

For Science - Preview

“Well? What do you think?” Christina cooed, puffing her chest outward with pride. “Is it an improvement over regular girls?”

“It’s...” Max couldn’t stop squeezing. The soft, hyper-malleable mammary was everything he’d ever desired in tactile touch. “It’s incredible...”

“*Mmngh... You don’t say...*” She came forward and pressed her hips into his. The heat soaked through his pants immediately and he could feel her softness forming to his bulge. Everything about her was soft, squishy, and beyond supple. “*Kinda makes you wonder what the rest of me feels like, doesn’t it?*”

Max didn’t know how to respond to her blunt approach. Things were moving too fast for him to process. His mind hadn’t yet had the chance to fully come to terms with Christina’s accident, let alone properly react sexually.

She sensed this, as well as felt him shaking against her. “Why so nervous? First time with a woman like me?”

Christina stepped away, withdrawing herself from his hand and leaving him with an expression of longing. Such a child-like reaction made her giggle with sugary sweetness.

“Maybe it’s time we move on to another experiment; you look like you could use a drink.”

His confused expression prompted Christina to motion towards the shelf of booze with a smile. Max gulped.

“I-I’m not sure that’s such a good i--”

“Just a little!” she promised while bouncing towards the selection. A nervous glance from her colleague at a petri dish full of expanded slime wasn’t lost on her. Assuring Max, she said, “If I start acting too naughty, you have my permission to restrain me until I calm down.”

Max wasn’t sure any form of restrains could hold this woman given her newfound body. There was no telling what her limits could be. Regardless, he didn’t want to say no to sharing a drink with his laboratory crush. Taking a small vial and a chosen bottle of rum from Christina’s hands, he poured a measured amount.

Her forehead shimmered as she raised a non-existent eyebrow at the small shot. “That’s all you want? Suit yourself!”

The near-full bottle of rum was taken from his grasp and brought to her lips.

“I always could hold my liquor before! Let’s see if I still can!”

“N-No, the vial was meant for y--”

*GULP*

*GLOOORRP*

“*Mmngh...*”

*GULP*

*GLOOORRP*

*GULP*

*GLOOORRP*

*“M-Mmgh!!”*

There was no stopping her as whimpers mixed with the sounds of her chugging. Christina was enjoying herself too much for Max to even consider getting in her way. Downing his own small shot as she drained the bottle, they locked eyes upon feeling the alcohol burn their throats.

*“Mmnggh... O-Oohhh...”* Christina held her stomach and swayed. *“Well, it still hits me like a whole bottle of alcohol! What was the alcohol content on the rum, again? I-I feel kind of like I’m--”*

*GUUURRRRGLE*

Her body started to bubble and churn. Excitement rose in her while nervousness rose in Max.

*“What do you think...oohhh...is gonna happen to me...??”* she winked.