as always her natural flirtatiousness came bubbling to the surface. "How are you this morning?"

"I'm doing quite well, young lady. And, please, call me Buck. Everybody around here does."

"Alright, Buck," Natalie felt her face blush again. She lowered her big, blue eyes and raised them to meet his as they shined down at her. Her lips formed a tight, closed mouth smile. Try as she might, when she found a man attractive, Natalie couldn't help but let it show.

Buck felt his penis stiffening in his slacks. "Damn, this little bitch is so fucking cute." He thought. "She is going to be a LOT of fun!"

"You look very lovely today!" He complimented.

"Thank you." She responded beaming. "Modest and professional."

"Well, I like it. You look great."

He reached out and slid an arm around her shoulder. She noticed he had big, strong hands.

"Now, there are a few things I want our human resources guy to go over with you before you get started working this morning. "Is that alright?"

"Of course." She smiled up at him. She could feel his arm curling around her.

"Good. Let's go down the hall to an empty office. You can sit in there. And, I'll let him know that you're here."

"Alright, Mr. Hard... I mean, Buck!" she giggled.

"That a girl!" His dick snapped to attention. "Come with me."

As Natalie was led to an unoccupied office, she noticed the large bulge protruding from her new boss' pants. It looked so big. She felt her nipples draw tight. A spasm shot through her vagina.

"He's all hard!" She thought to herself. "Because of me!"

She tried not to stare at it. Buck looked down at her and pulled her closer into him. He knew she was aware of his current aroused state.

The office he took her into was vacant except for a card table with four metal chairs around it.

"Just have a seat in here, Natalie. He should be with you in a moment." the man directed.

"Yes, sir." She replied. Uncontrollably, her eyes glanced down at the erect organ swollen in his pants.

Smiling, he turned and walked out of the room. He shut the door behind him. "Oh, yeah." He thought. "She's going to be a LOT of fun!"

Natalie exhaled. She wasn't sure what kind of place this was where she had gone to work. She had not done anything wrong. Maybe these guys were just all hard up. Or, it was a company full of perverts. Still, deep down inside, it made her feel good that these men had found her so attractive. The image of Buck's bulging erection flashed in her mind. Her face grew red again at the thought.

She pulled out one of the chairs and sat down. She felt the cold metal against her legs. A few minutes past and no one came into the room. She wondered if they had forgotten about her. She yawned. She didn't know why she felt so dozy.

Chapter 2, The Dream

"Natalie?" a soft voice beckoned to her. "Natalie, do you hear me?"

"Mmm.... Yes." She sleepily replied.

"That's fine." it was a man's voice, almost like a whisper. "You like to have sex don't you, Natalie?" The voice asked.

"Yes." She felt like she was talking in a dream. "I'm always ready for sex."

"Oh, you are?" The voice chuckled. "Well, you are in the right place. You are one lucky young lady. And, we are very lucky to have you."

There was a man in the room seated at the table across from her. An aged man, at least seventy years old. What hair he had left was white. His skin was blotched with the brown spots of age. He wore a white lab coat like a doctor or scientist. A sinister grin curled the edges of his mouth.

Natalie was still sitting in the metal chair. Her head and arms were laying on the table. She appeared fast asleep. A psycho reactive gas had flooded the room while she was alone. It had placed her in a drug-induced hypnotic state. The chemicals she had inhaled rendered her extremely susceptible to suggestion. In such a condition, the old man could program her mind any way he chose.

"Now, Natalie, you will not remember that we had this conversation. But, you will remember everything that I tell you to do. And, you will follow all my commands. But, you will believe that everything I command of you is coming from yourself. You will believe that everything I tell you to do are your own thoughts, feelings and desires. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Good, girl." The voice continued low and pleasant. "You are in a dream. And, when you come out of it, you will have a whole new outlook on life. Tell me you would like that."

"I would like that." The response was slurred almost incoherent.

"I want you to answer every question I ask you by saying 'YES'. And, I want you to believe that 'YES' is the right answer to every question. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Do you know, Natalie, you can't help but flirt with guys?"

"Yes."

