

Formula 28 Preview

A door opened on the other side of the lab. Sophia's hair whipped into her face when she turned to find a woman approaching. Her heels clicked on the concrete floor and a lab coat fluttered around her legs. The size of the woman's breasts was intimidating as they strained her light-pink blouse. Sophia wanted nothing more than to cover her nudity.

"Ah, you're up... Wonderful; we can begin then."

"Begin what?! Let me go!! Why...Why am I here?!"

The woman approached the cart of tools, making Sophia's pulse quicken. "You can call me Dr. Prite."

"I don't care!! LET ME GO!!"

Dr. Prite smiled calmly. "But you don't even know why you're here...! You get the privilege of being one of IncrediBust's newest formula testers. *Milk production* formula testers, to be exact."

Sophie gulped. "M...Milk production...formula?" Her nipples hardened at the strange development, something she hoped the scientist wouldn't notice.

"We've seen your porn history... Researched it quite a bit, actually." Dr. Prite busied herself by removing the backing from several sticky electrical pads. Wires ran from the square stickers to a small generator on the bottom of the cart. "You *are* excited by the idea of milk filling your breasts, are you not?"

A whimper escaped Sophia's lips. "M-Mhm..." she groaned reluctantly, feeling compelled to answer truthfully.

"That's what we're here to do. In exchange for acting as our test subject, you'll be *very* well compensated."

Sophia couldn't believe her ears. *"Compensated?? Y-You abducted me!! What could you possibly compensate--"*

"In exchange for your cooperation, we can offer to make your breasts your size of choice once you're finished, as well as having them prone to extreme lactation and swelling, if that interests you."

Sophia whimpered again. The offer sounded like something out of a dream. Glancing down, she stared at her timid bust exposed to the chilly lab air. Such tiny B-cups were embarrassing compared to the melons stuffed down Dr. Prite's blouse.

Swallowing, she whispered, "You'll give me...*any* sized breasts when I'm done?"

"We have the ability to provide any changes you desire. All-natural. No surgery, no scars, no one would be able to tell the difference."

The claim made Sophia's heart race. Against her better judgment, she agreed. "O-Ok... But what am I going to--"

"Very good." The doctor interrupted, taking hold of a small tube and stepping toward Sophia. A generous amount of pink paste was squirted into her hands before she rubbed them

together to coat her fingers and palms. “This may be cold...” she warned, her hands approaching Sophia’s breasts.

“W-What is--*Ahhh!!! That’s freezing!!*”

“I warned you.”

“*Mmgh!*”

Sophia squirmed as the doctor’s hands massaged her breasts with firm, strong motions. There was little gentleness as her fingers worked themselves deep, squishing her small mounds in small circles. Moments later she stepped aside to leave them shiny and plump from such deep stimulation.

They tingled enough to make Sophia tremble with anxiety. She looked down to see her nipples harder than ever. “What was--”

“That was our patented growth formula,” the doctor informed, clicking the tube closed. “Now hold still...”

She took four sticky pads. Each breast was given one on the left and right. Seeing wires running from her petite bust felt incredibly unnatural to Sophia’s cautious gaze. Her bosom looked as confused as she did.

“W-W-What is it going to do?”

Prite ignored her. Speaking into a tape recorder, she said, “Now initiating phase one.” She pointed a remote at the cart’s generator. Its wires lead ominously to Sophia’s breasts.

Sophia’s heart fluttered and she struggled. “*Wait! W-Wait! What is it going to do?! I’m not sure I--*”

CLICK!

“*MMMMMM!!!*”