

The image features two women against a blurred background of city lights at night. On the left, a woman with large breasts is shown from the chest up, wearing a black, form-fitting swimsuit. Her hair is pulled up, and she has a serene expression. On the right, a woman with dark hair and glasses is shown from the chest up, wearing a white, short-sleeved shirt. She has a more serious or contemplative expression. The title 'THE TYPIST' is centered over the image in a large, stylized font with a blue-to-purple gradient and a drop shadow.

THE TYPIST

A Tale of Transformation by the B.E. Grove

THE TYPIST

-- 01 --

Azura knew exactly the moment that her love of typing began. She could trace it right back to her time at St Gregor's School for Gifted Girls and the very first class on a Tuesday morning - computer science.

Her computer teacher there was one Dave Porterman, an aging hippy whose left eye tended to wander off mid-conversation, as though it had better places to be. He had learnt about computer in the 'good old days' of punch cards and processors larger than cars. Which was impressive given he had graduated in the late 90's.

Although his knowledge of modern computers was limited at best, he did have an almost reverential admiration for data parsing and processing. During his impassioned rants about the mysteries and marvels of a 'thinking' machine, it was all a passer-by could do not to be swept into the gravity of his earnest energy.

Of course, there is no being more capable of withstanding impassioned speeches from people of authority than teenage girls and most of Azura's classmates would sit back and let his ranting wash over them. They'd roll their eyes and pass notes, simply waiting for the bell to summon them to their next class.

Azura however was not like other girls. Petite of frame with pulled back black hair and piercing green eyes, the bespectacled student would sit in admiration for the passion, if nothing else, of the man who would like nothing more than to pass his reverence on to a new generation.

One day as the bell rang and most students escaped the confines of the computer lab, Mr Porterman stopped Azura as she was leaving.

"I see you in class you know." Porterman started, conversationally, leaning on his desk as Azura approached. "Oh." Azura replied, giving a polite smile, unsure of where this was going.

"The other girls don't get it. They'd rather be playing on their smart phones than breaking them down and understand the magic that makes them work." He continued, deep in concentration.

"I guess... I just see things differently." Azura responded, hesitantly. "I sometimes feel I'm made from a different mold than the other girls".



“Ah!” Porterman exclaimed. “That’s where you’re wrong!”

Opening the desk, the aging academic pulled out a book, slamming it on the table. Caught off guard, Azura held tight to her school bag, before hesitantly reading the title: ‘Plato’s Greatest Hits (abridged)’.

“Are you familiar with the works of the great philosopher Plato?” Porterman enquired.

“Was he the buff Sparta guy?” Azura ventured.

A moment passed as the teacher levelled her with an unimpressed look.

“Actually he...” Porterman started, a rant locked and loaded to go, before stopping himself. “You know what, it’s not important.”

“The key thing I want you to know is that Plato believed that all things that exist in our world were just imperfect copies coming from a perfect template.”

“All frogs came from a ‘perfect’ frog, all tables from a ‘perfect table’ and...” he paused, indicating Azura. “All women come from a single perfect woman template”.

Azura contemplated this for a moment, trying to find meaning in the professor’s rant about a long dead philosopher. Picking up on her confusion the enigmatic professor continued. “Now Plato never had access to the marvels of a ‘thinking machine’ like our modern computers. It is my belief...”

Porterman paused, glancing left to right and then leaned in, conspiratorially. Azura found herself similarly leaning in, lost in the moment.

“It is my belief...” he repeated, “that when using these information processing machines, the symbiotic loop of information formed between person and machine may allow us to reach a level of meditation that would enable us to reach the realm of those perfect blueprints!”

Porterman leaned back, glowing, his knowledge bomb spent. Azura slowly stood up straight as well, far more confused than enlightened.

“Or to put it more simply-“ Porterman started.

With a boom the classroom door slammed open, armed men in suits flowing into the room. As the stream came to an end a man in a light

tan suit wearing sunglasses casually lead the rear. His calm swagger indicating his leadership position.

“Dave Porterman?” the man in tan asked the startled duo. “You are under arrest for academic fraud, unacceptable collaboration fraud and misrepresentation of academic credentials.”

Outraged, Porterman rose to his feet, shouting “Lies! They’re trying to silence the truth!”.

Unperturbed the man in tan continued “Also for the use and sale of LSD while on school grounds.”

“Okay, that one’s true.” Porterman admitted with a shrug. As the agents moved to cuff the academic, he turned to the startled Azura. “Remember my words!” he exclaimed to her. “Computers and meditation may be the key to the realm of perfection!”

Stunned, Azura stood there shaking, unable to make sense of the events transpiring.

Cuffed and being led away, Porterman turned to the man in tan. “Christ I’m tripping balls. Is this really happening?”. The agent responding with a simple nod.

“Damn... any chance you guys want some cheap LSD?” Sharing a look with the other men the agent responded quietly “Let’s... talk the car” before leading the shackled man out.

-- 02 --

Holding her laptop close to her chest, Azura prepared herself for the first day on the job. She brushed a loose her hair out of her eyes and tucking it back into the bun at the back, a style that she had been sporting since her mid 20’s.

This was the top data processing centre in the Tri-state area and Azura had worked her proverbial keister off to get in. She may well have worked her actual keister off as well, given that puberty fairy had decided to skip her house and while not unattractive she physique could be compared to that of a wooden plank.

Shaking off her reservations she took her first step towards a new life.