"You like the attention you get when you flirt don't you?"

"Yes."

"You blush and feel embarrassed when you flirt don't you, Natalie?"

"Yes."

"It makes you feel a little guilty to flirt with men who are not your husband doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"But, it is very exciting to you to flirt isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Good, Natalie. Now, I want you to look at something in a new way. Would you like that?"

"Yes."

"You LOVE your new job. You LOVE all the attention the men who work here give you. You are such a good little flirt. You already know how to do that very well. So, you are going to flirt with every man who works here and all of the company's male customers as well. It will excite you to flirt with all the men. And, you will be turned on when they think you are sexy. It will make you VERY ready for sex. Getting horny from flirting will make you want to have sex with these men even though they are not your husband. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"At first, you will feel very guilty and embarrassed about your desires. But, you will not tell anyone you feel that way. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"The more you flirt and the more attention you get, you will feel less and less guilt. After a month working here, you will feel no guilt at all when you flirt with the men you work with. You will only feel sexy and ready to fuck. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Wanting to have sex with the men here at work will make you want sex with your husband less and less. In a month, you will never want to have sex with him again. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Good."

"Now, I want you to report to me, here in this room, every morning before you begin your days work. But, you will not know why. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"I also want you to get your husband to come up here to your new job one day this week. Tell him that you want to eat lunch with him. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Have your husband sit in this room and wait for you. And, make sure he waits for you in this room. And, that the door remains shut at all times while he is waiting. Do you understand."

"Yes."

"Good girl."

"Now, I want you to rest here. You will begin to come out of your dream. You will awaken and feel happy, rested and ready to begin your new life as the office flirt. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

The man rose from the table. He smiled down at the pretty red-head. This was only the beginning of the career he had in mind for her.
Chapter 3, The Office Flirt

Natalie's eyes fluttered open. Had she fallen asleep? She wiped her mouth and looked at her watch. 9:30! She had been asleep over two hours! Panicked, she got up and hurried to the front desk. She already liked her new job and surely didn't want to lose it!

Her belonging were still where she had left them. The telephone on her desk was beeping. She heard Buck in the next office answer it.

"He's going to be so mad." She worried. "I hope he doesn't fire me."

The phone conversation in the next office was brief. She heard Buck hang up. Getting up her courage, she walked into his office.

"Well, there's our little Sleeping Beauty!" Buck exclaimed. "So, you decided to finally grace us with your loveliness."

Once again, Natalie blushed. She laughed and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, don't say that!" She giggled. "I didn't mean to fall asleep."

"That's okay, precious." Buck said standing. "As pretty as you are, I just wanted to stare at you some more."

Natalie raised her eyes to meet his, her little mouth in a puckered smile.

"You are so bad, Buck." She responded playfully. She stared coyly, seductively into his coal black eyes.

"Well," he said softly. "I am just happy to have you working here. Can't you tell?"

He made two quick thrust of his groin. Glancing down, Natalie could see that his penis was a raging hard on! Giggling she hid her face in her hands again.

"I'm not looking!" She laughed loudly.

"Do you like it?" He asking smiling broadly.

"I'm not saying!" Natalie said with a sudden snort that only made her laugh harder.

"Well, I guess I need to get you situated and started on something." Buck walked over and wrapped his arm around her waist. Natalie's face was a crimson mask. Buck thought she looked girlish and adorable. She did not shy away from his proprietary grasp. Even when he 'accidentally' brushed his manhood against her.

He had her sit down and showed her the phone system and briefly went over some programs on her computer. She made frequent contact with her hands against his. Sweetly saying 'thank you' when she had enough to keep her busy.

She worked until almost lunchtime. Professionally answering all the incoming phone calls. She got the hang of the copy machine very quickly. She liked it when that same guy from earlier in the morning stared at her butt when she bent down to retrieve her finished copies. She purposely kept her knees straight as she bent low making her butt stick out nice and round. She knew he was looking. She felt guilty. But, it made her hot imagining what he was thinking about her. She felt her vagina getting wet between her legs. She felt sick inside and tried to think about something else.

