**The Lab Assistant**

by[AnonymousPerv](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1367666&page=submissions)©

I've lived in Brooklyn for three years. Though it was a 23-minute bus ride every weekday to Montell Laboratories where I worked, the 600-square-foot apartment I'd found was affordable and in a relatively safe neighborhood. I'd only just earned my Bachelors of Chemical Science at Ohio State when Montell Labs offered me a job with a modest, but fair salary. The thought of living in New York outweighed my desire to pursue my postgraduate education, at the moment.  
  
Montell Labs was a private, venture-capitalist-funded, chemical research company. We were hired by companies to do things like concoct new cleaning agents or research and test chemical compounds developed by others in our field. At the moment, my specific group had been focused on a chemical solution that cleaned diamonds specifically. It was better than ultrasonic and supposedly, completely harmless. This stuff is probably boring to most people, but I enjoy it. All except for my lab assistant, Jeff Rooney.  
  
Jeff is a creeper. A 36-year-old virgin still living with his mother, he's a hardcore nerd and not fit for most social settings. He bathed perhaps twice a week, was skinny as a rail, and tried desperately to act cool. Instead, it just came across as juvenile and chauvinistic. He made jokes about my bust size all the time:  
  
"You know, this job sometimes requires one to lift over twenty pounds, but you have to do that all the time."  
  
"You need a retractable microscope. Your tits are in the way."  
  
"Got milk?"  
  
The latter was something often said when he brought in his donut and milk every morning. He would, of course, shake the little milk box and smile, as if that were in some way appealing to me. What an ass.  
  
Jeff's favorite thing was making fun of my name. Whenever someone said it aloud, "Candy," Jeff would say something like, "Yes, she is." or "Mounds, better than Almond Joy!"  
  
It was true, I have very large breasts. However, because they are attached to a lithe frame, I think they simply appear bigger than they actually are. Still, they struggle to be contained in D-cups brassieres. Not to mention, my areolas and nipples are certainly larger than the average girl's and quite puffy, so I wear thick bras to keep "pokies" from happening. I don't particularly like people staring at them, as I wanted to be viewed as a professional, rather than a bimbo. For those who didn't get the memo, having big tits doesn't automatically make a woman airheaded and sexual, and I have always been proud to break the "dumb blonde" stereotype.  
  
But Jeff wouldn't let it go, and droned on and on about my tits almost every day. I complained to Archie Jennings, the supervisor several times. He reported directly to Reilly Montell, the boss. Reilly was usually out schmoozing it up with clients, winning contracts, that kind of thing. Anymore, he had very little to do with research and development.  
  
Reilly built his company from one small team that he directed in a tiny lab in New Jersey. That company grew to eight teams now working on the 12th floor of a lab in uptown Manhattan. The space was expensive and as I said before, he paid us pretty well, so of course he was busy securing new work to keep the money flowing. Archie, my supervisor, and Tony Moses were the two managers that oversaw the eight teams on the floor. How I wished I was in one of the labs Tony managed, rather than being stuck with Archie.  
  
Archie was too meek to confront Jeff about his near-sexual-harassment issue with me. Archie had no intention of bothering Mr. Reilly Montell about it. Jennifer, my lab partner, told Jeff to shut up a few times, as she was as sick of hearing his sophomoric jokes, but that was the only defense I ever got from anyone.  
  
Changing the subject a bit, I have a flat-mate back in Brooklyn named Benny Grime who is also a lab rat. I guess life can be a world of coincidences, because Benny actually worked at Montell for nearly ten years. Hard to believe that in such a large city, it panned out this way. "Small world," indeed. Benny and I never worked together, though. He left about three years ago, just before I started, to do his own thing. Benny wanted to be the next Reilly Montell himself, and he was convinced he had enough ideas to fund his dreams. With some financial backing from a wealthy uncle, he started his own business.  
  
Perhaps because of our shared interests and close proximity, Benny and I became good friends these past years. He was only a bit older than me, considering I started school so late, but he was far more mature than most of my friends, which I liked. We shared at least one dinner a week and often watched movies together, yet we never dated. I suppose we thought it would breach some kind of code of ethics, considering our employment statuses.  
  
Benny was handsome, over six-foot tall and in good shape. I certainly would have considered dating him had he asked. God knows, I could have used some action, but we kept the relationship platonic.  
  
I had been working late this past Friday, spending far too much energy fending off Jeff for much of it, and I looked forward to going home, plopping off my shoes and curling up to some pizza and binge-watching a new show I'd discovered. I was headed out the door when Benny called.  
  
"Hey, what's up?" I asked, juggling the cell phone, as I searched the deep pockets of my purse for my keycard.  
  
"Nothing. Just wondering if you're going to be home tonight. I'm close to something big."  
  
"Oh, yeah?" I was excited at the thought of hanging with Benny. It would be a nice break from putting up with Jeff all day.  
  
"You're usually home by now, so I thought to call."  
  
"Long day. Leaving as I speak. I'd love to hang out with you, though. Sure, meet at my place. I planned on ordering pizza."  
  
"I'll order for us. Will have it ready when you get here."  
  
Thirty minutes later, I was taking the elevator to my fourth floor apartment where Benny was waiting for me at the door, pizza in hand.  
  
"Right on time! Pizza guy just left. Pepperoni and black olives."  
  
"Sounds great," I said, unlocking the door. I opened it and threw the keys on the buffet, turning back to Benny. "Come on in. It smells wonderful. You mind if I hop in the shower first, though? Five minutes! It's been a long one."  
  
"Uh, no. Go right ahead. Pizza will still be hot when you get out."  
  
"Thanks, I need it!" I hung my coat as Benny walked into the kitchen and put the pizza box on the counter.  
  
"Don't think you ever showered around me before. Want me to come back in ten minutes or so?"  
  
