Negotiation Tactics
By Mollycoddles

This is a terrible idea, thought Harold. There’s no way that I’m going to get away with this.

He wiped the sweat from his brow and pushed his thick glasses up the bridge of his nose. He inhaled deeply through his nose and released his breath through his mouth. No, no. He was fine. Everything was under control! He just had to play it cool and he was going to leave this meeting with a big fat check. All the cards were in his corner. He just had to play them right.

That wasn’t true at all. Harold Bloom had worked as an engineer at Omnicorp for a couple years, long enough that he’s been able to worm his way into the system and get a good look at what the company was up to. He knew when he was hired that this was an evil chemical corporation, responsible for all sorts of illegal pollution in the third world and drug addiction right here in the States, but what did the company care? They had enough lawyers and PR people to get away with almost anything. Harold sometimes felt a pang of guilt for being party to their misdeeds, but, hey, he needed a paycheck. A guy’s gotta work, right?

But not anymore. Not after today! If everything went right, he would never have to work again.

It all started when Harold’s boss had accidentally BCC’ed him on a secret email detailing human experimentation of some new chemicals. Harold didn’t understand most of the scientific jargon, that was way above his paygrade, but he understood enough to realize that this was highly illegal even by Omnicorp’s dubious moral standards. And he knew that Omnicorp would shell out a lot of money to keep this information from becoming public.

So, of course, he made some demands. They weren’t absurd. Harold considered them highly reasonable: A mere ten million dollars to buy his silence. Omnicorp was getting off cheap! The only problem was that… Harold might have bluffed a little about how much he knew. Besides that one email, he had no evidence of anything. If Omnicorp did some digging, they’d find that out fast. He just had to hope that whatever stuffed-shirt Don Draper dork they sent to do the negotiations wasn’t all that bright.

He stared at the door and fiddled with his hands. Why was the Omnicorp rep taking so long to arrive? Harold gulped loudly and ran his hand nervously through his greasy hair. He tried to distract himself with thoughts about what he was going to do with the money once it was in his hot little hand. He was DEFINITELY going to buy himself a big fancy car and a flashy leisure suit, something that would really catch the attention of the ladies. Harold was never a big hit with women. He was too much of a nervous nerd… but that was going to chance as soon as he had the cash for a new lifestyle!

Suddenly the door swung open and, to Harold’s surprise, a woman sauntered in.

Harold couldn’t help but stare at this woman. She was a statuesque amazon, wearing a simple gray business woman’s ensemble, a blazer and pencil skirt, standing at least a full head taller than Harold, and she carried herself with the confidence of a woman used to getting her way. She swaggered into the room, her nylons zipping as she swept toward him. Her face was severe but oh-so-feminine, her brown hair piled back into a severe bun. And he had never seen a woman as curvy as this! Her hips flared out to her sides before tapering in to a waspish waist and then once again bursting outwards into a phenomenal bosom so vast that the lapels of her gray business jacket were spread wide apart and the buttons of her white blouse gapped every time that she inhaled. Her tits were, not to put too fine a point on it, tremendous! They were absolutely massive, two gigantic wobbling spheres of flesh that barely fit into her outfit. Harold wondered what bra size this woman required to holster those bloated bazoombas! She was far bigger than even the pin-up models that Harold saw in porn videos online; she had to at least a triple J cup… maybe even bigger! She regarded Harold sternly with ice-blue eyes, pushing her horn-rimmed glasses down her perfect nose. A slight grimace of disgust twisted her cherry-red lips and a perfectly manicured eyebrow arched with sneering interest. She looked at Harold as though he was a bug to be squashed beneath her stiletto plumps.

“Mr. Bloom?” she said, her voice clipped and all business… or was it Was it Harold’s imagination or was there a sharp sultry edge to her words? No, he had to be imagining it. Or worse…. Maybe it was deliberate and Omnicorp was trying to take advantage of Harold’s famous timidity with women to trick him out of his due. He gulped hard; it sounded like a toilet plunger in the quiet room. He had to be on his guard against this zaftig business maven’s feminine wiles!

