

Clinical Testing

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. Bill was the son of the son of the company's founder Henry Hempstead, and older brother to its current C.E.O. Andrew Hempstead. Bill felt that he'd been unfairly passed over for the position, and as such was, at all times, an undeniable gigantic asshole. Only the sound of his loud angry voice echoed in the dark room, making the mood very tense.

"YOU HAVE NOTHING?! IT'S BEEN THREE MONTHS!!!! WHAT THE FUCK HAVE YOU DIPSHITS BEEN WORKING ON?!"

"We're 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 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 one's developed anything new!"

"I have something sir..." Came a voice from the far end of the room.

"Oh yeah? Who was that?" Hempstead asked, an edge of fury still in his voice.

"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 their group.

“Who, the fuck was that?!” Hempstead yelled angrily. “Was that you Jenkins?! GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!! YOU’RE FIRED!!!”

“Oh, for fucks sake...” The other voice said, followed by the sound of a chair rolling back and then footsteps heading toward the door.

“Well?” Bill said, prompting her to continue

“It’s something I’ve been developing simultaneously alongside our main projects work; on my own time of course. Something for the military, sir.”

“How does it work?” Hempstead asked, before suddenly 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 synthesized her first prototype. But when your trying to get ahead and your job is on the line, sometimes you’ve got to 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 medium height and build, 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 curves 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 mediocre 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 “Of course. 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 hot-seat, 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 over her shoulder, refusing to look back.

She entered her lab a few minutes later. Sitting down at her desk with a huff, she rested her elbows on her desk and put her head in her hands. She’d been full of bravado when talking with Jenkins but...now the reality was crashing down on her. 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. It was unorthodox, and technically frowned upon but once again...she had to take risks. And 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 would just have to make the names on the results anonymous.

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 singular 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 centralized in any sort 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 optimistically. Before she left, she grabbed her water bottle. She shook it in her hand; the sound of 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 fingers on the bar top.

"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 when 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, hiccupping 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 with a smile “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 leaned 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 it? Though 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 edged 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 pointing at her.

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...Sigh...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. She quickly glanced at it before stuffing it into her purse. It read Allan Chance, President, Chance Industries.

After leaving Chance’s building she called an Uber and made her way to work. 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. Essentially 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 every time 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 that she'd left here yesterday. On the drive home she immediately began to feel the same effects that she had during the first trial.

"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 test 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 really 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 “If you say so...”

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, already up to double D’s. 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"

He feigned outrage. "Dr. Pearson, please! I'm not *only* a rich sleazy pervert!"

Dr. Pearson smirked "Not only?"

Chance gave her a wink before he continued his defence. "I will point out that I invited you without knowledge that you'd be repeating last night's experiment"

Dr. Pearson returned the glass bottle to her lips and continued to swallow, her mouth and throat still feeling dry. After finishing it she set it down as she gasped for air. "Fine, fine. I guess proper due diligence would require an independent witness to verify my findings..."

Mr. Chance grinned "That I would be glad to do. Can I get my name on a paper? I've always wanted to have my name in a journal..."

Barb snorted "Don't count it. It's highly likely none of my research will ever see the light of day". She opened the second bottle and began to drink; her thirst still hadn't abated, if anything it had intensified. Furthermore she noticed there'd been no further swelling.

"What? Why would you think that?" Allan asked. "It seems like this is a pretty impressive breakthrough, no?"

Barb shook her head "Not the right kind. It's supposed to be a supplement to support military units in remote locations. These sort of side effects-" She gestured at her chest "-are detrimental to that application"

Allan nodded, as he rubbed his chin contemplatively. As Dr. Pearson continued to drink the second bottle, he waved over a waiter and ordered two more bottles, as well as a glass of wine for himself.

“Maybe you’re approaching it from the wrong angle” Allan said, leaning forward on to the table. “What if these side effects become the main purpose of the drug?”

Dr. Pearson raised a sceptical eyebrow at him, as she held the glass bottle to her lips and chugged water. Despite all the water she poured down her throat, her thirst refused to relent. And surprisingly her chest still hadn’t grown any further, despite the fact that she’d consumed much more fluid than she had the night before.

“It’s just a thought” Allan said, turning to accept the glass of Merlot the waiter brought for him, alongside two more bottles of water. “It’s not uncommon in the pharmaceutical industry. Like Viagra; it was originally developed as a blood pressure medication, the erections were just a pleasant bonus! You know my company has been looking-”

Barb cut him off “Forget it. Hempstead doesn’t make sex-drugs, plain and simple. Bill Hempstead would tear my head off if I brought him this with these kinds of results”

Barb put down the second empty bottle with a grunt. Her throat was beginning to feel scratchy, her mouth sticky. She’d just drunk over two litres of water; she should be feeling some relief at this point. These results were vastly different than last night’s experience. She unstopped the third bottle and began to drink.

“Still thirsty?” Allan asked as he sipped his wine.

Barb nodded as she gulped down the cold crystal-clear drink. She set down the bottle half empty and let out a distraught moan. “I don’t understand...”

“Don’t understand what?”

“Why the results are so different!” Dr. Pearson said, putting her face in her hands. “It doesn’t make sense, nothing’s changed! Same subject, same formula, same fluid...But now my thirst refuses to be quenched”

“You also haven’t grown as big” Allan added, nodding toward her chest.

Barbara shot him an angry glare. “Thank you for noticing” She said, voice dripping with venom and sarcasm “I don’t give a fuck about that! That was never supposed to happen anyway.” She grabbed the bottle again and resumed chugging water down, but still her body screamed at her to quench its thirst.

