



A huge heartfelt thanks to all my Patrons and Fans for reading my stories.

If you acquired this PDF wrongfully or from an illegitimate source, know that I am still thankful and happy you are reading this. I am also a dirty filthy thieving scoundrel in many ways myself. Let's be better together. (After reading.)

Thank you for reading my story! Enjoy it as many times as you can and stay hydrated!

[My Author Website](#) - [My Patreon](#) - [A Sexy Fox](#)



Experimental Business

2 - Arm Candy

After graduating from University I knew I wanted to join a big company, but wanted to get in on the ground floor, not be tossed into some giant monolith bogged down with endless rules and bureaucracy. I had always been a good girl, I thought, and played nice and studied hard. I found an aptitude for doing so many things and could organize, do accounting, light programming, and was even half decent in social situations. Well, not totally awkward at least. I focused on my goals and didn't let myself get distracted by too many parties or chasing boys around. Professional. Prim. Proper. Set up for success, and hard-working enough to rise to any challenge and overcome it.

"Ms. Gale? Gabriella Gale?" A cute mousy woman with curly brown hair and big glasses stepped to the edge of the waiting area and called my name. She held a clipboard and scanned the group of people waiting for their turn. *'A lot of people turned up for this interview'* I thought nervously.

"That's me!" I hopped up and waved my hand a little. My nerves insisted I smiled with too many teeth and must have looked like a crazy person. The woman walked up and offered her hand to me. She was a little taller than me and ridiculously curvaceous. *'Almost every girl I have seen working here is so busty... That has to be harassment or something. The boss must be some male chauvinist.'* Thankfully my expression couldn't get any worse. I took the woman's hand.

"Patricia. PR & Marketing. Pleased to meet you. Please come this way." She smiled warmly and I did everything I could to not stare at those boobs of hers. I took a breath and looked down at my own chest blowing out a disappointed sigh. It was annoying when I was reminded of it, but it wasn't something that ruled my life. *Any more.*

I followed Patricia, who was wearing a long beige duster tied around the waist and clomping ahead of me in leather boots. I couldn't believe how big her butt was, either. *'What the heck is this place?'* Walking past a few clusters of desks and scanning across the open layout of the room, at least three quarters of the workers were women, which made me proud. But *all* of them had prominent bustlines or wide hips. Lots of different shapes and sizes, but the sizes all started at, well, *really* big. I gulped.

"Just in here. Sorry to keep you waiting." Patricia said standing between me and the open door.

“Thank you so much, Patricia.” I pulled my eyes up while she turned about and managed a genuine smile. She put a hand on my arm and threw a quick glance at the open door before looking back down to me.

“Let me give you a little advice.” She winked, and leaned forward and whispered in my ear. Her breast pressed into my chest making me feel so small, but her words were comforting. “The boss is a bit of a firebrand and kind of scary and intense. But she is a good woman. She just has *needs* and as long as you fulfill those needs, she will be like putty in your hands. Nobody has been able to weather the storm by a long shot.” My heart was pounding in my chest. ‘*She’s so close.*’ I found myself turning my head and breathed in the scent of pine needles and maple. She pulled back with a knowing smirk on her face.

“Th... Thank you, Patricia.”

“You look like you could *gain a lot* from working here.” Patricia straightened out my suit lapels and brushed off my shoulders. ‘*Maple and pine. It’s so spicy and sweet.*’ “Now stay strong and weather the storm. I am tired of playing secretary every two weeks.” Her expression went serious and she wound around me and goaded me forward with two hands on the small of my back. I felt like I was being wheeled in on a handcart or something and she dumped me just inside the doorway.

The office was gorgeous, modern, and sleek. Black and white everywhere, it was like a chessboard and all the furniture and fixtures were made of silver and marble. The desk was all sleek, hard angles covered in blueish glass, but the woman sitting behind it was anything but. At least so I thought.

“And who do we have here, Trish?” The higher timbre of her voice seemed to end in whispers as she looked up from her desk ignoring me completely. ‘*She’s extremely busy and these interviews annoy her. Is she always annoyed?*’ I began to analyze her situation.

“This is Gabriella Gale. Fresh graduate of-” Patricia said in a polite tone.

“Got it. Thanks. Please close the door behind you and I’ll call you after I am done with this one.” I heard Patricia wince from being cut off and the Blonde Valkyrie rose from her chair. ‘*She’s tall!*’ She rounded the desk and crossed her arms under her chest. ‘*Her chest.*’ It was *massive*. I had never seen breasts as big as that in my *life*. She was wearing a sleeveless white satin button down shirt with ruffles down the front showing off cleavage that looked as long as my whole arm. I gulped. Her eyes were piercing as she studied me. ‘*Her posture is impatient. God her hips are so wide too. How do you even put a skirt around that thing?*’

“A pleasure to meet you, ma’am.” I squeaked pathetically. She smirked and let out a single laugh through her nose. She nodded, raising her eyebrows like she was proud.

“Are you going to cower near the doorway for the whole interview and stare at my tits from there? Or are you planning on coming over to shake my hand and get to know me first?” Her smile was infectious and I laughed.

“Gabriella Gale, at your service.” I held out my hand and she shook it with a wry grin. Something happened in that moment that I still can’t explain to this day, but I will never forget it.

