

Ride N' Ready

Contains popping



“Hey, stranger! Fancy meeting you in a place like this!”

Ron glanced up from his chemistry equipment. Being so focused, he had failed to notice night’s arrival through the windows. Kayla’s appearance was a shock to his system in more ways than one. He blinked several times on his trip back to reality from concentration, as well as to snap a couple mental images of his uniform-clad friend. It was difficult to make a blouse and skirt look bad on a girl, but on Kayla, the combination was always pulse-pounding. With a short stature, glistening eyes, and neck-length black hair, Ron believed she easily fell into the category of adorable.

“Don’t act so surprised,” he smiled.

Kayla approached the table in the middle of the otherwise abandoned chemistry lab. A bookbag was thrown onto the floor in a huff and she arched her back to stretch. The action accentuated her C-cup breasts into her taut blouse. It was a habit of hers Ron was glad she owned.

Groaning with relief, she leaned forward. Several beakers of purplish liquid sat next to a pot boiling on high. It smelled better than any of Ron’s experiment Kayla had ever seen. Several projects populated the lab’s tables. A particularly impressive glass capsule containing a plant sat in the darkness across the room. It didn’t look as exciting as whatever commanded Ron’s focus. “Whatcha workin’ on? Have a project due?”

“No... I finished that.” Ron took a beaker and held it in the air to swirl it around and test the viscosity. “This is just a little side project. You know I’ve always loved chemistry?”

“Ever since you killed part of my lawn when we were kids,” Kayla reminisced.

Ron chuckled at his early days of unsupervised experimentation. “I’ve gotten better since then! But aside from chemistry, I’ve always had this childish dream of being a candy maker, too. You could say I’m trying to combine the two.”

“You’re making your own candy??” The sugary smell of fruit in the air now made sense and Kayla’s mouth began salivating.

“Trying to at least! I’m coming up with this process to concentrate the flavors and--”

SLAM!

“Heeeey, Ron!”

The lab door flung open causing Kayla to jump and an annoyed sigh to fall from her friend. “Hey Taylor,” he mumbled.

A blonde marched up to the friends. From the looks of things, her manicured hands had worked a curling iron more than a pencil recently. “I’ve been looking all over campus for you! Is our presentation ready for tomorrow??”

Ron huffed and wished he could concentrate on the sugars in front of him. “It’s ready to go... I finished it this morning.”

“Good! I *can't* get anything lower than a ninety percent on this. Do you think we're good?” Taylor played with a curl on her head and inspected it for split ends. A stripe of bright pink highlighting the blonde's head never failed to aggravate Kayla.

Kayla mumbled under her breath, “Shouldn't *you* know?”

“What was that?”

“Nothing! Ron showed me the project earlier. It looks *soooo* good.”

“*Gorgeous!*” Taylor bounced on her heels with far more force than necessary. It was an obvious ploy to bring attention to her chest. “Thanks for handling so much of it, Ron... I've just been so busy with family stuff.”

“No problem.”

Taylor smiled triumphantly while Ron maintained focus on his project. Kayla stared back, feeling unexplainably defensive.

Sensing security in her group project, Taylor proclaimed, “Well, I have a yoga class to get to. I'll see you in class tomorrow, Ron. *Byyye!*”

“See ya.”

The click-clack of her short heels bounced around the lab until the door closed behind her.

“*Gaaaah!*” Kayla inhaled loudly. “*I can breathe again! I swear I could smell her lip gloss from here!*”

The reaction made Ron chuckle. “What was it today? Strawberry-peach birthday cake?”

“God only knows... Be honest, how much of that project did she actually do?”

“She put her name on it. Or she *will*, at least.”

“Wow. What a bitch. I can't believe she gets away with the stuff she pulls. Amazing what some guys will do for a big rack and a short skirt, huh?” An elbow nudged Ron in the side.

“It's not like that! I just trust myself to do the work the correct way a lot more than I trust her.”

Kayla pushed her teasing further. “So you didn't stare at all when she gave that cutesy little bounce? Not even a *little*? She had one of the bigger chests in high school if I remember right. Even in college she's a big player!”

Ron shrugged and looked Kayla in the eyes. “I guess I'm after more than just a pair of boobs. I don't think I could stand to be around her for more than a few minutes.” Smiling warmly, he added, “I like people I can talk to.”

His answer made Kayla's heart flutter. There was always a certain tension between them since high school. Whether it was romantic, physical, or just flirtatious, Kayla couldn't say. Perhaps it was a combination of the three. It was times like this she grew more confident Ron felt the same. Ron being who he was, however, she knew if there was ever going to be a move, it would have to be from her.

Warm and fuzzy, she stepped closer and leaned on the table. “Soooo what were you saying before? Tell me about these candies of yours.”

Ron’s eyes lit up. “I’m reducing berry juice over and over again to make this thick goop!” He held up a beaker with pride, its contents viscous and slow. Dipping a small dowel into the mixture, he withdrew a blob and held it over a container of water. It fell with a hiss, where the dime-sized drop hardened into a sphere. “Then I drop it into the water and the rapid cooling helps squeeze the entire thing together! Packs in the molecular structure and jams it with flavor!”

Kayla’s ogled the candy when he pulled it from the water and set it on a paper towel. “So it’s done??” The blue sphere sparkled like a gem.

“Maybe, I haven’t tested this batch yet. I tried to engineer it in such a way that when the crystals come into contact with saliva, the chemical reaction will produce more juice as you chew.”

“Like a gusher!”

Ron snorted. “Just like a gusher.”

“My mouth is watering just thinking about it... I *love* blueberries.” She didn’t know how she could be more obvious in her desires.

“You want to try some?”

“*Duh!*!”

Kayla watched like a child when he gathered several candies and folded them into a paper towel. “Here, you can have these. Give them a little while to cool off and harden all the way through, though. At least a couple hours.”

“Thanks!” Kayla took the small package with delight. Regardless of what it was, she was just happy to share in Ron’s creation. “I can’t wait to try them.”

“You can be my first customer!”

“It’s so cool how you’re doing stuff like this in college... You’re great at chemistry *and* you’re going into the candy business.”

“I wouldn’t really go that far.”

“Still! You just have it all figured out. You know what you want to do with your life.” Kayla pouted slightly. “Then I’m sitting here still undecided in my major. Nothing sounds fun. I don’t know what I want to do with my future and I don’t have any earth-shattering ideas to make money after college.”

Dropping another blob of blueberry mixture into the water, Ron pushed Kayla with his shoulder. “You’ll figure something out. Everyone has a purpose! You’ll know it when it hits you.”

“Yea, I guess...” Kayla squeezed the candies in her hand. It was getting late and Ron was known to work into the night. “I think I should be heading home. I still have homework to do.”

“Thanks for saying hi! I didn’t even realize it was dark out until you came by.”

Kayla giggled, glad he was happy to see her. On her way to the door, she turned back and called, “Good luck with Taylor tomorrow! And thanks for letting me try your candy!”

Ron waved. “Let me know how you like them!”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

The next morning came all too soon after a night of studying.

“*Nnngh...* Staying up late to do homework was a bad idea...” Kayla moaned, rolling over in bed. “It’s only my undetermined future... Can’t it wait?”

The alarm wasn’t having it. No matter how many times she pressed snooze, the obnoxious ranting of the local radio DJ always returned five minutes later.

“*Fiiiine...*”

Kayla rolled out of bed with all the freshness of a day-old sock. A quick shower helped a little, but she remained weary while picking out her clothes. Releasing a yawn, she grabbed her bookbag and prepared for her ten-o’clock class.

“*Ahhhh, so EARLY!* Maybe I should get some coffee or--”

A folded piece of paper towel on the nightstand caught her eye. “Ron’s candy!” she gasped, reminded of the gifted treat. Opening the pouch, she found three candies rolling in her hand. “They have to be ready to eat by now, right?” she wondered. The bright blue hue alone was enough to invigorate her, but after popping one into her mouth, she felt a spark of life in her mouth.

“*M-MMMM!! Wow those pack a punch!!*” she moaned, savoring the extreme juiciness gushing over her tongue. “It really does seem like it makes its own juice!!”

Kayla swooned and crunched the candy to a fine powder to dissolve on her tongue. It vanished without a farewell, leaving her wanting more. The zap of sharp fruit flavor remained and traveled down her throat before settling in her sternum like a fruity aura. Kayla couldn’t recall the last time she’d felt so awake in the morning. It made her chest tingle from her torso to her nipples with butterflies alight in her belly.

The remaining candies rolled in her palm. “Mmmm I want to eat them...” she whined. Electing for self-control, she refolded the paper towel and put it in her pocket for a future treat. “Those things are better than caffeine!”

Kayla absentmindedly itched a nipple through her bra while stooping to grab her backpack. The padding was extra itchy against her chest this morning. After the candy-based rejuvenation, however, she didn’t really mind; she welcomed the playfulness residing in her breasts.

“I have *got* to get more of those,” she decided. “And invest in them if I can! Ron is going to be rich!”

Nothing could phase Kayla. With energy seeping from every pore, even the most mundane of her classes flew by in a blur. But the increased discomfort of her usual bra continued to itch at the back of her mind and around her bust. All told, it only became worse as the hours wore on. By two-o'clock, as Kayla was leaving the lunchroom, she had the distinct feeling her bra was three sizes too small. She felt as though everyone around her could tell as well; wearing only a button-up blouse as cover, it wasn't difficult to see when a girl had outgrown her wardrobe.

Kayla frowned at the thought of spending money on new clothes. "I thought those days were over..." As far as puberty seemed in her rear-view mirror, the amount of cleavage she felt fighting for space between her bra cups was undeniable. If she knew any better, she would have thought her boobs were bulging around every side of her cups. "I haven't felt a bra strap digging into my chest since high school...!"

Even more peculiar was their movement. Within the last two hours, Kayla found her footsteps amplified across her bosom. Every step sent a fluid-like heave intent on yanking her blouse out of her skirt's waistband. The uncontrollable nature of her chest was enough to make her change her gait completely and walk by rolling her feet gently from heel to toe. She was aware that a bigger cup size meant more weight, but the mass stuffed into her bra felt far heavier than what she guessed from her size. It had enough momentum to lead her if she wasn't paying attention.

