

# *Nudas Veritas*

*By*

*Musette*

## *Chapter One*

If this was the truth, then the truth was wrong. It all began in springtime on Camden High Street, where most of the bustling labyrinth of markets begin and is a flurry of activity. Brightly painted signs welcome all to come to the maze of stands bursting with colourful wares, a vast cacophony of noises through the myriad of stalls and people, talking, laughing, joking, and bartering for a better price. It is a centre, bursting full of creativity, crafts, clothes, colourful people, alternative lifestyles, Goth, fetish, clubs, shops, pubs, small indoor markets, and restaurants which overflow into the side streets. Sounds waft through the sunny light breeze and the weekend throng of people, like a modern musical composition, punctuating the air with a sudden burst of noise. Food stalls and restaurants perfume the air with a rich aroma, sweet, sour, pungent, spicy, or deliciously greasy. Faraway flavours, hot and tasty, exotic and local, stare out from glass counters or are quickly served for people on the go.

James sat quietly munching on his simple pub grub, a Cheddar & Chutney Sandwich, and a pint, watching the world walk by. He was a handsome man of 25, with disheveled short brown hair, casual black trousers, a T-shirt layered with a black button down shirt, open and pushed at the sleeves. On the table lay the most recent issue of the local Guardian, which he curiously paged through looking for a glimpse of the most recent football scores. Suddenly a tall brunette girl walked up to the bar and turned to him with a hint of sly smile at the corners of her mouth.

"Is this seat taken?" Her short pigtails seemly had a mind of their own, as they stuck out in cute little tufts, to each side of her head. James turned his head, only to notice at eye level, the most beautiful cleavage he had ever seen and unusually large set of breasts tucked neatly into a small t-shirt.

"Sorry?" James blushed, not knowing what was previously said. He just couldn't help but notice the magnificent pair of soft breasts set before him.

"I said is this seat taken?" Softly spoke the tall goddess.

"Uh. . . well, of course. . . I mean. . ." James, in quick glances looked to her face, back to her breasts, noticing her nipples tantalizing him through her shirt, measured the curves of her body with his eyes and then politely moved the papers off the barstool. "Thank you God" he whispered in his head," as if God had granted him this visage, a gift just to brighten his day.

"Alright." She softly sat down on the stool, tilted her head to look for the publican, turned to James and said, "What are you having?"

"Just a Fuller's Porter" He watched as she positioned herself on the stool, looking at her tall boots, short black skirt, taking in another look at her cleavage.

"Well then," She looked deeply at his eyes, as if searching for something. "I'll buy you another. You'll need this for what I've got."

James knit his brow into a question mark, surprised at the boldness of the girl. "What? Do I know you? Have we met?" he said.

"I'm sorry; my name is Beth, Beth Hurly.

"We've been looking for you." said the soft voice.

"Who are we?" said James.

"I can't explain everything now." She spoke softly, with a reserved nervousness, "This is not the place." She glanced past the bar, out the window, in daze.

"I don't understand." James stuttered.

"You know about human cloning and stem cells?" said Beth.

"Yes of course," said James, "but what does that have to do with anything?"

Beth lowered her voice "I was part of a genetic experiment gone awry."

Taking a long sip on his beer, "how is that?" said James enjoying another quick view of deep cleavage, trying not to look conspicuous.

"Cloning technology was all the rage after Dolly the sheep, and after scientists discovered Dolly got a rapid form of arthritis, genetic mutations became the focus. Scientist discovered human cloning and learned more about human mutations and the amazing possibilities. I don't want to bore you with all of the details; I came here to get you," said Beth, still looking nervously toward the front window.

"I still don't understand. What does that have to do with anything? What do I have to do with all this?"

"I'm sorry; I have to do this. . . " Just then, Beth jammed, a syringe, hidden in what looked like a pen into the meaty part of James thigh. Immediately standing up, James eyes met Beth's with a bulging look of pain, mixed with confusion. "For fuck sake! What have you. . . " All went black.

