

Serum Blue

Near N. Far

Smashwords Edition

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Serum Blue

by Near N. Far

Analia absent-mindedly tapped her fingers across the rows of colorful glass vials lined along the shelf in front of her while she tried to process what she'd just heard. If her research partner, Lisa, was right, then the two of them would certainly be getting a Nobel prize. During the previous night, Lisa had finished distilling the latest version of their serum, Blue-21, and the first tests were looking very promising. Years of extensive research and testing had been leading to this moment. The two girls were on the verge of completing their life's work at only twenty-five! They could retire by thirty if this serum worked.

“So that's it? We did it?” Analia inquired, hopeful. She was trying to remain as professional as possible, but her trembling voice gave away her schoolgirl excitement. She wanted nothing more in that moment than to just throw her arms around her partner and hold her tight, but she knew that Dr. Kaveski would frown upon “such unseemly behavior” in his lab. He'd been furious when he found out the two of them were sleeping together, and had tried desperately to force them onto separate projects. In the end, he'd been too excited by the potential of their research to kill the project, but he still gave them scathing looks anytime they so much as stood close together.

“Simmer down, girl,” Lisa's tone brought an immediate somber feeling to the room. “I only finished the first round of testing. We still have a long way to go before we know if we're there or not.”

“But you said it yourself. Not one other version of the serum has performed this well.”

“I know. And this could be it! I just don't want to get our hopes up again.”

“You mean, like Blue-17?”

“Exactly. We've come close before. We should just keep calm until we get to test this one for real.”

“You know Kaveski is going to want a report by Monday, right?”

“I know, Ana. That's why we need to stop patting ourselves on the back and get to work. We need to get the tests done in two days. Otherwise, we're spending our weekend in the lab.”

“Well, at least we could have some time alone at work,” Analia brushed a lock of her partner's hair out of her face. It never ceased to amaze her just how gorgeous Lisa was. Her face was immaculate, with milky, fair skin, soft as silk, framed by luxuriously black waves of hair and punctuated by beautiful hazel eyes. Her body was equally as impressive, with a slim figure (that day, as always, dressed in crisp white lab coat that could not hide the incredible curves beneath). Her bust had always been amazing, a full 32DD set that gave her that supermodel appeal, and her

ass was as tight and firm as humanly possible. Physically, Lisa was perfect, and the fact that she was a biochemistry genius only made her more incredible.

Analia was deep in thought, admiring Lisa with a desperate longing and thinking of stealing a quick kiss before they were interrupted, when Dr. Kaveski's harsh voice rang over the lab intercom. "Ladies, I do not pay you to look pretty. I pay you to do research! Now, research! Oh, and I want a full report on the latest serum on my desk by 10 am Monday."

Fighting to keep her annoyance with their research supervisor from spoiling the excitement over their likely success, Analia simply nudged Lisa with her elbow and uttered a sarcastic "At least he's consistent."

Lisa flashed Analia a quick grin and a wink, "Come on, let's get started on the next round."

BioTek Research Laboratories's new facility was everything the two girls could have ever wanted in a lab. The interior was like something out of science fiction, with every visible surface covered in polished stainless steel, save the crisp white counters, and every wall covered from floor to ceiling with cabinets and shelves of the latest and best in testing equipment and chemical compounds. In short, it was the perfect place for Lisa and Analia's work.

The ladies spent the next few days working harder than ever before on the new serum, testing every conceivable aspect of the chemical mixture and its effects on living tissue. By all appearances, things were on track for this to be one that made them rich and famous. All that remained was to perform a live test.

"I hate this part," Analia grimaced as Lisa pushed in the plunger on the large syringe of blue serum, injecting the concoction into the cow's thigh.

"Hey," Lisa turned to look her in the eyes. It always made Analia feel warm inside whenever she did that. "You know we have to do this. Besides, it's completely harmless."

"Tell that to Sassy. She nearly died within a day after we tried Blue-17."

"I know, but this time is going to be different. The test results are all coming up much more positive. We're going to revolutionize the livestock industry with this serum."

"I know, Lisa," Analia still seemed somewhat hesitant. "It's just that you kinda got to me the other day with your whole 'don't get your hopes up' thing. I was so excited before that. You just had to go and kill the excitement."

"Hey, listen here, beautiful," Lisa was in full-on buttering-up mode. It was always so obvious to Analia when she did it, but it always felt nice to be appreciated, regardless. "This is going to work, and we are going to have it made from here on out. Just think, people will be able to use genetic manipulation to have milk cows that yield *actual* fruit juice! Imagine the nutritional ramifications! I mean, we're almost to the point of having blueberry juice cows, assuming ol' Lucy here has a good reaction to the serum.

"It'll be perfect! Healthy sugars, anti-oxidants, this is what the world needs: a plentiful, renewable, and much higher yield source of healthy juices. And we're the ones who will create

that. It's all because of *our* hard work. Because of *your* hard work,” and then with a wink, she added, “sexy.”

There it was, Lisa knew exactly what to say, without fail. Just as Analia was beginning to doubt herself, as she was prone to doing, Lisa was there to turn things around without fail. Whether it was work life, home life, or anything else, she always knew what to say and do. It was just another thing that made her so great.

“Tell you what,” Lisa continued on, “how about we finish up here, and I give you a little something special tonight?”

“Hm... what did you have in mind?” Ana had to admit that she was starting to get a little turned on. With her free hand, Lisa ran a finger around the outer perimeter of her ear, sending shivers down her spine. As the moment lingered, Lisa trailed her index finger down Analia's neck and collarbone, poking in between the buttons of her lab coat to graze her blouse beneath.

Analia shuddered as she felt Lisa's fingertip graze her breast, just above her bra. She would freely admit that she was not the most amply busted or curvy woman, nor did she think of herself as very attractive, but she loved the way Lisa still admired her body. If she ever longed for Analia to have a hotter body, she didn't show it. She was the perfect cure for Analia's occasional bout of low self-esteem, pulling her up in just the right way. Still, Analia couldn't help but wish she had a bit more in the right places, just to feel what it would be like.

Just as things were getting a bit heated, Dr. Kaveski's voice came blaring in again. “Keep your hands off each other in my lab, and get back to work!”

Both girls jumped at the sound, and Lisa gave out a shriek.

“Yeah...” Analia croaked, feeling pissed at Kaveski's perfect knack for coming between them at just the worst times. She would someday have to find the spots where his lab cameras were blind. “Gets more annoying every single time, doesn't it?”

“That's not what I was shrieking about,” Lisa replied, her eyes gaping wide in horror.

“What?” Analia was worried at the look Lisa was giving her.

“Ana,” she all but whispered, gulping the air. “I am so so so sorry.”

“About what? That we didn't get to see where that was going?” Analia gave Lisa a mischievous smile.

“No... look at your arm.”

Analia looked down at her arm, not knowing what Lisa was talking about, but she immediately realized the reason for concern. There, sticking out of her left arm, was the syringe which had been in Lisa's hand.

“I'm sorry! He surprised me, and I jumped!”

“Lisa, it's fine.” Analia pulled the needle out. “It didn't even inject any.”

“Are you sure?”

“Positive. Don't worry. Plus, it didn't hurt at all.” She lay the syringe down on the lab table just a few feet away from the pen where Lucy the cow stood, watching the two of them. “Now, I believe we're done here, so why don't we head to my place?”

“Sounds good,” Lisa shot back with a smile.

It was in the earliest hours of the morning that Analia awoke, covered in a cold sweat. She thrashed about with the covers for a moment, taking stock of her surroundings. The room around her was her own, nothing out of place. Lisa lay sprawled across most of the mattress, the deep magenta sheets swathed around her impeccable body. Analia admired her sleeping goddess for a moment, appreciating the twin mounds of her breasts, rising and falling beneath the sheets with each warm breath. She was just as beautiful asleep as she was awake. Analia ran her fingers across Lisa's cheek, and was sure she saw the slightest suggestion of a smile.

