

Female Body Inspector

by Pan

“Look at that tool,” Janice said, rolling her eyes at the man who had just entered the bar.

“Oh, god,” Veronica moaned. “He’s coming over here.”

“He is *not!*” Janice replied, but he was.

“Ladies.”

“Hi.”

“Hi.”

The stranger had a smug grin on his face as he leered at the two women.

“So I’m sure you’ve noticed,” he said, gesturing to his hat.

“Very funny,” Janice said, before very deliberately turning back to face her friend.

“Excuse me, ma’am.”

“Leave her alone,” Veronica said, giving up on politeness. “She’s not interested. Neither of us are.”

“I’m sorry?”

“You look like a jackass, and we’re not interested.”

For a moment, Veronica’s expression almost wavered. The man looked almost hurt, but it was short-lived. Within moments, the smirk was back.

“I’m sorry you’re unimpressed with my appearance, but I’m just trying to do my job.”

“Oh yes?” Janice scoffed, unable to resist turning around and rejoining the conversation.

“And what job is that?”

A puzzled expression appeared on the strange man’s face.

“Didn’t you see the hat? I’m FBI. Female Body Inspector.”

The two women shot each other a glance. His delivery had the content but not the cadence of a joke, and his smirk was gone.

“For real?”

“Of course,” he replied with a huff. “What, do you think you can just buy these hats anywhere?”

“Well...yeah.”

“Oh, no. Only qualified FBI agents are allowed to wear these. Impersonating the FBI - that comes with a huge fine, don’tcha know?”

Again, the women exchanged an uneasy look.

“No,” Veronica finally said. “We had no idea.”

“Sorry,” Janice added. “We, um...we thought it was a joke.”

The man’s eyebrows shot up.

“A *joke*? You think the inspection of female bodies is a *joke*?”

“Well, yeah. You know. FBI.”

The man narrowed his eyes.

“That’s right. FBI. Female Body Inspector.”

“Well, yes, but isn’t it also...”

Janice trailed off.

“Isn’t it also what?”

“You know,” Veronica piped in. “Fed...fed...”

There was a long pause as the two girls tried to follow a shared train of thought, but after a minute or two, they gave up.

“Hmm,” Veronica said. “Yeah. Female Body Inspector. I guess that’s what FBI stands for.”

“Yeah,” Janice nodded, a confused tone in her voice. “Yeah.”

“Well as fun as this little conversation diversion has been,” the FBI officer said, “I do have a job to do.”

“Oh, yes, of course! How do we do this?”

“Stand up,” the officer instructed, and the two women did. “Shirts off.”

“Uh.”

“Um.”

“...here?”

Instead of responding, the man just tapped his hat.

“Right,” Janice eventually said, her face turning pink. “Of course.”

“Sorry,” Veronica whispered. “It’s our first time.”

Glancing around the bar, the two girls were relieved to see that no one seemed to be paying attention as they slowly removed their shirts. Janice was wearing a black bra, which barely contained her breasts, while Veronica had been wearing nothing underneath.

“Veronica!”

“Hey, you didn’t notice,” the topless woman shrugged. “No one ever does, so a lot of the time I just don’t bother.”

“I can see why,” the FBI agent said, stepping forward to inspect her breasts more closely. “These are what, an A-cup?”

“AA,” Veronica replied. “Good eye.”

“Just doing my duty. You happy with them?”

He reached out and ran his thumb over Veronica’s exposed nipples, causing a shiver to run down her spy.

“They’re very sensitive,” she gasped.

“That’s not what I asked.”

“I like them,” she shrugged, her blush growing deeper as the strange man gave both of her nipples a hard pinch. “I wish they were bigger, of course, but what girl doesn’t?”

“Me,” Janice grumbled. Veronica rolled her eyes.

“Really, Janice?”

“Of course,” she said, gesturing at her bra-clad tits. “You know the back problems these cause?”

“No,” Veronica said pointedly. “*Obviously I don’t.*”

“Bra off, please ma’am.”

“Oh, yes. Of course.”

As soon as her bra was off, Janice’s tits drooped, her nipples pointing at the floor.

“Trust me,” she said. “You don’t want these.”

The FBI agent cupped both of Janice’s breasts, then give her nipples a pinch. She didn’t react.

“Nothing?” he said, surprised.

“Nope,” she replied. “I mean, I can feel it, but nope - nothing.”

