



Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

<https://linktr.ee/spartacuswrites>

This is a commissioned story. To commission your own story check out my [Patreon](#) tiers or my [Gumroad](#) store.

Contains: *Breast Expansion, Weight Gain*

State of Emergency

A dark-haired man sat at his desk, typing up a proposal document on his computer. A notification appeared in the corner of the screen; an email to the entire company. The man clicked on the notification.

“Ugh,” he groaned.

“What’s wrong, Senpai?” A woman seated at the desk beside him asked.

“Did you see this company-wide email?”

“Hmm...” The woman tapped a slim finger to her pink lips. She was his kouhai, his junior coworker. She kept her chocolate-brown hair clipped just above her nape in a messy bun, and her large blue eyes scanned her computer screen. She clicked her mouse a few times, then leaned forward to read the email. The movement caused her full breasts to rest on the desk briefly. His kouhai was exceptionally pretty. The office siren. She’d once confided to him—after one too many glasses of wine—that she had to custom-order all her work clothes. Her navy blue blazer was draped over the back of her chair, giving the man a clear view of her P-shaped silhouette. As often happened when he looked at her, the man’s mouth went dry.

“A state of emergency?” The woman exclaimed.

“Yes. It came straight from the PM’s office. The company is going fully remote until it’s listed,” he said, summarizing the email.

“Fully remote?” His kouhai asked with worry in her eyes.

“It just means we’ll be working from home.”

She smiled with understanding, and his heart skipped a beat. “Oh!” Her expression became thoughtful, the barest hint of a line appearing between her brows. “I’ll miss seeing everyone, though.”

It was a sentiment with which the man wholeheartedly agreed. Especially in the case of his precious kouhai. “We’ll still have meetings as usual; they’ll just be video calls instead of in the conference room.”

“I guess so...” Her crestfallen expression was almost more than he could bear. For all her clumsiness and her tendency to over-indulge in alcohol, the man could stare at her face all day. If she wasn’t such a hard worker, her presence by his side might have

been a distraction. But it was quite the opposite. Her eagerness made up for her lack of experience, and in the past year or so, he'd come to rely on her. Just having this beautiful creature in the office made every room somehow brighter. The man lived for his work, but she made it easier, made his work better.

Seeing his kouhai's distress, the man had an idea. "Say, isn't your place pretty close to mine?"

"Just a few blocks, why?"

"If you want, we could work together at my place."

Her expression lit up again, an excited grin splitting her smooth cheeks. "With Fumi-chan?"

The man pinched the bridge of his nose. "How many times do I have to tell you her name's not Fumi-chan?" He asked, knowing full well she'd never stop using her nickname for his cat.

"But, will it really be okay?" She asked.

"I think it'll be fine as long as we limit contact with anyone else. It'll be like our own pod," He said, quickly amending, "our own work pod."

"I just knew you'd figure something out, Senpai," She said, giving him her puppy-dog look of adoration. "I'll see you and Fumi-chan first thing Monday morning!"

The woman followed her morning routine by force of habit, arriving at her senpai's apartment in her full office outfit. Low heels, dark tan tights, and a navy blue skirt suit. Her J-cup breasts bobbed and swayed as her shoes clacked on the sidewalk, bouncing giddily as she trotted up the stairs to his door. When he opened the door for her, he was also wearing a suit. The black one with pinstripes that she liked, with a dark red tie. She was a woman who took her career very seriously, and his suggestion that they work in his apartment filled her with joy. He was so smart and capable, helping her out when she first started. Whenever she messed up, his correction was gentle and encouraging, and when she did well, he always made sure to praise her. Being together with him was going to make these hard days so much less lonely.

They set up their laptops on his kotatsu and spent all morning working on a cost breakdown for their upcoming proposal. A little before noon, the woman's stomach started to grumble. She flushed when she heard the sound, glancing across the table at her senpai.

He said, "If you finish drafting this email for the research department, I'll go fix us some lunch."

Heat bloomed in the woman's chest, and it had nothing to do with the cat curled in her lap. "You can count on me, Senpai!"

The man disappeared into his kitchen, returning a short while later with a tray. He'd put on a pale blue apron to protect his suit while he cooked, and the domestic vibe made the woman smile. He carried the tray to the kotatsu, setting a steaming bowl of soba in miso broth in front of her.

