

Hanna Hughes was, as expected, at her desk earlier than most of the full time staff. It was one of the many terms she had agreed to upon being offered such a prestigious position for her internship. She was to have the overnight testing results compiled and ready to report before her boss arrived at nine exactly. She had not missed a day yet in the month since starting.

Today was no exception to her punctuality and she was in the office at her usual seven despite running on five hours of sleep. She yawned until her jaw popped as she took off her coat and hung it on the tree next to her desk in the open space which served as a reception area to Beth's – no, Mrs. Rosen's—office.

The college senior was still adjusting to working with her lover. That was not to say that the last month had not been enjoyable. Quite the opposite in fact. Being the assistant to a VP at one of the largest pharmaceutical companies in the country came with a lot of perks. Perks Hanna had not expected at the outset.

In just the last two weeks, Mrs. Rosen had brought her to several important meetings, to two manufacturing inspections, and to three business functions outside of work. Hanna was getting a rare chance to see a multinational company from the top. She was a member of a team whose decisions would shape the landscape of medicine for the next generation.

Snapping back to wakefulness, her scarf and hat joined the long canvas coat. She straightened out her silvery sweater and the cami underneath, then fished out the necklace Beth had given her. She ran her fingers through her bright red undercut to make sure it looked at least somewhat presentable.

All the while, her brain was trying to grapple with the fact that it was awake this soon after some of the best sex she had ever experienced. Sex with a man that she had brought home. Sex that had happened on her terms as opposed to the disappointing end to a mediocre evening.

The whole affair, from going out to bringing someone home, was something she had given up on. Beth had rekindled that flame. Her domme had shown her there was more to a date than smiling through dinner and then clumsily fucking in the back seat. She had impressed upon Hanna that she was valuable and to expect partners to see that. She did not need to lower her standards; what she was looking for would come to her if she was confident in herself. Honestly, she had grown immeasurably as a person since meeting Beth through AugNET. Being involved with someone who had a vision for their relationship and goals to accomplish had transformed the dating landscape for her.

Hanna had been seeing Beth for close to five months now and been her submissive for three. The time in service to a thoughtful, mature adult had changed Hanna's perspective on the kind of things she was looking for out of a relationship. Campus hookups simply could not compete with the intensity of being with someone who was as interested in you as themselves. As an unexpected bonus, their time together had confirmed that her attraction to both men and women was genuine bisexuality and more than simply the attention-grabbing phase most people thought girls liking girls was.

Waiting for her computer to boot up, she lost herself in remembering the whispered conversation at the bar last night. Detailing exactly what she wanted her date to do for and to her, was almost as sweet as the memory of his hands on her skin and his weight on her body. The swelling sense of satisfaction over the whole process had her humming and bouncing a bit as she carried her mug to the break room.

The coffee pot was brewing when she arrived. The only other person who might be in this early was Director Weiss, who pretty much lived in the lab. Her office had been dark when Hanna passed it moments ago but, no sooner had Hanna pulled out the sugar than she came around the corner.

“You seem to be in a wonderful mood this morning, Miss Hughes.”

Doctor Patricia 'Please-Call-Me-Blaze' Weiss was a woman with many letters attached to her name. As lead engineer on the projects to revise the augmentation process, she was likely one of the best bio-engineers in the country, maybe even the world. She was also a woman of many faces. In the month since she had started, Hanna had seen the director slowly go through countless small adjustments to her appearance. From the shape of her nose and the depth of her chin to even her overall build, it was like watching someone tweak the design of a video game character.

"I, uh yes. It was great," she said, not sure how to respond. She toyed with the heart-shaped lock which held her necklace together.

"So I see." Director Weiss had the faint smile of someone who knew exactly what was not being said.

Hanna had not yet managed to get a good read on the scientist. Between her steadily changing face and body and a general lack of opportunities to talk, Hanna had a lot of questions and not many answers. Even her book, *(un)Augmented*, had been mostly incomprehensible. After reading it, the only thing Hanna was really sure of was that Blaze looked at transformation in general as something far more than a purely physical alteration.