After lunch, Buck sent her to the warehouse to take the warehouse manger a parts order that

was needed on a job site. All the men stopped what they were doing when they saw her. She heard whistles again. She smiled and waved the direction they came from.

The office manager, Ray Ford, stood when she came in.

"Holy shit, you're purty!" He blurted in a heavy southern accent. "And, just what is you name, good-lookin?"

"My name is Natalie." She said smiling at him. Her tongue peeked ever so slightly between her lips.

"Damn, girl! I bet you could go all night!"

"Oh, my gosh! I think I better be getting back over to the office!" She said giggling.

"Don't be a stranger." Ray chuckled.

Natalie looked back over her shoulder. "We will see each other again. I'm sure." She said sweetly.

She walked back across the parking lot towards her office. Her hips naturally swaying in a feminine way. Two men were loading a machine onto a big truck. She smiled at them as she passed.

From behind her, she heard one of the men banging the side of the truck.

BOOM! Boom, bah, BOOM! Boom, bah, BOOM! Boom, bah, BOOM!— to the motion of her hips and butt.

She looked back. With a huge grin on her face she wagged her finger at them. Then, her little shoulders rose and fell demurely. And, she continued toward the building. Behind her, the two men applauded.

Back inside the building, the wetness between her legs was undeniable. She went into the bathroom, locked the door and quickly fingered herself to climax. She could not believe she had done that. She felt slutty, as if she had done something wrong. But, it was the only way she could continue working that day.

As it came time to go home, Buck called her into his office.

"Natalie, I just wanted to tell you again before you go, how happy I am that you have joined our little team. I think you are going to be a fine addition to the cast."

"Thank you, Buck." Natalie said proudly. "I already love it here."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it." His eyes fixed on her chest. "Yes, a fine addition."

Instinctively, Natalie stuck out her little A cup breasts.

"That will be all for today, sweetie. You can go."

"Thank you, Buck. Have a good night."

The rest of the week Natalie went about learning her new role with the company. It was obvious that she was a very conscientious and capable worker. She quickly learned her tasks and proved quite efficient. Buck knew he had hired the right girl for the job.

Every morning, Natalie reported to the old man who had hypnotized her. Her growing desires towards her male coworkers had become a fixation for her. It did not interfere with her job performance. But, she was horny all the time.

Thursday afternoon, she was standing atop a three step ladder in the supply room. When Dub, the big, bearded man walked in.

"Hey, Dub!" She said melodiously.

"What's up buttercup?" He greeted.

"I'm just getting some stuff down from here."

"I can see that."

Just then he pretended to 'drop' his ink pen on the floor. He bent way down to purposely get an up-skirt view of Natalie's exposed panties.

"What are you doing?" She asked feigning exasperation.

"Hunting beaver.' He drawled.

"I can't believe you!" She exclaimed.

He held his place, continuing to stare straight up her skirt.

Natalie turned back to her chore. But, knowingly widened her stance on the ladder, putting her panty covered snatch clearly on display.

"Yep." Dub declared. "That's a beaver."

Chapter 4, Charles

Natalie's husband, Charles, sensed a change in her. But, had no clue what was happening to his young wife. Wednesday he had tried to initiate sex with her. But, she said she did not feel like it. Frustrated, he waited until she went to sleep, then jacked off.

On Friday, he left his job at Jiffy Lube to pick her up at her work for lunch. She was in the reception room when he arrived. She ushered him into the same room where she had been rendered unconscious. She told him she would be a few minutes and shut the door as she left.

Charles noticed a funny odor very faint in the room. He did not think much of it. He felt too sleepy.

"Charles." A voice came to him. "Can you hear me, Charles?"

"Yes."

"You will not remember that we had this conversation. Yet, you will remember everything that I tell you to do. And, you will follow all my commands. But, you will believe that everything I command of you is coming from yourself. You will believe that everything I tell you to do are your own thoughts, feelings and desires. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Good, Charles." You are in a dream. And, when you come out of it, you will have a whole new outlook on life. Tell me you would like that."

"I would like that."

