

## Research & Development

### Part 1: Arrival

“More Me serum is about empowering women, about giving them what they want and need. Gentle, natural herbal extracts simply allow your body to reach its full potential. It’s an all-round wellness tonic that improves your skin tone, makes your hair longer and more glossy, and gives you more self-confidence to be you! Oh, and you might be going shopping for a new wardrobe this summer, because for some women, More Me will even firm up your bustline and give you that bigger, sexier shape you always knew you had in you!” Glamor Today magazine advertorial feature, spring 2032

One of the few perks she had allowed herself when she had inherited the company from her parents was to pick her own office. As chief scientist of Galactea, Dr Emma Wallace could have had a desk up in the executive suite. She always said she chose her smaller, more businesslike workspace to be near the research team she managed; but in truth, it was because this office had the prime view of visitors and staff coming and going in the bright reception area below.

Emma Wallace saw herself not just as the majority owner of one of the fastest-growing companies in the country, but also as a quiet pioneer of social change. In her years working her way up through the family firm she had learnt the power the company had to make a difference. Her parents, especially her mother, had hoped Galactea would become a beacon of humanitarian and medical help for families in need across the world. They had achieved much, but to do this, a business needed funds, and Emma had kept her focus on building the company’s profits since her parents’ retirement. In recent years Emma’s more pragmatic and bold approach was transforming not only the company, but now, she believed, society itself. The changes she had wrought were becoming plain to see, and there was nothing Emma Wallace liked better than to watch this for herself.

Today, Emma was expecting a visitor, and had half an eye out of the window. Right on time, her guest arrived. She closed her spreadsheets, and moved to look. Downstairs a striking figure was coming through the revolving doors. Journalist Katie Leland was clearly getting used to turning heads, and on this, her second visit to Galactea, she had chosen to dress suitably. Fascinated, Emma ran her eyes over the younger woman as Katie approached the reception desk. High-heeled, strappy sandals accentuated her long, bare legs, leading to a tiny pair of baby-pink denim shorts. Her toned and tanned midriff was on display as her only other garment was an absurdly small eggshell blue crop top that barely covered her magnificent breasts. As Emma watched Katie approach the reception desk she saw her flick back her long, blond hair and adjust her top to accentuate her bust. Emma permitted herself a small smile of satisfaction. Her guest smiled flirtatiously at the receptionist before jiggling over to the elevators.

The first time Katie had visited the Galactea campus was nearly a year ago. Emma remembered looking down at the lobby and wondering at the young woman who she had finally agreed to meet. The tall, skinny journalist who had walked in the doors was very different from the one she had just seen. Newly qualified, and fresh in her first major job, Katie Leland had been

nervous about this big interview. She hesitantly approached the reception desk, fussing with her bag and coat. An attractive young woman, dressed in sensible office attire, she was planning on looking businesslike. The curly mane of golden hair that Emma had seen today had been then wound up tight, and of course, her chest had been as flat as a board behind a buttoned-up blouse. Something remarkable had happened to Katie Leland in the last year - and Emma knew what it was.

"Katie, how lovely to see you, welcome back!" Emma turned from the window and greeted her scantily-dressed guest with a kiss on the cheek, reaching up to be level with the taller girl and getting a close-up encounter with those amazing breasts as she did so.

"Thanks for having me back, Dr Wallace." Katie looked slightly sheepish, but, ever the journalist, jumped straight into the issue. "I thought maybe after that last article you'd be looking for someone else to promote More Me."

"Call me Emma. And no hard feelings, you know that early controversy was the best publicity we could have wished for." Following her host's indication, Katie folded her long legs and took a seat. She bent forward to get herself a glass of water from the carafe on the table, giving Emma an impressive glimpse down the straining crop top, as Katie's swollen breasts swung forward from her slender body. "No, I'd say you did us a favor. It was after you called it the 'Boob Drug' that things took off."

"But you did know," said Katie, "that the serum was likely to have an effect on women's breast size. You must have known." Emma smiled and paused. She remembered the far less bold questions coming from the younger Katie, and how worried she had been about telling anyone the full range of effects caused by Galactea's new wellness tonic.

