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Experimental Business

1 - Business as Usual (Full Chapter)

“Hey, Darla.” I said to the sweetheart behind the counter. The young go-getter who was just happy to be here perked up upon hearing my voice.

“Morning sir!” The girl in the reception area stood up and beamed at me with as much welcome as she could muster. As I greeted others across the room her eyes floated down below my belt and her lip sucked slowly between her pearly teeth. I felt it as much as I felt anyone staring. I mean, *everyone* stared. That was just how it was. And I didn't have to hide it anymore. It wasn't *really* my company, but sometimes it felt like everything and everyone revolved around *me*.

The atrium had lots of windows that let in tinted light. It was only a story or two tall but felt much bigger inside. Women, men, and every type of person in between buzzed around the lobby exchanging documents, sharing drinks, and generally in a good mood. I was a standard-issue desk jockey who did programming for a middle-man kind of business for several import-export companies. My old boss used to call me into her office to tell me off for talking too much in the break room. Now we could do whatever we wanted. Same boss, too, but she's been in a much better mood these days.

“Morning Sir!” A dangerous beauty said wearing a red apron tool belt over a white button-up. ‘*Ah, Electra. One of Val's gals in research.*’ I thought, giving her a wave and a wink. “You should come and check out R&D later. We have lots of new things we'd like your opinion on, sir.” She was curvy and showed off a lot of cleavage and leg. Those apron tool belts were more like bodices and drove any guy wild with how they hugged the bottom of a girl's breasts. Electra was no different and expanded upon nature's gifts with the medicines and formulas our company developed. I paused for a moment standing beside her.

“I'd love to. I'll see if I can squeeze you and the other girls in.” I could see the bumps of the pumps she must have been wearing over her nipples. ‘*But where was the hose? I do need to check out R&D soon.*’ She patiently let my eyes work her up and down. The longer I stared at her the more time she had to do the same to me. She breathed in deeply and her chest filled what little loose fabric was left pressing her bosom together.

“You know how much we like having you around. It's been so *long*. I'll tell Valentina.” Electra was beginning to fawn over me.

“We’ll see what we can do.” I winked. “Keep up the good work. And please *don’t* tell Val.” Part of me *wanted* to get lost in the world of endless pleasure *again*. But I couldn’t do it. Despite being all smiles these days, I had a bit of a dark past I tried to forget about. Someone whom I owed almost all of my recent successes also had a bit of a bad streak herself and sort of, well, chained me up in a dungeon. It was partly a sex dungeon and the first few days it wasn’t so bad, but by the fifth week, I had gotten over it. I’m over all *that* now I think, but I think about it from time to time. ‘*How long ago had that been at this point?*’ I wondered while patting Electra’s shoulder and heading to the elevator.

There was a banner in the lobby over the back wall where the elevator was. ‘Friend Pharma LLMC’ in yellowy gold letters on a minty green backing. This was where I worked now. The doors opened with a muted modern chime that didn’t seem to fit the sheer bulk of the doors, which as far as elevator doors were considered, were quite large. They must have been seven or eight feet high. Some kind of power play thing, I figured.

“I’m glad I’ve found you.” ‘*Assistant to the CEO.*’ She looked like a miniature, thin, doll-like version of our boss, Lucy. Tailored, tight black business jacket and skirt with pops of white from a blouse and lapel pin. She started a month or two ago I think and had lasted longer than the rest of them.

“I’m glad to have been found!” I smiled. That quip accidentally reminded me of the time I actually *was* found by my boss. That was *another* woman I owed my livelihood to. I might have been trapped down in that dungeon for the rest of my life if she hadn’t intervened. Her little mini-me didn’t have nearly the same curves, or any curves at all really, but she had a bit of the fiery attitude afforded her since she was one of Lucy’s acting minions. She pushed the overly large glasses she wore up the bridge of her nose and smiled.

“Heading to your office, sir?” She held open the door and ushered me in and summarily shoed away the gaggle of men and women who had been caught up in my wake hoping to join my elevator ride. For someone so unimposing, she had a countenance about her that held people at bay. ‘*I think it’s that glare of hers. She has this baleful stare, doesn’t she?*’ I was staring at her as she used her hand like a telekinetic weapon stopping and brushing would-be riders away until the doors closed leaving us in almost utter silence. There was some light music and the soothing narration of the company’s mission.

‘Hear at Friend Pharma, we take nature’s blessings and enhance them. Enhancing blessings and sharing them with the world for the betterment of all. Friend Pharma. Your *friendly* pharmaceutical maker. Making you the *best* that you can be.’

“I don’t think I can ever get tired of that,” Gabriella said. She clutched the clipboard-sized tablet to her chest and it nearly fit flush.

“It’s amazing what they do here, isn’t it?” I offered. Gabriella looked over to my legs, took a deep breath and then dragged her eyes up to meet mine. They seemed kind of distraught, out of the loop. “She hasn’t shown you what we do here, yet?” Gabby shook her head.

“I just run errands mostly. Mostly chasing you down.” She joked. ‘*But she isn’t joking, is she?*’ I laughed. Her laugh faded as she stared into space a bit. She sharpened up and refocused putting a finger to the hands-free device in her ear. Her hair was quite long and fell down in lines of flowing corn silk past her shoulders. She had tied most of it up into a tight bun with a little spike jutting from it, but she had two long locks of hair on either side of her face that went down to her chest. Her bangs were neatly trimmed and she was extremely well put together considering she must have been fresh out of college or something like that.