Suddenly, she found her mind being pulled back to the dream she'd been having, the dream that had roused her awake. She and Lisa had been in the lab, when suddenly, Lisa retrieved a huge, freshly baked blueberry cobbler from a cabinet. It was Analia's favorite desert. Lisa had dug a fork into the flaky crust, digging up a glob of steaming blue filling, dribbling the occasional spot of juicy glaze. She had then turned the fork toward Analia's lips, and Analia obliged by opening wide and eating the heaping fork of cobbler in one massive bite.

Analia gulped down the desert, feeling the warmth and sweet, bitter taste of the blueberries slide down her throat. It was the perfect combination of the succulent, buttery crust and the decadent fruit filling. And there was so much juice. As she chewed, she'd felt each and every blueberry explode in her mouth with hot juice, despite having been cooked down already for the filling. But even after swallowing the wonderful bite, the juice kept coming. She just kept swallowing, but there was still more juice. No matter how much she ingested, her mouth was still full of juice. She remembered fearing she might drown in the cobbler's juice even while rationalizing that she had to be dreaming. Just as she was feeling her stomach begin to bloat with the gallons of juice pulling her lab coat taught, she had awoken.

It was a bizarre dream, to be sure, but nothing too unusual, given she and Lisa were actively working on a project to make cows produce blueberry juice rather than milk. All it had taken was a long, peaceful look at her lover, lying quietly beside her, and her heart had immediately settled, and the dream began to fade. With a smile, Analia realized that she truly did love Lisa. She rolled over and readjusted the sheets as she let herself lull back to sleep. The last thought she remembered was wondering if Lisa would like to move in with her.

The morning came and both girls rose from their slumber, ready to take on another full day at the lab. Lisa hurriedly showered and got dressed, digging through her overnight bag to find a clean set of clothes, while Analia went through her typical morning routine. She had a bowl of sugary cereal, got herself a shower, followed by a bit of berating Lisa for using most of the hot water, and then spent about ten minutes staring at her body in the mirror, wishing she were a bit hotter.

She wasn't going to pretend she wasn't pretty, but seeing Lisa's perfection made her worry that she wasn't quite enough. She had good hair, blonde with just the right amount of curl, and a cute face, currently framed by a set of red rimmed glasses. Her curves, however, were virtually non-

existent. Sure, she had boobs, but in her mind, A cups didn't quite count, and her butt was firm, but flatter than flat. Still, she managed to convince herself that she was being crazy like always and pulled on her top. It was time to get going.

With the serum completed they were now facing primarily a range of tests on Lucy, the cow, to see how her genes were taking to the new serum. Hopefully, there would be no surprises and they could get their initial report finished by the end of the day. It was Friday, after all, and both were praying that they'd not need to come in over the weekend.

Later in the day, at BioTek, Analia and Lisa found themselves hard at work, examining slides under microscopes, performing chemical analyses, and drawing samples for Lucy, who seemed to be feeling remarkably fine considering how much playing was going on with her genetic make-up. By all accounts, work was moving along nicely. It looked like their weekend would be work-free, after all.

“Hey, Lisa!” Analia called out across the lab, her voice giving a certain urgency. “Come look at this sample!”

Over at a separate work station, Lisa whirled around on her stool, and caught a rack of empty test tubes with her breast, knocking the whole thing to the ground in a symphony of shattering glass and clanging metal.

“Christ! Not again!”

“Are you okay?!” Analia called out in concern, leaving her own station to rush over and lend a hand.

“Yeah, I'm fine,” the annoyance in her voice was obvious. “Second time I've done that this month. Stupid boobs...”

“Hey!” Analia snapped, jokingly, “Not one part of you is even remotely stupid, not even your boobs.”

Lisa rolled her eyes coyly at the complement.

“Besides,” Analia continued, “Given your IQ, your boobs could each have their own PhD. Well, double D.”

Lisa laughed at the awful joke, but it was clear that Analia was just trying to cheer her up.

Analia pressed the conversation as she stooped to sweep up the glass shards. “You know I love those boobs far too much to ever let you get them reduced, right? Seriously, I will fight you if I have to.” Analia always made a point to emphasize how much she loved Lisa's curves, because she knew her partner was just as self-conscious about them as Analia herself was about her lack of curves.

“Don't worry, Ana,” Lisa's voice had taken on a similarly playful tone, “I'm not gonna do anything drastic to your precious boobs.” Giving a quick glance around the lab, Lisa turned back and cupped her ample rack in both hands and gave a brief squeeze and a knowing look. “They're staying right here.”

Analia grinned and raised her eyebrows in a sort of “now that's the stuff” expression. She certainly enjoyed it when Lisa flaunted what she had, and Lisa knew it. And enjoyed pushing Analia's buttons.

Dragging her attention out of Lisa's exceptional mounds, Analia knew she had to ask. It had been eating away at her since the two of them started seeing each other, and it was clearly not something that would just go away.

“Lisa?” she piped up, as they were dumping the last of the glass into the trash bin.

“Yeah, Ana?”

“Do you ever wish I had a bit more... up top?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Well, we both know you're blessed with curves on top of your curves,” Analia gestured toward the mess they'd just cleaned up, as Lisa nodded in understanding. “Do you ever wish I wasn't so straight cut?”

“Ana,” Lisa placed a hand firmly on Analia's shoulder, giving a supportive squeeze, “You know I love you just the way you are. All of you.”

“So there's nothing you'd change about me?”

“Listen, if you're worried about your body because you want to change something about yourself, then I am here for you one hundred percent. You know that I'll support you, no matter what.”

Analia flipped a stray strand of hair out of her face and locked onto those gorgeous hazel eyes and glistening smile. “You're just... the best, Lisa.”

“So they say... now, what were you wanting to show me, before we got derailed?”

“Oh, yeah! Come look over here,” Analia was barreling back across the lab to her work station, and waving wildly for Lisa to follow.

Lisa wandered over to take a look through the microscope that Analia was busy pointing toward. As she placed her eyes into the eyepieces and turned the dial to focus in on the slide, a few cells of fatty tissue came into view. They were cells from the milk producing lobules in Lucy's udders, and they were blue. Deep blue, like a...

“Like a blueberry, isn't it?” Analia chimed in, almost like she were reading Lisa's mind.

“It is. Is this a sample from this morning?”

“Yep. You know what that means?” she could barely contain her giddiness.

“It's taking hold faster than we thought! It's a success!”

The two girls held one another in a tight embrace, both nearly in tears. Their life's work was nearing completion.

“Well, what are we waiting for?” Lisa beamed. “Let's get that report finished!”

With their research virtually complete, and their lab report safely tucked on Kaveski's desk, Analia and Lisa left BioTek Friday afternoon and embarked on a roadtrip to the beach. It had been months since the two of them last took a weekend trip, and Analia's family just so happened to have a beach house that was free to stay in. It was exactly the kind of break they needed before presenting the new serum results on Monday.

Arriving at the beach house a few hours after sunset, they unloaded the car and got set up inside. Analia didn't know which was more attractive to her, Lisa's smoking hot body, or an entire two days alone at the beach with said body in a two-piece. The thought was making her mouth water just a bit, and for just a fleeting moment, she could have sworn she tasted something... sweet.

“So, Ana,” Lisa playfully called from the loft bedroom of the beach house, “you do realize that we're at the beach, alone, at night?”

Downstairs, in the living room, Analia thought she knew exactly what Lisa was implying.

“I feel like you're trying to tell me something,” she jabbed back toward the second floor, stifling a giggle.

“I was thinking, what if we went skinny dipping?” With that, Lisa came bounding downstairs, covered by only a white and lime green towel. She was smiling from ear to ear and gave Analia the single sexiest look she'd ever seen. “Are you in?”

