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Experimental Business

2 - Arm Candy

After graduating University I knew I wanted to join a big company, but wanted to get in on the ground floor, not be tossed into some giant monolith bogged down with endless rules and bureaucracy. I had always been a good girl, I thought, and played nice and studied hard. I found an aptitude for doing so many things and could organize, do accounting, light programming, and was even half decent in social situations. Well, not totally awkward at least. I focused on my goals and didn't let myself get distracted by too many parties or chasing boys around. Professional. Prim. Proper. Set up for success, and hard working enough to rise to any challenge and overcome.

"Ms. Gale? Gabriella Gale?" A cute mousy woman with curly brown hair and big glasses stepped to the edge of the waiting area and called my name. She held a clip board and scanned the group of people waiting for their turn. *'A lot of people turned up for this interview'* I thought nervously.

"That's me!" I hopped up and waved my hand a little. My nerves insisted I smiled with too much teeth and must have looked like a crazy person. The woman walked up and offer her hand to me. She was a little taller than me and ridiculously curvacious. *'Almost every girl I have seen working here is so busty... That has to be harassment or something. The boss must be some male chauvanist.'* Thankfully my expression couldn't get any worse. I took the womans hand.

"Patricia. PR & Marketing. Pleased to meet you. Please come this way." She smiled warmly and I did everything I could to not stare at those boobs of hers. I took a breath and looked down at my own chest blowing out a disappointed sigh. It was annoying when I was reminded of it, but it wasn't something that ruled my life. *Anymore.*

I followed Patricia, who was wearing a long beige duster tied around the waist and clomping ahead of me in leather boots. I couldn't believe how big her butt was, either. *'What the heck is this place?'* Walking past a few clusters of desks and scanning across the open layout of the room, at least three quarters of the workers were women, which made me proud. But *all* of them had prominent bustlines or wide hips. Lots of different shapes and sizes, but the sizes all started at, well, *really* big. I gulped.

"Just in here. Sorry to keep you waiting." Patricia said standing between me and the open door.

“Thank you so much, Patricia.” I pulled my eyes up while she turned about and managed a genuine smile. She put a hand on my arm and threw a quick glance at the open door before looking back down to me.

“Let me give you a little advice.” She winked, and leaned forward and whispered in my ear. Her breast pressed into my chest making me feel so small, but her words were comforting. “The boss is a bit of a firebrand and kind of scary and intense. But she is a good woman. She just has *needs* and as long as you fulfill those needs, she will be like putty in your hands. Nobody has been able to weather the storm by a long shot.” My heart was pounding in my chest. ‘*She’s so close.*’ I found myself turning my head and breathed in the scent of pine needles and maple. She pulled back with a knowing smirk on her face.

“Th... Thank you, Patricia.”

“You look like you could *gain a lot* from working here.” Patricia straightened out my suit lapels and brushed off my shoulders. ‘*Maple and pine. It’s so spicy and sweet.*’ “Now stay strong and weather the storm. I am tired of playing secretary every two weeks.” Her expression went serious and she wound around me and goaded me forward with two hands on the small of my back. I felt like I was being wheeled in on a handcart or something and she dumped me just inside the doorway.

The office was gorgeous, modern, and sleek. Black and white everywhere, it was like a chessboard and all the furniture and fixtures were made of silver and marble. The desk was all sleek, hard angles covered in blueish glass, but the woman sitting behind it was anything but. At least so I thought.

“And who do we have here, Trish?” The higher timbre of her voice seemed to end in whispers as she looked up from her desk ignoring me completely. ‘*She’s extremely busy and these interviews annoy her. Is she always annoyed?*’ I began to analyze her situation.

“This is Gabriella Gale. Fresh graduate of-” Patricia said in a polite tone.

“Got it. Thanks. Please close the door behind you and I’ll call you after I am done with this one.” I heard Patricia wince from being cut off and the Blonde Valkyrie rose from her chair. ‘*She’s tall!* She rounded the desk and crossed her arms under her chest. ‘*Her chest.*’ It was *massive*. I had never seen breasts as big as that in my *life*. She was wearing a sleeveless white satin button down shirt with ruffles down the front showing off cleavage that looked as long as my whole arm. I gulped. Her eyes were piercing as she studied me. ‘*Her posture is impatient. God her hips are so wide too. How do you even put a skirt around that thing.*’

“A pleasure to meet you, ma’am.” I squeaked pathetically. She smirked and let out a single laugh through her nose. She nodded raising her eyebrows like she was proud.

“Are you going to cower near the doorway for the whole interview and stare at my tits from there? Or are you planning on coming over to shake my hand and get to know me first?” Her smile was infectious and I laughed.

“Gabriella Gale, at your service.” I held out my hand and she shook it with a wry grin. Something happened in that moment that I still can’t explain to this day, but I will never forget it.

“Have a seat Gabby. Let me tell you what I am looking at and you tell me if you can handle it. How’s that?” I could see how people would be nervous around her, but for some reason it didn’t come off that way. *‘Maybe this is weathering the storm?’*

That was six months ago. It started with getting coffees and managing schedules, but as her trust in me grew and I became more familiar with how things worked around Friend Pharma. I got to know Patricia quite well and she was always candid and friendly. When I needed it, she was a welcome break from the intensity of Lucy, my boss. Lucy was *brutal* the first month or two, but she was brutally honest.

“Am I not paying you enough?” She snapped off out of the blue one day.

“I’m sorry?” I smiled and blinked letting that first one wash over me. The first one was never the main attack and just her letting off steam.

“Listen, we need to look good. Most of these investors and board members are dumb men. We aren’t going to bang them or anything, but if you dangle a little meat in front of them their wallets come flying out of their pockets.” She got to the heart of the matter. We were lounging on a sofa drinking some lattes during a lunch break.

“I wear the best I have to work every day and, well, as for *dangling meat*. We all aren’t as, uh, blessed as you are, boss. There isn’t some magic pill that makes girls like me grow boobs overnight. Sorry to break it to you.” I snapped back. She liked getting a rise out of me and knew it helped me get the edge off of dealing with her all day. She broke out into laughter and my eyes glazed watching her breasts wiggle and bounce while she did.

“I suppose you are right about some of those things. I am not trying to put you down, but your clothes don’t fit, darling.” She chastised me like some grandmother. *‘Whose clothes don’t fit? You fat-titted cow.’* I failed to produce my default smile. “Let’s go shopping and I will show you what it means to get clothes that fit you.”

We went shopping at all her favorite places and for the first time in my life I had an *entire wardrobe* of clothing that was tailor-made. It was just tight enough that I could still move around without the shirt coming untucked and have full range of motion. But it was so perfect that there wasn’t a wrinkle to be found anywhere and I actually felt like I had *curves* for the first time in my life.

“You actually have pretty nice legs. And you’re so *thin*. You can play that up. Especially next to a big fat cow like me, right?” Lucy laughed. I *love* her laugh. “*I want to be that sure of myself.*’

“You’re not a cow at all, Boss. But... Thank you. For all of this, for *everything*.” I sipped my latte and she sat up from her lounging position and went to lean over towards me, but stopped herself. A hint of rose tickled my nose.

“I think we will be able to make something of you yet, Gabby. It isn’t a man’s world anymore, but too many of them have all the money. Friend Pharma is going to change the *world*. I’d like it if you were there beside me as it happens.” She said with absolute sincerity.

“I’d like that too.”

‘I can’t think straight. All I can think about is that feeling. Pressing down on me. Smothering me. Why did I like it so much? Have I always...?’