She glanced over at the director. For the moment, Blaze was just under six feet tall with the toned build of a marathon runner. A little bit more than half of her height came from long and exceedingly toned legs. Her unnaturally bright orange eyes looked out from behind rimless glasses that rested half way down a nose that hooked as if it had been broken once. Her kinky blonde hair, the only real constant, was pulled back in a messy bun with several pens poking out of it. There was no shortage of loose locks fluttering about as she started to pace.

"So how did it go then? Your evening I mean." the director ventured after several trips past the coffee maker. She was wearing her presently too small lab coat like a belt over a pair of athletic pants turned capris. Her outfit was completed by a tight, midriff exposing t-shirt with

*Jillian Holzman Technologies* written on it and a pair of running shoes. She certainly did not look like someone with five doctorates. “That is, if you don’t mind my asking. We could talk about something else...”

For Hanna, the moment was an awkward opportunity. She dropped the necklace to her chest as she put her finger to her chin. “Actually, what did you mean when you wrote that transformation was the route to enlightenment?”

“Right to the heavy topics, huh? Well...” She crossed her arms over her chest and hummed for a moment. “Among most cultures there are stories of a genesis coupling. Two beings created by the divine to be the seed of humanity.”

“Sure, I can work with that.”

“Then it follows our bodies, down through the generations, have steadily moved away from that ideal. Yet, that ideal remains, locked in our DNA, just waiting to be discovered once more.”

“Okay, I sort of get what you’re saying.”

“Through the work we are doing, the revisions to the augmentation process, we have made huge strides in medicine. With our ability to transform ourselves, we have been able to repair that which is broken and heal that which is sick. Yet, there is so much more. There is a frontier yet unexplored within us. I believe we can find a new world inside ourselves. A world that will unite us in a new way.”

The smell of percolating coffee grounds filled the room as Hanna tried to figure out how to carry on the conversation from there. Talking about her night seemed easy after that. “That was heavy, Doc.”

“Ha! A well spoken homage, Hanna, though perhaps you’re right. I did just drop a lot on your shoulders. That wasn’t my intent but, it’s all at the front of my mind right now. I’ve been writing like crazy the last couple of weeks. I’m trying to get something down on paper ahead of

the inevitable boom as Revision Seven hits the market. We are going to be very busy soon, which is not going to leave me much time for research.”

“I can imagine.”

“Can we talk about something else? I don’t want to leave without coffee, but thinking about work is making my fingers itch.”

“Sure, well, my night went alright. I finally had the confidence to go into The Snake Basket.”

“That’s the alternative bar over on Front street, right?”

“Yup. I’ve been a couple times with Be – a friend.”

“It’s okay, Beth told myself and the other senior division staff about you when we first started looking for an intern to help with the workload. She told me a little more, mind you, but she and I go back a while. I do not think anyone else knows you two are an item though, if you’re worried about that.”

“Oh,” Hanna said before coughing nervously. The drip of coffee marked the seconds. “Anyway, I met a guy.”

“If you were at the Snake Basket, were you hoping to hook up with an augmented? If you don’t mind me being so direct.”

“I, I guess? I didn’t think about it like that right away. I just wanted to go somewhere I had been with Beth and see how it went while I was alone.”

“And? How did it go?”

“Fairly well, all things considered. I was sitting at the bar when a hunky guy a couple seats over ordered a Vodka Collins. I hadn’t heard anyone ask for one of those since my grandfather passed so of course I said that out loud without thinking.”

“Oh no! It turned out okay though, yes?”

“Yeah, turns out it was his grandfather’s drink as well. So we shared a few and, after some conversation, he came back to my place. He was even more built than I expected. I can still feel his muscles under my fingers.”

Hanna said it all without thinking and then felt her face start to burn as she realized who she was spilling her guts to. “I’m sorry, that was probably more than you wanted to know.”

“A little, but science is hardly a comfortable process. That doesn’t necessarily sound like he was augmented,” Blaze said, rubbing her chin. “What is taking this coffee so long?”

“Not sure.” Hanna said, shifting her stance against the counter. “As for him being augmented...he told me, as we snuggled after, that his build was the result of a treatment he had gotten. An augmentation to combat his ALS.”