Walking past reception, she was greeted by a portly middle-aged man in a marginally stained white shirt and tie. His complexion was that of an alcoholic and while he did attempt a genuine smile, it seemed strained and unaccustomed to his face.

“Miss Arvuti?” He asked.

Azura gave her best professional smile and nod as a reply.

“Phil Mason. I have to admit I’ve been keen to meet you.” The aging man stated “It’s not every day that we meet someone with your resume. First in your class at Yale, a Master’s in computer science, over one hundred words per minute typing speed...”

Azura tried her best not to blush as they started to walk and talk.

“Honestly Miss Arvuti you could’ve had your pick of proper coding jobs. A few of us were wondering why it was you went for a basic data entry position?”

Azura was unprepared for the line of questioning and took a moment to collect her thoughts.

“I guess, I just followed my passion.” Azura responded. “Someone once told me I could break the mold and I guess I took that to heart”.

“Huh.” The portly manager replied with a shrug. “I guess I’ve just never met someone with a passion for... typing.” As they rounded a corner they came across a small cubicle. “This is you.”

“Thank you” Azura said, slinging her bag over the swivel chair and placing her laptop on the small desk. “It’s not just typing. It’s... the data. Talking to the computer in a meaningful way. If I wanted to type basic words I could get a job as an Executive Assistant and listen to some self-important manager prattle on endlessly...” She stopped short, wondering if she had overstepped a line.

Looking back at the portly manager she was met with another smile, this one less practiced but feeling a lot more welcome on his features.

“I think you’ll fit right in here, kiddo.” He said with a chuckle, before leaving to let her get settled in.

Sitting down, Azura turned to see her reflection in the black computer monitor. She turned it on, her own appearance disappearing in the screen’s white glow. Her fingers started their work.

Kevin rounded the corner in a flurry, his lanky features allowing him to traverse the office in stride. Finally locating his target he stopped at her cubicle entry, panting. “There you are, Azura!” he let out in an exasperated breath.

“And a fine Wednesday to you too, Kevin” the petite black-haired lady replied. It had only been five weeks since she started her job and while she had initially come across as timid, a few fast turnaround jobs and a trial by fire had quickly escalated her to become known as a dominant player in the ranks of data entry employees.

She sat confidently, like a tiger that had surveyed every inch of their cave and was both at rest and ready to spring into action at a moment’s notice.

“Why is it you seem to be in a different cubicle every time I want to find you!?” The vexed co-worker lamented, running a hand through his mop of messy hair.

Azura contemplated this for a moment, not sure she had the answer to it herself. “I guess I’m just trying to find the one that feels... right. I have a good feeling about this one though” she said, rubbing her hands across the cheap laminate desk.

“That... you know what never mind. We’re in trouble!” Kevin proclaimed, the urgency in his voice clear as day.

“With a capital ‘T’?” Azura half joked.

“With a ‘rhymes like ducked’” he replied. “Someone in sales screwed the pooch. Like, royally. They promised a full-blown database six weeks ago and didn’t bother telling anyone.” Kevin was pacing now. “Because why bother telling the people who need to actually need to make the effing thing!” he exclaimed, working himself up to a frenzy. “So now it’s due tomorrow. A whole database. Tomorrow!”

Azura raised her hands in a placating motion. “Okay so we push back, we-“

Stepping towards her, panicked as ever Kevin interrupted “Oh no, no no no! You don’t get it. This sales guy is friends with, like, every person on the company board. I already pushed back and to quote him directly: If I am going down for this, you’re all coming with me”.

Kevin broke off his tirade, facing the cubicle half-wall to collect himself.



“So... what’s the plan?” Azura ventured.

Kevin turned back, soberly. “The plan is to manufacture a miracle. Half the team builds the framework while the other half inputs the data in rolling increments.”

Leaning forward, clearly shaken for the first time in the conversation Azura stammered “That’s... that’s insanity! The cross checking of so many people’s work alone would-” Kevin’s pained look answered any objection she might pose.

Sitting back, Azura’s mind raced. “How... much data are we talking about? She ventured. Crossing his arms Kevin slumped forward in thought. “20,000 unique entries? Maybe more?”

Her eyes flicking back and forth Azura resumed her number crunching, before halting with a determined gaze.

“Let me do it.” She stated bluntly.

“What?!” Kevin stammered.

“Get the rest of the team on the program structure so we know it’ll be done in time and let me deal with the data.” Azura explained. “One brain, two hands, no doubling up of results.”

Kevin was about to decry the insanity of her plan, to chastise her for being flippant in the face of a real emergency and stopped short. The truth wasn’t that the idea was impossible... it was just that this task was beyond him, even with his position as Senior Data Co-ordinator. Azura was an unknown entity and had so far not met a challenge she failed. But if she did manage to pull it off..

He turned again and after a long pause, asked softly “Can you do it?”

With a determined look Azura stood up, looked him in the eyes and stated: “Get the coffee brewing”.

Azura spent the day looking over the data, identifying the key areas and any areas that may be shortcut in any fashion. The team had promised the first section of the database structure would be in place come 5pm and it was going to be an all-nighter for everyone.

At exactly 5:05 Azura got confirmation that the database program was ready for her to begin. Without wasting a moment, she sprang into action, loading the data entry program from the server. She had been given four monitors to achieve the monumental task and was also running her laptop as a spill-over resource.

