

*This is the second part of a two-part story, 'Research and Development'.*

## Part 2: Development

*"If the word on the street is true, Galactea has got even more in store for all you Boob Drug fans. For those who just can't get enough of their More Me serum, we're hearing rumors that there's a new, more powerful product in the pipeline. And recent updates to the More Me app have revealed the possibility that this product will be available to existing More Me customers as soon as next spring. If you're like us you'll be desperate to know more, and we're going to be bringing you more Galactea news from our own confidential inside sources just as soon as we can." Glamor Today magazine, autumn 2032*

Fresh from her morning briefing meeting, Emma Wallace, chief scientist of Galactea, walked briskly down the corridor to the accommodation block, her heels clicking on the floor. She was looking forward to seeing Katie again, and finding out how the young journalist was getting on after two weeks of More Me Plus treatment. If Katie wasn't going to write a story revealing uncomfortable truths about the new product, Emma would be a lot happier.

The apartments in the Galactea complex were bright and airy modern units, with views out over the nearby hillsides and the city below. Visiting staff or contractors could stay in them, and it was not unknown for volunteers for medical trials - like Katie Leland - to use the little suites so they could be supervised.

Emma knocked briskly on the apartment door and walked in.

"Good morning, Katie," Emma called. "Are you ready for our check-up meeting?"

"Be right with you!" She heard a voice and some indistinct noises coming from the bedroom. After a few moments, Katie emerged, barefoot, wearing a big white towelling robe.

"Oh, sorry, did you want to - " Emma was slightly startled by the girl's appearance.

"I was showering. I'm fine, so long as you don't mind me with wet hair and no makeup."

"No, it's all the same to me." The two women sat down at the table, the morning sun shining into the room.

Emma put a paper bag in front of Katie, with a bottle in it. "Here's some more serum - it's still at no cost to you, as our guest, so you can have some whenever you want." She took out her notepad as Katie eyed the bag. "They gave you the medical checks yesterday?" Katie nodded. "I've just got the results, which are fine. That means you'll be ready for your second infusion this

afternoon. I wanted to find out how you feel about that."

"Honestly? I can't wait. I wasn't sure what to expect, but these last two weeks have been fantastic."

"Fantastic how? Just a general feeling of well-being, or..." Emma gave a serious medical professional look, but when she raised her eyebrows, Katie smiled.

"Or what? You've come up here to see for yourself, right? Don't worry, I knew you'd want to. You are a doctor, right?" Katie got to her feet and stepped back, fumbling with the tie around her bathrobe. She giggled as the oversized white garment slid to the ground, and Emma's eyes widened. The tall blond was wearing nothing but a pair of panties and the eggshell-blue crop top that she had shown off in Emma's office a few weeks earlier.

Katie gave a mischievous grin as she arched her back, pushing her tits forward in a provocative pose. "Notice any difference?" Emma nodded slowly. There was indeed quite a difference. Last time she had seen that garment on Katie, her breasts were just about covered by the skimpy vest. A few tantalising glimpses of pale undercurve had been on display, and the top was clearly under strain. But now, after two weeks of growth, it didn't even reach Katie's erect nipples. The crop top just sat around her slender neck, resting on the tops of her boobs. Fully aware of the effect she was having, Katie began a clumsy attempt to pull the stretchy fabric over her naked tits, pushing first one fat orb and then the other up into the garment, her hands shoving in a futile effort to keep the heavy, wobbling spheres from popping out again. Her dark nipples were hard with excitement. "I'm getting bigger fast, Emma. I'm not sure this top really fits me any more, what do you think?"

"I see the growth has kicked in." Emma was staying professional but her eyes were not on her notes any more. Katie had given up trying to stuff herself into the tiny vest and was just letting her bare tits sway. "Any other changes you've become aware of?"

"I'm sure your team has told you I'm eating about 6,000 calories per day, to feed these girls." Katie's hands looked absurdly small as she reached up and weighed her breasts. Emma swallowed as she noticed her surreptitiously give the tiniest tweak to one of her rigid nipples. Katie's eyes seemed distant for a moment, before she exhaled a long breath. There was a moment of silence between the two women.

