I cross my arms as we walk through the halls of the lab, supporting the weight of my newfound lady-bumps. There's small comfort in Mr. Jones taking the lead, walking without no concerns that I'm following him. I'm not getting the vibe I'm a prisoner, more of an honored guest. All the doors are closed in the hall, that leaves me a bit unnerved.

"So, Jonesy," I say, eyeing one.

"Mr. Jones is fine," he says without looking back.

"Back to business are we? " I pour on the sass, something tells me I'm not getting the full story. "I thought maybe you'd lose some of the ice after I sucked your cock."

"That was business," he says, calm as ever, "call it a skill assessment."

"Well I'll ask for someone that can assess with an iota of appreciation for an amazing blow job." I say jabbing a thumb at a door. "What's behind door number one?"

"Volunteers to test the formula that was used on you." Jones turns around, folding his arms behind his back. "Less than successful attempts."

"Oh. So I'm not the first guinea pig?"

"Not by a long shot." Mr. Jones shrugs a shoulder. "You are the first that has yielded success with our new approach. We abandoned the behavioral aspects of the project. Too many liabilities."

"I can only imagine." I say, with a laugh. "Especially the part about slipping strange drugs to working ladies. Water under the bridge though. As long as the pay is good, I don't even need to think about suing you guys for this."

"Yes. Buying people off is surprisingly less expensive than arranging murder." Jones moves his hands from his back and cracks his knuckles.

"That's a good one Jonesy," I say, widening my smile, "Who says you don't have a sense of humor."

"Mr. Jones is fine, and it was not a joke."

The smile falls off my face.

"Shall we press on?" Jones gestures down the hall.

"Let's."

Any desire to see what was behind the doors vanish, and I find myself wishing only for a short visit. The hallway takes a downward slope and my head feels light. We're underground. Mr. Jones pushes through double doors into a wide room filled with giant tubes full of blue liquid. At the center of the room is a particularly large tube I can't see through.

"Fuck me harder!" The voice of a woman breaks my train of thought.

"So. I guess you don't have any rules against break time quickies?" I say, smiling coyly."

"This is a unique exception to this lab." Mr. Jones says, sighing. "Excuse me a moment."

The sounds and smells of sex fill the air. Nothing I would find offensive, just sweat and semen. I follow Jones around the center tube to find a raven haired, tanned-skinned woman wearing nothing but a lab-coat and riding reverse cow girl. She also sports the biggest tits I have ever seen, made more noticeable by the enthusiasm she rode her partner's cock, they bounced wildly with each thrust. I can't put a cup size to them; if I had spent a full in a grocery store I wouldn't be able to find a cantaloupe close to the girth of one.

Mr. Jones cleared his throat, stepping close to the pair. Sweat pours from the face of the lucky fellow underneath, and if I didn't know any better I'd think he was being held hostage.

"Not now Jones, I'm doing research." The woman said leaning forward and squinting. "So close I can taste it. Wait, No. That's cum."

"Help me Jones." The man said in a whisper. "We've been at it for hours. Much longer and I can say it's days. I can't feel anything below my waist--"

"Whoa." I say, pushing past Jones. "But you're rock hard. You a Superman or something?"

"Hardly." The woman said, pinching her eyes shut. She desperately kneaded her nails in the skin of her partner's legs. "I gave him a little something to keep his downstairs neighbor at attention. Works like a dream-- ah. Reaaaaaly close."

"Why don't you just say you're looking for the tooth fairy, he's never gonna get you off just by dicking you. " I say, annoyed. "Make him work with his ha--"

"No. It exists. I will find the sweet spot. Even if it kills him." She relaxed her expression.

The man below her whimpered.

"So we need something from Boobarella here right?" I say to Jones.

He nods.

"I got this." I push aside Jones and approach, lean in close to her ear and whisper breathlessly. "He doesn't have much left in him, but to hell with him. Squeeze the last drops from him, make him slip out of this world the same way he came into it. Screaming."