"Oh, stick around. I'll stay covered. I'm a bit too self-conscious to strut around naked, so no risk there." I giggled a bit, teasing, even if what I said did touch on the truth. I'd always been a bit shy, perhaps the product of a slightly-puritanical upbringing.  
  
"Alright, I'll watch some TV," said Benny, heading off to the living area.  
  
A few minutes later, I was feeling refreshed and dressed in a t-shirt and sweats. Of course, I wore a bra. Without one, there was simply too much bounce. Not to mention, the "pokies" could be distracting. Unfair for any guy to be exposed to, I suppose.  
  
Benny turned off the TV when I walked into the living room. He now had the pizza on the coffee table, with some paper towels and a couple of diet pops.  
  
"Come here and sit by me. I gotta talk to you."  
  
"Uh oh, this sounds serious," I said.  
  
"Well, yes and no, Candy. I'm really excited, but you have to promise to not tell anyone. Well, at least not yet."  
  
"We're talking shop? Really? We never do this."  
  
"I know, but this is important."  
  
"Alright, so spill it," I said, sitting next to him, tearing off a slice and placing it on one of the paper towels.  
  
"I'm onto something, Candy. I mean it, but I need to tell you something else first." He paused. "I'm also broke. I have less than five hundred bucks in my account."  
  
"What?" I exclaimed. I knew Benny lived modestly, but assumed his uncle paid for his living indefinitely.  
  
"The money Uncle Richie loaned me is almost out. I can't ask him for any more. He lost his ass in that crash last year."  
  
"That sucks," I said. "What are you going to do?"  
  
"I'm hoping I can finally sell something. Look, I've been working on this chemical compound that mixes with cotton fibers. When charged with an electrical pulse, the atoms hyper-accelerate, yet... oh, how do I put this? They also stay in place. It's a bit difficult to explain. The compound bonds with the cotton fibers and responds to the charge, making the atoms that are comprised of the fabric spin at incredible speeds. Cotton is not a good conductor for electricity, but the compound is, and as it is soaked throughout the fabric, it works beautifully."  
  
"Fascinating, but for what purpose?" I asked, curious where this was going.  
  
"Candy, the atoms move so fast when charged, they are virtually impenetrable. It's like a flexible, lightweight super-shield, bouncing things right off it. Imagine this modified cotton material being bulletproof. Hell, grenade proof! That's what the potential is here. I mean, you can touch it. Feel it. But try to penetrate it? Forget it!"  
  
"Oh my God, Benny, you actually created this?" I was floored at the possibilities of such a thing. If Benny was about out of money, this would cure all those problems, no doubt.  
  
"Well, no, actually. In theory that is what it should do. The compound works fine on its own. When charged, it creates a bulletproof barrier just as I described. Unfortunately, it only bonds well to something it can soak into, like cotton. It can't stick to rubber or other non-absorbent fibers. However, the compound works a bit differently when mixed with cotton than it does on its own. Something unexpected."  
  
"How so?" I asked.  
  
"I think the atoms aren't actually active enough to work as intended. It's actually rather difficult to measure. I'm going to fix it, I promise, but still... the result is still rather amazing."  
  
"So it works?"  
  
"It does serve as a very protective layer, but it's not quite bulletproof. The problem is the side effect with the fibers. They disappear to the human eye."  
  
"What?"  
  
"All of it. The cotton-based clothing. It has the appearance that it vanishes! It's still there, but it just can't be seen."  
  
I laughed loudly. "I'm sorry, Ben. So you're telling me that instead of inventing the next great military advancement, you've created clothes that can disappear in the blink of an eye?"  
  
"Uh, yeah, I guess that's what I'm telling you."  
  
I laughed even more and finally took my first bite. "Oh, man... well, I bet you could still sell that to someone, right?"  
  
"Not exactly what I was hoping to do, but yeah." Benny laughed, too.  
  
"So who would want such a thing?" I asked.  
  
"Fredericks of Hollywood, maybe?"  
  
He sounded serious. I laughed even more.  
  
"So here's the thing," Benny continued. "I need a buyer or an angel investor fast, or I'm going to lose my lease. Can you help?"  
  
"How can I help?"  
  
"Well, I didn't leave on particularly good terms at the company. Reilly thought I was a star, you know, but unhappy. I wasn't unhappy. I just wanted to go on my own. Maybe my ego got in the way, I don't know, but that's beside the point. Anyway, if you were to show this to him, maybe you could convince him to reach out to an angel investor on my behalf. He's got connections. I can't even get in the door with anyone."  
  
"I barely even know him, Benny." That was the truth.  
  
"I know, but at some point you'll see him, right? Isn't he around some of the time during the week?"  
  
"Yes, but...". I didn't like the idea of pitching my boss a competitor's idea.  
  
"I'll give him twenty percent. It's a good offer!"  
  
Only because it was Benny, did I agree. "Fine," I said. "But you have to show me it works. My reputation is on the line."  
  
"How's this?" Benny asked. At first I thought I was hallucinating. Benny was naked except for his underwear, socks and shoes. One second he was dressed and the next he was practically the full Monty. I was impressed with six-pack abs. I had no idea he was so fit.  
  
"Oh my god!" I screamed. "How did you do that?"  
  
"With this," he said. He held a rectangular object that fit in the palm of his hand. Two small prods attached to its top. "It's like a micro-tazer. I just 'shocked' the clothes I was wearing. Everything but my socks and underwear were doused in the formula a while back. So this disappearance effect will last until I shock it again. Consider it something like an on/off switch. Each shock makes the compound active or inactive."  
  
Interesting he used the word "shock" as that is exactly what I was feeling. Benny's gray cotton briefs did little to hide the healthy bulge he had been blessed with. I'd never have guessed had I not seen it with my own eyes. I wasn't a size queen, but that caught me off guard and Benny could sense my astonishment. He snickered and zapped himself again and this time I witnessed the tiny spark, though it made no discernable sound. His clothes instantly appeared.  
  
