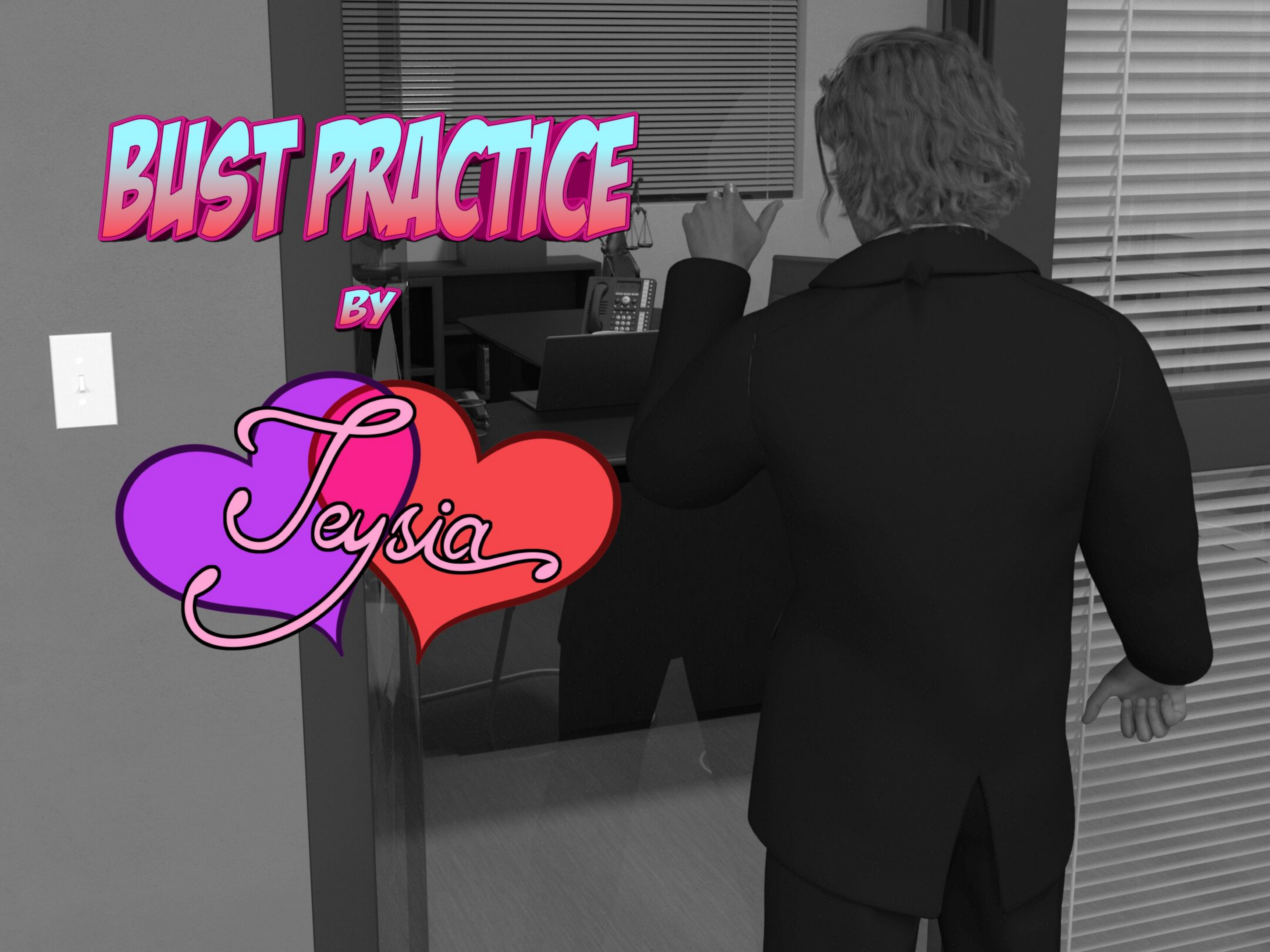


BUST PRACTICE

BY

Jeysia



COME!

KNOCK KNOCK



GOOD MORNING, MISS ROMANICA.

MY NAME IS CARDIGAN CRUM. I'M HERE FOR THE JOB INTERVIEW.

Claire Romanica
CLARE ROMANICA DESIGN



YOU'RE
LATE, MISTER
CRUM. HAVE A
SEAT.




IF THERE'S ONE THING I DESPISE, IT'S TARDINESS.

EON
EMPLOYEE01
USERNAME
PASSWORD




HOWEVER, A LACK OF SUBMISSIONS HERE AT GENTECH HAS FORCED ME TO LOWER MY STANDARDS.

HAVE YOU FULLY READ THE JOB OFFER?

A man with short, wavy red hair and green eyes is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a dark blue suit jacket over a light blue collared shirt. He has a serious expression. In the background, there is a white wall with a wooden panel at the bottom and a framed picture of palm trees. A thought bubble is connected to his head by a dotted line, and a speech bubble points to his mouth.

I NEED TO
SCORE SOME
BONUS POINTS
WITH HER.

YES, I HAVE.
OFFICE SERVICE
WORKER. SEEMS PRETTY
CLEAR TO ME.