“Thanks for bringing me up to speed. I know this if your first big one, but don’t be nervous. Leave these glorified piggy banks to me and just follow my lead. You know the numbers, the demographics, the projections, and everything in between. Just like we’ve practiced.” Lucy was a step ahead of me and finally got her button closed, but her shirt somehow looked *tighter* than it was this morning. Her jacket button only emphasized how huge her breasts were and she wasn’t kidding about showing off. I could practically see her bra. Lucy was always a bit *racy*, but this was borderline *slutty*. Her nipples were hard, for goodness sake and the jacket didn’t hide it.

“Yes ma’am. I’m ready.” I tried to inspire confidence and she looked down past her shoulder at me shaking her head.

“Not by a long shot, darling. But you are ready enough to survive it. I *hope*.” She winked. “Final check and we’re going in.” We snapped out pocket mirrors in unison and looked each other up and down. She always started from my pumps and followed my legs up to the hem of my short black skirt. Shorter than I cared for, but she insisted and it brought a little thrill to working here. I felt almost nude in it since it was so tight and I had to put my tablet on my lap when I saw down or everyone would be able to see my panties.

“You look lovely as ever, Lucy. But you are OK with your, uhm, nipples. You know, sticking out so much?” My pointer bounced back and forth between the pair of bumps as big as plastic bottle caps on the crest of each tit. Her neck craned to look that far in front of herself to no effect and reached forward feeling how hard her nipples were. She tried once to cover them with her jacket, but that was a forgone conclusion since it didn’t even look like it fit anymore.

“Oh well.” She shrugged and fixed my blouse smoothing it out brushing the back of her hands beneath my belt. A line of electricity followed the polished nails smoothing gently between her belt and belly. She was just out of university, but this large woman always treated her like a little

girl. ‘*Why am I not offended?*’ I always hated that when I was younger, but now... I stood face to face with the cleavage that could have killed me minutes ago while she sorted me out.

“Thanks, Lucy.” I mumbled, and she brushed off my shoulders rising to full height again.

“My *number one* needs to look better than me. And you *do*.” She made me feel important and vital to her organization. She made me feel beautiful and confident, too. And despite the moments where she treated me like a little kid, she made me feel like a *woman*. “Let’s go, Gabby.” I nodded back to her ready to follow.

She took one final quick breath and then put on the look of a warrior about to go into battle that she glossed over with a veneer of seduction and professional danger. The door succumbed to her force banging against rubber stoppers on the wall and most in the board room jumped at the intrusion.

“Finally,” grumped the graying man at the front corner of the long meeting table. A half dozen other men in a similar age bracket along that side of the table grumbled in compliance. But only their vocal ‘leader’ managed to make eye contact with Lucy who put on her ‘sorry’ face while bouncing to her spot at the table. There were more than a dozen members of the board, the grayer half of them were leftovers from the company before it was reinvented, but they all had a vested interest in what Friend Pharma was doing, or at the very least the profit they were sure to make doing it.

“Forgive me, forgive me, ladies and gentlemen,” Lucy said in a voice both apologetic *and* confident. “I wanted to get the latest numbers.” She walked behind the board members opposite the grays and felt all their eyes on her body. Walking in her wake, I just tried to keep up and appear as professional as possible. The boardroom, not too unlike her office, was filled with glass and iron fixtures. The tabletop was totally clear except for the documents and tablets and laptops which appeared to be floating in mid-air over the legs of her board members.

Lucy and her partner, the head of scientific research and development, held a great many shares between the pair of them. Whereas ‘the seven grays’, as she called them, held around five to ten percent of shares each. When they aligned in matters unanimously, their influence was enough to essentially function as a majority vote. But they weren’t immune to making deals, and only pushed their weight around in certain circumstances. But judging by the silence in the room, you could tell Lucy knew how to push her weight around too. Only the swishing of fabric and creaking of her bra straps could be heard as she took her place at the head of the table opposite the main doors.

A wall of floor-to-ceiling windows flanked her outlining her silhouette in a glow of natural light as she surveyed the members of her board. Besides the grays lined up starting from her right to the far end of the room. To her left was an empty seat reserved for her main partner, who was unable to join meetings in person, but legally deferred to Lucy’s judgment in most matters.

Beyond the empty seat were two members of a research and consulting firm, a man and a woman, who were interested in the products and research being done here. On the far left end of the table were a pair of venture capitalists who gained wealth through being influencers. They were also a great source of nearly limitless expansion and reach so despite their age and less-than-professional attitudes, they were welcomed with open arms.

“You have been stringing us along for weeks and weeks. When are we going to actually see something?” One of the other grays spoke up. Lucy was made of platinum and stood there with one fist on a hip and an arm on the back of her chair. The words slid off of her and she closed her eyes nodding in his direction. The non-vocal grays mostly focused their attention on the cleavage bulging out of Lucy’s shirt and how close the buttons were to bursting. Standing right beside her, I couldn’t take my eyes off of her breasts either. They seemed to be getting *bigger*.

“I understand that the timetable has been modified more than once, but the amount of delays with little more than generic excuses has some of us wondering what is *really* happening with the research.” The male researcher said. He was in his early forties and came off as astute, but understanding. His colleague, a brunette a few years younger than him, was nodding in agreement. They had worked together on more than one project involving a number of knock-off erectile dysfunction medicines, breast enlargement pills, and libido enhancers for men and women alike. Despite being looked down upon by some of the scientific community, they only released such products to keep their research going. When they heard rumors that the work of Dr. Cuunis was about to be traded, they pulled out huge chunks of their savings to have a seat on the board.

“And these NDAs you have us buried under are killer.” Dong Wong, the enigmatic personality at the head of dongwong.com and all associated social media accounts, said, crossing his arms and leaning back in the chair. He was known for raunchy content and got famous for a viral video involving cumming off of the top of a building into a girl's mouth at the bottom. People have since remixed the sound of a load dropped over 100m into the girl's mouth into everything from memes to mainstream music. The girl on the receiving end was knocked unconscious, but otherwise unharmed and came to less than half an hour after. She is famous in her own right now but has nothing to do with Friend Pharma.

“I hope this isn’t another waste of time. The last three meetings might as well have been sent as emails.” Said the other influencer, a posh and elegant girl in her early 20’s wearing something covered in neon light, spikes, and belts galore. She did a lot of research on the cutting edge of technology including medicines and tools and toys. She was also no stranger to showing off her body as well and this whole company sounded like it had things worth looking into. The visor she wore flashed with LEDs of sleeping emoji and an envelope flying from the sky landing under it like a pillow. Her handle online was Future Pussy.

At my seat beside Lucy’s chair, I was typing up everyone’s comments and complaints. Until now I had only heard recordings of the meetings and been able to pause and rewind, but this was the real deal. I took the minutes of the meeting, analyzed them, summarized them, and

suggested plans of action. Now I might need to do that on the fly if Lucy needed a moment to think or a spark to get her going.

“Fair. Fair. And Fair.” Lucy said and began to walk slowly back and forth behind her chair. “Today is going to be a bit different. So I am thankful you could all attend today.” She began nice and easy.

“What about your partner?” A gray piped up. “Quite suspicious that she hasn’t shown her face at all and only joins via voice once or twice and then disappears.” Another gray joined in. “And conveniently just *gives* all control of her shares to you?” Nods and murmurs began to spread.

“The good doctor will be in attendance today as well,” Lucy tantalized. The glitter that filled the eyes of the pair of researchers was unmistakable. They looked at each other in anticipation. “But she is running late.” Deflation of excitement was slight after that remark. “And will only be joined by voice. Feel free to ask her yourself about her condition if you don’t believe me.” The researchers lost some of that sparkle in their eyes, but were still hopeful.