"Why!" She said angrily, having finished the third bottle. "Why, why, why?! Why isn't it working the same!? Why isn't my thirst going down!? I did everything the same...I don't understand...Why did I think I could do this...fully test a drug in one week on my own...These kinds of trial runs usually take months at best! There are just so many unknowns..."

Allan gave her a sympathetic look across the table. "I'm not a scientist but...I at least can say that you didn't do *everything* the same"

Dr. Pearson looked over at him "What? What do you mean?"

Allan nodded at his glass of wine "You didn't only drink water yesterday"

Barb stared at the deep glass of Merlot "Ok, sure...but...that couldn't...hmm... maybe... maybe something in my formula, perhaps one of the alkylamides reacted with the Ethanol in the beer."

Allan gave her a blank look, completely lost on the science "Seems...feasible?"

Barb continued to meditate as she looked at his wine "Yes...that maybe it...my formula is incomplete...the initial formula triggers the change in the body, but it needs a catalyst for the reaction to reach its completion!"

Allan shook his head "Meaning..."

Dr. Pearson reached across the table and grabbed a hold of his wine glass. "Meaning I won't stop feeling thirsty until I consume some alcohol to catalyse the formula and allow the reaction to reach completion." She lifted the glass to her lips then stopped, looking across the table so her eyes met Allan's.

"Mr. Chance" She said

"Yes, Dr. Pearson?"

"There's a very likely chance that after I drink this my demeanour will...change. Can you promise me that you won't take advantage of me like you did yesterday?"

Allan nodded at her, face serious. "Of course. Tonight, I'll be the perfect gentleman and watch over you. No one will take advantage of you, me or anyone else"

Barb studied him for a moment. He seemed sincere. And who else could she trust right now?

Without another word she lifted the glass to her mouth and drank the Merlot down, tipping the glass until she'd swallowed the entirety of it.

“Yesterday I consumed four alcoholic beverages, which left me in that highly suggestible state. I’m hoping that one drink will be enough to trigger the reaction, but not so much to leave me as...”

“A bimbo?” Allan said.

Barb shot him an icy glare. “Once again, that’s rude. I was going to say it would leave me as someone incapable of maintaining normal behaviour.”

Allan shrugged “I still don’t see what the big deal is with that word...Oh...I think it’s working?”

Barb looked down at herself. He was right, her breasts had begun to swell again, pushing out the front of the black shirt she wore. She could feel them getting heavier, fuller as her formula’s reaction did its job. They were growing faster than they had yesterday, as they hit cantaloupe size and kept swelling. As she watched them expand more and more underneath the loose shirt she wore, which quickly was becoming less and less loose, she theorized that it was because she’d drunk so much water before she triggered the second half of the reaction. Now her body, or more accurately her tits, were just catching up.

“Interesting” She muttered “Amount of growth seems to scale with amount of fluid consumed.”

“How do you feel?” Allan asked from across the table.

“A bit better” Barb answered, much of the vitriol that had laced her words before gone. “Still quite thirsty, but the wine definitely took the edge off. Still, I’d like to know exactly how much is necessary to fully catalyse the reaction”

“So...more wine?” Allan said.

“Yes, please!” Barb said with a friendly smile. Oh no...she thought. That reaction was far too familiar. She still felt like herself for the moment, hopefully one more glass wouldn’t push her over the edge.

Allan signalled for the waiter to bring him a refill, then turned back to face Barb. “So, tell me...if it’s not too much...how do *they* feel?”

His eyes were locked on to her bust, which was very prominent now. Her breasts had stopped swelling for the moment, but they’d reached an impressively large size. Each one was round, and heavy, the shape of an overfilled balloon. Sitting back in the booth, they hovered over the table top, projecting about 8” off of her torso. The shirt he’d given her was beginning to feel tight across her chest. The soft cotton of it tickled her bare nipples.

Barb frowned at him “Don’t be a creep, Allan! I’m not going to talk about my breasts for you, you perv.” She was too outraged to notice the slight change in her speech pattern, becoming more casual, less clinical.

Allan shook his head “You do me wrong, Dr. Pearson. I was asking for scientific purposes! You asked me to be an independent observer, didn’t you?”

Barb narrowed her eyes at him suspiciously. “I did...but still...”

“It’s fine, if you’re not comfortable, I won’t press it” Allan said with an affable smile “Ah, here’s our refills” The waiter had returned with two more glasses of Merlot on a tray.

“Cheers” Allan said as he handed her the other glass.

Barb took it, still watching Allan carefully. Maybe he *was* just trying to be a good witness for her trial run...regardless she had to press on. She lifted the glass to her lips and drank down the merlot. After a few moments she felt her thirst abate further, shrinking to just a mild tickle in her throat.

Barb closed her eyes and took a few deep breaths as she felt a bloom of warmth tingle from her chest, the familiar buzz of alcohol. She was still fine...she was still in control.

“Alright, how about now?” Allan asked. “Still thirsty?”

“Mmm, a bit...” Barb said, her voice sounding bubblier. “Ooo, I’m growing again!”

It was a short spurt this time, from only the glass of wine, but it added another inch in diameter to each breast. “So big...” Both hands came up and cupped each one, hefting them up slightly, feeling their firm weight.

Allan nodded “Yes, yes they are...”

Barb looked up from her chest towards him. “You like?”

Allan nearly spit his wine across the table when she asked him the question, his reaction eliciting a tittering giggle from Barb...or perhaps Barbie.

“Do I like them? Um...I mean...yes, of course. But that doesn’t mean I want to...I told you I wouldn’t...”

“I know, Allan” Barb said still grinning, as her hands began to feel herself up. “I remember you promised me there’d be no funny business. I just wanted to know what you thought of them!”

