

SIDE EFFECTS MAY VARY

The sterile hum of fluorescent lights buzzed overhead as Cassandra sat patiently in an uncomfortable steel chair, crossing one smooth thigh over the other. Her curvy figure filled out her gray yoga pants and black tank top with a natural, carefree allure, with full hips, plush thighs, a soft but firm belly, and the generous swell of her chest that subtly tested the elasticity of her sports bra. She had amber skin, luminous and smooth, the kind that glowed even under the unforgiving clinical light.

Cassandra's jet-black hair swung just above her shoulders, slightly tousled from the wind outside. Hazel eyes flecked with gold scanned the small, pristine lab. Her full lips parted in curiosity as she looked toward the man standing at the lab bench, tall, clean-shaven, dressed in a white coat.

"So," Cassandra asked, cocking her head slightly. "What exactly is this supposed to do?"

The scientist gave her a reassuring smile, lifting a glass of opaque, pale cream-colored liquid from the counter and offering it to her with two hands. "This formula is designed to enhance hormonal balance, promote gut flora health, support immune response, and regulate metabolism. Some participants have also reported improved mood and energy, among additional benefits."

Taking the glass, Cassandra raised an eyebrow to it. The contents swished slightly, thick but not viscous enough to be offputting. She brought it to her nose and inhaled, catching a whiff of warm vanilla, mingled with a faint sweetness, like yogurt infused with fruit and honey.

Cassandra eased the glass to her lips and took a cautious sip. Her eyes immediately widened. "Oh... *wow*," she exclaimed, her tongue curling against the roof of her mouth. "That's... *amazing!* Sweet, but not *too* sweet. It's like... dessert, but without the heaviness or guilt."

Obsessed with the flavor, Cassandra took a longer gulp, savoring the rich silkiness coating her tongue and sliding smoothly down her throat. There was no artificial aftertaste, just that slow, decadent, almost nurturing warmth that settled in her belly after each swallow. A soft, involuntary exhale escaped her lips. The sample made her feel like she was being cuddled from the inside out.

Cassandra tilted the empty glass in admiration. "What's in this?"

The scientist noted her expression with a slight grin. "A base of colostrum, whey protein isolate, kefir, a touch of monk fruit, and vanilla bean for flavor. Plus some proprietary ingredients we're not at liberty to share just yet."

"Ah, the secret sauce," Cassandra joked, licking the corner of her mouth to catch the last drop that lingered on her lips. "Well... whatever you put in there, I want a six-pack of it."

“We’re glad you enjoyed it,” the man said. He tapped his clipboard. “If you experience any unusual side effects, please don’t hesitate to contact the facility immediately. The number is on the card you were provided upon arrival”

Cassandra gave a mock salute. “Roger that, doc. Thanks for the treat.”

The scientist held the door for Cassandra, clipboard tucked beneath one arm. “Thank *you* for volunteering. We’ll be in touch.”

With a final smile, Cassandra stepped out into the autumn sunshine. The breeze was crisp, the air rich with the scent of fallen leaves and distant chimney smoke. Her sneakers crunched across the gravel lot as she made her way to her car, an aging but lovingly maintained charcoal-gray Civic.

As Cassandra slid into the driver’s seat and turned the key in the ignition, she gave a small, content sigh. Even now, the drink still danced on her tongue, like the memory of a decadent dessert. She rubbed her stomach idly as the engine sprung to life, warm satisfaction settling deeper into her core. It hadn’t been a long appointment, but it was nice to feel like she had done something good, contributing to science, to health, with a pinch of curiosity.

The cityscape blurred past as Cassandra merged onto the freeway, windows up, music low. She tapped her fingers on the steering wheel, swaying a little to the slow beat. Without warning, she felt a soft *tingle*.

Cassandra blinked, momentarily startled, not because the feeling hurt, but because it was unexpectedly *pleasant*, like a subtle current of warmth brushing through her chest. It was as if she had champagne bubbles in her blood. “*Ooh...*” she murmured, glancing down with a puzzled look on her face. “Weird...”

The sensation faded as quickly as it came, but something felt *snug*. Cassandra’s sports bra, normally just firm enough to hold her in place, was hugging a little tighter. She had adjusted her shoulders, trying to shift the band, but it clung to her ribs like it had shrunk slightly in the wash.