"I'm going to have to be careful in PE. If my sports bra can't hold me, I might have to sit today out. I don't know if the bra I have is big enough!" Kayla blushed. She couldn't believe she was considering such options. 30C had been her bra size for years; the idea of such a drastic change occurring overnight was utterly ridiculous. However, the tightness in her cups and the jostling weight couldn't be ignored.

Then there was the sloshing.

Kayla couldn't make heads or tails of the muffled sound of jostling fluid following her for the last hour. Wherever she walked, it was there. Leaning back in her chair, it was there. Stopping suddenly to avoid running into someone coming around a corner, it was there. Several times she checked her backpack for a half-full water bottle only to find books and hastily-scribbled notes. The sloshing remained like a ghostly haunt, just out of sight but always audible with her every motion.

"Maybe Ron laced his candies and I'm hallucinating my boobs getting bigger," she considered with a light laugh, "That would explain why the first one was free!"

The university's gym loomed before her. Changing into her gym clothes would be a good chance to inspect the situation. Kayla found it hard to believe she could have actually grown as much as she felt. Such things just didn't happen in the span of several hours.

"Hey, Kayla!" a friend called when she entered the women's locker room.

“Hi, Ann!” She placed her bag on a bench within a group of three girls. “Any idea what we’re doing today in class?”

Another girl, Jesse, responded as she pulled on a pair of shorts. “Uhhh I think we might be on the tennis courts...”

“Greeaaat... Lots of running.”

Kayla’s heart was pounding when she reached to undo a button. It wasn’t difficult until she neared those holding across her chest. Slight windows to taut cleavage made her fingers tremble. “*Eep!*” she squeaked, finding flesh overflowing her padding when the shirt sprang open. *Ok, this is a pretty big jump in size.*

Ann glanced over in time to see Kayla slip the shirt down her arms. The sight of a chest twice too large for its bra caused a double-take. “Holy crap, Kayla! Are your breasts bigger??”

The sudden sexual question pulled the attention of every nearby girl and Kayla blushed under their gaze. “I definitely feel bigger...”

“Jesus... Where did those come from?!” Jesse gawked.

Ann was incredulous. “You *feel* bigger? Those things are huge on you! Kayla you’re spilling out of your bra!”

The third girl, Melanie, was the most certain of their size. “Those have got to be G-cups. You look as big as my sister, and she’s nursing!”

Kayla laughed nervously and inspected her own bra-bulging mammaries. “No... I’m a C-cup! My bra must have just--*Mmm!!*”

Ann sank a finger into a heap of flesh overflowing from the side of her bra. “*God they’re so firm!*”

“Well yea, cause she’s stuffed herself into a cheap push-up bra.” The four girls glanced down the lockers to find Taylor tossing her gym bag away. She came pre-dressed for gym class as always, wearing a tennis skirt and a designer spandex top. “Probably wearing it to impress that guy from the lab last night. Or are you *jealous* he was looking at me?”

Kayla knew better than to let Taylor’s remarks get to her, but that didn’t make the task any easier. “I’m not wearing a push-up bra, Taylor. And what Ron and I do is none of--”

“Hey it’s all right! You don’t need to hide it, we’re all women here. Sometimes the girls just need a boost, am I right?” Taylor laughed more than she should have. “I mean *mine* never do. I don’t think they even *make* push-up bras in my size! But you can wear whatever you want! Personally I don’t think false advertising is *any* way to get a guy, though. It just leads to heartbreak.” Taylor pulled her shirt taut. “Can’t compete with the real thing.”

“It’s not a push-up bra!!” Kayla yelled. Taylor’s words had gotten to her more than usual, perhaps because she had the nerve to bring Ron into the mix. The pink highlight diving around the back of her head and into a ponytail was more frustrating than ever. “This bra fit this morning! I just...outgrew it, I think...”

“No judgment here! I might suggest a larger size, though. You’re spilling out all over the place. It’s not a good look.” Taylor turned away towards the exit. “See you on the court, ladies!”

The girls stood in silence.

“Wow... I think I hate her,” Melanie confessed.

Ann nodded. “It’s best to ignore her. She’s only here because she’s riding daddy’s money train. All that high and mighty talk about push-up bras is pretty gutsy coming from someone who wears black bras under a white blouse. She’s only threatened because your boobs can actually give hers a run for their money now! How much attention can you possibly crave?”

“I don’t know... She’s a total narcissist.” Kayla reached around her back to unclasp her bra. The relief of pressure was instant and several pounds hung from her petite torso as she grabbed her sports bra. “Ron was partnered with her for a project and she made him do all the work.”

“I thi--” Jesse was about to respond but her mouth stopped mid-word. The other girls’ did as well, their eyes wide and chests stiff with caught breath.

“What?” Kayla asked, looking at her zombie-eyed friends.

“K-Kayla...” Ann stammered, staring directly at her friend’s breasts. “*Kayla your nipples are blue!*”

“What are you--*oh my God!!*” Kayla looked down and gasped in terror, stumbling back against a locker and groping her breasts. Her previously pink nubs were now turned plump and dark blue. Swollen areolas faded from azure to her skin tone. They lifted the thimble-sized nipples off her bloated chest. Having more than tripled in size, Kayla’s nipples felt monstrous and thick. “*W-What the hell??*”

“Kayla your nipples are *fuckin* BLUE!!” Jesse repeated.

“*I know!! I can see that, Jesse!!*” Kayla was hyperventilating. Every breath made her chest squeeze into her shaking hands. They tingled with deep internal pleasure, forcing her nipples even larger and firmer. “*M-Mmmm!!*”

Kayla couldn’t help it. In her fright, she accidentally pinched a nipple between two fingers. A warmth rushed from the center of her breast and through her nipple. It made her freeze. Her friends paused as well, their jaws collectively dropping.

Warm juice was flowing over her hand and chest before trailing across her bare stomach. It was blue in color and thick to the touch, leaving stickiness in its wake.

“U-U-Uh... Kayla...” Melanie squeaked. “You’re... I-I think you’re *leaking*.”

Nobody said a word. Feeling the fluid coat her hand, Kayla removed it from her chest and lifted it close to her face. Confused eyes watched as she sniffed the juice. It tingled her senses with energy and made her mouth water with unheard-of desire. Kayla couldn’t stop herself. As if licking a frozen pole, she extended her tongue and slowly approached a droplet hanging off the end of a finger.

“*Mmm....*” Kayla swallowed, the taste better than anything else to pass between her lips.
 “*M-MmmmMMM!! I-It’s JUICE! What the hell is coming out of my chest?!*”

“*It’s juice?!*” Jesse made a face. “Well don’t *lick* it! You probably have some sort of disea--”

“*IT TASTES INCREDIBLE!!*”

Kayla’s friends watched as she pinched her nipple once more. “*Nnnnghh!!*” Blue juice squirted onto the floor and pooled in a hand. She eagerly licked it clean, reveling in the tangy majesty. “*It...mmmm...I-It’s like the ripest...most sweet...blueberry juice...I-I’ve ever...tasted...*”

How she expected her friend to react to such a raving review was unknown.

“Can I try??” Ann asked, stepping forward. “If it’s *that* good, I have to try it!”

Melanie crowded into her. “Me too!!”

“You can’t describe it like that and *not* expect us to want some!”

“W-Wait!! Guys hang on!!” Kayla was forced against the lockers as her friends reached for her nipples. “G-Guys!! Be careful!! Don’t pull so--*NNGH!! O-OOOHH!!*”

Juice sprayed their faces like a blue mist. Coating their waiting tongues, her friends swooned at the taste of Kayla’s juice.

“*Holy shit that’s amazing!*” Ann moaned, licking her lips. “I’ve never tasted anything like--*Melanie!!*”

“*A-AHH!!*” Kayla screamed when Melanie jumped at her chest and latched onto a bloated nipple. Greedy with thirst, her face squished into Kayla’s swollen tit as she sucked the juice from its depths. “*C-Careful!! Melanie you’re...nnnGHMMM!! Melanie you’re sucking too hard!! A-Ahh!! Oooohhh my BOOBS!!*”

“Don’t hog it all!!”

“J-Jesse wait!! *I can barely handle--MMM!! Ahhh!!*”

The cold metal of the lockers pressed into Kayla’s back when both nipples were claimed by moist lips. Her friends couldn’t get enough, sucking vigorously until the final drops passed over their tongues.

POP!

POP!

“*N-NNGH!!*” Kayla groaned when they released her, their lips and chins stained blue.

“I couldn’t get anymore...” Melanie moaned, her belly warm with juice.

“I hardly got any,” Ann complained.

Breathing as if just finishing a race, Kayla looked at her chest. “Huh??” It was back to its regular size, her nipples fading back to their natural pink hue.

“Awww, they’re going back to the way they were...” Jesse pouted.

Kayla was relieved. “Good! Did you *see* me?? I had blue nipples! *Juice* was coming out of my boobs like some kind of weird fetish story!” Deep inside, she wished she had enjoyed it more. The added size was enjoyable in its own right, but the juice was sheer bliss on her lips.

Ann wiped her mouth. “Gotta say, Kayla, if you still don’t know what you can do for money, I think I might have an idea now.”

“How did you do it??” Jesse demanded. “You had to have done something!”

“I-I didn’t do anything! I ate a burger for lunch!! I--” Kayla stopped. “The candy...” she whispered.

“What candy?”

Kayla jumped into her locker to find her pants. In the back pocket she found the napkin containing the two remaining candies. “It was this! Ron was making some special candies as an experiment! I-I guess they were a little too powerful or something...” The thought of such a little candy doing this to her chest was tantalizing.

Ann didn’t believe her. “Wait wait wait... So you ate some of those candies--”

“One of them,” Kayla corrected.

“*ONE* of those candies, your tits doubled in size, *and* you got that sweet nectar out of it?!”

“I-I-I guess... I know it sounds weird, but--”

“*I want some!*” her friends all exclaimed in unison.

Kayla suddenly felt very small against the eagerness. “I only have these two!! And we don’t know what else they might cause!! What if it was a fluke??”

Melanie stepped forward and lifted her shirt. “I’m a B-cup; if these are going to make me a freakin’ *D-cup*, I’m all in!”

“Or bigger...” Jesse said, eyes wide.