Her fingers leapt across the keyboard, bouncing from the mouse and back while her laptop blasted music from her playlist 'Dubstep Remixes of Classical Music', which she reserved for moments such as this. As a version of "Moonlight Sonata" that would make Beethoven beg for mercy assaulted her ears, she began to feel the cognitive disconnect that many would call 'the zone' wash over her.

Deep in the 'zone', Azura worked with the speed and accuracy of a concert violinist and despite the full day's lead time she found herself nipping at the heels of the rest of the data entry team, forcing them to up their own game in response.

Yet as the time progressed and Azura passed her 12 hours of consecutive work she felt herself slipping. Like a musician hitting the wrong notes, each mistake hit a note of discord in the harmony of her work. Typing was her element, and she could lose herself in her monotonous work better than anyone, yet each error pulled her conscious self back to the forefront.

Despite the setbacks she persisted on, her hands flowing from keyboard to mouse dancing to an unheard tune (those actually listening in at this stage would have been treated to a particularly gravelly dubstep rendition of Flight of the Bumblebee).

Her errors, while impactful to her flow were minimal and easily fixed and as she parsed set after set of data points, Azura found herself working faster than she had ever felt possible.

By 2am Azura could no longer feel her hands.

At 3am, the exhausted felt the beginnings of something starting to happen. In a deep trance she felt herself lost further into her work than she felt possible. For flittering moments her very sense of self was pushed to the depth of her mind, and were someone to call her name, she would not recognize it.

As if sensing the dangers of these unexplored depths, her flight reflex kicked in and Azura pulled herself together with a shake of her head and a swig of stone-cold coffee. A shoulder stretch later she persisted with her work.

At 4am Azura had exhausted her wells of concentration and driven a mix of willpower and muscle memory. The rest of the team had finished their job – the structure of the database was built and the rest was up to the upstart Azura, and there was nothing holding her back.

By 4:30am, her defences had worn away, Azura's mind had closed for the night. Her physical body continued on forming a conduit between the stack of data and the machine required to process it.

In that state of half-living autopilot, it happened.

-- 05 --

Azura first noticed something was amiss when the lines of data in front of her started to get hazy, their iridescent glow on screen getting brighter. Trying to clear her mind she shook her head, only to find... the back of a woman sitting in front of her.

Her trance broken by the strange sight, Azura took a moment to inspect her surroundings. The lights were glowing brighter than they had seemed before and all points of light seemed to share a similar intensity.

Upon inspection it also appeared that she was no longer sitting, but more... floating. As she lifted a ghostly hand in front of her eyes the realization dawned on her – the woman had not appeared in front of her... but was her.

She felt the urge to panic, however found that the chemicals required for a panic attack were left behind in her old body. So instead, intellectual curiosity took hold as she watched her corporeal form.

Even without Azure at the helm her body did her proud, as she saw it continued the data entry at an incredible rate. 'She' was moving faster than Azura had ever seen herself move. Not one to trust another's work, Azura checked the data on screen to find that the forms were being filled out perfectly. She couldn't do better herself. Clearly.

Azura returned to observe her physical form, finding it supremely mind bending to see a perfect mirror image of herself at work without it looking back at you. As time passed however the uncanniness began to subside. At first Azura wrote it off as acclimatizing, yet a slight shift made her realize the truth – it was no longer as strange because the figure in front of her was drifting from being a perfect mirror image.



She noticed it first in the face – Azura’s lips, always chapped and cracking seemed softer, fuller than they had ever looked before. Blemishes that Azura had long since given up covering with makeup seemed to naturally fade away. Her nose took a less sharp edge and the overall effect was someone who looked like Azura, but softer, more feminine.

The change continued as Azura’s eyes were drawn down. Her top, a causal affair that she had taken to wearing given the relaxed dress code of the office covered her modest bust adequately, but with each successive arm movement back and forth on the keyboard it appeared to become more and more revealing.

It took the ghost Azura a moment to realize that it wasn’t the top changing but rather her own breasts swelling larger and larger by the minute. Out they grew, swelling from a modest A-cup down the alphabet from apples to ripe oranges to finally stopping at what looked like her stuffing two large grapefruits down her top. Had Azura not removed her bra before the session (as she always did) she had no doubt it would have snapped right off her.

For her part, corporeal Azura barely batted an eyelid. The strongest reaction being when the amplified bosom began to interrupt her flow of data entry. Rather than stopping, or even slowing, the physical Azura simply modified her arm angle and picked up the pace.

A sense confusion washed over ghost Azura. Was this actually happening, or some kind of dream? And if it was, what was she... becoming?

Deciding enough was enough, the ghostly Azura waved her immaterial hands in front of the concentrating corporeal Azura to no effect. Attempting to sit back into the bodily vessel similarly failed to bore fruit. Despite her best efforts, ghost Azura found herself unable to interrupt the data machine that was corporeal Azura.

Being more vexed than angry, the ghostly Azura realized that she had seen this type of concentration before, only from the inside. Knowing herself as she did she realized that the focus would only be broken when the final line of data had been entered.

Over the next few minutes, ghost Azura watched more changes overcome her physical form. Her legs thickened, her rump filled out further into her chair making her more shapely, and her finely toned stomach lost some of its muscularity.

She had always considered her appearance not to overtly ‘tomboy’ or ‘girly girl’ but more ‘neutral’ or ‘unremarkable’, yet as the transformation progressed her womanly assets accentuated while the more masculine elements retreated – pushing her more and more towards the old fashioned concept of an ‘ideal’ woman.