Cassandra’s top, too, experienced a slight tension across the front that hadn’t been there before. The fabric pulled just a bit more around the curve of her breasts. Not tight enough to be painful, but definitely *noticeable*. She glanced down again, brow furrowed.

“Did I... always fill this out like that?” she questioned silently to herself, distracted as she flicked on her turn signal. The cleavage peeking over the lip of her tank top was definitely a bit more generous, just soft enough to cast a subtle shadow she didn’t remember seeing in the morning. It was only about an inch more, if that, but it made a *real* difference in how the top hugged her chest.

Cassandra shifted in her seat, amused. “Huh... maybe the placebo’s just got me feeling myself.”

Just as Cassandra was about to re-center her thoughts, her phone buzzed in the dash mount.

MY MAN CALLING...

A smirk curled Cassandra’s lips as she tapped the speaker button. “Hey, babe,” she cooed, her voice lilting with warmth.

“Hey, gorgeous,” came Glenn’s voice, smooth and teasing. “So? How did it go? Did you get superpowers yet? Are you glowing with radioactive energy?”

Cassandra laughed. “Nothing that dramatic. It was pretty straightforward. In, drink weird creamy stuff, out. I feel fine, I promise. It tasted *amazing*, actually. I still can’t believe it’s one of those fancy health and wellness drinks.”

“So they finally discovered a flavor other than chalk? The miracles of science,” Glenn chuckled. “You heading home now?”

With a smile, Cassandra responded. “Already on the road. Should be there in... maybe twenty minutes? I can’t wait to kick off my shoes and curl up with you.”

“Same here. You may think that drink was delicious, but to me, *nothing* compares to the taste of your lips.” Glenn followed up, voice low.

Cassandra rolled her eyes, still grinning, but her cheeks flushed a little hotter than usual. There was a thrill to Glenn’s voice, to his forwardness, that mixed with the still-simmering warmth in her chest, and the faint, constant pressure of fabric that no longer fit quite like it used to. “Oh really?” she challenged, voice sweet but loaded. “Planning on *unwrapping* your dessert the second I walk through the door?”

With a mock growl, Glenn warned playfully. “Don’t tempt me. I’ve been thinking about you all day, Cass. I’m not even going to pretend I’m gonna behave.”

Cassandra bit her lower lip, heat coiling low in her belly. Her hands instinctively moved to adjust her bra again, feeling the weight and softness of her slightly larger chest. Her nipples had firmed against the fabric. She swallowed lightly. “Then I suggest you be ready when I walk through that door,” she purred. “Because I feel *damn* good right now.”

The car rumbled beneath her as Cassandra stayed in the far-left lane, her fingers tightening slightly around the wheel. The sound of Glenn’s voice still hummed from the car’s speakers, deep and rich like honey poured into her ears.

"You have *no* idea what I'd do to you right now if I could reach through this phone," Glenn insisted, his tone low and teasing.

"Oh yeah?" Cassandra smirked, her thighs gently pressing together beneath her leggings. "What *exactly* would you do?"

Rising to Cassandra's challenge, Glenn proclaimed, "First, I'd grab you by those hips and kiss that pretty neck of yours until you forgot how to speak. Then I'd strip off that tight little top, lift those tits into my hands, and-

"Mmmm..." Cassandra interrupted with a sultry sigh, her head tipping back slightly, as if to catch her breath. "You're making it hard to stay focused on the road."

Cassandra's heart thumped harder. She looked down at her chest, her breath catching as she noticed how much fuller she looked now. Her tank top, which used to fit comfortably over her curves, was now pulling tight across her bust.

The sports bra strained visibly underneath, the seams pressing into Cassandra's warm skin. Her breasts had certainly swollen more, rounder, heavier, their shape pressing upward, more dramatic than their earlier subtle expansion. A part of her mind *begged* her to touch her bosom, *feel* the difference.

Cassandra brought one hand briefly to her chest, cupping the underside. Her flesh felt *hot*, sensually warm, and tender in a way that made her fingers linger longer than they should have. A shiver of pleasure chased down her spine, her nipples tightening under the pressure of her own touch.

"Glenn, baby... I think I might be experiencing some... *side effects*," Cassandra cautioned, voice suddenly breathy.

There was a pause. "...Side effects?" Glenn echoed, both amused and concerned.