Ann, usually the voice of reason, stepped closer. “I wouldn’t mind trying it either, Kayla. I’ve lost a little weight, and not in the right places.”

Their hands reached for the remaining candies but Kayla snatched them away. “I only have these two! I-I can’t give you all one!”

Melanie was desperate. “Well then can you get more?? You saw how big it made you! *And you filled up with juice! How hot is that???*”

“I guess I could ask Ron for more... But he might not--”

“Do it!! Whatever it takes!! I have money!”

“Calm down, Melanie...” Ann soothed her friend. “Do you think you can get more, Kayla?”

Thinking against a racing pulse and covered in dried juice, Kayla nodded. “I’ll get some more.”

Several hours passed and twilight was setting on the campus. Kayla couldn’t believe what she was doing, but the thrill of her juicy expansion was too great to ignore. Her friends had to try it, and the two candies in her back pocket would never be enough to satisfy the sexual cravings now seeded in her own mind. Kayla realized she wanted to feel her breasts fill again. And again, and again.

Her timing was perfect. An engineering student was knocking off after a late night of studying and exiting the building just as she approached. A sweaty palm grabbed the door before it closed and any non-engineering students out for the night.

“Ok... Ok ok ok...” Kayla muttered, walking through the deserted halls. Based on what she knew about his schedule, Ron shouldn’t be in the lab. Her skin itched with anxiety all the same. Turning a corner, she found the lab dark and empty through a row of windows. Sitting on a shelf next to several pieces of Ron’s equipment was a small mason jar of candies. It was a blueberry treasure trove worthy of making Kayla’s mouth water.

She was in and out in minutes.

“He won’t miss a couple of them,” she assured herself. In her hand was clutched a plastic bag containing half of Ron’s candy stash. “I’ll apologize to him later; I don’t think Ann and the others can wait any longer.”

Like a collection of pearls, Kayla held them close and slipped out a back exit. Her friends should be waiting, just as they’d planned. When she stepped out into the night, however, Kayla realized she hadn’t accounted for her friends’ inability to keep a secret.

“Who are all these people??” Kayla hissed, finding a group over ten large crowded at the lab’s back exit. “I said I would share them with you guys! *Only* you guys!”

Jesse showed little remorse. “You didn’t really expect me to keep this a secret, did you?? I thought you were kidding!”

An upperclassman pushed her way through the crowd. “This is a joke, right? It has to be. I’m a biology major, and I can tell you without a doubt, the story I heard *cannot* be true.”

“It’s true! I saw it!” Melanie chimed.

Jesse licked her lips and stared at Kayla’s chest. “Mmmm and I tasted it. I can tell *you* without a doubt that it was *very* real.”

The biology major remained dubious. “Boobs don’t fill up with juice! They’re not balloons! They have *milk* glands that fill up with *milk* when you *lactate*.” Staring at Kayla’s chest, she demanded, “Show me your nipples. Jesse said they were blue.”

Kayla was flustered at the request and hugged her arms into her chest. “N-No! I mean they were, but they’re back to normal now!”

“Riiiiight, after your three friends sucked you dry in the girl’s locker room?”

Another girl piped up from the back and giggled, “Kind of sounds like someone just had some really good drugs!”

“Yea! I’ll take some of those too if you have any!”

Kayla was excited to see the dubious biology girl’s reaction. “Why don’t you have one then? Let me know how it goes tomorrow.” The bag was held open in front of her. Despite her strong scholarly convictions, the student was hesitant to pluck a candy from the trove. Under the twenty pairs of eyes, she removed a piece and put it in her mouth with a crunch.

“I-It is good...” she admitted. “*Mmm*, really good. How is it so juicy??”

“I want some!” The girls started to swarm.

“Hey!” Ann held several back. “Us first, we’re the ones that even told you about them.”

Hands dove into the bag, removing several candies at a time until none remained. Kayla was sad to see no extras to add to her stash, but she knew where to get more.

The biology major itched the side of her chest without noticing. “So how long does this take to kick in? Not that I believe it, but I have a date tonight and if I can fill out my dress the same way I heard you filled out your bra, I wouldn’t mind. Not that I believe any of it…”

Kayla watched the girl’s itching slowly turn into a massaging motion. It was already starting. “It didn’t take long. Mine felt full after three or four hours.”

“I’m eating two!”

“I’m an A-cup, I’m taking all three!”

“I’ll take one, but I want to save the others just in case something does happen…”

Even under the fantastical pretense, the girls were eager to jump at the opportunity for larger breasts. Hearing some of them so quick to jump to ingesting several candies, Kayla grew worried. “Wait! I’m not sure what taking more than one will do!”

One of them laughed after swallowing and patting her chest. “I guess I’m going to find out!”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Kayla didn’t know what she expected to find the following day. Somehow, like a fad running rampant in high school, the candies had managed to spread from the small group to a sizeable community. Kayla hadn’t realized just how many she’d taken from Ron until walking through the main hall on her way to class. The school was buzzing with talk of mammaries and the air smelled of freshly-squeezed blueberries. It was all Kayla heard. The unbelievable conversations were everywhere.

“I’m telling you! My boyfriend *LOVED* it!! I took one before I went to his place to study and I felt full before I even walked in the door! Pretty sure he thought I was bigger, but by the time I was *really* bulging into my sweater, he couldn’t take it anymore and just ripped my top off! The blue nipples weirded him out at first… I was freaked out too, really… But when I started leaking and he *tasted* my juice I couldn’t keep the guy off me! I don’t think his lips left my boobs for the rest of the night!”

“Mine too! I’ve never seen such sad puppy-dog eyes as when my juice ran out… He was so thirsty he went down on me for at least an hour afterward. Poor guy probably has the worst chapped lips today.” She paused upon seeing Kayla walk by. “Oh! Hey, thanks for the candy! Can I get some more later?? I can pay you!”

Kayla recognized her as the biology girl from the day before. Strange how quick her mind was to change. “O-Oh! Yea I’ll see what I can do!” One juicy conversation led to another.

“I made the mistake of falling asleep before seeing the final product... All I had was a set of stained sheets when I woke up. The dreams I had were *incredible* though.”

“You must have overflowed! I took two before bed thinking they needed a few hours, but I woke up feeling like I was ready to *pop!* I’ve never seen my nipples so big! Eight hours was *waaaaay* too long to go without juicing apparently. I spent an hour tugging on my nipples just to get them small enough I could fit into my clothes for school! I’m still half full.”

“Carly you’re huge!! Did you take one again this morning??”

“You bet I did! After what I did to my top last night? You know I had to take these puppies out for a spin through all my classes!”

Kayla couldn’t help but feel partially responsible for the state of the female student body. The stories of blueberry-induced sex and mistakes were around every corner. Cheesy grins flashed from her friend when they saw her approaching from down the hall.

“There she is!” Jesse hollered. “The girl of the hour! The girl with the magic titty-filling candy!”

“Shhh!!” Kayla hushed her friend. She couldn’t help but notice Jesse was wearing a low-cut shirt with an extreme amount of cleavage. The faintest pair of blue spots were soaking through her uniform. “Keep it down!”

Ann disagreed. “Why? It’s all anyone can talk about.” Glancing down, she noticed Kayla’s regular-sized chest. “You didn’t want to fill yourself up??”

“I...” Kayla didn’t want to admit she felt guilty for stealing them from Ron without his permission. Until she apologized, she didn’t think she could enjoy her remaining two. “I-I’m saving--”

A passing student snorted with amusement. Kayla should have heard the loud click of her heels from a mile away. “Saving yourself?” Taylor teased in passing, “Funny coming from you after what I saw in the locker room yesterday. Guess you just like to tease guys, huh? No wonder you’re still single for all these years. All you do is lead them on with a slutty show of cleavage.”

Fuming, Kayla stared at her attacker. Hefty breasts bulging through an unbuttoned blouse only fueled her fire. “It was an accident! I didn’t know--”

Ann put a hand on her shoulder. “It’s not worth it.”

Taylor was hardly paying attention. Flipping her hair over her shoulder, she left Kayla and her friends.

“She’s always attacking me...” Kayla growled. “What did I ever do to her??”

“Taylor just likes to pick fights. She always has.” Jesse rolled her eyes. “More importantly, did anyone notice her cleavage?”

Kayla moaned. “Are you trying to make me feel better?”

“No!” Jesse grinned. “I’m talking about how it looks like *someone* is wearing a push-up bra today...”

The group’s eyes collectively bulged.

“Oh my God, you’re right!” Kayla laughed.

“She must have seen all the other girls suddenly out doing her! Must have been *terrible* coming to school and finding all your classmates’ boobs suddenly bigger than your own. Nobody would have given her one of the candies; she probably keeps a spare push-up bra in her car just in case. Her appearance is all she has.”

“Wow... That’s kind of sad...” Melanie admitted.

“But also *really* funny. Even Lucy is bigger than her, and she’s on track and field!”

“Pretty sure Lucy ate three candies last night,” Kayla whispered.

Ann’s giggled. “Well that explains her melons! I wonder how she’s feeling. I took two and I round and *plenty* full after only two hours. My skin was stretching by the time I took a shower. A drain was just what I needed.” Her eyes fluttered as if recalling a life-changing sexual experience. “I’m saving my last one for a special occasion.”

Melanie was somber. “It’s too bad the growth isn’t permanent... I really liked having breasts as big as my head.”

Jesse chuckled. “Please, knowing you, you would go double that if you could. You have no self-control!”

“Yea, you’re probably right,” Melanie blushed.

“So can we have some more??”

“Please?!”

Kayla didn’t hear them. Two guys were walking down the hall. Watching their mouths move as they spoke to each other, Kayla noticed their lips, tongue, and teeth were stained blue. Knowing some girls out there had just been emptied of their juice was oddly arousing.

I wonder if Ron would like my juice...

“Kayla!”

“S-Sorry! What? What is it??”

Ann glared at her. “Can you get more candy?? I have a test tomorrow and my math teacher goes easy on girls with a lot of cleavage.”

“Uhhh... I-I can...” Two girls walked past, dribbles of blue liquid staining their blouses and skirts. “I can try! But maybe we shouldn’t be passing them out like last night. I don’t want to get in trouble. Teachers might notice is everybody suddenly starts popping out of their shirts.”

“Sure, sure! It can be just between us girls!”

