

B1mb0 Pill: First Trial

During college, three young chemistry majors met one another. As they got to know one another, they found all of them were interested in finding the perfect girlfriend and decided that by combining their efforts, they could use their knowledge and education to create a drug that would transform someone into the perfect woman.

This is the story and data log of their first human trials in which they attempted to perfect certain aspects of the drug.

Tracey was your average struggle 23-year-old. She had graduated from college and found it difficult to find a job, so she worked as a waitress at a small local restaurant. Tracey had a difficult time making ends meet so she would occasionally donate plasma or do drug trials, her friends warned her about doing human trials, but she only accepted ones that she knew were safe and had minimal risk.

While paying her bills, Tracey realized she was \$200 short on rent, so she began perusing the medical forums online that promoted different drug tests. She found one that seemed too good to be true, it offered \$1500 and claimed to have minimal risks. Tracey clicked on it and submitted her email before going to bed, finally able to relax knowing all her bills would be covered for not only this month but the next one too.

Tracey woke up the next morning at about 7 am, she checked her email and saw she had been accepted for the trial!

The email said to fill out the attached form and be at the facility by 9 am, She checked the clock and saw she had just under two hours to fill out the form and get to the address they provided, lucky for her it was just across town. She quickly printed out the form and filled out the necessary information about her height, weight, and other basic information.

She hitched a ride on the subway and made it to the facility with just 15 minutes to spare, Tracey looked at the building and matched the address to the one on the email. She expected a hospital or some sort of medical facility, but this looked like just about any other office building in the city, if not a little more run-down than the usual ones around town.

Focusing on the money she would make; Tracey pushed her doubts aside and opened the door. She entered into a small lobby with a receptionist who took the form from her and pointed her to an elevator, which she walked into. Once the doors slid shut, the young woman noticed there was only one button, the down button. Tracey pressed it and felt the elevator jolt as she began to descend, it descended for almost a minute and left her wondering just how deep she was going, she was not aware that any building in the city had such a deep basement.

The elevator eventually halted, and she was greeted by a handsome doctor with well-kept hair, silver streaks of grey highlighting it.

“Hello Tracey, it’s nice to meet you!” He said as she reached out and shook her hand, which was ice cold in her hand. “I’m Dr. Johnson, I will be administering the trial for today.”

“Nice to meet you doc, what kind of prescription will I be testing today?” She asked as she followed him down a long hallway that reeked of sterility.

“This one is rather harmless; it will boost mood and alleviate joint pain.”

“Like aspirin?” she asked.

The doctor chuckled to himself under his breath as he opened a door, holding it for her, “Yeah more or less. Go ahead and take a seat, we will be with you shortly.”

Tracey walked into the room as the door clicked shut behind her. The room was white and barren beside a single bed against one wall, similar to what you would find in any doctor’s office with a sheet of paper draped from top to bottom. She sat on the crinkling paper and waited as she swung her feet back and forth.

Meanwhile, Dr. Johnson entered a room where his two colleagues were waiting, watching the young woman through a camera as she sat in the testing room. “Is she ready?” one of the men asked.

“I believe so,” Johnson said as he picked up an unlabeled bottle of pills, before leaving. “This is it boys, the first test of what we have been working on for the past two decades.”

He returned to the room and slid open a slot below the one-way window, “Hello Taylor, here is the first dose. We may need to keep you overnight to watch for any adverse side effects, if you need anything let us know. We will be providing food and water regularly so just kick back and relax.”

Before Taylor could say anything, the slot slid shut, leaving behind a small pink pill with a bottle of water. She bounced off the bed and popped the pill into her mouth, chasing it with a swig of water from the bottle. She returned to the bed and sat, wondering how long this would take.

Start of First Trial Log.

SUBJECTS NAME: Tracey Evans

AGE: 23

OCCUPATION: Waitress

BRA SIZE: C-cup

HEIGHT: 5'9"

WEIGHT: 113 lbs

HAIR COLOR: Brown

WAIST: 37 inches

HIPS: 45 inches

PHOTO:



Goals for this trial: increase bust size by 150%, no other expected results until the next trial.

0900 Hours – Administration

The subject has taken the B1mb0 pill, with no immediate reaction to the drug. Will update in one hour.

1000 Hours – Observations

The subject seems to have fallen asleep out of boredom, for the next trials include some entertainment like a TV or books.

1100 Hours – Observations

The subject seems to be rubbing their shoulder and chest area, potential effect may be beginning. There are no visible changes to the subject.

1200 Hours – Observations

The subject has begun complaining of chest pain and swelling of breast tissue, without a means of measuring we can only assume she has increased to roughly D cups. We have not made contact with her yet and will wait until the extent of growth has been determined.

Back in her room, Tracey was beginning to worry, the doctors had not come to see her in over three hours and she had noticed some swelling. She noticed her bra was getting tight for the past hour or two, it wasn't until she took it off that she noticed how large her breasts had grown.

She had always been proud of her chest even though it was small because they suited her body and personality. Tracey also appreciated how cute her nipples were, they sat proudly on her boobs and were cute, tiny, and pink.

Tracey didn't want to strip in the middle of the room, fearing she was under observation, so she slid the bra off under her shirt and peeked through the neckline at them. Her concerns were validated when she confirmed her boobs had visibly grown in the short time she was here, despite the increase in size they maintained their usual perkiness.

"Hello??" she called as she banged on the door. "Is anyone there?? I think there's a side effect."

She waited for several minutes, and no one came so she returned to her bed and waited, hoping a doctor would come sooner rather than later.



1300 Hours - Observations

The subject has grown restless and is trying to gain attention from the doctors. She removed her bra and is complaining of discomfort from her breasts, we are yet to determine if the discomfort is an issue or just shock from the subject's breast growth.