"I'm serious." Cassandra adjusted her grip on the steering wheel, her thighs squeezing even tighter. "My breasts... they feel like they're *growing*. I swear they're already at least a cup or two bigger than this morning. I feel *full*, and *tingly*, and..." She swallowed hard, her breath hitching. "...hornier than I've been in *weeks*."

Glenn gave a low whistle. "Shit, Cass. What kind of clinic did you go to? Are you sure you'll make it home alright?"

"I'm not joking," she implored, her voice quivering with barely restrained lust. "Everything's getting tighter. I can *feel* them pressing against my bra. Like they're... swelling between my fingers. I'm so fucking turned on I could pull over make make myself come right here in this car."

The line was quiet for a moment before Glenn groaned. “You better hurry your fine, expanding ass home. I want to inspect every inch of you, thoroughly. Maybe even a few times in a row, just to be sure.”

Cassandra bit her lip, eyes wide as she stared at the road with laser focus. Her breath was shallow, pulse throbbing in her ear, and in places further down her body. “You better not be making promises you can’t keep,” she asserted, her voice dripping with *need*.

“Oh, you *know* that I *always* keep my promises.” Glenn teased.

Cassandra’s mouth curved into a hungry smile, even as her chest gave another soft stretch, cleavage deepening further. She adjusted her seatbelt where it dug into the new swell of her curves, heat spreading under her skin. “I love you,” she whispered.

“Love you too. Now drive like the wind!” Glenn expressed, cheering his beloved on.

Cassandra tapped the screen, ending the call. The hum of the car engine seemed distant now, compared to the drumbeat of her arousal. She took a sharp breath and pressed the gas a little harder, every mile closer to home bringing her one second closer to release.

Gripping the steering wheel with both hands, Cassandra’s knuckles turned white as she navigated the final stretch of road before home. Her breath came in short, shivering pants, every inhale trembling with heat, every exhale escaping her lips as a soft, needy moan. She felt her lower body clench with rising tension, her inner muscles fluttering like they were trying to drag her toward climax with every bump in the road.

It was Cassandra’s breasts that were the true source of her downward spiral into a blissful oblivion. They pulsed with profane pressure, warm and swollen to the point where her bra felt like a vice digging into her ribcage. Her top was visibly struggling, the fabric stretched to its limit, pulling tight across her rapidly expanding cleavage, seams straining with audible tension.

“Oh my *god*,” Cassandra whined, her thighs squeezing together so tightly it was hard to move her foot from the gas to brake. “I can’t... *fuck*... can’t even *think*...”

Cassandra’s nipples were *aching*. Rock-hard beneath the now-painful press of her bra, they throbbed with every beat of her racing heart. Her breasts jiggled with each shift of the car, heavier by the minute, as if filling from some slow, invisible well deep inside her. She nearly missed the turn into her driveway.

As the car slowed and rolled to a stop, her whole body trembled. The heat between her legs had grown unbearable, slick, insistent, pooling in a way that made it impossible to ignore the wet squelch as she squirmed in her seat.

SNAP

Cassandra's top burst open. The fabric split with a loud *rip*, her sports bra giving way with a stifled creak, both garments giving up entirely against the uncontainable mass of her breasts. The release of pleasure was *exquisite*, like taking a deep breath after nearly drowning, only instead of air, it was pleasure, pure, suffocating, orgasmic pleasure. The sensation forced her head back against the headrest, eyes blinking shut.

"Mmmmmmm... haaaaaaahh... fffuuuuck... aaaAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!" Cassandra came, *hard*.

A helpless shudder coursed from Cassandra's chest to her core, as her whole body jerked. Her thighs trembled, heels kicking lightly against the floorboard as her climax surged through her like a bolt of white-hot lightning. Overwhelmed and unable to control herself, her soaked yoga pants grew darker in color beneath her, wetness blooming across the seat. She moaned again, higher, breathless, a sound of disbelief and relief.

For a long moment, Cassandra sat there, heart pounding, panting, nipples tingling in the post-orgasmic haze. Her hands moved like they had a mind of their own, fingers sliding up to caress her breasts, massaging the tender, swollen flesh in slow, reverent circles. She felt like she was still growing, the heat building again with a consistent beat.

Cassandra finally opened her eyes. "Jesus..." she whispered, voice hoarse.

The car seat was *soaked* beneath her. The dark stain on her grey yoga pants extended from her crotch down both thighs. Her mound still pulsed, twitching with the aftershock of release, the waistband of her leggings clinging damply to her wet, throbbing center.