Azura watched the lines of data fill the screen, page by page, until finally her physical form had reached the final entry. With a keyboard press, she was done.

“Finally!” Azura said out loud, stretching her aching back. “That felt like it took forever. Or no time at all. Man I must’ve zoned out there, what time is it..”

Raising her hand up to look at her watch, she rubbed against a sore and sensitive part of her naturally large breast.

“Ow!” Azura exclaimed, cupping a large bosom in each hand. “Sorry girls, I must’ve chaffed you with all the friction as I was typing. They warn you about RSI, but never BSI”. Azura looked down, seeing the vast chasm of cleavage staring up through her low cut top. “My fault I guess, why would I have ever taken my bra off in the first place?” She looked around to find her errant bra only to discover a similar one, albeit made for a lady with a fifth of her tit size.

“Huh.” Azura said to herself more out of confusion than concern, placing the miniscule bra in her bag. “I guess everything is shrinking today” she said to herself, noticing for the first time her exposed ankles from her beyond skin-tight pants. The pants, that somehow seemed appropriate this morning, hugged her ass and thick legs with a death-grip, pulling tightly into her vagina, creating a camel toe.

Her underpants, which again seemed entirely normal this morning, strained against her large rump, wedging themselves firmly in her ass crack.

“Geez, fashion mistakes all around” Azura muttered, with a hoist to de-wedgie herself. Her clothing remained ill-fitting despite her best efforts and Azura decided it must just be her exhaustion playing tricks on her.

Azura moved to check her watch once more with greater care. “5am, so there’s time to head home and get cleaned up before people arrive for the day” she said, heading for the door. Unlike the purposeful strides she took at the start of the workday, her walk now had an alluring sway as her enlarged assets bounced in a way that was effortlessly alluring. Azura gave it no mind.



NAME	RELEASE DATE
John Doe	2000
Jane Smith	2001
Bob Johnson	2002
Alice Brown	2003
Charlie White	2004
Diana Prince	2005
Edward Norton	2006
Fiona Green	2007
George Lucas	2008
Helen Mirren	2009
Ian McKellen	2010
Jennifer Lawrence	2011
Keating Leggett	2012
Liam Neeson	2013
Maggie Smith	2014
Nicole Kidman	2015
Orlando Bloom	2016
Patricia Richardson	2017
Quentin Tarantino	2018
Rachel Watson	2019
Samuel L. Jackson	2020
Tina Turner	2021
Uma Thurman	2022
Will Smith	2023
Yvonne Strainella	2024

The hot water of her shower was just the thing Azura needed to wake up properly after the long night. As the water hit her sensitive skin, she found her hands slowly moving towards her awaiting vagina. She never knew why her skin was so sensitive, but it had always been that way. Whenever the tapping of water or warm soapy suds touched her expansive breasts, the sensation would trigger an arousal that had to be sorted.

She began pleasuring herself with one hand, the other gripping her oversized breast. She opened her hand wide, gripping the large base before sliding up the curve before giving her nipple a light tweak. She continued the action a few more times before finally pushing her breast up to her mouth and began sucking on the moist nipple.

“I... wonder...” she thought to herself as she sucked “Just how girls would... get by... if they couldn’t do this...” Sucking harder and increasing the speed of her other hand’s rubbing Azura raced towards her first orgasm of the day. Letting out a loud guttural moan Azura’s breast slipped from her mouth and bounced down onto her torso.

Feeling the intense pleasure she almost lost her footing in the shower, having to brace herself up with her free hand. She stayed in that position for a long time, letting her pulse slow and feeling the warm trickle of water splash over her back.

Rejuvenated and feeling like a new lady, Azura stepped out of the wet shower.

Eyeing her shapely form in the mirror, Azura revelled in her womanly physique. She couldn’t recall exactly when she developed such eye-catching assets but never tired of looking at them. She playfully slapped her own round ass, causing a wave of both jiggling and pleasurable sensations coursing through her body. Biting her lip she briefly considered slipping back into the shower for ‘round 2’, but was distracted by movement in the mirror.

Looking at her chest in the mirror she started to see white droplets form on her areola. She was... lactating!?! “Holy Ff-” she started to say before catching herself. Of course she was lactating! That’s... what women did, right? Eternal life bringer and all that jazz. It was normal. Normal.

Azura searched for her breast pads, rummaging through the bathroom drawers. After a few moments she gave up the search. “Man!” she said out loud “how could I let my supply get to zero? What am I, a teenager?! I’ll have to pick some up on the way to work”.



Grabbing some tissues to contain the liquid now freely flowing from her large nipples, Azura moved to the bedroom in search of a bra to keep everything in place.

Trying bra after bra she strangely kept finding the same issue – not only would they not keep the tissues in place, not a single one was up to the task of even letting in her overflowing E-cups! Try as she might she could not even latch one up high enough to cover her leaking nipple.

Azura furrowed her brow in frustration and anger. Was this a joke? Had someone slipped in during the night she was away and changed out all her bras to... admittedly remarkably similar ones but a tenth the size?

Eventually finding some swimwear that was far too small but at least stretchy enough that she could hoist her assets inside, she crammed her mounds of boob flesh. The swimsuit pinched and her bobos overflowed out the top bottom and sides, but at least they would keep the tissues in place, and it didn't matter if they got wet as well.