**DOES IT?
AND YOU AGREE WITH
ALL THE TERMS AND
CONDITIONS?**



HECK, WAS THERE
SOMETHING ODD?
I JUST WENT OVER THE BASICS.
FUCK IT, I NEED THIS JOB.

I DO,
YES.

**VERY WELL, THEN.
SING THESE PAPERS.
YOU CAN START RIGHT
AWAY.**



JOYCE!
BRING IN A VIAL
OF THE BIO
ARGENT.



BIO ARGENT?
HANG ON. WHAT
ARE YOU ABOUT
TO DO?





BUT...

DURING OFFICE HOUR, GENTECH IS ALLOWED TO MODIFY YOUR BODY AS WE SEE FIT.

YOU JUST SINGED THE CONTRACT.

THE BIO
ARGENT, MISS
ROMANICA.

NO BUTS.
REFUSAL TO BE BODY
MORPHED IS SEEN AS A
BREACH OF
CONTRACT.



CANDY? HER?
WHAT ARE YOU
GETTING AT?

YES,
MISTRESS.

STAY A
MOMENT, JOYCE.
CANDY HERE WILL NEED
YOU TO TRAIN HER IN A
BIT.



**BREACH
OF CONTRACT IS
FINED BY AT LEAST
\$50,000.**

**DO YOU
HAVE THAT MUCH
MONEY LAYING
AROUND?**



RATS.
LOOKS LIKE I
HAVE NO
CHOICE.

GARG. COUGH. GASP.





SLAM

Document
Page 1 of 1



EXCELLENT.
WELCOME ABOARD,
CANDY. YOU'LL BE IN
CHARGE OF
RECEPTION.

JOYCE. GET
HER SOME OFFICE
CLOTHING AND GIVE
HER SOME BASIC
TRAINING.





YES, MISTRESS.
FOLLOW ME, CANDY.

THIS WAY.



ARE YOU SURE THIS ROOM IS RIGHT? SEEMS RATHER EMPTY.




THIS ROOM IS
RIGHT. IT'S EMPTY
FOR A REASON.





NOW,
YOU SHOW HOW
YOU HANDLE
THIS.

WHAT
ARE YOU SAYING?
I CAN'T TAKE THAT.
NO WAY.




**YOUR MIND
MIGHT SAY NO, BUT
THE BODY WE MADE
YOU HAVE...**

...IS ALREADY
BURNING WITH DESIRE
FOR IT.

GULP



A close-up photograph of a woman's face, focusing on her eyes and mouth. She has long, straight blonde hair that frames her face. Her eyes are light blue with a shimmering, iridescent effect. She is wearing dark eye makeup. Her lips are painted a vibrant red. A bright pink, rectangular object is positioned near her mouth, partially obscuring it. The background is a neutral, light-colored wall.

THERE'S A GOOD
GIRL. YOU'RE A
NATURAL, SWEETIE.



THE PUSSY WE GAVE
YOU SHOULD FEEL EVEN
BETTER FOR YOU.

HUFF HUFF.
AHH.



AHHHH...

LET ME
SHOW YOU.

AHHHHH!!!!
OHHHHH!!!
AHAHHHH!!!
YES!!!!



LOTS OF
SEX LATER.

...AND
THIS IS YOUR
WORKSPACE. ANY
QUESTIONS?

I DUNNO. I'M
KNACKERED. I...
NEED A MOMENT
HERE.

GOTCHA.
LATER, CANDY.

BYE,
JOYCE.



RECEPTION



MY FANNY
HURTS. I'M
ZONKED.



GREETINGS.

BOLLOCKS.
I'M BRITISH
NOW, TOO?
POPPYCOCK.

GOOD DAY, MISS.
WELCOME TO GENTECH.
HOW MAY I HELP YOU?

RECEPTION





SO, MY
BOYFRIEND PICKED UP
ONE OF YOUR
CONCOCTIONS.

I WANT TO
RETURN THAT, CAUSE
I HAVE NO DESIRE TO
BE TURNED INTO A
GIANT TIT MONSTER.

FAIR ENOUGH.
DO YOU WISH ME
TO ISSUE A
REFUND?

NAH.
MY NOW
EX-BOYFRIEND
PAYED FOR
THIS.

I JUST WANT
TO GET RID OF IT,
AND IT'S ILLEGAL TO
FLUSH THIS DOWN
THE DRAIN.

RECEPTION



OI! BOSS LADY.
SOME NITWIT GOT A
COCKTAIL FOR HIS
SQUEEZE, AND SHE DUMPED
THAT NAFF BEVVY ON MY
DESK. HOW DO I DISPOSE
OF THIS BLOODY
RUBBISH?

IF THIS IS HOW
YOU CARE TO EXPRESS
YOURSELF, YOU CAN
VERY WELL DRINK IT
YOURSELF.

ARE YOU
TAKING THE
PISS?

\$50,000
CONTRACT
BREAK FEE.



BLOODY
DAFT
CONTRACT.

HUPP!
HICC!

BOING

RIP

BOING



WELL,
BUGGER ME.



SAY WHAT NOW?

WELL, HONEY, DON'T MIND IF I DO.



YOU KNOW
WHAT I MEAN,
DARLING.