“I’m sorry; Beth said to the pub crowd, with a look of rehearsed embarrassment, “He’s an angry drunk. She then proceeded to help him out the door with his arms around her shoulders, in his drugged haze.



## *Chapter Two*

He rose like a growing thing slowly out of the bed. Dazed and feeling a bit hung over from the drug, James rubbed his eyes thinking this was all a surreal dream. Sitting up, scratching his head with a long yawn, he glanced over and saw Beth, soundly sleeping next to him, lying on her back. He watched quietly as he saw her large breasts, neatly tucked into a tank top, and slightly covered by the tossed blankets. James watched her breasts as the covers rose and fell with each intake and exhaling of her breath. Her lips were slightly parted like two perfect rose petals, and the more he watched, the more he felt a growing warmth between his legs. The very sight of her deep cleavage made James feel a throbbing in his groin. He thought “if this is a dream, I could just roll over and bury my face in her boobs. I could just reach over and touch those breasts, two perfectly ripe melons, waiting to be fondled and kissed.” Still drunk with whatever drug Beth had put into him, James was stuck with the confusion of dream and reality.

James slowly outstretched his arm, reaching his hand through the air like a silent snake patiently inching his way to the soft flesh beside him. With his fingertips trembling, he stopped an inch from the sleeping beauty next to him, questioning his actions. Yet, James continued to think about his dream, dazzled with the unusual size of her breasts, undressing her with his eyes, and imagining his lips wrapped around her nipples, suckling and giving her pleasure. He thought of Beth slowly removing his underwear, and James removing hers, like a dance. Curling his fingers into her softness, James exhaled as she reached down to touch his cock, firm with excitement, her hand smoothly stroking with a constant rhythm. James closed his eyes at the sensation she created while his palms massaged her fleshy mounds, and then, rubbing his face in her cleavage giving her delight. He imagined her twist with desire, curling her toes, as his hands felt the warm curves and softness of her skin wanting more. Covers tossed by the wayside and warm bodies beginning to mash together as hearts quicken.

In reality however, James, leaned over, moving his face closer to view her cleavage. Suddenly Beth stirred awake, one eye blinked open and then two. His gaze was greeted with a groggy voice.

“Morning” said Beth, smiling in a hoarse morning tone, her eyes meeting his, within inches of his face. James froze, not knowing what to do with the hand that lay resting on her left

breast, he slowly lifted his hand and backed his head away, realizing, this was not a dream at all, but a very, very awkward moment.

“Uh....sorry, I . . I . didn’t know if you were real.

“I’m real alright.” Beth said with a sleepy smile and slowly stretching her arms into the air with a yawn.

“What am I doing here?” Said James, wincing his eyes and rubbing the spot where Beth jabbed the needle in his thigh with his palm.

“Did we do anything last night?” James smiled sheepishly.

“No.” Beth said, sitting up in bed bunching the sheets over her stomach.

“I mean, somehow I got here, in your bed and I’m thoroughly confused. This is every man’s dream to wake up next to a girl like you. I mean. . . your boobs are. . . I mean to say. . . “

Beth looked over, sighed, reached her forefinger up to his lips to quiet him. “Shhh. No bother. And I’m sorry I had to do that back at the pub. We were being followed and I needed to get you out in a hurry.

“Why am I in your bed? And followed?”

“Yes, I’ll explain that bit in due time. And as for you being here, I didn’t want to scare my flatmate. It would have been startling for her to see this strange drunken man in the middle of the floor, now wouldn’t it? We don’t have a sofa, and I didn’t think resting you up in a chair would be very comfortable. I was just being practical.”

“Where’s your flatmate now?”

“Oh, she’s surely off to work now. She works in a small café in Central London. Now as for you, you must be famished, and I know you’ve still got a million questions floating through your head. Care to discuss them over a cup of tea?” Beth said, as she slowly got out of bed.

“Have I got a choice?” said James, scratching his head.

Playfully, Beth smiled, “you’re here now, enjoy the moment.” She said as she held her hands and fingers out like a frame, centering her boobs in the center. You might learn a thing or two.”