"Thanks, Senpai!" She said. "I had no idea you could cook."

"It's nothing fancy," the man said, "Besides, nutrition is important for keeping your mind sharp. Carryout and convenience store food is quite expensive, so I prefer to cook at home whenever I can."

The woman could cook herself, of course, but being served a meal by her hard-working senpai warmed her heart, even as his noodles warmed her tummy. Before she knew it, her bowl was empty. She could easily have eaten another bowl, but if the man noticed her disappointed expression, he was too polite to comment on it. They worked throughout the afternoon, and when it got to be almost dinner time, the woman stretched, pulling each elbow above her head. The motion made her button shirt come untucked from her skirt, and she hastily tugged her work clothes back into place.

The man said, "Judging by how many people were in street clothes in that department meeting, it's probably okay if we don't wear suits while we're remote working. Just bring them with you if we need to meet with clients."

"Good idea," the woman said, "Suits aren't really meant for sitting at a kotatsu."

She rose shakily to her feet, packing up her laptop for the walk home. The man said, "Oh, and if you pick up some ingredients, I can prepare breakfast for us as well. No sense in both of us cooking separately."

The woman turned, halfway through the process of putting on her shoes. "Eh?"

"It's not that much different to make two servings than one," he said. "That way, we'll have more time to get this proposal done before the deadline."

Of course, the woman thought, he wasn't saying he wanted to cook for *her*, specifically. He was simply being efficient in his work, as always.

"That's a great idea, Senpai! As expected."

The man brushed the back of his head, letting out a nervous chuckle. "Thanks..."

The next morning, the man's doorbell chimed just as he finished rolling the tamagoyaki and sliding it onto a cutting mat to slice. He crossed the living room and opened the door for his kouhai. She wore a loose, flowing skirt in dark cream and a solid blue tee shirt. The man had seen the woman in non-work clothes before, of course. (Not to mention the time they were on a trip for work when she opened her hotel room door with wet hair, wearing nothing but a fluffy white towel.) Her office suits and skirts were his favorites, but the casual intimacy of her "lazy" street clothes did something to him.

"Good morning, Kouhai," he said.

"Good morning! It smells good in here," she said, sniffing the air dramatically.

"Breakfast is almost ready; go ahead and get set up. Would you like something to drink? Coffee or tea?"

"Milk coffee?" She asked.

"I'll check; I might only have heavy cream."

She grinned. "Even better."

The man prepared coffee for her, adding a generous pour of cream until it lightened almost to ivory. Remembering her disappointed face at lunch, he'd made her breakfast portion a little larger than his own. Not enough that she might notice or comment on it, but she got bigger slices of tamagoyaki and a thicker layer of sweet jam on her toast. It wasn't that the man wanted the woman to gain weight, but he knew the importance of paying attention to one's body and its cravings. If her young body wanted more nutrients than his older one, her work would be better if it had what it needed.

When lunchtime came around, the woman got a few extra slices of katsudon in her bowl. His special treatment had nothing to do with the adorable way in which she ate. When they were out at bars, and she became even less aware of her body, knocking over cups and bumping plates with her breasts, her eating habits annoyed him. But here, in his home, the way she savored each bite as if it were the most delicious thing she'd ever put in her mouth made the man think unwise thoughts.

"This pork is so good, Senpai! I can't believe you've been holding out on me."

The man stuffed a slice of katsu between his teeth to cover his embarrassment.

The two of them worked from the man's apartment for weeks. As the holidays approached, they got closer to finishing a big project. On the last day of work before the long break, they gave the client their final presentation. The client was so pleased that their boss called them after the presentation to praise their hard work.

"I know this remote work transition has been a challenge, but you two have adapted quite well. We'll be looking forward to more quality work like this from now on."

"Thank you, sir," the man said.

"You can count on us, Boss," the woman said over him.

Their boss nodded, his lips set in a firm line with no hint of a smile. When the call ended, the man leaned back on his hands while the woman thrust both arms above her head in triumph. She felt her work shirt slide up and quickly reached to tug it back down. Fortunately, she was only wearing her shirt and blazer for the video call; the shirt wasn't tucked in. Unfortunately, her breasts wobbled madly from the motion, and she could feel a little more softness around her waist than she was used to. She really needed to get back to the gym, but unlike her senpai's apartment, she had to take the train to get there. She promised herself she would sign up again as soon as the holidays (and the state of emergency) were passed.

