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# Experimental Business

## 2 - Arm Candy (Teaser 3)

“Well what if I don’t particularly want large breasts?” An older gentleman said. There were a few grumbling nods of agreement with scoffs of laughter interspersed. Lucy’s expression went dead pan.

“You must have been *distracted* while the good doctor explained earlier. Only the light blue pill affects breast growth in humans. This dark green one is almost as effective as the light blue one, but affects the size, strength, and stamina of the penis. Many subjects have also noted semi-permanent growth.” Lucy winked. “Things like erectile dysfunction are also all but mitigated thanks to the effects of these pills.”

“It’s unbelievable.” Another gray remarked.

“So I pop this green pill and my dick gets bigger?” Dong Wong said, face incredulous.

“You sign that paper, then pop that pill, and most likely than not, your dick *will* get bigger.” Lucy said, predation in her tone. “If you’d like, we can provide samples of any of the pills for your personal use, but you must remain on premises for at least an hour after taking them. We’d like to study the effects, of course. Obviously food and drink will be provided.” Eyebrows raised around the table and people started looking at one another with curiosity.

“What does the pink one do again?” The female gray asked.

“Libido Enhancement. I tried it once and couldn’t leave myself alone for hours. And I *didn’t*.” Lucy feigned embarrassment. There was pink in her questioner’s cheeks from that frank admittance. Lucy pulled up a slide from Michelle’s presentation which had the summary of all the pills and their uses. “For your perusal.” She pushed in another button and sliding free from the table were little water dispensers and disposable cups. “You will need to stay hydrated. The main side effect is thirst. *Powerful* thirst. Ignoring it for too long *could* have consequences.” Lucy smiled watching the rest of the board sign their supplemental waivers. I couldn’t believe my eyes. The room went from antagonistic to subservient in less than an hour. “Good.” Lucy whispered to herself.

“So when do I get my dick pills?” Dong Wong asked the question on everyone’s mind.

“Right now.” Lucy said and pressed another button and a display popped up before each of them, *even me*. “We request you hold off taking more than one kind for now, but those tests are also showing great progress as well, but the addiction rate goes up quite a bit. Choose one and I will have them provided for you.”

“Ohh, we can choose *how many* we want to take.” Future Pussy purred.

“Should I go for bigger balls or a bigger dick? We have to be dreaming, right?” One of the grays said excitedly.

“Dick pills stop at three.” Mr. Wong said. “Can’t get more than that?”

“Again, things are still in the testing phase. Wouldn’t want you to end up more cock than man, would we?” Lucy said with an undertone of deadly seriousness.

“The fuck?” The influencer mouthed under his breath. Within minutes the orders were in and Lucy walked around depositing pills to each person except one of the grays. Some people gave him looks, but he wasn’t interested. Lucy nodded with respect.

“You are more than welcome to watch.” The platinum blonde with breasts barely held within her bra said with a smile. He gulped looking up at her and *them*.

“Thank you Miss Lucy. I think I will, er, observe a bit.” He loosened his tie, nervous to have her so near. She leaned in, filling his view with nothing but cleavage and whispered something in his ear I couldn’t hear. I was still looking at the monitor in front of me and going over the options. Dark green for dick growth, Navy blue for testicle growth and semen increase. ‘*Those aren’t for me.*’ Amber for ass growth and mauve purple for muscles. My eyebrow raised. Pink for libido increase and white for...lactation? ‘*I could take a pill and milk would just start...?*’

“What about you, dear? You’ve been holding back asking me what we are all about, and now you know. I bet a lot of pieces are falling into place.” She scanned the room watching people pop pills and drink water. Everyone was talking excitedly and had no idea what was *really* about to happen. The one dissenter slyly slid his briefcase onto his lap as Lucy looked back to me. “Between you and me, this is just the tip of the iceberg.” She winked. “It’s all safe, and not as drastic as you think it will be. I’ve even caught *you* staring more than once.” She clicked a button for one light blue pill and then passed a cup to me with three light blues, two ambers, and a pink one. “You’d need to do this many every few days to catch up with me.” Lucy took a deep breath and the creaking of fabric and strap was audible. ‘*Holy... She really is off the deep end with this stuff, but her... She’s... Her bra, her bra!*’

“Boss, you’re-” I tried to warn her, but she held up a hand.

“I know.” She strained forcing the issue. The thing snapped drawing everyone’s attention as her breasts bounced down with a beautiful natural fullness and weight to them. The board gasped, ooh’d, ahh’d, and stared while she let the room bask. Lucy shrugged sending her breasts bouncing perfectly and collected the remainder of the bra tossing it to the center of the table. “We are going to be getting a *lot more* familiar with each other. In about...” She looked at a watch on her wrist. “half an hour or so. So unbutton, unfasten, unzip, and buckle up.”