After a brief pause, I finally said something. "You know, that toy you have could be used for nefarious purposes."  
  
"How so?"  
  
"Well, imagine some guy buys his girlfriend a new shirt that had been doused in that stuff. He could zap it and \*bam!\* she's naked."  
  
"Hmm... I suppose it could happen. Hadn't thought of it."  
  
It was then another nefarious, if not naughty thought, hit me. "Benny, how much of that compound do you have?"  
  
"A lot. I actually have a five-gallon pail in my apartment." He paused. "Yes, I bring my work home with me sometimes."  
  
I jumped off the couch and ran to my bedroom. A moment later, I came back with a sports bra, pink cotton panties, denim jeans, a white, long-sleeve cotton top. Typical stuff I wore to work, as it was casual back in the labs. I grabbed a spare lab coat from the foyer closet and threw everything at Benny's feet.  
  
"Go soak those."  
  
"Are you doing what I think you're doing? Are you crazy?"  
  
"Want it to sell? Let me do this for you. Besides, I haven't done anything this exciting in years."  
  
"You're crazy, Candy!"  
  
"What the fuck? Only live once, you know."  
  
I don't know why the thought of doing something so crazy appealed to me. I didn't like people ogling me dressed, much less naked. As I mentioned before, I'm not some bimbo. I've only been with two men in my entire life, in fact. As I've also mentioned, usually I am a modest person.  
  
But this was different. I could - in the flash of a fraction of a second - appear completely naked to anyone and I could flash back in the next instant. It would totally screw with people's minds. I knew people ogled me, imaging me naked in their minds, anyway, letting their imaginations run wild. Especially that creep, Jeff. With this, I would have folks believing they were going mad. The idea of that was hilariously compelling to me.  
  
"Benny, imagine this: I flash on and off while I meet with Mr. Montell. It will totally get his attention! And when I explain he's not seeing things, I know he'll help you out."  
  
Reilly Montell was in his early 50s, but even his eyes were drawn to my breasts when in my presence. I nicknamed them "magnets" years ago for a reason, after all. Truth be told, I have never been truly comfortable with people ogling my breasts or cleavage, but I suppose I should admit that I am accustomed to it. I thought no less of Mr. Montell for doing so than anyone else. Knowing his attraction to me would work in our favor.  
  
"Candy, you are the best!" Benny screamed, hugging me and dashing out the apartment. A minute later he came back carrying a large bucket. He popped the lid and said, "Once soaked, these clothes will always react this way to a shock. You better watch out for static electricity."  
  
"Really?" I asked, as I watched him plunge the clothes into the liquid.  
  
Benny laughed, nodding. "Yeah, it's pretty sensitive stuff, but you should be fine. You'll also always carry one of these around," he said, picking up his little tazer device. "Make sure you do when wearing these clothes, anyway."  
  
"Will do. Do we need to hang dry them?"  
  
"They can go in your dryer," said Benny. He began wringing out some of the pieces, back into the bucket. Some of it got on the floor. "Don't worry, it'll mop right up. Your wax floor is nonporous."  
  
I picked up the wet clothes and walked them to the utility closet, tossing them in the empty dryer. I set it for 40 minutes and went back to Benny.  
  
"Leave the shocker with me," I said.  
  
"Fair enough. You'll test them out tonight?"  
  
"You know I will," I said, giggling.  
  
"Wish I could be here to witness it."  
  
"Well, I didn't say you couldn't be." I almost feel a bit guilty, wondering if I had crossed a line. "But I am going to make this very brief!"  
  
I couldn't believe this. I was about to flash Benny. It was so hot just thinking about it. How long would I keep it on? Or is it off? Hah! Finally, the reality of it hit me. Though I had a sexy figure, I was indeed a bit embarrassed by my large tits and nipples. They're atypical, to say the least. Still, no one has ever complained who has seen them, at least to my face.  
  
"Promise me one thing," I said, as we waited for the clothes to dry.  
  
"What's that?"  
  
"Don't make fun of my tits. I'm a bit sensitive about them."  
  
"Oh, please. I am sure they're great!"  
  
An hour later, Benny was confirming that statement.  
  
"Holy shit, Candy! You have a ridiculously hot body."  
  
"Oh, please," I blushed. I had zapped the clothes on and off. Benny had only seen me for half a second, at most.  
  
"Did it work then?"  
  
"Of course it did, but I barely had time to process it!" He laughed.  
  
"Okay, one more time!" I zapped it on and off again, this time paying closer attention myself. It was amazing how in one instant I was dressed and the next I looked completely naked. The shock's current shot through all the apparel instantaneously, as each piece was in contact with another: the lab coat to the t-shirt, to the denim jeans, to the bra and panties! I didn't even feel a thing, but there I was, appearing stark naked.  
  
I looked (and allowed Jeff to look) a third time for about five seconds.  
  
"This is so cool," I said, zapping the clothes back on.  
  
"Indeed it is," said Benny. "Indeed."  
  
"Oh, stop it. But thank you for the compliments."  
  
"Do me a favor. Do jumping jacks while you zap yourself."  
  
"You're crazy!" I exclaimed.  
  
"Chicken," Benny said, laughing.  
  
"I threw my arms to my side and huffed, just before jumping high in the air. I hoped my sports bra would hold everything together okay; otherwise, it would be quite a sight. I shocked myself on the second hop and instantly appeared nude. Two more hops, with Benny bursting in laughter, I went to shock myself again, but nothing happened. I quit jumping and tried again. And again. It wasn't working.  
  
Standing there naked banging at the shocker, I must have looked ridiculous, when Benny finally said, "Candy, I think the battery is dead. Let me go get the charger."  
  
