The testing equipment they attach me to looks suspiciously like a torture device, or something out of a 1950’s sci-fi movie. A round table with buckles to hold me down. I half expect them to roll out a giant laser gun with rings around the barrel, but instead Shanta comes pushing a cart with a bunch of vials on it.

“Ok. so.” Shanta says, rolling her eyes. “I have to warn you of possibilities here, since we’re under contract to pay you buttloads of money when something goes wrong.”

“Don’t you mean if something goes wrong?” I say, narrowing my eyes.

“Yeah. That’s what I said.”

“You’re not filling me with confidence here. Why do oyu have to strap me down?”

“Easy. We don’t want you falling off the table when your breasts quadruple in size.”

I let out a patient sigh. “You mean if. Right?”

“Yeah. That’s what I said right?”

“I’m really close to this deal being off here.”

“Please be patient, Dr. Kulkarni has a strange sense of humor.” Jones says, giving a small nod. “According to our tests and the results you’ve already faced, there is a good chance you will permanently increase in size by a marginal amount. One cup size.”

“You’re no fun Jonsey.” Shanta says, scowling.

“It’s my job ma’am.”

“It’s a good thing I trust him.” I say, “but is there a catch?”

Shanta settles in front of me, lifting one of my breasts appraisingly. “Depends on how you feel about needles.”

“Needles? Oh hell no. I thought--”

“Your original arrangement involved breast implants,” Jones says, straightening his glasses. “By comparison this is a simple prick of the formula. You may encounter a heightened state of arousal, but there will be no damage.”

I don a sly grin. “So, if I get really aroused Jonesy. You’ll see to my needs right?”

“If that brings you peace of mind, I will fuck you on command.”

“I’m cool with that.”

“So if you’re done flirting up Jones, any questions?” Shanta said, rolling a hand. “You’re not the type to expect me to spell out the finer details are you? Because it’s pretty dull stuff.”

I scrunch up my nose. Some of this crap I think I’m better not knowing. “Can you give me the short version? I flunked out of science class.”

“Ok. The pink stuff is gonna make you horny. Then your tits are gonna get hot, might jiggle a bit more than you’re used to. Then--” Shanta throws her hands out in front of herself. “PPbbblth!”

I smirk. “Really? You couldn’t make a better noise than that?”

“Hey. Fifty bucks says it sounds just like that. I didn’t master bioengineering to get ridiculed by a hooker about my onomatopoeia.”

I scoff, feigning offense. “I prefer the term escort.”

“Well right now,” Shanta says, flicking a needle with her pointer. “You’re being demoted to giant titted inflation slut. So lets see how you bitch after that.”

“Hey you said this was harmless.”

“Harmless? Yep. But you’re gonna love the ride.” Shanta steps closer to the table. The stuff in the syringe glows bright pink. Like Barbie aisle pink. The shit is probably radioactive. I squeeze my eyes shut trying to think about how I’m gonna spend all that liability cash and start counting.

I get to three and a feel the pinch on my right tit. Right on the swell of my breast. But it doesn’t really hurt, just the sort of thing you’d expect from a horny boyfriend who’s had too much liquid courage. on five I feel the same pinch on my left.

I keep counting, trying to hope it didn’t leave a mark. I get a quick flash of growing another nipple at the injection sites, but at seven I forgot what came next. So I counted seven again. My whole body catches on fire, like someone threw me in a giant microwave. A sweat breaks out and my breathing becomes ragged. It punches me hard in me hard between the legs, and suddenly I feel vacant. I need to be filled.

“F--Fuck...” I say. Eloquent shit I know. But the rest of my vocabulary goes right out the fucking window. There’s this word that designates self. When you want people to do something to you? I forgot that fucking word. Warmth runs out of my sex, I cream on the fucking spot. Best fucking orgasm in my life, in a fucking barbie colored syringe.

I squirm like I’m riding the biggest cock I’ve ever dream of. I have half an inch of wiggle room on the table and I milk every last drop of it, sending my lady bumps to bounce wildly. Then... I shit you not:

PPbbblth!

Fuck. I owe that bitch fifty bucks.

Each bounce is more pronounced now, at the lowest point, my tits slap on my stomach, at the highest, right in my line of sight. My mind goes blank and all I can think about is how much cock I can stand to be stuffed inside of me and kids. I shit you not. I want Jonesy to knock me up right fucking now. It passes quick though.

“Fuck...” The word what’s the damned word...? “Fuck me. Fuck me now.”

Jones shrugs a shoulder and unbuckles his pants. “As requested.”

The science table bears everything for him, and saves him the trouble of holding me up. Shanta does something with a metal remote and a steel disk pushes against my lower back, perfect for Jones to hilt me on the first try. I gasp at how fucking hard he is. He wants this as bad as I do. Dirty bastard.

“He places his hands on the round table, bracing and plows me over and over. My nipples swell and jab into his suit, the rough surface maddens me even more. Shanta says something. Jibberish. Science shit. I don’t care. Jones keeps his cool and stares right at me. My tongue lolls out, hungry, begging for attention he doesn’t give me. I want it, but I don’t want it to leave me down there.

My first orgasm on his cock hits me harder than the pink vial induced one. More aggressive than the last one. He keeps solid, like a champ. No where close to bursting. Good man, Jonesy. I try to talk and an incoherent moan comes out instead. Shanta stares at me, real close, glancing between my lewd expression and a fucking note pad.

She smiles. Then licks my cheek. What the fuck? It turns me on more.

I black out, overwhelmed by the sensations racing through me and the next instant Shanta is across the room, looking bored. How much time did I lose? Jones is still fucking me though, so it’s gravy. I let out another moan, glancing down. My tits balance out a bit, I’m pushing a size or two more than what I laid on the table with. My head still feels fuzzy.

“Stop... Stop. I need a minute.” I mean it too. Jones stops his thrusting and eyes me calmly, like a dog waiting for his masters orders. Fucking hot shit right there, that control.

“I can think again. I’m alright. Did everything...?”

“Yep.” Shanta said, holding a page full of math up. “Everything went awesome. And you are the proud owner of some giant boobies. Not too giant, but bigger than we expected. Any complaints? irregularities?”

“Uhhh...?” The figures and advanced formulas set my head to spin. A flash memory of my algebra teacher puts the nail in the coffin of my lady boner. “Yeah. I’m good. Still buzzin’ a bit, but I’m feelin good. You mind taking me off the pinwheel?”

“Sure.” Shanta steps away, pressing a button on the remote. The restraints release and Jones catches me at the waist, I fall limp against him. “If you’re still onboard, you’ll go see the client again tommorrow. Just act a little derpy when you see him, he shouldn’t be asking for sex yet.”

“I can get some rest right? But yeah, I’m still game. I feel good,” I say. I mean it too. “You wanna crash at my place tonight Jonesy?”

“Can’t.” He says, and stands me up straight. “Business.”

He lets me go and backs up a step. The new funbags make it harder to balance, but I adjust quickly. My nipples took a hit this time two close to doubling in size, probably because of the temporary drastic size change.

“Say, Mira. I’ll just take that fifty spot out your pay. Should be a drop in the bucket for the money you’ll be raking it.”

“Probably. Since it won’t the the only time I hear that noise.” I say, smirking. “Nice doing business with you.”