James oozed out of bed following Beth like a puppy out into the kitchen.



## *Chapter Three*

Bright light poured through the sheer lace curtains. They sat around the simple small table, munching on toast and drinking tea, watching the morning unfold below them on quiet streets.

“You have a lovely place,” said James, with a mouthful of toast, glancing around the late Victorian architecture.

“Thank you.”

“You know, I don’t know anything about you. What is it you do?”

“Well, I used to work for Cancer Research UK. But now I work for a private company,” replied Beth.

“Also Cancer research?”

“No, not really. Breast Research. I’ll show you this morning, it’s why I brought you here.”

“Brilliant. You are a mystery, you know that?” said James, shaking his head, with a smile. “You speak in code.”

“Trust me, you will know everything in due time.” said Beth. “Would you like another cup of tea?”

“Sure, if it’s no bother.”

Beth walked over to the kitchen. Old wood floors creaked underfoot as she made it to the other room. She lit the stove and put the kettle on. James watched as he looked at the outline of her figure. Large boobs heaved out of her top, narrow waist and flat belly, firm buttocks holding up her pajamas, with her slight athletic build. His cock throbbed.

“How do you afford to live here?” He said, trying to keep the conversation normal.

“I’m involved in a study. The company provides all my expenses.”

“They must pay well,” said James, raising his eyebrows.

“Yes. It’s alright.”

“Fruit?” said Beth offering an orange. “They’re fresh from Spain.”

“Thanks.”

“I work for a Genetics company,” Beth continued.

“Oh?” said James curiously.

“Human cloning technology was all the rage after Dolly the Sheep. I was part of a top secret Genetic Experiment gone wrong. There were scientists who were studying genetic mutations specifically in regards to breast cancer. They discovered a gene linked to the disease and unearthed a genetic mutation that gives one in four women a small shield against breast cancer. You see, everyone has the Gene, called Caspase 8, but 25% of women of European descent have a mutated variation which gives them a little protection. 2% have two variations giving them twice the defense. I am part of that 2% of women. Body fat transferred to the breasts and a mix of genetically altered blood was implanted into my system, strangely changing my genetic material forever, making things grow instead of sag or die with age.”

“So, not to be rude, but you’re saying your breast are not real?”

“Oh no, they are all too real. The problem is... they keep growing.”

“Is that a problem?” said James, with a light-hearted laugh.

“It’s a problem, if you have to change bras every week.”

“Bollocks! Every week??”

“Yes, but at least I work for a company which understands.”

Just then the kettle twittered with noise. “Tea is served.” said Beth.

James walked over to the kitchen and watched Beth pour the water into his cup stirring the bag around and then handing him the cup and a plate of oranges neatly cut into slices. While pouring her cup she accidentally spilled water. She walked around the corner to get a towel.

“You have milk?” said James, calling from the kitchen.

“In the fridge.” said Beth, raising her voice to carry to the kitchen.

James grabbed a small glass jar and poured the milk into his cup. Sopping up the mess, Beth finished preparing her cup and sat back down at the table joining James.

“It’s a funny thing about breasts.”

“What’s that?” said James.

“Humans are silly creatures, really. We are the only ones that drink milk from another species and have strict taboos of drinking our own milk.

“Well I suppose so. James replied, “When you put it that way, we live in cities, drive around in cars, surf the internet, and talk on mobile phones, but beneath it all, we’re still mammals.” James watched her boobs give a slight jiggle as she grabbed another piece of toast and buttered it.

Beth continued, “Think about this: a calf will gain approximately 40% of its full-grown weight in its first six months, while a human baby will gain only about 10%. Humans can



produce upwards of two gallons of milk a week, but it's specially formulated for us. Now there's food for thought."

James shifted in his chair, feeling the firmness swell between his legs and enjoying the unusual and candid discussion that was unfolding.