“I can be quite elusive sometimes, sorry about that. Lots of, uh, meetings you know?” The memories of those meetings, nearly *non-stop*, flashed through my mind. She mumbled a quiet, but annoyed understanding at the situation and looked down at her tablet. But her eyes were focused on my inner leg. I didn’t really hide it anymore and didn’t need to hide it. It was an open secret that I had a huge dick. And it was also open knowledge that I didn’t care if people stared or talked about me or anything like that. My dick and my skills seemed to be vital to this company and I had grown to appreciate that fact over the past few months.

“So, speaking of meetings...” The door chimed as we passed another floor. She gulped watching the bulge lengthen and thicken down my inner thigh. I just faced forward watching the numbers tick by giving her a *nice long gander* at it.

“Right. Looks like my schedule is packed today. When will Lucy be popping by?” I looked down from the numbers and flexed my cock against the pant leg, interested to see her reaction. I wasn’t disappointed. Her jaw dropped and her tongue pressed forward in her mouth as she silently mouthed ‘Oh my god.’ “The normal time?” She blinked and looked up, pushing her thick frames up.

“Normal time? For what?” She was out of it. Another floor chime dinged.

“Your bosses meeting with me? When will that be again?” I flexed it and she stared down with eyes bulging at the pipe in my pant leg nearly down to my knee. She looked back up.

“Yes.” She studied the tablet again. “And yes. She wanted to let you know that she may schedule another slot with you.” I sighed, but she couldn’t be refused. I actually *did* want to wander the offices sometimes and see what was really happening around here. But the main part of my job was being available for these *meetings*. I shook my head.

“Well, I will make sure I am available and ready for her.” I smiled down at Gabriella. ‘*When will she start attending meetings?*’ I wondered. The car stopped and the chime told me that this was my stop. “Anything else I can help you with? This is my stop.” She was staring at my cock pressing out against the cloth hard enough to show hints of one or two winding veins and the

big helmeted tip as clear as day. She looked up and licked the beginnings of a trickle of drool from her lip.

“That’s perfect. I will tell her. Thank you, sir.” She gave a little bow clutching the tablet to her chest and watched me until the doors closed blocking her vision. Stepping out of the car I took a deep breath and let it out. I stretched and pulled at my pants shaking my head to see I had already gotten hard. Bright light spilled in through the floor-to-ceiling windows across the polished wooden flooring. I loved this lobby. There was a long oval island in the center of the room made from stone, at least I was pretty sure it was real stone. The long ends fluted out into tables flanked by stools and the center area was a coffee and snack bar. A hollow rectangle of brilliant green shrubbery sprang up from the middle of the stone. You could reach from one side to the other if yours ran out of creamers or pretzels. But to me, it was a living picture from the elevator that framed the double doors on the far wall into a work of art.

“I wonder what we have brewing today?” I strolled up and set my briefcase and water bottle on the counter.

“Hopefully something thick and creamy!” A voice came from behind and I felt someone glomp me and begin to tickle me. ‘*What the fu-!*’ I had no idea what was going on, but my soul jumped out of my body scared to death the voice whispered in my ear. “Because I’m *thirsty.*” ‘*Trish.*’

“You scared the hell out of me, Trish!” I said and she hopped down to let me turn around. My heart was beating like mad. “Since when do you jump my bones the second I walk into the place?” Her smile was pure satisfaction as I asked. ‘*Those lips.*’ She had a natural beauty and only wore light makeup. Beiges, greens, and browns suited her so well. Today she was wearing a dark brown one-piece that went down to her thighs and some black leggings underneath that ended in bulky black boots.

“Since I *haven’t* been able to jump those bones.” She pouted and crossed her arms over her generous chest shifting her weight onto one leg sending a hip wiggling. I remember when I had the curves of a young boy, but after all that had happened, she was much different now. The way she pouted emphasized how full her lips had become, lips I knew *very* well. Long wavy curls of chestnut rolled down the sides of her face to just above her ample breast. Her choice of one-piece clung tightly to her every curve and I barely had to imagine her cleavage, as she hugged herself tighter.

“I’m sorry, baby.” I said, distraught. It was so hard to keep up with *everyone’s* needs these days. And now all of us were so busy on top of it. “My schedule is so out of control these days. Lucy runs me ragged.” Trish had heard it all before. She was kind of my girlfriend at one point, and although I would call it an open relationship, she had always thought a lot more of it than I had. She had heard this line time and time again and it showed on her face. She switched to the other leg and dropped her hands, propping one on her hip. ‘*Those hips.*’

She had an hourglass figure that many women would pay dearly for. She was in her 30's, played up the 'plane jane' angle a bit, but she couldn't cover up how sexy and balanced her body was no matter what dark color you draped on it.

"I know, I know." She huffed and embraced me in a tight hug. "I just want..." I hugged her back tightly and her knee got a little adventurous. "Hey..." She let go of me and grabbed my belt, tearing it off with masterful technique and my pants were down around my ankles in seconds. Her teeth clicked like billiard balls as my cock sprung up and slapped the underside of her jaw. Before I could even ask if she was alright or bit her tongue or anything she told me without using words that it was fully functional.