“Well that is something at least,” The female researcher said.

“So can we get on with it please?” Future Pussy yawned and stretched out wide. She wore nothing but a neon yellow bikini, atop that a black mesh bodysuit over her whole body. She stole one or two sets of eyes as she did.

“Or at least do that thing where you slap the table with both hands.” Dong Wong smirked and leaned forward resting his head on his hand. He winked. Lucy winked back without skipping a beat.

“Impatient I see. And rightfully so. Well then...” She approached the desk and slapped down with both hands staring at the whole assembly. The desk didn’t even rattle despite being made of glass, but nobody was paying attention to that anyway. Lucy’s breasts were swelling and cleavage was spilling from her top more every few seconds. Leaning down, they hung down dangerously close to the surface and the meeting almost stopped as everyone stared. “Notice anything different, boys and girls?” She took a deep breath.

‘I could swear that her boobs are getting bigger. But how is that even possible?’ I thought while memories of being between them flashed into my mind. She looked over and winked at me.

“You getting this?” She whispered in my direction, and then stood up tall, hands back on her hips. “Looks like you are all speechless. Allow me to explain.” Lucy began walking around the boardroom and produced a small metallic case twisting it between her fingers. The board was whispering and pointing conspiratorially. “The health supplements that you have been investing your time and money into are hyper-focused and extremely effective. You have heard of countless products that promise an extra cup size here, another inch there, building muscles, losing weight, all of that nonsense.” She glanced in the direction of the researcher pair. “A lot of

these are pale imitations compared to what we are bringing to the table.” Everyone held their breath with each step she took, expecting her shirt to blow open.

“So you are telling us that you have some boob growth pills? And that is going to change the world?” The surly female researcher quipped. Her neighbor didn’t seem as pessimistic. Lucy laughed, pausing between a pair of grays.

“*Some* boob growth pills? We have *the* best iteration of anything of its type in existence. Ahn...” Lucy closed her eyes feeling the tightness of her shirt and took a deep breath groaning against the pressure. “If you want to be... An influencer... You have to, ahn... AH.” Three buttons failed and jettisoned between the grays onto the table as her bra burst out of her shirt. Black and white lace held on for dear life as she fell forward supporting herself on the table, breasts swinging. “You have to make sure *all* eyes are on you, right?” She huffed looking up around the room, flushed with satisfaction. The pair of grays on either side of her couldn’t see past how far big her breasts were, wobbling gently between them.

“Oh fuck yeah!” Dong said, nodding his head and rubbing his hands. “I like where this is going.” Future inadvertently ran her hand across her own modest chest and smiled while licking her teeth. Her lenses zoomed in and out on a pair of LED milk bottles. The male grays mostly shifted uncomfortably in their seats and tried to cover as much of the glass table above their crotches as possible.

“This is unprecedented... What form are they in? Capsules? How long have you been taking it?” The researchers began to rifle questions almost too fast for my fingers to keep up with. I was as distracted as everyone else by *how big* my boss's tits were. And the fact that they were getting *even bigger* in front of everyone. ‘*I wouldn’t mind that.*’

My boss regained her composure, tapped the silver case a few times with a finger, and tucked it into her cleavage as she walked in my direction. The murmuring reached a boil as chatter became a chorus of incredulous comments and shouting about how outrageous she was, how this was all impossible. She held up a hand for them to calm their rabble and sat down, propping her breasts on the table before her one at a time.

“Sorry, these things are heavy. And I don’t mean to be lewd, well, *too lewd*. But seeing is believing right? If this bra can last the rest of the meeting I would be surprised.” There was snickering at her comments and the mood in the room brightened. *This* was the proof that they wanted. “For your information, I ingested some of the liquid form of *one* of our supplements moments before entering this meeting. Less than *fifteen* minutes ago.” She had to sit up as straight as possible for the rest of the crowd to look past her huge tits to see her smug smile.

“Fifteen minutes!” The male researcher said as if he had been slapped in the face.

“You have grown *multiple* centimeters since you have been in the room. Is this permanent?” The female researcher added. Her perception was sharp.

“Well, this explains how she manages to maintain that ridiculous figure with breasts that big.” The leader of the grays griped as if it was a problem or he was exposing her. Lucy laughed and shook her head.

“Guilty as charged. While I was always fairly blessed, Friend Pharma’s new line of supplements intrigued me beyond the point of curiosity and I am now a regular user. The effects depend upon the patient. Some effects are permanent, others longer term-” She began to explain and her phone buzzed drawing her attention. She smirked and pressed a few buttons on her phone and the windows dimmed and a screen slowly lowered from the ceiling behind her. “But we are in luck. Someone *special* is finally able to join us and explain things. Perfect timing, really.” She continued to work her phone and small windows popped up on the screen in an array surrounding the central screen.

‘She wasn’t just joking? She’s going to join on video? I’ve only heard her voice...’ I had only heard about the doctor, but they talk about her all the time. Murmurs of excitement and anticipation spread around the room, especially between the two scientists. I was surprised to see my own image in a window as Lucy set up the call. In the center of the table was a conference call mic and speaker suite, but apparently it had cameras in it as well. *Good ones.* I moved back and forth and they followed me with near flawlessness keeping me centered in the frame while a large blinking green phone symbol pulsed against the blackness of the idle screen. A hush fell over the room and only the droning digital ring could be heard. She picked up and the video came into focus.

“Doctor Cuunis?” Lucy said, looking towards another monitor on the side of the meeting room.

“I’m here.” The doctor’s voice was dainty and gentle but had a huskiness to it. The video came into focus from darkness and was *very* close to her face. “Sorry to have been so elusive the last few months, everyone.” She was Japanese, wore red-framed glasses, and her black hair was long and normally straight, but seemed a bit mussed. “I’ve been quite busy and am currently going through physical rehabilitation as well, so it hasn’t been easy.”

“The doctor had an accident and had been bedridden for quite some time. Since only a few months ago has she been able to resume working and even then, on a limited basis.” Lucy jumped in preemptively swatting down questions. “It was a private matter, and we didn’t want to endanger your trust.”

“It is as Lucy says.” Michelle agreed with a pleasant nod. She wore *some* makeup, but it was sparse at best. She looked tired, and her face was bloated with puffy cheeks and big full lips. “I am still not 100%, but research is progressing.” She sighed from exertion and struggled. Although her face filled up most of the screen, when she shifted there were glimpses of computer monitors behind her. It was a well-lit room.

“Are you in pain, Doctor?” One of the researchers spoke up, their window growing in size as he spoke. She squinted at whatever she was looking at and her eyebrows raised.

“Doctor Maximillian? Kind of you to ask. I am more frustrated than pained. My mobility is quite limited, but I am managing.” Her smile was weak. “So how can I help you all today? I believe Lucy is more than capable of handling business matters. Is that why your top is currently off?” Chubby cheeks scrunched up as she smirked for Lucy.

‘The doctor seems annoyed.’ I thought rapidly typing on my keyboard keeping up with everyone’s interactions. *‘Lucy is showing quite a bit of respect to this woman. I have never seen her so patient.’*

“We are about to introduce the basic lineup to our board members. My state of undress is due to the efficacy of the supplements. Had to show them that it worked in spectacular fashion. You know how I am.” Lucy said, smiling at the members. Her breasts were still swelling and her areola were peeking out quite a bit, but she didn’t notice.