Nodding, James agreed and added, "Cow's milk is probably sweeter because of all the fat though. And humans certainly have a sweet tooth." smiled James, "but given the chance, I'd try a nip of breast milk. I fully admit it. . . .we men are hopelessly obsessed with boobs. Maybe it goes back to something primal. Large breasts mean survival of the fittest I suppose." He felt oddly safe in this bizarre company to discuss any taboo topic of sexuality. After all, she was the one who brought him to her home. James then held his tongue back, watching, learning, and let her continue to talk.

Beth laughed with a saucy zeal. "You know, from the first moment our chests start budding we are crossing our arms tightly in front of us to hide the evidence, and then oddly by secondary school we become embarrassed that ours are smaller than all of our friends. That's where some girls begin stuffing handkerchiefs or socks in our bra cups."

"Funny, I never thought of that way." said James with a polite smile, taking a sip of his hot beverage.

Beth continued with a grin, oh it gets worse. "You start getting boobs – scary – at puberty. By college they have become fun and jolly and they help to get blokes looking at you. Forty years and several kids later, you can tuck the deflated flesh sacs into the waistband of your trousers. Then you've really got breasts or, even worse, bosoms. Modern surgeons have been trying to help women out of this dilemma for decades. I guess I didn't want to be one of those women, and that's why I took part in this study. Not only that, I was interested in Cancer Research, and that is how this all began. I had two very good friends of mine die of cancer."

"I'm sorry to hear about that."

"They were my inspiration. If it hadn't been for them, I wouldn't be working for this company. Speaking of that, I'll show you the company."

"This is all so extraordinary," but I still don't understand how I tie into all this. Besides, oh my God, "said James swallowing a large mouthful of tea jumping out of his chair with cup in hand and pacing with sudden surge of reality. "I've got to get to work, and what is this I'm drinking? It tastes slightly different than normal. Not bad at all. Just different."

"You are full of questions, I know, so I'll answer them all at once," stated Beth. "But you must trust me. We've had a great chat. Nudas Veritas."

“Nudas Veritas?” said James, slowly repeating the words.

“Naked Truth.” said Beth, matter of fact. I’m glad you’re sitting down, because I’ve got a mouthful to say.” Beth began to speak slowly and with more compassion. “Your boss thinks you’re dead. And your sister Serena works at my company. I know you haven’t seen her after the car accident. She’s alive. She has the same mutations as I do. The scientists want to speak to you. I am your link to your past and your future. And as for what you’re drinking in your tea . . . . . that’s breast milk.”



## *Chapter Four*

His head was swimming full of confusion and conflicting emotions. He couldn't fully remember the last 24 hours and now, James was presented with this bizarre reality and shocking news. His sister was alive. In the back of a black cab, Beth and James sat quietly as the sun soaked morning cityscape quickly moved by. James looked out the window, flashing back to that dreadful foggy night when the accident happened. It was a drunken lorry driver that smashed into Serena's Ford Mondeo rendering it into a heap of metal. She was not wearing a seat belt and was thrown from the car. James remembered being rushed to Hospital, Serena having severe head trauma, three broken ribs from a punctured lung, and her flesh torn, losing her right breast. The doctors said her survival was minimal because of her difficult brain swelling but James knew she was a fighter. Several weeks later she died. The shock of it all didn't make sense. She was on her way to recovery after some reconstructive surgery to her face and breast but she died on the operating table. Serena had a dry wit and a matter of fact way of stating facts. James recalled how she always said she'd donate her body to science, because "what use is my flesh in the ground, my body may cure cancer."

James turned to Beth in the car. The muscles in his throat tightened as he began to form the words on his lips and then spoke, almost in a whisper "How long have you known Serena." "She's been with the company for about a year." said Beth, frankly. James looked at Beth with a look of hurt mixed with anger. "I don't understand, she was supposed to be dead. In fact we had the memorial and everything. How do you know that this is really my sister? How do you know her name? I mean, your story could all be bollocks."

"I know you have questions. But you must trust me. It was your sister's choice to come and live at the company. Just don't be surprised when you see her. That's all I can say."