“Right...sure” Allan said, his face beginning to go red. “Well, I think they’re amazing; I think *you’re* amazing.”

“Aw, thank you, Allan! That’s very sweet of you. Thank you again for taking me to dinner”

Allan smiled back, his discomfort fading. “Of course. I’m happy to do it. So, you said you’re only a bit thirsty? That sounds manageable, I guess? So, two drinks is the magic number?”

Barb nodded "Guess so." Her hands had slid underneath her shirt, to feel her taut round flesh directly. Allan could see her hands moving around underneath the black t-shirt as she massaged and kneaded her bowling ball sized breasts.

"Mmm, sensitivity has definitely increased" Barb said, letting her eyes close as she sat back into the booth. "Very... pleasurable"

"Should...should I be writing any of this down?" Allan asked as he watched her continue to feel herself up. Surely, she was just being thorough for scientific posterity...

"Why?" Barb asked, letting out a short high-pitched moan when her fingers found her nipples and gave them a squeeze. "Oh god...yes" She muttered to herself.

Allan looked over his shoulder to be sure they hadn't attracted any undue attention. Nobody was looking at them...yet. "For your experiment!" Allan asked as he turned back to face her. "You know...your formula? We were testing how your body reacted when you drank more wine?"

"More wine?" Barb said, pulling herself out of her session of self-exploration. "Yes, I'd love some more!"

"No, that's not what-Hey!" Before he could react, Barb reached across the table and grabbed his glass of wine, and downed it with a giggle.

"What happened to two glasses being enough!" He said.

"Enough for what, Daddy?" Barbie said, all hints of her controlled, intelligent persona gone. "Enough for me to suck your delicious cock under the table? I don't need wine to do that!"

"Wait, what...hey! Barb!" Allan's confusion turned to shock, as suddenly Dr. Pearson slid from her seat down underneath the table. "Dr. Pearson! What are you doing?!"

"Tee hee hee! Don't worry Daddy, I'm coming!" He heard her say from under the table.

Their table shook as she crawled on all fours towards him, until he felt a hand on his legs sliding towards his zipper. "Dr. Pearson!" He hissed "Please get out from the table. You made me promise that I wouldn't take advantage of you!"

Lifting the edge of the white table cloth he could see Barbara Pearsons face looking up at him from between his legs, a sad frown on her face. "What's wrong Daddy? Don't you want your Barbie to make you feel good?" Beneath her face he could see the neckline of his black t-shirt stretched out from the weight of her bust that hung off of her, nearly reaching the floor in her current position.

"Yes...I mean, No! Dr. Pearson, please!" Allan pleaded, though internally he was deeply conflicted. On the one hand he'd given her his word, that he wouldn't do anything to her or let anything happen to her. That should mean something. On the other hand...the erection in his pants was making some convincing arguments to the contrary.

The sudden unexpected arrival of the waiter standing across the table from him made Allan yelp with shock, dropping the table cloth and hiding Barbara from view. "More drinks Mr. Chance, or are you and your friend ready to order...Should I wait for her to return from the lavatory?"

Allan froze, unable to decide what to do. He was very distracted by the hands he felt grabbing for his fly. While still looking up at the waiter he tried to reach under the table cloth to grab her wrists but found it difficult. She was very determined to get his zipper down.

"Uh...Yeah." Allan said. "How about you...uh, come back in a few. I don't know what my friend wants to order"

"I want the sausage, heh heh heh" Came Dr. Pearson's muffled voice from under the table. She'd managed to undo his belt and was working on the button of his fly. Every time he tried to grab on to her to stop, she slapped his hands away.

"Pardon? Did you say something sir?" The waiter asked.

Allan shook his head, teeth gritted into a grimace as he wrestled against Barbie's advances. "No. Just come back in like 5 minutes, ok?!"

The waiter frowned, confused and concerned with Mr. Chance's agitated response, but so be it. Allan Chance was a good tipper, why bother him over five minutes.

Back at the table, Allan tried to scootch his chair away, but Barb had a good hold on him. Pulling the tablecloth back up he was greeted by her beaming at him, or more accurately his crotch. At some point during his conversation with the waiter, she'd removed her shirt, and so now she was crouched under the table with her chest...and those incredible, massive round breasts, completely bare. They made the pair she'd had last night look small.

In his pants his erection throbbed, pressing against his pants leaving a visible imprint. Barb cooed with delight as she saw it, her eyes widening. "Oh, there's Daddy's cock! I knew he'd be happy to see me!"

"Barb!" Allan whispered angrily "Stop it! Just Stop! I know you don't want this! It's just your formula!"

Barb pouted as she looked up at him "Daddy, why are you being mean! Am I not enough of a good girl for you? Don't you want your bimbo Barbie to suck you off? Don't you want me to choke on that big fat cock? Because that's what I want!"

Allan finally was able to grab on to her wrists, which prevented her from pulling his pants down any further. "No, you don't! It's just your formula, it's messing with your mind."

Barb rolled her eyes in annoyance "I'm just a little drunk, Daddy, that's all. Come on, let's have some fun!"

"I said No!" Allan said firmly.

"Poo! You're no fun! Well, if you won't have fun with me, then I'll find someone else. Maybe there's someone here who'll treat me right"

Allan groaned with frustration. "There's no one here, we're leaving. Just...put your...or I guess *my* shirt back on"

Barb grinned back up at him "And hide my big, beautiful bimbo boobies! No way! I'm going to walk right out into the middle of the restaurant and find myself a new Daddy!" She started to crawl out from the under the table, only stopping when Allan moved to block her path.

"Barb please...just put your clothes on and I'll take you home"

Barb giggled under the table. "What's wrong, don't want me to show off for all the other boys?"