"I... I can't believe I..." Cassandra swallowed, trying to re-center herself, but every breath was laced with renewed arousal. Her nipples brushed against the breeze, making her shiver.

Cassandra's pendulous breasts wobbled and swayed in the air as she rushed for the door, not even bothering to try and conceal them. She fumbled with her keys, struggling to unlock the front door. "C'mon... c'mon! *Nnnngghh...*" she whimpered, hips involuntarily grinding forward as her clit throbbed again, cruel and insistent.

The key finally clicked in the lock, and she threw open the door, stumbling inside with rosy cheeks, rapid breaths, and expanding breasts that were soft, heavy, and *begging* for more attention. The door slammed behind Cassandra with a *bang*, echoing through the house like a shattered plate.

"Cass?" Glenn's voice rang out immediately from the living room, sharp with concern. "Was that you? What happe-" He appeared around the corner, barefoot in jeans and a tight black t-shirt, and froze mid-step. His jaw dropped.

Cassandra stood there, panting, flushed, wild-eyed. Her chest was barely contained, the torn remains of her tank top and sports bra hanging loosely around shoulders that gleamed with sweat. Each breast had grown *enormous*, easily the size of Glenn's head, rising and falling rapidly with every ragged breath. Her nipples stood out like hard cherries, dark and proud, stiff from exposure and the relentless arousal that coursed through her veins like a fever she didn't want to break.

Staring in wide wonder, Glenn was halfway through speaking, "What the f—"

Cassandra surged forward like a storm breaking, slamming her mouth into Glenn's, their lips crashing together with ferocious intensity. Her body hit his with a raw hunger, soft curves pressing into firm muscle, her hands diving into his short, messy copper hair as she *devoured* him with an open-mouthed moan. She let her tongue tangle with his, greedy, wet, and *needy*. There was no slow build, no hesitation, only pure, *primal* desperation.

Reeling from the impact, Glenn stumbled back slightly before his instincts kicked in. His arms wrapped around Cassandra, one snaking firmly around her waist, anchoring her to him, while the other moved to her breast. His hand sank into the lush, impossibly soft expanse, fingers spreading wide as if trying to hold all of it at once. She was so warm, so full, her skin hot to the touch. He groaned into her mouth as she arched into his hand.

Cassandra broke the kiss with a sharp gasp, throwing her head back. "*Aaahhh... fuck!*"

With practiced precision, Glenn's fingers found Cassandra's nipple, pinching and rolling it gently at first, then rougher as her cry sent blood rushing straight to his already thickening member. The swollen tip twitched under his touch, and Cassandra's knees nearly buckled from the flood of ecstasy.

Cassandra's hand was already between them, massaging the hard ridge straining beneath Glenn's jeans. She palmed it through the denim with sensual urgency, her fingers working over the throbbing bulge as if trying to memorize its shape. Glenn groaned, hips bucking into her touch.

"You're already hard," Cassandra whispered with a breathless, delirious laugh. "God, you feel so fucking good..." Her eyes were wide, dilated, almost feral as she stared at him, lips still wet from the kiss, cheeks flushed with lust. Her breasts jostled between them, brushing his chest, still swelling, still sensitive. Every movement sent another wave of heat spiraling down through her core.

Cassandra pushed Glenn gently, then with growing insistence, toward the living room. "Couch. *Now.*"

There was no argument from Glenn. Cassandra's grip on his cock was reason enough, and her glistening chest, bouncing with every step, nipples taut and begging, only sealed the deal.

Glenn let her guide him, stumbling back, mouth open as he drank in the sight of her as if she were a wet dream made reality.

Falling back onto the couch, Glenn landed with a soft grunt, cushions dipping beneath his weight. There was barely a moment to settle before Cassandra was on top of him, straddling his thighs with reckless abandon. Her massive breasts surged forward, momentum swinging them onto his chest, and then into his face.

Whumph

Glenn was instantly smothered in a pillowly avalanche of warm, supple flesh. Cassandra let out a breathy moan as the motion sent another wave of heat through her. Her nipples, stiff and sensitive, dragged across the fabric of the couch, compelling her to grind her hips into him.

“Nnnhhh... fuck... sorry!” Cassandra yelped, reaching to lift her chest.

Glenn turned his head just enough to gasp for air, voice muffled through laughter. “What a way to go...”

