

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Overworked scientist at shady pharmaceutical company works crunch time hours, dozes off while testing boob growth medicine; test subject doesn't protest as much as expected

Contains: Breast Expansion

Sleeping on the Job

Kylie pressed the button to activate her microphone.

"Alright, Amb-er-Gretchen, see that tube on the table? The formula will start coming out of the mouthpiece. Just suck on it."

"Um... is it clean?" The redhead behind the glass asked.

"Of course. We replace the mouthpiece after each test. They're completely sterilized."

"O-okay..."

Kylie sighed, pressing both thumbs to the edges of her eye sockets. Her job at Madsgenix paid well, but these ten-to-twelve-hour crunch time shifts were wearing her down. This was the fifteenth test she'd done today, and they were all starting to blend together. She flipped the switch to activate the feed of fluid into the tube, watching her subject.

Gretchen's cheeks puckered as she sucked on the tube, then her eyebrows shot up when the feed reached her. The mint-chocolate formula had been their most successful flavor yet. Kylie's notes were nothing but positive feedback, and she was more than ready for something more interesting to do.

Watching the young woman suckle at the tube, Kylie twisted a knob a few notches to increase the flow. When Gretchen's cheeks started to bulge, Kylie turned the dial back down a notch.

As she watched through the glass, the humming of the pump and Gretchen's rhythmic gulping made Kylie's eyelids heavy.

A beeping alarm made Kylie jolt awake. After a moment of confusion, she looked at the displays in front of her. The machine's tank was empty. Completely drained. She was supposed to test the formula on each subject, letting them drink as much as they wanted if they enjoyed the taste. Up to two liters if they *really* liked it. Kylie had fallen asleep at her post, and Gretchen had drained a tank with more than two hundred liters of the formula still in it!

Slowly, Kylie looked up and through the glass. Gretchen's blouse was nowhere to be seen. The woman herself was out of Kylie's view. All she could see were a pair of breasts covering the metal table.

Terrified at the ramifications of her carelessness, Kylie jumped out of her chair and went into the testing room. She was going to get fired for sure. That was the easy part. The woman was definitely going to sue the company. Kylie was about to be unemployed *and* bankrupt!

"Miss? Uh... Gretchen?"

Kylie stepped around the room, keeping as much distance as she could between herself and those *things*. Gretchen's chest was pumped with so much formula that Kylie feared they might explode at any moment.

"Oh, you're back. There's no more coming out."

Inexplicably, Gretchen was still sucking on the empty tube.

Kylie was dumbfounded. "Are you... okay?"

"I'm fine," Gretchen smiled.

"You're not... upset?"

"Upset?"

Kylie was about to confess her mistake, then remembered her training with Legal.

“You drank a lot of the formula. I just want to see how you’re feeling.”

“Oh, I feel great!” Gretchen reached out and ran both hands along the slopes of her impossibly bloated chest. Her shirt still covered her shoulders and back but was clearly torn down the front.

Gretchen looked up at Kylie with a wide grin. “So... do you have any more?”