

Namira dragged herself into the office with a little less pep in her step this morning, shouldering the same heavy fatigue that she bore most of this week and the week before. With shoulders slumped and a hair bun that had been getting progressively frizzier over time. This particular day her legs dragged across the tile, some disobeying her commands to move as she went to the office to decompress. All eight of her eyes drooped heavily, some of the lids not opening fully in a futile attempt to rest, red-eyed both literally and metaphorically. Her normally prim and pressed sleeves were full of wrinkles and loose threads. She was practically a living corpse, wandering her way through the empty halls and up to the breakroom, looking for some kind of respite before her shift started.

Namira wasn't prone to poor sleep habits or bouts of insomnia; in fact, her sleep could be considered impeccable in most cases. This past week, though, she had been plagued with dreams of a more pleasurable nature. Wet dreams, to be specific, while great every so often, would commonly leave her with a palpating heart and sullied sheets. Dreams of a fantasy realm, places where anything was possible, protracted visions of her own expansion. Truly it was addictive, seeing herself expand to ludicrous sizes that could dwarf buildings; there were days when she fantasized about those realms. Repeat that experience for days on end, and she was left a wreck that made her a shadow of her former self, something not helped by the pale office space she called a second home. Fluorescent lights beat down on her eyes, making already aching orbitals more dire. It was the same bland and boring scape that tortured her existence, a prison that could only be escaped in the recesses of her mind.

Stray looks came Namira's way as she shambled her way through the office, her heavy abdomen dragging across the floor like a dead weight. In particular, one of her closer coworkers took notice, Lucian. An old friend who would entertain her fantastical ideas through a monthly DnD session with some other coworkers. He'd been keeping his eye on Namira as her nature declined, and he was starting to worry about her. In absentminded fashion, he sought to treat the symptom rather than the cause, following her path as she scurried into the break room. Lucian ran a hand through his long brown hair, half on instinct and half to try and fix his loose morning curls. Ready to be met with the normal scathing sarcasm, instead he saw his arachnid friend slumped down in a chair.

Her arms lay slack at her sides as three of her eyes sat closed in groggy displeasure, nodding in and out of sleep. Lips lay slack, jaw loose as her head slipped up and down, eyes barely registering his voice. Looking at her showed how much of a mess she had become; the heels on her pedipalps were mismatched, and buttons on her top were in disarray. Lucian snuck around her backside, avoiding the drooping blimp as he explored the cabinets. Searching through the myriad contents for his silver bullet against sleep, something really special.

“HA! Found it.” Lucian shouted loud enough to spark a groan of confusion from Namira before slamming his find down on the table.

### *Clang*

“What!? Where?!” Namira bolted upright, snapping awake at the sudden commotion.

“Wakey wakey sleepyhead.” Lucian snickered, looking smug and full of himself as he moved around the table.

“You ass, I was trying to get some rest before my shift.” Namira rubbed a sleepy eye as she tried to refocus.

“You’d be better off calling in sick and just sleeping in. You look awful.” Lucian braced his hand on the table, trying to carry some swagger as he spoke.

“You know I can’t do that; I need to save the sick days for some me time later this year.” Namira looked pretty dejected at the statement, ready to slump into her hands from fatigue.

“That’s what I figured you’d say, which is why I got you this.” Lucian slid the canister into Namira’s arm.

Namira barely reacted as it bounced away, her eyes woozily reading the label, trying to figure out what it was. Some gaudy metal canister, painted yellow and plastered in thick black lettering. Her eyes narrowed, trying to read the words on the label; it was some kind of instant espresso.

“So what exactly is this?” Namira lifted her head in confusion.

“Can’t you read? It’s espresso. Special kind, the good shit.” Lucian seemed dumbfounded by Namira’s response.

“I can read, but what’s espresso?” Namira’s fatigue was starting to fade as her anger with Lucian rose; if he was good for anything, it was riling her up.

“You for real? You’ve never heard of espresso? It’s a crazy good drink, a pick-me-up in a cup. Just mix a little of it with some hot water, and boom, more energy than you can think of.” Lucian held his hands wide, gesturing toward the walls when he said boom.

“Really? It’s that easy?” Namira held the can with a bit of suspicion.

“Trust me, why do you think you’ve never seen me anything less than bright and chipper?” Lucian gave a small flourish, brushing a hand up his body.

“I just thought it was because you’re weird...Thanks.” Namira gave Lucian a warm smile after her joke.

“Think nothing of it; I need to run back to the desk, but feel free to use that all you need today.” Lucian hopped on his feet, backing towards the door, leaving Namira to contemplate.

Namira rose to her feet, eyes still blurry with fatigue as she struggled with the letters, processing the directions at the speed of molasses. She did the first step pretty easily; boiling the water was easy enough; there was an electric kettle for that. Curiously she inspected the nature of the espresso, popping the top and holding it to her nose for a sniff. She struggled not to drop it as the scent hit her body like smelling salts, snapping and jerking with possessed fury, her eyes snapping open. The moment passed, and her body returned to its groggy state while Namira processed the horridly bitter scent. It must be effective medicine, because it smelled like death. Namira waited for the hissing kettle, relaxing on the cushion of her abdomen, trying her best not to nod off again.