“Y-yes?”

“I’m Courtney Stockard,” said the amazon ice queen. She inhaled deeply through her nose, her nostrils flaring, and Harold struggled with all his might to keep his eyes from straying down to her magnificent bustline. He could imagine the reaction her breasts might have as her lungs filled with air – the way that the straining fabric would pucker around the quivering buttons, diamond-shaped gaps opening between each button to reveal tantalizing glimpses of creamy delectable cleavage and maybe even a hint of overloaded brassiere. What kind of bra would a woman like this wear? Frilly and sassy and red? Demure and simple and white? Maybe even a tantalizing and dangerous black? Harold’s imagination was running wild, but he had to keep cool.

“I’ll be representing OmniCorp in these negotiations,” said Courtney. “Let’s get down to business. Shall we?”

Barely acknowledging the presence of the nerdy engineer, she immediately made a beeline for the negotiating table. Harold gulped as he listened to her stiletto heels click on the floor and found himself staring at this woman’s plump round bottom, snuggly ensconsed within the tight confines of her pencil skirt. He could see the seam of her skirt traveling down her rear, beginning at her waistline, rising over the twin mountains of her butt cheeks, and then going all the way down to the hem. His eyes fixated on it. How much pressure could it be under? How did this woman even walk without splitting her seat? That skirt was preternaturally tight over those firm round buns! Gawd, he wanted to reach out and grab them… His hands flexed automatically in his pockets. No, no, no! That’s what they wanted him to do! Maybe this was a set-up… they were going to trick him into sexually harassing this sultry siren and then he’d lose everything!

Harold tore his eyes away from the zaftig beauty’s bulging badonk, but looking up hardly helped his situation. Courtney’s breasts were so big that he could even see them from the rear as they swung heavily from side to side with her every practiced step. He could almost swear that he could hear them sloshing, slow and steady and ponderous like the ocean tides, but he had to be imagining that, right?

She plopped her rear into a chair and Harold bit his lip as he watched her chest wobble with the impact. Gawd, how could that blouse keep her contained? Her bra might have been reinforced with steel to keep them torpedoes holstered! She placed her attache case on the table, opened it up, and pulled out a handful of papers. She motioned for Harold to take a seat opposite her.

He sat down. Gawd, it was so hot in this room suddenly. Or was it? Harold could feel his own temperature rising as he stared at this magnificent specimen, his eyes moving from her ruby red lips to the points of her ruby red manicured nails to, inevitably, the swell of her ponderous pontoons.

She pushed some papers toward him, leaning forward as she did so that Harold could glimpse down the neckline of her blouse to see the top of her cleavage. “Now this is our initial offer, Mr. Bloom, in consideration of your silence. I think you’ll find it very generous. Mr. Bloom?”

“Uh… oh yes, right.” Harold took the papers and pretended to study them carefully. He couldn’t concentrate, the words were just swimming before his eyes. How was he supposed to think with this beauty queen hovering over him like that? Was this part of Omnicorp’s strategy? He needed to clear his head, to think straight… but it was impossible! He was only human, after all! He could feel his turgid dick throbbing in his pants, aching for release. Just being near this woman, sensing her divine femininity in the same room, was driving him wild with desire. He took a deep breath, hoping it would calm his nerves, but only inhaled a lungful of her perfume. Her smell was so crisp and dainty and lady-like... but also so strong and dominant! She was awakening all sorts of thoughts that Harold had never considered before…

“Omnicorp is prepared to offer you a full twenty million dollars up front for your cooperation, plus an additional, um, gratitude package of a further million per annum. I trust that would meet your needs, Mr. Bloom?”

Harold was reeling. That was even better than he had expected! Things were going great! There had to be a catch, but he couldn’t figure it out.

“Y-you can call me Harold,” stuttered Harold. “I mean… if you want to… you don’t need to be so formal…”

She regarded him with icy detachment, her cold eyes flashing over her horn-rimmed glasses, but Harold thought he could detect a faint hint of a smile tugging at the corner of Courtney’s mouth.