I didn’t need to be asked twice. I don’t think I wanted to be nearly as big as she was, but a *few* more curves wouldn’t hurt. I popped a teal pill and an amber pill discreetly and pocketed the rest. Lucy nodded to me, mouthing ‘good idea’ for my prudence. I drank some water and undid my jacket and the top buttons of my blouse and waited with eagerness and nervousness. I could see in real time on my own tablet who ordered what pills and it was interesting to see.

The majority of the women in the room had all grabbed amber and teal for boosts to their curves. I felt the warmth in my own stomach as the capsules began working on me. Future Pussy also took a purple, while the female Gray opted for a pink pill. ‘*Interesting...*’ Dr. Margot, the female scientist, also ordered a white one.

All the men took one or two dark green pills without fail, and a mixture of navy blues to pump up their balls or purple to gain muscle. One thing caught me by surprise and I watched one of the grays, the one second nearest me, who also ordered a tea pill. ‘*Interesting...*’ There was a lot I had to learn about the *real* ins and outs of this company. Lucy put a hand on my shoulder looking around at the buzz in the room of people sharing and joking as anticipation built.

“You’d be surprised what people are willing to try when the option is in front of them.” She said for my ears only. I started to feel dizzy while I formulated my thoughts to respond to her and my breathing became labored.

“Oh shit! Lucy’s assistant is getting it first!” D.W. said getting up from his chair. He was wearing a single pair of boxers with his logo branded across them.

“Why did you take off your shirt?” Future Pussy mumbled, shaking her head. Then she looked in my direction. I felt my vision go blurry as my heart beat faster. It felt like I had run from the ground floor up all the stairs to the roof as I broke into a sweat.

“That doesn’t look very comfortable.” The female gray said, concerned. Similar comments flew around the table, but everyone watched. The scientists were taking extensive notes on their own changes and feelings making down changes in seconds. The pair of them exchanged words in hushed tones while watching everyone else around the table. The Grays were mostly cracking puns and talking about ‘all the tail they’d be pulling in’ *without* the need to spend tens of thousands beforehand. The gray who didn’t take any pills had slowly been sliding into the background and had opened his briefcase and seemed to be rifling around inside of it for something.

“What are you feeling? Is it a tingling? A heat?” Dr. Margot asked, leaning towards me. I nodded as more beads of sweat came down.

“Will she be ok?” The female gray, a woman named Mrs. Slate, asked bringing a finger to her mouth nibbling against her will.

“She’s fine, don’t worry. Since she is a bit smaller than most of you, it is just affecting her first.” Lucy said with confidence. Her hand still rested on my shoulder and I looked up to her. Her tits were even bigger than I remembered them and her nipples were getting longer and fatter, too. “If I were to guess,” She compared Slate, Margot, and FP, “I’d said Future Pussy will feel it next.” Everyone’s eyes were locked on me, though, and the overall warmth began to focus towards my chest and hips and ass.

“It’s hot around my chest. And my hips...” I said panting and trying to meet the gaze of everyone else.

“How hot is it?” A gray asked, wiggling his eyebrows. I couldn’t respond as the heat built up in my chest and I had to arch my spine backwards in my chair as the heat became almost itchy.

“My god!” “She wasn’t joking!” “No way!” Remarkable!” They commented and fell silent as I started to moan.

“So... So hot. My breasts are... Ahn!” I cried out as my chest *stretched*. My nipples were harder than they had ever been and felt like they were pushing out further and further. I wanted to tweak them and pull them to help it along, but I was stuck in place grabbing the sides of the chair for dear life.

“They are growing! They are *really* growing!” A chorus sounded in the background of the sound of blood pumping so loudly in my ears I couldn’t focus on anything but the *feeling*. I forced open my eyes and looked down at my chest, swelling with warmth as it pressed outward. Little nipples and areola were growing wider and larger and puffier as they rose up a heartbeat at a time. Each breath I took, staring from one to the other, spread my chest up and outward, and with each exhalation half a centimeter or so of new size remained.

“She was totally flat before!” A gray called out.

“Not anymore my guy, she’s as big as Future Pussy now.” Dong Wong said, leaning forward with both hands on the table jumping up and down in excitement. “Look at them little bee stings blow up!” He wasn’t far off the mark. It felt like an aching swelling feeling. It didn’t quite hurt, but it wasn’t entirely pleasant. But seeing my chest, which I had always figured was a lost cause, growing before my own eyes I was elated.