"It's a shame," she said, "Normally, we'd go out and celebrate after a big win like this."

“We could always celebrate here,” he said. “I have a bottle of sake, and I could get some beer and snacks from the convenience store.”

She hadn’t expected him to offer but hoped he would. Her senpai was always so thoughtful. “That’s a great idea, Senpai,” she grinned.

While he was gone, she found some movies for them to watch and dangled a toy for Fumi-chan. He returned with a pack of beer and a bag full of snacks for after dinner. She feasted for hours, cozied up under his kotatsu with the cat on her lap.

In the morning, she woke up on her senpai’s couch. Panic gripped her. Had she really passed out drunk on his floor? What must he think of her?

While she was still working herself up to a proper freak-out, the man emerged from the kitchen with his tray, bearing a giant mug of milk coffee and a stack of souffle pancakes.

The man set the tray of breakfast on the kotatsu beside the couch. “Did you sleep okay?” He asked, struggling to keep his voice neutral as he took her in. Somehow, with her hair messy from sleep and a faint crease across her cheek from his spare pillow, she looked more lovely than ever.

“Mmhmm,” she said with a nod, eyeing the plate. “I guess I fell asleep last night... sorry.”

He’d worked with the woman long enough to be good friends with her lack of moderation, and he smiled. “That’s alright; we were celebrating, after all.”

He sipped his own black coffee while he watched his kouhai devour the food he’d made. They had a whole week off from today, but he wasn’t quite ready to spend those days lonely in his apartment. When she was scraping the last bite from her plate, he asked, “Do you have plans for the holiday?”

“Not really, with everything still closed.”

“You could hang out here... if you want,” He suggested, feigning nonchalance.

Her beautiful face lit up. “Really?”

He stared into his mug, "You should probably go home and get some fresh clothes, though..."

She glanced down at herself, realizing for the first time that she was wearing one of his shirts. Her cheeks flushed pink in the most adorable way, and her eyes were wide as saucers when she looked back up at him.

"Did... did you...?"

Heat rose in the man's face, and he waved a hand at her. "No, no! Of course not. You changed last night in the middle of the movie. I guess you don't remember..."

She stared at the table. "Sorry..."

Desperate to escape the awkward moment, he said, "If you want to run home now, I'll have lunch ready when you get back."

Despite the meal she'd just devoured, his kouhai licked her lips. "I'll go right now!"

She rushed to the door to put on her shoes, almost forgetting her coat in her haste. As she disappeared down the street in her lounge pants and his tee shirt, the man smiled in spite of himself.

Back in her own apartment, the woman dried off from her shower and got dressed. She'd packed a small bag and put on a clean pair of stretchy pants. When she tried to fasten her bra behind her back, the hooks didn't want to meet.

"Ugh, come on!" She grumbled.

With a grunt, she got the hooks closed, but the garment was almost painfully tight. Glancing in the mirror, she saw her breasts spilling over the bra's cups, pale flesh bugling upward. Nervously, she eyed the scale tucked into a corner of the bathroom. She ignored it. She'd held steady at 51kg for the past year, and she didn't need a dumb machine to prove it. And she'd worn a 70J bra since college; this one just shrank in the wash, that's all.

Unhooking the bra and taking a few relieved breaths, the woman switched to a stretchy sports bra. She wasn't going to be on any work calls for the next week; she was just hanging out with her dependable senpai and his cat. Comfort was definitely

the most important thing. Excitement for her laid-back holidays made her smile, what little worry she'd had about her body melting away.

She grabbed her bag and headed back to his place, wondering what kind of tasty lunch he'd have prepared when she got there.

The holidays passed in a blur for the man and his kouhai. He rarely got to cook for anyone but himself, and her praise made it all the more gratifying. Even when his tamagoyaki didn't quite fuse into solid slices, she gobbled it up eagerly. If his yakisoba was a little overcooked, she said she liked the extra crunch. They laughed and chatted, watching TV and sharing meals from dawn to dusk. The woman wanted to drink together every evening, and while he balked at first, she insisted it was alright because it was the holidays. Sometimes, he had to half-carry her to his bed while he slept on the guest futon, but there were several nights she passed out under the kotatsu, so he'd prop a pillow under her head and simply let her sleep.