“If we didn’t know by now we are learning very quickly.” Michelle cleared her throat. “Do you have the case?” Lucy looked down in front of her and moved her breasts one way and the other unable to find them. The single female member of the grays got Lucy’s attention and drew a line with her hands over the front of her business jacket. Lucy reached into her own cleavage and found the case *deep* between her breasts. She mouthed ‘thank you’.

“Got it right here, Doctor.” Lucy opened the silver case and it was filled with colorful capsules in two rows like bandoleers of bullets. She displayed it for all to see. On her camera, it looked like there was a huge set of tits spilling from a bra with a pill case for a head.

“Good. So what my partner holds before you is one of the first official iterations of what we are planning to release to market after research and testing enters the final phase.” Michelle was astute, clear, and mesmerizing despite the awkward video angle.

The board listened, commented, and asked questions while Michelle went over the general timetable and progress until now. She clarified that the medicines Lucy held have been cleared for human testing, and have been in testing for quite a bit. More than a few jokes aimed at Lucy’s addiction to the light blue pills were met with laughter. Lucy maintained her composure and it was light-hearted. The board was won over with the facts as they were now, the timetable of what was to come, and the potential over the next few months.

She promised she would be a bit more present, but rehabilitation was taking its toll and she could only be awake for so much of the day. Time dedicated to pushing forward with the projects. *‘She’s a genius. If what she is saying is possible, let alone true... I have to meet her.’* I was smitten.

“Now you will have to forgive me, but I must take a rest before I return to my work. Thanks for your continued support and trust in our project. I am certain that you will be in capable hands with my dear partner Lucy here. Ta ta.” A smile beamed from the doctor.

“Thank you very much for your time, Michelle. Rest well.” Lucy said with the board joining in various greetings and words of thanks, and hung up. The screen slid up behind her and the room grew gradually brighter. The board was floored more than anything else and any and all negative feelings seemed to be swept away in the wake of the doctor’s explanations. Lucy pushed herself to her feet with some effort, one more button snapping the shirt free, breasts swaying just above her belly button.

‘*Will they ever stop? What is she going to do?*’ I thought while noting down the fact that she lost another button on the meeting notes. I didn’t know how to describe what I was seeing and decided that everyone who was at the meeting would be able to remember.

“So now it’s time for the *real* vote of confidence,” Lucy said, setting the silvery pill case on the desk before her and bringing out some documents, passing them to her right. “This is a liability form that *anyone* who intends on taking this medicine *legally* will have to sign. Not just the testing phase. Although we are planning on selling this as an over the counter supplement, we can’t be legally attached to its abuse.” She said plainly while half of the assembled signed without a second thought.

“Well what if I don’t particularly want large breasts?” An older gentleman said. There were a few grumbling nods of agreement with scoffs of laughter interspersed. Lucy’s expression went dead pan.

“You must have been *distracted* while the good doctor explained earlier. Only the light blue pill affects breast growth in humans. This dark green one is almost as effective as the light blue one, but affects the size, strength, and stamina of the penis. Many subjects have also noted semi-permanent growth.” Lucy winked. “Things like erectile dysfunction are also all but mitigated thanks to the effects of these pills.”

“It’s unbelievable.” Another gray remarked.

“So I pop this green pill and my dick gets bigger?” Dong Wong said, face incredulous.

“You sign that paper, then pop that pill, and most likely than not, your dick *will* get bigger.” Lucy said, predation in her tone. “If you’d like, we can provide samples of any of the pills for your personal use, but you must remain on premises for at least an hour after taking them. We’d like to study the effects, of course. Obviously food and drink will be provided.” Eyebrows raised around the table and people started looking at one another with curiosity.

“What does the pink one do again?” The female gray asked.

“Libido Enhancement. I tried it once and couldn’t leave myself alone for hours. And I *didn’t*.” Lucy feigned embarrassment. There was pink in her questioner’s cheeks from that frank admittance. Lucy pulled up a slide from Michelle’s presentation which had the summary of all the pills and their uses. “For your perusal.” She pushed in another button and sliding free from the table were little water dispensers and disposable cups. “You will need to stay hydrated. The main side effect is thirst. *Powerful* thirst. Ignoring it for too long *could* have consequences.” Lucy smiled watching the rest of the board sign their supplemental waivers. I couldn’t believe my eyes. The room went from antagonistic to subservient in less than an hour. “Good.” Lucy whispered to herself.

“So when do I get my dick pills?” Dong Wong asked the question on everyone’s mind.

“Right now.” Lucy said and pressed another button and a display popped up before each of them, *even me*. “We request you hold off taking more than one kind for now, but those tests are also showing great progress as well, but the addiction rate goes up quite a bit. Choose one and I will have them provided for you.”

“Ohh, we can choose *how many* we want to take.” Future Pussy purred.

“Should I go for bigger balls or a bigger dick? We have to be dreaming, right?” One of the grays said excitedly.

“Dick pills stop at three.” Mr. Wong said. “Can’t get more than that?”

“Again, things are still in the testing phase. Wouldn’t want you to end up more cock than man, would we?” Lucy said with an undertone of deadly seriousness.

“The fuck?” The influencer mouthed under his breath. Within minutes the orders were in and Lucy walked around depositing pills to each person except one of the grays. Some people gave him looks, but he wasn’t interested. Lucy nodded with respect.

“You are more than welcome to watch.” The platinum blonde with breasts barely held within her bra said with a smile. He gulped looking up at her and *them*.

“Thank you Miss Lucy. I think I will, er, observe a bit.” He loosened his tie, nervous to have her so near. She leaned in, filling his view with nothing but cleavage and whispered something in his ear I couldn’t hear. I was still looking at the monitor in front of me and going over the options. Dark green for dick growth, Navy blue for testicle growth and semen increase. ‘*Those aren’t for me.*’ Amber for ass growth and mauve purple for muscles. My eyebrow raised. Pink for libido increase and white for...lactation? ‘*I could take a pill and milk would just start...?*’

“What about you, dear? You’ve been holding back asking me what we are all about, and now you know. I bet a lot of pieces are falling into place.” She scanned the room watching people pop pills and drink water. Everyone was talking excitedly and had no idea what was *really* about

to happen. The one dissenter slyly slid his briefcase onto his lap as Lucy looked back to me. "Between you and me, this is just the tip of the iceberg." She winked. "It's all safe, and not as drastic as you think it will be. I've even caught *you* staring more than once." She clicked a button for one light blue pill and then passed a cup to me with three light blues, two ambers, and a pink one. "You'd need to do this many every few days to catch up with me." Lucy took a deep breath and the creaking of fabric and strap was audible. *'Holy... She really is off the deep end with this stuff, but her... She's... Her bra, her bra!'*

"Boss, you're-" I tried to warn her, but she held up a hand.

"I know." She strained forcing the issue. The thing snapped drawing everyone's attention as her breasts bounced down with a beautiful natural fullness and weight to them. The board gasped, ooh'd, ah'h'd, and stared while she let the room bask. Lucy shrugged sending her breasts bouncing perfectly and collected the remainder of the bra tossing it to the center of the table. "We are going to be getting a *lot more* familiar with each other. In about..." She looked at a watch on her wrist. "half an hour or so. So unbutton, unfasten, unzip, and buckle up."

I didn't need to be asked twice. I don't think I wanted to be nearly as big as she was, but a *few* more curves wouldn't hurt. I popped a teal pill and an amber pill discreetly and pocketed the rest. Lucy nodded to me, mouthing 'good idea' for my prudence. I drank some water and undid my jacket and the top buttons of my blouse and waited with eagerness and nervousness. I could see in real time on my own tablet who ordered what pills and it was interesting to see.