“So when do you think you can get them??”

“M-Maybe--” A saving grace appeared. From out of the juice-happy throngs of students, Ron’s face shown through. “*Ron!*” Kayla called.

“Hey, Kayla!” he smiled, joining the group. His curious eyes flitted between the enhanced sets of cleavage for only a moment before settling on her. “How’s it going?”

“Good! Listen, I gotta get to class. Want to walk me there?”

“Uhhh sure!”

Executing her escape plan, Kayla turned to her friends. “Bye, guys!”

The frustration on their faces was immense.

“You can’t hide!” Jesse declared as she left.

Melanie looked desperate. “We know you have more!”

“That’s a weird way to say goodbye,” Ron chuckled.

Kayla nodded. “Jesse has always been a bit odd. How have things been? Make any progress on your candy?”

“Yea! I filled a whole mason jar, actually! I went to the lad this morning though and like half of it was gone.”

“That is *so weird*.”

“I’m wondering if some of the other chemistry students have been digging around my stuff. I might need to see if I can take a look at the security cameras.”

“I’m sure the janitor just--”

A girl came walking up, her body clearly not used to the volleyball-sized breasts straining her blouse. Saying a prayer, Kayla hoped she wasn’t going to ask what she feared.

“Kayla! Do you have any more of those blueberry candies?? My sister doesn’t believe me and I want to prank her tonight.”

Face red as Ron turned towards her, Kayla stammered, “S-Sorry! I’m all out right now! Maybe later!”

Disappointed, the girl withered. “Aww... Ok... Let me know when you get some, all right??” Grabbing Kayla’s hand, she scribbled with a pen. “Here’s my number! Text me anytime.”

“W-Will do!”

She bounced away, leaving Kayla to Ron’s logic.

“Blueberry candy, huh? You wouldn’t happen to know who took mine, would you?”

Giggling with guilt, Kayla tried to shrink into herself. “Yea! Whoops... Funny thing... I might have *really* enjoyed the ones you gave me and...maybe stole a few for some friends?”

“Wow, they were good enough to steal!” Ron laughed. “That’s a compliment if I’ve ever gotten one!”

Kayla blushed, remembering the juice swelling her tits to over double their size. “They’re *really, REALLY* good, Ron.” Inside, Kayla was conflicted.

You have to tell him. He CAN’T give these out not knowing what they do to women! He could get arrested if he gives it to the wrong person! Kayla gulped, her mind running wild. Maybe he’ll want proof. Would he want me to be his helper? I’m his best female friend; who else would he feel comfortable with about this?? It’s only FAIR that I tell him! He deserves to know!

Ron was beaming. “I’m glad you think so! I was going to make more tonight and--”

“T-They do things, Ron.”

His expression changed as he went into science mode. “Like what? Did you get the juicy effect? I was sure I had worked out.”

“Oh yea! Yea yea! I definitely got it!” Kayla couldn’t nod fast enough. Pulling him aside, she lowered her voice. The halls were starting to clear as students went to class. “I mean...they make *something* happen... Something I’m pretty sure you didn’t intend...”

Ron pushed up his glasses, somewhat concerned. “You’re going to have to be more clear. Did you get sick? An aftertaste?”

“No! I... I don’t know how to say this.” Kayla shuffled her feet and whispered as quietly as a mouse, “T-They made my boobs fill up with juice.”

Ron was silent.

“I know it sounds crazy! I can’t believe it either honestly! B-But I took one yesterday morning and they were twice their size and leaking blueberry juice by lunch! I stole some and gave them to my friends, and then they passed them out, and now two dozen girls on campus have juice-filled tits and guys are walking around with their mouths dyed and... Does this make sense?? Am I crazy?! I promise I’m not making this--”

Kayla looked at Ron’s face. He was staring at the students around them and some of the girls’ overstuffed blouses. The scent of berries in the air suddenly made sense. Eyes wide with stunned realization, he muttered, “The oxytocin...”

“The what?”

Ron licked his lips, thinking a mile a minute. “I chemically designed the candies to stimulate the brain to release a tiny bit of oxytocin when you eat them. To increase enjoyment! I didn’t even think...” Turning to Kayla, then to her chest, he confessed, “I didn’t even think about the increased role of oxytocin in women.”

His eyes had never lingered on her breasts for so long. It made Kayla weak in the knees. “What...What does oxytocin do...?” she asked, subconsciously arching her back to present a better view.

“Induces lactation.” Kayla was surprised there wasn’t smoke coming out of Ron’s ears. “Remember how I said the candy is supposed to react to saliva to act like it’s making more juice? My candy must have spiked your oxytocin, which overly stimulated your breasts, and then my formula reacting to your increased hormones caused your milk glands to produce juice...i-instead of milk...”

Ron wasn’t sure how to react to the news. On the one hand, the scientific implications were enormous. On the other, he had just caused one of his best friends, and several other classmates, to lactate blueberry juice and blow out of their bras.

“Kayla,” he said immediately, “I am *SO* sorry. I had no idea! I-If I had known, I *never* would have given them to you! I swear, I didn’t mean for--”

Kayla blushed. “It’s ok, Ron... Really, I’m fine...!” Looking at her feet, she added, “It felt sort of good if I’m being honest.”

“It felt *good*?”

Neither of them could believe the subject of their conversation. How things had taken such an intimate, sexual turn towards Kayla’s chest was unbelievable.

“Y-Yea! My boobs got kind of tight and felt really full... Hearing all that juice sloshing around, and then the looks on my friends’ faces when they tasted it and started sucking on my nipples in the locker room--”

“You could *hear* the juice??”

Kayla was shocked that was what Ron had attached to. “There was a muffled sloshing whenever I moved, mostly when they were really full.”

“Wow... Oh my God...” Ron gawked. His mind was calculating scenario after scenario. This opportunity was too great to pass up and too crazy to bring to anyone else. “Kayla,” he asked, looking around.

“Yea?”

“If you wouldn’t mind, I would like to see it first hand.”

Her heart thumped at the outlandish request. What exactly did Ron mean? “Y-You what?”

“If this is true, it could change a *lot* about what we know of biochemistry and human anatomy. But you’re the only one I trust with it right now. I know it might be too much and inappropriate for me to ask this of you, but if I would *watch* this happen, I would owe you big time.”

“You want to...*watch my* chest grow and fill up with juice?”

“Purely for scientific reasons! You will need to be topless, so if you’re uncomfortable with the idea I totally understand, but--”

“*Yes!! I’ll do it!!*” Kayla’s hands were clammy with excitement. Even if it started out for scientific reasons, what might come of Ron studying her chest up close was heart throbbing. Being alone with him without a shirt could only lead to good things. “Of course I’ll do it!”

Ron was ecstatic. “Oh thank you! I can’t tell you how much this means to me! If this is real...” He could hardly keep from shaking. “I can’t even imagine! Meet me in the science building tonight at eight o’clock. Can you do that?? I’ll reserve a private lab; no one should bother us.”

Kayla nodded. The last few minutes had been a flurry of emotional development and it could only accelerate. “I’ll be there!”

(. Y .) (. Y .) (. Y .) (. Y .) (. Y .)

The dark halls of the science buildings were electric with Kayla’s sexual tension. She couldn’t believe what she intended to do, but if there was anyone she wanted measuring, watching, and recording her bare breasts as they swelled like ripe fruits, it was Ron. He may had

assured her it was for scientific purposes only, but science was the furthest thing from her mind. She only hoped the same urges were hiding in the back of his mind as well.

A wing meant for only the most advanced science majors waited before her. At the end of the hall was a door frame illuminated by light from the other side. Nothing could be seen inside due to a shade drawn across the door's slender window. As Ron had promised, they were in complete privacy.

Kayla knocked lightly before opening the door. "Hello? Ron?"

"Come on in!"

The inside was bright with fluorescent light. A table supported the entirety of Ron's candy project. He had moved every piece just for this occasion. Kayla couldn't have felt happier to be his helper.

"Thank you so much for doing this," he expressed. "I know it won't be easy."

"Really, it's no trouble at all!" Kayla giggled. "I'm actually a little excited. I'll be your little science experiment..."

She froze the instant after the flirty words slipped from her lips. The last thing she wanted was to push Ron too far. Color rushed to her face as she waited for a response.

Ron chuckled. "I'll try not to probe you too much then."

Holy shit. Either Ron doesn't know what flirting is, or he's just as into this as I am.

Looking his partner over, he nodded at the baggy zip-up covering her torso. A small bowl of candies was set on the table next to a notebook and a lockable tape measure. "All right, I think we're ready to start."

Kayla slapped her hands against her hips. "What should I do?"

Ron grabbed the tape measure from the table. "If you're still comfortable, go ahead and take off your jacket."

A zipper had never been so easy to remove. Hoping he didn't see her hard nipples as a form of overexcitement, Kayla stood in front of her friend awkwardly shuffling her arms across her stomach before letting them fall to her side. She had been naked in front of guys before, but in this lab environment, her C-cups had never felt so exposed. She wondered if they were all Ron had imagined them to be, if at all.

"Very nice," Ron said, taking her jacket.

"Oh how the compliments flow!"

"I meant about your--" Ron paused and stared at Kayla's naked chest.

It was one of the few times she'd seen such a reaction. Kayla poured on her best aura of cuteness and timidly brought her biceps into her chest, pushing them together. "You're blushing, Mr. Science..."

"Sorry! Sorry, first time doing something like this." Unraveling the tape, he made sure to maintain eye contact as he stepped forward. "Arms up?"

Kayla lifted her arms over her head and memories of pubescent fitting rooms rushed back. “W-What’s this for?”

The tape pressed into her nipples and hugged her soft skin before being pulled tight just enough to cause her flesh to bulge. It clicked in place, holding firm around her chest.

“I’ll need a before and after measurement, and this tape will snap to new sizes along with your breasts as they grow. Assuming they grow at all.”

“L-Let’s hope they do.”

Kayla was self-conscious as he leaned in and read a number hugging her bare side. “Eighty-four centimeters...” Ron jotted the number down. “Good, any change in size should be pretty obvious.”

“What is that supposed to mean?!”

“Oh! I-I didn’t mean anything by it!! I only meant--”

Kayla replaced her arms at her side. “Honestly, Ron, if this is how you treat *all* of your naked female experiments, I’m surprised you haven’t been beaten to a pulp.” A sly smile let him know she was only kidding. “All right, I’m all taped up. What next?”