The cab trundled north and wove its way through the crowded streets. James began to find landmarks that he did not recognize as they moved further out of the city far beyond Hampstead Heath. He was lost, but curiously trusted Beth. After a long drive, suddenly the cab turned onto a long stone driveway, past an ornate iron gate. A large mansion appeared in view through the wood and it sprawled over the green countryside.

"Where are we?" James turned his head searching through the window as he tried to get his sense of direction.

“We are at the NCBTR. Newcastle Center for BioTech Research. I’ll tell you more about it when we get out of the cab.” Beth handed the cabbie a £50.00 note and left the car. They both proceeded up a wide stone staircase toward the huge stone entryway. Beth continued as they walked, “The Newcastle Center for BioTech Research worked in partnership with Cancer Research UK, the University of Newcastle and some other low profile bio-technology research companies in Wales. Through learning about genetics, and cancer research, this company found something amazing; a key to creating tissue regeneration and also natural breast augmentation. The possibilities are astounding.

“Really? That seems amazing. But in this age, it also seems highly controversial.”

“It is. That is why the NCBTR is way out here. Many of what goes on in here is top secret. Only people chosen can come in here.”

“Well then, I’m honored.” Said James, as his eyes searched the surroundings. Beth opened one of the four large doors with a card, and escorted James inside.

“Hello Annie” Beth smiled and greeted the red-haired receptionist at the front desk, “I’ve brought friend along with me. No worries, he’s related to one of our residents. This is James Brisby.”

James looked around at the simple but elegant front waiting room. Warm colors, overstuffed chairs and tropical plants with a few paintings of the English countryside welcomed anyone to this room.

“Oh right! James Brisby. We’ve been waiting for you,” said Annie, the receptionist. “Alright then. Just sign here.” She gave him a polite smile then handed him a clipboard with some paperwork to fill out. James took the clipboard and couldn’t help but notice one magnificent set of boobs set before him, stuffed into a low cut blouse. Around Annie’s neck and dancing between her cleavage was a simple cameo locket. As she sorted papers and files, the motion of the locket simply directed James eyes even more to her soft mounds.

“You have a lovely . . . . locket.” said James, trying not look long at her breasts.”

“Thank you” said Annie lightheartedly. “Oh, Beth, do you work tomorrow?”

“No, I want to make sure that James is settled.”

“Settled?” said James, looking up from his paperwork. “What do you mean? I’ve got a home, and Job working at Hastings.”

Annie turned to James and said, “I’m sorry luv, if you’ve made it in here, the world thinks your dead. Didn’t you explain this to him Beth?”

“Yes, but everything has been such a muddle.”

“I’d say! What do you mean. . . . dead?” said James with a look of shock turning to the receptionist.

Annie explained, “We guard our secrets very highly here. Some of the genetic studies, psychological tests, and sexual experiments that go on in this facility have been highly controversial. We’ve had to protect the identity of our test subjects due to harassment, threats, terrorism and even death. Your signing of this paperwork ensures that you will be safe and will be given a new identity, should you decide to live outside this facility. Your life was in danger because your sister is here. That’s all I can tell you.”

I don’t have a choice then.” James said, as he held the pen above the signature line on his paperwork.

“No, I’m afraid not.” said Annie, grimly. “But I assure, you, we will make your stay here more comfortable than you can imagine.”

“Well then,” said James with a sigh and a half smile signing the last bit of paperwork, “I’ll give it a go.”



## *Chapter Five*

Beth led James down long hallway toward an elevator. "Today, there are plans being considered by doctors to offer British women a "natural" form of breast enlargement that uses stem cells and fat from a woman's own body."

"That sounds amazing." said James. "I've always heard breast implants need to be replaced every 10 years. The body tries to break down the foreign object or cover it with calcium, not unlike an oyster in a pearl. I dated a girl once that had implants. Her boobs were beautifully round, but oddly firm. It was strange kissing her nipples, knowing that underneath, was just a bag of chemicals."

"Well, the idea of using silicone or saline breast implants is over." continued Beth. "This new stem cell technology is exciting because instead of using material foreign to the body, doctors can match the person's tissues exactly. Japan has been boasting their results and the EU, including Britain said it was legal."