“Very well, ‘Harold,’ if that’s what you’d prefer. Now then, ‘Harold,’ if you’d like, you’re certainly free to sign that agreement in front of you right now. Or perhaps you’d like to hear our alternative offer?”

“A-alternative offer?”

“Yes, ‘Harold,’ I think we might be able to agree on a different proposal that’s mutually beneficial to both of our parties. Would you like to hear it?”

“Sure, Courtney!”

“Miss Stockard, if you please.” Courtney sat up in her chair, her grandiloquent bosom sloshing. Her perfect hands went to her chest and, to Harold’s utter astonishment, she undid the top button of her straining blouse. His eyes nearly bulged from his head. It was unfair to say that she undid the button. She barely even tapped it with one finger, but that was enough pressure that the button slipped from its hole and her blouse eagerly parted to reveal a expanse of soft, creamy breast flesh. Harold started hyperventilating. Oh Gawd, he was gonna have a heart attack!

“Do you like what you see, ‘Harold?’ Omnicorp and myself are prepared to offer you a very generous package right now, right here in this room, if you do.” A slight, sly smile tickled her lips as she popped her next button open, her blouse bursting apart as her breasts asserted themselves. The next button parted just as easily.

“Oh Gawd… oh Gawd…” Harold stuttered. He was so sweaty now that his shirt was soaked and his glasses were sliding down his nose. He couldn’t believe his luck! This woman was actually undressing right in front of him! Was he about to score?! Harold’s bad luck with the ladies was all about to change! Logically, he knew this was a trap… of course it was! But his dick felt like it was on fire, he was so hard that he could cut diamonds, and if he didn’t get some release, he literally felt like he was going to explode! He was so rabid with desire that he couldn’t give a flying fuck if this was a trap… he just wanted to see more of those big bloated boobs!

The next button in line was situated right at the apex of her breasts, under such enormous pressure that Harold could almost swear that he could hear it creaking in agony, almost see it shivering under the strain. Courtney’s finger brushed it oh-so-lightly. This button was so taut that she couldn’t get it to pop through the hole; instead, it simply popped! Courtney didn’t react as her big fat boobs launched the defeated button across the room and Harold barely had the presence of mind to dodge so that he wasn’t nailed right between the eyes by the exploding projectile. With so much of her blouse open, he could now see her bra. She was indeed wearing a monster bra, huge and sturdy and reinforced with so much wiring that it could restrain those jumbo jugs.

“Now then, Mr. Bloom, here’s our offer. You can take the twenty million or… we can let you see our breasts. Maybe even touch them. Maybe even do… anything you’d like with them.” Courtney smirked at those words, a coy little grimace that might have been a come-hither enticement or a chuckle at Harold’s expense. He couldn’t tell, but, frankly, he really didn’t care. All he wanted to do was grab those boobs!

“B-boobs,” said Harold, licking his lips. His throat was dry and his mind was blank. He was mesmerized by those huge, jiggling waterbeds of flesh!

Courtney smirked again as she pulled open the few remaining buttons and shrugged her jacket and blouse to the floor in a single motion. “Well, then, Mr. Bloom, it sounds like you’ve made your choice.”

She stood up, the chair pushing out behind her, her enormous tits bobbling and bouncing with the inertia. Harold was positive that he heard them sloshing this time, almost like they were filled up with some liquid. Could that be possible?

“Now then, ‘Harold,’ if you could just help me get this inconvenient bra off, then I’ll be able to give you the show that you really desire.”

“I-uh… yeah… right, right away…”

She turned away from him, offering her back to him. He stumbled to his feet and moved close to her, his trembling fingers reaching for her bra clasp. He had to get so close that the swell of her rounded buttocks pressed against his belly (He marveled again at how tall she was) and his erect dick strained beneath. With some effort, he finally managed to unbuckle the clasp and he nearly groaned out loud at the audible FWOOP sound as her brassiere blasted off of her chest, her titanic tits flopping free.