Cassandra tilted back slightly, her laughter burst out with Glenn, high and breathless. Their eyes met, and for one delicious moment, their shared humor only made the tension more electric. Cassandra’s breasts bounced slightly with each chuckle. Still warm and heavy, commanding even gravity’s attention.

The moment was interrupted by the returning heat. Cassandra’s gaze darkened, pupils blown wide, ravenous. She leaned down, pressing her lips to Glenn’s for a slower, smoldering kiss, one that lingered, melted, *teased*. Her hands were already working at his waist.

Cassandra fumbled with Glenn’s belt, yanking it free from its loops with a satisfying *whip* before popping open the button and unzipping his jeans with a flick of her wrist. He groaned into her kiss as she tugged the waistband down.

In one swift, practiced pull, Cassandra dragged Glenn’s jeans and boxers down to his thighs, cock springing free, slapping against the warmth of her clothed mound. She pulled back just enough to look. “Ooooooh... hello,” she cooed with a sly, squealed giggle, biting her bottom lip. “Looks like *someone* missed me.”

Cassandra’s fingers curled around Glenn’s shaft, giving him a slow stroke, watching his reaction as he jerked beneath her. She lifted her hips just slightly, hovering over him for one tiny, teasing moment, before lowering herself onto him, pressing her slick heat down against his bare length. The friction made them both moan. She rocked her hips, grinding her drenched grey yoga pants against the hard ridge of his cock, feeling him slide along her slit with every delicious pass, coating him with every grind.

“Feel that?” Cassandra purred, voice trembling as she moved again. “That’s what you do to me...”

Glenn’s head fell back against the cushion, jaw slack as he groaned deep in his chest.

“And that’s *before* I even get these off,” Cassandra added with a grin, rolling her hips harder, breasts swaying, nipples bouncing in the open air. The delicious drag was driving Cassandra *mad*, but it wasn’t enough.

Cassandra needed more than the pressure, more than the tease of fabric between them. Her body was too hot, too swollen, *too wet*, and the ache inside her demanded to be filled. She decided to take matters into her own hands.

“Fuck this,” she whispered with a growl, lifting herself just enough to grab the waistband of her yoga pants. With a primal grunt, she shoved them down over her hips, dragging her soaked panties along for the ride. The air kissed her drenched folds, making her shiver, her arousal glistening in the low light as her bare thighs spread wide over Glenn’s lap.

Glenn’s eyes widened as Cassandra reached down, wrapping her fingers around the thick shaft of his cock, still slick with her juices from grinding. She positioned him at her entrance, her fingers trembling with anticipation. Then, she slowly lowered herself onto him.

Inhaling sharply, Cassandra’s back arched as inch by inch she sank down his length. Her inner walls parted around him, tight and molten-hot, her wetness easing the stretch as she took him deeper, until her hips met this with a soft, wet *thwap*.

“Hhhhaaaaahh... oh my *god*...” Cassandra gasped, her voice breathy, wrecked.

Glenn groaned, hands clenching at Cassandra’s hips as he instinctively bucked up into her. She cried out, the motion making her breasts bounce wildly, their weight swinging, slapping softly against her chest as she rode him. As she bounced, she felt it again, *the pressure*.

“Oooohhhh... Glenn...” Cassandra moaned, slowing her hips, her hands coming up to clutch her chest. “It’s happening... I can *feel* them... They’re growing *again!*”

Cassandra’s breasts throbbed in her palms, expanding with each heartbeat. The skin stretched, heat building not just from arousal now, but from *inside*, from deep within her tissue. She whimpered as they swelled outward, heavier, rounder by the second, so fast she could feel the strain in her back, the deep ache of transformation, but this time it felt *different*.

Before she even saw it, Cassandra *felt* it, a swishing weight, a strange, full *slosh* deep inside her breasts. “Nnnnggghhh... fuck...” she moaned again, more confused than alarmed, fingers pressing into the underside of her chest. Her breasts were *engorged*, filling with a warm, liquid fullness that built up in her flesh, swilling and shifting as she bounced on Glenn’s cock. Each

thrust made the weight inside her tits jiggle, the sound of subtle wet swashing echoing faintly between their bodies.

A thin trail of milk beaded at Cassandra's nipples, pale and warm, glistening before it slid downward in a lazy trickle, splashing onto Glenn's chest. His eyes widened. "Is that... Holy shit!"