NOW LET ME
TEST DRIVE THOSE
TA-TAS.

WAIT,
YOU CAN'T
MEAN...




NO
WAITING, HONEY.
YOU'RE GONNA
GET UNION
JACKED.




GOODNESS ME,
HOW ARE THEY SO
SENSITIVE?





I'M...
TE-HE... WHAT IS
HAPP... HMMMM...

SHE, LIKE,
SUCKING MY
BAZONKERS.



WELL, WELL, SUGAR.
LET'S SEE WHAT KIND OF
UNDERWEAR YOU HAVE
ON.



LOL. I
HAVE, LIKE,
NONE.

'CAUSE NONE
WOULD FIT ACROSS
MY ENORMOUS
ARSE.

THOSE TITS
SEEM LIKE A TON OF
FUN. I THINK I'LL GET ME
SOME LIKE YOURS. I
SHOULD HOLD BACK ON
THE DITZ FACTOR.





DITZ WHA NOW? I,
LIKE, DON'T GET IT. HE
HE, YOU SO FUNNY
SAYING STUFF.

ME HEAD
FUZZY. COME
BACK LATER FOR
SUCKY?



OKAY.

SURE. TEE
HEE.

HEY, CANDY, I
NEED TO TALK WITH
EVAN HERE. CAN YOU
BRING US TWO
COFFEE?

AND PUT ON A
TOP PLEASE. WE
NEED TO AT LEAST
KEEP A MINIMUM
STANDARD.



SO, WE'RE A BIT STUMPED AS TO WHAT POTIONS ELSE TO CREATE.

YEAH, IT'S ROUGH GIVEN HOW MANY VARIANTS WE ALREADY HAVE.




THANKS,
CANDY.

YOUR
COFFEE.



NEW
EMPLOYEE AFTER
HER FIRST FEW
POTIONS.

SHE
SEEMS
CHIPPER.



NEW EMPLOYEE, HUH?
DID YOU MAKE SURE SHE
KNOWS THE COFFEE MACHINE
FROM THE POTION
DISPENSER?

AH,
FIDDLESTICKS.

BLOP



A photograph of a woman with dark hair and bangs, looking down. She is nude, and a large, prosthetic penis is attached to her groin. The prosthetic is a realistic-looking, pinkish-orange color with a pink tip. She is standing in a room with a grey padded bench to her left and a wooden floor. A speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing text. Her right hand is resting on the bench, and her left hand is near a scale on the floor.

WHY THE BLAZES DO
WE HAVE THIS POTION?
WHO EVEN CAN FIT THIS
MONSTER SLONG?

I THINK I
COULD.

GAH.





HONESTLY, IT MIGHT BE ONLY THING AROUND HERE THAT'S MY SIZE.



LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE IS EAGER TO FIND OUT.

SHUT UP. IT HAS A MIND OF ITS OWN.



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? I THOUGH YOU TWO WANTED TO TO ABOUT NEW POTIONS. WHY ARE YOU FOOLING AROUND?

WELL, IT'S NOT BY CHOICE.



WE DRANK
POTIONS CANDY GAVE
US BY ACCIDENT. AND GOT
MORPHED INTO THESE
OVERSEXUALISED
FORMS.

A woman with dark hair and bangs, wearing a white button-down shirt with a deep V-neckline, stands in an office setting. She has a serious expression and her hands are held out to her sides, palms up. A speech bubble originates from her mouth, containing the text: "SO WHAT? TAKE FIVE, DO A QUICK FUCK, AND GET BACK TO WORK." The background includes a grey couch, a framed picture on the wall, and a blue pillar.

SO WHAT?
TAKE FIVE, DO A
QUICK FUCK, AND
GET BACK TO
WORK.



IT'S NOT THAT EASY.
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO
GET OFF WITH THIS COCK.
AND EVAN HERE NEVER
HAS TAKEN ONE.





YOU DO
KNOW THE EFFECTS
CAN BE VARIED,
DON'T YOU?



JUST PUSH THAT
DICK BACK IN, AND
YOU'RE GOOD.



IT WILL
GIVE YOU ANOTHER
TRANSFORMATION.



AMAZING.
IS THERE A REAL
BABY NOW INSIDE
JOYCE?

A woman with dark hair and purple lipstick, wearing a white button-down shirt, is pointing her right arm towards a speech bubble. The scene is set in a room with a grey couch and a window showing a beach scene.

**DON'T BE RIDICULOUS.
SHE ONLY LOOKS PREGNANT.
OUR POTIONS CAN'T MAKE
NEW LIFE.**

**NOW, GO
GET SOME NEW
CLOTHES AND MOTORBOAT
OR SOMETHING TO
REDUCE HORNY
LEVELS.**

**YES,
BOSS.**

I GOTTA
TALK TO CANDY.



A STERN
LECTURE
LATER.

DAM DI DAH.
CLEANING OUT
DISPENSER.

TF Potions



BOSS LADY SAID TO
BE CAREFUL NOT TO
SPLASH MYSELF.

TF Po

tions

TF Potions



LOL, LIKE I'M
SOME CLOWN DOING
THAT.

I DEF DON'T
WANT FAKE IMPLANT
TITS.