He dashed out of the room and I stood there contemplating whether to cover myself in some way. Benny came back before I'd made up my mind, with a USB charger in hand. "It just needs to charge a few minutes," he said.  
  
"Well, how long?" I asked. I began to cover up my breasts with my arms. Still, my ass and shaved pussy were on full display.  
  
"About twenty minutes. That should give it enough juice for a few charges. Two or three hours for a full charge."  
  
"Well, how many zaps can I get with the shocker on a full charge?"

"Oh, I don't know. Twenty or thirty, maybe?"  
  
"Okay. Just checking," I said, with a sigh of relief. If the shocker was only good for a half dozen charges, I was a bit scared of the possibilities of having it die on me in a "clothes off" state.  
  
"Are you okay staying naked?" asked Benny. "I mean, I don't mind, but you might."  
  
I was conflicted. On the one hand, I was feeling a bit embarrassed, yet on the other, I was feeling aroused. Clearly, he enjoyed the view and it was fun teasing him. "Consider this your early birthday present," I said, knowing it was more than a week away.  
  
"One I will definitely remember!"  
  
For the next two hours, Benny and I sat chatting about all the possibilities his product might bring to market. At no point in the discussion did the thought of zapping me again come up. Instead, I got comfortable letting him stare at my tits. It got me rather excited and my hard nipples pressing against the invisible sports bra created an interesting visual effect on how I looked naked. Like a "smashed on glass" effect, as it were. It was rather exciting and humorous at the same time. I noticed Benny rarely look away from them. Apparently, he didn't mind my ass either, as I noticed him staring when I went to get a beer out of the refrigerator.  
  
At one point, I accidentally spread my legs much farther apart than I should have, before catching myself. "Oh dear!" I said. "It feels like I am wearing clothing, because... well... I am, so I just stretched out like natural. It slipped my mind they were invisible. I did not mean anything by that!"  
  
Benny smirked, "No problem, Candy. I can understand. Maybe we should zap you again."  
  
Finally, the subject came up.  
  
"Your loss, buddy," I said, getting up and walking over to the shocker. I turned to him, allowing one last gaze upon my figure. "I wasn't going to say anything."  
  
With that, I zapped the clothes back into appearance.  
  
"I need to learn how to keep my mouth shut," said Benny  
  
The following Monday, I stopped at the receptionist's desk.  
  
"Is Mr. Montell in today?"  
  
"As a matter of fact, yes."  
  
"Do you think I could schedule a ten-minute meeting with him?"  
  
"And you are one of the lab rats, right?" What we were commonly referred to by the clerk and custodial staff.  
  
"Yes, Candy Wallace."  
  
"Sure, how about 11 o'clock?"  
  
"That's perfect." I was thrilled to be wearing the clothing Bernie and I had prepared. Mr. Montell was usually in on Mondays, so I took the gamble and wore them today, even without a meeting scheduled ahead of time. It was nice that Mr. Montell stayed true to his open door policy when he was available.  
  
I took off the lab coat when I stepped in the lab, and hung it on the rack. It wouldn't be needed this morning, anyway. Jennifer was already there, early as usual. Jeff, undoubtedly, was at the donut shop across the street.  
  
"Jennifer, I'm glad you're here. I need to speak with Mr. Montell about something at 11. Back me up, okay? I don't want Jeff giving me shit about it."  
  
"Uh, alright. No problem. What's this about? About Jeff harassing you?"  
  
"No, that needs to be handled by Archie. He's not here today. Besides, that stuff doesn't really bother me. It's just annoying. If Archie doesn't want to deal with it, fine. I'll go above his head if it gets worse, but for now... whatever."  
  
"Some of us around here might like some of the attention, you know," huffed Jennifer, heading to her work area. It never dawned on me that Jennifer would ever want the likes of Jeff flirting with her, but who was I to judge? For a moment, I felt a bit guilty.  
  
"I'm sorry, Jennifer. I think you're gorgeous." And she was. Tall, lean, fit. A tight, little ass and perky b-cups, I would guess. Even though I was a straight girl, I had to admit beauty when I saw it.  
  
Jeff walked in and I addressed him, explaining I would be out for a few minutes at eleven.  
  
"For how long?"  
  
"I don't know. Ten minutes? Maybe more."  
  
"We have that analysis we need to finish off today. QR-47 through 65. We're two days behind already." He was right, but we were always running behind. Regardless, we ultimately hit our target deadlines consistently.  
  
"It's just for a few minutes, Jeff," I said.  
  
"Yeah, let her go," chimed in Jennifer. "She never takes breaks. You owe her. I'm going to run to the ladies' room before I put my eyes to the glass." Jennifer was still running tests, it seemed, behind further than me. She probably wanted the opportunity to catch up.  
  
Jennifer zipped out the hall and Jeff and I stood there staring each other down.  
  
"You could have picked a better day," he said, disgusted at me. He always seemed to talk down to me.  
  
I turned around, discretely palming the shocker I carried in my front pocket. For some reason, Jeff just pissed me off and right then and there, I made the decision to fuck with him. I zapped my shirt and instantly appeared buck naked, save for the brown flats I was wearing. I turned around quickly, knowing my tits would bounce a bit with the jerky motion, and Jeff would have a terrific view. He got it exactly as intended. His mouth was wide open and his donut slipped out of his hand. He barely managed to keep the milk from spilling.  
  
"What is your problem? Asking to leave for a few minutes is a reasonable request!" Jeff's eyes were glued to my tits. I quickly zapped myself again, hitting the shocker to my jeans, knowing Jeff would not witness any spark, as he was too busy staring at my chest. Instantly, my clothes appeared again and Jeff choked a bit.  
  
"Uh.. noth.. nothing. Nothing. I could have sworn you were naked there for a second." He was blushed and embarrassed.  
  