“Now we begin.” Ron held a bowl of candies to her. “How many did you eat the first time?”

The sight of them made her mouth water. “Just one...”

“I suppose we should start small, maybe--”

CRUNCH

“Kayla!”

She looked at him with guilty eyes, three candies crushed to delicious powder in her mouth. “What?? I thought we wanted to experiment!”

“That doesn’t mean you *triple* your original dosage! We don’t know what could happen!”

“But they’re just so good...” she whimpered. “I’m sure it’ll be fine.”

Defeated, Ron watched her swallow. “I guess we’ll see.”

“Besides, if my boobs start going wild, I’m sure you’ll take care of me.” Arousal was already mounting in Kayla. “All you gotta do it grab my nipples and--*Nnnngh!!*”

She stumbled back, grasping each breast in her hands. Their surfaces were taut and firm, swelling evident.

“Are you all right?? What do you feel??” Ron rushed to her, helping Kayla sit in a chair.

“I...I’m fine... It just hit so hard...” she swooned, massaging her chest. “It took an hour before I felt anything last time...”

“Well you just took a much higher concentration! And your body may have already been primed to lactate!”

Kayla’s breathing was becoming faster. Every inhale pushed her mammaries into the secured tape. “*O-Ooohhhh. Mmmmmmm God something is happening...*” she moaned.

Sweat glistened on her skin and reflected the fluorescent lights from her cleavage. Ron was writing notes furiously. “You’re sure you’re all right? You’re not in pain? I have lotion. It might help your skin if I rub some into--”

“Mmm!!”

CLICK!

“A-Ahh!!”

The tape measure jumped up a size, forced larger by Kayla’s breasts. Just the thought of Ron rubbing lotion into her chest had a pronounced effect. “O-Ooohh it’s starting... I can feel...something in my chest!” She gulped, the taste of blueberry still saturating her mouth. “R-Ron... Ohhhhhh *my tits!*”

CLICK!!

CLICK!!

“Oh they’re blowing up!!! Ron there’s juice in there!! GOD I FEEL SO SWOLLEN ALREADY!!”

Ron stepped back to take in the full view. “Interesting,” he observed, watching the tape tremble. “It seems your mood has a direct impact on the growth! The less you control yourself, the faster the juice develops!”

Leaning back in her chair, Kayla’s breasts hung off her torso like growing melons. Every snap of the tape meant another cup size had come to overflow her body.

“This... This is incredible!” Ron exclaimed, snapping pictures and taking notes.

“Y-You’re really going to photograph me...like this??” Kayla giggled, “Those better just be for *scientific* purposes, mister! You better not--”

CLICK!!

“M-MMM!! Nnnghh!! I’m already over twice my normal size!! It took me hours to get this big yesterday!!” Kayla stared at the volleyballs wobbling on her body. As full as she felt of the pumping juice, her nipples were still as pink as ever.

“I never imagined the enhancement would be so pronounced!” Ron studied. Leaning closer, he stared at her chest from inches away. “You’ve drastically increased in size! This could disrupt several industries!”

CLICK!!

“D-Did you think I was...*nnngh*...lying??”

“Of course not! But sometimes our perspective can magnify a small--”

CLICK!!

CLICK!!

CLICK!!

“Mmmph!!” Hot bulging skin surged at Ron and smashed into his face. The force sent him backward onto his butt with stunned eyes.

Kayla couldn't contain her laughter. "How was *that* perspective?? You should see your face! You look like--"

CLICK!!

CLICK!!

CLICK!!

CLICK!!

CLICK!!

"MMMMNNNGHH!!!! *Oooooohhh GOD THAT WAS A LOT OF JUICE ALL OF THE SUDDEN!!!*" Kayla was heaving for breath. Flesh was pushing into her biceps and the armrests. Nearing the size of well-grown watermelons, their weight was becoming a burden. "O-Ohhhh *they're heavy... Ron they're getting so heavy! A-All this...blueberry juice! Maybe I shouldn't have done three of them!*"

CLICK!!

SLLSH

CLICK!!

SLLLSH

"T-There's the sloshing!! *Mmmm can you hear it?? They sound like freaking water balloons! The fluid is moving around in my tits!*"

Skin pulled taut around Kayla's shoulders. Supporting such a fluid mass was proving more difficult on her petite body every second. With flesh creeping lower down her abdomen and up to her collarbones, Ron watched the girl transform into more breast than student.

"O-Oohhh my God... *Oh God they're getting MASSIVE!! Ron!! Look at my TITS!!*"

Kayla squirmed in her seat. The motions filled the room with sloshing and loud bubbles of settling juice. Ron would have thought a fifty-gallon drum was being shaken had he not seen the beach ball udders wobble in front of him.

CLICK!!

CLICK!!

CLICK!!

CLICK!!

"M-My nipples!!! *GOD WHY AM I SO BIG?? I FEEL...SO PLUMP AND FULL!! I didn't think three of them would go THIS far!! My chest...just keeps pumping up!*"

"The effect must multiply onto itself!" Ron hadn't blinked for the past several minutes. Watching her chest make contact with her trembling thighs, he wondered how far Kayla's chest could possibly bloat.

"Ooooohhhhh they're full... *God I'm so ENGORGED!! Everything is streeetching!!*" Her head rolled back and she gasped, feeling sweat rubbing between her cleavage and fluid between her thighs. "I-I-I...*I think I'm ripe!! Ron, I'm full!! MMMM I LOVE IT!!*"

CLICK!!

CLICK!!

CLICK!!

“H-How can your breasts do this?! This shouldn’t be scientifically possible! Even the heaviest lactating women don’t engorge nearly this--”

CLICK!!

CLICK!!

CLICK!!

“AHHH I DON’T THINK THOSE WOMEN HAVE EVER FILLED WITH JUICE!!”

CLICK!!

SNAP

The sound of plastic coming together rang out in the room. Kayla’s eyes bulged when she felt the tape starting to pull into her ever-widening chest. Pressure was rising and her chest was constricted across the front. “R-R-Rooooon!!” she gasped, “I-I think the tape...i-is too small!! It’s not clicking anymore!”

Ron wanted to react but he was too busy staring at Kayla’s pink, mounded areolas engulfing the tape. A blue tinge was overpowering their natural color it was spreading across their surfaces.

CRREEEAAAANK

“Y-You can’t just...watch, Ron!! This thing is getting too small! I-I’m getting too BIG! There’s too much juice inside of me!!” Kayla groaned at the overwhelming stimulation assaulting her body.

CRREEEEAAAAANK

The tape measure vibrated inside her chest, hidden between folds of bulging flesh. Ron blinked, watching her coaster-sized nipples bloat and turn dark blue. Rubbing her thighs together, Kayla fought an approaching orgasm. Sitting in front of Ron’s staring eyes, the last thing she wanted to do was come. Nipples full and tight, she whimpered with effort.

“R-RON!! GET THIS THING OFF MY BOOBS BEFORE I FILL UP ANYMORE!!

Ooohhh please they’re so SENSITIVE! M-MMM!!!”

Her exasperated cry shook him out of it. Jumping to his feet, Ron ran forward and wrapped his arms around Kayla’s torso. Juice-filled mammaries the size of car tires pressed into him.

“Ahhhh hurry hurry HUUURRY!! T-The juice!!! There’s...SO MUCH PRESSURE!!”

CRREEAAAAAAAANK--

CHA-CRACK!!!

The press of a release button allowed the tape to explode open, releasing Kayla’s chair-overflowing chest. It sloshed across her lap and would have brought her to the floor had Ron not been there to catch her shoulders.

“A-AHH!!” she cried out, feeling her contents swirling and stretching her skin.

Steadied by his hand, Ron looked at her chest filling her lap. She bulged into his hips and thighs. “I’m sorry! Kayla you’re *massive!* Are you all right??”

“I’m...” Kayla swooned, the sight of her chest blown so large was making her dizzy. “I-I’m fine... But my chest... It feels so...*mmmm...BLOATED.* I feel like there is so much juice inside of me, t-that I could--”

“That was the most incredible thing I’ve ever seen.”

She looked up into Ron’s sparkling eyes. “H-Huh?”

“You were *amazing!*” he yelled, “Look at what you accomplished!! This is *groundbreaking!* I’ve never seen anything like it! There is so much juice, yet your breasts continued to stretch and fill!! Kayla... You’re wondrous!”

Her heartbeat sent minuscule waves across her chest. Her face inches from his, they stared at each other amid the rising heat of her cleavage. Kayla could feel juice leaking into his pant legs.

“R-Ron...” she whispered, noticing him looking down at her lips. “I’m glad you asked me to help you...”

His eyes were flitting between her eyes and lips. “I-I’m happy you agreed. Watching you grow like this was... I couldn’t take my eyes off you. It was beautiful...”

Kayla opened her mouth. Ron looked thirsty and the scent of juice was thick in the air. “Do...Do you want to *try* some of it?”

“You mean, *taste* your juice?”

Kayla shivered. “*M-Mhm...*”

Ron leaned closer, their faces an inch apart. “I would love to...”

Slowly, as Ron leaned into her chest, their lips approached until--

BANG BANG BANG!!

“*HEY!! Ron!! Are you in there?!*”

They both looked at the door in horror.

Ron tried to react. “*Please wait a moment! Don’t come in--*”

It was useless. Against all odds, Taylor had managed to interrupt them once again. Blowing the door open, the blonde stormed into the private lab with a grading rubric flapping in her hand.

“*We got a B?! We got a fucking B, Ron!!*”

Ron tried to stay as calm as possible and usher her back through the door. “Taylor, please! I’m busy right now! I reserved this lab for important work and--”

“I know! I’ve been looking for you for an *hour!* *I thought you said we were fine!! I needed this A! What am I going to tell my pare--*” Taylor stopped when she saw the mortified Kayla sitting in a chair overflowing with her own breasts. Juice ran over her body in thick sugary rivulets.