"And I know you're wondering: yes my sexual appetite is still as intense as ever - stronger if anything. I mean right now I haven't fucked this morning, because I knew you were coming over. That means I might have some... trouble... keeping my mind focussed. I'll be fine once I've worked off some of this tension."

"And just how would you...?" Emma was considering the possibilities.

"Oh, don't worry, I've made arrangements. You remember I told you about the boyfriend I dumped? Well, it turns out he's the forgiving type. You can probably guess why. Anyway he's come to keep me company. Scott!" There was some movement in the nearby bedroom. After a

few moments a lanky young man emerged, looking somewhat sheepish.

"Good morning Dr Wallace. I hope you don't mind me staying over?"

"I guess not, if Katie, ah, needs you here, I can't see a problem with that." Emma was thinking fast. "In fact, perhaps you'd like me to move you both to a larger suite? This one's not really meant for two." Katie smiled at Scott, then turned to her host.

"Sure, Emma, thanks. It might be better in a bigger place."

"Then that's agreed. I'll get the team to move you later today, while you're having your infusion." Emma could see that Katie was not really concentrating on her words any more. The journalist took the bottle of More Me serum out of the bag and held it in front of herself.

"So if I understand this right, the new injections don't replace the serum, they just make you more sensitive to it, is that right?"

"You got it. You still need to take your normal More Me dose, as you have been, but our studies suggest the results could be more intense than before."

"More intense? You're not kidding. Have you actually watched somebody taking their serum dose after the More Me Plus injection Emma?"

"I haven't. Do you think I should?"

"I don't know, but you're gonna see it right now anyway." Katie couldn't wait any longer. She unscrewed the cap of the bottle and chugged back a couple of mouthfuls.

"Hey, you're meant to dilute it, and measure the dose carefully!"

"Yeah, right. Your guys told me that. I ignored them too." Discarding the pointless crop top, Katie sauntered over to the couch and sat boldly in the centre of it, her legs crossed and arms spread along the back. Emma and Scott could only stare at the disproportionately huge breasts hanging from the slim woman. Katie gazed back at Emma. "Now watch this, Miss Galactea," she smiled oddly. "See what you have created."

"I'm not sure I - "

"Look." A blush rose in Katie's pale cheeks, and Emma saw the gentle rosininess spread across the naked girl's skin. The room was silent. Katie shifted her hips slightly, shut her eyes, and inhaled deeply. As the flush reached her tits she thrust her chest out and began to pant. Emma was transfixed. The smooth curves of Katie's breasts were already obscuring her entire ribcage, but Emma was astounded to watch the undercurve get lower, and lower, as Katie's bust began to slowly swell. With each short breath the girl took, her firm tits inflated slightly as the powerful serum combination coursed through her body, artificial hormones driving her freakishly large bust to grow even further. The sides of each orb gently pushed out, blue veins clearly visible beneath the stretching skin.

Katie was breathing more quickly, her eyes still closed as she luxuriated in the ecstasy of growth. The expansion gradually slowed until she blinked and met Emma's bewildered gaze once more. "You see? That's what I can do, with More Me."

"But - that shouldn't even be possible? How did you - Where did all that -" Emma was gobsmacked by what she had just seen, and not a little excited. The scientist in her was incredulous, but the evidence of her own eyes could not be denied. She took a few steps towards Katie, staring at her bare tits. They were visibly larger than they had been just a few minutes earlier, the heavy globes almost obscuring Katie's navel.

Katie wiped sweat from her forehead, and squirmed on the couch. She was starting to look uncomfortable.

"Emma, I'd love to chat, but right now Scott and I have some urgent business. Can we catch up later?"

"Sure, but what's urgent? This is amazing!"