"Trish... Ah, Trish. Oh *god*..." I leaned back against the stone countertop and felt my eyes roll up into my head. '*She was thirsty, damn.*' I couldn't stop her and she wasn't stopping until she got that breakfast smoothie she mentioned when she accosted me. Despite how big I was she could still handle more than half of my length with ease and craned her neck back and forth like a woodpecker sucking syrup through a longer and thicker stick of dynamite.

All the ladies in my life were addicted to me, but Trish was a *junkie*. The second she started, she couldn't stop. She pulled and massaged my balls squeezing them desperate for my cum while her soft full lips crept further and further down my shaft. Hot breaths puffed out of her nose against my well-trimmed pubic hair and her tongue strummed the bulging pipe of my urethra like the thickest bass string in the world. I felt the rumble of that strumming and gripped the back of her head lightly. She started cooing as my precum filled her nasal passages with the intoxicating promise of a second breakfast. I hadn't even eaten yet.

"Trish, I'm... Almost..." I clenched up trying to hold it back and give her another second to get ready, but the floodgates burst open and her cheeks puffed out filled with cum as she struggled to swallow it. '*The first one is always too much for them no matter how many times they've tasted it.*' Trish's glasses slipped from her nose and hung on at a diagonal while she found her swallowing rhythm, gooey pearlescence dripping from her lips around my cock and onto the floor. She looked up as I rode the waves of pleasure with each powerful gush of cum into her mouth and throat. She always had that glittering look of admiration in her eyes when she swallowed, using my nuts like stress balls.

These were rich times and she let the feeding tube out of her mouth and worked her jaw in circles. Even if a few final spurts and drops fell to the floor, she, and the other ladies in my life, wouldn't be throwing themselves to the ground to lick it up. At least to my knowledge. I let out a pleasure-soaked sigh which petered out into a tired laugh.

"How was it?" Trish said, licking her lips clean and grabbing one of the towels from the stack on the counter to dry off. A few droplets dotted the floor, but her one piece was spotless.

"Baby, you are a record breaker with those lovely lips." I helped her to her feet and pulled over a stool to catch my breath. Even after all this time, the orgasms were as powerful and

body-rocking as they were when it all began. I was drooling the end of the orgasm out of my wilting cock in long thin strands. She smiled, contended, and grabbed my rod with a toweled hand like it was a railing to go up some stairs.

“Thanks, honey. And you are as *delectable* as ever.” She dried off my head and leaned in for a kiss leaving the towel around my dick while she pressed in with her heavy breasts. I felt jars and boxes filled with coffee and snacks clink each other out of the way while she climbed atop me. Her chest was large and soft and the softness of the thin knit she wore didn’t hide that fact as she pressed them against my chest and neck. The taste of her breath, of *me*, was intoxicating and she knew what would happen. ‘*I know what she’s after*’.

“Trish.” I said as my tongue was slapped around and our lips pressed together. My eyes glimpsed the clock and my next meeting was soon. I wanted to at least eat *something* and have some coffee before then. She had maneuvered herself atop me and pulled down her leggings. She painted the inside of my mouth with my own intoxicating flavor and my cock was pressing into her ass cheeks ready to give her what she wanted.

“I’ll be quick. It’s been so long, baby. *Please*.” She begged, pulling her lips from mine to stare into my eyes. ‘*How can I say no to her?*’ I thought, but for some reason I found myself trying to please them all. ‘*When has this started to feel like work?*’ I didn’t respond with words fast enough and my eyes quested around the room for an excuse, but my cock told her all she needed to know and an evil grin spread across her face. “You want it too, don’t ya?” She whispered with the gentlest tang betraying her upbringing while pulling aside her panties and guiding me towards the hot wet mess that was her pussy.

That was the one thing that *had* changed recently. I was *too big* to even have sex with my girls unless they took an extremely experimental and very *very* dangerous drug that allowed their bodies to stretch beyond normal human capacity. It was deemed too dangerous after further, well, *experimentation*, and we had all gone without since. But for many reasons, I had been shrinking since then and finally hit what was deemed to be the ‘valley’. Even approaching this length and girth the girls had begun to prepare themselves and once they had a taste, it rekindled the fires of their passions.

She pressed her lips down around my cock and began to take more and more weight off her feet. I slid in, spreading her apart more and more and her grunts and whimpers increased in intensity.

“I forgot how... Oh fuck.” She squealed while shaking her ass back and forth. Her knit covered-tits wiggled in front of me and I reached down to grab big handfuls of butt getting impatient myself. Part of me wanted her to handle it on her own, but now *I* wanted this.

“Get ready, baby.” I said and thrust up with my hips and pulled down feeling my fingers and palms sink into soft flesh. She strained and gritted her teeth as I forced the first few inches inside of her and she stood on her tippity toes and fingertips while I got deeper.

“Oh *fuck* yes, baby.” Trish said, eyes starting to lose focus as her irises began to roll around. She was still straining, but the tough part was finished. The heat from within her gripped on me tightly, both refusing me entry and denying escape as I pulled down harder. Trish wasn't the first one to try, but she was the first one to succeed.