"I want you to answer every question I ask you by saying 'YES'. And, I want you to believe that 'YES' is the right answer to every question. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Your wife Natalie is the office flirt here at her new job. She loves to flirt with all the guys. They think she is sexy and it turns her on. It turns you on too. Doesn't it, Charles?"

"Yes."

"Good. Natalie is going to become an ever bigger flirt. You will like that won't you?"

"Yes."

"She is going to start dressing very sexy at work so that the men here will want to fuck her. That is ok with you isn't it?"

"Yes."

"It is going to turn you on that Natalie dresses like a slut at work. You will let her buy slutty clothes and wear them here. You will like how the men look at her and how they treat her but you will not let anyone know. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"No matter how nasty they talk about her or how dirty they treat her, it will always turn you on. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"They are going to fondle her pussy and her tits. They will make dirty comments to her and about her. But, you will never be angry. You will never be jealous. You will only get extremely sexually excited that she is the office slut. So excited, that you will have to jack off every time you think about how she is treated here. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Now, Charles, your penis will never get hard again when you are alone with Natalie. It will only get hard when you are alone and jacking off. You will try to get Natalie to fuck you. But, your penis will stay soft and limp. She will not let you fuck her. So, you will go off by yourself and jack off and think about how she is so slutty at her job. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"You will have intense fantasies about her fucking her co workers. You will get the most excited you have ever been thinking about her getting fucked by the men she works with. You will cum harder than you ever have. You will have the most intense orgasms of your life thinking about your wife getting fucked by the men she works with. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"You will feel like less a man because of this. Do you understand."

"Yes."

"Natalie's breasts are going to become a whole lot larger. I am going to give her a shot that will make her breasts gigantic. As her breasts grow, your mind will adjust your memories of her. When you look at her, whatever size breasts you see will be the size you picture in your memories. Eventually, in your mind all you will believe is that her breasts have always been huge. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"The larger her breasts become, the more you will become obsessed with them. But, you can never play with them. You will beg her to let you see them. Unless she wears something you can see thru, she will not let you. You can only see them naked if you spy on her. So, you will cut a hole in the door to your bathroom where she bathes. So, you can look thru that hole to see her naked tits and jack off and wish she would have sex with you. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"You will take her unlaundered bras and panties out of the dirty clothes when you are alone. You will sniff them and rub them on your face and dick and jack off while you fantasize about her being a slut at work. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"You will LOVE her to show off her tits by dressing slutty, no matter where she is or who is watching her. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"The men here at her job will get to play with her tits. They will talk about her tits and say nasty things. And, they will give her nicknames because of her large tits. But, you will not be angry or jealous. It will only make you want to see them more. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"ANYTHING Natalie wants to do is ok with you, ESPECIALLY when she wants to do something slutty. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Anytime you are asked to come up here to her work you will come to her work. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Anytime you are told to sit in this room and close the door, you will do as you are told. And, you will remain here until Natalie tells you it is ok to leave. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Good, Charles."

"Now, I want you to rest here. You will begin to come out of your dream. You will awaken and feel happy, rested and ready to begin your new life married to the office slut. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

Rising from the table, the old man looked down at Charles. "Enjoy your life as a pussy." He thought.

Chapter 5, The Shot

She felt the sharp jab as the needle went in. The warm liquid entered into her buttocks and tingled. The old man extracted the needle and rubbed the small puncture wound with an alcohol swab.

"That ought to give you an eye-popping set of jamambos."

Natalie stared blankly as she felt the tingling in her buttocks spread.

"I want to have bigger breasts." She said flatly.

"I know you do. You told me that. Do you remember?"

"Yes."

"You said you wear a 34A bra. And, that is like the smallest size they make."

"It's like a little girl's bra."

"And, That is embarrassing to you. Isn't it??"

"Yes."

"You want bigger breasts so men will stare at your chest. That is what you told me isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well we have taken care of that today. Did your family watch the videotape I gave you after you drugged their food?"

"Yes."

"Very good, Natalie." The old man said delighted. "That will make things so much less... complicated. Now, all your family will believe is that you have had huge tits since adolescence. They will think nothing of the changes that are taking place."