"That's surprising." remarked James.

"I know. But there are drawbacks. Stem cell implants give only half the extra volume. Another problem is a person may not have enough spare fat. Unlike Japan, Britain has kept this study under tight ropes, not wanting to release the information to the public or the medical community, especially since our scientists have encountered the issue with unusual breast growth. That is why nobody knows about this place."

"Unusual breast growth?" Said James, with his interest piqued.

"Yes, unusual breast growth. Some women had their own body fat transferred to their breasts and a mix of their own genetically altered blood implanted into their system. It was the genetically altered bit that changed their genetic material forever, making things grow instead of sag or die with age." I am one of those women and there are many more like me. I don't think I'll be living on the outside world very much longer. My girls are growing too fast." said Beth with a sigh looking down at her boobs. There was an awkward silence. James was still rustling with the fact that he was now going to be living here. Beth took a breath, and then quickly continued. "With this study, it doesn't matter how much fat a person has, that is why they injected the biologically altered material into our bloodstream. It counters that problem. God only knows what was in that biological soup they shot us with."

James noticed residents, doctors, and staff passing him in the hallway and the shapely women dotting the landscape. He was getting lost in the view and would quietly utter a comment under his breath which trailed off like a dream. “My God what lovely . . . .”

“Dick, it’s nice to see you, said Beth to one of new office staff passing by.

“Oh, if I could just have a look at that . . . .”

“Johnson. Dick Johnson right?” said Beth greeting the tall dark haired man passing by.

“Yes, you remembered. See you later!” as he bustled down the hall.

Beth turned to the lift, pushed the button and waited for it to arrive.

James was lingering behind Beth, still enjoying the view. “Oh my, did you look at that. . . .”

“Willy, did you get the e-mail I sent you? said Beth across the room to a friend.

“Right.” Said Willy, “I’ll get right on that.”

“Bush!” said James with surprise as he accidentally rounded the corner into a tall ficus tree. “I’m sorry,” he looked at Beth. “I guess I’m just not myself.”

“No worries.” replied Beth, as they entered to lift.

“Bye Willy.” Said Beth as the door closed.

The door glided open, displaying a view of what looked like a posh hotel hallway. Fine carpets, ornately carved tables with potted plants and flowers, artwork, and chandeliers hung from the ceilings. The building was echoing its ornate past; a long history of lords and ladies lived here. But now, the top two floors of this magnificent mansion were divided up into flats and maisonettes for the NCBTR’s test patients. The surroundings showed that obviously, they were treated well. Around the corner and several doors down, Beth stopped at room number 406 pulling a small ring of keys out of her pocket. After giving the door a jiggle, the door opened to a magnificent fully furnished suite. “This will be your flat until your furniture and things are delivered. If you need anything, it’s like a small city at the NCBTR. There’s your phone and a folder with information about your stay here.”

“Thank you.” said James with a look of overwhelming awe.

“Oh, and one other thing,” said Beth speaking more slowly, “I should show you this. The outside world thinks you died in a freak accident. Here, this was the day it happened.” Beth pulled out a small newspaper clipping from The Times. She handed it to James.

## **Freak Accident Kills One on Rush Hour Train**

[LONDON](#) (AP) - Police say an underground train derailment in London during the morning rush hour had nothing to do with terrorism.

A train derailed between the Bethnal Green and Mile End stations in east London and one passenger, James Brisby, suffered severe head trauma later dying in Hospital. The family of the deceased has been contacted and wishes to remain anonymous.

Officials are blaming the accident on an obstruction on the tracks.

A large section of the underground line is closed off for repairs until further notice.

After reading the article, James sat down on one of the overstuffed chairs putting his hand up to his head with a flood of emotion. “I don’t believe it. I mean, this is all so surreal.”

“I’m sorry, I know this is difficult for you. But your stay here, I assure you will be pleasant. Call me if you need anything.” Beth scratched a phone number on the back of a receipt. Really. I mean it.”

“Thank you.”

“I’ll be back tomorrow to check in. I’ll leave you to get adjusted.

