

## **“Drug Trial”**

### **Draft by TROGDOR297**

The boardroom was dark, save for the projected presentation on the screen at the far end of the room. It was the monthly review of ongoing projects at Hempstead Pharmaceutical, and the head of R&D, Bill Hempstead, was reaming out multiple project groups. His angry voice echoing in the dark room had made the mood very tense.

“You have nothing?! Its been three months! What the fuck have you guys been working on!”

“Sorry, sir...we’ve been trying to get a formula ready but...” Answered one of the project leads sitting across from him.

“But NOTHING! Get something workable to me, by the end of the month or your whole team is OUT OF HERE!”

“Sir?! That’s less than a week?!”

“Then you better get fucking busy, Patterson! We don’t pay you to sit around all day, we pay you to develop high end pharmaceuticals!” A hand appeared in the light of the projector, pointing across the table at where Patterson was presumed to be sitting.

“Yes, sir, we’ll get something for you” Replied Patterson, thoroughly broken.

The hand disappeared as Mr. Hempstead addressed the rest of the room. “Anyone else got something to share? Or shall I assume you’re just as useless as Patterson”

There was quiet grumbling around the room. No one wanted to stick their neck out. “Hmph, pathetic...” Hempstead said, voice dripping with derision. “Honestly if it were up to me we’d can the lot of you, and start fresh. A whole room full of eggheads and no ones developed anything new!”

“I have something sir” A voice from the far end of the room.

“Oh yeah? Who is that?” Hempstead asked, still sounding angry.

“My name is Dr. Barbara Pearson. I’ve been working on something...”

Across the table from her came another voice hissing at her “Barb, shut up! We don’t have anything!” Her project team lead, desperately trying to get the attention off of their group.

“Who, the fuck was that?!” Hempstead yelled angrily. “Was that you Jenkins?! Get the fuck out! YOU’RE FIRED!”

“For fucks sake” The other voice said as footsteps could be heard walking around the table, before the door opened and he left.

“Well?” Bill said, prompting her to continue

“It’s something I’ve been developing alongside our project's work. Something for the military, sir.”

“How does it work?” Hempstead asked before reversing his position. “You know what, never mind. I don’t care how it works, if you’ve got something, get it to me by the end of the month. It’s already done testing, right?”

“Yes, sir” She lied. She’d only just recently synthesised a first prototype. But when your job is on the line you’ve gotta take risks.

“Good, I expect a full submittal next week.” Hempstead said, finally sounding somewhat pleased. “You’re dismissed” He said abruptly, at which point the sound of dozens of chairs sliding could be heard as everyone in the room was desperate to get out before being the target of Bill Hempstead’s scrutiny.

Barb exited the room, at which point her old team lead, now no longer employed at Hempstead pharmaceuticals, caught up with her. “What the fuck, Barb! Why didn’t you keep your fucking mouth shut!”

She turned to face him, stopping mid stride. She was tall and thin, her blond hair done up in a tight bun on the crown of her head. She wore thick rimmed black glasses that rested at the top of her nose. She’d been frequently told that she looked like a librarian, which she had always guessed was meant to be a compliment. Today under her white lab coat she wore what she usually did, formal black pants with a modest blouse tucked into it. She had little figure to speak of, and so had never had problems finding cute tops to wear.

“Why didn’t YOU keep your mouth shut Jenkins? You got yourself fired back there, not me” She said jabbing a finger into his chest. She’d been stuck underneath his supervision for too long, and she was glad to be rid of him.

He looked down to where she jabbed him then back at her, face furious. “I was trying to save your ass! We’ve got nothing! We’ve been hitting dead ends for months!”

She crossed her arms over her chest. “No, *you’ve* got nothing. After the second failure I knew we would never get the results we wanted, and so I started working on my own idea. And it has been successful! Or at least...I think it will be”

He smirked “You lied to him. You haven’t done testing yet, have you?”

She rolled her eyes “No, I haven’t, but that’s a minor detail. I’ll figure it out before next week, and then Hempstead will make me project lead, something I’ve deserved for a long time.”

Jenkins scoffed “Mmhmm, whatever you think sweetheart. Just wait until you’re on the hotseat, and we’ll see how you like it. You’re gonna collapse like a house of cards”

“Bite me, Jenkins. I’ve got work to do, unlike you, because, oh, that’s right! You don’t work here anymore!” She turned and walked away.