“There we go.” I huffed, feeling the wet slippery grip of warm softness envelop the top half of my dick. As it crept down, Trish's condition degraded rapidly, turning my shy cubicle neighbor from a year ago into another sex-crazed victim of my cock. “Can it go any further? Is this it?” I didn't mean it to be, but it came off as offensive and a grimace replaced her grit for a moment. She took a deep breath, gripped my shirt, and pulled a few inches of me from inside of her. Like a cork slipping loose, juice flowed down my shaft soaking my pubes before she plunged down again.

“Fill me up completely. Just go crazy. Don't ya. Stop.” She gained momentum and remembered how to have sex. Atop the stool we were in a precarious position and it was shaking on three and two legs once she got going. Losing the grip of her soft ass cheeks was regrettable, but stopping this sex would be criminal.

“Oh *gawd*,” The words pulled themselves from my throat, “how long has it been?” Arms out wide, my fingers clutched at a table and one of the posts supporting the shrubbery. Her bouncing atop of me found a new rhythm and it was *glorious*. Her insides were tighter and hotter than I remembered and more than any blow job I felt my cock swelling inside of her. “You're so tight. Fuck I missed this.” I bucked my hips trying to time it with the stool's rocking. She was pounding down atop me, obviously full to the point of near bursting. She must have had a good nine or so inches of me inside of her, but that was the limit. I had given up the idea of having sex with anyone, with *all* of my cock, back when it passed the ten inch mark. It wasn't a foot long anymore, not for a month or so now, so those dreams were still a bit out of reach.

“Too long. Oh my, freaking...” I felt her clinch *tight* around me and all her momentum was thrown to the wind as her legs went limp. Spasms of pleasure gripped me with the pulse of her orgasm and I couldn't hold back any more. Staring up, she threw her arms back on my knees and convulsed while my balls began pumping with a desperation I had forgotten. “Oh, I feel it. I *feel it*.” She cried. All I could do was groan as my abs and torso tightened nearly as much as her pussy did around my pipe.

“Trish. *Triiishhh*.” I moaned, as the wave of orgasm rose with the outpouring of cum inside of her. Before I even let out a second hot gush I had flooded her past the point of bursting and it extruded out in frothy creamy rings that melted down my shaft with each surge of pleasure. She brought one hand over her lower stomach where the tip of my cock was bulging a bit and smiled with tears in her eyes. We were locked in that position for a few minutes until our mutual orgasm finally let up.

“Can... Can you help me down?” She said while trying to adjust her balance to kick a leg out, still filled with my semi-hard meat. My hands carefully grabbed her thin waist to support her and my cock slid free from her with a squelching pop forcing a squeak from her throat. Trish swooned and sighed with relief as her gaping lips spilled out all over my lap. ‘*These pants are ruined,*’ I sighed letting out the breath to keep her steady while she found her footing. The floor was a dangerous hazard for a workplace to say the least and her boots were the only thing keeping her upright as she stumbled towards a low sofa flanking a nearby meeting table.

I dropped to my feet carefully from the stool sending my cock flopping and felt *how* wet my pants were. The wetness soaked up to the waistband from how rough she rode me, the intermingling of our mess a testament to that. She threw another towel onto the sofa and plopped down atop it, kicking one leg over the arm of it. She threw her own arm over her forehead while I contemplated getting a coffee or stripping them off right there. The elevator door as it chimed to life indicating we would be having a visitor.

“Oh shit.” I looked at the clock on the wall and realized it was already time for my next meeting.

“Well good morning to you, too, big boy.” Lucy clicked on creamy white heels through the elevator doors, throwing one muscled calf ahead of the other until she was in the center of the open area. Her skin-tight business suit was stunning and she stole the room immediately with a high-waisted asymmetrical skirt and business jacket in pure white. The black ruffled blouse with white accents and trim beneath her jacket showed off ample cleavage. The platinum blond bob flared out like a cascade of barbs which waved back and forth while she surveyed the room.

“Morning, Boss.” I said, trying to shove my cock back in my pants. She smirked watching my struggle. “I saw Gabriella in the elevator.”

“And I came right away. Well, not fast enough, apparently.” Her attention found its way over to Trish who sat upright with a groan. She was still leaking through her panties onto the cushion while she reached down to her ankles to pull up her leggings. Lucy’s mind worked quickly and a few more heel clicks echoed through the room as she closed the distance with me and grabbed my dick. “So you can have sex again? We haven’t tried in a few weeks...” Her voice went quiet as she turned my semi over in her hands admiring it. Her fingers ran a finger behind her ear and the light caught the glittering diamond-studded silver ring in her lobe.

“She kind of surprised me. I haven’t even gotten my coffee yet.” I muttered, feeling a strange sense of shame for what I had done in light of her tone. She squeezed out a bead of semen onto her finger and dropped my dick. She licked the dot and looked back up to me, finger between her lips.

“You’ll need to change anyway so get *those* off. Take it *all* off.” She said, narrowing her eyes at me with a predatory smile that I couldn’t resist. She gave me a nod and swung around to address Trish. Although Trish had climbed the ladder quite a bit herself, we *all* still answered to Lucy. “Judging by that smile on your face I take it you enjoyed yourself?” Her attitude and

posture changed completely when she spoke to Trish. Colder, more authoritative, but in a motherly way. I don't think she held any malice towards Trish since we had all been through a lot, but the necessity of sharing me bothered them all.