Natalie eyes were fixed straight ahead.

"Now, Natalie. I want you to listen to me carefully. You will never refer to your tits as breasts again. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Form now on you will only refer to them using the words I am about to teach you. These words will make you like your tits more. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Now I want you to repeat some words after me and remember them forever. Because, these are the words to call your boobs from now on. Are you ready to begin?"

"Yes."

"TITS, TITTIES, BOOBS, BOOBIES."

"Tits, titties, boobs, boobies."

"KNOCKERS, MELONS, JUGS, JAMAMBOS."

"Knockers, melons, jugs, jamambos."

"HOOTERS, HEADLIGHTS, HONKERS."

"Hooters, headlights, honkers."

"I will teach you more fun words to call them. But, I think those are enough for now. Rest here. You will come out of your dream, get dressed, and be happy, rested and ready to work."

In a short while, Natalie came out of her dream state. She opened the door and headed down the hallway back to her desk. Four inch purple high heels were strapped to her pretty feet. The cold air in the hallway made the nipples of her small tits as hard as rocks. One of her co-workers craned his neck to get a look at her stiff braless protrusions. She smiled at him.

"Hey, Jim." She cooed.

"Hey, Natalie." He smiled back.

"Damn! She is hot!" He peeked out of his office doorway to see her walk away. Her ass was literally hanging out of her lavender short-shorts. He watched as she pulled her red strapless top up higher on her chest.

"Man, I love the way she dresses!" He imagined what it would be like to pound that ass and titty-twist those nipples.

That night at home, Natalie's breasts began to feel hot and tight. She did not think much about it. She put some lotion on them and went to sleep.

Chapter 6, Jugs

"Ray Ford started it. Now, everybody calls me, "Jugs". Natalie smiled proudly. "I like it."

"Well, I'll just have to start calling you that, too, JUGS." Buck Harden laughed.

"You guys are awful!" Natalie said teasingly. "I can't help it my boobs are so big."

"I know, Jugs." He declared staring at her chest. "But, I sure am glad they are!"

"You are so bad!"

Instinctively, Natalie stuck out her enormous F cup gazongas.

"Mother fucker!" Buck thought. "She has got some big fucking tits on her! That is amazing how much she has changed!"

Her yellow low-cut top showed off a long line of cleavage. The thin fabric was stretched obscenely tight across her melon chest. The red shorts she wore would have been fine for the office. Had they not been so short that her ass hung out like two half moons. Red four inch high heels completed her ensemble.

"You certainly look quite lovely today! I love your outfit."

"Thank you!" She beamed. "Slutty but professional."

"As always." He laughed. "Well, Jugs, before you get back to work, I have a little something you need to do for me. Come in my office."

"You always want me to cum in your office!" She joked.

Buck smiled. Natalie entered his office behind him.

"Shut the door." He ordered.

Natalie did as she was told then watched as he reached into his desk drawer.

"I want you to try this on for size. See how it fits." He explained.

From the drawer he pulled out a bra. It was the bra Natalie had worn on her first day as his employee. He had her bring it to him the morning she received her injection. Although, those memories had vanished from her mind. She only remembered always having huge tits. It was as if she had never seen her old bra before.

It was a small, sheer cup bra with spaghetti straps and two hooks in the back.

She took it from him.

"I can't wear this!" She exclaimed. She held it up in front of her. "It's like a little girl's bra!"

"Aw, come on!" Buck joked. "Give it a try! Stuff those tig ol' bitties in there!"

"You think I can stuff MY BOOBS in this little thing?" She put her hands underneath her gigantic hooters and hoisted them up. Buck stared as her tit flesh jiggled.

"I want to see you try!" He exclaimed.

"The things I do for you boys." Natalie said with a mock scold.

She removed her top and reached around to unclasp all five hooks on her heavy-duty bra. As she took her arms out of the extra-wide, comfort straps, out flopped her mammoth mammaries. The development caused by the drugs had been nothing short of amazing. Her milk bags jutted from her chest like colossal twin torpedoes. Her areolas were the size of drink coasters. The size of her giant jugs was even more dramatic contrasted against her tiny rib cage. She was so short her tits looked overdeveloped and out of proportion. They practically hung down to her navel! The considerable weight of her heavy honkers forced her to stop working at times and lay down to rest her back. But, none of the guys seemed to mind.