Everything she'd told Katie back then had been true - the serum improved skin tone, made hair longer and more glossy, and gave women more self-confidence. What she didn't mention were the three factors that meant she'd had to market this product very differently to any other her company had ever launched. The first was that More Me affected different women in different ways. Some people had little to no response to it, others showed very noticeable results. Some had all the effects, some had a few. The amount of breast growth - the effect that soon got all the attention - ranged from just an improvement in breast shape and firmness, to a few cup sizes improvement, usually most on women who started with smaller breasts. Some - of whom Katie clearly was one - grew enormously. The second factor was the effect on the personalities of the women who started taking the More Me serum. People became more outgoing, more relaxed and a lot more confident; and at higher doses showed an increase in libido. Recently Emma had seen confidential studies suggesting those suffering from anxiety and depression reported improvements in symptoms, and even more remarkable were reports from university research colleagues who suggested that students who started taking More Me were showing an unprecedented boost to their grades.

The third factor - and the one which had meant that Galactea had been unusually cautious about their new wonder-product - was that More Me was addictive, with a likelihood that women

who took the tonic would become psychologically dependent on its effects and keep buying more. Women could become very focussed on the changes that the tonic was creating, especially in their growing breasts, and feel the need to grow so they keep getting that joyful sense of wellbeing. This addictiveness was the secret Emma Wallace was determined to keep from the journalist. If this became known, Galactea would face scandal, and calls for regulation of More Me products. The last thing the company wanted was to get the government involved, not when Emma was working on the next phase of her plan - More Me Plus.

"We knew about the possible breast growth effect, of course, but we also knew that wasn't a guaranteed result." Emma peered over her glasses in her best attempt to seem like a reassuring medical advisor. "It was all there in the small print, if you wanted to read it, but we didn't appreciate how many women would really want their breasts to be bigger."

Katie reached down for her pad and checked her notes. "You're not kidding. Over twelve million downloads of the More Me app - ten in the last year alone - are all those downloads active customers, Emma?"

"No, of course not. But yes, the app is very popular." Emma realised that the inter

"Ok, so let's assume they're mostly paying the minimum \$20 a month - that's probabl

"Sure, More Me has been a smash hit for us, I'm not denying it. But, look at me, where are my manners? If I'm not mistaken, Katie, you are one of our satisfied customers. Tell me, how has that been for you?" Emma had imagined Katie might spot her attempt at diverting the conversation, but the reporter proved willing to be thrown off the scent.

"You're right, I'm one of those twelve million, and it's changed my life. Changed it so much for the better." Katie put down her pad and, leaning forward, scooped her wobbling breasts up with her arms, pushing them up so the tops of her pink areolas were just visible above the blue top. "Look at me, Emma - the serum has done this for me. I had this in me all the time, to be a stronger, sexier, bustier girl, and now I can be all that."

Emma drew a breath. She'd heard plenty of users' stories but rarely told so eagerly - and with such forthright evidence in front of her eyes. "What changed your mind Katie?" she asked, pushing home the advantage. "When you wrote that 'Boob Drug' article, you wanted to tell a story, but you didn't pull any punches. I didn't feel as though More Me was something you would ever want to try yourself."

Katie looked down at the obvious evidence otherwise, still in danger of spilling out. "That's the funny thing, I didn't feel like that either. Emma, I spent most of my school days being teased for being flat-chested: I mean, nothing terrible, but seriously, I had no tits, none at all. I was fit and healthy, had no trouble getting boys, so what did I care? It wasn't an issue for me. Perhaps

that's why I went for Galactea so hard when we got the info about More Me being more than just a wellness tonic. I wanted to make the point - you don't need to have boobs to be happy.

"And then the article came out, and everything changed - we published it to reveal some shameful corporate conspiracy; but in a few days the beauty and fashion industry was banging on our door and Glamor Today was planning the More Me feature edition. I mean, you know how much women are spending on buying More Me, but did you anticipate the wider impact? How many women are buying new hair products, new cosmetics, new shoes - and new clothes?" Katie sat up straight and smoothed down her little crop top in a parody of modesty, barely covering the deep lower curves of her breasts. She looked down at the older woman and said quietly, "I bought this top about two weeks ago, Emma. I'm falling out of it already. I'll be shopping again this weekend, me and twelve million other women." There was a long silence in the room. Katie reached for her pad and drew her attention back to the job she was there to do. "Yes, Glamor Today totally changed tack when the magazine owners realised how much their readers and advertisers loved your new product. So here I am, back again."