She sighed in relief. “Thank you, ‘Harold,’ that’s so much better. You wouldn’t believe how uncomfortable it is to keep my babies chained up like that. Isn’t it cruel? All day, I have to look professional, but it’s so difficult for a real woman like me. I’m always ready to bust out.”

She turned, her breasts swinging free. Harold nearly fainted. Courtney’s breasts were as big as ripe watermelons, full and round and juicy, topped with burgundy nipples the size of wine corks. Maybe it was the cool air or maybe it was something else, but Courtney’s nipples were just as erect as Harold’s dick.

“Go ahead, ‘Harold.’ Squeeze them. I know you want to. Since we’ve come to an agreement, it’s your right. I know you’re going to enjoy them.”

He reached out, hands blindly groping. She was so tall that he had to reach up, but when his hands connected with her soft, tender titties, his nips hard against his palms, he nearly wanted to faint.

“Ohhh,” sighed Courtney, her ice queen façade briefly shattering. Her eyes fluttered closed and her mouth opened into a round little O. “Hmm, ‘Harold,’ that feels nice. But don’t be so shy. I don’t bite. Why don’t you squeeze them a little harder?”

Harold didn’t need any prodding. Within seconds, he was kneading her breasts like bread dough, burying his face between them, and giggling like a giddy school boy. He never dreamed that he would get up close and personal with a pair of tits this stupendous! They were warm and delicious and, he could tell, full… Full? They bobbed and sloshed like a pair of water balloons and Courtney chuckled at the sudden quizzical look on Harold’s face.

“Oh ‘Harold’ I see you’ve noticed that my boobies are… a little full, hmm? I’m just a tad milky this morning. I hope you don’t mind?”

“Um… no… no of course not.” Harold hadn’t noticed during his excitement that all his poking and prodding was causing Courtney’s billowing bra-busters to leak milk from their nipples. Two little streams of creamy white liquid were dribbling down the front of her chest, leaking from her swollen teats. Harold blinked. She was lactating? How could that be? Was she a new mother? With her magnificent figure, it was hard to believe that she had just gone through a pregnancy… though those monster mommy milkers certainly indicated otherwise! “It’s… it’s actually kinda… kinda cool.”

Harold wanted to kick himself “Kinda cool?” What an asinine thing to say! She was going to laugh at him.

To his surprise, she didn’t laugh. “That’s so sweet of you to say, ‘Harold.’ But come on. I promised you that you could do anything you wanted with my big, big boobs. Are you just gonna play with them like a little boy? Or are you going to taste them like a man?”

Harold didn’t need a second invite. This was so stupid, he was clearly being trapped! Was he really going to give up all that money just for a fleeting taste of boob? Only a fool would make that choice, but Harold was mesmerized. It had been so long since he had been with a woman and now that this absolutely stacked amazon was literally just offering herself to him… he couldn’t refuse!

“Come on, ‘Harold,’ take a taste. I know you want to. Come and take a drink from my big fat nips.”

Harold hefted one plump pontoon with both hands, gazing with rapt attention as his rough handling caused a sudden jet of milk to shoot from her puffy nipple (Gawd, Courtney’s tits must have been absolutely bursting with milk! She was so sloshingly full that he wondered how she had managed to strap herself into her blouse and jacket without leaking all over the place!), and then planted his mouth around that swollen teat and started to suck. Instantly his mouth flood with sweet sweet milk and he swallowed, then he sucked more and swallowed and sucked… Gawd, it was delicious!!! He was slurping milk from a sexy woman’s enormous tit, he couldn’t get over how awesome this was!!! He wanted to faint from joy every time that he felt her turgid nipple brush the roof of his mouth and he had to remind himself to stay cool… as cool as was possible when he was literally nursing like a baby from a boob!

“Now now, ‘Harold,’ don’t drink too fast, you’ll make yourself sick,” said Courtney, placing her hands against Harold’s shoulders and gently but firmly pushing him back, away from her breasts, until his mouth pulled away from her teat with a wet pop. Harold couldn’t take his eyes away from that magnificent chest, his attention only briefly distracted by the light reflecting off the dangling rope of saliva that still connected his mouth to the wet lip prints around Courtney’s plump nipple. “You don’t want to give yourself the hiccups now, do you, Harold? You don’t want me to have to burp you like a little bitty baby, do you?”