OR EVEN
BIGGER TUSH.

TF Potions

TF Potions

SERIOUSLY,
WHAT DO I LOOK
LIKE HERE?



SOME
STUPID AIRHEAD THAT
CAN'T LOOK OUT FOR
THEMSELVES?



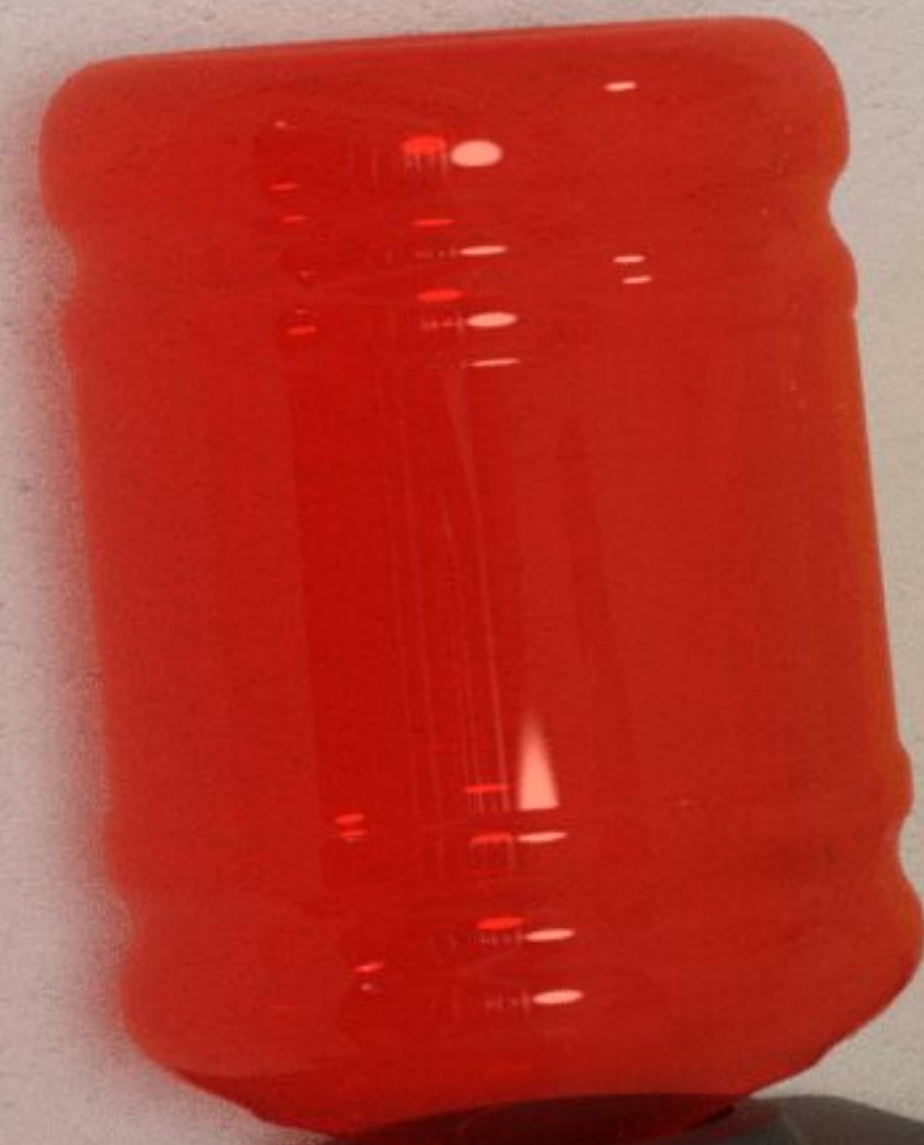
THERE,
ALL DONE.



THIS JOB IS
JUST DICKS.


Potions

I HAVE HALF A MIND TO UNLOAD INTO SOMEONE.