“*Dammit, Taylor!!*” Kayla swore, grabbing frantically for her jacket. It draped over her chest like a mini table cloth but provided modesty only until her nipples began leaking through. “*Get out of here!!*”

Taylor snorted, an amused grin spreading on her face. “Wow... So *this* is what goes on in these labs. And *those* must be the famous blueberry boobs I’ve been hearing so much about. I gotta say, I didn’t believe it until a friend showed me her gross blue nipples! Some girls will do *anything* to be big, won’t they? We can’t all be so well endowed.” Watching Kayla struggle to cover herself was a glorious spectacle and brought Taylor to laughter. “I think you might have overdone it, though! Your body could barely handle them the other day, your back is likely to give out with those bloated things!”

Turning to Ron, Taylor gave him a knowing snicker. “I’m sure you loved every second of it, huh? No wonder your attention is so hard to grab; you’re into freakish things like this!” Laughing and wiping a tear from her face, Taylor managed to say, “You two are *perfect* for each other.”

Ron wasn’t any happier than Kayla. “*Taylor, please! Can you leave??*”

The reason for her visit came rushing back. Shoving the rubric in Ron’s face, she demanded, “Not until I get an explanation! Why did we get a B on our project?!”

With all the self-righteous energy he could manage, Ron jabbed a finger at the bottom of the page where their professor had written notes. “You spelled your name wrong on the cover page. Professor Kall marks down a letter grade for grade-school errors like that.”

Taylor stared at the new-to-her note before giggling. “Whoops! I must have been tired.”

The lack of responsibility was burning Kayla up inside. “*Can you go now?!*”

“Yes, now that it all figured out!” Taylor turned to leave but gave Kayla one final glance. “You can go back to whoring your boobs out now. But some womanly advice; put some clothes on. You’ll look *much* better with those unnatural things covered up. Or just get implants like a normal self-conscious woman. I would if I had boobs like yours.”

Kayla’s jaw dropped and rage flared in her chest. “*HOW DARE--*”

Ron was quick to step in. Pushing into Taylor’s back, he forced her through the door. “Ok, see you in class!”

“H-Hey! *Don’t push me!*” she yelled, stumbling into the hall. “*These labs are as much mine as they are yours! I could reserve all of these! Where would you do your perverted experiments then?!*”

The door closed before she could scream any more. Sighing, Ron pushed a chair against the door and sat down. “I’m so sorry...”

“It’s ok,” Kayla growled, still burning from anger. “Taylor has a way of ruining anything. In her mind can do nothing wrong.”

“Except spell her name. She can do that *very* wrong.”

They were silent. It amazed Kayla how the mood could go from so perfect to something so stressful and flooded with anger. The juice pushing against her skin wasn't as pleasurable anymore with the moment gone. Now she just felt tight and angry.

"Can you get me a bucket? I think I should just go home..."

Ron pointed to the middle of the floor. "There's a drain..."

"Fine by me."

The sound of juice splattered onto the floor echoed in their ears when Kayla began tugging on her nipples. She'll never know where the night could have gone with such incredible breasts had Taylor not barged in. Such a waste had never been seen.

"Do you need help?" Ron asked.

"No thanks... Maybe we can try again some other time if you need more notes."

"I wouldn't mind."

The air was awkward but nothing was going to salvage the night at this point.

"Hey, Ron..." she asked.

"Hmm?"

"What do you think would happen if someone ate *a lot* of your candies? Like eight or ten?"

His eyes bulged and his cheeks puffed out with a strong contemplative exhale. "Hard to say. Based on your reaction to three of them, though, it could be incapacitating. Messing with hormones can lead to permanent changes, though. Honestly I have no clue. Why?"

Kayla grunted as she tugged a nipple that should have been in Ron's mouth. Taylor's laughter rang in her head. "No reason."

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

"Taylor! Taylor wait up!"

Looking up from her phone, Taylor turned around in the bustling college hallway. It was surprising to find Kayla walking towards her.

"I'm glad I caught you," Kayla huffed, "I thought we had classes in the same building on Thursdays!"

"Oh my, you're looking much smaller this morning!" Taylor scoffed. "I really hope you're not all stretched out or anything. Having granny boobs so young would be a shame..."

Kayla's eye twitched as she fought to ignore Taylor's exaggerated pouty lip. Extending a hand, she presented a fresh cup of coffee from the local campus shop. "Here, this is for you."

Taylor's eyes lit up. "For me?"

"I felt bad about yelling at you last night. Both Ron and I did. We wanted to make it up to you. He said he was sorry about not double-checking your name on the project." Every word out of Kayla's mouth was a lie, but it would be worth it.

The confession softened Taylor's apprehension. "You guys did yell at me pretty harshly. I just wanted to know why we didn't get an A and you basically threw me out of the room! Ron pushed me *really* hard. I could have gotten really hurt."

You got a B because you're an idiot who can't spell her own name.

"Like I said, we're sorry." Kayla held the coffee out. "Here, enjoy! It's hazelnut!"

"Ooooh!" Taylor took the gift without a second thought but noticed the size. "Aww, you got me a small..."

Kayla ground her teeth. "Yea they were all out of larges."

It warmed Taylor's hands and lips as she tested a sip. "It's so sweet though! Almost fruity!"

The proud display of cleavage between Taylor's half-unbuttoned blouse almost made Kayla sorry she would miss the show.

Go ahead, drink up. I was THIS close to FINALLY kissing ROn last night and you ruined everything!

"I put a little honey in it," Kayla whispered, "Old family secret."

"I love it! Thanks, Taylorta, this is going to get me through my morning classes."

"U-Uh, it's actually Kay--You know what never mind. I gotta get to class. Have a good day!"

"You too!" Taylor waved before drinking heartily. The drink spread heat across her chest in waves, giving her a sense of rising fullness. "Mmmm, I'm going to have to remember that honey trick..." she told herself, continuing on.

The coffee was gone before she reached her class. Every sip made her crave another until the cup was hollow and devoid of the treat. "Really wish she had bought me a large," Taylor huffed, tossing it in a trashcan before entering the classroom. During her trek to the back of the classroom, she felt a pang of pressure from her bra. Sitting down and out of sight from the teacher and majority of the class, Taylor nonchalantly tugged at the band. Claiming a seat in the back corner of the room by a window was always useful for getting away with prohibited actions during class, most often her phone.

"N-Ngh, kinda tight..." she muttered, pulling the bra again before it jumped out of her fingers and snapped against her ribcage. "Eep!"

GRRRWWLL

A rumble vibrated Taylor's belly. Placing her hands across her abdomen, she glanced down as a tingling pressure moved upward before settling in her chest. Heat was rising from her exposed cleavage like a fleshy radiator. The black of her bra showed through the white blouse as clear as day, as if the fabric were stretched.

"I-I don't feel...right..." Taylor groaned. A hardened tingling in her nipples was as titillating as it was worrisome. This wasn't like anything else she'd felt in her bra before.

"You ok?"

Taylor glanced to the right. A guy, one of the campus potheads, was following her gaze to her chest. “*Excuse me?*”

“You’re starin’ at your boobs like they’re talking to you! What are they saying?”

“Fuck off, perv! I was looking at the desk, not my--*N-Nggh!*” Taylor shivered. If she wasn’t mistaken, her underwire had just lifted away from her torso. Sensations of heavy bloating were coursing through her breasts. Taylor was used to minor swelled every now and then, but this could hardly be considered minor.

“*Whooaaaaa*. Did your boobs just gr--”

Frantic, Taylor leaned forward to hide what felt like several added cup sizes. As ridiculous as it seemed, her shirt looked fit to overflow. “I said fuck off! If you keep staring at me I’m going to tell the...*mmm...t-teacher!*”

“Ok, fine, *jeeez*. You just looked a little swollen is all...”

“I’m not... I-I’m not...” Taylor couldn’t focus. Every breath made her bra increasingly taut. She could feel stress lines cutting into her back from her tightening blouse. “*Oohhh I feel bigger...*” she whined, trying to keep her voice down and grinding her heels into the floor.

“*M-My boobs...feel so swollen!*”

CREEAAK

“*Nngh!?*”

Taylor was forced upward an inch when her chest plumped into her desk. Despite her best efforts, it wasn’t going to let her keep her added girth hidden. Flinging her arms to the sides of her knockers, she hugged them for added privacy.

“What’s happening to me??” she whimpered. A glance downward made her heart skip a beat. Flesh was rising from her blouse like expanding marshmallows. At twice the size of her usual F-cups, Taylor’s uniform could only take so much before her developments became too obvious to hide.

The professor glanced across the room at those present. “All right, I think we can get started. Open your books to page fifty-four.”

More than anything, Taylor wished she could distract herself with the lecture. Normally she would look at her phone through class, but something told her she wouldn’t be able to see in her lap anymore right now.

“Today we’ll be discussing the works of the Renaissance.”

Taylor couldn’t have cared less. Her mind was focused solely on the iron-hard nipples fighting inside her bra. “*N-NNGH!! They’re so sensitive!?*” she grunted through pursed lips. They pushed further into the desk, giving her the impression she was leaning on two volleyballs.

“*Whoa... No wonder you were starin’ at them!*”

“*S-Shut up!?*” It didn’t matter what she said to him now; the pothead’s eyes were glued to her bloating tits and there was no way to hide them. “*O-Ooohhhh... Oooohhh what’s happening*

to me?? Why am I blowing up?! Why do I feel...so...full?! I-I was big enough!! These are bigger than my own head!"

SCREECH!!

SLLSH!!

"M-MMM!!!"

The student in front of her pushed his chair back, slamming it into Taylor's desk. The force caused a bounce to jostle her chest and emanate a muffled slosh from its depths. Such a sound from her bust made her eyes bulge and a whimper pass through her lips.

"Everything good back there, Ms. Wolf?" the professor asked.

Taylor had never been so glad to be sitting in the back of the class. Leaning on her bloated jugs, she replied, "Y-Yup!"

"Please try and keep it down. As I was saying, Michelangelo is best known for his work in the Sistine Chapel."

His voice faded away among the rolling sloshes of Taylor's udders. The inside of her bra was warm and sticky, its padding soaked with an unknown fluid. As she continued to balloon, it was impossible for her to lean on them any further. Back straight, Taylor heaved for breath as breasts like basketballs sat round and heavy on her desk.

"Nnnnghh what's inside my tits?? There's something...swirling around!! They feel tight!!" Sinking her hands into their sides, Taylor could feel her bra changing their shape. It was taut as a cable.