Cassandra looked down, gasping as more milk leaked from both nipples, coating the dark skin of her swollen areolas. She was lactating, slow sensuous drips that responded to the rhythm of their fucking. Each bounce, each squeeze of her inner muscles, made more sweet, warm liquid dribble from her breasts.

Moaning again, Cassandra was overwhelmed by the dual sensation of being so completely filled by Glenn, while simultaneously filling herself. Her bosom was pleasantly taut, her nipples leaking and tingling with raw sensitivity. She was tempted to place a breast into her own mouth, the arousal was so great.

"I... I can't stop it," Cassandra gasped, voice breaking with pleasure. "They feel so *full*, so *hot*, I can't... *nnnnhhhh...*"

Glenn thrust into Cassandra harder, and she cried out, milk flicking outward in thin droplets, splattering against his neck, his chest, and the couch beneath them. He didn't care. His hands came up to cradle the massive mammaries, pressing and lifting the heavy, leaking globes as he drove himself up into her soaked, spasming pussy.

Thighs quivering, Cassandra rode Glenn as if her life depended on it, bouncing atop him with wild, unrestrained rhythm. The repeated thrusts drove a deep moan from her lips, her body trembling under the mounting weight of pleasure, and of her swelling, milk-heavy breasts. She couldn't get enough.

Glenn's hands were all over Cassandra, cupping, squeezing, fondling her overabundant tits with growing awe. His fingers sank into the soft, hefty flesh, marveling at their size, at how they sloshed inside with every bounce, liquid weight shifting under tight, sensitive skin. Her nipples, flushed and fat, wept slow rivulets of warm milk that rolled down the curves of her breasts, soaking his fingers.

"God, you're so fucking *perfect*," Glenn groaned, eyes burning with desire as he tugged gently at one nipple.

"*Aaaaahhhh... Glenn!*" Cassandra whined, hips stuttering mid-thrust.

Glenn pinched harder, then rolled the swollen bud between his fingers, only for milk to spurt out in a sudden stream, coating everything beneath Cassandra.

“Oooohhhh... fuuuuuuccck... I’m gonna-” Cassandra’s voice broke, head thrown back as her orgasm hit like a tidal wave. Her entire body seized up, muscles clenching around Glenn’s throbbing length in constant, desperate pulses. She bounced harder, chasing every last shock of release, milk spraying in chaotic bursts from her nipples with every *slam* of her hips.

“Don’t stop... don’t stop... *don’t fucking stop!*” Cassandra begged, her voice raw, almost sobbing from how *intense* it felt. “I... *haaaaaahh...*” She didn’t have to beg twice. Glenn knew exactly what to do.

Sitting up, Glenn’s arms wrapped tight around Cassandra’s waist, still fully buried inside her, his hips ramming from beneath with a powerful, focused pace. One hand stayed planted on the small of her back, steadying her. The other guided her dripping, bulging breasts to his mouth, latching onto her nipple.

Cassandra *screamed*. The moment Glenn’s lips sealed around her swollen teat and he began to suckle, her mind *broke*. The suction was slow, deep, *possessive*, drawing her milk into his mouth with slow, powerful pulls, tongue flicking and massaging as he nursed. Her nipple throbbed between his lips, milk pouring onto his tongue in warm, sustained streams.

The taste was sweet, *rich*, like warm vanilla cream kissed with honey, a trace of something *deeper*, a savory undertone that sent shivers down Glenn’s spine. It was addictive, locking him in place, locking him in that very moment, groaning around Cassandra’s nipple as he drank, unable to get enough. The sound, his *sucking*, his grunts of delight, the feeling of her milk being drawn so hungrily from her body, *shattered* Cassandra.

“Oh f-fuck... *fuck...* I’m... *AAAAAHH!!!*” Cassandra sobbed, clutching Glenn’s head as her second orgasm detonated before the first had even fully faded. Her pussy clamped around him like a vice, pulsing wildly, squeezing his cock as her milk flowed freely into his mouth, down his throat, and across his cheeks. She shook, convulsing in waves, each more intense than the last.

Cassandra’s breasts throbbed with growth, still *expanding*, rounding out wider and fuller with each passing second. Glenn’s tongue swirled around the swollen tips of her tits as they swelled against his face, burying his cheeks in their sloshing mass. He kept drinking, helpless to stop, as the curve of her breast grew to the size of a beach ball, blocking out everything but warm, creamy pressure.