Blaze smiled like she had been handed a gift. “Ah, it’s good to hear that. Makes me feel good knowing my work is improving the lives of others.” She pulled out a small notepad and flipped to a blank page. “If you don’t mind, can I ask you some more...personal details about him and you coupling?”

“I guess...?”

“Just tell me when you feel uncomfortable. Care to tell me just how long his refractory period was?”

The coffee finished dripping a few minutes later, after Blaze had picked her brain for all kinds of data. It felt weird to think about her sex life through such an academic lens, but Hanna thanked Blaze for the conversation all the same before returning to her desk. She had just sat down and let out a sigh when the intercom on her phone buzzed.

“Hanna dear,” said the honeyed voice of the woman she was so impossibly tangled up with. “Could you come in here for a moment?”

It seemed that in the time she had gone to get coffee, Mrs. Rosen had arrived.

From their first contact, Hanna had known Beth Rosen was an unquestionably unique woman. Though she had seemed to merely be a well endowed woman of above average height, her wit as they first chatted over AugNET had been intoxicating. When she found out Beth was in her late thirties, Hanna had been sure she was someone's mom looking for thrills with augmented guys.

Needless to say, that had not been the case.

Looking back, she was sure Beth had deliberately downplayed her appearance, as her profile had not done her justice in the slightest. Even now, after months of being together, Hanna was still speechless the first time she saw Beth each morning.

Shaking off her slight fatigue, Hanna slipped through the door into the office, the reports tucked under her arm. "What can I do for you, Mrs. Rosen?"

Though the office was furnished with a hand-carved mahogany desk and a trio of matching arm chairs, that seating was reserved for clients and investors which required a more formal setting. For meeting with those she saw on a day to day basis, Beth had a different arrangement.

She was shifting back and forth on a yoga ball in the other corner of her office, her toes tapping in time to music as she flipped through a thick document. Several other stacks of paper rested on top of her massive breasts. Their curve went from collarbone to waist and arched out past her shoulders. They filled out her dark sweater dress with a slight jiggle which made them bump her thighs every so often.

That she had grown this large for their meeting this morning was an unspoken declaration of trust. It had taken weeks before Beth let on that she could change her bust size and even more to see anything bigger than her first appearance where they were roughly half a size bigger than her head.

Beth looked up from her work as Hanna entered. Her long hair was clipped up in a messy cascade of coppery blonde curls and her eyes danced with mirth as she smiled. Even across the room, her massive endowments controlled the space. "Good morning, lovely."

"Good morning, ma'am. Do you want any coffee?"

"Eventually. First though, I have to know how the date went last night."

Thinking of the date reminded Hanna of the night when they had met in the lobby of the five star restaurant Beth had recommended. Her appearance had been staggering. Hanna had noticed her breasts before anything else. They were a marked difference from the photos she had posted online, where she was simply bigger than average. Despite their size, Beth carried herself with a dignity and poise Hanna had never seen from anyone.

Beth's hair had been done up in an ornate braid. She had been dressed in a low cut, form fitting red dress that made it feel like there was a mile of cleavage between her and Hanna. A feeling which was only accentuated by the chain of her necklace dipping in and out of her cleavage. A pendant embossed with a heart embraced by an infinity loop had been attached to the chain. It was a symbol Hanna had since become familiar with.

Sitting at the table had been like a scene in a romance novel. Violins played softly as they talked and learned about each other. The candles on the table had made Beth's auburn eyes flicker. Her hand on Hanna's had been soft and warm. The light playing off the pendant kept drawing Hanna's attention downwards and into that valley of flesh.

Beth had been far more than simply physically imposing. There was a sense of presence sitting across from her at the restaurant which persisted to this day. A confidence that was soft, but firm. A sexuality that was practiced, but enthusiastic. Compared to all the other people she had ever dated, Beth was in another league.

She still was.



“It was quite enjoyable, ma’am,” Hanna said snapping back to the present for the second time that day. “Not as good as a night out with you, but still very satisfying. I knew going to the Basket meant that no one would give me a hard time, but it was still good to go on my own and have it turn out so well.”