"Oh my God! Are you imagining me naked?" I demanded.  
  
"What? No! No! Of course not. I mean... I mean... It's not like that! It was real!"  
  
"Jeff, you are crossing the line," I yelled, pointing a sharp finger at him, while zapping my leg again as I did. Tits on, tits off, tits on, tits off, I was thinking, referencing Karate Kid of all things. Jeff kept gagging at the display as I scolded him.  
  
"Stop looking at me that way!" I yelled. "I am getting tired of your harassment!"  
  
Jennifer came strolling back in the room and Jeff stopped her. "Jennifer, look at Candy. Please tell me you are seeing what I am seeing."  
  
Of course, I had zapped my clothes back on by then and wasn't about to zap them away while Jennifer was looking at me. I loved fucking with Jeff this way. It felt so satisfying!  
  
"What's this about?" asked Jennifer. "I'm looking. Now what?"  
  
"Just keep looking," said Jeff.  
  
"Jeff is a pervert," I said. "He says he saw me naked. He's imagining it."  
  
"That is so junior high, Jeff," said Jennifer, walking over to her table. With her back turned, I quickly zapped myself on and off again.  
  
"There it is!" yelled Jeff, pointing at me.  
  
Jennifer turned around and said, "Enough, already! Get over it!"  
  
Perhaps this is what Jennifer meant by me getting all the attention. Rather than being upset by Jeff's perverse behavior - which, granted, I was manipulating - she appeared more upset that his attention just wasn't directed at her. It gave me an idea.  
  
I walked over to Jennifer's desk and whispered in her ear. Jeff finally stopped looking at me, rubbed his eyes and meandered to his desk as I spoke to her.  
  
"You know that meeting I have at 11?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"It's about these clothes I'm wearing. My friend Benny invented a way for clothes to turn invisible. You just zap them with an electrical charge. I really don't have time to explain it."  
  
"You're serious?" asked Jennifer.  
  
"Yes, I was fucking Jeff while you were out."  
  
"So that's why he saw you naked?"  
  
"Listen, do not freak out right now. I'm going to do it again; make my clothes disappear. Don't act surprised. I mean it. Can you do that?"  
  
"So that you can keep fucking with Jeff?"  
  
"If you'll be in on it. Look, you haven't taken your lab coat off yet and you're wearing a skirt. My lab coat is hanging on the rack and it works just like the clothes I'm wearing. After I prove how these clothes work, if you want, you can go swap your coat for mine and wear it."  
  
"But the rest of my clothes won't disappear, right?"  
  
"Uh, no... if you want to mess with Jeff like I am doing, go the bathroom, take all your clothes off and put just my lab coat on."  
  
"Wait a minute. How do I turn the lab coat invisible?"  
  
"Oh, with this," I said, discretely showing her the shocker. "Let me show you how it works. Do not freak out, okay?"  
  
Before Jennifer could object, I zapped my shirt and all my clothes instantly disappeared. Jeff gasped from the other side of the room and I looked over at him. He quickly darted his eyes to the floor and turned around. Jennifer held her act together, looking at Jeff curiously, but once he turned away she turned to me and quickly whispered.  
  
"No shit! For a moment there, I thought you were pulling my leg. Let me see that!" She yanked the shocker from my hand and fiddled with it, hitting the charge button and seeing a tiny spark flash across the needles. She quickly zapped me with it, my clothes coming back into vision. Jeff was just turning and saw me dressed again. He scratched his head and mumbled to himself, shaking it off to an overactive imagination.  
  
"Why are you showing Mr. Montell this?" asked Jennifer.  
  
"Benny needs funding to keep his lab open. He's hoping Mr. Montell can fast track this to a buyer and to market."  
  
"I would think he could do that."  
  
"I certainly hope so," I said. "I don't want to disappoint Benny."  
  
"Hey, were you serious about that lab coat?"  
  
"Absolutely."  
  
"Let's fuck with Jeff some more," she said. This time, I had no time to object as she shot out the room, grabbing my coat on the way out.  
  
"You going to work today," asked Jeff, trying to play it cool again.  
  
"Yes, yes," I said, strolling back to my desk. I would have considered zapping myself on the way, but I noticed Jennifer had swiped it on her way out. I got back to my desk, sorted some papers and began to compare some numbers just as Jennifer skipped back into the room.  
  
"Alright, looks like it's going to be another long day. Might as well make the best of it!"  
  
Jeff looked up from his notes. "Speak for yourself," he said, just as Jennifer's coat was instantly zapped from visual existence. I giggled at the display, but Jeff didn't notice me, thankfully.  
  
"Well, I hope I speak for everyone!" said Jennifer, thrusting her chest forward to Jeff. Her tits were quite firm and the nipples small, yet rock hard. She had a light, thin landing strip, which looked cute on her lithe frame.  
  
"What is going on?" yelled Jeff.  
  
"What?" I said, loudly. He turned to look at me.  
  
"This time, she's naked and you have clothes on!" he said.  
  
"You pervert!" yelled Jennifer. "Are you imagining me naked right now?" She pulled her arms in to cover up.  
  
"No, I mean it," but as Jeff said the words, Jennifer's coat instantly reappeared.  
  
"You're sick, Jeff," she said, pointing at him. She marched over to me, touched me on the shoulder and turned around. "Jeff, we are scientists. We expect professionalism around here."  
  
"I'm sorry," he said. "I shouldn't have said anything."  
  
"Wouldn't matter," I said. "We can see it in your creepy eyes. We know when you gawk at us that you're undressing us in your mind."  
  
"That's not what is happening, I promise," he said.  
  
"You may want to see a doctor," said Jennifer, zapping me and her both with the shocker.  
  