"Luce, I don't know what to say, but I couldn't help myself. And *fuck* it had been too long." Trish stood up and ran the towel somewhat rudely between her panties and her pussy to clean off the excess. Lucy's barely masked disdain for how open Trish was played across her face as she listened. "I thought my eyes were gonna pop out." Trish shook her head with a giggle and tossed the towel on the sofa. With both hands she grabbed her leggings and pulled them up with a few hopping bounces. I stared, because part of me *loved* the little face-offs they had at my expense and because I couldn't make up my mind if Trish was wearing a sports bra or nothing at all.

"You're not going to change into new ones or anything?" Lucy raised an eyebrow while wiping an invisible surface in front of her with fingers spread wide. Trish smoothed her one piece and shook her head.

"I might throw these panties in a pot and make some soup with them when I get home." She winked. They both cracked up laughing and began some idle chit chat while I stripped the soaked pants off and tossed them aside. '*I wonder if she actually would.*' They seemed content to chat and left me alone for a bit so I finally sat down, butt naked on the wood seat, and sorted myself a breakfast. '*One minute I am the center of it all, the next...*' The fresh fruit and various cereal bars were excellent. I never made breakfast at home when I had this bounty waiting for me. I had just started on my second cup of coffee when Trish hopped over and gave me a kiss on the cheek. "See you later, baby. I'll send you a message."

"Take care and good luck today. Let's do dinner soon, OK?" I asked and she picked up her bag and jacket and pointed a finger gun at me firing it into my heart with a wink.

"You betcha." She looked to Lucy who was already crossing her arms and fighting the urge to tap her foot with a smile across her face. "Thanks again, Luce. I will let you know how it goes today."

"Thanks as always, Trisha. We're counting on you." Lucy said with a nod and Trish hopped onto the elevator and we all waved goodbye to one another. The doors closed and Lucy walked up to the elevator and plugged a key in near the button 'locking' it. She undid the single button holding her jacket on and draped it gently over a chair opposite the stained sofa. "The cleaners I hire to keep this place nice are worth every penny." She looked down at the puddle of cum. "I ought to give them a raise." She said, sauntering over.

The sleeveless blouse, even in black, couldn't disguise how large her breasts were. When standing beside Trish, who was already well above average, Lucy dwarfed her with ease. My boss had always been a naturally busty woman, but since we encountered the experimental

medicine she always wanted to be one of the *biggest* in the room. She didn't go as far as Valentina, but her tits were well bigger than her head and she *loved* showing them off.

"So I'm guessing we need to add another item to today's meeting agenda?" I smiled spinning around on the stool with my legs spread and rested back on the counter with both elbows. I had undone my jacket and shirt and was only wearing an undershirt letting my soft dick swing back and forth hanging from the stool. She licked her lips and took a deep breath closing her eyes.

"We *do*, but with extreme regret I don't think that is going to be today." There was true sadness in her eyes as she said it. She shrugged, which sent a wiggle through each breast and then walked towards me, blouse ruffles fluttering with each step. "But there is plenty we need to talk about, big boy. Before I get my *morning shot*." She pursed her lips and gave me an air kiss leaning an elbow on the counter. Her breasts covered half her torso and even leaning as she did only half of one of her bosoms managed to rest on the countertop.

"Well I managed to eat my breakfast while you and Trish were chatting, but haven't checked email or anything yet. My schedule is packed with meetings today, though. You have another one this afternoon right?" I asked while rubbing her shoulder and arm. She always looked so stressed and burnt out when it was just us.

"I think this afternoon will be a time for celebration. It *better* be a time for celebration." The wheels were turning in her mind. "But that is then. This is now." She twirled around and gripped the counter on either side of me, the ruffles of her blouse ticking my chest hair. The closer she leaned in the more the scent of roses swirled around me as her ice blue eyes grasped my vision and attention completely.

"What can I do for you, Lucy?" I leaned forward meeting her gaze and filled my hands with soft breasts. They were *perfect*. She had to know it. Many people might say they were 'too big' but they were right on the line before being *too* much. But I had known women who were basically immobilized due to how massive their breasts became. Back when the medicine was *pure*. I was reminded of the night the doctor had gone overboard and I had to administer a serum to induce lactation or else she would have been in *big* trouble.

"Just let mommy squeeze out a little pick me up before this board meeting. It won't take long." Her lips didn't give me a chance to breathe before a response and we were kissing with mad passion. One of her hands was rubbing my sack like a crystal ball in search of answers and the other had a handful of my hair in her clutches. '*Frisky today...*' She yanked my head back and her lipstick was smudged all over the both of us. "Let's do it in the shower..." She mused.

"Now? I thought you had-" I said panting. She shook her head and started undoing buttons.

"No, silly. This afternoon. Like old times. Now get your ass on that sofa." She pointed with a shake of her head as cleavage went on and on button after button. "But you can keep watching if you want..." She swayed her shoulders letting the unrestrained top of each breast jiggle. I did

keep watching. After one incident too many where I tore her shirt open sending buttons flying, we had to instate a rule that only she could undo her tops. She loved clothes that fit perfectly and had more than one in-house tailor to keep up with her changes. She finally undid the last button and had a pristine white bra on. The shoulder straps were wide, but soft enough to have some give and stretch to them. Satin cups of pearl were trimmed with black lace and miraculously large enough to hold her breasts.

“I can’t remember the last time we went in the shower together. God, just thinking about it…” My cock was already half hard and bowed up and down as I took backward steps towards the sofa where Trish had left a damp towel. I plopped down on the cushion that *hadn’t* been spilled on and watched my boss continue her teasing.