“Ah, that’s wonderful, now I can stop worrying about it. You will tell me more later, but we’ve got a busy day in front of us. So, is everything on track to meet our launch date? The reveal is this week and I would hate to have to tell the Board that we’ve been delayed for another quarter.”

“Ah, right.” Hanna pulled out a pair of glasses with heavy frames and slid them on as she opened the folder Blaze had left on her desk. “Rev.7 production is within expected rates across twelve of the initial fifteen lines. Two of them are behind schedule and Product Management would like permission to shift resources to make up the shortfall.”

“Tell them that’s the kind of thinking I expect.” Beth seemed as if she was going to continue, but raised an eyebrow instead. “Well?”

“Oh! Right. I forgot...” Hanna set the report on the desk and pulled her sweater off over her head, leaving behind her chain necklace and beige camisole. She folded the soft garment neatly, placing it on the desk and then picked up the report once more.

“You look wonderful, Hanna. That afterglow of yours is simply delightful.”

“You flatter me, ma’am.”

“I’m just stating the truth, dear.” She tilted her head and her lips curved into a warm smile.

Hanna felt her breath catch and goosebumps rise as her anticipation climbed. That smile had been the beginning of so many wonderful moments. She coughed before continuing the morning briefing.

“I will inform them of your decision, ma’am. Next, I have a memo from Director Staunton. He wants your approval to fully start mass production of Rev.7. He believes we need to

capitalize on the momentum of its release to keep our edge in the market for the next in eighteen months before BEM catches up to us.”

Before her superior could remind her, Hanna slipped her flats off and undid the button on her slacks. The pants slid down her legs in a gentle wave, pooling around her ankles. She picked them up, the pile of delicately folded garments now growing slightly larger. Her purple-and-white stockings and matching bikini briefs now on display.

“I’ll talk to Staunton directly after the board meeting today,” Beth said as her gaze roamed Hanna’s body. She made a circling motion before continuing. “I want to make sure we have new investors before we pour more money into his ridiculous timetable. I’m sure to him, everything is possible, but someone has to keep this department from being on the wrong side of the budget.”

“You’re not wrong, ma’am,” Hanna said as she finished turning around.

“Okay, business done,” she said letting out a sigh that bordered on being a moan. “How are you feeling, lovely?”

“Right now? Or more generally?”

“Either, or, both even,” she sat forward resting elbow on boob and chin on palm. Though Beth was more than an arm’s length away, the wool of her sweater brushed Hanna’s stomach as her mass squished outwards. “I want to hear how you feel our relationship is working out, especially if going out with someone else last night gave you any new insights.”

“I-I-is this really the time for that?” Hanna could feel her face burning.

“Of course. Your well being is part of my duties and only you can tell me how you are doing.”

Though Hanna suspected Beth might also be gaining some amount of pleasure from making her blush, it was hard to argue with that logic. She gripped the heart-shaped lock she wore as a subtle reminder of what they shared and was quiet for a moment. “I have never been happier, honestly. I’m getting an opportunity most people only dream of.”

“Several of them, even.” Beth licked her lips and wiggled her eyebrows.

Hanna blushed further, the heat spreading down her neck and over her modest chest.

“Yes, that’s true. I feel really fortunate to get to spend so much time with you.”

“No more lucky than I am,” She put her work aside and stood. On her feet, Beth’s size was even more remarkable. The way her sweater bent and twisted as she crossed the room, her wide hips swaying in opposition to the rest of her, was equal parts grace and temptation. She grabbed Hanna’s hand and held it above her bust. “We’re adults, Hanna. I chose you just as much as you chose me. Don’t forget that.”

They stood there for a moment, the intimacy settling around them like a warm blanket.

“Now then,” Beth said stepping back. “if I’m not mistaken that was part of a report.. So...”

Hanna nodded and pulled off her camisole in what she hoped was a seductive manner, leaving her bare-chested. Her superior gripped her chin, turning her face left and right as if inspecting her haircut. The feel of Beth’s soft sweater rubbing against her made Hanna gasp. “The red looks nice on you, lovely. Really brings out your eyes.”