Emma had seen endless pages of data about every medical aspect of this product but this was different, and she wanted to know more. "Tell me what happened, Katie," she said. "Tell me how More Me came into your life."

"Really?" Katie stole a glance down at her expanded chest before continuing. "OK, I'll admit I didn't plan on taking More Me, you're right. But I work for a glamor magazine, with a bunch of women about my own age - a few guys, obviously, but we're mainly women. When we ran the 'Boob Drug' article nobody in my team was on More Me. Three months later, I was the only hold-out. You probably don't remember how I looked last time we met, but I was just the office worker - sensible shoes, office hairdo, just about enough make-up to get by. Oh, and no tits, obviously, in my case. 'Sunny side ups' as my ex used to say. You see, I'm a qualified journalist, who just happens to be working on Glamor Today right now, so I'm not as into fashion and beauty as many of my colleagues..." Katie broke off, thoughtfully. "Or at least, I wasn't." She took another long sip of her water, and reached for the carafe again. This time she didn't even bother to hide herself, giving Emma a long view of the freckled slopes of her swaying breasts as they hung in front of her eyes.

"It was a weird thing, watching my friends and colleagues changing. It started with clothes and makeup - I mean, we're a fashion mag so what do you expect? Women started dressing differently. Just little things at first, like wearing high heels all day, or a short skirt. They were just acting in a more confident way, you know? Then, people started wearing more outrageous stuff. We have some pretty way-out creatives anyway in our team, and you wouldn't believe some of the stuff they wear. I mean," Katie gestured at her own pink micro-shorts, "I'm dressed pretty sensibly for our office right now. You should see what they get up to!" She gazed into the distance, reminiscing. "Of course, nobody missed the real effect of More Me - when girls in Glamor Today started growing, I was horrified - and fascinated, if I'm honest. My co-workers were just sitting there in the office, comparing breast sizes, and every day they were getting bigger. My boss is about my age, and she was pretty well-endowed to start off with. She got so busty she would just turn up in a loose t-shirt, because she wasn't going to keep buying new

bras. And she wasn't reluctant to let us have a look at her new rack, either. Nobody was. I wasn't part of it - and I couldn't help but watch.

"Then there was the office party in that bar. We'd never had a party like this, I was totally unprepared. I saw my workmates dressed up for the town, and boy did I feel out of place. They'd all been taking More Me for a few months, and the growth was showing on most of them. These girls were starting to bust out of their clothes and they loved it. Their tits were big, and they wanted everyone to know. I was amazed. I mean, I understand how they felt now, but back then I had no idea what it was like for them. We drank, we danced, guys kept coming over, but I felt like everyone was kinda laughing at me, skinny Katie with the flat chest, wearing my sensible work shoes and blouse. All these half-naked women, dressed to show off their swelling boobs, was not a comfortable place for me. I was getting ready to go. Until somebody slipped me a drink full of More Me. I guess they thought I was never going to do it myself - and they were probably right.

"I drank the whole lot in one go, just so I could leave. There must have been a week's dose in that glass, mixed with God knows what, and it hit me like a freight train. I don't remember much more but they tell me I was dancing on the tables in my underwear until my friend took me home. I never wore the sensible shoes again. And as for the blouse, well, within a few weeks I couldn't have worn it if I'd wanted. I was too big. The girl with the bee-sting boobs was history."

Emma was intrigued by this story of transformation - more than she wanted to let on. Her scientific curiosity was piqued, but even more, she was finding it hard to resist the story of how a huge More Me dose managed to turn a cynical and frumpy cub reporter into a loud, foxy, siren with boobs so big she could hardly contain them. "Katie, you do look amazing - tell me about it?"

"It's More Me, of course - plain and simple. Most girls get some kind of a boost up top, but me, I got the full treatment. I guess nature was compensating me for all those titless years!" Katie laughed and jiggled her bust outrageously, once more coming close to letting the whole lot spill out. "Once I'd recovered from that party I realised I'd been slipped a huge dose. I was furious! Angry that I had lost control, sure, but also I was trying to fight the effects of More Me - and losing. I couldn't deny there were effects, Emma. I refused to drink any more of it but even after a few days, I was starting to look different at work. I wore my hair loose, I spent more time putting on make-up. I told myself I was just fitting in with the girls, but I knew things had changed for me. A few days in, I was pulling on a t-shirt when I realised I needed to pull it down over my chest. First time ever. I had tits, Emma. Real tits. Just little tiny handfuls but God, they felt good. That morning I was late for work, I spent so long playing with them. I'm sure my workmates knew - my tops were all looking tight and as I didn't usually need a bra, I didn't wear one - that had to change when my nipples started poking out throughout the day. Just the feel of the fabric rubbing over them kept them erect, and nobody could miss that. I bought my first B-cup bra a week after I got dosed. That didn't last.