“It's not elegant but it'll do for now” Azura thought to herself, while reaching for her go-to shirt. As she pulled it from the hanger and slid her arms through she could immediately tell it was snuggler than the last time she wore it. Yet it still surprised her when the buttons on each side of the shirt would not only not clasp together but were in fact a good five inches from even touching each other, even when pulled tight against her chest.

“This is getting weird” Azura thought to herself. A few more tugs proved the futility of her efforts and she abandoned the shirt altogether. “Maybe I'm gaining weight?” she thought to herself “Or I'm nearing my period? Though I can't remember anything like this happening before”.

Rummaging deeper in the closet she discovered an old jumper that belonged to an ex from years back. “Sure. Why not.” She said to herself with a shake of her head. “It's not like we're not making bold fashion choices today anyway”.

Deciding nothing else that morning would surprise her, she felt more annoyed than anything when attempting to shove her expansive booty into her regular jeans was met with failure. Tugging a few more times she caught a brief glimpse of herself in the mirror and noted how her ass sticking out of the jeans practically looked like an oversized ice cream scoop sitting on a small cone.

“I have these crazy curves!” Azura found herself thinking “Why is it I've been dressing like a stick figure?”



With a huff of resignation, she dislodged her thick legs and round rump from the jeans and settled on a black skirt. She had never had any issues with it covering her before, but this was apparently the day of issues and looking in the mirror she found it was barely enough to cover her private parts.

Though it did make her ass look amazing, she had to admit.

“One good blow of wind and the whole world would get a free show” she thought, and the idea tickled her in a way she hadn’t expected. So much so that she decided rather than face another clothing battle with her underwear that today she would go commando.

Although wearing a hodgepodge that would make a vagabond’s eyes water, Azura held her head high. In truth she could be wearing a clown suit and her natural curves, as well as her confident demeanor would still make her a force to be reckoned with.

Unperturbed she strode off, her exaggerated curves bouncing in rhythm of her natural swagger. She would go to the shops, get herself looking like she deserved to and then return to the office, like a king back from the crusades.

-- 07 --

Weeks passed. Azura was indeed greeted back in the office as a returning champion, though her colleague’s response surprised even her. Some who she knew appeared gobsmacked by her very presence and would shy away or whisper things behind her back. Others whom she had never really known were suddenly far more friendly, greeting her with hugs and generally wanting to be around her more often.

Azura, for her part, chalked it up to her successes in data entry and not say, the growth of a massive rack and salacious ass overnight. She was saddened by the loss of friendship from some of her co-workers but found that since a lot of the new attention came from upper management it was a fair trade off.

A raise was quick in arriving and she used the extra funds to replace her old outfits, that she was sure must have all shrunk in some catastrophic dryer incident.

She wore her lactation pads constantly, often needing to change them out during the day. If anything, the pads added to her bust size and pushed her E-cups into an even more imposing F-cup range.



Often when she caught one of her co-workers staring that little bit too long at her chest, or while changing out the pads she would muse about whipping the girls out and letting the hungry mouths suck her dry right there in the office.

Of course, she never would. She was a professional damnit, and it would be unbecoming. Regardless of how much her engorged nipples ached for release. On more than one occasion however, she did find the urges too distracting to ignore and had to 'sort' herself out in the lady's bathroom.

She tried to keep her moans of pleasure as quiet as possible but was positive she had been caught at least once. It surprised her how little she cared.

There was only one relationship that she lamented the seemingly overnight change, which was between her and Kevin. She knew he had the more than anyone to lose in her rise to prominence in the data entry pool but it had felt like he had become more hostile than was justified. On the morning after returning from her all night-er he looked as though he was going to hug her for her herculean effort, but upon seeing her that he simply mumbled something and lost himself in the crowd.

"I see you landed the Robinson account" Kevin sneered one morning, sipping his coffee as Azura walked past. "Well they wanted the best!" Azura tried to joke with him. "Pfft." he said dismissively. "They wanted something alright". The condescending remark frustrated Azura, stopping her in her tracks. "And what's that supposed to mean!?" she accused. "Don't act like you don't know" he shot back. "Though I do have to admit, you would have to have impressive skills to get the whole database in and have time to get all that other work done to yourself all in one night" Kevin said, gesturing towards Azura's womanly curves.

The raised voices had started to draw a crowd. "What do you..." Azura begun, before being interrupted. "Is there a problem here?" Phill Mason interjected, panting from hurrying over.

Noticing the commotion he had caused, Kevin suddenly deflated. "No I..." he stammered, looking around at the crowd. "I'm... I'm sorry" he said meekly to Azura. "I'm just tired and it's..." he trailed off. "Sorry" he said, with his head lowered, before slinking back to his desk.

"Are you okay?" the aged manager asked Azura. "Yeah..." she replied, her anger giving way to confusion. "Why was Kevin suddenly all up my grill about my appearance? I've been like this since forever so..." She pondered to herself. "Jealousy? Must be".

With the crowd dispersing she returned to work. After all there were more important things to do than worry about co-workers. Like typing. And data. Her go-to escape from reality.



Kevin kept his distance from Azura for the rest of the day, which made it all the more surprising when she arrived in the office the next morning to find him sitting at her desk, next to a pile of papers almost as big as he was.

“What are-” she started to say. “I fucked up.” Kevin interrupted, his tone solemn.

They were the only ones in at that early time, yet Kevin kept his voice low, as if the words could conjure some demon.