“Thank you, ma’am.”

“Was there anything else...?”

“I was hoping we could go out tonight? Have a moment to celebrate getting past the presentation?”

Beth's mischievous grin widened. "We'll table that for later. For now, I think you need to tell me every exacting detail about your night out."

“It was...great, actually. Taking the initiative and bringing someone home felt right. It felt good even. Carlos was witty, but not in that fake way so many guys my age are. We joked about our families, talked about our dreams. We watched old cartoons on the sofa and just naturally fell into a more intimate moment. He let me take the lead, but wasn’t a dead fish either. He tasted like cinnamon as we kissed. His grip was sure as I rode him and that probably would

have been enough for me. Only he was like the Energizer bunny in bed and that was kind of exciting. I've never had sex for so long. It really let me find a new level of communication."

"Was it being in charge that felt good, my pet? Was it the thrill of fucking a stranger? Perhaps the feeling of someone willing to fuck you for as long as you wanted?"

Hanna was not sure how to respond that. Each of those were equally true.

Beth leaned into her, her lips brushing Hanna's ear. Wool wrapped breasts pushed against her. Her heart began to race. "Well? How did it feel?"

"He felt wonderful, ma'am," Hanna said, her breath starting to quicken. "I never expected to sleep with someone so...so tireless! That he was also quite big certainly didn't hurt."

"Big? Big how?"

"He was built like a guy who could fight bears and his dick – I don't think anyone else has ever felt bigger."

"Oh," Beth said with a hint of steel in her voice. "I thought I was the biggest in your life?"

Hanna stepped backwards, but Beth stayed close. "You are, ma'am. There is no one bigger, but his big was...different."

"Different how pet?"

Hanna bumped into the frosted glass of the office door as she stepped back again, her hands came up out of reflex. "Where your huge is soft, his was firm. Where your huge is overwhelming, his was gentle. It was...fascinating to experience such a difference."

Beth paused, lost in thought for a moment before giving a soft snort. "But you admit that I'm actually bigger."

"I would be lying if I said otherwise."

"And isn't the biggest the one in charge?" Beth continued to move closer, until her breasts were encompassing Hanna's chest in warm softness and pinning her arms to the door.

“That is what you say, ma’am.” Hanna fought back a smirk, knowing how quickly her girlfriend tended to act in defense of her self-awarded title as 'biggest'.

“If that’s the case, do I need to show you just how big I can get?” Beth’s eyes seemed to shine with a fierce intensity. One Hanna had not seen before.

“But,” Hanna paused, hearing the mixture of playful taunting and pride in her girlfriend’s voice. The threat of growth seemed odd to her. Not because the idea of Beth’s measurements changing was far-fetched or that the concept of Beth outgrowing her was new. Far from it.

Her bust line was always shifting for the situation. In conservative company, Beth would shrink to a size that was on the edge of being contained by a normal cup. It was still a size that Hanna had considered huge at one point, but seemed tiny in comparison with her current volume.

In private, they had spent several evenings playing with her ability to grow at will and Beth had enjoyed surprising her, slowly revealing more and more of what her augmentation allowed. As far as Hanna knew however, Beth was already at her maximum. To think that she could grow past this point, that she could swell past her hips or beyond was...exciting.

“But what?”

“Isn’t this, well, your biggest?” Hanna asked coyly, drawing a circle on Beth’s left breast through her sweater.

Beth blinked and then laughed from her diaphragm, setting off a quake that quivered around Hanna. “This is nothing, lovely. This is barely my halfway point.”

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. As she let it out, Hanna felt the sweater shift around her, though Beth had not moved. With each breath there was inexplicably more soft flesh pressing in around her.

“How?”

“How what? This is the true form of my augmentation.”

“No, not that how. I meant, how could you keep this from me?” She leaned as far forward as she could, feeling Beth's warmth surrounding her as she planted a kiss on her lips. “I want to see how big you can be, ma'am. Please? Show me?”