"Yeah, amazing is right. And it's just about to get even more amazing. Can you excuse us?" Katie rose to her feet, staggering for a moment as she adjusted to her even more top-heavy weight distribution. Boobs wobbling and jiggling, she strolled briskly over to Scott and grabbed him by the hand, dragging him towards the bedroom. "Urgent business, Emma. See you later!" The bedroom door slammed.

Emma slowly retreated, her thoughts racing. As she shut the apartment door she could already hear Katie's rhythmic, high-pitched cries. Half way down the corridor Emma shook her head in amazement, hearing the journalist's triumphant wail as her orgasm swept through her.

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Across the country at a conference, Emma was disappointed that she'd had to leave the young couple in the care of her colleagues for so long. She'd been keen to see for herself how the trial was going after the extraordinary scenes she'd witnessed recently. Luckily with Katie and Scott in the new apartment, she didn't have to miss out entirely. Tonight Emma was working late in her hotel room, intending to review the results of some recent studies. Instead, she was drawn to the video feed from the suite that she had moved her guests into. She glanced back at her spreadsheets for a moment, but they could wait.

Adjusting the screen, Emma expanded the view to show Katie and Scott sitting at a table. She squinted at Scott, trying to see if he looked any different, but in the afternoon light it was hard to tell. She knew from the reports she was getting that Scott was spending time in the employee gym, and she put this down to the supplements she'd asked her team to slip into Scott's meals. Emma wanted Scott ready to service Katie's enhanced libido at any time, and that meant that the unremarkable young man she'd met in the little apartment had been given something to keep his energy and sexual stamina up.

Emma was, of course, thinking more about the continuation of her experiment with Katie. She

was certain that the danger of a critical article in Glamor Today had passed, but what was Katie Leland going to do instead? What would happen if a woman was exposed to as much More Me serum as she wanted? A woman who, like Katie, was helplessly addicted to it? This was something nobody knew, because nobody had ever gone this far before. Emma Wallace was not used to stopping half way when she wanted to know something. She looked on at the oblivious couple in the apartment.

Katie flicked her long hair back and turned slightly. Emma drew in her breath as the high resolution camera focussed on the slim figure of the blond journalist, giving Emma a side view of the big, naked breasts that half-filled the table. The taut skin of each firm orb showed the fast rate of Katie's ongoing expansion. Her darkened nipples pointed forward, now the size of thumbs. Emma could see that Katie had been eating her evening meal - having to reach around her own swollen tits to get to the plate.

Katie rose, revealing that she was wearing nothing but sweat pants and an open-fronted hoodie. It would have been difficult for the younger woman to have zipped up her garment even if she tried - her bust was too enormous to fit inside it. Emma watched intently as Katie struggled to maneuver herself around the domestic environment of the little kitchenette. Katie's size was now so extreme, Emma thought, that it was starting to interfere with her everyday life. Washing the dishes Scott passed to her, Emma guessed that Katie had no hope of seeing what was going on in the sink - her tits were big enough to completely block her view. As she reached up to put the crockery away in the cupboard, the wobbling boobs knocked over a pot of utensils on the counter. And this was a woman, Emma marvelled, who was greedy to increase her dose of More Me serum yet again. Katie didn't just want to grow - she needed to grow, even if it turned her into a sex-dependant slut with impractically large breasts.

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Ten days after her last visit to Katie Leland, Emma was back in the Galactea campus and wasted no time in visiting the guest apartments. Outside the door to Katie's suite, she paused, listening. She could hear the muffled sounds of groans and gasps inside. Emma smiled to herself. Katie's craving for orgasm was now so great that she could hardly go a few hours without a climax. Emma waited until the panting subsided, then gently knocked.