Each cup of this bra must have been as large as a salad bowl. I could have worn one of them as a hat and wrapped the thing around my head nearly down to my chin. She approached slowly while negotiating the pair of offset hooks between each cup holding the thing together. She was having trouble with it, but I enjoyed watching it all the same. I could see where this was going and grabbed one of the back cushions of the sofa and threw it on the ground between my legs.

“Damn thing is always so *tight*.” She muttered, staring at her own chest. Her seductive walk and dance-like movement stopped abruptly and she stood craning her neck to try and see what was causing the trouble.

“Let me.” I offered, and she mouthed ‘thank you’ as she glided down to her knees using the cushion there. Her arms rested on my thighs, fingers typing on my hips impatiently while I began to wrestle with the hooks.

“I will have to take this one to Valentina. It was a pain in the ass to put on, too.” She crabbed. But the dissatisfaction melted, replaced by relief of her breasts coming loose and spilling all over my lap and her own arms. A blanket of soft warm bosom immediately spread out from her all over me. The look on her face was infectious. I figured it was like taking off a pair of too-tight underwear after a long day.

“You are a true beauty, Lucy.” I said playing with her hair while she situated her breasts a tit at a time around my cock. “We owe almost all of this to you. I will never forget anything you did for me. For *us*.” She grinned up at me.

“Sometimes I feel like I am the CEO in name alone.” She grabbed my dick from the base, nuzzled between her soft smooth breasts, and aimed it towards her pouting lips. “I think we all know who the *boss* is around here.” Those lips formed a hungry smile and she plunged down sucking me to full hardness. I was still a bit thick for her. Not that she wasn’t adept at fellatio, much the opposite, she was even better than Trish, I thought. But she was too busy these days and really likes to get into it. Maybe this afternoon would rekindle some of those old feelings? She got as much of it down her throat as possible while it was only semi-hard, but soon had to

cough up more and more of it, unwilling to push herself. She *did* have a board meeting in under an hour, I supposed.

“Don’t be silly, Lucy. Without your intelligence and leadership and... Ughhk.” Her tongue felt like a serpent’s embrace giving my head a final squeeze and she gave it one hard suck letting it pop out of her mouth. Now my serpent was in the smothering embrace of her sweet cushions. Her breasts weren’t saggy by any means, they were completely natural and despite their size had a fullness and suppleness a nubile girl dreamed of. But she was a perfectionist at heart about a lot of things, her image included.

“You always flatter me. I don’t blame you. If I was getting this kind of attention on a daily basis I’d say the same thing.” She said, raising an eyebrow. She worked her breasts with expert precision enveloping my cock until it disappeared between them. She knew I had a weakness for her breasts and seemed like she was in a hurry. Maybe disinterested. Breasts that would overflow buckets wrestled and danced around my cock, spilling across my waist and stomach and thighs with quiet fleshy slaps.

“Oh Lucy.” I said under my breath grabbing the sofa cushions and gripping them tighter. She was lazily rubbing them back and forth, a smirk spreading across her face while she followed my reactions teasing me silently with pouty lips, raised eyebrows, and blown kisses. I was enthralled and could do nothing to stop her, legally or otherwise. Despite how *amazing* it felt, this was my job for the most part. “I’m almost...”

“Good boy. How close are we?” She whispered and I bit my lower lip throwing my head back. I was falling through an endless maze of soft warm breasts and the first life-bringing shocks of pre-orgasm were charging inside of me. The rubbing became faster paced up and down throttling that exposed the tip of my head and the slickness of precum which had coated the top half of my cock. “*That* close, hm?” Her tongue did a hasty lap around her lips while she looked up through her lashes. I grunted trying to hold off the orgasm and nodded at her with an expression of strained pleasure, urging her to hurry.

Bowing her head down she dove face first into her own cleavage to plug her mouth with my quivering cock head. The first forceful squirt of semen tickled the back of her throat while she latched her lips and tongue onto me and began swallowing. A shiver went down her spine as the flavor of her addiction plumed, filling her mouth, throat, and nose with joy. ‘*They all need it. They will always need it, right?*’ I thought while my balls pumped rope after sticky, hot rope into her mouth. She just opened her throat and let it flow right into her belly. Watching the feeling of ecstasy on her face made me smile while she pushed her breasts in rhythm with my spasms.

Even though I hadn’t been under the influence of the medicine for a while now, my semen production was still exceptional. Compared to a normal man I must have had the most intense case of hyperspermia ever recorded on the planet. For every millimeter spurt that a guy normally came, I could fill shot glasses with ease. And I *had*. If I didn’t ejaculate a dozen times a day I would wake up to a wet dream so intense I’d need to change my sheets *and* pillow cases.

As my boss began to accept the fact that her orgasm was nearing its end some of her cognizance returned to her and she reached up through the bottom of her cleavage to give my balls a few more squeezes and get one last taste before finally giving up.

“Plowagh...” She puffed and fell back from her knees to sit on the floor panting. “God... It’s so good.” She said with lips and chin glistening from spittle and spunk. Her breasts peeled from one another as she leaned back on both hands and the sticky after trail of my pre-cum between them shined. “I needed that.” Fluttering eyelashes told me that was true.