“I suppose I could,” Beth said, putting a finger to her chin. “Only, you still haven't really answered my question. I'm not sure you deserve my biggest.” Even so, her growth wasn't halting. If anything, it was accelerating. Her nipples pushed into Hanna's elbows, their volume slowly building. The bottoms of her breasts were already swelling against Hanna's hips.

“Well? What made last night so great?”

“Promise you won't laugh?”

“I'll try.”

“It was...was feeling respected by him that made it so hot,” Hanna said in a rush. Beth smiled and nodded for her to continue. “When we first met, ma'am, I had never felt like I was actually an equal on a date or in bed. You showed me that a worthwhile relationship was built on respect. Even in service, even when I'm being completely subservient, you always respect me... That's why I love you, Beth Rosen.”

She had clenched her eyes closed at the end, as if watching herself say it would break her nerve. They had said they wanted each other before. That they enjoyed being together. This was the first time she had used those words.

The only response was the popping sound of knitting coming apart, loud in the silence. In the gaps of the fabric, her domme's warm flesh was starting to escape its confines. Where their skin touched, it felt like their hearts were beating in unison.

“Oh, Hanna...that's so touching,” she said as she caressed Hanna's face.

Nervously peeking with one eye, she was surprised to see tears welling up in Beth's eyes. All the while, Beth continued to swell larger. The sound of fabric tearing became a veritable roar as the sweater gave up and fell from her shoulders.

Hanna was very nearly completely enveloped. From her neck to her knees, she was wrapped in the endless warmth of Beth's bosom. Her bust had gotten so vast, it was starting to creep between Hanna and the door. Twitches along their curves said this was not the end of her growth however. Ever so slowly, more flesh pushed against her legs and back. Mid-shin. Lower. Now her ankles! Beth's cleavage was starting to creep up her face as yet more supple flesh flowed in behind her. It was getting hard to breathe.

"Ma'am...just how big are you going to get?"

"Big enough that you realize just who the biggest lover in your life is."

"I don't think anyone could ever challenge you, ma'am." She wasn't entirely sure just how much of this was good natured play and how much of this was Beth's actual pride speaking.

"Good and take care not to forget that." There was a subtle shudder. Her growth stopped and then began to slowly reverse. "Now, until I get back to my normal size, I want you to worship these tits of mine. Let me know just how deep your desire goes."

Hanna dove into the cleavage that had swallowed her whole. She brushed her lips against every inch of flesh she could reach, kneaded every ounce she could grasp. Her girlfriend's skin was even sweeter tasting than usual and she quickly found herself using her tongue as well, eager to taste more of the woman who had quite literally swept her off her feet.

Eyes closed as if receiving a great massage, Beth cooed with each touch. She drug her fingers along the supermassive curves, adding her own stimulation to Hanna's attentions. "Oh yes, that's a very good girl," she said between moans.

Hearing this, Hanna grew even more passionate. Her body was humming between her racing pulse and her steady moaning. The brief touches steadily lingered longer as Beth's encouraging moaning grew louder. She began to suck on the soft skin, pulling as much of Beth's breast flesh into her mouth as she could while feeling sad that her lover's nipple was so far from her reach.

Beth let out a gasp. "One moment, lovely." Hanna paused, rubbing some soreness out from her jaw.. They were each panting, their knees shaking. Beth knelt first, her cleavage slipping down around her submissive. Hanna fell forward, completely supported by Beth's impossibly huge boobs.

She squirmed through the pillowy embrace, her fingers searching blindly through the expanse to Beth's stomach. Finally, she brushed something firm. As she walked her hand down towards her lover's pelvis, she also fought to reach Beth's face above her cleavage. Just as their lips met, her fingertips brushed the edge of Beth's center. Her girlfriend's eyes went wide but she nodded and tangled her fingers in Hanna's hair.

"That's it, lovely," Beth said, as pulled away from the kiss. "Show me exactly how much you want me. Keep going. Do not stop until I tell you to." She pressed her lips to Hanna's and let out a slow, low moan as her hips began to rock into Hanna's hand.