“If this is about the thing yesterday...” Azura offered, willing to make amends. “No...” he said with a shake of his head. “That was me being an ass, this is a fuck up on a whole different planetary scale”.

“Alright, I’m listening.” Azura stated, putting her coffee down.

“It’s the Robinson account...” he began, the words seeming to cause him pain. “I’ve been on it since day one and they took it off me to give to you. That’s why I was bitter yesterday.” He paused looking up, but Azura gave him no response.

“Anyway, I was prepping all the files to give to you. We updated the system just before you started and a lot of the older forms don’t work anymore. There’s a process where we strip the metadata before updating them, but I... kinda... forgot to do that”. Kevin wrung his hands together, the last sentence seeming like he was pulling teeth. “And they got corrupted”.

Azura gave him an impatient look. “Okay, so just do it again without the metadata. Twenty minutes work”. Kevin looked down, unwilling to meet her gaze. “No it’s... all corrupted. Originals and everything” he said flatly.

“Fine... go to the backups and...” she started, her statement answered by Kevin’s pleading look.

“Tell me there are backups”. She said a tinge of concern entering her voice. Kevin looked as pained as any man she had ever seen. “We... have... paper backups.”

Azura pinched the bridge of her nose. “Okay. How much are we talking about here” she said flatly.

“It’s... years’ worth” Kevin said, indicating the stack of papers next to him.



Azura was speechless.

Until she wasn't.

“SWEET HOLY FUCKING FUCK, KEVIN!” she exclaimed at the top of her voice. “We’re meeting with the Robinsons *tomorrow!*”

“I know, I KNOW!” Kevin pleaded “I’m *sorry!*”

A silence fell over the room.

Finally Kevin spoke. “Look. I fucked up and I know that. I’ve heard the managers talking and it’s clear that either way I’m out and you’re in. You’re going to take my place by the end of the week. If it was anyone else I’d just fall on my own sword and accept the career ending screw up.”

“But?” Azura asked dryly.

“But I’ve seen you in action. I know that of all the people here you are the only one who has a chance to get all this back in by the time of the meeting. And I had to at least ask.” With a resigned sigh Kevin shook his head. “At least that way I can leave saying I was replaced by the best. And not that I screwed up so badly that no company would touch me with a ten-foot pole”.

Azura weighed up her options. She could obviously let the pieces lie as they might and take Kevin’s place but that irked her competitive spirit. Plus she had been feeling more maternal lately and letting this sad sack fail without even trying to help him was just something she could not do.

With a quick nod Azura made her decision. “Alright. Let’s do this.”

Kevin looked up, shocked. “R-really?!” he stammered. “You’ll help me?”

“I will.” Azura confirmed. “But it’s going to take all of my efforts, so I need you to keep the deck clear. No meetings, calls or interruptions”.

“I can do that.” Kevin replied, a bit of spark coming back into his body. “Azura I... I can’t thank you enough”.

Easing the tension Azura gave a kind smile. “I’m gonna need more coffee.”

Azura cracked her knuckles and flexed her neck. Like an athlete she knew this job was not a sprint but a marathon, and she knew that this would take everything that she had and more. She would have to enter her zone and somehow not leave it until the job was done.

Foregoing the bra that she swore she used to wear during these sessions, she instead opted for a sports top to holster her 'guns' while also providing the maximum in friction prevention. Nothing threw her out of her meditative state like sore boobs.

With a deep breath she placed hit play on her chosen playlist... and begun typing.

Even from the get-go her mastery of the keyboard and mouse were apparent, as she glided from one to the other, often predicting where a cursor would end up, with her hands already at the ready before the motion came to rest.

Her hand movements started as a dance, rhythmic and beautiful, before ramping up to that of a concert pianist, determined and precise until they finally entered a form of movement unique to her medium, each individual gesture as packed with data as it was beautiful.

This was her *9th Symphony*. Her *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. Her *Mambo No. 5*.

For his part, Kevin kept any form of interruption away from the determined Azura. He diverted phone calls, intercepted co-workers and importantly, resisted the urge to disturb the maestro at work. Were Azura an orchestra, he provided her concert hall.

The day hours were spent at near-maximum productivity, with her 'zone' in full flow, yet her subconscious understanding that while they may not be present there were still people around that held her back from truly losing herself in the actions. As dusk arrived Azura noted that despite her best efforts she had barely cracked a third of the pile of documents. It was then, as people left for the day that she subconsciously went in search of something deeper.

With the sun fading the night lights flickered on. Kept at arms length all day, Kevin decided to risk an intrusion to Azura's chamber of processing.

"I... I just wanted to say thanks". He said softly, standing next to her desk.

"Mhmm." Azura replied absent mindedly.



“I know I was struggling with the fact that you’re better at this than me, but I want you to know how much I appreciate the fact that you also turned out to be a better person than me” Kevin continued, wearing his emotions on his sleeve.

“Mhmm.” Azura replied through a pencil gripped in her teeth. Without looking up she quickly removed it and jotted something down on a piece of paper, her eyes never leaving her work.

With a dry swallow Kevin continued. “Like I said I won’t stand in the way of your promotion and in fact I’d... like to ask you out for dinner as a thanks”.

“Mhmm.” Azura replied.

“Oh okay... well...” Kevin stammered, backing out of her cubicle.

As he left, Azura emerged from her concentration momentarily. Did... she just talk to someone? She decided it wasn’t important. There was work to do.