The majority of the women in the room had all grabbed amber and teal for boosts to their curves. I felt the warmth in my own stomach as the capsules began working on me. Future Pussy also took a purple, while the female Gray opted for a pink pill. *'Interesting...'* Dr. Margot, the female scientist, also ordered a white one.

All the men took one or two dark green pills without fail, and a mixture of navy blues to pump up their balls or purple to gain muscle. One thing caught me by surprise and I watched one of the grays, the one second nearest me, who also ordered a teal pill. *'Interesting...'* There was a lot I had to learn about the *real* ins and outs of this company. Lucy put a hand on my shoulder looking around at the buzz in the room of people sharing and joking as anticipation built.

"You'd be surprised what people are willing to try when the option is in front of them." She said for my ears only. I started to feel dizzy while I formulated my thoughts to respond to her and my breathing became labored.

"Oh shit! Lucy's assistant is getting it first!" D.W. said getting up from his chair. He was wearing a single pair of boxers with his logo branded across them.

"Why did you take off your shirt?" Future Pussy mumbled, shaking her head. Then she looked in my direction. I felt my vision go blurry as my heart beat faster. It felt like I had run from the ground floor up all the stairs to the roof as I broke into a sweat.

“That doesn’t look very comfortable.” The female gray said, concerned. Similar comments flew around the table, but everyone watched. The scientists were taking extensive notes on their own changes and feelings making down changes in seconds. The pair of them exchanged words in hushed tones while watching everyone else around the table. The Grays were mostly cracking puns and talking about ‘all the tail they’d be pulling in’ *without* the need to spend tens of thousands beforehand. The gray who didn’t take any pills had slowly been sliding into the background and had opened his briefcase and seemed to be rifling around inside of it for something.

“What are you feeling? Is it a tingling? A heat?” Dr. Margot asked, leaning towards me. I nodded as more beads of sweat came down.

“Will she be ok?” The female gray, a woman named Mrs. Slate, asked bringing a finger to her mouth nibbling against her will.

“She’s fine, don’t worry. Since she is a bit smaller than most of you, it is just affecting her first.” Lucy said with confidence. Her hand still rested on my shoulder and I looked up to her. Her tits were even bigger than I remembered them and her nipples were getting longer and fatter, too. “If I were to guess,” She compared Slate, Margot, and FP, “I’d said Future Pussy will feel it next.” Everyone’s eyes were locked on me, though, and the overall warmth began to focus towards my chest and hips and ass.

“It’s hot around my chest. And my hips...” I said panting and trying to meet the gaze of everyone else.

“How hot is it?” A gray asked, wiggling his eyebrows. I couldn’t respond as the heat built up in my chest and I had to arch my spine backwards in my chair as the heat became almost itchy.

“My god!” “She wasn’t joking!” “No way!” Remarkable!” They commented and fell silent as I started to moan.

“So... So hot. My breasts are... Ahn!” I cried out as my chest *stretched*. My nipples were harder than they had ever been and felt like they were pushing out further and further. I wanted to tweak them and pull them to help it along, but I was stuck in place grabbing the sides of the chair for dear life.

“They are growing! They are *really* growing!” A chorus sounded in the background of the sound of blood pumping so loudly in my ears I couldn’t focus on anything but the *feeling*. I forced open my eyes and looked down at my chest, swelling with warmth as it pressed outward. Little nipples and areola were growing wider and larger and puffier as they rose up a heartbeat at a time. Each breath I took, staring from one to the other, spread my chest up and outward, and with each exhalation half a centimeter or so of new size remained.

“She was totally flat before!” A gray called out.

“Not anymore my guy, she’s as big as Future Pussy now.” Dong Wong said, leaning forward with both hands on the table jumping up and down in excitement. “Look at them little bee stings blow up!” He wasn’t far off the mark. It felt like an aching swelling feeling. It didn’t quite hurt, but it wasn’t entirely pleasant. But seeing my chest, which I had always figured was a lost cause, growing before my own eyes I was elated.

“You might need to undo another button, Darling.” Lucy said, reaching down to undo the one between my nipples, or rather, where they were a few minutes ago. The release of pressure was overly welcomed and for the first time in my life, I looked down at *cleavage*. I squeezed *my tits* together and there was even *more cleavage*.

“Oh my gosh, I can’t believe it,” I said as my wits started to come back to me. I let go of the chair and reached up to feel my chest before the whiteness left my knuckles. ‘*They feel SO GOOD.*’ I felt the tears welling up in my eyes as I squeezed and then suddenly slid my hands down my sides to my hips.

“Oh she took the, uhh... Orange one too!” A gray said standing up to look in my direction. It was too hot to sit and the leather was making me feel sweaty so I stood up almost falling forward. My breasts weren’t even the size of oranges, but they were pushing against my shirt and *my cleavage* was on display. ‘*Would they get that big?*’ A feeling of panic and elation flooded me now that I was in the heat of the effects of the medicine I took. I looked over at the huge breasts hanging off my boss’s chest, absolute monstrous breasts that didn’t seem to be hanging lower, but just got wider and fuller. I could still see her waist and belly button, just barely as she stood hands on hips.

I felt the heat in my hips and ass and began to scramble to pull my skirt up. It was so tight. *Too tight.* ‘*Too late.*’ I leaned forward and stuck my ass out, knees pressed together as the warmth swirled around concentrating.

“It’s too tight. My skirt is...” I groaned, shaking my hips unable to shake off the cloth getting tighter and tighter. I reached for the hook and zip at the back, but I couldn’t budge the thing.

“Too late for that, my dear. Just ride it out.” Lucy felt like a proud parent in this twisted moment. I had no choice and my hips and ass began to burn as they got bigger. ‘*Why did she have me order these ridiculously skin-tight outfits?*’ I cursed as the painful pressure refused to give in.

“She’s going to bust out of them!” “She’s got herself a little butt now!” They cat called me without even thinking about how I felt. I was afraid my hips were going to snap because the pressure built up so much. The sound of fabric pulling and stretching with little cloth pops as the seams lost their hold a thread at a time. While the pressure on my ass grew, I felt my cheeks squishing down along the inside of the skirt with nowhere else to go.

“It’s too tight!” I squealed and *finally* the seams near my hip and along the sides of the skirt split open halfway letting pale flesh squish out. I let out a pretty pathetic moan, but it felt amazing to not be so cooped up. I caught my breath and shimmied my hips and took wide bends to snap a few more threads. Looking over my shoulder turning my ass to look at it, I realized my ass crack was hanging out and my panties were being eaten by it.

“The ass pill is much better than the titty one.” An older gentleman wearing a cowboy hat said. “At least in that young lady’s case. Yessir.” It was crass, but he was right and I had a booty to prove it.

“One thing that we are still working on is something we call ‘affinity’. Each person’s reaction to a pill is different. Looks like my dear assistant Gabriella has a bit of affinity for the amber formula.” Lucy said almost sarcastically. My skirt was torn and all but ruined. I felt like some spring breaker with clothing purposefully sliced to show off skin as I twisted to see how bad it was. My breasts, ‘*Oh my god I have tits*’, were overflowing my little frilly A-cup bra and I couldn’t stop staring. That was the same for everyone else until Future Pussy let out a small whine, followed shortly by Mrs. Slate.

The eyes of men darted all around the room unsure of who to watch. This was a level of excitement and unreal elation most hadn’t even fathomed. Future had a toned slim figure with modest curves and her outfit hid very little. The yellow bikini she wore showed a little bit of underboob *before* she took any of the pills and her thong was more of a professional courtesy to the general public. The black fishnet bodysuit she wore emphasized her curves in subtle ways, but the diamond pattern across her body distorted as she expanded.