On Christmas Eve, he ordered a traditional bucket of chicken. He knew the crunchy fried meat was terribly unhealthy, but it was a Christmas tradition, and he secretly looked forward to it every year. Most years, he just got a two-piece set for himself, but when the woman asked if they were getting a whole bucket, he found himself unable to refuse her.

It was a strange thing, playing house with his kouhai. They weren't a couple, but he thought of her as something more than just a coworker. When they were working together at his place, his feelings made sense to him. They were more efficient together than would have been over chat or voice calls. But this wasn't work at all, it was more like two friends sharing the holidays. Or perhaps something more. Was this maybe a glimpse at what married life might be like?

The man shook the thought away. She wasn't his wife; she wasn't even his girlfriend. She was his kouhai. Getting involved with her romantically would be terribly inappropriate. He picked up the empty chicken bucket and her almost-empty beer can, carrying them to the kitchen and dumping out the last of the beer. He'd only eaten his customary two pieces of chicken, but the woman had snacked all through the movie, even after the chicken had gone cold.

Tip-toeing back to the kotatsu, he took in the sight of the sleeping woman. He'd started laying out a cushion behind her spot for her to land on if and when she collapsed at night, and she sprawled on top of it on her back. It had taken some time to get used to seeing her not wearing her suits, but he was growing to appreciate her loose lounge clothes more than more. A sliver of her pale tummy peeked out under her shirt, and the man's mouth went dry. Forcing his eyes away, they landed on the large twin swells of her bosom.

When she started with the company, the man thought she was clumsy. But as he'd spent more time with her, he decided that it was simply her unusually large breasts getting in her way. Most of the time, she seemed oblivious to her own body's size and shape. She'd almost knocked over the chicken bucket earlier while reaching for another beer. As he forced his gaze up to her face, the man smiled softly as he took in her contented sleeping expression, her pink lips shiny from her snacking, and that little mole on her cheek. He found himself wishing they weren't kouhai and senpai.

Unfortunately, their carefree days came to an end all too soon. The state of emergency was lifted at the start of the new year. The man and woman decided to go together to the shrine for their first visit. Despite the nagging voice in the back of her head telling her she'd be going back to her office clothes the next day, the woman couldn't help but indulge in yakitori skewers and takoyaki from the food stalls near the shrine. When they tossed their coins and made their wishes, the woman silently prayed, *"I hope I get to work even more with Senpai this year."*

Back in her own apartment that night, the woman laid out a skirt suit for her return to the office. She'd worn comfy clothes for her outing with the man, but that nagging voice in her head said she should check her suit in case it, too, had shrunk. Sliding the skirt up her legs, she felt more resistance at her thighs than usual. When she tried to fasten the clip and zip it up, the flaps at her hip wouldn't reach. A gap of several centimeters remained, and she couldn't force them any closer together. Letting the skirt drop to a puddle at her feet, she grabbed one of her 70J bras. Mercifully, the hooks connected behind her back, but she winced as the band dug into her sides. The straps pinched at her shoulders, and the flesh of her breasts bulged out of the cups. Had they grown bigger again? She was certain she'd left the days of buying larger and larger

bras behind her. The worst was her shirt. The woman bought special dress shirts online that had extra buttons to keep the front smooth over her large chest, but as she did them up, the fabric puckered anyway.

The woman let out a wail of distress. She'd have to get up early and go shopping before work. She'd probably even have to get fitted for larger bras. A 70K... or even a 70L? Then, an even more distressing thought hit her. Was her band size still 70cm? Her skirt wouldn't fit, so she must have gained weight!

Dreading every step, she walked to the bathroom and the loathsome scale. Thinking back on all her holiday indulgences and the sedentary days she'd spent working in her senpai's apartment, the woman worried her weight might have gone up a kilogram, maybe even two. With the scale's cold glass under her feet, she leaned forward, pressing her bountiful breasts into her chest to see past them to the digital display.

58.

It had to be wrong. Surely, she hadn't gained seven kilos. The woman stepped off the scale, watching the display reset to zero. She stepped back onto it, getting the same result. Kicking the treacherous machine back into the corner, she dashed back to the bedroom, trying to ignore the feeling of her bloated breasts bouncing against her torso. Grabbing her phone, she slammed the virtual keys as she sent the man a message.

<SENPAI!!!>