“See ya around, Barbie!” He called after her. Barb simply flipped him off of over her shoulder, refusing to look back.

She entered her lab a few minutes later. She sat down at her desk with a huff, before resting her elbows on her desk and putting her head in her hands. Maybe Jenkins was right, maybe she was fucked. She had less than a week to conduct testing, and prepare a full presentation. It would be impossible to get subjects for testing so quickly.

Then it hit her. She already had a subject for testing. Herself. What better way to study the effects of her new drug than by tracking her own reaction to it. She’d already created some prototypes, she could start right now.

She pulled open her drawer, removing the small plastic pill bottle that contained 6 small white pills. She popped off the cap, and slid one into her hand. She turned on her laptop, opening the camera recording app. She pressed the red record button, looking straight into the camera.

“My name is Dr. Barbara Pearson. The date is March 26th. Today I am going to begin clinical trials of prototype BP-110.” She held up the white pill between her fingers in front of the camera.

“This pill has been developed by myself, an employee of Hempstead Pharmaceuticals, with the purpose of assisting the military or other such persons who could benefit from its effects. The goal of the drug is to increase the body’s ability to retain fluids. After taking BP-110, when the subject consumes fluids, instead of passing through the digestive tract, into the kidneys and finally the bladder, the fluids will be absorbed by the body’s cells, stored for future use. If successful this will allow soldiers or other such personnel to go long periods of time without consuming or expelling fluids, so long as they stock up ahead of time, similar to how a camel stores fluid in its hump. Of course the intention is for the stored fluids to not be centralised in such a way within the human body, instead all cells absorbing equal amounts of fluid.”

She stared at the little pill in her hand, taking a deep breath. Then she nodded, and swallowed the pill.

“I’ve just consumed a single dose of BP-110. If my calculations are correct, for the next 8 hours my body will store fluids, instead of expelling them. I will proceed to track my status throughout this time period, and at the end of the 8 hours I will conduct another video log.”

She checked her watch. 4:30pm. She set an alarm on her phone for half past midnight. Then she ended the recording. She let out another deep breath, then smiled. “No turning back now!” She said with a chuckle. Before she left, she grabbed her water bottle. She shook it in her hand, the water sloshing inside signalled it was about half full.

“Time to really put it to the test” She said as she unscrewed the cap. She raised the bottle and chugged the water down. She wiped her mouth as she pulled the empty bottle away, taking a moment to catch her breath. She could feel the cold water running down her throat into her stomach. It didn’t feel any different then how it used to. She sighed, feeling disheartened; maybe her formula was a dud. Then she’d be a whole different kind of fucked.

She grabbed her purse and set off. She knew if she went home she’d just end up stressing all night, so might as well try and take the edge off. She’d go to her favourite bar, an upscale bar a few blocks away from the office. As she walked, she began to notice a feeling of tightness across her chest. She blew it off as just stress, even though the sensation seemed to be focused on her skin.

When she walked into the bar she was feeling positively parched. She’d made this walk several times, and it had never left her feeling this thirsty. She sat down at the bar, placing her coat and purse on the stool beside her.

“Hey, Barb, what can I get you?” The bartender asked, recognizing her.

“A pint of lager...actually, make it two pints” She said tapping her chin.

“Expecting someone?” He asked as he filled the first pint glass.

She shook her head “No, just really thirsty”

He laughed, sliding the glass over to her. Without hesitation she raised the glass to her lips and tilted it back. She downed the entire pint in one go, panting to catch her breath when she put the glass down. The bartender grabbed the glass, one eyebrow raised. “You good?”

She nodded, grabbing the other glass, and lifting it to cheers him. As he walked away the bartender could’ve sworn that he saw her shirt grow tighter.

A man in a three piece suit took a seat on the other stool beside her. He lifted his martini in her direction. She looked at him, giving him a polite smile, lifting her beer in response. “What’s your name?” He asked, leaning in.

She rolled her eyes, she didn’t come here to be hit on. Couldn’t a girl just get a drink in peace. “Dr. Barbara Pearson” she said, not looking at him.