“Uh huh,” said Harold dreamily. His mind was too flustered, he felt like his head was filled with cotton candy. Oh shit. For a brief moment, his logic center took control again. What had he done? Had he just flushed his entire fortune down the toilet? Had he just traded everything for a brief moment of boob fondling? He was an idiot! He was the biggest moron of all time! He silently cursed himself, even as a tiny voice in the back of his head reminded him: It was all worth it! You’re never going to get another chance with a woman like this. You had to do it!

“I..uh… I…” Harold tried to think of something to say that would salvage the situation. Technically, he hadn’t signed anything that agreed to give up his claim in exchange for sucking at Courtney’s breasts. Technically, he could still demand that they pay him… He just had to… He had to…

Harold shivered. He was finding it increasingly difficult to think straight and not because he was hypnotized by humungous hooters this time! He felt a shiver run up his spine, a shiver that quickly extended down his arms and legs and up his neck. His whole body started to shake. He felt like he was having a seizure! What was going on!? Harold was trembling violently, convulsing so violently that he was afraid he might seize up and fall to the floor.

“Wh-wh-what…what’s happening…to… me,” he managed to stutter out between trembling lips.

“Oh, poor little ‘Harold!’” cooed Courtney. “You poor dear, you’re really in a state, aren’t you? Why, you look like you’re dancing…ha ha!” Courtney laughed, a high-pitched tinkling laugh that seemed out of place coming out of a woman as massive as her. “You look like you’ve having a grand old time, Harold! I guess that must be the new dance step, hmmmm?”

“St-st-stop.. making… fun…”

“Oh, Harold, you poor thing. You have no idea what you’re in for. That’s fine, I’ll just wait for you to finish dancing and then we can get back down to business.”

After a few minutes, the tremors stopped and Harold started to feel more like his old self. He gasped in relief, his hand clutching at his chest as he willed his pulse to return back to normal. He couldn’t help but notice that… something was weird? His shirt sleeves were slipping over his wrists and his pants felt suddenly baggy, as if they might slide down his legs! His glasses felt oddly heavy, suddenly sliding down his greasy nose with a renewed insistence. It wasn’t until he looked at Courtney and found that he had to look UP at Courtney that he realized what was going on.

“I… what on earth!? You grew! How did you grow?!”

It was insane to think it, but it was true! Courtney was even bigger than before, towering so high over Harold that his head barely even came up to her chest. From his vantage point, he couldn’t see her face anymore, her expression hidden behind a looming shelf of breasts, so he had no way of knowing how she was reacting to his words until he heard her chuckle.

“Me? Grow? Harder, ‘Harold.’” She placed her hands against her wide hips and leaned forward, her grinning face coming into view over the bulge of her melon-sized mammaries. “Think about it for a moment, ‘Harold,’ a smart little man like you should be able to figure it out.”

“I…I shrank!?”

“That’s right, ‘Harold.’ You shrank. How does it feel? I must say, you’re kind of adorable for a little fellow.”

“How did you do this?” Harold cried, grabbing at the beltline of his trousers and hefting his sagging pants up over his hips. His clothes felt oversized, like he was wearing a tent. Gawd, this was so embarrassing! And the worst part was that Courtney had planned it! This busty bitch had totally tricked him – not only into trading his cash for a titty suck, but she’d also tricked him into… well, he wasn’t exactly poisoned… but this wasn’t good!

“How did you do that?!”

Courtney chuckled, her colossal chest heaving with her laughs. “Why, ‘Harold,’ I thought you said you had proof of OmniCorp’s human experimentation? You’re telling me that you’re trying to negotiate for a million dollar payout and you haven’t even heard of Project Mother’s Milk? Why, ‘Harold,’ I’m disappointed. I thought you were a master hacker and here you are, not even knowing the basics! That project’s not even ‘top secret,’ it’s only classified!”