Buck's dick was fixing to burst as he watched Natalie put her old bra around her waist and clasp it in front of her. She turned it around her and slipped her arms thru the thin straps.

"You are so crazy! This is never going to work!" She lifted the straps and the bra came up and under her tits. They eclipsed the whole bra underneath them. She shook her head.

"Try stuffing them in the cups." He blurted.

"Its not going to work." She pulled the bra out from her body and began futilely trying to stuff her big melons into it. She managed to get one cup over a nipple. But, her boob spilled over the top like a big balloon. There was no use trying to get her other hooter in the beleaguered garment. She stood there looking at him with her old bra straining to hold the tit is used to hold comfortably. Now, the cup was not even large enough to completely cover her huge areola.

"Are you jackin' it?" Natalie giggled.

"I can't help it!" Buck gasped. He had taken his penis out and was masturbating furiously. The sight of his secretary trying to force her enormous tits into a bra that had fit just six months ago had been too much.

"Come here. I think you need to take some dictation."

"Again?"

Natalie started to take the bra off.

"No! No! Leave it on!"

Buck spun her around and jerked her shorts down. Of course, she wasn't wearing panties. He bent her over his desk and entered her with a quick thrust. Violently, he began to pound into her soaking pussy.

This is the part of work Natalie loved the most. The familiar feeling of Buck's big stiff pecker poking her twat.

Buck reached underneath her and grabbed at her immense udders. He clutched her tit and tried to keep it from coming completely out of the bra.

"What does everybody call you?"

"Jugs!" Natalie said breathlessly.

"What do they call you?!"

"JUGS!"

Buck's dick sent streams of cum into Natalie's eager hole as he exploded inside her. The feel of his semen triggered the characteristic response within her. And, she too came to a spectacular climax.

"You big titted cow." He sighed as he pulled himself from her.

Natalie was warm with the afterglow of great sex. She loved her job.

"Get back to work." Buck slumped down into his chair.

Natalie stood, pulling up her shorts. Her legs were trembling and unsteady in her high heels. She removed the bra and held it up.

"Do you want to keep this?" She asked her boss.

"Yes. Leave it. And..."

"And..."

"Leave the other one as well. Just for a little while."

She placed the small bra on the desk next to the big one and put her top on again. She smiled back at Buck who had started examining the two brassieres.

"Holy shit!" Buck thought. "Compared to her old bra, her new cups are as big and thick as army tents!"

Natalie walked into the reception area. She felt Buck's warm cum inside of her and smiled. Her braless chest wobbled with every step. She seated herself at her desk. She looked at the nameplate in front of her and shook her head. A couple of weeks earlier, someone had replaced her old one with a new one bearing the name E. NORMA STITTS. It was funny. So, she had kept it. The guys she worked with were so crazy!

She busied herself for a couple of hours answering the phone and making spreadsheets for a meeting that afternoon. Nearing lunch, she went to the break room to turn off the coffee maker and check to see if there were enough cups for the water cooler. A routine she did every day.

As she walked braless by her co-worker Jim's office, his eyes were glued to her jiggling jamambos. Her stiff nipples stuck out like marbles. She flashed him a smile as she walked passed. She went in the break room and turned off the coffee pot. She set the pot aside and discarded the used filter. The water cooler, indeed, needed more cups. She opened a cabinet and bent down to gather some new cups from the bottom shelf.

"Damn, Jugs! THAT is some kind of view!" Jim said from behind her.

Natalie looked over her shoulder at him and gave him a big smile. Her ass was up in the air like a big dick target. Her tits swung heavily beneath her.

"You just like watching my big knockers wobble!" Natalie said rolling her eyes.

Jim walked up and shoved his groin against her ass. She could feel his swollen erection in her crack.

"And... you have 'assumed the position'!" He joked pressing his manhood against her.

"Don't you have some work to do?" She said with a mock scold.