“Oh fuck, it *is* hot.” She said as fire emojis blinked across her visor. Her lips, painted bright green, twisted as she maintained her composure unlike me. Her breasts spread from under the lemon yellow triangle of bikini fabric expanding outward and upward. Her nipples hardened and black diamonds of netting caught on each stretching the pattern of her top. Toxic green tipped nails reached up and squeezed her breasts, tweaking the nipples. Watching her, I mimicked the action without even noticing it.

The jaws of every man in the room were dropped as she got thicker. Her ass and thighs were next and she pushed away from the table, feeling the same heat I had. Mrs. Slate, a woman in her fifties or sixties, had her dyed-brown hair in a tight bun and resisted the urge to make a scene like the younger women. Her eyes were swimming in her head and I caught Lucy masking a smile as she watched. The two men beside her took a break from ogling FP to see the woman closer to their age bracket enjoy the effects.

By now the men were starting to be affected and more than a few had pulled off their pants like Dong Wong had and were brandishing withered old cocks which came to life before their eyes.

“It’s... It’s getting hard! How many years has it been?” One gray said looking like he was about to shed a tear over his erection. “Hey old pal.” Another said lovingly to his penis. Dong Wong

was thrusting and wiggling his package forward and back thankful for the free pass to be the exhibitionist he truly was. And in such a serious setting as well, his rock hard cock, not much more than five or so inches, swung with pride. He was also bigger than most of the grays, which only added to his desire to show off.

Dr. Margot pulled her collar and pulled open her lab coat and undid buttons in preparation while her associate took notes. Mrs. Slate was somewhat busy already, but didn't feel the need to flaunt her size as much as Lucy did or *because* Lucy flaunted so much. But she pulled off her grayish black jacket and folded it carefully, throwing it over the back of her seat. That was when I felt the first pangs of a deep thirst and began to cough in a dry throat. Before I could even look around, Lucy slid a tall glass of ice cold water towards me. Her motherly smile instantly wrapped me in a blanket of love and care as I took the glass.

"You will need more than one. Drink up." She said to me in a quiet voice while looking back over the boardroom table watching the chaos her pills were wreaking on everyone here. The guy who opted to not take any pills was shaking in his chair, the briefcase hiding his lap, but it was obvious what he was getting up to back there as he bit his bottom lip. I drank. The water tasted almost sweet on my dry desperate lips and I hydrated aggressively while the others expanded around me.

The table and entire room were in a tumult now as my boss watched on wheeling her neck a bit, I couldn't blame her with breasts more than twice the size of her head. Future Pussy's bikini was now a string bikini and the mauve muscle pill she took toned her body further as her breasts bulged and her ass totally consumed what was left of her bikini thong. Beside her Dong Wong's wang was throbbing in his undershorts and pushing the stretchy fabric further and further.

"My fucking cock is getting huge!" He said, looking around for a reaction. "Holy fuck!" His flat-brimmed cap rested lightly on top of spikes of black hair with blonde tips which flitted around as he looked for acknowledgment. But across the table from him no less than five older men were all going through a similar experience. Wrinkled and pock-marked wieners stretched taught, full of blood and vitality getting thicker and longer while old balls in loose stretched-out sacks grew plump. Testicles went into overdrive and they could *feel* the semen filling and stretching each nut, the heat telling them it was working.

"You got a big dong over there Dong Wong, but do you have the *balls* to go with it?" An old man with a hoarse voice called out laughing. He had taken two navy blue pills and a dark green one and his nuts were bigger than golf balls. Dong opted for maximum size and now his balls looked like marbles compared to the almost seven inches he was pushing. More than a few of them were openly masturbating, tongues hanging out and eyes filled with breasts, butts, muscles, cocks, and balls all getting bigger before their eyes.

“So they work on men too?” Mrs. Slate said, looking at the man beside her. His cock and balls were out, a girthy six-incher with big round walnuts, but he also had undone his shirt. Less his penis, it was his *breasts* that Slate was interested in.

“Well, I was just curious, you see? It didn’t say no, right?” He smiled at her and she raised an eyebrow and let her hair down releasing the perfect bun into a shimmering smooth wave of black hair down past her shoulders.

“I am curious if you know how good it feels to have your nipples sucked on?” Her look was predatory and her prey glanced down at the wet stain on her gray suit pants spreading from between her legs. He didn’t get a chance to respond and she jumped on him, tearing his shirt off and exposing a modest set of breasts. Man boobs had been reshaped and filled into proper breasts and already thin chest hair had fallen out or seemingly gotten thinner in the process. When her juicy booty started grinding atop his shaft and she latched onto his thicker longer nipples he came quickly sending one rope onto the boardroom table.

‘So men can grow breasts with this medicine?’ I thought while watching in awe at the first pair of fornicators. The voyeur in the back corner of the room had already come once and was working on his next one. The grays across from Future Pussy and Dong Wong had begun to jerk off and search for someone or *anyone* to give them some pleasure too. Future’s growth had calmed and she was working her fingers on her clit like a DJ on a turntable with her muscled legs up, knees in the air. She was getting into it and moaning out loud while her free hand was going back and forth between feeling up a breast, squeezing an ass cheek, or running fingers along a toned arm or her abs.

Lucy got a phone call and picked it up looking out the window across the city. The building was a few more stories higher than it had been when it was just a drug store and the view was nice while she nodded and responded. I didn’t know who it was, but it was important since she actually bothered taking the call.

“There’s room back there, just figure it out!” Mrs. Slate called out and my head whipped in her direction. There were four guys surrounding her all naked from the waist down and three of them were already giving it to her in the mouth, pussy, and ass. She was finding the breasts of the guy underneath of her on the floor since the chair had fallen over with a crash, bouncing up and down on his cock. Another guy was squeezing himself between ass cheeks which had regained a touch of youthful luster and fullness compared to the flabby butt she had minutes ago. The other two were taking turns inside of her mouth while avoiding touching each other. But after a few accidental touches they made a few more mistakes and were soon rubbing against one another while each filling one of her cheeks. “Mroa! Mroa! Harra! Harra!” She muffled through cock-filled cheeks demanding more.

‘That pink pill is scary.’ I thought while taking another glass of water. I had managed to sit back down and was regaining my senses enough to start working when Lucy leaned forward on the table beside me. She stared at her phone with a serious, uneasy expression. I couldn’t help but

gulp seeing how perilously close the long nipples on the tips of her swaying breasts came to flicking the edge of the table while she brooded. '*I just want to suck them.*' I blinked.

"Everything OK, boss?" I pulled my eyes off of her breasts and nipples and back up to her face. Fake smile painted on with perfection. "Mrs. Slate seems to be enjoying the pink pill. Is this...?" I ventured and her smile became genuine.

"This is why we pay you so well, Gabby." She spared me a glance and flicked around her tablet a bit and opened a drawer secreted in the large leg of the table by her chair. A dish which would normally hold after dinner mints was arrayed with pink pills. One for everyone except three, if my math was correct.

"Do you think that is a good idea?" She slid the dish towards me and smiled evilly. My hand reached out like this was some kind of test. I could see my reflection in the clear cotton candy pink capsule and I was nervous. But a hand reached in and smacked mine away. Her evil smile had changed into full-on doubt and her gesture to the crowd told me I was silly. I mouthed a wide 'oh' and grabbed the dish and began to make the rounds around the table.