Hearing no answer she opened the door and peered in, eventually finding Katie in the bedroom. The journalist was sprawled naked on the big double bed. The room reeked of sex, and sounds from the en suite shower suggested that Scott was cleaning up from another bout of serum-driven lust. Katie was sweating profusely. The spectacular mane of blond hair was unkempt and greasy. But these details were not the first things that the scientist noticed. Emma was stunned to see in person the scale of Katie's breasts. The younger woman was lying on her front, on top of her colossal bust. Her tits had grown considerably since Emma had seen her on the video feed. The massive swollen orbs rested on the bed in front of her, skin taut and shiny with relentless expansion. Veins etched a delicate tracery underneath her pale skin, contrasting with florid stretch marks that betrayed the incredible speed of her growth. Katie lay on top of her tits like pillows - pillows that lifted her a couple of feet from the mattress. Her smooth, long legs

were still spread as Scott must have left her, spent with passion. Her hands were, as usual, gently stroking the flanks of her breasts, caressing the taut walls of these incredible globes. She looked up.

"Help me, Emma," said Katie without ceremony. Taking her proffered hands, Emma realised that for Katie, even the simple action of lifting herself from the bed was almost beyond her strength, so distended and heavy were the two firm spheres that she carried before her. She was virtually immobilised by her own breasts. Katie carefully swung her legs round, Emma gingerly pulled her upright and set the younger woman on her feet. Katie cradled her bust in both arms, leaning back steeply to support the burden. Her nipples stuck forward, now almost an inch in diameter, set on brown areolae bigger than an outstretched hand. She took a cautious step, barely able to balance. Tottering, the tall girl's slim legs and narrow waist seemed comically inadequate to support the gargantuan bust that dominated her upper body. She reached the nearby shelving and leaned against the wall for support. Her pale breasts, released from her embrace, shifted and jostled alarmingly. Katie grabbed a bottle from several that were lined up, and upended it, glugging back the contents in a rapid series of swigs.

"Did you just -" Emma looked again, startled. "Did you just empty a whole bottle of neat serum?"

"That's right. I - uh - need a lot of fluids. I get very thirsty."

"You sure do - that's about two week's dose. How did you get all that serum? How much are you taking?"

"Well, ah, see, Scott is quite popular with some of the ladies downstairs. He kinda got us a few cases and I've been working my way through. That's almost the last one. I hope you brought me some more?" Emma looked in amazement at the slender woman, barely able to stand with the weight of her own distended bust. It seemed hardly credible that even in this extraordinary state her overriding need was more breast growth.

"Are you quite sure that's the best idea Katie? I mean, I have been meaning to discuss with you when our experiment might come to an end, and it looks to me like this might be a good time."

"Emma, this is - ahhh - definitely not a good time. Get me on the bed. Scotty!" Katie's voice rose urgently above the sound of the shower. As a bewildered Emma reached out her hand again, Katie staggered and nearly fell as a spasm wracked her body. "Ah, it's starting. Scott? I need you!" The shower sounds stopped abruptly. Emma used both her arms to hold Katie from falling, and found herself pressed against the warm, yielding flesh of two gigantic tits. An erect nipple stuck into her side like a poking finger as she scrambled for purchase. Slick with sweat, the wobbling globes slipped from her grasp, almost toppling both women as Emma struggled to maneuver the gasping, top-heavy journalist across the room. The serum overdose was hitting Katie hard and fast. Her breathing was getting harsh and urgent, her eyes staring wildly. Another groan, and her legs collapsed under her just as Emma managed to pull her sideways onto the broad divan.

"Scott!" yelled Emma, panicked. "A little help in here?"

"OK, OK, I'm coming!" Scott piled out of the bathroom, wearing nothing but a towel wrapped precariously around his waist. "Dr Wallace! Did she take the medicine?" Emma nodded mutely. "Okay then." Scott drew in a breath, and turned to face the prone woman. "Help me turn her over." With Emma's tentative assistance Scott manipulated his girlfriend's weakly twitching body until she was in a similar position to the one he'd left her in earlier. Katie laid on top of her heavy breasts, her naked ass raised to reveal her engorged, dripping pussy. Her breaths were coming sharply now.