Jim leaned over her, cupping and fondling her hefty hangers. His hard dick rubbing between her ass cheeks. Natalie's ass began squeezing his engorged organ, welcoming its presence. He began humping her like a horny dog.

All expression left Natalie's face and her breathing was quick and short. She sat passive beneath her male co-worker as he hunched away on her. His hands roughly groped and titty-twisted her stiff nipples.

"Do you like this?" Jim gasped.

"Yes." Natalie said breathlessly.

Suddenly, Jim commenced to jerk wildly. Waves of orgasm shot over him as he dumped his load into his pants. His thrusts slowed. He rested on Natalie for a moment. Then, he stood straight, let out a deep exhale, and left without saying a word. The whole incident lasted about three minutes.

Natalie adjusted her clothes back into place. She filled the water cooler's dispenser with cups. It was a good thing Buck had already fucked her. She thought. Otherwise, her encounter with Jim would have gotten her way too horny before lunch.

Chapter 7, The Choice

"Hello, Natalie. How are you today?" The well-known voice whispered to her.

"Mmmm..... I'm good." Natalie responded from her trance.

"I am happy to hear that." The old man leaned very close to Natalie. His eyes were very intense. "Natalie, today we are going to do something a little different. Would you like that?"

"Yes."

"Very good. I am going to ask you some very important questions. I want you to answer them very honestly. Your answers must be what you truly feel. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Good, Natalie. You've been with us almost a year now. Do you enjoy working here at Harden Construction Company?"

"Yes. I love my job."

"And, do you know you do a very good job?"

"Yes."

"Do you know that Buck loves the work you do. And, that everyone here loves having you as a co-worker?"

"I hope that is true. I want everybody to like me."

"Oh, they do, Natalie. They surely do love you and love having you here. Does that make you feel good?"

"Yes. It makes me happy."

"You have been very happy working here haven't you?"

"Yes. I don't want to work nowhere else."

"I am so happy to hear that. Everyone else will be, as well."

"I am glad."

"How do you feel about all the guys feeling you up and doing all kinds of nasty things to you?"

"I really like it."

"Do you want them to stop?"

"No. It makes me feel special."

"How do you feel about them calling you Jugs instead of your real name?"

"I really like it. I love how they talk about my big boobs."

"Does it make you horny?"

"Of course. It makes me hot... ready to fuck."

"You get fucked here a lot don't you?"

"Yes. Buck fucks me all the time."

"Do you like him fucking you?"

"Of course. It is my FAVORITE thing about my job!" Even in her dream state, a smile formed on Natalie's lips.

"Doesn't it bother you that he is not your husband?"

"Not at all. Charles never made me feel like Buck makes me feel. I love, Charles. But, his little peeny is so teeny-weeny. And, Buck has got a big ol' pecker! It feels so good when he is inside of me!"

"Do you feel guilty about fucking him when you never even let your husband near you?"

"No. I love Charles. Me and him do all kinds of other stuff together. Charles knows he isn't no good at fucking anyway. And, he knows how hot Buck makes me feel."

"Do you ever feel guilty about how much you flirt with all the men here. Do you feel guilty because you encourage them to do all the nasty things they do to you?"

"No. Why should I?"

"It doesn't make you feel guilty to be such a slut?"

"No. I really like it.. I am not hurting anyone. If other people don't like it, that is their problem."

"How do you feel about your massive tits that are too big for your body?"

"I love my huge honkers! They are like watermelons on my chest! AND, They are NOT too big for my body."

"So, you like having watermelons on your chest?"

"Of course. All the guys here love them, too."

"Very good. Now, Natalie, I want you to think back. Think back to the day you started working here. Can you do that for me?"

"Yes. I can remember."

"Good, girl. Do you remember looking different in any way? Think about your body on that day."

"I was flat-chested. I didn't have no boobs. No, I-I had boobs. But, they were really little."

"Did you like having breasts so little?"

"Oh, no. I hated it. Guys couldn't tittyfuck me good or nothing. I wanted them to be bigger."