"We were having good times, going out a lot, meeting guys in bars - I mean, I wouldn't have done that before. But I was loving it. I was delighted with my new boobs too, and I started to

dress to show them off. I wanted people to see what I had. I'd wear my work blouses with the top buttons undone. I cut the bottoms off t-shirts - I even went out in a bikini top by the time I was a D-cup. And it felt good.

"My flatmate was already taking More Me regularly back then - one morning I was making breakfast and I just grabbed her bottle of serum and swigged another massive dose down. I - I don't know why. I think I knew how much I would miss the feeling of growing - those tiny tits of mine had been slowly swelling, every morning a little more flesh was there, but the growth was slowing down and I didn't want that to stop. Of course, once I started taking More Me regularly, it started again." Katie cupped one heavy breast with her hand, weighing it thoughtfully. "Although I think I've probably got to the limit now. I keep drinking the serum, but I'm not getting much bigger.

"And there's something else - and I think you know about this, Emma. More Me affects sex drive, doesn't it? After that second big dose I had it bad. I'd had a long-distance boyfriend for years. Neither of us were much into the physical stuff, so it was never a problem. He's a nice guy, my parents liked him, but I didn't see him from one month to the next. And I needed a man who was a lot closer to hand. So the night I chucked him by text, I put on my tightest t-shirt and hit the town.

"With my sexy new boobs it wasn't that difficult to find someone to help me out. Actually, several people. I just bounced and wobbled a bit, and they were lining up to buy me drinks. The first guy I actually had in a toilet cubicle in a fancy bar. He pulled my boobs out of my shirt and tweaked my nipples until I came. I blew him there and then. He finished on my tits, and I realised how powerful these bigger breasts were. I could get men to do what I wanted. And I did, Emma, I really did.

"I took another guy home that night. He fucked me until we were both exhausted - and it seemed like every time he stroked my boobs, I came again. I had never had so many orgasms in one night before - probably not in one year. And since I started on More Me, I have had a lot of sex. I love it - but also I need it. I get twitchy if I haven't come for a while - and I know that's the serum."

Emma was thoughtful. This interview was not going the way she had expected - at all. Fearing a challenge from the reporter, and maybe more adverse publicity, Emma had instead met someone who could be an advocate for More Me. It occurred to her that Katie Leland might be not a threat, but an opportunity. A big opportunity - and one that might be about to get bigger.

"Katie, your story is inspiring. I'd like to offer you something special, that could help us both out. You've probably already heard that we're working on a premium More Me product - much more potent, and administered under controlled conditions. It's not ready for market yet but I can sign you up to be an early access test subject if you agree not to write about it until just before the launch. I'd love to have a story from the very woman who wrote the 'Boob Drug' expose, supporting the new More Me Plus launch. I can give you access to a full course of treatment, for as long as you want."

Emma was looking to see if there was excitement in Katie's eyes. Had she guessed right? Was this young woman attracted by the idea of unlimited serum? Emma was almost certain that Katie was already addicted, but didn't know it. The journalist was doing well not to let her eagerness show, but Emma sensed a tension. This was going to go well. What she wasn't going to reveal was just how experimental the More Me Plus serum was at this stage. Emma wanted to study overdose effects, and as Katie had already taken two huge doses and seemed none the worse for it, Emma was planning to give the top-heavy young writer even more of the new serum and find out just how far things would go.

There was a pause. Emma knew that anyone thinking rationally would, at that point, have asked for more details of the unknown treatment, and what it would involve. She needn't have worried.

"Sure, I'll do that," said Katie. "When do we start?"

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Part 2 to follow in due course.

This story is set in the same timeline as the only other BE story I've written, Positive Feedback, 2004. The adventures of Emma Wallace and her company, Galactea, are extensive, and maybe one day I'll write down some more if there's any demand for it. I hope it won't be another 17 years.

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