Allan sighed "No, of course not. I promised I wouldn't let anything happen to you"

She smiled up at him "Ooo, my Daddy's jealous! I like that. Well Daddy, it's your choice...either you play with me...or..." She bit her lower lip teasingly "I go play with them?"

Allan's jaw dropped in shock at the ultimatum. He had not seen this coming. Barbara's bimbo persona had entrapped him quite devilishly. Looking back over each shoulder, he let out a sigh as he gazed back down at her under the table. If she was dead set on something happening, it should at least be with him so he could control the situation. Speaking of controlling the situation...he needed some insurance.

Dropping his voice to a hushed whisper, he fished his phone out of his pocket. "Alright Barbie, I'll play with you...just first I need you to do something for me"

Barb grinned up at him "Anything for you Daddy!"

Opening his phone camera, he hit record and pointed it down at her below the table. "Just...tell me what you just told me"

"Why?" She asked with a giggle.

"So, you don't get mad at me later"

"Oh ok! Hi future Barbie! I'm about to suck Daddy's big juicy cock!"

Allan groaned "But why, Barb, explain why!"

"Because...because I want to? And because Daddy's jealous and only wants me to suck his cock?" Barbie said, sounding like she was guessing.

"And because if I don't do this with you, you'd go off with those other men?"

Barb smiled “Oh yes! Me and my big boobies just want to have some fun, and if Daddy won’t have fun with me, I’ll find somebody else!”

Allan sighed, as he stopped the recording. That would have to do.

Looking around, to check to see if anyone was watching, he slid his chair forward, until his abs were touching the edge of the table, his lab fully underneath the tablecloth. Reaching under, he unzipped his pants and pulled them down slightly. Barb’s eagers hands quickly pulled down his underwear, freeing his throbbing erection.

“Ok just...be quiet” Allan said. “I really like eating here and I don’t want to get-*Oh Fuuuuck*”

Allan was far from inexperienced in terms of his love life. He’d had dozens of blowjobs before, and at least a handful or two that he would have said were really good. Those were blown away by this.

To say that what Barb did to him that night was a good blow job, would be like saying the Burj Khalifa was sort of a tall building. It wasn’t a blow job, it was a blow *career*.

She’d gone straight to deepthroating him without warming up, her lips sliding along the shaft of his cock until her nose almost touched his pubes. She held him there, making stifled gagging noises as her tongue ran back and forth along the underside of his meat, until she pulled back to his tip. The tip of her tongue tickled his frenulum as her hands stroked his cock up and down, her grip gentle but firm.

Back and forth she went with her head along each side of his cock now, using her tongue to cover it with saliva so every inch of his girth was slick. Then she returned her mouth to his tip and slid it all the way in before pulling back, and then repeating it. In and out his cock went, as her head bobbed back and forth from tip to base with remarkable speed.

Up above Alan gripped the edge of the table desperately to hold himself up. His legs had turned to jelly, his core muscles like limp noodles from what she was doing to him. Dr. Pearson was a goddamned demon, sucking his soul away under the table. Allan prided himself on his stamina when it came to women; but he’d never felt anything like this. She’d only been working on him for a minute and he felt like he was ready to bust.

“Sir? Are you ready to order?”

Allan went white as he opened his eyes to see the waiter standing before him. There was no way that he couldn’t tell what was happening right now. Allan was half slumped in his seat, sweat starting to bead on his brow, jaw clenched and eyes half-lidded. Barb, to her credit, wasn’t making a ton of noise, but the sound of her mouth sliding up and down his shaft was faintly present, as well as the occasional gagging noise she made when she pushed his tip in too deep.

“Uh...Just...Fuck...Just the check, thanks” Allan grunted.

The waiter looked at him blankly for a moment before nodding "As you wish, sir" He walked away, though he gave Allan a suspicious look over his shoulder.

Barb paused for a moment, pulling off to just hold his cock in her hands and lick the head like an ice cream cone. "Mmm...I really love your cock, Daddy!"

Allan let out a low moan from deep in his chest as she teased him. "Fucking hell..."

"Tee hee! I think your cock love me too!" Then she dove back on to it, moving with greater voracity. Each of her immense breasts pressed into his shins each time she pushed her head down onto his shaft. One of her hands gripped his cock around the base to keep it steady, while the other had a clutch on his sack, gently squeezing it.

"Ah! Ahhh!! Hnng...Fuck!!!" Allan grunted heavily, his hips bucking involuntarily as he came. Barb forced his cock deep into her throat as she swallowed his entire load, holding his cock in for a few seconds after his orgasm subsided. She pulled back off his softening shaft, giving its head a kiss as she tucked it back into his underwear. "Thank you, Daddy!"

Allan leaned on the table for support, his entire body tingling from the intense release. He couldn't remember the last time he'd come that hard. "I...we...we need to go" He panted.

Barb nodded "Ok, whatever you say!" She started to crawl out from under the table, until Allan stopped her.

"Whoa! Hold on, you don't have a top on!"

Barb looked at him as if he was stupid "So? I don't care if they see my titties?"

Allan sighed "Ok, but I care. Just...uh...one sec" Quickly he began to move the glasses and cutlery off of their table on to the floor beside. Then he pulled the long white tablecloth off of it. "Ok, get up" He instructed. Barb did as she was told, which allowed Allan to wrap the tablecloth around her, covering up her bare chest. It was thankfully large enough to cover her massive bust, each breast the size of a basketball.

"Alright let's go" Taking her by the arm he began to walk her out. They drew some looks as they moved through the restaurant, but not as many as if she'd been topless. He passed the waiter on his way out and waved him over.