1400 Hours – Observations

The subject appears to have stopped growing, upon closer examination through the observation window it is clear that her breasts have surpassed DD cups and are now straining her shirt. The results are unsatisfactory, and we are planning to administer more of the drug to continue observation of effects.

1500 Hours – Administration

The subject was told that the second pill would help with the effects, unbeknownst to her, it is a second dose of an equal amount. The subject had many questions but we decided to withhold answers until after the trial.

1530 Hours – Growth has begun at a quicker rate than before, causing the subject to become alarmed at the now visible growth. Estimated increase of one bra size a minute, the subject's breasts will likely be an inconvenience as she carries out everyday tasks.

Tracey tried waiting patiently for a doctor to come but when Dr. Johnson returned he barely said anything, only telling her to take a pill and that it would help with the side effects. Her issue was that the side effects made her boobs practically triple in size! She tried to ask him what was going on but he had already slammed the hatch shut before she could cross the room.

Any time she looked down, all she could see were the two orbs of fat distorting her shirt. It looked like she had two softballs crammed inside of her top, which was built for a girl with a much smaller chest. Tracey prayed that the swelling was temporary and would go down as she threw the next pill into her mouth and swallowed it with another drink of water.

It had hardly been ten minutes before she felt something odd, it felt like her chest was getting tight and a bubble was building in her throat. She rubbed her chest above her swollen tits trying to get it to go away. After several minutes of the pressure increasing it seemed to plateau before it shifted to her breasts.

Tracey immediately dropped to the floor as her boobs began to swell again, she cupped them as her skin stretched to accommodate the constant influx of fat tissue. "Oh god what's happening to me??" she cried out, knowing no one could hear her.

She moaned as her shirt got tighter and tighter on her chest, the stitching on the shirt began to pop and the small holes allowed her soft tit flesh to spill out, trying desperately to escape the tight confines of her top. Tracey's shirt was riding up as it tried to cover her growing bust, the previously long shirt was practically a crop top now.

Tracey grabbed the bottom of her shirt and lifted it, struggling to get it over her breasts. The strain was too much though and once she began pulling on her shirt, it gave up and shredded as her tits broke free.

Her original breasts were nothing compared to what she had now, her boobs had become gigantic globes of fat, dominating her figure and sagging so far that they were almost to her belly button. Taylor's once cute nipples were now each larger than her fist, they were easily bigger than her breasts before the growth.

"Help me!!" She yelled and banged on the door as she tried to lift her mammoth boobs to alleviate the weight on her back, "Please help!"



1600 Hours – Observation

The subject's growth has blown away expectations, and the breast-enhancing test is considered a success. We are ready to begin the development of another drug that will alter the mind of the recipient.

1700 hours – Observation

Unexpectedly, growth has continued at a semi-alarming rate, the subject has gained a small amount of fat on other parts of the body as well. The subject will be kept for an extended period until we develop the mental drugs to prevent her from leaking their work.

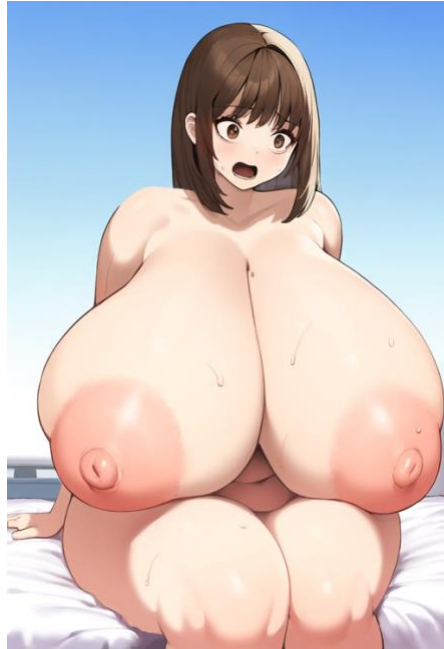
Conclusion:

It appears the drug will compound upon previous doses and the growth will increase at exponential rates. The first test subject can receive no further doses at the risk of causing injury, the human body cannot handle the strain such sized breasts would create.

Noted: Modify chemical formula to prevent exponential growth.

Additional subjects are required.

The door slid open and Dr. Johnson entered the small observation room. Tracey sat on the bed, leaning back so she did not have to carry the weight of her gigantic tits, she stirred as he came in but struggled under the weight of her breasts.



“Hello Taylor, how are you doing?”

“What have you done to me!” She yelled at him.

“Please relax Ms. Evans, I promise we will answer all the questions you have.” He said calmly.

“What was that pill you gave me?? Was this supposed to happen?”

“Yes, it was, we have been developing it for over twenty years.”

“The fuck kind of pill does this to someone?” She asked.

“The goal was to test a chemical compound we created that enhances the female figure.”

“Oh I’m so going to sue you guys to hell and back,” Tracey said as she tried to get off the bed.

“Unfortunately, I cannot let you leave.” The doctor said as he blocked the door. Tracey leaned back against the bed with fear in her eyes. “We cannot let anyone know what we are doing down here.”

“You can’t just keep me, people are going to be looking for me you know?” She said, lacking confidence.

As the doctor stepped out of the door and began to close it he said to her, “We are currently modifying the formula to adjust a person’s mental state, making them more compliant. Our goal is to make the perfect woman and I believe this will help you to... get along.”

Tracey tried once more to stand as she realized what he was implying, “You can’t do this to me! I won’t let you turn me into some dumb bimbo! Let me out of here right now!

“Don’t worry Tracey, you will come around... sooner or later.”