“You might need to undo another button, Darling.” Lucy said, reaching down to undo the one between my nipples, or rather, where they were a few minutes ago. The release of pressure

was overly welcomed and for the first time in my life, I looked down at *cleavage*. I squeezed *my tits* together and there was even *more* cleavage.

“Oh my gosh, I can’t believe it,” I said as my wits started to come back to me. I let go of the chair and reached up to feel my chest before the whiteness left my knuckles. ‘*They feel SO GOOD.*’ I felt the tears welling up in my eyes as I squeezed and then suddenly slid my hands down my sides to my hips.

“Oh she took the, uhh... Orange one too!” A gray said standing up to look in my direction. It was too hot to sit and the leather was making me feel sweaty so I stood up almost falling forward. My breasts weren’t even the size of oranges, but they were pushing against my shirt and *my cleavage* was on display. ‘*Would they get that big?*’ A feeling of panic and elation flooded me now that I was in the heat of the effects of the medicine I took. I looked over at the huge breasts hanging off my boss’s chest, absolute monstrous breasts that didn’t seem to be hanging lower, but just got wider and fuller. I could still see her waist and belly button, just barely as she stood hands on hips.

I felt the heat in my hips and ass and began to scramble to pull my skirt up. It was so tight. *Too* tight. ‘*Too late.*’ I leaned forward and stuck my ass out, knees pressed together as the warmth swirled around concentrating.

“It’s too tight. My skirt is...” I groaned, shaking my hips unable to shake off the cloth getting tighter and tighter. I reached for the hook and zip at the back, but I couldn’t budge the thing.

“Too late for that, my dear. Just ride it out.” Lucy felt like a proud parent in this twisted moment. I had no choice and my hips and ass began to burn as they got bigger. ‘*Why did she have me order these ridiculously skin-tight outfits?*’ I cursed as the painful pressure refused to give in.

“She’s going to bust out of them!” “She’s got herself a little butt now!” They cat called me without even thinking about how I felt. I was afraid my hips were going to snap because the pressure built up so much. The sound of fabric pulling and stretching with little clothly pops as the seams lost their hold a thread at a time. While the pressure on my ass grew, I felt my cheeks squishing down along the inside of the skirt with nowhere else to go.

“It’s too tight!” I squealed and *finally* the seams near my hip and along the sides of the skirt split open halfway letting pale flesh squish out. I let out a pretty pathetic moan, but it felt amazing to not be so cooped up. I caught my breath and shimmied my hips and took wide bends to snap a few more threads. Looking over my shoulder turning my ass to look at it, I realized my ass crack was hanging out and my panties were being eaten by it.

“The ass pill is much better than the titty one.” An older gentleman wearing a cowboy hat said. “At least in that young lady’s case. Yessir.” It was crass, but he was right and I had a booty to prove it.

“One thing that we are still working on is something we call ‘affinity’. Each person’s reaction to a pill is different. Looks like my dear assistant Gabriella has a bit of affinity for the amber formula.” Lucy said almost sarcastically. My skirt was torn and all but ruined. I felt like some spring breaker with clothing purposefully sliced to show off skin as I twisted to see how bad it was. My breasts, ‘*Oh my god I have tits*’, were overflowing my little frilly A-cup bra and I couldn’t stop staring. That was the same for everyone else until Future Pussy let out a small whine, followed shortly by Mrs. Slate.

The eyes of men darted all around the room unsure of who to watch. This was a level of excitement and unreal elation most hadn’t even fathomed. Future had a toned slim figure with modest curves and her outfit hid very little. The yellow bikini she wore showed a little bit of underboob *before* she took any of the pills and her thong was more of a professional courtesy to the general public. The black fishnet bodysuit she wore emphasized her curves in subtle ways, but the diamond pattern across her body distorted as she expanded.

“Oh fuck, it *is* hot.” She said as fire emojis blinked across her visor. Her lips, painted bright green, twisted as she maintained her composure unlike me. Her breasts spread from under the lemon yellow triangle of bikini fabric expanding outward and upward. Her nipples hardened and black diamonds of netting caught on each stretching the pattern of her top. Toxic green tipped nails reached up and squeezed her breasts, tweaking the nipples. Watching her, I mimicked the action without even noticing it.

The jaws of every man in the room were dropped as she got thicker. Her ass and thighs were next and she pushed away from the table, feeling the same heat I had. Mrs. Slate, a woman in her fifties or sixties, had her dyed-brown hair in a tight bun and resisted the urge to make a scene like the younger women. Her eyes were swimming in her head and I caught Lucy masking a smile as she watched. The two men beside her took a break from ogling FP to see the woman closer to their age bracket enjoy the effects.