"Charge the drinks to my office...and this" he said gesturing to the table cloth he was stealing.

The waiter looked at Barb with wide eyes, who just grinned back at him, giving him a wink. "Uh...yes...of course, Mr. Chance"

Allan clapped him on the shoulder "Leave yourself a good tip. Thanks" Then together he and Barb left.

Allan helped her into his car outside, then got in himself. "Ok, where do you live?"

Barb giggled at him "I'm not telling! I want to come home with you, Daddy!"

Allan groaned as they drove off. Barb would not be happy in the morning.

She was not.

For the second morning in a row Dr. Barbara Pearson awoke in Allan Chance's bed. As soon as she realized where she was, she leapt from the mattress, already fuming.

"ALLAN!" She yelled. "ALLAN, WHAT THE FUCK?!"

She stomped into the living room to find him lying on his couch, blankets over him. Blinking the sleep from his eyes he looked up at her. "Ugh...Good Morning to you too..."

"Allan, you piece of shit!" Barb said, absolutely furious. "You promised me that you wouldn't take advantage of me! And yet here I am waking up in your apartment again, after you've slept with me!"

Allan sat up, the blankets falling off of him, revealing his bare chest. "Ok...I understand that you're mad. But first let me try to explain"

"Explain what, how you basically date raped me!"

Allan sighed "It's a little more complicated than that...for one....I didn't sleep with you"

This took the wind out of Barb's sails a bit. "You...you didn't?"

Allan shook his head. "No. After I took you back here, I put you to bed, then I slept out here on the couch."

Barb frowned "Then why am I here at all?"

"Well...because you wouldn't tell me where you lived..." Allan said.

"Why not?" Barb asked, feeling she wouldn't like the answer.

Allan chuckled "Because you told me 'I want to come home with Daddy'"

Barb gasped "I did not!"

Allan shrugged "You definitely did"

It was Barb's turn to groan. It was coming back to her now. She remembered much more of last night than she had the previous night which had been a total blackout. She

remembered growing much bigger, her breasts larger than her head. She remembered him covering her with a tablecloth.

“So...we didn’t do anything?” She asked.

Allan grimaced “Well...I wouldn’t say that...”

“What...” She said icily.

Allan sighed as he braced himself for the storm “You...you sucked me off under the table in the restaurant...”

The image flashed into her mind. Her under the table, his cock in her mouth as she desperately tried to fit as much of his girthy meat into her mouth and down her throat.

“Oh, for fucks sake, Allan! You fucking shithead prick, you did take advantage of me!” She yelled, though her heart wasn’t in it. She was feeling very conflicted on the matter now.

Allan held up one hand to defend himself as his other grabbed his phone. “Hold on! Just...watch this” He started the video he’d recorded of her the previous night, then handed the device to her.

Barb watched in silence as herself...a different version of herself...peered up at Allan from beneath the table, and proudly explained that she was about to go down on him, of her own free will, specifically because if it wasn’t him, she was going to essentially let herself be gang-banged by the other men in the restaurant.

After watching the video more memories welled to the surface. A feeling bubbled up from inside her...a reminder of how satisfied she’d felt slobbering on his meat, how much she’d deeply enjoyed it. And the sudden temptation to do it again...right here...right now.

Her eyes drifted towards Allan’s lap which was still covered by the blankets. She shook her head, tearing herself away. “Oh god, what’s wrong with me!”

“What?” Allan asked.

Barb slumped into the couch beside him. “I’m a scientist! Someone to be taken seriously! I’m not the kind of girl who sucks off rich men under the table in restaurants!”

Allan nodded “I agree! You only did that because of the formula?”

Barb looked up at him. “Then why did I like it so much?”

Allan shook his head “You mean last night?”

Barb looked away “No, I mean right now. I remember it now...and I like it. I liked being like that...liked giving you pleasure like that. I even maybe want to do it again...”

Allan smiled, and started to pull off his blankets, when Barb shot him a cold look "I didn't mean right this second, you jackass. Read the room!"

Allan went red with embarrassment "Right, sorry"

Barb sighed "It's fine. Besides, I have more important things to worry about right now. I've only got 5 days until I have to present something shelf ready to the board! I don't have time to be fretting over my own sexual hang-ups"

"Fair. So ,what's next then?" Allan asked.

"That is the question..." Barb said staring off into space "The revelation last night about how the alcohol triggered the formula was quite critical. I'm going to start by adjusting the formula today and see if I can nail down which specific compound is troublesome. Beyond that I need to do more testing...preferably on a male subject. I'll need to have test results for both genders if I want to take this thing all the way."

Allan shrugged "Well...I'd be happy to volunteer?"

Barb smiled at him, the first genuine sober smile she'd given him "I'd appreciate that, Allan. Thank you. You know where my office is?"

He nodded

"Good" She continued. "Swing by around 4:30 this afternoon, I should be ready by then" Feeling more confident, she stood and walked back to his bedroom, where she redonned her pants and then stole a t-shirt from his closet. "Don't be late!" She said over her shoulder as she left him alone on the couch.

Allan walked through the glass doors of the facility, feeling nervous. He'd found himself thinking about Dr. Pearson throughout the day, for multiple reasons. Obviously, the sexual dalliances had been out of this world, but it was more than just that. He wanted this formula issue to work out for her, he felt invested in her success now.

After wandering aimlessly through the halls for a bit, he resorted to texting her for directions. She set him straight and a few minutes later he walked into the large white room that was her laboratory. Stainless steel casework lined the walls, with several computers set up in various locations. A few test-tubes sat in a rack filled with a clear liquid, and on a central table was a small plastic basket with a number of white pills within.