“Can I buy you a drink, Barb?” He asked.

She shook her head. “I can buy my own drinks, thanks” She continued to drink her beer, the feeling of tightness on her chest getting worse instead of abating.

The man held up his hand in mock defense “Fair enough, fair enough. Didn’t mean to imply that you couldn’t afford your own drinks”

Barb nodded, ignoring his apology. Her head felt warm, fuzzy. She wasn't a lightweight, why was she feeling so strange? She finished her second beer, signalling the bartender to bring her a third.

The man continued to talk to her, despite her icy disposition towards him. "I guess I just thought when I saw you that...well not to make assumptions, but you looked like you'd come here to try and attract some attention"

She turned her head to face him, her head spinning slightly. She locked eyes on him, giving him a smirk. He was handsome, she had to admit, and he looked good in that suit. "Oh yeah? Why's that, honey?" She asked, coyly. Wait, why had she just called him honey?

He smiled at her. "Well, it's not every day you see cleavage like that!" He gestured to her chest.

She frowned. What the hell was he talking about? She didn't have cleavage. But then she looked down at herself, she was shocked to discover that she most certainly did, quite a lot of it. The tightness she'd been feeling across her chests was her breasts pressing against her blouse. They'd swollen immensely, visibly pressing out the fabric of the top and bulging out at the neckline. She'd reckoned if she removed her top they'd look even bigger. A number of blue veins had appeared on their surface, her skin shiny and smooth.

"Ooo!" She said, raising a hand to her mouth in shock. Barb's mind raced, why was this happening? But more importantly, why didn't she seem to care?

She looked back at the man giving him a guilty smile "Touche, Mr...."

"Mr. Chance" He said, offering her his hand. She grabbed it, giving it a limp wristed shake. "Nice to meet you Mr. Chance!" She said finishing her beer. As she chugged, the stitching on her top strained as her breasts pressed more insistently to escape.

"You sure I can't buy you that drink?" He asked, sliding closer.

"Mmm, yes, I do believe you can!" She said, hiccuping once. She giggled. "Oops!" What was happening to her? She'd never giggled like that before, certainly not for a man.

He chuckled, signalling to the bartender to bring her another drink. The bartender brought another beer, sliding it to her. She grabbed it and eagerly began to drink it. "I don't know why, I'm so thirsty today!" She said with another giggle, setting down the half finished beer. Mr. Chance watched as her breasts squeezed tighter against each other, searching for any space that they could expand into.

"Say, Barb..." He asked her, eyes flicking back up to meet her face.

"Call me Barbie!" She said giddily.

He nodded. "Sure thing, Barbie. Do you...want to get out of here?"

She finished her drink once again, then turned on her stool to face him. "Mmm, that sounds like a great idea, Daddy. Can...can I call you Daddy?" She couldn't believe the words were coming out of her mouth.

He nodded "Yes you may" He stood and offered his hand, which she gladly took. She teetered as she walked, body out of balance. He grabbed her around the waist, holding her steady "Oh thank you, Daddy!" She said leaning into him. Standing outside, he handed the valet his ticket, and a moment later a car arrived. He helped her get into the backseat before sliding in beside her.

Sitting in the back she moaned. "Ugh, my skin really hurts!"

"Here let me help" He said. Reaching up behind her neck, he grabbed the zipper at the top of her blouse and unzipped. At once her breasts surged forward with the newly given slack.

"Oh my god, thank you Daddy! That feels soooo much better! What did you do?" She leaning into him, giving him a kiss on the cheek.

He smiled, as he buckled himself in "I Just undid your top. It was your breasts, they were somehow too big for your top? Thought I don't know how that happened"

"My titties?!" She said in shock. She pulled off her top, completely exposing herself. Each of her breasts was round and firm, projecting off of her rib cage. Her skin was taut and covered in bright blue veins. Each of them was the size of a cantaloupe. In the cool air of the A/C her nipples perked up, going stiff like two little eraser heads.

"Ooo" She cooed "They're so big?! Do you like them daddy?" She asked, turning to look at him and giving them a shake. His eyes locked on them "Mmm, yes Barbie, I do like them"

"Good! I want to make Daddy happy" She said as she edge closer to him.