"Yo! Lucy's little receptionist is coming around with more treats!" Dong Wong said, completely naked and stroking himself with a foot on the desk. I had *never* seen a penis that big in my life. First to my left were the scientists. Margot's breasts had grown significantly and she was feeling herself up and answering questions that Maximillian asked. He seemed unaffected by any changes from looking at him and I offered them both a pink pill, compliments of Lucy and Friend Pharma, and they took them happily.

Future Pussy sat to their left and she looked up, well I figured she was looking up since the steaming hearts fluttering across her visor focused into a pair they blinked in my direction. Her tongue ran a slow circle around her teeth and then a second lap over her lips as I got closer holding the bowl.

"You might not believe it, but *you* are exactly my type, little assistant woman." She growled while looking me up and down. The way she sat in the chair was like a squat and the tendons and muscles on the inside of her thighs bulged out and flexed under black netting. I gulped and looked up past her glistening abs and full breasts up to her face and that visor. The hearts were replaced with a line of question marks as I offered up the bowl.

"These are the pink libido pills, would you care for one? Compliments of my Boss and Friend Pharma." I offered the bowl and she took one between her fingers and stood up. She was taller than I remembered and more than a full head higher than me looking down.

"I will save this when you and I can grab some coffee and some *other things* together. How's that sound?" She held up her phone and offered to exchange addresses. I looked over my shoulder and Lucy's response was feigned ignorance. '*That's not good.*' Future Pussy shook her phone waiting for my response.

“Maybe later, not while I am on the clock. Sorry, FP. I follow your channel though.” I smiled nervously wondering if she wasn’t going to just pick me up and throw me. She leaned real close and breathed in deeply like she wanted to suck my face off with her nostrils.

“I like that. Hard to get. Keep your eyes on the channel, Gabriella.” Future whispered. Her green lips seemed fuller and her tongue stuck out when she ‘channel’ and my name. She popped the pink pill and leaned in to give me a kiss on the lips. I winched and she stood back laughing. “I wouldn’t do you like that, cutie.” My heart was beating in my chest. I couldn’t even remember the last time I had a boyfriend *or* a girlfriend.

“Would you like a-?” I asked and Dong took a pill and popped it without a second thought.

“Girl, check out the fucking dick. These drugs your fat-titted boss is pushing are off the fucking *chain*.” It had to have been almost seven or eight inches long and almost as thick as pipe railing. ‘*It’s so swollen and dark...*’ Filled with his lifeblood and vitality the erection emanated warmth as she thrust it playfully in my direction wiping a drip of precum on my skirt.

“What the f-” I pulled back and he smiled nodding up at me.

“It’s all yours if you want it.” He rubbed his hand together crassly biting his lower lip. “But I wouldn’t mind getting my hands on those big boobs on your boss back there. Damn she’s fine.” ‘*I highly doubt that will happen.*’ Dong saw I wasn’t interested and began to hit on Future Pussy before working down the table towards the scientists and Lucy. After he passed, I headed towards the beginnings of the gray orgy. The leader of the grays sat there with a pensive stare when I walked up to offer him a pink pill.

“Thank you, young lady. Quite the impressive show you and your superiors have put on here, hmm?” He said with hands steepled watching almost as sharply, if not more so than Lucy was.

“Thank you, too, Mr. Ashwater.” He was pleasant, but intense. “Are you enjoying the demonstration? My boss was sure that today’s display might even impress you.” I gave my best flirty yet respectful smile and he slid back from the desk. There was a tent in his pants that was screaming to be opened up.

“I am quite impressed at how effective it worked. Especially how *quickly*. This is a miracle drug you have on your hands. A *few* miracle drugs by the looks of it. Oh.” He reached up and straightened my collar and the front of my shirt, but his knuckles brushed against my breasts. I tried not to bristle, but the way the middle of his tongue began to emerge from his mouth grossed me out. One of my hands almost pulled back from the tray to block him. “There you go. And thanks.” He took a pink pill from the dish as my second hand settled back under it again.

“Yes, sir. And, thank you for your vote of confidence.” I bowed my head lightly and wheeled around him to the orgy.

“We haven’t voted yet, but I like your enthusiasm.” His words stopped me and I turned around. He popped his pink pill and gave me a quick forced smile. Seeing me pause he shook his head and then nodded waving at me to do my duty. He shifted in his seat and re adjusted himself then returned to his steepled position of pensive contemplation. The erection pushed and lifted the cloth up and down as it pulsed fuller. I found myself wondering if he was bigger than DW and shook my head with a grimace approaching the maelstrom of torn business clothing, loose ties, and Mrs. Slate handling three cocks at once and *loving* it.

Four balls slapped against her taint as the Gray with wobbling breasts thrust up from beneath her and another gripped her ass pounding it with abandon. They went in and out like a pair of engine pistons. Her hips were wide and smooth and youthful after filling up and expanding outward. The ripples along her tight ass and thighs with each penetration didn’t stop as I carefully navigated the discarded shoes, socks, and businesswear.

“Compliments of Miss Lucy.” I held up the dish towards the orgy. The Gray shoving his cock in and out of Mrs. Slate’s throat grabbed her neck gently and finished right as I walked up. He held up a finger while he pumped cum into Slate’s mouth giving a perfect ‘ooh’ face while the woman, still being pounded, gulped cum.

“That’s right, baby. Drink it up.” He said in a smarmy tone. “Will this make me hard again?” He looked at me and pulled out a saliva-laden cock letting Mrs. Slate breathe again. Her gasps were laced with playful humming giggles as she felt how full she was from having her ass and pussy filled up. I looked back up to the Gray who licked his lips at me. Slate was staring up at the guy who still stroked her chin and neck gently like a pet.

“Oh god.” A gray who was waiting his turn said, finishing himself off and spurting a few decent ropes on Slate’s face and back. She didn’t even react and I saw cum get into one of her eyes. I tried to pull my eyes off of her looking up

“It is a libido enhancer, so it will keep you going for at least another hour or two according to the information we were given.” I said and he took the pill and popped it. So did the guy beside him who was still coaxing the last dribbling blobs of cum from his balls.

“My libido has never been higher than it is right now, but let’s see what other magic these pills of yours can do, hmm?” He swallowed and took another, holding it down in an open palm before Mrs. Slate. “And for you?” Strands of cum dribbled from her lips onto the floor as she looked up with a drunken stare at him and then noticed the pink pill. Her head jerked forward and back with each thrust of the two men fucking her. They let out a commotion of words and sounds and came one after another filled her ass and pussy with cum until it overflowed around their cocks dripping down. Slate’s eyes rolled in her head as she came again and without even thinking licked the pink pill up. She swallowed it along with the remnants of semen from his orgasm; she had only half-finished drinking.

Two cocks popped out of her back side still quivering and convulsing in the final throes of orgasm trickling little blurts of cum onto the floor. Slate collapsed face first into a pair of soft breasts where the man cuddled her and brushed her sweaty hair with his hand hugging her. Her ass and pussy leaked cum down her thighs and I realized I had never seen something so raw and unfiltered in my life. *'How am I OK with this?'* I glanced at my breasts, I could feel them bounce with every step I took.

"Don't mind if I do. She will be ready for round two soon enough I bet." The standing gray said, grabbing two pills and downing one without a second thought. "I'm getting thirsty!" He handed a pill down to the guy on the ground who was breathing hard. He took the pill and looked at it with one open eye, partly upset that his motherly moment was being disturbed.

"Oh, the pink one? That's the horniness one, right?" He asked. The standing guy shrugged.

"Just play it like the 70's, man. Take whatever comes your way and ride the wave. If you don't want it..." He said remembering a time long past. But the man on the ground popped the pink one after hearing the flawless logic.