Analia could do little more than simply register the thought, as her eyes were powerlessly drawn to the two fleshy orbs still wobbling on Lisa's chest from the trip down the steps.

“Uh... yeah,” she stammered, her mind managing to register what was in store for the remainder of the night. So she reiterated, “Hell yeah! Let's go!”

Immediately, Analia was stripping off her capris and t-shirt, so that she was standing in the living room in nothing but her lacy black undies and bra. She pantomimed embarrassment toward Lisa, pretending to cover herself. As Lisa gave off an amused “pfffft,” Analia stopped playing around and completely stripped, realizing at that moment just how erect her nipples were.

Obviously noticing, Lisa teased her, “So, babe, is it cold over there, or are you a bit turned on right now.”

“Now that you mention it,” she thought about it for a moment, “I am feeling just a tiny bit horny tonight.”

Then, as an afterthought, she added, “and is it just me, or are my boobs a little swollen tonight?”

Lisa had to agree. While they may not have been any bigger, Analia's breasts were just a little perkier than usual. She didn't say anything, but her nipples seemed not only erect, but also somewhat longer than usual, and with darker areolas.

“Come on, Ana, how about you let me worry about your boobs and *you* worry about these.” Lisa let the towel she'd been holding around herself fall to the floor, and it was very nearly beaten there by Analia's bottom jaw.

Lisa was standing there, fully nude. Her breasts were ridiculously plump and firm, even without the support of a bra, and beneath lay her tight tummy, her naval accented by a green jeweled piercing. Her bikini line was smooth and milky white, just like the rest of her skin, with a single well-trimmed strip of black hair above her pussy. And her ass was so plump and firm, with wide hips giving her figure a perfect hourglass shape.

It wasn't the first time Analia had seen her lover's naked body, but the moment was just so perfect, the two of them there in the beach house, nothing between them but the cool air. Analia could do nothing more than to step forward and wrap her arms around Lisa's body, feeling her massive breasts pressed tightly against her own. And she flung her lips onto Lisa's, letting everything else fall away. They just stood there, feeling one another's soft lips, adding in the occasional flick of the tongue.

It was incredible, but they knew the moment had to end at some point.

They managed to pull themselves apart after a while, and it was Analia who broke the silence, “I'm pretty sure that there's some vodka in the freezer.”

Lisa's face lit up, “Shots?”

“Shots,” Analia affirmed.

With the decision made, Analia pranced over to the freezer and swung open the door. Sure enough, there was a half full bottle of vodka, covered in a thick layer of frost. She hefted it out and fetched a pair of shot glasses from the cabinet, pouring them both a generous portion of the clear stuff. With a smile and a unanimous cry of “cheers,” they threw back the glasses, slamming them down on the counter top, the force of that motion sending another ripple through Lisa's exceptional breasts.

Analia licked her lips as she felt the wonderful burn of the vodka wash down her throat, along with the sweet, tart taste of blueberry. “Mmmm, blueberry!”

“Weird,” Lisa retorted, “I couldn't taste it.”

“Maybe my palate is just more finely attuned than yours,” Analia stuck her tongue out in jest.

“Hey, Ana,” Lisa sounded a bit concerned, “your tongue looks a little blue.”

“Told you it was blueberry. Must be a chemical reaction designed into it as a novelty.”

“Guess so. Is mine blue?” Lisa stuck out her tongue as well, but it was still a normal shade of pink

“Nope, guess you're just doing it wrong!”

“Well, you know what I *can* do right? Pop a towel!” Lisa bolted from the kitchen area back to the living room, where her towel still lay.

“No! Don't you do it!” Analia shrieked, but Lisa was already winding the towel up for a strike.

Analia ran, naked, out the door of the beach house and onto the warm sand. There was no light out but the moon, casting everything in a deep blue hue. Lisa gave chase, towel primed for an attack, and the two girls sped into the warm night waters, laughing and playing. In response to the towel assault, Analia returned a furious torrent of splashes.

Lisa shielded her face as best as she could against the unrelenting waves, and tackled Analia into the shallow spray of the ocean. It was a perfect moment. The two girls there in the wash of the tide, under the moonlight, kissed and began to make love.

Reaching beneath the surface, Analia grabbed a big handful of Lisa's ass, squeezing and shaking the lush cheek. After a moment, Lisa turned the tables and rolled herself on top of Analia, though Analia took the opportunity to reach up and grab a large, sexy breast and direct Lisa's nipple into her mouth. She began suckling and flicking her tongue around the areola, prompting a moan of pleasure from Lisa, “God yes! Suck on my tits!”

Analia buried her face in the impressive cleavage before her, losing herself there. After multiple climaxes and a long enough time that neither could remember how long they'd been in the water, the girls got up and headed back toward the beach house, Lisa fetching the towel from the sand and threatening Analia's rear once more, “I will pop you!”

“You know what?” Analia jested, “You're just jealous that my ass doesn't keep moving after I stop!” She stuck out her tongue, and maybe it was the moonlight, but Lisa could've sworn it was still colored blue.

They spent the next day and a half doing much the same, just enjoying their time away from the lab, doing their best to not give a single thought to tests or blueberries or cows. It was the best weekend of their lives.

It was not until Sunday afternoon, when they were finishing up eating some freshly grilled burgers for lunch, that they were jerked back to reality by the ringing of Lisa's cell. It was her work ringtone, meaning someone at the lab was calling them. They both stopped eating and put down their burgers, as Lisa hesitantly answered.

“Hello? What do you mean? She what? Is everything... Okay, we'll be there as fast as we can!”

She hung up the phone, visibly shaken.

“What's up?” Analia inquired.

“It's Lucy... she's having a bad reaction to the serum.”

Analia bolted up from the table, looking more than a little pale, “We've gotta go now!”

Luckily, the traffic wasn't too bad on Sunday afternoon, so Analia and Lisa made decent time back to the laboratory. They were so terrified by the call about Lucy that they tore past the front desk, barely slowing down enough to swipe their access cards at the door to the lab. Thus, the pair found themselves standing in the animal stalls wing of the lab, wearing a hot pink sundress, in Lisa's case, and jean shorts and a white tank top, in Analia's.

“Thank God you guys finally got here!” Terry, the lab's animal caretaker was nearly crying, as he stood in the small pen, petting Lucy the cow, soothingly.

“This is really bad,” Analia swallowed hard and looked to Lisa, who was utterly speechless.

Lying there on the floor was Lucy, her udder swollen to about twice its normal size and colored a deep violet blue. What was worse, the coloring appeared to be spreading outward to the rest of her body.

“How long has she been like this?” Analia spat out at Terry, desperately hoping to piece together what was going on.

“Since first thing this morning! I milked her last night and noticed the milk had a bit of blue in it, but I just wrote it in my report and left for the night. She hasn't stood up all day today, and her udder just keeps swelling up. I've tried milking her more, but the swelling just slows down a bit. I can't stop it!”

“And her milk?” Lisa asked, certain she already knew the answer.

“It's juice. Just... juice.” Terry seemed shocked by that fact, even knowing what this research had been aiming for from the beginning. He jerked his head to the side, indicating the half dozen buckets of blueberry juice sitting against the wall.

“So then it worked!” Analia squeaked in excitement, but her expression rapidly returned to one of worry and terror. They had to do something fast, or poor Lucy was going to explode. She wracked her brain, trying to come up with a solution.

“Shit! This is worse than what happened with Blue-17!” Lisa glanced around, looking frantically from Lucy, to Terry, to Analia. It was all about to come crashing down. All the years of research, and even the twenty-first attempt at a serum was a failure.

“Lisa!” Analia screamed so suddenly that the other two jumped in surprise and Lucy let out a small yelp. “You're a genius!”