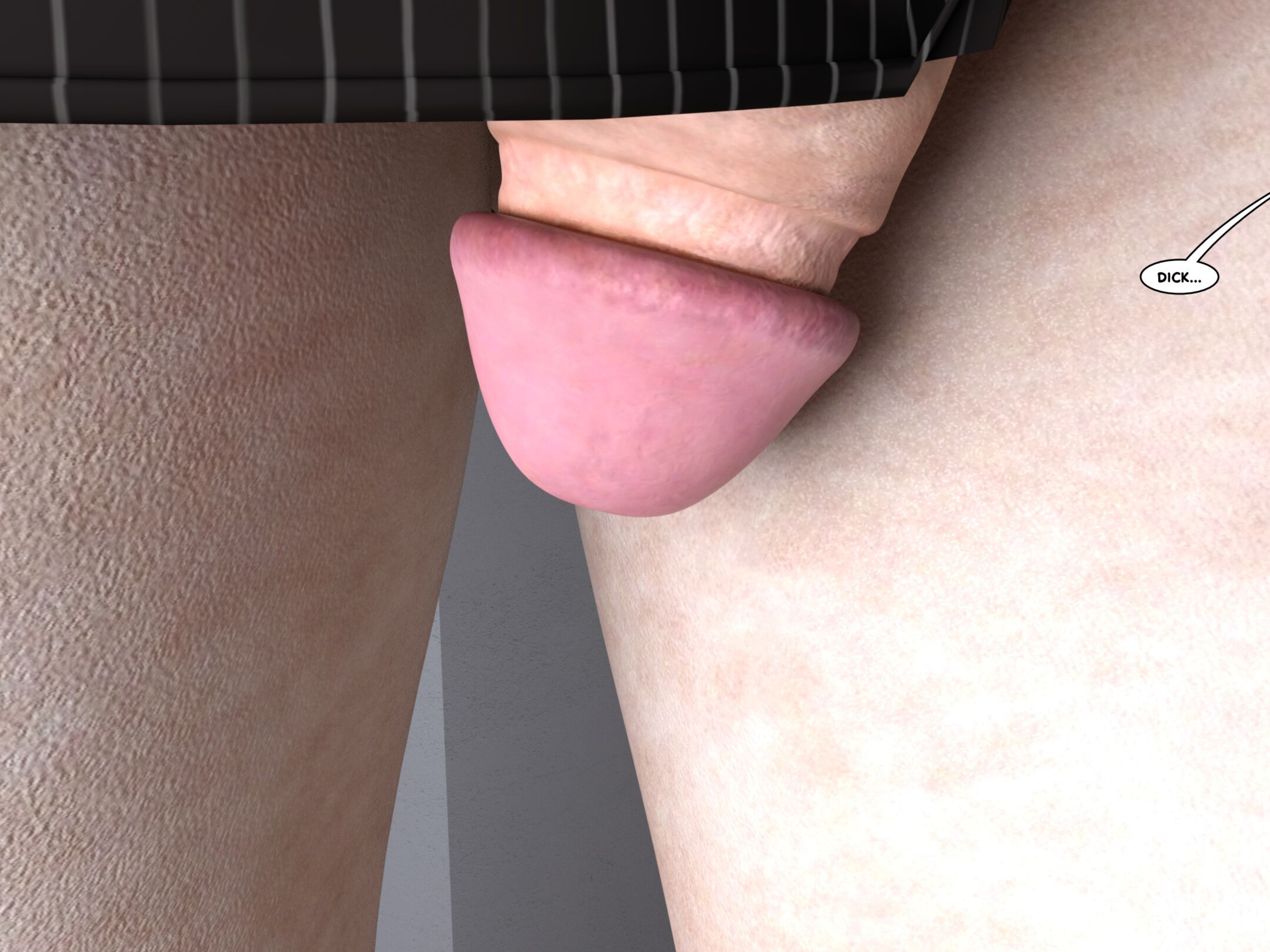
BLASTED
ASS JOB.



**DISPENSERS
ARE DONE. IF YOU
HAVE ANY MORE
MENIAL TASKS, GO
SUCK A DICK.**



SUCK...
SUCK DICK...



DICK...



WHOA,
WHAT UP
NOW?

MUST
SUCK.





SUCK
DICK...



SO BIG...
MUST SUCK...

IS THIS A BIT?
YOU'RE NOT REALLY
GONNA...

OH,
FUCK, YOU
ARE.

SCHLORP



EASY, GIRL.
THERE'S NO WAY YOU
CAN TAKE...



...ALLLL
HOOHHHHH
AHHHH!



GLORP



GAH...



LOOKS LIKE
THERE WAS SOME TF
POTION RESIDUE
INSIDE ME.



HEHE,
MAYBE YOU SHOULD
DRINK MORE TO
AVERAGE OUT THE
EFFECT.

DRINK
MORE?

YEAH?

I WILL.



WELL, I'LL
BE DAMNED.



YOU KNOW
I WAS JOKING,
RIGHT?



RIGHT?



GOOD GRIEF.
HOW BIG YOU'RE
GONNA GO?

YOU TOLD ME
TO DRINK MORE,
SO I DID.

WAIT A SEC.
YOU DRANK THAT
MUCH CAUSE I
TOLD YOU TO?





BULLSHIT. I CAN'T COMMAND YOU, CAN I? PLAY WITH YOUR PUSSY.

OKAY.

OH! MY! GOD!





THIS
HAS SOME WEIRD
IMPLICATIONS. IS
THERE ANY LIMIT TO
WHAT I CAN
COMMAND?



NOTHING MUCH.
GO AND FUCK OUR
BOSS.

HEY.
IS THERE
SOMETHING
GOING ON IN
HERE?

OKAY.

**HARDER! FASTER!
FUCK ME!!!**

TF Potions





THIS
CALLS FOR
SHENANIGANS.



LICK HER
PUSSY.

TEE-HEE.
THIS IS FUN.



MANY COMMANDS LATER.

**YEAH, PUMP
THAT SLIT.**





LIKE,
WHAT WAS IT
AGAIN I WAS
DOING?

I FEEL,
LIKE, I'M
FORGETTING
STUFF?



OH WELL, I CAN STILL PLAY WITH MY TITTIES.

THAT'S FUN. NICE BOOBIES.




WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE DID ALL THE ROMPING COME FROM?



I CAN
TELL EVERYBODY
WHAT TO DO, IT'S
GREAT.