"And here I thought those days were long gone!" He said around the large capsule on his tongue and then downed it. "They get any water around here?" I slid the nearby pitcher closer and poured a few cups for them.

"Please stay hydrated. As the doctor suggested." I said while stepping back. There was a single pink pill left on the dish and I spied the man in the corner who had been watching from behind his briefcase. It looked like a series of birds had perched there because of all the mess lying about.

"Sir?" I offered the pill to him as he scrambled to act like he wasn't masturbating for the past fifteen to twenty minutes.

"Oh, the uh, pink one, is it?" He mumbled a bit. "Looks like they are having fun, right? Why not...?" He took the pill and grabbed a glass of water. "Thank you, uh, uhm, Gabriella was it?" I nodded. "Thank you. Now if you don't mind I'm just going to, uh, well, you know..."

"Please take your time and thanks for your support." I added and spun around to see Dong Wong in the middle of trying to pick up Lucy. She was taller than him and her breasts were right in his face and he couldn't keep his eyes off of them. His cock was flexing and looked like it was on the verge of busting at any moment.

"Well, if you can behave and wait until we have our public release then the content you make will be vital, now won't it?" Lucy said as I waited off to the side, setting down the empty dish.

"I am pretty sure I got a bit of content *right now* that you have got to see." He smiled thinking he was so slick.

“Well I will have to save that video for next time.” Her pointer finger ran up his shaft and his face went wonky not expecting her to make a move. She took a deep breath and her breasts almost engulfed his head as she seemed to tower over him. A bracelet on her hand jingled as she gave him a few pumps and he came right away. She aimed it expertly away from her while his orgasm face made him look silly. “Maybe we can call that clicking your ‘like’ button?” She purred as his little marble nuts pumped their spurts through all that cock he was working with.

“Shit, Lucy. You a freak, girl.” He said falling back into my chair. ‘*Not my chair... gross, his bare ass...*’ Lucy laughed.

“You have no idea, big boy. Now go join that orgy, I have business to take care of.” She said, whirling the chair around and sliding him back towards his end of the table. She spritzed some sanitiser on her hands and looked over her shoulder at me. “Don’t worry, we will clean that chair before you need to sit in it again. This whole room will need a once over.” She smiled. “So they all took them?”

“Nobody even put up a fight.”

“Good.” She turned to me and brushed me off. “We will need to take care of this sooner rather than later.” She said to herself then turned to address the room. “I see that we are all enjoying ourselves and don’t let me stop the fun. But I have another appointment to attend to after this and wanted to clear the final item on today’s agenda.” She got everyone’s attention and the room went mostly quiet outside of panting and light moans. “Thank you. It is a simple verbal vote to confirm confidence and continue forward with the plans as we have discussed the previous meetings. All in favor?”

Ayes across the board from ragged voices dripping with salacious post-coital bliss.

“All opposed?”

“Me.” The leader of the Grays said. “I have a lot more questions. But I do like what I see.”

“Understood. You are aware that this is a majority vote so you are overruled in this case, but I want to talk with you more about your concerns.” Lucy said in a serious tone. How she could maintain seriousness with her tits out like that baffled me. The Gray nodded expectantly and was already unbuttoning his shirt and undoing his tie.

“With *that doctor* if possible. I don’t doubt your *familiarity* with the product, but I need to know a few more details before expressing utter confidence, bigger, harder cock or not.” Ashwater said totally deadpan.

“I understand Mr. Ashwater. And that information will be shared sooner rather than later. Thanks as always for bringing up the important points of contention. I’d be disappointed if *everyone* just said ‘aye’ so easily.” Lucy smiled. ‘*She plays this game so well.*’

“On that note.” Gray ripped his shirt and pants off in almost one smooth motion and had a boner sticking out of a pair of tighty whities that almost rivaled Dong Wong’s. “Let’s party!” His demeanor shifted utterly and he was totally into the vibe of the room.

“Stay as long as you’d like. I have staff on call to help you with anything that you need. We’ve prepared refreshments, places to rest, and other resources for your comfort and enjoyment. Don’t hesitate to ask and it shall be delivered. Lucy talked at an upward angle toward the ceiling. “Please bring in the refreshments and toys.” A door opened and a pair of androgynous people in matching pink and white outfits brought in carts of drinks, food, and a variety of other things. Clothing, condoms, blankets, sex creams, lotions, *exotic toys*, and more lined the carts and the pair smiled and began to tidy and encourage the board to drink water.

“So are their maids working here?” I asked Lucy who told me to pack my things and get ready to move.

“Not quite, but you will see soon enough. This will be more product testing although they don’t really know that yet.” Lucy said. “Now that you are officially part of the family now, it’s time to take a tour of the *rest* of the building.” She nodded proudly at me. Her breasts seemed to have stopped growing, finally. She must have eaten an *entire mouthful* of those pills before this meeting. I grabbed her jacket and top in the process of getting my tablet and double-checking everything was ok, then followed after her. She bounced with ultimate confidence through the orgy which was refueling for what would no doubt be a long, long afternoon and maybe even night.

The pink pill hadn’t quite kicked in yet, but poor Mrs. Slate was fingering herself non-stop while drinking water. Lucy left the board room and only Mr. Ashwater and Dong Wong had the wherewithal to follow her out of the room with their eyes.

“Have fun.” Lucy said to the group. “Make sure they are taken care of.” She added to the pair of ‘maids’ waiting in one corner chatting to each other while waiting to be summoned. They gave a gentle bow and one offered Lucy a black and white sports bra. “Oh that would be lovely, thank you. You guys are the best.” It wasn’t much more than a strip of cloth in her hands, but she stretched it out over her head and the thing looked ridiculously light. I had seen super light stretchy sports bras like them before, but this one seemed to almost *expand* as she pulled it over her breasts.

“I can’t believe they just have bras that can stretch over breasts as big as yours.” I said coming up beside her as we clicked down the hallway. After putting the bra on she ‘chopped’ the stretched out cloth between her cleavage and instead of retracting back like any stretched cloth would, it stayed put *between* her breasts. My eyes opened wide as I continued watching. She

smirked and went through the motions of forming the bottoms of each cup to her breasts. Giving each one a bounce using both hands the fabric form-fit to her breast almost like a second skin. With both breasts in individual 'bags' of the translucent cloth, she pulled on the flimsy thin shoulder straps between two fingers with a bouncing motion and her massive tits began bouncing.

"This little thing is an in-house secret. Set to hit the market not long after the medicines are totally cleared." She said. Her breasts must have been so heavy that they weighed nearly as much as *me*. But somehow they were still so round, full, and plump even without a bra. I'd figure a person with breasts that big would be tucking them into their waist band and I *couldn't* stop staring at them bounce. I held my tablet to my chest and found I couldn't hug it as close as always, looking down I was reminded of my own brand new cleavage squishing against the black suede cover.

"A secret? In-house?" I said finding myself smiling stupidly while pressing my tablet against my new perky breasts. I couldn't believe it, Lucy's breasts were somehow even *higher* and *rounder* and she stopped pulling them. Each bounce supported them a little bit more than the previous one until they were fully supported, each in their own cradle of curious thin fabric. "How did they? How did you?"

"It's kind of like memory foam, or something like that. Tension in the fabric that loosens and tightens depending on where and how you hold the straps. I can't explain it very well, but the head of the department we are going to now can." She pressed the button for the elevator and we stepped in. I fell alongside her still wearing my shredded skirt and tight top.

"Where are we going now?" I asked. She swiped a card near the panel and pressed a few different floor buttons like a code and the door began to close with a cool chime.

"Shopping."