“Oh Jan, I’m sorry,” Veronica said. “I didn’t realize your girls weren’t sensitive.”

“Yeah, it’s fine. I mean, I figure it must get in the way.”

“What do you mean?”

“Having erogenous zones front and center like that.”

Veronica raised one eyebrow.

“Are you kidding? I can practically cum from having someone suck on my nipple.”

At that, the FBI officer let go of Janice's breasts and returned his attention to Veronica.

"Really?"

"Oh yeah," she said. "I mean, if they know what they're doing."

"Allow me," he said, licking his lips and leaning forward.

Veronica was pleasantly surprised to discover the FBI agent knew what he was doing. Within minutes, she was gasping and panting with pleasure.

"Nooo," she said, her eyes hazy. "Don't stopp..."

The stranger had stood up, removing his lips from Veronica's exposed nipples.

"Just a routine inspection," he said. "I think I've got all I need."

"Can we put our shirts back on?" Janice asked. Her arms were crossed, but it didn't do much to hide her enormous breasts."

"Not just yet," he said, writing down a few more notes.

"What does the government *do* with all this information, anyway?"

The man grinned at that.

"You know, I've never asked. Okay, just a few more questions, then I think I'm done."

"You're just doing the tops?"

"Today, yes. I'll be back next week to check the front and rear. You - Veronica. Would you give up the sensitivity to get a bigger chest?"

"No," she replied, after a few moments of thought. "I don't think it's for me."

"And you, Janet."

"Janice."

"Right. You ever considered boob reduction surgery?"

"Yes," she said. "But it's expensive, and it never seemed like a priority."

"Great!" the man said, closing his notebook. "I think I have everything I need here."

"Can we put our tops back on?"

"You can," he said, and pursed his lips. "Although..."

"...what?"

"I've been FBI for a few years now, and I'm thinking of making a change. You ever heard of the CIA?"

"Of course," Janice said dismissively. "Everyone knows the..." She trailed off.

"Cup Improvement and Augmentation division," the man said slowly, as though she were a child.

"Uh, yeah," Janice stammered. "That."

"I'm still in training, but I've just been given the go-ahead to do some field work."

The two women looked at the man suspiciously.

"You have any credentials for this?"

"Of course," the man said, unbuttoning his jacket to reveal a T-shirt - CIA.

"Oh!" Veronica said. "Well...what sort of field work?"

"You two seem like good candidates for testing some new techniques," he explained. "I could shrink your titties a little, Janet."

"Janice."

"Right, Janice. And I could grow yours, and try improving the sensitivity."

"*More* sensitive?" Veronica asked, and the man nodded.

"You interested?"

"Heck yes," Veronica responded, but Janice hesitated.

"There are no side-effects," the CIA trainee pushed. "And I could match your sensitivity to

Veronica's, if you like."

"Do it," Veronica agreed. "Trust me. You'll never want to go back."

"Sure," Janice eventually shrugged. "Whatever."

"Great," the man said, rubbing his hands together. "Come here, ladies."

For the next several minutes, the man tweaked and fondled the two women's exposed breasts. By the time he was done, sure enough, Veronica's tits were each the size of her head, while still having perky, upturned nipples. Janice's were just a smidge smaller, but considerably more pert.

"There we go!" he said. "Now, the final test..."

Leaning forward, the man's mouth latched onto first one of Janice's nipples, then one of Veronica's. The two women gasped in shock as he continued swapping back and forth, suckling on each of their breasts in turn, until he'd brought both the women to silent, shaking orgasms.

"...wow," Janice said.

"Uh, yeah," Veronica replied.

The man nodded at them.

"Well, I think my work here is done. It was a pleasure meeting you, ladies."

As Veronica returned to the planet, something struck her.

"Hang on," she said, squinting at the man's T-shirt. "Under CIA - that doesn't say Cup Improvements and Augmentation. That says Cocks In Asses."

"Uh, yeah," the man said, avoiding eye-contact. "I must have gotten my wardrobe mixed up. I'm interning with *that* CIA as well."

"Ohhh," Veronica said with a smile. "Okay, yeah, that makes total sense."

"I'll be back next week," he said. The smirk was back. "Maybe I can show you what we do there, too?"

"Looking forward to it," Janice replied, grinning widely. "It was a pleasure to meet you."

"The pleasure was all mine," he said with a half bow, leaving the two topless women at the bar.