“Have a seat Gabby. Let me tell you what I am looking at and you tell me if you can handle it. How’s that?” I could see how people would be nervous around her, but for some reason it didn’t come off that way. *‘Maybe this is weathering the storm?’*

That was six months ago. It started with getting coffees and managing schedules, but as her trust in me grew and I became more familiar with how things worked around Friend Pharma. I got to know Patricia quite well and she was always candid and friendly. When I needed it, she was a welcome break from the intensity of Lucy, my boss. Lucy was *brutal* the first month or two, but she was brutally honest.

“Am I not paying you enough?” She snapped off out of the blue one day.

“I’m sorry?” I smiled and blinked, letting that first one wash over me. The first one was never the main attack and just her letting off steam.

“Listen, we need to look good. Most of these investors and board members are dumb men. We aren’t going to bang them or anything, but if you dangle a little meat in front of them their wallets come flying out of their pockets.” She got to the heart of the matter. We were lounging on a sofa drinking some lattes during a lunch break.

“I wear the best I have to work every day and, well, as for *dangling meat*. We all aren’t as, uh, blessed as you are, boss. There isn’t some magic pill that makes girls like me grow boobs overnight. Sorry to break it to you.” I snapped back. She liked getting a rise out of me and knew it helped me get the edge off of dealing with her all day. She broke out into laughter and my eyes glazed watching her breasts wiggle and bounce while she did.

“I suppose you are right about some of those things. I am not trying to put you down, but your clothes don’t fit, darling.” She chastised me like some grandmother. *‘Whose clothes don’t fit? You fat-titted cow.’* I failed to produce my default smile. “Let’s go shopping and I will show you what it means to get clothes that fit you.”

We went shopping at all her favorite places and for the first time in my life I had an *entire wardrobe* of clothing that was tailor-made. It was just tight enough that I could still move around without the shirt coming untucked and have full range of motion. But it was so perfect that there wasn’t a wrinkle to be found anywhere and I actually felt like I had *curves* for the first time in my life.

“You actually have pretty nice legs. And you’re so *thin*. You can play that up. Especially next to a big fat cow like me, right?” Lucy laughed. I *love* her laugh. “*I want to be that sure of myself.*”

“You’re not a cow at all, Boss. But... Thank you. For all of this, for *everything*.” I sipped my latte and she sat up from her lounging position and went to lean over towards me, but stopped herself. A hint of rose tickled my nose.

“I think we will be able to make something of you yet, Gabby. It isn’t a man’s world anymore, but too many of them have all the money. Friend Pharma is going to change the *world*. I’d like it if you were there beside me as it happens.” She said with absolute sincerity.

“I’d like that too.”

‘I can’t think straight. All I can think about is that feeling. Pressing down on me. Smothering me. Why did I like it so much? Have I always...?’

“Thanks for bringing me up to speed. I know this is your first big one, but don’t be nervous. Leave these glorified piggy banks to me and just follow my lead. You know the numbers, the demographics, the projections, and everything in between. Just like we’ve practiced.” Lucy was a step ahead of me and finally got her button closed, but her shirt somehow looked *tighter* than it was this morning. Her jacket button only emphasized how huge her breasts were and she wasn’t kidding about showing off. I could practically see her bra. Lucy was always a bit *racy*, but this was borderline *slutty*. Her nipples were hard, for goodness sake and the jacket didn’t hide it.

“Yes ma’am. I’m ready.” I tried to inspire confidence and she looked down past her shoulder at me shaking her head.

“Not by a long shot, darling. But you are ready enough to survive it. I *hope*.” She winked. “Final check and we’re going in.” We snapped out pocket mirrors in unison and looked each other up and down. She always started from my pumps and followed my legs up to the hem of my short black skirt. Shorter than I cared for, but she insisted and it brought a little thrill to working here. I felt almost nude in it since it was so tight and I had to put my tablet on my lap when I sat down or everyone would be able to see my panties.

“You look lovely as ever, Lucy. But you are OK with your, uhm, nipples. You know, sticking out so much?” My pointer bounced back and forth between the pair of bumps as big as plastic bottle caps on the crest of each tit. Her neck craned to look that far in front of herself to no effect and reached forward feeling how hard her nipples were. She tried once to cover them with her jacket, but that was a forgone conclusion since it didn’t even look like it fit anymore.

“Oh well.” She shrugged and fixed my blouse, smoothing it out, brushing the back of her hands beneath my belt. A line of electricity followed the polished nails smoothing gently between her belt and belly. She was just out of university, but this large woman always treated her like a little

girl. *'Why am I not offended?'* I always hated that when I was younger, but now... I stood face to face with the cleavage that could have killed me minutes ago while she sorted me out.

"Thanks, Lucy," I mumbled, and she brushed off my shoulders rising to full height again.

"My *number one* needs to look better than me. And you *do*." She made me feel vital to her organization. She made me feel beautiful and confident, too. And despite the moments where she treated me like a little kid, she made me feel like a *woman*. "Let's go, Gabby." I nodded back to her ready to follow.

She took one final quick breath and then put on the look of a warrior about to go into battle that she glossed over with a veneer of seduction and professional danger. The door succumbed to her force banging against rubber stoppers on the wall and most in the boardroom jumped at the intrusion.

"Finally," grumped the graying man at the front corner of the long meeting table. A half dozen other men in a similar age bracket along that side of the table grumbled in compliance. But only their vocal 'leader' managed to make eye contact with Lucy who put on her 'sorry' face while bouncing to her spot at the table. There were more than a dozen members of the board, the greyer half of them were leftovers from the company before it was reinvented, but they all had a vested interest in what Friend Pharma was doing, or at the very least the profit they were sure to make doing it.