RECEPTION

WATER
COOLER



SERIOUSLY?
YOU HAVE THE MIND
CONTROL
TRANSFORMATION?

DON'T USE
THAT, IT'S
UNSTABLE.



ORRRR...
I COULD
COMMAND YOU
TO...



NO! STOP.
SHUT UP. IT'S
DRAINING YOUR
BRAIN.

SWAP


RECEPTION



WHAT'S
THIS NOW?

OUH! YOU
HIT ME, YOU
MEANIE.






WHY DO I
FEEL, LIKE, SO
BLOATED?



IT APPEARS WE
SWAPPED
TRANSFORMATIONS
SOMEHOW. I GOT YOUR
MEGA TITS.

A 3D rendered scene showing a woman's torso from the chest down to the waist. She has two large, prominent breasts with areolas. To her right, a man's hand is visible, with his pinky finger pointing towards her. The background includes a light-colored floor and a dark ceiling vent.

AND MY
THINGY. ALL
READY TO GO.

A close-up photograph of a woman with long, straight blonde hair and bright blue eyes. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight, enigmatic smile. Her skin is fair and appears to have a subtle shimmer. She is wearing a red top, which is visible at the bottom of the frame. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned to the left of her face, containing text.

DO I MAKE
YOU HORNY? DO
YOU LIKE PREGNANT
GIRLS?



I MEAN, I,
ERM... I DON'T...
YOU KNOW,
DISLIKE...





OH NO,
SORRY, I
GOTTA GO.

JOYCE?
LIKE, WATCH
OUT.





SPLOOSH
CRASH



THAT'S A MESS.
LIKE, WHAT'S THAT
STUFF?

I DON'T
KNOW, I WAS
SUPPOSED TO
DISCARD IT.



I DOOOOHHHN'T FEEL
GOOOOOOHHHHHD...



WHAT'S
GOOOOOHHHING
OOOOOHHHNN?



SOOOOOOHMEBOOOOOOHDY
HELP MOOOOOOOO.

A close-up, high-resolution digital rendering of a character's face. The character has short, straight black hair with bangs. They have two large, curved, yellowish-gold horns on their head. Their eyes are a light brown color with a blue ring around the iris, and they are wearing bright green eye makeup. Their lips are painted a reddish-orange color. The character is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is dark and out of focus, showing some architectural elements like a window blind.

I'M LOOOOOOOOHHHSING
MOOOOOO MOOOOOND...



MOOOOOOOOOHHHH!!!!



WELL,
THIS IS A
MESS.



YEAH.
ANY IDEA WHAT
WE CAN DO ABOUT
HER?



NOT AT ALL.
MAYBE, LIKE, DUMP
THE REST OF IT ON
HER?

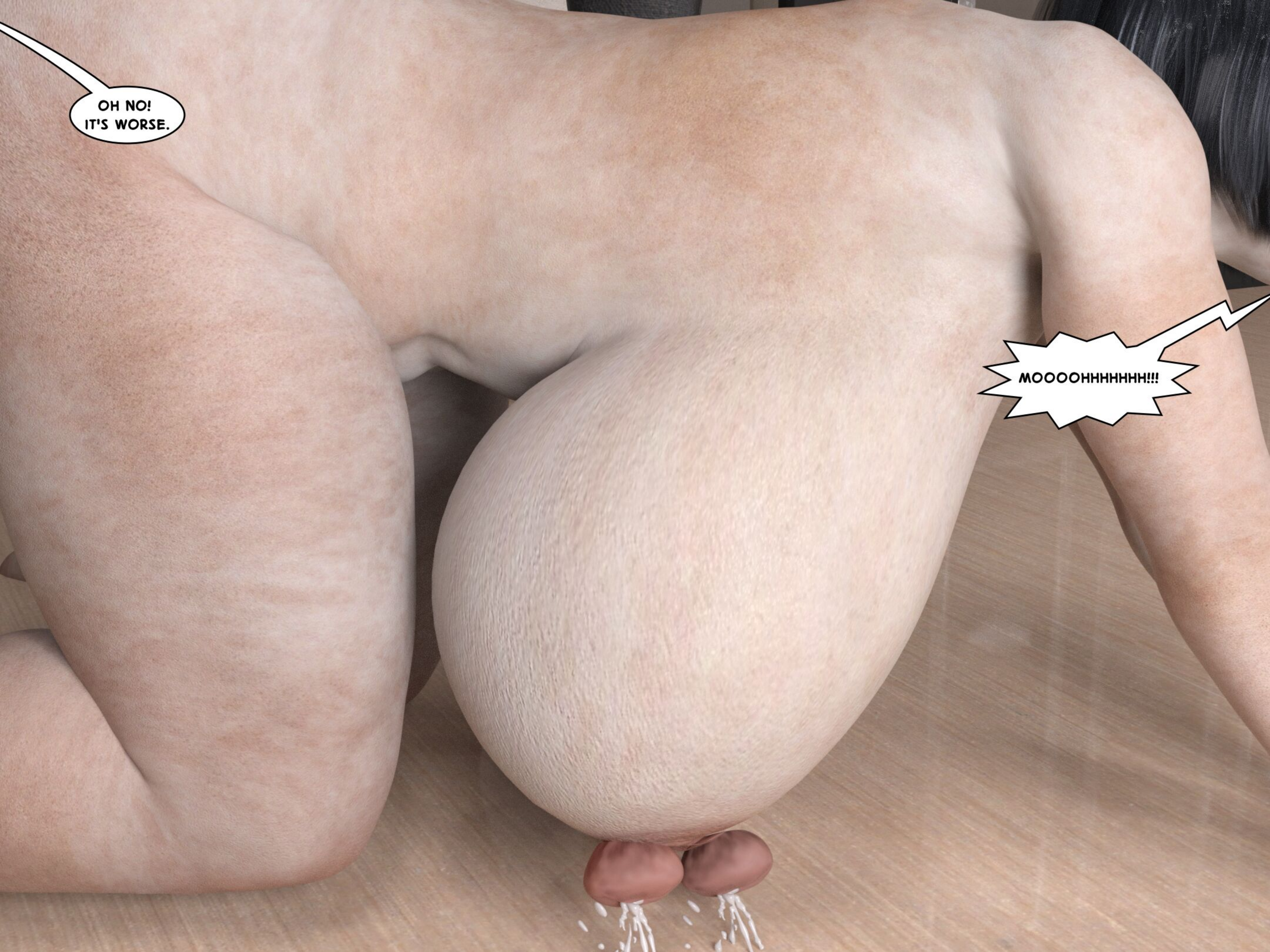
WORTH A
SHOT, I
SUPPOSE.