***Fwwwwwwwwwww***

A whistle filled the break room as Namira moved to the next steps; pulling a mug from her personal stash, she scooped a spoonful of the espresso into her cup. In a moment of groggy confusion, she never picked the mug back up, confusing it for the canister already in her hand. Pouring the steaming water into the can of espresso, not questioning why it took most of the kettle to fill it. Namira took her spoon and started stirring, pouring more water in when things got difficult. In her hands was a noxious black tar of coffee that barely resembled anything drinkable. Even with excess water, it still came out thick and syrupy, but due to inexperience, she never questioned it. Once again sniffing the acrid concoction before taking a sip. Her arm jolted out instinctually, trying to get the poison away from her body, but she managed to take control again.

Namira felt a little more awake, slowly regaining her energy as she scuttled her way back to the front desk, sipping the concoction as she went. Bubbling and acrid, Namira’s self-made potion garnered many looks from her coworkers as the scent knocked them from their chairs. Everyone, including Namira, was ignorant to the deleterious effects that it would have on the poor spider. Already she was having an unusual bubbling in the pits of her stomach, a bit of queasiness from the new food.

Unknown to Namira and most others, caffeine has an almost opposite effect on spiders and their ilk. Instead of the usual inspiring and energizing effect it has on humans, caffeine acts as a depressant on spiders, a depressant similar to alcohol. Spiders that indulged in caffeine would get drunker than skunks, which is why Namira

had never really encountered it before. Her kind and nurturing mother had kept the stuff out of the house, leaving Namira without temptation but also inexperienced with it.

Settling down at her desk, she took unconscious sips of the drink to power her through the morning emails. Her grogginess was being replaced by a rather freeing easiness, a loosening of the tension in her shoulders. Each sip made her more inclined to take another, drinking more and more of the noxious concoction. Having acclimated to the taste, the thick dredge tasted no different than a spicy water to her. As she drank more, the bubbling deep in her stomach was getting more palpable, but she didn't seem to care. That uncomfortable bubbling traveled its way up her body, escaping in a convulsive jump.

### ***Hiccup***

Namira looked quizzically, unsure why she had hiccuped like that, but paying it no mind as she took another drink. While she absentmindedly read emails, her body was making a statement against the liquid she was taking in. That hiccup had signaled more than momentary diversion; it signaled a steady growth. Her belly lurched out by a few millimeters, her plush trunk tightening just a little, the buttons on her blouse straining slightly. Namira liked to wear clothes that showed off her healthy bosom, so most of the time, her buttons were ready to slip loose from their holsters. This meant any changes in her body became painfully obvious on days she could pay attention, something that was happening at this moment.

### ***Hyyuup***

Another powerful hiccup shot her body upward, bouncing her in place and eliciting more tightness in her assets. It wasn't simple tightness or bloating that was taking hold of her, no, it was growth. Some trick of physiology was causing her half-spider heritage to war with the coffee she was gulping down. Her tightened stomach lurched out a little, healthy midriff curving into a tiny bubble of a stomach. Hardlined edges defined her tensed stomach, slowly growing like she was eating a large meal. The underside of her stomach sloped upward into a tiny curve that met with others at her navel. Rounding out as her hiccups became more frequent, her taut stomach gradually crept out from the underside of her top. Low buttons strained against the growing orb, the creamy expanse of her underbelly showing through the forming gaps. While her stomach was growing, the same gradual increase was hitting her bust.

More noticeably to those who had an inclination towards tits, Namira's breasts were growing underneath her blouse. Every violent hiccup sent waves of motion through her exposed cleavage, milky balloons that jiggled within the tightening confines of her shirt. Already enough to bust a bra or two, her growing bust was expanding into something spectacular. Passing the size of grapefruits and moving closer to melons, those convulsing hiccups push her bust tighter against her top. Her bosom grew more

visible as her breasts pushed out against her failing top, small gaps of skin showing through the parting buttons. The expanse of flesh atop her chest crept outward, large tracts of flesh that you could lose a pencil in.

### *Hiccup*

Namira took another sip, still ignorant of the effects it was having on her body, her clothes straining against her bloating form. A sort of easy clearheadedness taking over her, the words in her email responses become freer. She didn't usually hold back when dealing with stupid people, but she felt so at ease that she could really speak her mind. Typing away in a giddy mood, her buttons straining against her burgeoning belly, her arms haphazardly brushing into it as she typed. The only thing to even raise an iota of suspicion was how easily her arms pressed into her engorged bosom. Inflated flesh wrapped around her arms as her melons crept forward, ready to smash her keys for her. Namira stopped typing, giddily accentuating her bust with her arms, pushing her tits up and out in repeated pushes.

"I need to sleep less more often, **hup**, my tits are rockin today." Namira sloshed her chest back and forth as she returned to her emails.

A hiccup between her words was enough to pop a button from her shirt, the topmost fastener flying across the room as her breasts pushed out. Inflating balloons that could fill her hands, large enough that she could rest her coffee cup on them. Something she started doing as she downed the last of the drink, tilting it up with only her lips and letting the last remnants of the tarry sludge slip into her mouth. Propping up the cup with her upper lip, she lapped her tongue merrily across the rim, scraping for those last few drops. She didn't care if she looked goofy or not; the coffee had completely drained her of inhibitions, this was the most fun she had ever had at work.