Dr. Pearson was facing away from him when he entered, bent over one of the countertops writing notes furiously.

"Hello?" He said into the quiet room.

Barb stood up straight letting out a startled yelp "Jesus, Allan. You scared me!"

Allan gave her a shrug and a smile “Sorry? You did know I was coming...”

Barb nodded “I suppose. And now you’re here.” She looked as nervous as Allan felt.

“What is it? What’s wrong?” Allan asked, sensing the tension.

Barb shook her head, as she turned back to her notes. “Nothing. Everything is fine. If you’re ready we can proceed with your testing”

“I’m ready” Allan said as he stepped in to the center of the room, stopping before the table. He’d worn his typical business attire, black suit, fashionable tie. He was a splotch of darkness in the center of a room made up of white and chrome. Even Barb was dressed in white, her long stark lab coat over the plain white tee she’d taken from his closet.

“So, had any luck with the formula?” He asked, as he looked down at the pile of pills.

Barb turned back around, smiling “Yes! I’ve fixed it! It should be perfect now. No more problems” She walked over to a nearby mini fridge and pulled out a case of water bottles, then hauled them over to the table. Pulling out one of the bottles she handed it to him. “Take one of those pills. You should feel the effects of the formula begin shortly”

Allan unscrewed the cap off the water bottle before he grabbed a pill from the pile and popped it in his mouth. Swallowing it with a swig of water, he settled in to wait. Dr. Pearson was right, very quickly he began to feel a tightening in his throat. Soon after his mouth went sticky.

“Oh wow...” He said, his voice raspy. “You weren’t kidding when you said extreme thirst is a side effect...”

Barb patted the case of water bottles “Help yourself, Mr. Chance”

Allan had already started to chug the first bottle he’d opened, as his free hand reached for another. He sucked the water down desperately, bottle after bottle. He’d swallowed 6 whole water bottles and still the feeling hadn’t let up.

“I thought you fixed it?” He said “How long am I going to feel like this...”

Barb walked over to the far counter and returned with a tray of large test-tubes, each filled with a clear liquid. “The formula needs to be catalysed” she said, voice clinical. “When you’re ready to move on to the second phase, drink this. You’ll need to swallow all of it. And I’ll warn you it doesn’t taste good so be ready”

Allan nodded as he finished drinking a 7th water bottle. He stepped over and grabbed one of the test tubes and brought it to his lips, tipping it up. The clear liquid burned his tongue in a familiar way as he drank it, sending tingles down his throat. He swallowed it all, a deep warmth beginning to spread through him.

“Ugh...” He grunted. “You weren’t kidding. What was that?”

“Vodka” Barb said with a smile.

Allan did a double take “...Vodka?!”

“Cheap Vodka” Barb further explained. “About 4 shots worth”

Allan began to feel dizzy, his body growing warm. “But...I thought you said you fixed the formula?”

Dr. Pearson nodded. “Oh, I did. The formula is working exactly as I wanted it to”

Allan leaned against the table, shakily. He felt strange, his conscious mind was beginning to fade. He also felt something stirring between his legs, a pressure...a swelling.

Barb walked away from the central table, toward a switch on the far wall. With a tap of a button the clear glass front wall of the laboratory turned to frosted glass, ensuring privacy from onlookers. Then she walked back over to stand right beside Allan.

“Here, let me help you” she said as her hands went to his belt and began to undo it.

Allan let out a groan before he spoke “I...I don’t understand. You said... you fixed it?”

Barb nodded as she pulled his belt free, and then began to undo his pants. “Well Allan, I did some thinking today. I realized that...you were right. I have done something groundbreaking here, something that I should be proud of. But furthermore...I shouldn’t be ashamed of my kinks. Being a bimbo...temporarily at least...made me feel sexy. And so when I say I fixed the formula, I didn’t mean I removed the growth, or the mind-altering function. I just removed the amnesia part. Now...you’ll get to remember all of this”

Allan gawked as she pulled down his pants unveiling his soft cock...which was 9” long. It hung off his body down to his mid thighs. Dr. Pearson gave it an appraising look, as she stood back up. She walked back over to the counter and began to make notes “Formula appears to affect male subjects in the manner predicted. Substantial growth to genitals has occurred. State of mind yet to be determined”

Barb turned around to face Allan “Tell me, Mr. Chance, how are you feeling?”

Allan stared at her with half-lidded eyes, chest heaving as he took in air. “I want you...” He said, voice low and gravelly. “Now...”

Barb turned her back to him as she began to write once more. “Mental faculties appear to be similarly impacted as female subjects. Sexual desires appear to be the main driver in this state of mind. How far subject is willing to go has yet to be-”

Barb stopped as she suddenly felt his presence behind her. His hands fell upon her shoulders, not rough, but firm, holding her against him. His mouth touched the crown of her head, just breathing her scent in.

“Allan...” She said quietly. Part of her said she should stop this right now; this was supposed to be a clinical trial. But she felt frozen there, with him pressing against her. She couldn't deny that despite the odd situation they found themselves in, she'd still developed a crush on the man. He was handsome, tall, powerful, all things she found very attractive. And now he was in a hyper-sexualized state of mind, and the focus of his desire...was her.

He breathed in deeply with his nose, the hairs on the top of her head lifting slightly from the flow of air. When he breathed out he rumbled a growl from deep in his chest. The sound sent a pleasurable shiver down Barb's spine. It was almost, but not quite enough to distract her from the sensation of something touching her leg.