SHOTS



OH NO!
IT'S WORSE.

MOOOOHHHHHHH!!!



HOLY SHIT.
THAT'S SOME
COW SIZE COCK
THERE.





MOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!



QUICK.
TRY ANOTHER
ONE.

RIGHT.
HOW ABOUT
THIS?





MOOOOHH

-HUH?

MY WORD.
THAT'S A SIZABLE
DONG.





HOW DO YOU
MANAGE TO KEEP
THAT HARD?

I DON'T KNOW.
CAN YOU HELP ME
GET IT DOWN? CAN
YOU TAKE IT?






IT'S SO BIG.
I DON'T KNOW IF I
EVEN CAN FIT IT.

OKAY.

PLEASE
TRY.



YES. LIKE
THAT. THIS IS
LOVELY.

A 3D rendered character with long, straight blonde hair and bright blue eyes. She has a noticeable red blush on her cheeks and nose. She is unclothed. A speech bubble points to her mouth. In the background, a dark-skinned arm is visible, and a white light switch is on a grey wall.

OH GOD.
IT'S SO
HUGE.



DANG, THIS IS HOT.



I GOT A
PUSSY DOWN
THERE TOO IF YOU
WANNA JOIN.

FOR REALS?
I... YEAH, YOU
KNOW WHAT?
WHY NOT?

A close-up photograph of a person's back and buttocks. A hand is placed on the person's right hip. The person is wearing a dark, possibly black, thong. A speech bubble is located in the upper left corner of the image.

THIS IS AMAZING.
SO GOOD TO BE
FUCKING AND GET
FUCKED.



I'M
ALREADY
GETTING
CLOSE.



WOULD
SOMEBODY TELL
ME WHY I LOOK
LIKE A PORN
STAR?

WHAT'S
GOING ON IN
HERE?

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



WHY ARE YOU HAVING AN ORGY OUT HERE IN THE OPEN?





OH, GOD.
MY BODY IS
REACTING TO
THIS.

MY
BREASTS ARE
FILLING UP WITH
MILK.





I NEED A
RELEASE.



HERE IT COMES!

SHOTS



SPRAY



I NEVER KNEW
MY BODY COULD
DO THAT.



ERM...



...YOU
ALL LOOK LIKE
ME?



SO, IT WAS
HER BREAST MILK
CAUSING ALL THE
TRANSFORMATIONS?

IS THAT
EVEN POSSIBLE
FOR HUMANS?

NOW, WAIT A
SEC. DON'T BE
HASTY.





GET HER!

A SHORT BRAWL LATER.

I THINK SHE'S OUT.





NOW WHAT
DO WE DO
WITH HER?

A woman with large breasts and dark lipstick is in an office cubicle. She is pointing her right hand towards a cubicle wall. In the background, there is a desk with a computer monitor, a telephone, and a printer. A speech bubble is coming from her mouth. Another speech bubble is on the right side of the image.

THERE'S
THE DUMP BEHIND
THE BUILDING WE USE
TO DISPOSE TF
POTIONS.

PERFECT.
LET'S USE
THAT.



THIS IS THE VAT.

ALRIGHT.



THROW IT AWAY

IN SHE GOES.