Harold felt like an idiot. He could feel his cheeks turning red with shame. She’d tricked him again! Now she knew that he actually didn’t have the good on OmniCorp at all! He was watching any chance of even wringing a single dollar out of this company evaporating before his eyes!

“I guess we could end the meeting right now, couldn’t we, Harold? Unless you wanted to have a little more fun.”

“A…what?”

“I gotta admit, ‘Harold,’ you’re kinda cute like this. OmniCorp instructed me to get through to you using any means necessary and, lucky for you…” She leaned forward, placing her hands firmly against her knees, her heavy breasts swinging free and hanging so long that her nipples nearly grazed the floor. She put her mouth to Harold’s ear and, in a breathy whisper that set Harold’s dick on fire, said: “Lucky for you, ‘Harold,’ I’m just wild about short men. And the shorter the better.”

“I… no, no, you’re trying to trick me again! I won’t fall for this joke again!”

“What’s the matter, ‘Harold?’ You’re not scared, are you? Not scared of me?” She pouted, placing a finger coyly to her lips.

“No, I’m not scared… I just… you tricked me!”

She placed her finger to Harold’s mouth and he could feel the wetness of her saliva on his lips.

“Shhh… I just did it to make a point. But now, well, I think we can have a little fun, don’t you think? We’ve had enough business, now it’s time for pleasure. Come on, ‘Harold,’ wouldn’t you like another drink? Oooo I bet you would. And you know, there’s nothing I’d like more than to feel your lips around my nips. It just makes me feel so alive, ‘Harold.’ I just LOVE to feel that… sexual charge when you suck on my teats and suck allll that millk out of me. Hmmm, it just feels SO good. And, ‘Harold,’ the truth is I’m just SO full of milk right now, I’m so full that I could just burst. You wouldn’t want me to burst now, would you?”

“N-no…”

“Just look at me, ‘Harold.’ I’m just a big bloated milk cow and I need to be drained.”

Harold’s eyes moved to her dangling tits (it was hard to look anywhere else!) and he saw that she was right! Hanging like they were, their immense gravity was causing them to leak and steady trickle of milk was streaming out of her burgundy nips and cascading to the floor. Soon they would be standing in a widening puddle of milk if they didn’t do something fast!

“I just loooove a little man, ‘Harold,’ and I just loooove to feel a little man really suck me off, if you know what I mean? Are you up to that challenge, sweetie? Ooh, I hope you are… I hope you can help me before my big, fat, sloshy boobs just explode! ‘Harold,’ you have to understand: I’m nothing but a pair of swollen milk bombs ready to blow and the only thing that’s gonna stop that from happening… is you. So you ready to drink, baby?”

Obviously, she’s playing you, thought the rational part of Harold’s brain. But what chance did his logic center have when his libido was in charge? Harold couldn’t think about anything other than the two biggest, ripest cantelopes that he had ever seen… and the fact that Courtney was practically begging him to suckle her again! How could a guy be THIS lucky?

“Y-yes… Yes, I am!”

“That’s a good boy. Let’s get started.”

And now Harold was slurping at her other tit, sucking her nip so hard that he felt like he was going to turn inside out. He was pulling milk out of her so fast and so hard that he felt like someone had jammed a fire hose down his throat and turned on the water full blast. It was delicious! He was vaguely aware that he was probably falling for another trap, but what did he care? He reached up and took Courtney’s breast with both hands (she’s so big she’s two handfuls, he thought with delirious glee) and lifted it up to tilt even more milk down his throat.

“That’s right, ‘Harold,’ keep drinking. That’s a good boy! Ooo, yeah, that feels soooo good… hmmm, thanks, ‘Harold,’ the pressure was really getting SO intense I didn’t think I’d be able to last much longer. My tits were SO full of milk that I thought I was gonna pass out until you came along, ‘Harold.’ You’re so good at drinking your dairy, why, it’s almost a shame what we’re gonna do to you.”

To be Continued…

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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Best wishes,

Molly Coddles