-- 10 --

As midnight rolled around Azura found herself wilting. Her eyes clouded and an error slipped in here and there that had to be corrected.

Each time she slowed she found herself repeating a mantra: “No! You’re better than this!” She would fade, mentally cry her mantra and resume her duties at full speed. Yet as the night wore on she found her mantra needed to be recalled with greater and greater intensity, as though pushing through an invisible wall.

At 2am she found the tiredness of working a 17 hour day had her moments of distraction piling on top of each other and merging into a ball of weariness that taunted her with sleep.

With a mental push greater than she knew she had she repeated her mantra “No! You’re better than this!” only to find her screaming the phrase out loud... from outside her body.

The formless concept of Azura found herself for the second time watching events unfold from the 3rd person. Slight prickles of familiarity nudged the edges of her consciousness as the ghost watched her corporeal body move faster and faster, losing itself into the motion of work. Her body was moving faster than last time, more mechanically.

Yet before she could form a proper thought on the matter, the ghostly Azura felt a tug and the sensation of falling. There she plunged, without moving. Forever and not at all like a vertigo inducing plunge that never ended.

The lights in the office grew in intensity until all that the spirit of Azura could see was a blinding light.

Suddenly, as quickly as it began the sensation of falling stopped and Azura felt herself stabilize.

She couldn't see anything in the blinding light but could somehow 'feel' the world around her. Where the desk was before, there was no physical element, but an intense sensation of... surface, storage, placement, stability. The essence... the code of what made a table a table existed in the place where the desk stood without an actual physical element present.

The memories of her bizarre old teacher Dave Porterman and his unwieldy beliefs of computers and Plato's 'blueprint world' returned to Azura, as she found herself looking around this strange place.

Where the computer once stood, there was a sensation of... useful, tool, community, isolation. Where the office lights shone there was a sense of... bright, warm, protective and brilliance. Each part of the room still appeared present but in its purest conceptual form.

After a moment of taking in this universal code, she finally happened upon... herself.

Where the physical body of Azura once sat (and no doubt was still busily working away), the ghostly Azura saw concepts:

Life. Captivating. Caring. Woman.

With a gasp Azura realized that what she was looking at was, like the other parts of the room, the functional essence of what she physically was, without the nuance of her individuality or personality.

It was off-putting to see herself reduced to these simple ideas, yet their intensity still held a mesmerizing power about them.

Strangely, unlike the other stable entities in the room Azura noticed that her 'code self' appeared to be glowing... pulsing. It was then that Azura noticed a tendril leading from herself to the 'concept Azura'.

Life. Captivating. Caring. Woman.

The thoughts stung her, as she felt a second tendril latch on from the proto concept woman in front of her. Azura felt the phrases repeat over and over like a tribal drum, grow in intensity. Soon the ideas started flowing not just around her but into her... and through her. Using her as a *conduit*.

-- 11 --

In the physical world, the body of Azura was working at breakneck speeds. She was moving, calculating and inputting at what would be considered an almost inhuman rate. A close observer would notice a slight blue tinge to her hands, and the slightest crackle of electricity jumping from her fingers as they worked the keyboard.

Though functioning, her eyes took on a glazed appearance as the corporeal form of Azura started to embody something both more and less than her past self.

The smell of ozone filled the air and her hair started rising ever so slightly on its own, like the still before a storm.

Then, as though struck by lightning Azura felt powerful thoughts flow through her mind and body alike.

Life. Captivating. Caring. Woman.

Her mind could not process the powerful thoughts being poured into her essence, yet her body felt their full impact and responded to them like a warm embrace.

Azura found her view of the monitors shift slightly upwards as her already round rump filled out to even greater proportions, filling out and pushing her up in her seat. Her womanly lower curves continued to swell outwards until the handles of her seat pushed firmly into the soft tissue surrounding her hips. Yet beyond the visual shift Azura barely noted the change that pushed her ass and thighs into chair-breaking levels.

Working its way up her body, Azura's belly, firm but lacking toned muscles from her last transformation softened further. While not fat, the gentle curves of her midsection spoke to a plentiful existence and a soothing place to rest one's head.

Her shoulders similarly appeared to soften, their hard edges making way for a gentle slope to her dexterous yet feminine arms.

Life. Captivating. Caring. Woman.

These concepts seemed to surround and caress her chest area in a remarkably powerful fashion. As though an unseen hand was rubbing and stroking from her sides down to the tips of her breasts, Azura very quickly found her nipples stiff and at full attention.

The sensation grew, and the caressing became an almost tugging sensation. Being pulled out by the caressing hand, Azura's already impressive bust began to fill out further from her torso, gaining heft and weight, straining against her sports top. While not actively distracted, Azura couldn't help but give out a low moan from the pleasurable sensation.

Growing larger and larger, Azura's breasts pushed up and around her now tight sports top, looking like two over-ripe watermelons adorning her slim frame. Undeterred, Azura shifted her arm positions, working around her new immense assets and barely skipping a beat with her data entry.

As her breasts grew, so did her nipples, now the size of thimbles and having to double over themselves to stay in place against the straining sports top. By the time her breasts had reached pumpkin size Azura was lactating again - producing milk at a rate that would make cows blush. The flow pushing through her enlarged nipples with enough force to almost push off her soaked absorbent pads.

Her vision beginning to blur, Azura absentmindedly removed her glasses only to find that she could actually see better without them. Giving it only seconds of thought she continued her task.