It felt like hours passed before Beth finally gave her leave to stop. By then both of Hanna's wrists were cramped and her hands were slick with glit. In that time, Beth had shrank back to business size, her boobs each a half size larger than her head, leaving the pair lying against each other on the floor.

"What time is it, lovely?"

"It is nearly noon, ma'am."

"We will need to get dressed then." With that she untangled herself from Hanna and crossed the room to a chest of drawers. Pulling the top one open revealed a plethora of brassieres ranging from sporty to elegant. She selected one, a white gauzy number with peach lace, and lifted it out of the drawer.

"Hanna love, could you come here a moment?"

"Yes, ma'am. What can I do for you?"



She turned and put the cups in Hanna's hands. As she bent over, the considerable volume of her chest settled on the garment. Hanna slid her hands around, pulling the band tight before clipping the first of five fasteners. With the final one clasped, Beth stood back up, looping her arms through the shoulder straps. The freckles on her chest peered out through the gauzy fabric of the cups. Something about them held Hanna's gaze.

"Enjoying yourself, lovely?"

"Yes, ma'am. Silly as it might sound, that's the kind of lingerie I hope to wear on my wedding day."

"Oh? If that's the case, what panties would you wear?" Beth opened a second drawer, revealing row after row of lace-covered panties of all cuts and colors.

Hanna ran her hand over a row before pulling out a white thong with peach lace accents.

"Are those the pair for you?"

"They are the ones I would pick, ma'am."

"Then kneel so I can put them on."

And so it went. Stockings and a belt were slipped on. A knee-length, high-waisted skirt and a satin blouse with a shallow v-neck that showed of just the right amount of cleavage were selected.

"Well now," Beth said as she pulled the shirt on. Tucking it into her skirt served to further emphasize her already prodigious bust. "How do I look?"

"Ravishing, ma'am."

"Eh. It needs a little..." With a shake of her shoulders, Beth's boobs jumped up a size. On the verge of oversized, her flesh now pressed against the cups and straps. "Yeah. A little bit more is perfect."

Hanna went to recover her own top, but Beth stopped her.

"There is something for you in the closet as well, lovely. Why don't you try it on?"

'Something' happened to be a cream colored chemise with white lace trim. Hanging next to it was a simple, but strikingly blue blouse and a skirt that matched Beth's. "What are these, ma'am?"

"A gift, but also the visualization of my expectations for you. As my assistant, I expect you to be sharply dressed for these occasions. Now, come here and let me do something with your hair. It's a mess after our morning meeting."

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Despite being told she was attending, Hanna was still surprised to be participating in the quarterly Board meeting. Not because she had not attended meetings before, but because she was so junior. Yet, no one batted an eye when she followed Mrs. Rosen in. Instead, they welcomed her. A few of the board members even told her how much they had heard about her.

Beth pulled out a high-backed chair for her. "Why don't you sit here, Hanna?"

It was phrased as a suggestion, but Hanna recognized it for the command it was hastily took a seat at the table, laptop at the ready.

"I hope you're prepared for this," Beth whispered as she sat in the next chair. "Every page you fill is another inch the next time we have a moment."

The meeting went by in a blur as Beth outlined growth potential for the company and how Revision Seven would revolutionize augmentations. It was all Hanna could do to keep up with her note taking in the moments of frenzy as board members raised questions and concerns. When she was not frantically recording, she found her mind roaming back to just a few minutes ago.

She had assumed that the size of Beth's bust at their first meeting was her upper limit, but that conclusion had slowly been shattered over the better part of a year. So why was she completely blown away by finding out there was still more to Beth? Just how wrong had she

been? How much had her girlfriend been holding back? Even though she had witnessed much of the scene while out with Beth, what sort of things had she missed?

As they left the meeting, Beth turned to her assistant. "You will be coming to the launch party this evening, yes?"

"Launch party?"

"Yes, for Revision Seven. I am hosting a dinner party at the house. An opportunity for some of my colleagues and friends with a vested interest in the new release to mingle and talk about where augmentation is going. It starts at six-thirty and I'll expect you before five. Don't worry over what to wear, I already have something cute picked out for you."