“I will be here all day, boss.” I grabbed some scented wipes from the warmer and knelt by her side to hand them to her. “Can I get you anything?” She nodded in thanks, taking the wipe and cleaning up her tits and face.

“Help me up, big guy. I don’t think I can stand, yet.” Our palms clasped and I got her to her feet and after a wobbly moment she found her balance. The expression of glee on her face had been distracted every few seconds and now it reached a boiling point as she reached in her back pocket pulling out her phone. It was buzzing nearly non stop.

“I’m going to,” I thumbed towards one of the closets where multiple backup sets of clothing were waiting for me. Her annoyed expression and hurried texting softened when she saw me, but she was back at it in no time. While I gathered up my soggy wet clothes and tossed them into a special hamper, I admired Lucy from across the room. She was upset, but the vigor with which she assaulted those keys shook her breasts and hair. The texting evolved into a phone call and she picked up before the ringer even went off.

“Gabriella, I told you to *never* interrupt my meetings.” She sighed and stared up at one of the skylights. In profile her breasts were as big as her torso. “Even when they run late. *Especially* when they run late.” She broke into a swift walk towards where her jacket was. “That is the prerogative of the CEO. You *won’t* take that tone for me. They will wait.” Gabriella must have had a lot of pressure on her because she had a lot to say.

I had just put on some new pants and was buttoning up my undershirt at this point and made a cringe face in sympathy to her situation. Lucy rolled her eyes and shook her head, grabbing an earpiece from her jacket pocket and fitting it in. She swiped her phone screen a couple times and then tossed it on the sofa opposite the one where she sucked the life out of me.

“I understand that. And they need to understand that patience is a virtue.” Lucy scanned the room and her eyes fell on me holding my hands out asking ‘What can I do?’. She hoisted up her breasts and bounced them up and down. ‘*Her bra.*’ I scrambled and looked around for it. ‘*The thing could fit on the front of a mini cooper and it disappears on us...*’ “Tell them...” Lucy started looking down at her naked tits and me crawling on hands and knees. ‘*There it is!*’ I scrambled to the sofa reaching underneath it. “Tell them it was a last minute confirmation of the current numbers. I didn’t want them to have outdated information.” She said with satisfaction in her voice.

“Here you go, Lucy.” I whispered and held up the bra like I was helping her put a jacket on. She slid one arm in after the other and grabbed the hooks on both sides.

“Yes, he’s with me. Obviously.” She said into the air. “Hold them up for me, please.” She mouthed. I grabbed a breast in each hand hoisting them up while she hooked her bra closed from the front underneath my arms. “Well he is obviously one of the key members of our support staff. In more ways than one.” She winked at me and I had to stifle a giggle. She spread the cups open with the back of her hands and gave me the nod. “The accountants go to *him* for those details. Don’t argue with me.” I cautiously and gently let down her tits one at a time into their perspective cups. “Another three minutes.” She said as her head tilted at how I handled her with such care and reverence. “I know. I am the one who locked it.” She gave me the thumbs up and I let go of her chest. She grabbed her blouse from the floor and dusted it off. “Fine, Fine. Hold on.”

I went back to dressing and took one of the spare towels to throw down on the mess near the coffee bar where Trish and I had soaked it. She went to her phone and cut the line pulling the handsfree from her ear with a terrible sigh.

“Sorry about that. New girl is getting curious and doesn’t know how to keep the board waiting, let alone the new investors.” She threw her blouse and jacket on while unlocking the elevator. She pulled out a compact and examined her makeup quickly pulling out some foundation and lipstick. “Damned Trish. That wasn’t in her schedule.” She muttered doing her lips and finished the upkeep by patting a few puffs of powder to return herself to flawlessness.

“Your ‘numbers’, fearless leader.” I held out some documents with projected sales figures, progress reports on research, and a summarized list of the latest feedback from trial participants. She gave me a big hug and a kiss on the cheek.

“I wasn’t joking when I said you supported me in more ways than one.” She winked with her back to the elevator, and grabbed the front of her bra, examining how hard her nipples still were after her ‘pick me up.’ She shook her chest a bit and did a few hops and her giant chest settled into the cups nicely. She took one deep breath and bulged out from them just a little. While she surveyed her own tits with great approval the elevator chime made us both jump a bit and she began to hurriedly tuck in her blouse and begin buttoning it.

“*Finally*. You are more than *ten minutes* late already!” Gabriella said to Lucy while holding the door open.

“Hey Gabriella! Sorry for keeping her. There were a few *big things* we needed to handle.” I said in as friendly a voice as I could. Lucy smiled, shaking her head.

“They couldn’t wait, Gabby. You will learn if you stick around long enough.” Lucy said, still facing away from her and doing up her buttons trying not to make it so obvious.

“What are you doing? Let’s go! We are in a big-” Gabriella rushed over in her black business flats and stopped dead, jaw dropping and forcing her to step back. “Big... *Big* boobs... Why are you...?” Gabriella stared at her boss's chest and a whirlwind of emotions filled her to the brim. She had never seen breasts as big as that in her *life*. Lucy took in a deep breath and slowed her buttoning pace to let her protege take it all in. Gabriella pressed her tablet against her chest with one hand while another straightened out her skirt.