Jeff didn't notice her shocking us as she was deft about it, but he did notice the result of it. He gasped again and opened his mouth to say something, before quickly biting down on his bottom lip. "I've gotta get back to work," he said, nervously.  
  
Jennifer and I looked at each and laughed silently. She winked and headed back to her desk.  
  
"Hey!" I said, in the loudest whisper I could muster.  
  
She turned back and I motioned at the shocker. She smiled and shook her head, leaving me there fully exposed. Oh well, I thought, she hadn't zapped herself back yet, either.  
  
For the next thirty minutes, Jennifer and I worked in that "naked" state. Jeff was practically hyperventilating every time he looked our way, but we would snap our heads at him and he would shamefully look away. Finally, Jennifer strolled over and zapped me back, but not before walking over to ask Jeff a question. She purposefully got close, flaunting her tits not one foot from his face. Poor Jeff had an obvious boner he struggled to contain.  
  
As 11 o'clock approached, I stopped to talk with Jennifer.  
  
"I'll need that shocker back," I said.  
  
"Oh, yeah. Thanks for letting me have some fun today. I really needed it."  
  
"We'll keep it between us," I said, winking. As I was leaving, I turned back. "Hey, on or off, before I leave?" I waved the little shocker.  
  
"Hmm.. I won't be able to zap my clothes back on without that thing, will I?"  
  
"Nope," I said.  
  
"Fuck it, zap me."  
  
I laughed and brushed the shocker against her and pushed the button. Jeff screamed from the back as she appeared naked again.  
  
"This has got to stop!" he yelled.  
  
I was walking towards the exit, which was near his desk and zapped myself naked one last time for Jeff before leaving.  
  
"What are you going on about now?" I asked, walking briskly, allowing my breasts to bounce considerably. Jeff's head started shaking sporadically with them.  
  
"Uh.. uh... I mean.. well... "  
  
"What is it, Jeff?" yelled Jennifer from the other side of her room. She was standing up, naked as a jay bird. At least in theory.  
  
Jeff slumped back down in his chair and said, "Forget it. It's nothing. Just uh, this work is driving me crazy. Things aren't adding up."  
  
I walked over to him, my tits eye level to his face and I tapped him on the shoulder. "I'm sure you'll figure it out," I said. "You always do."  
  
His eyes were absolutely magnets to my nipples. I zapped myself back, once again ensuring Jeff didn't see how the effect was triggered. "I have to go, guys. Be back soon!" I ran out of the room and headed to the main offices, leaving Jennifer in her naked state.  
  
A few minutes later, Mr. Montell's secretary showed me into a large. "Go right on it," she said. "He's expecting you."  
  
I had only spoken personally to Reilly Montell on a handful of occasions. Butterflies were erupting in my stomach. He was sitting behind his desk, leaning awkwardly back, waving me in. He did not get up from his chair as I approached.  
  
"Yes, Candy. I was told you wanted to see me. Is everything okay?"  
  
"Oh, everything is fine. I couldn't be happier here." However, for a moment, I was tempted to bring up Jeff's poor behavior and how my supervisor hadn't addressed the situation, but for the sake of Benny, I decided to stay on point.  
  
"Do you remember Benny Grimes?"  
  
"Yes, of course. He was one of my finest. I didn't keep long enough. Apparently, he wasn't happy here."  
  
"Oh, no. It wasn't like that."  
  
"Really? You know something of it?"  
  
"Well, actually, Ben has an apartment next to mine." I pulled the chair up, sitting down across from Reilly. "It's coincidence, I promise, and we never talk shop, honestly! At least, not until recently."  
  
"Hmm... continue," he said, frowning somewhat.  
  
"We never talked about work until this weekend."  
  
"What did you say?"  
  
"It wasn't me who brought up anything. It was him, actually. You see, he's struggling."  
  
"As I knew he would. I told him he was too young to go off on his own just yet."  
  
"Perhaps you were right," I said.  
  
"Benny thinks wrong of me, though. I actually admire the young man. He reminds me of me at his age. Eager and stubborn."  
  
"He'll be happy to hear that," I said. "Benny thought you were quite angry with him."  
  
"Oh, more aggravated than angry. He was a valuable asset. I can't blame someone for wanting to run their own company. I understand. Look at me! Of course I understand."  
  
"Well, if he doesn't sell something soon, he won't have a company anymore."  
  
"Has he developed anything? Sold any research at all?"  
  
"Well, he did develop something quite unique, actually, discovered this by accident. But he thinks it could sell."  
  
"What is it?"  
  
"Before I show you, he wants me to ask something of you." Mr. Montell just looked at me emotionlessly, waiting for me to spill the details. "He asked me that if you love it and if you think you can sell it, he will give you 20% of the gross, but he would still claim full ownership and licensing of the product."  
  
"Really, Candy, I'm not in any position to promise anything."  
  
"Between you and me, you should see this."  
  
"If it were anyone else, I'd probably say no, but since it's Benny, go ahead."  
  
"It's a chemical for clothing, sir. It can turn them invisible."  
  
"Uh.. ok. It sounds like science fiction and yet I'm still not sure how that would benefit anyone."  
  
"Well, it doesn't make them invisible. It can be turned on and off." I zapped myself, allowing Mr. Montell to see me fully exposed.  
  
"Oh, my," he said. "Now I see what you mean. Please, turn it back, before I embarrass myself."  
  
I giggled and zapped myself back to normal. "You're an honest man, Mr. Montell. What do you think?"  
  
"I'm still trying to figure out how it could appeal to people. Uh, may I touch your shirt?"  
  
I stood up and bent over the desk, allowing him to grab an end of the shirt's fabric near my waist, rubbing it between his fingers. "Interesting, it feels completely normal. How did you make it disappear?"  
  