Lisa returned a confused look.

“We need the anti-serum! The one we made after Blue-17!”

Realization flooded the room, as all three thought back to the project's biggest failure to date: Serum Blue-17. It had been going well, and things had looked promising, but a few days into the live tests, poor Sassy had turned blue but still just produced milk. After that failure, Lisa and Analia had spent the next several months crafting an anti-serum to undo the genetic changes. It had been harder and more laborious than any of their work up to that point, but it had worked. They got Sassy back to normal and retired her from testing.

“Right!” Lisa turned and ran out of the room, back into the main lab area. She hurriedly flung open cooler doors, trying to remember where they'd stored the remaining anti-serum. Analia followed her, desperately aiding in the search, as Terry took to milking, or rather, juicing Lucy for what little it helped her.

“Got it!” Analia held up a syringe of greenish liquid in victory.

The two made their way back to Lucy as quickly as they could. Once there, Analia prepped the syringe, removing the safety cap, as they both stepped around Terry and another bucket now half full of blue juice. Analia gaped at the sight as the stuff came shooting out of poor Lucy's udder with astonishing force. She had to be under an immense amount of pressure.

Gently, Analia found a spot and inserted the needle, getting no response from Lucy while doing so, and injected the full dose. Lisa gave a hesitant sigh of relief.

“You ladies can head on out here soon, if you want,” Terry looked up from the bucket of juice, still milking away. “I'll stay with her tonight and let you know if anything changes. Besides, you guys have a presentation tomorrow.”

“Are you sure?” Lisa was reluctant to leave.

“Yeah, we'll be just fine. Won't we, Lucy?”

With a shrug and a double checking of phone numbers, the group split up and Lisa and Analia went their separate ways. Just before leaving the building, they each gave the other a somewhat worried look, hoping that this unfortunate side effect wasn't going to send the project back to square one. With one final glance, and a quick exchange of pleasantries about their weekend trip, both women headed home.

On the drive to her apartment, Analia started to notice a tightness in her chest. After worrying for a moment, she realized her breasts were probably just sore from all the running around. After all, she thought, she had only been wearing her beach tank top, without a bra. She set the worries aside and decided to not go without a bra for a while. Even if her breasts weren't the fullest in the world, they still did make running a pain.

That night, Analia had another strange dream, again about blueberries.

She heard the faint sound of her phone ringing in the other room, so she got out of bed and went to answer it. But her living room was gone, replaced with the clean lab interior. And in the center of the lab, was an enormous hot tub, seemingly able to seat ten people. The tub, though, was filled to the brim with blueberry pie filling, gooey and so hot that there was steam coming from the surface.

In this bizarre blueberry hot tub sat Lisa, beckoning to Analia with an outstretched hand, while she ran her tongue across her lips seductively. It was impossible to tell, given the opaque darkness of the blueberries, but Analia was fairly certain that her lover was wearing nothing at all beneath that layer of filling that came up to her shoulders, leaving just the smallest glimpse of cleavage at the surface.

Without saying a word, Lisa looked longingly into Analia's eyes and dipped a single finger down into the filling and pulled it back out, dripping the blue goo as she leaned her head back and lowered it into her mouth. Analia could hear the exaggerated sucking sounds as she licked the finger clean. Lisa then pointed that same finger at Analia's breasts, which, to her astonishment, were at least a full C cup.

Analia looked down in excitement as she noted that she could only just see the tips of her toes past the edge of her breasts, as her tank top strained to contain its new-found load. And her nipples! Her nipples were so dark and erect that she could perfectly make out where her areolas began, with the nipples creating small teepees at the centers.

She didn't know what to think. It was completely improbable that she should have breasts so large, but she liked it. A thought occurred to her, and she clapped her palms behind her onto plump, taut ass cheeks. She could even feel the slight jiggle as she squeezed. She was so happy! She finally had the curves she'd always wanted. The thought crossed her mind that she was very likely to be dreaming, but she just said "screw it" and dove into the tub, ready to rock Lisa's world.

In the tub of warm, gooey blueberry filling, the two girls embraced, kissing one another's lips, and then cheeks, and then neck, and then chest. They made out for an eternity, and Analia grabbed Lisa's full breasts and squeezed, feeling the plump mounds of flesh in her palms. She was getting so turned on.

In response, Lisa reached out and grabbed Analia's improbable new breasts, squeezing back in kind. Then, without a warning, Lisa thrust an arm downward and slid her finger inside of Analia, separating her labia and feeling the warm wetness there.

Analia inhaled deeply and returned the favor, fingering her lover's pussy, feeling the freshly shaven smooth skin there. Somehow, the blueberries surrounding the unfolding scene seemed perfectly natural. They actually made things even sexier. Just as the two girls were about to cum, Analia felt herself suddenly being jerked backward.

Then she woke up.

Analia opened her eyes and saw her same bedroom ceiling. She curbed the feelings of disappointment, telling herself that she could always think up an end to the dream in a spare moment sometime. She smiled at the thought.

As she went to sit up, Analia felt an abnormal weight against her chest. Attributing it to a strange fold in her comforter, she tore off the covers. And she was greeted by two perky mounds, stretching the fabric of her tank top.

It was just like the dream! They had to have been C's at least, and she could see the darkened areolas underneath, topped with pointedly erect nipples. Squealing with delight, and choosing to not worry about why this was happening, Analia sat up and gave her new girls a firm squeeze. The soft flesh beneath her shirt felt incredible to the touch, the way her fingers actually sank into the flesh ever so slightly. And they were so damned sensitive! Each touch sent electricity down her spine. She loved having tits. Actual tits. Not breasts. Tits.

Analia gave another squeeze, and felt she might make herself climax just playing with them. But then she felt another sensation, something strange.

She pulled her hands away and looked down at her bundles of joy and found, to her horror, two wet blue stains around her nipples.

Analia had been standing in the bathroom for half an hour, gawking at her reflection in disbelief. Her once flat body had erupted in curves over night. The baby blue knit shorts and white tank top she used for pajamas were being sorely tested by her plump new assets. After jumping out of bed to examine her blooming rack, she'd discovered that her ass had risen to the occasion and plumped out enough to warrant its own zip code.

Admiring her curves in the mirror, Analia was both giddy with excitement and terrified that she knew where they had come from. The blue stains on her top were proof enough, but when she hefted her top up above her breasts, she discovered that her areolas were not only wider and darker, but turning almost purple, and the skin of her swollen chest now had a faint blue tinge. What was more, from the moment she'd given her brand new milk makers a firm squeeze, her large, erect nipples had not ceased to give off a steady dripping of blue liquid. She knew they were filling up with juice. She must have gotten a tiny bit of the serum when Lisa stuck her with the syringe.

Analia's pleasure with her assets gave way as she suddenly remembered Lucy's state the previous night. She'd certainly gotten a much tinier dose of the serum than the cow had, probably just a single drop, so the effects were coming on much more slowly, but given the difference in species, there was no way to know how long she had before things got out of hand. She needed the anti-serum. But she certainly couldn't go to the lab looking like she'd just left the plastic surgeon's office.

Hoping to catch Lisa before she got to work and turned her phone off, Analia trotted to the living room to grab her phone. She got to the side table where she always plugged it up to charge, yet there was no phone to be found.

“Shit!”

Analia ran around the entire apartment, desperately looking for her phone. She tried under the couch cushions, under stacks of mail, behind the TV, under the bed, in her pants pocket from the day before, everywhere she could think of until she was out of breath. She'd exhausted herself in only a few minutes, just by tearing apart her apartment.

“Man, these things make doing anything exhausting,” she muttered, looking down at her chest. Also, she thought to herself, that much quick movement really did a number on her nipples. Where previously there had been small blue stains, her white top now sported long azure streaks down the front, and she was certain her breasts had grown again in the past few moments, putting more strain on her pitiful tank top.