She looked down already knowing what she'd felt. Allan's cock was coming alive, growing hard for her. It had gone from hanging off his body to slowly but steadily rising to attention. It rose up between her legs, getting longer and longer as blood pumped into it. The natural arc of his shaft had become further enhanced from the formula. As it reached its full size, easily 18" in length, it rubbed against her undercarriage where it passed between her legs before bending up towards her, his tip nearly at the height of the bottom of her rib cage.

His long shaft throbbed continuously as it hung in the air before her. Allan's hands still held her shoulders, his mouth still buried in her hair.

He was waiting for her to make the first move.

Tentatively Barb lifted a hand and gently wrapped her fingers around his shaft in front of her, and slowly slid their way down its silky smooth length.

Allan let out a guttural grunt as she touched his cock, his hands moving from her shoulders down to her chest, pulling her against him tightly. His head moved down to kiss her neck, his breath hot and wet on her nape.

“Allan...” Barb said panting, one hand still gripping his cock. “Wait...” Reaching behind her she pushed him gently off of her, carefully sliding his cock out from underneath her. Allan stared at her with wild eyes as she turned to face him, but for the time being he was obedient.

Quickly she walked over to the central table. As she walked, she began to undress herself, stripping off her coat, and then his t-shirt. Finally, her pants came off, thrown away casually onto the floor. She stood nude before him as she reached for a pill on the table.

“If we're going to do this...we're going to do it right!” she said with a grin. Then she swallowed the pill, before reaching for two water bottles at once. She sucked the liquid down as fast as she could, replacing empty bottles with full ones one at a time. Coming up for air after 8 bottles of water, she grabbed one of the Vodka test tubes and downed it one go.

“Come here...Daddy” Barb said as she felt her mind begin to twist. “Come feel your Barbies titties grow!”

Allan stalked over to her like a beast in heat, wrapping his arms around her and embracing her tightly. He held her from behind, his twitching cock pressed in between him and her, as his hands gripped her chest. His breathing was animalistic in Barb’s ear, and it drove her wild. His hands eagerly squeezed the flesh of her breasts, as they began to grow in his grasp. They swelled to a handful, then more, then even more. 6”, 8” a foot. Soon her breasts had expanded to the taut round orbs they’d been last night, basketball sized fleshy globes.

“Mmm...Oh yes!” Barb squealed. “Feel how big they are Daddy! Do you like how huge and fat my titties are!”

Allan let out a guttural grunt, as his cock surged against her back, his hands groping and massaging her immense orbs. Barb let out a giggle “Ooo...Daddy...I can feel how big you are...Mmm...I want to feel you Daddy...feel it inside me”

Effortlessly Allan hefted her into the air and over his shoulder, her legs kicking and flailing against his chest as her breasts hung over his back. Barb shrieked with delight at being manhandled as he carried her over to the central table. With a single swing of his arm he cleared the surface of the carefully place items, sending them scattering to the floor. Then he heaved with his shoulder, pulling her forward and setting her down on the table on her back.

“Ooo, Daddy!” Barb purred. “I like you like this! So big and strong...such a good, Daddy.” She spread her legs before him, one hand coming down between them to play with herself. “Mmm...I’m nice and wet for you. Ready to take your big, juicy, cock...”

Allan snarled like a wolf, as he loomed over her. With one hand around the shaft, he pulled his cock down until the tip was pointing at her pussy. Then he stepped forward and guided himself into her. It was a tight fit, the formula had enhanced his girth as well as his length, but not so much that he was too large.

“Oh, fuck yes!” Barb cried as the head of his cock stretched her wide, pushing into her. “Fill me up, Daddy!”

Allan thrust his hips forward, hands holding on to Barb’s ankles as he held her legs up and apart. His cock slid into her, deeper and deeper, until at last he hit bottom...still with 8” of shaft remaining outside of her. Barb’s mouth was open though she didn’t speak. Instead, she just let out short choppy moans, as her tongue lolled free.

With a loud heavy grunt, Allan pulled out and then thrust back in, filling her fully with each move. Each time his cock slid in Barb let out a tiny little shriek of pleasure “AH! AH! AH! AH! AH!” On her chest, her massive breasts shook back and forth each pump of his cock, her hands desperately trying to hold them still.

After going at it in this way for a few minutes, Allan pulled out, his cock still rock hard. He breathed heavily from the exertion, but there was still wild desire in his eyes.

Barb gingerly pushed herself up to sitting, her breasts flopping forward onto her lap. "I know what you need Daddy" She cooed at him. "You need something big enough to take all of your big cock at once!" With a grin, she pulled her breasts apart offering her cleavage to him. Allan's eyes stared at her with primal hunger as he stepped toward her, sliding his cock in between her breasts.

Once in place, she squeezed her breasts together from each side, almost completely enveloping his cock where they mashed together. "Got you, Daddy!" Barb said with a giggle. "Now show me how much you love my big titties..."

Allan let out a guttural noise that sounded like an angry grizzly bear as he began to thrust up in between her breasts. His cock was still slick with her pussy juices, and so it slid easily in between the two massive pillowy mounds.

"That's it, Daddy!" Barb moaned as her whole body shook with the impact of each thrust into her chest. "Give it to me..."

Allan roared as his thrusting reached a fever pitch of motion, until he gave one final forward thrust, pushing the tip of his cock up until it stuck up out of the top of her cleavage. With a giggle, Barb opened her mouth, just in time for it to be painted with his cum as his tip erupted with semen.

Barb licked her lips as she swallowed his load, while Allan stumbled backward body drained. He collided with the counters on the back wall, then slid down to the floor. Barb hopped off the table and skipped over to join him, snuggling up next to him on the floor.

"Mmm, thank you Daddy" She whispered as she pressed her breasts against him. Allan wrapped an arm around her shoulder and pulled her close, as a quiet primal grunt echoed from his throat.