The once petite girl looked like an ancient goddess. An ideal of the traditional values of a woman so perfect you could send it into space and have no doubt to their biological function.

She had touched the very concept of womanhood, and it in turn had touched her back.

Azura had achieved womanly perfection yet there was still more work to do. This perfect biological specimen of a woman had more files to input, more data to process, and through sheer will maintained her meditative working state.

With nothing more to give, the one directional conduit between the concept world and Azura faltered, before returning to life, this time as a two-way street.

Life. Captivating. Caring. Woman. Azura.

No longer just receiving, Azura was now sending her own data down the line into the concept world. Subconsciously, she was removing the limits of the 'ideal woman', pushing it into something beyond. In that moment, she remembered her admiring of herself in the mirror from a few weeks back. And she wanted more.

With a creak of the chair, Azura's rump pushed ever outwards, flowing over and under the straining chair handles, until it looked like she was sitting on two full beanbags. For her part, Azura found herself enjoying the pressure of her pants and chair pressing against ungodly thighs, like a fruit desiring to be squeezed.

Azura's breasts made a similar shift, moving past the appearance of a captivating goddess into the realm of caricature. As they swelled ever larger they soon grew large enough to meet enlarged thighs, laying gently in her lap.

Slipping out of her top, her engorged nipples rubbed on the tight fabric of her pants, her continuing breast growth mushing them in further to her soft thighs.

As her arms moved around the keyboard, Azura found herself subconsciously rocking herself back and forth, pushing the nipples into her legs further. The milk, now freely flowing from her nipples creating the perfect lubrication to tease without chaffing.

The rocking also served to rub her rapidly moistening vagina, pushed tight as it was against her struggling pants. After a few minutes of this unconscious self-stimulation, Azura started a more direct form.

Taking her right hand away from the keyboard, she moved it towards her waiting crotch. Finding it a more difficult navigation than she expected, Azura eventually managed to get it around her still expanding boobs and slid it into the narrow gap between breast and thigh, pulling back her wet pants and fingering her awaiting clit.

Affording no loss of productivity, Azura's left hand doubled in speed, darting across the keyboard like a hummingbird and filling the job of both hands without slowing.



As her left hand worked the keyboard, her right worked herself with similar skill and finesse. Her rocking back and forth gained in intensity, rubbing her aching nipples harder and squeezing her breasts, causing jets of milk to squirt out with each motion.

Her breaths becoming shorter, Azura found quickly found herself close to climaxing. With one hand furiously working her keyboard and the other working her private parts, it was as if she was transcribing a shared language. When the moment of release finally came, Azura found herself unable to stop the motions of either hand, one riding the lines of data, the other waves of pleasure.

Azura ploughed headfirst into an intense orgasm.

Riding the wave of orgasmic highs, Azura expected at any moment to come crashing down into her post-cum calming state. Yet it did not arrive.

Just as her left hand hit the exact buttons to input the correct data on the keyboard, her right found the right motions on her pussy to maintain her orgasmic state, walking the line between stimulation and discomfort with superhuman agility.

It was not a multiple orgasm, but one long experience that left Azura's open jaw aching and mouth dry as the rest of the body convulsed in orgasmic pleasure. She stayed in that state for over half an hour, before the unrelenting growth of her now beachball sized breasts pushed her hand out and forced both hands back to the task at hand.

Her left hand only leaving a slight residue on the keyboard, Azura powered on, the loud sound of keyboard clacking continuing until the early morning light.

-- 12 --

With the early morning sun flowing in through the office windows, the walking embodiment of a redefined femininity that was Azura hit the final keystroke to finish the project.

Her arms ached from the strain. Her shot-glass sized nipples, now sitting on the desk a good 3ft from her ached from their rubbing. Her ass ached from being stuck in a ridiculously small chair for her size.

Her pussy ached and cramped from her orgasms – from the first and longest one, but also the smaller ones she had given herself throughout the night, after her nipples had grown in size and sensitivity to simply to the job by mushing them against her swollen legs.



She was mentally, physically and sexually spent. Yet somehow she also felt more alive than ever before, and as chaffed and sore as it was, her body found itself ready and willing for more.

She stood up, taking the chair with her, and having her gargantuan breasts flop down to rest on the table once more. Pulling the chair off, she gingerly placed her expansive bust back into the diminutive sports top, glad for the privacy to do so.

Azura turned, and a moment later her breasts and ass followed suit, jiggling across their own axis.

“No wonder Kevin was so moody about my promotion, given how scantily clad I am” she thought to herself. “I’d easily take an eye out by just raising my arm or going around a corner too quickly.”

Promising herself that she’d go shopping the next chance she got, she started to stretch, only to find her traditional pose of cracking her knuckles at arm’s length impossible to achieve.

“Strange...” she thought to herself. “I always used to do this...” she again tried to meet her two arms together, yet found clasping them between her gargantuan bust impossible. “Guess I was wrong.”

Finally having a moment to think she processed the backlog of the previous day’s events. She remembered Kevin’s invitation to dinner and her subsequent indifference. “Well I could definitely eat” she thought to herself, and found her still jiggling body hungry in more ways than one.

The idea of more action... even after her night of self fulfillment tickled Azura, as though it was breaking some unspoken rule. The forbidden thought sent a twitch down to her nether regions.

“You know I think I will accept your invitation, Kevin” Azura said to the empty room.

“Though I think a breakfast date is more fitting. It might not be that traditional, but I’m all for breaking molds”.

END