Feeling both worried and strangely turned on but what was happening to her body, Analia reached down and cupped her fairly heavy breasts in her hands. Her tits were just so sensitive that she couldn't help but give another squeeze, which was met with a wash of pleasure and a steady stream of more juice. Startled by the flood, she moved her fingers up to brush her nipples, and her body went rigid with pleasure.

She bit her lip and dropped into the chair beside her, overcome by the near orgasm raging through her. Maybe it was the sensitivity of her swollen breasts and hard nipples just getting the best of her, but Analia was overcome with lust for her new body. She allowed her left hand to

wander south as her right squeezed a solid handful of breast, not bothering to stop when the juice began to thoroughly soak her top.

As she snaked the fingers of her left hand into the waistband of her knit shorts, she decided to give in to curiosity and lick the juice from her right hand. Analia slid her middle finger into her mouth, closing her lips around it, and let it rest on her tongue. Her mouth was filled with the overpowering, unmistakable taste of blueberries. It was intoxicating.

Analia spent the next several moments teasing her pussy with one hand and massaging her breasts and nipples with the other. She could not stand how wet she was getting, playing with the new toys. It was better than any dream.

With that thought, her mind turned back to the dreams she'd been having. The cobbler in the lab. The tub of blueberry filling. Lisa. Mmmm... Lisa. Analia worked over her clit and kept squeezing, her mind flooded with thoughts of her lover and what the two of them could do with this fantastic new body. She kept up for a few more moments until the waves of pleasure crested, and she let out an intense cry. As the climax settled, Analia passed out.

Analia was jerked out of her orgasm induced coma by the distant sounds of banging, coupled with a woman's voice.

“Analia! Are you in there?!” It was Lisa. She sounded scared.

Realizing that she had no idea how long she'd been out, Analia searched around for a clock. It was well past noon. She'd missed the start of her shift at work! That explained why Lisa sounded so worried. How could she have just given herself over to lust like that?

“I'm here!” She called out at the door, noting that her voice sounded a bit distorted. She grabbed the arms of her chair and went to heft herself up to get the door, but found it substantially harder than usual. Her body felt strangely heavy. Looking down, she immediately noticed the reason for the feeling of weight: she had swollen all over to about twice her normal size!

Before her eyes, Analia could see her breasts, grown well beyond double D cups, probably somewhere around the midsection of the alphabet. Her tank top was almost entirely soaked in blue juice and strained to its breaking point, the fabric trying so desperately to hold together. Its strain against the growing mounds of tit-flesh was causing it to function more as a sports bra, the bottom pulling up so far that her breasts were bulging out from beneath. From the neckline of her top, she could see emerging a massive cavern of new deep blue cleavage.

Furthermore, her nipples had grown to at least a half inch long each, and she could feel the juice now steadily flowing.

The more serious problem, though, was showing itself just below Analia's swollen chest. Her belly was massively round, giving the impression she was into her third trimester. Plus, it, too, was a deep blue. As she struggled to lift from the chair, she could both see and feel the massive bulge wobble with what had to be more juice.

“Ana! Can you open the door?” Lisa was still calling from outside. “It's serious! Something's happened with Lucy!”

Finally getting up by leaning forward enough to allow her huge stomach bulge to tip her balance forward, Analia waddled her way to the door, feeling that her ass and thighs were inflated, as well. The tightness of her short shorts was causing them to ride up on her cheeks, and the crotch was pressing firmly into her pussy, making each and every step a fight against the pleasure. She was getting very wet. Very, very wet.

A thought occurred to Analia, so she glanced down, squeezing her tits and belly in with her arms to attempt to get a good look at her crotch, but it was no use. It turned out to be a moot point, though, as her fears were confirmed as she could see a trickle of blue, running down her still flesh colored thigh.

“Too much juice...” she muttered.

With a herculean effort, Analia hefted her wobbling, juicy mass over to the door, feeling quite winded from the once simple task. With a tiny added motion, she managed to unlock the deadbolt, and beckoned to Lisa, “It's open!”

As Analia wobbled and jiggled a few steps backward, Lisa threw open the door with an exasperated, “Jeez, what took you so--”

Lisa stopped, mid-sentence, and stood there gaping. She ran her eyes up and down Analia's massive, blue form, standing in the living room, trying to catch her breath and soaking in her own juices.

It was Analia who finally broke the silence. “I don't want to alarm you... but I think I may have gotten a little of the serum from our lab accident...”

Lisa stammered, obviously looking for the right words, or any words at all, for the situation the two girls now found themselves in.

“You, um...” Analia started, trying to keep both Lisa and herself from panicking. “You wouldn't have the anti-serum with you, would you?”

Lisa continued to just stand there, awestruck.

“Please tell me you have it.”

“I, uh...” Lisa tried frantically to speak, her eyes still trying to take in the sight before her. “I came to tell you... there's a slight problem with the anti-serum.”

Analia felt her stomach drop. “What problem?”

“Well,” Lisa clearly didn't want to say what she was about to say, “it does work. It just kind of...”

“Lisa, I'm turning into a fucking blueberry. Spit it out!”

“It kind of makes the reaction worse before it takes effect...”

“How bad are we talking?” Analia tried her best to not yell.

“Well,” Lisa grimaced, “Lucy kind of had to be... rolled out of the lab.”

“Rolled? ROLLED?!”

“Yeah, turns out that the anti-serum has a weird effect on Blue-21. It seems to cause the genetic grafting to speed up and go into overdrive just before it undoes the effects.”

“So did Lucy survive this?”

“She's alive, last I heard. They were just having to juice her to get her back down to normal size.”

“So I'm going to have to be juiced?!” Analia's efforts to not yell were failing her.

“Looks like you've gotten a head start.” Lucy glanced around, indicating the indigo stains on the chair and carpet, as well as the massive wet spots still emanating from Analia's nipples, soaking her now deep blue top.

“Yeah, it's been a little...” Analia took in the scene around her, considering the words to describe her recent exploits before deciding on, “...messy.”

“I can see that. How about you? Are you feeling okay? Does it hurt?”

“Not at all! I mean, I feel really heavy.” Analia hoisted a watermelon sized breast and let it plop back into gravity's grasp, her whole body rippling with the motion.

“Well, you finally got those curves you wanted,” Lisa joked.

“No kidding. I got them with interest.” Then Analia added, “And I'm reasonably certain they're still growing.” She looked down at deep chasm of cleavage, noting that her breasts were now swollen to the point of bubbling up out of her top, a tear beginning to form in the neckline from the strain of holding in the massive blue globes.

“It's worth mentioning,” Lisa pointed out, tearing her eyes away from her lover's new assets, “that we don't know exactly how the anti-serum would affect a human. It could be better.” Lisa tried to sound hopeful.

“Or worse.” Analia added grimly.

“What do you think?”

“I can't stay like this,” Analia waved her arms up and down, indicating her bulging form, noticing that that blue coloration was spreading all the way out to her forearms. Judging by the weight, she was sure that the juice was beginning to cause them to swell a bit, as well.

“You're right. We've got no choice. I'll call Terry and see if he can drive the anti-serum over.”

“You don't have it with you?!” Analia exploded, immediately regretting turning her frustration on Lisa.

“How was I supposed to know I needed it? I only came over because you weren't at the lab today, and I was worried.” As an afterthought, she threw in, “And why didn't you answer your phone?”

Analia thought back to the start of the morning, how she'd been searching everywhere for her phone, and then she realized, "It's still in the car. I must have left it out there when I came home last night."

"Sounds about right," Lisa fought a smile.

"Well, are you going to call?"

"Right," Lisa pulled out her cell and began to dial.