Hours later they awoke, their bodies returned to normal. The lab was dark, the office's timed lighting having turned off at midnight.

"Allan?" Dr. Pearson whispered into the darkness.

"Yeah?"

"How do you feel?"

"Well...I really have to pee...but other than that, I feel good?"

"Me too...How much do you remember?"

Allan's hands found Barb's in the dark and squeezed them "I remember all of it. Every moment"

“Same!” Barb said. “It worked! Now...now I just have to figure out how to market this to the board”

Through the pitch black she heard Allan chuckle. “I may have an alternate solution”

“Well, Patterson, that was absolutely pathetic!” Bill Hempstead said, voice venomous. “I’ve seen better presentations come from a capuchin monkey! Thankfully the future of the company doesn’t solely rest on you and your success. We’ve also got Dr. Pearson’s project”

There was silence in the dark board room, the only light, the projector image which still showed the final slide of Patterson’s pitch.

“Pearson?” Hempstead said into the darkness. “Dr. Pearson?”

“She...She’s not here, sir” A voice said uncomfortably.

“WHAT?! WHERE THE FUCK IS SHE?!”

“Did no one tell you, sir? She quit a few days ago? Her and a few other lab workers...”

“Oh, for fucks sake...did she say *why* she was leaving?”

“Umm...not really...from what I heard she found a better opportunity elsewhere?”

Somewhere in the Caribbean...

On a private island, Dr. Barbara Pearson sat upon a lounge chair beside a beautiful infinity pool lined with bright white tile. She sat with a smile upon her face, large black sunglasses over her eyes as she soaked up the sun. She wore an absolutely tiny bikini, the little yellow triangles of fabric barely wide enough to cover her nipples.

On her right sat two women in equivalent states of leisure and undress. On her immediate left was an empty chair, followed by a fifth chair where Allan sat reading a novel.

From behind she heard the sound of footsteps on tile, scurrying toward the pool. “Sorry!” A light feminine voice said. A few seconds later the voice’s owner walked up beside Barb’s chair and sat down in the empty lounge. “Sorry, Dr. Pearson. I was just finishing my makeup” She said. She was a few years younger than Barb, a brunette with a pixie cut. She’d been one of Barb’s colleagues back at her old job, a lab technician who’d done a lot of Barb’s analysis work.

She was cute, but she’d always been a bit bookish, very conservative in dress and behaviour. Now she wore a bright purple slingshot bikini that left very little to the imagination.

The other two women were also ex-coworkers of Barb's, who'd decided to leave with her with the promise of an exciting new future. So far Barb's promise had paid off.

"It's quite alright, Jenny" Barb said as she sat up with smile. "And you don't have to call me Dr. Pearson"

Jenny shrugged "You're in charge here, Barb. I was just being respectful"

"She's got you there, dear" Allan said without looking up from his book.

Barb rolled her eyes, invisible under her large sunglasses. "Hush you! I don't need you undermining my authority, even if you are paying for all of this" Allan chuckled once more but didn't say anything further.

Dr. Pearson turned to look at the women who now sat up to watch her. "Very well. Now that we're all here, we can begin." She grabbed her phone off a little side table and opened up a recording app. "This is Dr. Pearson. This is clinical trial number...what number are we on?"

"Thirty-three" The redhead to Barb's right said.

"Right. This is clinical trial number thirty-three for Chance Industries newest pharmaceutical product, BP-114, A.K.A. Bimbestra. The four subjects will now consume the product"

Together Barb and the three other women picked up a small pill on each of their side tables and placed it in their mouths, swallowing.

"Next subjects will proceed to consume water. Current goal is ten litres"

Together they each grabbed a hose off the ground and brought it to their mouths. With a nod from Barb, they each loosened the spigot at the end, causing water to surge forth from the hose. They drank in silence, letting the water just pour down their throats. Beneath their busts, bellies began to swell slightly as they filled with water. Their breasts also had begun to expand but only marginal amounts.

After two minutes of continuous drinking, Barb signalled for them to stop. "Moving on to phase 2" she said, voice laboured. Her stomach hurt with how much water she'd swallowed. It would be unhealthy to drink this much if not for what they were about to do.

All four of the women grabbed the large cocktail that sat next to their chair and drank it down. The effects were imminent as the alcohol triggered the formula within their bodies. Simultaneously all four of the women's breasts exploded with growth, surging forward off their chest as they swelled rounded and heavier.

Barb let out a loud moan of pleasure, echoed by the three women around her, as she felt her mind begin to turn, her breasts reaching her thighs and continuing to inch forward with growth every second. Her bathing suit dug into her flesh, leaving deep crevices where the strings resisted her growth. With a smile she untied the knot that held her suit in place around her neck. Immediately her suit shot forward, the elasticity of the strings causing it to fly off of her, leaving her chest bare. On either side of her she could see her colleagues experiencing similar levels of growth, their breasts filling their laps and still not stopping.

At the sound of a chorus of giggles, Allan looked up from his book. Standing before him, were his 4 girls, each smiling down at him over their impossibly large busts. Each of their breasts, pressed against one another as the four girls squeezed together in front of him, were the size of yoga balls, the flesh taut and round, skin shiny and tanned.

“Oh Daddyyyy!” Barb said with a grin. “We’re ready for you!” The other three beamed as they nodded their agreement.

Allan smiled as he grabbed his own pill from the side table and began to chug water from his hose.

Hours later, Allan and Barb lay together in bed, the other three women draped around them asleep after their session of lovemaking.

“So...” Allan said as he stroked her hair. “Do you think it’s ready?”

Barb thought for a moment, then smiled. “No...I think it definitely needs more testing!”

THE END