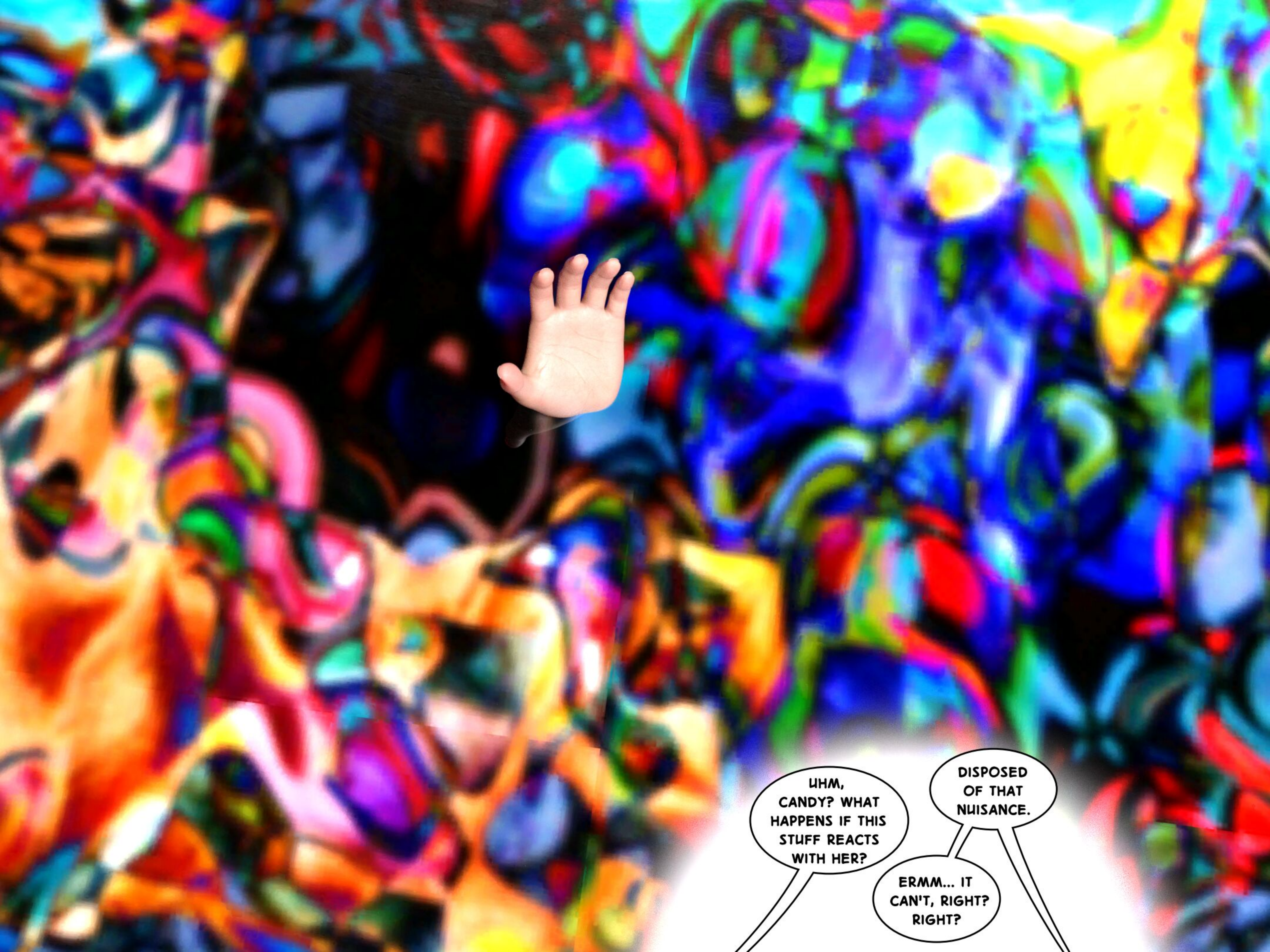
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UHM,
CANDY? WHAT
HAPPENS IF THIS
STUFF REACTS
WITH HER?

DISPOSED
OF THAT
NUISANCE.

ERMM... IT
CAN'T, RIGHT?
RIGHT?

GRAAAHHHHH!!!!





VERY WELL,
HUMANS.

WE TRIED TO
SILENTLY TAKE OVER
YOUR SOCIETY, BUT
NO MORE.

BOW TO
YOUR ROBOT
OVERLORDS!





RUN!

OH MY
GOD!



EEEE!

NO. I DON'T WANT TO...

PUSH



COME
HERE, YOU
TROUBLEMAKER.

OH NO!

HOT

GENO
FIGHT SEXISM

XIANG
LIFE

NOW,
YOU'LL ALL BECOME
MORE USEFUL TO
US.

PLOSH



COUGH

BLERG BEEP
BEEPOOF





WHAT HAPPENED TO US?

SQUEAK
PFFFFF RULL
FRRRTZ

SAY WHAT NOW?

BRZT
FIEP SQUEAK...
ENGLISH
DOWNLOAD AND
INSTALLED.



SORRY.
HAD TO DOWNLOAD
CONVERSATIONAL SUBSETS
AGAIN. MADE SOME MODEM
NOISES ON THE WAY.

WE GOT
CHANGED BY OUR
ROBOT OVERLORDS. I'M A
FULLY DIGITAL ENTITY NOW.
ABSORBING ALL OF THE
INTERNET CURRENTLY.

YOU'RE A
LUST DOMINATOR,
DESIGNED TO TRAP
FILTHY ORGANICS IN
THEIR RAUNCHY
FANTASIES.



HOW DID WE GET HERE?

GUYS? WHAT'S GOING ON? I THINK I'M A PENIS?

To be continued