As Lisa made the call, Analia jiggled as much as walked around the room, feeling the weight of the juice inside her slosh around with each step. She could definitely tell she was still swelling, as her knit shorts were now uncomfortably tight around her ass, and the waist was digging into her bulbous midsection.

Her tank top wasn't fairing nearly as well. The small rip at the neckline was slowly extending as the weight of her massive blue rack continually pressed against the straining fabric. It was only a matter of time before the masses of boob could no longer be contained.

Almost on cue, Analia heard as much as she felt a gurgling in her giant blue belly. She placed both palms on the tight skin and felt the form of her gut swelling beneath her hands. It was growing at a startling pace, and she could feel her top and shorts both growing suddenly much tighter as her whole body grew with the surge of juice.

With the new wave of growth, Analia could actually see her tits expanding at the bottom of her field of vision. As the added mass of her breasts strained the now comically small tank top to its breaking point, Analia felt the texture of the tight fabric on her nipples, pressing hard and making her feel incredibly turned on. She could see the twin peaks of her erect nipples slowly extending out, growing to nearly an inch long each, and there was now so much juice leaking out that tiny sprays were shooting out from her top.

Meanwhile, southward, Analia's shorts were being pulled so intensely in all different directions that she was certain she was about to climax just from the pressure on her pussy and clit. She felt her breathing grow labored, unsure if the culprit was the intense horniness or the constriction on her chest from the boob/top combination.

With it becoming pointedly harder to breath by the second, Analia hunched her shoulders and with one swift motion, she arched her back as much as her swelling shape would allow, throwing her shoulders back. The poor top never stood a chance. There was only the sound of tearing cloth as the small rip at the neck spread down her mountainous curves and ripped the tank open into a vest, her roughly beach ball sized tits spilling forth with a jiggly crash.

Across the room, Lisa had stopped speaking into the phone entirely, as she gawked at the sight. Analia was swelling with juice rapidly enough that she could see her body's size increasing. Lisa saw Analia then suddenly jerk back and rip her ruined top in half, releasing her unbelievable mounds of boob into the open. Lisa glanced down at her own ample rack and felt, for the first time in her life, somewhat inadequate. She had to admit, Analia had been right. She did look good with extra curves. She also didn't look half bad in blue.

Feeling the massive release of pressure on her boobs, Analia shuddered with pleasure, feeling herself give in to another quick orgasm. Her nipples gave out an incredible fountain of juice, soaking the carpet even more fully than it already had been, and her legs quivered as they nearly gave out beneath her. What was more, she felt her shorts were now completely soaked through and juice ran down her leg. Luckily, though, it seemed that the orgasm had stopped the swelling at least temporarily. It couldn't have been a moment too soon, too, as she was now about fifty percent bigger than she had been before the impromptu growth spurt.

“Are you... okay?” Lisa called out, dashing across the room to be by Analia's side.

“Yeah. I am.” Analia sounded astonished by that fact.

“Well, hang in there. Terry's still busy juicing Lucy, but he's gonna send someone else with the anti-serum.”

“Did he say how long?” Analia realized her voice sounded rather distorted. She ran her tongue across her lips and realized they, too, were swollen with juice. “Holy crap! My lips are massive!”

“Yeah,” Lisa sounded both amused and excited by this statement, “your cheeks are puffed up a little, too.”

Analia gave a slightly indignant look.

“No,” Lisa cut in quickly. “It looks cute.”

Analia felt her face turn hot as she blushed, wondering if she was just turning purple. She could tell Lisa was liking her new body, but she was also concerned about ensuring it wasn't her permanent new body. “You didn't answer me. Did he say how long until they get here?”

“Oh yeah,” Lisa visibly snapped back to her senses. “He said they'd have it here in about half an hour.”

“Well, I guess we just have to wait now.”

Lisa gave Analia a sly, mischievous grin. “Or we could find something to do.”

Leaning onto Lisa for support, Analia wobbled and jiggled her way over toward the couch. With each ponderous step, the torrent of juice in her boobs, belly, and butt sloshed to and fro. Looking down, she could see her belly button, now a noticeable outie, though she was sure that she would have to strain to reach it with her hands by that point.

“Hold on. Don't sit down yet!” Lisa dashed off and left Analia standing in the living room by the couch wearing nothing more than her juice soaked knit shorts, now pulled so tight around her bulk that they may as well have been a pair of panties. After a moment, Lisa came bounding back, holding a pair of scissors.

“What the hell are those for?!” Analia shrieked as many horrible thoughts raced through her mind.

“Relax,” Lisa cooed back. “I'm going to cut those shorts off. They look pretty uncomfortable, and I don't see you squeezing out of them now.”

Analia responded with a look that said she couldn't disagree.

Lisa dropped to one knee and ran a finger underneath the bottom seam of Analia's shorts. It was all she could do to make even that much room. Pausing for a moment, she withdrew her hand and grabbed a giant handful of Analia's left cheek.

“You know,” she called up to the person at the top of the swollen blue mass of juice and flesh, “this is just a phenomenal ass.”

The complement made Analia far happier than she liked to admit. She could feel her puffy cheeks fighting her smile. “Told you I'd look good with more curves,” She called back toward the direction of her butt, unable to see anything below her still leaking boobs.

Analia inhaled sharply as, at that moment, Lisa ran the cold metal blade of the scissors between her shorts and ass. However, the shock gave way to relief as she heard the sound of metal slicing fabric and felt the sudden “whump” of her constricted lower half bursting to freedom.

“Be free!” Lisa shouted mockingly, met only with a slight grumble from Analia. There before Lisa's eyes, Analia stood, now completely blue from head to toe, with record-setting breasts, a belly that could've been holding quintuplets multiple times over, and an ass that would shame any rap video model. Around her feet, the carpet was pooling with deep blue juice, which ran down from her enormous nipples and dripping pussy.

“So you said the orgasm stopped the swelling?” She asked, clearly knowing the answer.

Analia raised her eyebrows in a way that indicated she was thinking along much the same line.

“Well then,” Lisa said, her voice breathy and seductive, as she began removing her own lab coat and shirt, both of which were thoroughly stained blue by proxy, “how long until you start swelling again?”

Analia sat on the couch as much as her behind could actually fit, with her belly resting on her swollen thighs and her tits resting on the round form of her belly. Lisa sat beside her, wearing only her hot red pushup bra and thong, legs curled behind and under her, as she fascinated herself with her lover's magnificent body, taking turns tenderly caressing and massaging Analia's various bits, leaning in frequently to kiss her juicy lips.

“Your lips taste like blueberries,” Lisa whispered.

“Oh, yeah?” Analia responded, playing coy. “Wonder what my nipples taste like?”

As if on cue, Lisa kissed her one more time on the lips. Then the chin. Then the neck. Then the top of her chest. Trailing all the way down to her right nipple. Analia could feel Lisa's warm, soft tongue caress her nipple. She felt the shivers run all the way down her spine. Suddenly, she felt the firm pull of suction as Lisa began sucking the juice from her breast.

“God! That feels incredible!” Analia moaned in ecstasy.

Seemingly in response, Analia's nipples sprayed forth a fresh torrent of blue juice, splashing over the two of them. Lisa released the right nipple from her mouth and sputtered, juice running down her face. She licked her lips and smacked them in satisfaction.

Analia could feel a familiar rumbling inside herself as the juice eruption was accompanied by more rapid swelling. Her breasts were quickly growing so large that she had to extend her neck to see over them. She felt, rather than saw, her belly swelling to a yet more immense size. Her thighs were swelling to the extent that her legs were actually being forced apart while, around her, the walls slowly lowered in her field of vision.

“Am I getting taller?!” She half asked.

“Actually,” Lisa pointed out, “Your ass is getting *huge*.”