"I'm glad to hear that. Let's make a stop before we head home, shall we? I want to buy my Barbie a present"

"Ooo, thank you daddy!" She said, clapping her hands and shaking up and down in her seat. The motion caused her jugs to shake rapidly, the effect mesmerising. Still staring at them, Mr. Chance spouted off an address for his driver, and they took off.

The next morning, Dr. Pearson awoke, her head pounding. What had happened last night? She didn't remember much after arriving at the bar. She looked around and then sat up with a start. This wasn't her bed. Where was she?!

She flung the sheets off of her, jumping out of bed. As she did so she caught a look at herself in the full length mirror hanging on a closet door. She looked just as she had the previous morning, except she was wearing clothes that weren't her own. She was wearing a red sheer teddy with black fur trim, except the garment seemed to be designed for someone

much larger than her, the bustier hanging off of her loosely. "What the fuck is going on!?" She cried out loud.

The bedroom door opened and in walked Mr. Chance, carrying two cups of coffee. "Good morning, Barbie" He said with a smile. "Daddy brought you some coffee?"

His smile wilted at her look of disgust. "First off, Barbie?! Don't fucking call me Barbie. Secondly, who the fuck are you?!" "Daddy...?" He said confused.

A terrible thought came to her mind. "Did you drug me?!"

He shook his head vigorously "No! No, no, no! I picked you up at the bar last night. I did buy you a few drinks, but that's all!"

She sneered at him. "Highly unlikely, I don't just go home with strangers."

He shrugged "I had that opinion of you at first as well, but then you sort of came on to me, and so I took a shot? And now here we are...I swear, I'm telling the truth"

She shook her head, she still didn't believe him. She grabbed the edge of the nighty, shaking it at him "And then what about this? Why would you make me wear this, is this some fetish of yours, are these like your ex's clothes?"

"No, I bought that for you last night...You picked it out!" He said.

She laughed "What! Who are you trying to fool? It clearly doesn't fit me!"

He shrugged "It fit you last night"

She laughed again, but as she laughed, he took out his phone. He unlocked it, opened a video and then tossed it to her. She caught it, looking at the screen with disdain. Her mouth fell open at what she saw. The film was taken from his point of view, lying in bed. The focus was her straddling him, bouncing atop his cock. Her hands were on her breasts, which if anything were just slightly too big for the teddy she now wore. The straps on the nighty were stretched tight by the two melons stuffed into it. As she watched, she saw her own mouth moving in the video, so she turned up the volume.

"Oh, yes Daddy! Give me your fat cock! Mmm, thank you! Do you like my big heavy titties daddy! I made them so big just for you!"

She closed the video, throwing the phone on the bed in disgust. "What...what the fuck" She said, looking up to meet eyes with the stranger who she'd just heard herself call daddy.

He nodded "Yeah, I think I'd agree with that sentiment."

She looked back down at herself, at her breasts, the same small B-cup they'd been yesterday morning. "What happened to them?" She asked him.

He sat down on the edge of the bed, taking a sip of his coffee. "Well, it happened just before we went to bed. It was the wildest thing. After we made love for several hours, you suddenly announced that you really had to pee. You scampered off to the ensuite, and, I swear to god, you peed for like 3 minutes straight. You came back out and collapsed into bed, looking like this. I didn't want to bother you, so I figured I'd wait until morning"

Dr. Pearson gasped. "Oh my god...BP-110?!"  
"What?" Chance replied, looking confused.

She sat down on the bed beside him, finally accepting the offered coffee, then proceeded to tell him the story of self testing her prototype drug on herself.

"The fluid storage wasn't supposed to be centralised, but I guess I miscalculated" She said, sipping at her coffee.

"And the bimbo behaviour?" He asked, leaning back on the bed.

"Hey!" She said angrily. "That's fucking rude!?"

He shrugged "Don't get mad at me, you heard how you sounded in the video, that was classic bimbo talk. Some girls are into that kind of thing, y'know? I thought you were just acting out a fantasy, but apparently not..."

She sighed "It must be something to do with the alcohol. I drank water before I left for the bar, and it did nothing, but as soon as I drank a beer..."

He nodded "Yeah within minutes, you went from Ice queen to wanting to jump my bones"

She scoffed, standing up. "Once again, rude"

"I call em like I see em" He said with a smile.