"It doesn't disappear. It turns invisible. Essentially, the atoms move so fast, hyper-accelerated by the charge, yet they stay close enough in place to stay bonded to each other. The fabric becomes transparent to the point of invisibility... something like that. Honestly, he hasn't shared enough information with me to explain." With Reilly still holding the fabric, I zapped myself with the shocker and waved it in front of his eyes. "This is how to activate it."  
  
While he was still holding the invisible fabric, he smiled broadly. "Absolutely amazing!" His eyes were looking me up and down. Allowing me to stay in this vulnerable state a bit longer than last time, he finally said, "Okay, change it back, Candy. You made your point."  
  
I went to zap myself back, but nothing happened. The shocker had no charge.  
  
"Oh, no!" I said, explaining the situation to Mr. Montell.  
  
"You mean to tell me that thing is only good for a few charges? We'll have to do better than that!"  
  
"No, actually. I, uh.. well.. uh... Jennifer and I were playing with it a bit this morning."  
  
He paused for a rather lengthy amount of time. "I see. So the question is, do you have the charger?"  
  
"It's in my purse."  
  
"I suggest you get it, young lady."  
  
"Can you have your secretary bring it to me?" I asked.  
  
"Oh, it's past 11:15. She's out for lunch for the next 45 minutes."  
  
"I can't possibly walk to my lab from here like this!"  
  
"I can't either," said Mr. Montell, and that's when he pushed his chair back. His left leg was in a cast. "Skiing accident this weekend. I can barely get around. Not used to those damn things yet." He tilted his head behind him where I now noticed crutches resting against the back wall.  
  
"I'll call Jennifer!" I got up and grabbed Mr. Montell's phone and dialed the lab. Jeff answered. "Get Jennifer on the phone!" I barked.  
  
A moment later I convinced Jennifer to bring my purse, where I'd left the charger.  
  
"If I grab this other lab coat, Jeff is going to know something is up," whispered Jennifer into the phone.  
  
"Look, I'll let you keep my lab coat forever if you just do this. Get that charger to me."  
  
Fine!" she said. I hung up the phone and looked at Mr. Montell. His eyes weren't anywhere near mine and he didn't notice me addressing him. Instead, he was gawking at my tits jiggling underneath the invisible sports bra.

"Jennifer is bringing it right up," I said. His eyes finally reached mine.  
  
"Oh, that's fine, that's fine. Listen, I think I can help Benny out."  
  
"You can?"  
  
Mr. Montell opened his desk and pulled out a checkbook. "This is from my personal account. I won't draw it from the business, so there will be no ethical or legal implications." He began scribbling in the checkbook. "It's a twenty-five-thousand-dollar angel investment. Benny will have to hit the streets to find a buyer for this, but I am confident he can. Our work is not just in the lab, unfortunately."  
  
Mr. Montell ripped the check out of the ledger and passed it to me, careful to take in the view as I leaned in to reach for it.  
  
"This should keep the lights on while he works on getting this to market. He can pay me back fifteen percent if he sells it. If he fails, he promises to consider coming back to work for me. At least, consider it!"  
  
"Oh my, Mr. Montell. That really is very generous. I'm sure he will be so grateful."  
  
"It's not a problem. You know, once, many years ago, I was in his position. I really do wish the best for him and I'm confident he can make a fortune with this. Perhaps we can do other work together in the future, regardless of this outcome."  
  
"I will definitely pass that by him. I think he would be excited by that prospect."  
  
"Tell him to patent that immediately, too, if he hasn't already."  
  
"Yes, sir," I said, just as the door opened and Jennifer came rushing in, dressed in her own lab coat, so she obviously switched them. Perhaps she was still naked underneath, though.  
  
"Wow, Candy! You really did demonstrate that to the boss." She smiled and nodded her head at Mr. Montell who stood up to welcome her in the office. Jennifer handed the purse to me and I quickly dug out the charger, getting up to plug it in the wall, nearby. Both Jennifer and Mr. Montell watched me without saying a word.  
  
Finally, I turned around. "So can I borrow your lab coat?" I asked at Jennifer.  
  
"Well I'm wearing it right now. I told you Jeff would figure it out. He asked why I was putting on a lab coat if I was already dressed in mine. I had to spill the beans."  
  
Reilly Montell began laughing uproariously. "You mean to tell me you two actually were playing with this thing," he pointed at the zapper, "without letting your lab assistant know what was going on. You made him think he was going crazy, didn't you?" Reilly bellowed in more laughter.  
  
Both Jennifer and I giggled and she spoke, "Yes, I hope you don't mind. It was just today. We won't do it again."  
  
Reilly waved it off. "I'm glad my employees can have a good laugh now and then. Sounds like you all have a great relationship."  
  
Jennifer and I looked at each other and held our breath. To think I was about to rat on Jeff for being a creep. Now that I had knowingly pranced around him naked, I doubt my complaints would carry any weight.  
  
"Yes, we do have a great relationship," I lied. "Better than ever."  
  
Jennifer smiled, but her eyes weren't in it.  
  
Just then, the intercom buzzer next to the phone went off. "Mr. Montell, Jeff Rooney is here to see you."  
  
"Oh, this is your Jeff, right girls?"  
  
We nodded.  
  
"Send him in," said Reilly, into the intercom.  
  
I could not believe he was letting Jeff come in while I was still in my fully naked state. I guess he thought I would be okay with it, since I had done it earlier in the day, but now was different, since Jeff knew he was actually seeing our naked bodies, Jennifer spilling the beans and all.  
  
"Jennifer, the coat!" I screamed.  
  
"But that leaves me with nothing!" she exclaimed.  
  
"I knew I wasn't going crazy!" yelled Jeff to me, once he was in the room. "You really had me fooled!"  
  
"I am never going to live this down, am I?" I asked.  
  
"I don't think so," he said, shaking his head and smiling.  
  
Mr. Montell chuckled across the desk.  
  