Analia was feeling the latest surge of juice in her body, accompanied by the familiar feeling of horniness that seemed to come with it. This time, though, Lisa was right there to help alleviate that feeling. With the swelling continuing, Analia felt Lisa's hand prying its way between her juice soaked thighs until it found its mark. With one hand busy down south and the other rubbing Analia's nipples each in turn, Lisa kept her mouth busy with a furiously intense make-out session.

The two continued their heavy petting for several minutes, Analia swelling and spraying and dripping all the while, until the pressing and rubbing of Lisa's fingers were finally too much. Analia let out a tense cry and gave out one last blast of juicy spray before the growth stopped again for the moment.

They both sat there, exhausted and covered in juice, taking a moment to catch their breath and take everything in. In just the few minutes of growth, Analia had grown immense enough to take up a full two thirds of the couch by herself. Her breasts were so massive that Lisa could see only the top of her head without standing up from her seat, and her nipples were as big around as her now blown up fingers. As for her rear, each cheek took up its own cushion.

“That just feels better every time,” Analia gasped, trying to stop panting.

“Yeah, but a few more rounds of that, and you're going to be bigger than your living room.”

“Crap,” Analia remembered something crucial Lisa had said earlier, “you said the anti-serum is probably going to speed up the process?”

“Yeah... assuming it has the same effect it did on Lucy,” Lisa was trying to sound optimistic, but failing.

“You think we might need to go ahead and call a carpet cleaner?” Analia laughed through cheeks that were beginning to squish together from the swelling.

“And maybe a decorator... You're going to need a new couch, at least.”

“True.”

A moment later, there came a knock at the door.

“That must be the anti-serum,” Lisa said as she hurriedly got up and pulled her lab coat on over her undergarments. “Are you ready?”

Analia leaned forward in an effort to get up, but fell back against the back of the sofa. She tried again and again, only managing to cause her juicy bulk to slosh and jiggle. At last, she gave up and went to cross her puffy arms across her breasts, but she couldn't fully reach.

“Ugh,” she groaned as she just sat there, exposed. “Let's do this.”

“Terry couldn't find anyone but Jeff to bring the anti-serum?” Analia was annoyed that it had taken Lisa a full ten minutes to get rid of the nosy research intern. Making matters worse, she was reasonably sure that the creep had managed to grab a peek as he'd craned his neck the entire time, trying to see past the doorway.

“Don't worry, babe,” Lisa reassured Analia as much as she could. “I don't think he actually saw anything.”

Analia rolled her eyes.

“Besides,” Lisa continued, “All I told Terry on the phone was that you were feeling sick, and we were going to finish up our report here.”

“And your reason for requesting he send someone over with the anti-serum?”

“I asked for the full kit, actually.”

“You had them send over everything? All of the samples?”

“All of it,” Lisa was obviously proud of her own cleverness.

“But how did you get Kaveski to agree to that? Isn't that a huge violation of,” Analia paused to catch her breath, her mountainous stack of blue belly and boob rising and falling with the effort, “phew! Doesn't that go against lab protocols?”

“Well, Kaveski may not actually know...”

“He doesn't know?”

“Let's just say that I owe Terry big time.”

“Oh, you are devious,” Analia couldn't believe how much Lisa was trying to keep her problem a secret. It really was amazing just how much she cared. Analia knew she'd never be able to repay Lisa if she managed to get her out of this bizarre mess.

“Well, here we are,” Lisa called out, holding up the syringe of green liquid she'd retrieved from the recently delivered metal case. “Are you ready to get back to normal?”

Analia added onto her question, “Hopefully.”

Lisa held the syringe between her teeth as she stripped her lab coat back off, once again down to her bra and thong. Analia bit her lip hard at the sight of Lisa's incredible body there in her living

room. Her massive breasts were held firmly in place by her bra, jutting from her chest, sporting an impressive line of cleavage. Of course, Lisa's set now paled in comparison to the giant juicy mounds keeping Analia from seeing the floor.

Analia felt her passions beginning to rise, as Lisa came trotting over, the motion causing her tits to bounce happily around in their red lacy confines.

“Hey, Lisa?” she started.

“Yeah, Ana?” Lisa responded, her gaze focused on the syringe in her hand as she was preparing for the injection.

“I just want you to know that I love you no matter what happens.”

Lisa looked up and locked eyes. “I love you, too,” then she smiled and added, “Now stop feeling so blue.”

“Watch it,” Analia playfully retorted, “I *will* roll on you.”

Lisa gave a chuckle, and without another word, she bent over and jabbed the syringe into Analia's thigh and pushed in the plunger.

“Do you think we should have asked him to bring a tarp?” Analia asked, wincing a bit at the sting of the needle.

Anticipating the same thing Analia was hinting at, Lisa stood up on the couch cushion, bringing her eye to eye with her lover, thanks to the massive blue ass Analia was now sitting on, and she leaned over, letting her body's weight rest on Analia's belly and breasts. Analia couldn't believe how great it felt having Lisa pressed against her huge, bulging bulk. She could feel the weight on herself as Lisa sank just slightly into the soft billows of juicy flesh.

With the gurgling of juice now clearly audible, Lisa adjusted herself to grab hold of Analia's plump nipples, one in each hand. She prepared to, they both hoped, keep pace with the sudden swell of juice that came with the anti-serum's effects.

“Dear God!” Analia cried out, as she could suddenly feel the intense increase of pressure inside her body.

Lisa began squeezing and pulling at both nipples rapidly, only getting a marginal increase to the juice flowing from each. “Are you okay?”

Analia scrunched her face in a mix of pleasure and discomfort. Then she screamed out, “This is gonna be big!”

The too familiar sensation of rumbling, sloshing juice returned, this time a hundred times more intense than before. Analia felt the pressure most intensely in her nipples, as they fought hard to hold back the swell of juice trying so intensely to burst forth. Her breasts lurched forward, jiggling and wobbling, as Lisa fought to maintain her hold on both nipples.

Analia's view of the room began to tilt backward. She felt her butt swelling outward even further than it had yet, bubbling out, the skin becoming very tight. Her belly was giving off an

astonishingly loud gurgle as it, too, grew with an unprecedented outward momentum, pushing her billowing breasts still higher into her face, which also began swelling rapidly.

The intensity of the feeling inside her was going to bring her to orgasm immediately, Analia was certain of that fact. She was unable to determine whether the pool of juice forming beneath her was from the streams running from her nipples or due to her growing wetness from arousal. The mere thought brought her to climax.

“God! Yes!” She called out, seeing a renewed eruption of juice blast from her tits. The force of the flow was clearly making it a challenge for Lisa to keep her hold on Analia's nipples.

“Ana, you're getting huge!” Lisa said, still doing her best to massage the juice out of her lover.

“Mm know! It's great!” Analia's cheeks were so swollen with juice that it was becoming difficult for her to speak.

After a few more moments of growth, Analia felt her sides swelling out, forcing her arms out to the side. Finally, her butt had swollen with juice to such extent that her mass began to tilt forward. Lisa released both nipples as the now fully rounded form of her blue body went tumbling off the couch and into the floor. Luckily, the pillow-like mass of her breasts kept her head from hitting the floor, the sudden squeeze causing a splash of juice to squirt from each breast, one going so far as to hit the wall several feet away.

Analia felt the juices continuously building, swelling her into a nearly spherical shape. Her mass was becoming so enormous that she was no longer able to get much movement from either her arms or legs, all of them being pulled into her round form.

From the flesh of her upper body and tits, Analia was barely able to glance upward and see Lisa's ample rack, soaked in blue juice, bounding down toward her. “Are you hurt from the fall?” Lisa asked, concerned.

“Mmm ffine. Ders ferls sho fferking goofd!” Analia rolled her eyes back in pleasure. She would have been terrified by what was happening to her, but she was getting used to the sensations. Besides, it felt fucking amazing.

Lisa leaned in and planted a long, lovely kiss on her giant blueberry of a lover's juicy lips.