"Scotty, please!" she mewled, desperate with need. Her hips were bucking uncontrollably with each gasp. As Scott's towel fell to the floor, a stunned Emma Wallace saw how the unremarkable young guy she had met a few weeks earlier had been transformed. Either he really had been hitting the gym insanely hard, or the supplements Emma had given him had been highly effective. Naked and glowing from the shower, Scott was an exaggerated epitome of manliness. Even bent over Katie, he seemed to have grown a few inches taller. His broad shoulders rippled with muscle as he spread Katie's willing legs and prepared to mount her from behind. An erection that could have shamed a stallion bobbed in front of him - thick droplets of translucent pre-cum already oozing from his purple, engorged cockhead. The rigid, veiny appendage must have been ten inches long, and as thick as Emma's wrist. A heavy sac that swayed underneath it looked big enough to hold two tennis balls. Emma's scientific mind wondered at the fact that Scott had obviously been plowing Katie a few minutes earlier, but, focussed on pleasing his insatiable woman, he was getting ready to go another round. At the same time excitement was rising in her.

"Alright baby, Scotty's here," murmured the ripped young man. Katie's hand was flailing ineffectually at her wet snatch, working to give the stimulation she craved. As Scott gently but firmly slipped his glistening cock in, her thrashing stilled and she took a deep, slow breath. The monster organ slowly pushed into her and she began to pant and moan again, this time with delight. Before Scott had even drawn back for a second stroke, the first wave of her growing orgasm washed over her. Katie cried out in ecstasy and relief.

Scott began to thrust a little faster, and a groan escaped from him as Katie's throbbing pussy clenched onto his dick, stretching as he slid further into the wet, eager girl.

"My tits... my tits!" Katie moaned, her hands pushing feebly at the vast globes that supported her. Her slim body began to gently rock in time with Scott's motion. "Emma, please..." She looked imploringly at the scientist, who was standing, transfixed by the scene in the bedroom. Emma realised that Katie's size prevented her, or Scott for that matter, from reaching her swollen nipples. The teats bobbed rhythmically as Katie was thrust back and forth on the end of Scott's rigid prick, spreading her legs as far as she could to take her man as deeply as possible. Hesitantly, Emma reached out a hand and touched a taut nipple. Immediately Katie let out an appreciative gasp and thrust her chest out into Emma's grasp. "Squeeze them! Now Emma, now!" Emma's fingers closed around the nipple, and her other hand reached out to grip the second one, bouncing and wobbling next to her.

Emma sank to her knees, bringing herself almost level with Katie's panting face and giving easier access to her tits. Her hands moved almost by instinct, and she began to rub the erect nipples with her fingers, cautiously rolling and squeezing each big, hard nub.

Katie's response was immediate and ecstatic. With a yell, another overwhelming surge of orgasm washed over her, and she reared up on the bed, almost lifting those titanic jugs off the divan. Emma clung on and squeezed harder, tweaking and teasing as she began to go red in the face herself. Scott was pounding away, letting out guttural grunts as his excitement rose. Katie whined and wriggled, hardly recovering before her breathing became faster and shallower and the next peak began to build.

After a few more rounds of Scott pumping his cock into his rapacious girlfriend, and Katie alternating between hyperventilating and yelling, Emma noticed the younger woman was starting to go red, and understood what was about to happen. The blush of oncoming serum-mediated growth was rushing across Katie's pale skin. When it reached her overtaxed breasts, Emma immediately felt the warmth under her fingers. She mashed and tweaked Katie's throbbing nipples more quickly, helping the lust-addled girl crest the waves of her uninhibited arousal.

Despite knowing what was to come, Emma was stunned to feel Katie's ballooning tits as the growth set in. Her massaging fingers were slipping on the sweaty, taut skin as the swelling orbs lifted Katie further up off the bed, her body moving to and fro uncontrollably as Scott's overstimulated dong slammed into her again and again. Fattening flanks of sideboob filled the space the girl could reach, and her flailing hands weakly slid over the vast sea of overfilled tit that jostled beneath her.

Incoherent shrieks rang through the apartment as both Emma and Scott worked on Katie, one at each end. She was rocking, helplessly, on her monumentally distended jugs as they continued to swell.