"Do you mind if I feel it?" asked Jeff. He walked over and touched the underside of my right breast and began pulling on the invisible fabric. "This is amazing," he said.  
  
"Isn't it?" said Mr. Montell.  
  
I couldn't believe Jeff was so close to fondling me as he rubbed the fabric in his hands, yet his eyes were drawn to my body, specifically my hardened nipples.  
  
"OK, enough!" I said. I took Mr. Montell's check and put it in my purse. While it was exciting being gawked at by everyone in the room, I was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable.  
  
Reilly inquired about our work while we passed the time waiting for the shocker to charge. Finally, after fifteen minutes, I zapped myself and my clothes appeared again. I turned to Jennifer and pulled her lab coat open. Mr. Montell got a quick flash of her naked body just before I zapped her, too.  
  
"Enough play time," I said. "Back to work."  
  
"Yeah, look who's talking," said Jeff.  
  
"Shut up," I said, almost giggling. "We have a project to finish!"  
  
When I got home, I called Benny. "You next door?" I asked.  
  
"Yeah, you home?" he asked. I could tell he was anxious and nervous to hear the news.  
  
"Come on over. I have some news."  
  
Benny came rushing in not ten seconds later. "Tell me he said he could help!" he exclaimed, but then stopped in his tracks. I was naked standing in front of him holding his check, which I had yet to explain.  
  
"So by a series of unfortunate events, I ended up naked for a very long period of time in front of my partners and my boss!"  
  
"Oh, no, you didn't!"  
  
"The charge died after I had zapped my clothes off."  
  
"And you're telling me it's still not charged?" he asked, looking me up and down, smiling broadly. I think he may have forgotten entirely about Mr. Montell and the meeting we had.  
  
"Oh, it's charged," I said.  
  
"So why do you have your clothes zapped off then?"  
  
"You're mistaken. I'm not wearing any."  
  
Benny's eyes practically popped out of his head and I continued. "What I have here is a check for $25,000 to keep you in business for a while, but what I was hoping is if you would be interested in rewarding me for my efforts?"  
  
Benny didn't even ask about the details of the check. Instead, his smile got even wider and he began unbuttoning his shirt.  
  
"Best day ever," he said.  
  
I was inclined to agree. He stripped down to nothing, sporting an impressive half-hard cock. He was a 10 percenter in the girth and length size. Bigger than average, but not painfully so. I was beginning to think he was a unicorn, too good to be true.  
  
He grabbed me by the back of my neck and pulled me to him, embracing my lips with his. His tongue gently reached forward, entering my mouth and I quivered in response. I had never been kissed so intimately.  
  
His hands reached up to my breasts, cupping them, overflowing them. He squeezed enough to send shivers through my spine, before dropping his hand to my shaven pussy. One, then two fingers grazing across my clitoris. It shook me at my knees.  
  
I don't know whether it was me inflating the feeling of his touch, because I so badly wanted this... or maybe he was just damn good at it, but every kiss, every touch seemed perfect. He stopped kissing and worked his way down, licking my nipples, then sucking firmly. I got instantly wetter. He finally got down to his knees, working his tongue into me. I squeezed my breasts in ecstasy, cumming on him. So quick, yet so deserved. It didn't stop him from continuing.  
  
He stood up and pushed me down, asserting control, but lovingly. Respectfully. I opened my mouth and took the head of his cock in mouth. I sucked firmly, unable to contain myself, before inching down on his shaft, taking it into my throat. It felt so good to please him.  
  
Minutes later, we were fucking on the floor. How badly I wanted to feel his warm juices fill my pussy, but I knew it was a terrible idea. We both did. We were playing dangerous enough without a condom.  
  
"Where can I cum on you?" Benny asked. Sweat dripped from his shoulders, his muscles bursting as he continued. I managed to take him in deep, discovering every inch of him, while feeling his body grinding against my clit with every pump.  
  
He had been staring at my tits as they bounced with his thrusts while he was on top of me.  
  
"I want to taste you," I said. It was the first time I'd ever desired. I wanted it so bad.  
  
"But I cum a lot."  
  
"Please, tell me you're telling the truth," I said, imagining him filling my mouth with more than I could handle.  
  
"Yeah.. uh... it's a bit... I mean, unnaturally so."  
  
I started laughing.  
  
"The result of another project I was working on. I'm serious. It's meant to help men with fertility issues. I tested it on myself, not because I needed to, but to see if it worked. Uh.. it works too well in producing sperm, but it doesn't make infertile men, fertile."  
  
I could tell Benny wasn't joking, yet the whole time he explained he never stopped pumping me.  
  
"Benny, it's fine. I want to taste you. Please!"  
  
He pulled out that very moment and jumped on top of me, his cock firm in my face. He didn't have to stroke as cum shot, splattering a weighty load on my face. A second stream appeared and opened my mouth, taking it in, going even further to bear down on his cock.  
  
Cum shot down my throat. I was feeling so nasty, yet so sexy. Regardless, I couldn't hold this for long, pulling off his cock while it was still shooting thick streams of cum. I let it wash over my face, before lifting up to let him shoot on my tits.  
  
"Looks like the answer to your question is 'everywhere.' You can cum everywhere!" I laughed as more of the white liquid poured out of his cock.  
  
Finally, it stopped and Benny fell next to me, exhausted.  
  
"Gets me every time," he said.  
  
"Oh yeah?" I said. "I think it got more of me than you!"  
  
We laughed for a considerable amount of time. Finally, silence. He turned to me.  
  
"I've dreamed of this for a long time."  
  
"Me, too," I said. "For as smart as we are, we're kind of idiots. Why'd we take so long?"  
  
"Well, I would love to be your idiot," he said.  
  
I smiled. There are moments when life takes dramatic turns. When you know forever your life will change. This one I looked forward to.