“Hey! I think the swelling is stopping!” She told Analia optimistically.

Analia couldn't see much of anything but blue cleavage and the blue stained carpet, but she could tell that her body was a big blue ball of juice. She hoped that the stopped growth meant that she was about to begin changing back. Suddenly, the thought occurred to her that she might still be blue after all was said and done or that her skin might be loose. She was mortified, but the thoughts quickly left her mind as, behind her, she felt a wet soft pressure. It was Lisa's tongue. She felt herself getting wetter, something she was thoroughly shocked was even possible.

Analia tried to call out something seductive to her busy lover, but the combination of her swollen cheeks and lips and the intense waves of pleasure cresting over her resulted in little more than contented mumbling.

“Don't worry,” Lisa called to her, pausing what she was doing, “We're going to get this juice out of you if it takes all night.”

Analia closed her eyes and sincerely hoped it would take all night. She was in heaven.

“In case you were curious,” Lisa added, “you taste like blueberries.”

As Lisa buried her head back between where Analia's feet protruded from her ball shaped backside, Analia felt her body slip into pure bliss. Her lover's tongue flicked at her clitoris with an intense ferocity. Analia could feel the intoxicating combination of her own juicy wetness and the warm soft wetness of Lisa's tongue, as it penetrated between her puffy labia.

“Mmmmm,” Analia let her own blue tongue lull out of her mouth as she lost herself in the moment. Suddenly, without warning, she felt Lisa slip her fingers inside her, hooking them around to press them firmly into her G-spot. She let out a brief yelp at the sensation.

With Lisa continuing to work her fingers, pausing every few moments to feverishly resume licking, Analia's pleasure peaked. It was as though she was experiencing a thousand tiny orgasms all at once, her juicy body quivering as her nipples sprayed more juice.

As she let her body go limp, Analia felt Lisa press her hands into her side, rolling her over so that she was looking at the ceiling. She wasn't sure how, but even the ceiling was covered in loads of dripping blue splotches.

There was a sudden pressure on Analia's belly, as Lisa jumped onto her from the couch, sending waves rippling across her juicy mass like a waterbed. Lisa pulled herself on top of the giant blueberry and gave Analia a huge smile. Analia found it oddly sexy that Lisa's face was partially covered in blueberry juice.

“I'm not hurting you by being up her, am I?” Lisa asked.

Analia shook her head as best as she could, but the main result was that her body rocked to and fro, causing her heavy, juicy tits to sway. Lisa eyed the deep run of cleavage and buried her face, motorboating her lover in a way she'd never been motorboated. Analia was really liking the huge tits, and she had to admit that she was going to miss them once she got back to normal, assuming she ever got back to normal.

With her entire head buried in blue breasts, Lisa squeezed and pumped at Analia's nipples, releasing a constant flow of juice that, after a moment, threatened to drown her in the depths of cleavage. She threw her head back, took in a deep breath, and dove back in.

Analia was being driven to madness by her lover's constant massaging, squeezing, licking, and caressing. Down at her pussy, she could feel the wetness building as more juice trickled forth.

Still, Lisa kept juicing, seeming to enjoy every moment as much as Analia was herself. It was constant pleasure as the two of them spent the night in Analia's living room, kissing, squeezing, and making love... and quite a mess.

After about two hours, Analia had finally lost enough juice that she found herself able to maneuver around a bit, if not fully able to stand. She hefted her jiggling body back onto the

couch, as Lisa left the room and returned holding their favorite vibrator and now wearing nothing but a layer of sticky blue juice from top to bottom.

Analia grinned, now able to see at least halfway over her humongous breasts, and Lisa vaulted over the back of the couch and quickly slid the end of the ridged toy into Analia's pussy.

Analia gasped as she felt the vibrator slide inside her. It was so tight. It filled her up so fully.

As Lisa flipped the switch on the other end, the toy hummed to life, electrifying Analia's body and prompting a brand new wash of juice from her nipples. She was cumming immediately, and Lisa slid the vibrator in and out of her, while massaging her clit with her thumb.

The orgasms just kept coming, one after another, and the juice kept flowing. Leaving the toy to do its work, Lisa took a short detour up to Analia's lips. They began making out again, and Analia was being driven mad. Lisa's tongue was being thrust into her mouth, licking her lips, and her pussy was on fire as the vibrator began to pulse rhythmically in a different pattern.

“Mmmmmmm,” was all Analia could manage as she lost more juice and passed out from pleasure.

ONE MONTH LATER

“And while the side effects of the serum combination are certainly...” Lisa searched for the proper words as she shot a sideways glance at her lover and research partner, Analia, “inconvenient, you can see that the end result is certainly going to be a major revolution in the world of body modification.” She waved her hand in Analia's direction and smiled at the group of men and women clad in sharp suits and seated around the conference table.

Analia, too, gave a big smile to the lab's investors as she leaned forward, showing off her F cup breasts, proudly and prominently displayed beneath her lab coat in the silky black bra Lisa had bought her for their anniversary. After a moment, she spun around to show her backside, lab coat pulled taut over her impressive rump.

After Lisa had managed to juice her completely over the course of several days, Analia's skin had returned to its normal peachy hue, save for a mild bluish-purple tinge to her still fairly enlarged areolas. Her skin had proven remarkably willing to return to its previous state without being marred by stretch marks or any sort of sag. While it was likely yet another effect of the serum, they'd both been very happy about that.

With their presentation over, the room applauded. While Blue-21 had not been intended as a surgical enhancement alternative, the resulting boon to Analia's curves had made them both certain that the serum/anti-serum combo had serious potential. Both girls gave a slight bow and left the conference room.

“Good job in there, partner,” Analia said as they left the conference room and made their way back through the lab.

“Hey, you were the one who brought the goods,” Lisa gestured toward Analia's rack, now noticeably fuller than her own. With a quick glance around to see that they were not near one of the security cameras, she added in a quick tap of a spanking. Analia jumped in surprise.

“So did you want to go out somewhere and celebrate a presentation well done?” Analia asked.

“Actually, I thought we might just celebrate at home.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. I have a surprise,” the look in Lisa's eyes was one of pure giddiness.

“Sounds good,” Analia replied as they stopped at their lockers and began shucking their coats.

Later that evening, Analia sat on Lisa's love seat, watching a rerun of an old sitcom. Lisa had asked her to move in at least while her carpet was replaced. Overall, life had been good for the two of them since the serum incident. Though, Analia did notice that a lot of things still tasted like blueberry. Their project was on a promising new course, and, despite the large amount of new research that would need to be done, both girls saw success in their future.

“So what do you think? Surprised?” Lisa called out from the bedroom doorway, her voice heavy and seductive.

Analia spun around to get a good look and was stunned by what she saw. Lisa was standing in the door frame, wearing black fishnets, a garter belt, and a very lacy, very see-through purple negligee. Analia couldn't help but notice that Lisa's breasts were already turning blue and beginning to swell, juice soaking the lingerie.

“You didn't...” Analia started, but Lisa bounded across the room and threw herself on top of her partner.

As they entered into a long, passionate kiss, Analia could tell that Lisa's lips were beginning to plump up, and she could feel the wetness of juice soaking through her shirt as Lisa's breasts were testing the strength of her sexy top.

Lisa pulled herself away for a moment, her face and upper body now almost fully blue. She tossed down a pair of empty syringes she'd been holding in her left hand, and she wrapped her arms around Analia's torso, squeezing her tight against her swelling bust. She leaned in and ran her tongue along the edge of Analia's ear and whispered, “Why should you have all the fun? Now juice me!”

Thank you so much for reading this story. I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you are interested, please consider finding me at DeviantArt.com, where you can get updates on my current projects and let me know what you thought, or what you may like to see in future stories.

Thanks!

Near N. Far