The woman lets out a pleasant hum, clenching against his throbbing member and grabs hold of the visual she needs to push over the edge. The guy underneath cries out, hard to tell if he's coming or dying, but it does its job. The buxom woman gasps, eyes open and gives in to orgasm. The waves of pleasure sends her shivering, setting her impossibly huge breasts to quiver.

I step back and offer a shrug, eyeing Jones with s small smile. "Sadist. Easy as hell to get off."

The woman falls forward, gasping. Her captor's cock slips from her glistening sex and he struggles to slide away. He succeeds, but only by falling completely off the table, scrambling to safety.

Semen, a lot of the stuff, dribbles from her, packed deep enough to make her belly bulge. [i]He had to have cum a dozen times or more to make that much.[/i]

"Doctor Kulkarni." Mr. Jones says, adjusting his glasses. "I want to introduce you to Mira."

"You're hired." The Doctor says to me. I get my first good look at her, a gorgeous indian woman in her early thirties with full lips and beautiful golden colored eyes. Besides her amazing rack, her body is shapely and sensual, made for sex. "And forget the stuffiness Jonesy. Call me Shanta."

"Yeah... Jonesy." I say, coyly. "So, you work here."

"Something like that." Shanta says, slipping her hands into her coat pockets.

"Mr. Jones is fine," he says, deadpan.

"So you're the new girl." Shanta starts away, glancing about. "Where did I put-- oh right."

"This is Mira. She's the one that responded to the chemical." Jones says, following.

"Oh right." Shanta picks up a clipboard and slips through it, oblivious to her state of undress. Semen dribbles down her legs and it didn't bother her one bit. "Sorry. You might as well enjoy walking around unhindered while you still can. Once you--"

"She's the one that responded favorably. " Jones says, halting her with a raised hand. "The second treatment stabilized her as she is now."

"Oh?" Shanta turns to me, confused, then her eyes light up. "Oh! You're the one that didn't suffer accelerated and debilitating growth. How nice. We told her three million right?"

"Ten."

"Nice!" Shanta tossed away the clipboard, haphazardly. "So! Mila."

"Mira." I say, smiling nervously.

"Right. That's what I said." She slipped an arm around my shoulder. "You're on board right? I mean look at me. They look big and ungainly but they feel great during sex."

"Huh?" I squirm under her touch, leaving me with the unsettling sensation of a wall of tit flesh on one side of me. They're freakishly huge you mean...

"You sign on, and help us understand the ins and outs and I'll make you a partner. Ten million will seem like pocket change."

"P-- Pocket change?" I say, gasping. "But How does this involve that Gerald Guy?"

"He's the competition." Shanta said, coyly. "His company has the one thing we're missing. We need you to steal it."

"Whoa. Stop right there." I slip out from her grip. "I'm no spy. I'm a--"

"A Hooker. We know." Shanta pointed at Jones. "Hooker right?"

Jones nods.

"See yeah. We know. That's why you play the part of a brainless cow-slut and bam. Profit." Shanta chuckles. "Well you get stuck with gigantic tits, but nothing you can't adjust to right?"

"Uh." I glance down at Shanta's rack. "That'll happen to me."

"Maybe." Shanta shrugs a shoulder. "Probably. "

"Currently any Dr. Kulkarni is the only woman besides you that hasn't gone through an extreme reaction," Mr. Jones says, straightening.

"Hey! Jonesy. Don't scare the girl."

"I'm under contract," Jones says, he turns to me. "Though prior attempts have been instantaneous with extreme results. Scientifically, it will be easy for us to throttle to growth.

Hearing Jones say that actually brings comfort. [i]I think you just earned yourself another freebie.[/i]

"So. Yeah." Shanta says, clapping her hands. "What he said."

"Fine. Mr. Jones said you needed to do a test." I fold my arms across my breasts.

"Oh right. Tests." Shanta said, looking at Jones lost.

"You have to forgive Dr. Kulkarni. She attempted to use the method on herself, and it has left her-- for lack of a better word--"

"A slut." I say, shrugging one shoulder.

"Hey!" Shanta said, narrowing her eyes. "I prefer the term Phallic-ally Inclined."

"A slut." Mr. Jones says, with a nod.