Scott began to puff and blow, and Emma realised that the well-hung young man could hold it in no longer. His thrusting slowed and his eyes widened as an epic load built within him. His first quivering grunt of satisfaction as he unloaded into Katie made Emma tremble with excitement herself. Katie, exhausted, just mewled and whined, frantic with lust. She thrust her hips back firmly to receive her lover's rigid cock as it pulsed and throbbed, at last rewarding her with shot after shot of the hot, creamy cum she so craved.

It was only when Scott finally lolled back, utterly spent, onto the bed, that Emma realised Katie too had gone still. Her hands fell from the sides of Katie's slick breasts and she sat, dazed, contemplating what she could see.

Katie was passed out on top of her own tits like a rag doll laid over a couple of beach balls. A peaceful smile of satiation could be seen on her sleeping face. Drool was dripping down her cheek, and semen trickled from her inflamed snatch: a tiny proportion of the vast volume Scott had blasted into her.



Emma considered the changes that Katie's latest massive dose had wrought. The growth spurt she had witnessed was the biggest yet, expanding Katie to a size where her breasts must have made up much more than half her body weight. There was no hope that the young woman could walk normally, or even stand for long unaided. Katie's unchecked use of More Me had transformed her into a colossal pair of breasts with a slender girl attached. The immense sacs of growing titflesh seemed to have taken over her body and her mind, driving her only towards more and more expansion. A helpless slave to her own uncontrolled lust and greed, her only remaining motivations were to drink more serum, and to be fucked. What was more, Emma realised that the raging addiction she had fostered in Katie meant that the girl would almost certainly overdose again and again, given any opportunity, so her journey was far from done.

Leaning down to examine Katie, Emma felt a pleasant echo of the passion that had been surging through her, too, just a few moments ago. She wondered for a moment if the sex-crazed girl was producing some reproductive pheromone as a part of her transformation. On a whim, she took the young woman's sleeping face in her hands and kissed her on the lips. Immediately the sweet, cloying taste of More Me filled her mouth. Katie's drool was almost pure serum.

Pulling herself together, the scientist stood up, shaking her head. She stood for a while, then looked at the two blissfully comatose young people and pulled out her phone. Dialling her head of facility, she remembered a similar situation years ago, when she'd made provision to care for a young woman who had been through some extreme breast growth, and what had come afterwards.

"Can we get Andrea's old suite ready for occupation? And get some care staff on hand? Good. Make that happen right now please. We'll have a new guest staying there."

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Emma trotted back down the corridor towards her office. Having missed all her morning meetings she was going to be doing a lot of apologising. She had done her best to make herself presentable, but she knew her hair and makeup were ruined after her passionate encounter in the guest suite. She pulled her hair loose from its usual tight ponytail, and shook it out. That would have to do. She would need to take the afternoon off at least, and maybe get herself some more clothes, perhaps something a bit more relaxing. Running a finger under her bra-strap she realised the undergarment was pressing into her. The taste of neat More Me serum was strong in her mouth - then she understood what was happening.

Katie's last bottle of serum was in Emma's hand. She didn't remember taking it from the apartment, but there it was.

"Again?" she murmured to herself, half smiling.

With one motion, she unscrewed the cap of the bottle and threw it behind her. She wasn't planning on putting it back on.

*Aethiop*

*September 2021*

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[Author's footnote]{.}

This is the end of Research & Development, but it may not be the last adventures of Dr Emma Wallace and Galactea Inc. There are a couple more tales in my mind that may one day come forward. Like, how did Emma come to be in possession of these breast-related scientific secrets? And what happened to Andrea? I'm not likely to take up my pen again for a while so if you want to have a go with the characters yourself be my guest.

I would like to take a moment to give my sincere thanks to those who have given feedback (positive, obviously) on TOB. It means a great deal to me and to other authors, and I am sure this story would not have been written the way it was without the encouragement and kind words of those who left comments and suggestions. Please, if you've got a favourite download from the site, leave a note for the author. We read them and pay attention. Yes, even years later.

Your friend

Aethiop