"They are bigger now. Much, much bigger. In fact, they are so over-developed, that on a girl as petite as you, they look like exaggerated cartoon tits."

"I know."

"Your giant tits are what everybody thinks about when they think of you. Do you like that?"

"Yes. I love it. I love that I am known for my tits. That's why everybody calls me, Jugs."

"I see. But, wouldn't you prefer to go back to the way you were before- with tiny breasts?"

"No! I wouldn't never want that! I love my humungous hooters!"

"I am so glad you feel that way." He paused for a moment. "Now, dear, think back. Do you remember how you felt when you arrived here for your first day of work."

"Nervous."

"What else did you feel that morning before you and I had our talk?"

"Horny. Horny and... guilty? What did I have to feel guilty about?"

"You used to feel guilty all the time. Guilty about how men found you attractive and guilty about how it made you so hot and sexy."

"I-I remember. I didn't like it. I hate feeling guilty."

"I know you do. Do you think your life is better now that you do not feel sick from all that guilt?"

"Oh, yes. I am more happy now than I have ever been."

"So, you would not want me to allow you to feel guilty again like you use to feel?"

"No way."

"But, you would feel like a good girl again."

"I am a good girl now. Being sexy don't make me bad. I do a lot of good things."

"I know you do. You do all kinds of good things You are a very good girl."

"Yes."

"There is one last thing I want you to do for me."

"What is that?"

"I want you to remember all the conversations we have ever had. All of them, going all the way back to your job interview. Do you remember what we talked about then?"

"Yes. I remember. You said I was a born flirt."

"Yes I did."

"That is actually one of the main reasons we hired you. I want you to understand something, Natalie. Buck and I knew from your interview that you had all the qualifications we desired. You were more than perfect for the positions we needed to fill. You were pleasant, and professional, courteous and well-trained. You came across as extremely dutiful and competent. We were certain you were capable of being an outstanding office manager.

But, the abilities to run an office were not the only traits we were seeking. During your interview with Buck, it was apparent that you were extremely naturally flirtatious with a remarkable instinct to tease and entice. A born hussy men would want to fuck every time they saw you. You were cute and yielding with a strongly repressed longing to be the submissive object of men's lust. You see, not only did we want an office manager, we wanted an office slut. And, you were perfectly suited for that position as well. Do you agree?"

"Yes."

"And, do you remember telling me you did not feel as sexy as you wanted to feel."

"Yes."

"Do you remember telling me what you needed to make you feel sexier?"

"Yes. I told you I wanted bigger boobs so guys would look at me."

"And, you said you would like them gawking and staring at you, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And, I promised to give you bigger boobs didn't I?"

"Yes."

"And, I promised to take all of your guilt. So, you could enjoy being a flirt and never feel bad about it. Didn't I."

"Yes."

"And you realize now, I have done the things I promised. Don't you?"

"Yes."

"Now, Natalie. You said you love your job. You said you love your gigantic tits. You said you love being a flirt. You love getting fucked and felt up. And, it doesn't bother you if people think you are a slut. If you are happy with the things I have done for you, you need to tell me, 'thank you'."

"Thank you. I do like what you have done for me."

"You're welcome. Now, I want you to rest. You will come out of your dream state and remember everything you and I have ever talked about. You will remember how you used to be. And, you will remember that you have chosen to be the way you are now. You will never feel the old guilt you used to feel. You will only feel happy and excited to continue your life as Jugs, the office slut. And you will understand, that is the position you have accepted."

The old man rose and placed his hand gently upon Natalie's slumbering cheek.

"Good bye, Jugs. It has been a pleasure."

Chapter 8, Passionate About Her Work

Natalie awoke about a half hour later, now fully and willfully aware of the type of services she had been hired to perform. She looked at her watch.

"Oh my gosh!" She thought. "It is almost 2:30! Buck will be getting back from his trip anytime now!"

She eagerly rushed out of the room and down the hallway towards his office, smiling and giggling. Her braless gazongas made slapping noises as they whapped against her tiny body. She wanted to be ready when Buck arrived. He always wanted a good tittyfuck and blow job after long trips.

"He will want to see me!" She laughed.