The pothead's eyes widened to saucers. Unseen by Taylor, splotches of dark blue were soaking through her blouse. "Duuuuude!! You're pretty daring to be juicing during class! That's hot! Where did you get the candy?? I saw some girls that took some yesterday that looked--"

"Juicing? The hell are you talking about?!"

"Blueberry juice!" he chuckled.

"Keep it down, *please*," the professor warned once more.

He lowered his voice. "Everyone has been talking about these magic candies that make your tits leak juice! It's awesome!"

CREEEAAK

"A-Ahh!!" Taylor shuddered at the breaking stitches in her bra. "You moron! I didn't eat any of those damn candies! I was big enough already! I didn't need them! Why would I need to--"

Taylor froze. In sync, hers and the pothead's eyes turned into moons. A blue hue was creeping out of Taylor's cleavage like water across her skin. It crept up and out, spreading over the surface of her breasts. Slowly it turned darker and more rich until her skin was tinged enough to show through the white of her blouse. Continuing to the base of her chest, the blue color inched up her bust before fading back to her skin tone at her collarbones.

“WHOA, dude!! You must be REALLY full if your tits are turning blue! I thought just your nipples changed!” The pothead chuckled. “They look like a couple of blueberries!”

Taylor squirmed in her seat. The pressure under her clothes, as well as inside her chest, was immense. “I-I didn’t!! I didn’t eat any!! *Why am I filling up with--*”

PING!!

“Ow!!” The student in front of her grabbed his head where a button had struck. Turning back, he was intercepted by the pothead.

“Sorry, man. My bad.”

Taylor didn’t care. At the rate she was swelling, her clothes wouldn’t last much longer. Bulging blue skin was heaving into the open at every seam. Thinking hard, she realized her fate. “*The coffee,*” she snarled. “That bitch *spiked my coffee with--*”

SNAP!!

“A-AHHMMM!!!” A shockwave raced across her tits.

“*Ms. WOLF!!*” The professor scolded. “I’ve been lenient with you all year. I allow you to be on your phone because it doesn’t disturb the students who come here to actually learn, but I will *not* tolerate outbursts! If you can’t handle this, then I suggest you leave. Do I make myself clear??”

“Y-Yes, sir!” Taylor squeaked. The effect of her bra snapping in half was still ricocheting through her body. Free of duty, the bra cups snapped back to the sides of her chest where they were stuck between her shirt and flesh. Juice came flowing out seconds later from released nipples. Against her blue skin, her nipples shown dark and purple like large fruits pushing against her blouse.

“M-Mmmm... Nnnnghhh...!” Taylor whimpered. “*They’re not stopping!!*”

The pothead inched back in his seat. “Hey, I think you might be ripe!” he offered. “How many did you take??”

“I don’t know I don’t know! I-I...ooohhhh God they feel full! T-This juice is stretching me...so tight!! Dammit, my blouse can’t--”

PING!!

“MMM!!”

Another button burst off. Granted the extra space, Taylor’s juicy udders squeezed through the opening and stretched her blouse enough for her nipples to squish into the open. No longer inhibited by taut fabric, they began oozing thick juice over her chest and onto the desk. Their appearance reminded Taylor of blueberry popsicles. Squeezing their sides with her hands, she did what she could to help relieve the pressure but the swelling only continued. Juice ran over her desk and pooled around her chest. Thick like syrup, Taylor could feel it gluing her in place. The constant expansion of her cleavage pulled her juice-stuck skin apart every time she breathed. A trembling finger traced around a puffy areola and found it to be as large as a teacup. Too shocked to react, Taylor could only sink her arms into her sides and stare in horror.



Taylor's mind flew. She knew at this rate it wouldn't be long until she couldn't act. Standing with her current size might already be a challenge, much less walking. Fate may have been on her side, however. Her one hope of avoiding humiliation was the classroom's second exit. The door waited behind her desk. A simple escape, if she could manage her weight.

"I-I...I gotta get out of...here!" she moaned, the flow of juice increasing. If her shirt were to burst, she feared there would be nothing left to keep her chest from engorging at full force. *"I need to juice my boobs!! They're...They're full!!"*

SNAP!

The pothead grinned at the photo on his phone.

"Are you serious?!"

"What?? You look ready to flood this classroom!"

"DELETE THAT PHOTO OR I'LL--"

GLUB-GLUB-GLUB-GLUB

Taylor froze. Something had bubbled inside her chest, like blueberry lava building in a volcano. Whatever was happening, it was only just beginning.

STTTTTRRRRTTCHH

SHRRIIP!!

“*A-Ahh!! Shit!!*” A seam opened on the side of her blouse when her boobs surged. Ready to blow her top, Taylor knew she had only moments to react. “*N-No no no!! Please just wait!!*” Hugging her chest as gently as she could while supporting their double beach ball weight, she spun out of her chair and rushed for the door. The class jolted and stared at her back when it slammed open and she rushed into the hall.

“What in the world?” the professor gawked. Two splotches of blue fluid were running down the door. “Was she all right? Where is she going??”

The pothead chuckled. “Yea, I think she just decided she couldn’t handle it anymore.”

Meanwhile, on her way back from the bathroom, Kayla caught the distinct scent of blueberries in the hall. It became overwhelming as she followed the trail.

“*W-Whoa!!*” Flailing her arms, she stabilized herself on the slippery floor. At her feet was a trail of blue fluid coming around the corner. One end led to a classroom, while the other stretched down the hall and around a bend. It didn’t take much for Kayla to reach a conclusion.

“Uh oh.”

With worried, and guilty, haste, she followed the trail of blue spatters. The longer she followed, the larger the trail became. Several spots were disturbed as if slipped in or the source had stumbled. Smears marked the walls like cave drawings.

After following the struggling trail down a flight of stairs, as well as finding several puddles where Kayla assumed breaks had been taken, she found herself standing at the entrance to the school’s old women’s locker room.

“*A-Ahh!! Ahhhh!! Nnngh!! Come on!*”

Moans and strained cries drifted from the tiled room. Kayla knew she could have left. It would have been easy; Taylor would do the same to her. Curiosity was overpowering her, however, as well as her conscience. Even if only a peek, Kayla had to see the fruits of her payback.

She tiptoed into the locker room and followed the sounds of Taylor’s gasps to the community showers. Peeking her head into the doorway, she wasn’t prepared for the scene.

Juice covered the shower floor in thick waves. It gurgled as it ran down the drain but the source never ceased. Following the blue rivers, Kayla’s eyes fell upon a pair of breasts engorged far beyond any natural size. Each reaching three feet in height, Taylor’s bust was monumental and dyed a dark blue. On the other side of the wobbling mounds was their owner. Her head was cradled in her own cleavage as her arms sank into their sides desperately. Backed against the wall, she had nowhere else to go.

“*Oh my God!!*” Kayla yelled, taken aback by the sheer size.

Taylor looked up from her surging chest. “N-No!! *Get away from me!!*”

Kayla wasn't having it. Running forward, and nearly slipping several times in the stray juice, she rushed for a fist-sized nipple.

“D-Don't touch me you freak!! *Don't you dare touch me!!*”

“You need to be juiced!! Look at yourself! Your entire chest is *swollen blue* with the stuff!!”

“*No!! I don't want--N-NNGH!!*”

Kayla gripped a nipple as if she were strangling someone. The warmth and pressure of her touch sent cascading ripples across Taylor's body. It canceled out any will to drive her away; the pleasure of another's touch on her overly-swollen tits was too great.

“*Ahh!! A-Ack!!*” Kayla coughed. Blueberry juice gushed into her face like a rogue fire hydrant. No inch of her uniform was left untouched and her black hair hung with sugary weight. Taylor's juice was sour on her tongue, a far cry from her own.

“D-Don't... *Mmmmmm GOD!! G-Get the juice out of me!!*” Taylor begged after the sudden release. “*Hurry I'm still filling up!!*”

So this is what ten candies will do to a girl. The caffeine from the coffee probably isn't helping either, Kayla thought.

Extending her arms to reach both nipples, her fingers slid in an effort to grip the slippery purple cylinders.

“*Ahhhh just press on them!! Do anything!! Please I feel so FULL!!*”

Kayla applied her full palms and followed the blonde's request. Giving her full weight to the task, she pressed her hands into Taylor's nipples.

SWWWSSHhhh

“*AAHHHMMM!!! I CAN FEEL IT FLOWING OUT OF ME!!*”

Kayla could barely breathe against the torrent beating into her body. As much as she released from the girl, more juice was always in its place. Swirling pressure fought back against her hands even as they sank over a foot into her skin. Behind her, the drain gurgled with the juicy runoff.

“*Oh my God. Oh my GOD!! How am I so fucking big?!*” Taylor moaned. Sweat poured down her face. “*I can feel them stretching!! Where is all this juice coming from?!*”

“Y-Your boobs are producing it!!” Kayla tried to explain. “Like milk!”

“*EEWWW! GROSS!! I look like a freak!!*”

Kayla glanced between her cleavage. As much as she hated Taylor's pink highlight, she had to admit it worked a lot better when the rest of her hair was dyed blue.

Taylor caught her gaze and growled. “Don't look at me!! *J-Just keep...mmmmmmMMMM...getting this disgusting stuff out of my tits!! THEY'RE NOT STOPPING!!*”

“You need to calm down! They grow faster when you can't control yourself!”

Kayla pushed harder and juice reached far enough to strike the opposite wall. She didn't need to turn around to know the locker room looked like a juice-covered crime scene. Despite Taylor's cries of pressure, however, they were making headway. The size of her breasts had diminished considerably, bringing each one to the size of a yoga ball. Slowly Taylor's legs were revealed from under her breasts. In the darkness between them, Kayla could see Taylor's hips. A skirt was askew and bunched around her hips, while a vicious hand flailed inside a pair of black panties. Kayla knew Taylor was masturbating to her own juicing. The thought of holding so much was enough to make Kayla's own mind go wild.

"Mmmmm!! M-MMMMMNNGHH!! Make it stooooop!!"

"Relax!" Kayla instructed, "You freaking out isn't helping! Your emotions are releasing more hormones! You're getting smaller, all right?? Look, you've gone down a lot already!"

"Did you just call me hormonal?! And I'm still way too big!! I can't go out like this!!"