Dr. Pearson stood without another word, pulling off the nighty and started to search for her clothes. She put on her underwear and pants, then realised her top was nowhere to be found. She turned to him. "Where the fuck is my blouse?"

He sipped his coffee with a smile "You threw it out the car window, said your tits were too beautiful to hide. Everyone we passed in my lobby, you stopped to ask them if they'd ever seen bigger tits than yours."

She groaned "Fuck me...do...do you have anything I can borrow?"

He stood and walked to the dresser. He pulled out a plain black t-shirt and tossed it to her. She gratefully put it on. "Thank you" She said, before heading for the door.

"Hey, wait!" He said following her. She turned at the doorway, looking at him sullenly  
"What..."

From his pocket he pulled a card and handed it to her. "My number, call me if you need anything" She rolled her eyes, but took the card, stuffing it into her purse.

She called an Uber and made her way home. As she rode in the back of the car she rubbed her temples. The first test of her product had been...well a failure wasn't quite the word for it, it had done what she'd designed it to do. It just had some side effects that were rather dramatic. Why did the fluid centralise itself within her breast tissue? She didn't understand how she'd messed up the formula.

Then there was the issue of the mind-altering properties. Perhaps it was just a freak accident, like how certain pills occasionally make you throw up. She'd have to do more testing to be sure. The driver dropped her off at work and she made her way in.

That day she spent going through her notes, trying to identify any flaws in her formula, but the chemistry was too dense. There were too many interconnected compounds to correctly identify what specifically had altered the functionality of the drug.

It didn't help that she kept getting distracted, her mind frequently returning to the video she'd seen of herself that morning. It had shocked and appalled her when she'd seen it, the way that she had acted was totally unlike her. She wasn't some bimbo slut, begging for a man's approval. And yet she couldn't deny that the version of her that she'd seen, bouncing on Mr. Chance's cock with her massive tits stuffed into lingerie, had been really enjoying herself. She found herself envying that, which was strange because it was her own self she was envying.

She'd had a few boyfriends over the years, but nothing serious. While she'd enjoyed the relationships for what they were, she'd never felt fully comfortable with them, certainly not enough to open herself up to them, especially her sexuality. She'd never been able to enjoy sex, always feeling guilty or withdrawn, dealing with her own hangups. So the exact opposite of how she'd acted last night, that version of her had got what she wanted and had revelled in it. But was that what she wanted? To be a brainless bimbo? Over the course of the day everytime she went down this path, she always ended up shaking her head. No, she didn't want that life. And yet, thirty minutes later she would be having the same argument with herself over and over again.

She'd lost count on how many times she'd wrestled with this dilemma, when her phone alarm went off. 4:30 pm. Time to test her drug prototype again, and this time she'd avoid alcohol. After recording another short video introducing the testing protocol once more, she consumed the pill, then grabbed her pill and headed to her car. On the drive home she immediately began to feel the same effects that she had yesterday.

"BP-110 seems to induce severe thirst in the subject. Could be a result of cell receptors activating and demanding fluids." She spoke holding her phone up to her mouth while stopped at a red light. She'd accepted that yesterday's clinical trial was a wash, a result of poor planning, but she intended to move forward, including more thorough documentation of the results.

She grabbed the single water bottle she had sitting in the cupholder. She'd grabbed it from a vending machine on the way out of the office, predicting that she'd need it. She unscrewed the cap and chugged the whole thing. "Whew...patient has consumed 500ml of water. Thirst remains unabated."

She then felt a tingling on her chest, followed by a tightening of her skin. She was still wearing the men's t-shirt that Mr. Chance had given her that morning. The cotton shirt was loose on her, lots of room to grow. She glanced down and could see two bumps appearing, her breasts filling with fluid underneath her shirt.

"As identified within the failed first trial, the drug is successful in absorbing fluid into body mass. Drug has failed to decentralise the fluids, instead focusing all absorption in the breast tissue." Very shortly she had full round d-cups underneath her shirt, a proper handful, though nowhere near as large as they'd been the night before. She kept sneaking glances down at herself. They looked good on her, even under this bland t-shirt. Their shapes were exaggerated by the seat belt band running in between them, pulling the t-shirt tight against them.