“I came too early and it was getting hot. I’m under a lot of pressure, you understand.” Lucy’s voice had shifted into ‘boss-mode’ as I liked to call it. She managed to button up her blouse a little and had tucked it in, but her bra and chest were completely exposed. Gabriella wasn’t as nearly as tall as Lucy and took another step back. “*So much* pressure, Gabriella.” Lucy stalked forward lecturing the young girl until she had backed up against the elevator doors which had closed in the meantime. “Do you know what it’s like to be under *so much pressure*?” Lucy leaned in, each breast almost double the size of her assistant’s head, and Gabriella had nowhere to run.

“I’m sorry, but I thought... I didn’t want the board and the investors to...” She babbled, eye-level with breasts that threatened to smother her completely. ‘*Is this where I die?*’ She thought, staring at the breasts getting closer and closer filling her entire field of vision.

“The board already knows. But the investors will learn. And so. Will. You.” Lucy’s bosom pressed against Gabriella’s face leaving her nose exposed just enough to take a breath. Her tits squished out over her shoulders and where her protege’s tits would have been if she had any curves at all. “How does it feel to have this much pressure on you?” Gabriella’s mind was spinning, filled with the intoxicating scent of roses and sweat and *something else* from being submersed in her boss's cleavage. ‘*This is sexual harassment...*’ A thought danced far in the back of Gabriella’s mind.

Gabriella muffled a response and reached up with both hands to try and negotiate the breasts pressing against the top half of her body. ‘*They are so soft. SO big. She smells so good. Oh goodness...*’ The little assistant didn’t want to admit how much she enjoyed this. *Longed* for this. Her body told her all the truth she needed to know as her thin boyish thighs squirmed against one another. She stopped squeezing the breasts to speak more clearly and began to fondle them. The expression on her face weakened and her eyelids felt heavy while her boss stared down at her.

I was putting my tie on and had a feeling I would be jerking off at least *one more* time before I sat down in my chair for the first time today. My dick was already filling out my pant leg as I watched in silence, wishing that were *me*.

“I was almost done with my meeting. And I start getting messages. Phone buzzing. Non. Stop. And who is it?” Lucy asked her prey, who was breathing through her nose with increasing intensity. Gabriella weakly muffled something unintelligible into her boss's cleavage. Lucy

pressed in harder and breast flesh spread further covering her nose until only her eyes peered out staring up into the ice blue daggers casting a baleful gaze above a dangerously alluring smile. “Do you feel how much pressure there is *now*?” She whispered. Lucy hadn’t pressed in any further, but she could feel how hot her boss’s breasts were, and how they seemed to swell pushing her cheeks slowly engulfing her head. Gabriella didn’t know if she was about to wet herself in fear or if she was wet with *lust*. She nodded desperately knowing for certain that she was almost out of breath.

Lucy released Gabriella allowing her a chance to take a *deep* gasping breath through her nose, but still pinned her to the elevator door. Her assistant’s hands were still pawing and squeezing the pillows which kept her in place.

“If you are going to work here. If you are going to *succeed* here. You *must* respect my privacy, especially during my meetings with *him*.” She whispered as the words penetrated to Gabby’s core. Gabriella nodded. “Good girl. Now let’s go. We’re late.” Lucy stood up fully releasing the girl from her smothering embrace and took a deep breath of her own. They both glanced in my direction and then down at the giant hardon in my pants. Gabriella’s cheeks were pink from being pressed down on for what felt like a lifetime, and she caught her breath. “I’m sorry for losing my cool there.” She addressed her protege and put a hand on her shoulder.

“It’s... I’m sorry for bothering you. Your meeting with uhm...” She stuttered. Her attention was drawn to Lucy’s breasts which heaved over their cups with each breath. Lucy continued doing her buttons and looked down at Gabby staring.

“It’s fine, Gabby. But please don’t let it happen again. There are a lot of *big benefits* to working in a place like this.” She said while struggling to pull her shirt closed. She smirked over her shoulder at me. “I will see you later this afternoon. Maybe we *both* will.” I raised my eyebrows and so did Gabriella. We looked at each other and her already pink cheeks flushed red with imagination. “The door, please, Gabby.” Lucy asked, snapping the poor girl from her reverie. She mentally set aside everything that had happened and went back to work.

“Right... So... Uhm... Haa... Yes. Well the board seemed to be understanding, but these two new investors were the most vocal about their time being wasted and...” And Gabriella was right back at it. Lucy nodded and responded and blew me a kiss as the doors closed while she still struggled to button her shirt closed. If she couldn’t get it closed she would be offering a lot more than spreadsheets at today’s meeting.

As peace settled onto my floor I sighed with relief to finally have some time to myself. I grabbed my jacket and briefcase, filled another cup of coffee, and unzipped letting my cock spring out of my fly. It felt better swinging around instead of being bent painfully down a pant leg after *that*. ‘*Gabriella... Hmm...*’ I thought, then grabbing another protein bar I wiped my shoes off on the floor mat before the double doors to my main office area. I left two wet swipes of sticky goo I didn’t want to trail to my desk. The aftermath of two delightful encounters in my wake, I headed

to my desk to deal with my *issue* first-hand. I was excited and exhausted at the prospect of *another* girl vying for my seed.

leaving the aftermath of two encounters behind me. didn't need to deal with the painful erection, let out a deep breath of my own and stared down at the painfully hard erection in my pants as the thought of another girl vying for my seed both excited and exhausted me.