Taylor wasn't trying to help. Even with one hand occupied between her legs, she still had another free to help squeeze and massage. Kayla saw no such action, instead the entire chore was left to her.

"G-Gah!" Kayla coughed, swallowing more juice.

"Eewww don't drink it you pervert!!"

"Like I want to! Your juice tastes terrible!" Taylor's nipples were small enough to grab with one hand now. Taking each in a fist, Kayla pulled on them as if Taylor were a selfish cow.

"A-AHHH!!! Careful!!" Regardless of what she said, Kayla could still see Taylor's hand attacking her pussy. Taylor was three fingers and three knuckles deep, from the looks of things. *"D-Don't... OooohHHH don't pull so hard!! T-They're sensitive!! You're...NNGH!! You're gonna make me... Ahh!!"*

Juice flowed like never before. The effect of a proper milking technique worked wonders. Within minutes, Taylor's breasts managed to fit in her lap before shrinking further.

"Ahh!! I-I'm...gonna come!!! D-Don't make me...come in a place...mmmmmmnnnghhh!!...I-like this!!"

Slipping onto her back, Taylor's breasts slipped from Kayla's grasp. Volleyball udders wobbled on her shaking body, the pleasure of a mounting orgasm forcing the rest of the juice from her body.

"AaaaAAHHHHH!!!"

Kayla stepped back. Her entire body tensing, Taylor's hand froze between her splayed thighs as her tits erupted their remaining contents like geysers. Juice sprayed the ceiling for several seconds amid her screams before her pressure died down and her chest was left at its previous size. Empty and exhausted, Taylor laid on the shower floor. Her entire body was covered in blue, but as she sat up and wiped the fluid from her face, Kayla could see a normal skin tone was hidden beneath.

Gasping for breath, Kayla asked, "Feel...Feel better?"

Taylor inspected her body with eyes full of disgust. A shredded blouse and a snapped bra remained around her shoulders. *“I’m a MESS!! Look what you did to me, you bitch!! What did I ever do to you?! And you pulled way too hard on my nipples! They’re sore now! I should call the cops for sexual assault!”*

“Taylor, I-I’m sorry, I didn’t--” Kayla paused, as did Taylor.

Frantic hands rubbed across Taylor’s front. Pale skin was revealed beneath the juice, except for her breasts. A distinct blue hue remained, as did her purple nipples.

“Are you all right?” Kayla inquired.

“N-No! My boobs are...nng...still blue!!! A-A-And they’re still...all tingly!!” Taylor’s eyes bulged when her chest suddenly swelled several cup sizes in her hands. *“Ahhh!! T-They’re filling up again!! Aren’t they supposed to stop?!”*

“Let me help! The must just not have been done!” Kayla made to help Taylor’s release, but she was kicked away.

“Not a chance you damn pervert! Stay away from my chest!! You and that weird, geeky friend of yours! I know you put something in my coffee this morning!! I never would have taken those candies!! I was big enough! Only girls desperate for attention would need them!! LIKE YOU!!”

Taken aback and angry, Kayla stood over the bloating student. Her moans were louder than ever and juice was refilling her bosom with increased vigor. *“W-Why am I still growing?? I wasn’t even empty for a second!!”*

Kayla fully understood now what so many candies would do to a girl’s body. It was obvious from watching Taylor’s blue mammaries swell larger than watermelons as she tugged on her own nipples.

The juice isn’t going to stop. She’s had so much of the candy, her body has permanently changed! She’s never going to stop filling up, especially not when she keeps freaking out!

Worry filled Taylor’s face as she sank her arms into her chest trying to reach her nipples. *“Ooohhhh they’re growing even faster!!”* Glancing up with anger in her eyes, Taylor snarled, “Would you get the hell out of here?! You’ve done enough damage!!”

Kayla’s mind was elsewhere. *Her chest isn’t going to stop... The juice is just going to keep coming...* Something in the back of her mind sparked. *That gives me an idea.*

Shrugging, Kayla relented. “Ok.” She turned to leave.

Bubbling echoed from Taylor’s chest. Expanding at an unprecedented rate, she was forced to release her hold as they overflowed her lap. Within seconds, her chest was halfway to the size Kayla had found it.

“Ahhhhh oh GOD!! T-They’re getting too big again!!!” Taylor pleaded. Desperate against her filling jugs, she pressed into their sides to no avail. Trapped once more under their weight, she was helpless to the whim of her breasts. *“W-Wait! I need your help!”*

“Naaaaw, you’ve got this!” Kayla waved a hand over her shoulder.

“U-Uhhh... Nnnnghh!!!” Taylor watched her bust expand. Skin slid across the floor. Their speed was enough to flood the shower room, leaving her among a sea of overbearing blue flesh. The cold walls pressed into their sides, each udder rivaling the mass of a small car. *“Come back!! I-I’m too big!!”*

“You don’t need my help, remember?” Kayla turned around and saw Taylor’s frantic expression just before it was engulfed by cleavage rising like a tide. “Have fuuuun!”

“Please wait!! I-I can’t reach my nipples!! This room isn’t going to be big enough!! Ooohhhh when are they going to stop swelling?! I-I FEEL...RIPE!! MY BOOBS ARE SO FULL!! Please I can feel them starting to squeeze for room!”

SQUEAK SQUEEAAAAAK!!

A sound made Kayla take one last look. The last thing she saw before fleeing the locker room was a pair of breasts approaching titanic sizes and bulging out of the shower doorway. Each fifteen feet across, they were packed into the brick room at high pressure. Nipples like car tires trembled and sprayed angrily at Kayla. Somewhere on the other side, Taylor’s muffled moans could be heard. A crack across down the wall signaled it was time to leave.

SQUEEAAK!! CREEEEAAAAAK!!!

“AHHHHHHHHH OOHH GOD I’M TOO FUUUULLL!!!” Hidden and crushed in her own fleshy cave, Taylor struggled against the tightened wall of tit. The heat coming off her chest was immense and the swirling of more and more juice rushing through her bosom was deafening.

“H-Help me!! NNNGH they’re too tight!!! Please I feel like...o-ohhhh...they’re getting too big!! I can’t keep...stretching!! I can’t hold all of this!! PLEASE I DON’T WANT TO EXPLODE!! I FEEL TOO FULL!!”

GRRROOOAAAAN

The locker room’s structure complained. With the doorway too small for even one breast to escape, the pressure was only increasing on Taylor’s chest. Her areolas felt massive and domed, like a cap on a bottle ready to explode.

“Ahhhhh somebody please!!! MY BOOBS ARE GOING TO POP!! W-WHY IS THERE SO MUCH JUICE?! I DON’T THINK I CAN GET ANY BIGGEEER!!! CAN ANYBODY HEAR ME?!”

CRRREEEEAAAAAK!!!

Taylor’s nipples were swollen and set to pop like ripe berries. They began vibrating and spraying multiple jet streams of fluid. Squished under thousands of gallons of her own juice, Taylor felt her chest tense as it could stretch no more.

“AhhhhHHH!!!! I’M TOO FULL!! M-MY CHEST IS GOING TO BURST!!!” Juice-rich veins pumped against her face as she felt her skin tremble.

Kayla knew what she had to do. She knew what she *wanted* to do. As troublesome as Taylor had been, she had her to thank for the idea. Walking with purpose, Kayla left the main

campus building and headed for the science center. Any glance from another student at her juice-soaked uniform was ignored. She didn't care. Her future had just fallen into place.

BOOM!!!

The ground rumbled under her feet. Every student looked towards the main building. A massive upheaval of force had shaken the air and blown out several windows. Several ran towards the building past Kayla while others screamed about an earthquake. She simply continued her uninterrupted march towards the science center.

Ron was in his lab, as expected. It brought her nipples to attention catching him by surprise as he was staring at a picture of her bloated self from the night before.

"K-Kayla!" he stammered, quickly hiding his phone under his notes. "Don't you have a class right now?" Confidence poured off her and Ron was shocked at the state of her appearance. Gulping at the outline of her bra showing through a drenched blouse, he asked, "What...uh...what happened? You're soaked! Are you ok?!"

"I'm perfectly fine; I've got some big things on my mind."

Kayla's hand reached to the table and scooped into a bowl of Ron's blueberry candies. More than a dozen were shoved in her mouth before Ron could react. His jaw dropped and a pencil fell from his hand. "*What are you doing?! You saw what three of them did to you last night! Eating that many could--*"

"Oh I know exactly what it's going to do to me." Feeling her heart flutter, Kayla glanced at her rising chest. Juice was already engorging her C-cups. Ron's eyes widened when her soaked blouse tightened and billowed to contain the melons. Kayla's bra was strained to contain such fluid-filled masses and cleavage shown through her buttons. A spreading blue color on her visible cleavage made Ron gulp. Taking a deep breath, the flow ceased but the strain of controlling herself was evident on Kayla's face.

"Your...Your chest is turning...blue..." Ron breathed.

"Is it now?" Kayla glanced down and smiled. Juice was leaking through her shirt and bra. Pressing a finger into a hidden nipple, she brought it back coated in her sugary sweetness. It popped cleanly out of her mouth a moment later with a moan. "*Mmmmm... God that's good...*" The taste was divine.

Stepping close to Ron, she drenched her finger once more. "Open your mouth."

Ron did as he was told. Several drops of her busty contents were placed on his tongue. It made his eyes wide with delight.

"I don't know about you," Kayla said in a heated tone. "But *that* is some of the best stuff I've ever tasted."

Power was radiating inside of her. She could feel the candy-induced changes in her breasts. Never again would they be empty. Juice was her eternal burden, and she welcomed it with open arms.

She pressed her chest into Ron. “I know what I want to do with my life now.” Grabbing him by his shirt collar, she pulled him down. Their lips locked, each tongue eager to taste the juice on the others.

PING!

“*M-Mmm!!*” Kayla moaned, losing control momentarily of her chest. A button had burst off when she ballooned larger than her own head. A bulge in Ron’s pants was tempting her to let her chest run wild but she knew better.

She pulled herself away and stared into Ron’s bewitched eyes. Her future was delicious, bright, and ripe for the taking. She could feel it swirling within herself. Smiling and pressing herself into him, she offered, “Hey, Mr. Scientist... How would you like to be a part of a *very* exciting business opportunity?”