Stopping at a red light, she smacked her lips. Her mouth had gone bone dry as her body absorbed all possible moisture and shipped it to her breasts. Despite their new mass she felt little discomfort from the region, the skin stretching easily. "Patient feels no physical discomfort, beyond extreme thirst" She spoke into her phone recorder. As she held it up to her mouth she felt it vibrate as the screen lit up. An unknown phone number was calling her.

"Hello?" She said answering it.

"Dr. Pearson? Hello! It's Allan, Allan Chance" The voice of her previous night's suitor emanated from her phone.

She rolled her eyes. "Listen, Mr. Chance, I appreciate you being understanding this morning, but as I said before, last night was not indicative of any sort of interest in you"

"Yes, yes, of course!" He said assuredly. "I was just calling to invite you to dinner. No strings attached. I feel like I took advantage of you, and wanted to do something to make it right"

"Mr. Chance, I don't think..." She started but he cut her off before she could finish her rejection.

"Just as colleagues! It's on me! I have reservations at Chateau Debeaux! My own private booth!"

She raised her eyes at this. That was an impressive reservation to just throw about casually. She'd never be able to afford eating there on her own. She also had no interest in cooking tonight "Alright fine, my phone says I'm 10 minutes away"

"Excellent, see you there!" He said excitedly before hanging up.

Ten minutes later she pulled up in front of the restaurant, and like an excited puppy, there was Mr. Chance standing out front waiting for her. As he saw her he waved, then directed a valet over to assist her.

"It's on me" Mr. Chance said as she stepped up onto the curb. She shrugged "As you wish..."

As they entered the restaurant, the maitre'd rushed over and immediately led them deep into the restaurant, until he brought them to a booth tucked into the back corner. Allan Chance gestured for her to sit across from him as he slid himself into the booth.

"So" He started with a smile "I'm hoping my shirt treated you well today?"

She nodded thankfully looking down at the loose cotton shirt. "Aha, yes. I haven't been home yet, so I wasn't able to change. Thank you again." She involuntarily smacked her lips once again. "Um...can we get something to drink?"

He nodded, waving over a waiter. "Good evening sir, what can I get for you?"

Mr. Chance opened the wine list. "Hmm, what sort of wine are you partial to Dr. Pearson?"

She shook her head. "Oh, no wine, thank you. Just water"

Alan shrugged with a smile, handing the wine menu to the waiter. "Two waters it is"

The waiter nodded before walking away to fetch them their drinks. Allan watched him go, when his face suddenly twitched with realization. He jerked his head back to look at Barbara.

"Wait a minute...no Alcohol. Does that mean...?" He nodded down at her chest.

In answer she grabbed the loose black t-shirt at the sides and pulled it tight across her chest, the motion causing her swollen breasts to appear, visibly pressing against the fabric. He gawked at them for a moment, eyebrows raised, before he returned his gaze to her eyes.

"I'm honestly shocked that after last night you'd dare try again?" He said with a smile.

She rolled her eyes "Firstly, we shall not be speaking of last night. Ever." Chance held up his hands palms forward and nodded his acknowledgement.

She nodded back "Good. And to dispel your doubts, I'll be frank. I've bet my career on this drug working, and one mishap will not stop me from continuing forward. There are plenty of pharmaceuticals that don't mix well with alcohol, this will just be another for the pile. Ah, thank you." The waiter had brought two large glass bottles of distilled water. Mr. Chance moved to unstop one and pour it, but before he could Dr. Pearson grabbed the one before her, opened it and began to chug. She'd downed half the bottle before she stopped for air.

“Sorry about that” She said, wiping off her mouth. “A side effect appears to be extreme thirst.”

He smiled “You have nothing to apologise for. If anything I should be thankful, I get to witness live science!”

She scowled at him “Don’t patronize me Mr. Chance. You and I both know your interest in me has nothing to do with science”

***Author’s note:***

***This story follows the classic “Female Scientist Experiments on herself and becomes a Bimbo” trope. The intention was for her to become more and more covetous of her bimbo alter ego over time, but I couldn’t write/think of a convincing reason for why she would keep accidentally consuming alcohol when she knew what it’s side effects were (hence why I stopped writing at this dinner scene, right when that would happen)***