Trying to look down, Cassandra gasped. Her enormous breasts obscured her view, the sheer volume of them pressing upward, squishing her cheeks, hanging like ginormous globes against Glenn’s chest and face. “I can’t even see you anymore,” she panted, laughing breathlessly through the haze. “*God*, I’m so full... so fucking *full...*”

Glenn finally broke away from Cassandra’s nipple with a wet *pop*, his lips and chin slick with her milk. He gasped for breath, dazed and aroused beyond words, the taste of her still fresh and

tantalizing on his tongue. Her breast swayed gently as he released it, so massive and swollen that it sloshed from even the slightest movement, continuing their seemingly endless growth.

The couch beneath them was *creaking*, audibly groaning under the combined weight of Cassandra's transformation and their relentless motion. The cushions were soaked with sweat and milk, and her monumental curves were beginning to crowd the space, breasts resting against her thighs, every inch of her radiating heat.

"Shit," Glenn panted, chuckling between what little gasps of breath his lungs allowed. "I think we're gonna break the couch..."

Cassandra's face flushed with pleasure and mischief, her hands gliding over the heavy curves of her breasts as they jostled atop both of their laps. "*Mmmm...* I don't want this to stop," she murmured dreamily, tracing lazy circles along her supple skin.

Arching her back, Cassandra still gently grinded her hips on his surprisingly hard cock. "Looks like my milk has its own fun little side effect. Ready for round 2 already?"

"Without a doubt," Glenn replied, a ravenous look in his eyes.

Cassandra giggled gleefully before a thought struck her, "Maybe we should take this to the floor..." She let her voice trail, letting the anticipation, the excitement, set in before continuing, "...so you can fuck me from behind until I can't walk straight for *weeks*."

"Get on the carpet," Glenn growled, low and of pure need.

With a happy, breathy moan, Cassandra slowly lifted herself off Glenn. Her pussy clung to his cock for a moment before parting with a slick, audible kiss, her juices slick and warm, dripping down her inner thighs. Milk continued to bead and roll from her nipples, leaving faint trails along the curve of her heavy breasts as she lowered herself onto all fours on the plush surface stretching out from beneath the couch.

Cassandra settled in, hands forward, back curved seductively, breasts swinging and swaying beneath her like swollen pendulums that barely missed the ground. Her hips rolled sensually, ass high in the air, cheeks jiggling slightly as she gave Glenn a slow, open invitation with each deliberate wiggle of her round, perfect ass.

"Ready when you are..." Cassandra purred, casting a sultry glance back over her shoulder.

Glenn was off the couch in an instant. He knelt behind her, one hand gliding up her thigh, the other guiding his still-throbbing member to her soaked folds. Teasing her slit, he dragged his tip through her slickness, watching how her folds parted around him, so wet, so *wanting*.

Cassandra whimpered. "Stop teasing al-"

Not letting Cassandra finish her sentence, Glenn surprised her by thrusting in, fast, forceful.

“Ahhhhh... fuuuuuuck!” Cassandra cried out, her arms nearly giving out beneath her. The sudden, powerful stretch sent her spiraling into another shock of pleasure. At the same moment, her nipples *erupted*.

Twin streams of milk sprayed forward from her overfilled breasts, arcing in the air before splashing down on the rug, her body overwhelmed by the new angle, the intensity, the *pressure*, inside her. The sound of sloshing milk filled the room, her breasts bouncing wildly beneath her with every thrust, the liquid inside churning as she rocked back against him. She was loving every moment of it, *still* wanting more, from her metamorphosis and from Glenn.

Glenn gripped Cassandra’s hips, thrusting deeper, *harder*, his length driving into her soaked, spasming core. He was a man possessed, utterly enthralled by the woman Cassandra was becoming. Skin slapping skin, milk splashing against writhing bodies, and Cassandra’s breathless cries and moans created a pure, primal music as the two continued their delirious dance of fervent delight. Every thrust made her lurch forward on the rug, her enormous breasts brushing against the carpet, squeezed beneath her like giant, swashing cushions.

Cassandra couldn’t even speak anymore. Her mouth hung open in a silent cry, her moans caught in her throat, escaping only as high-pitched whines, needy gasps, and choked, wet sobs of pleasure. Her fingers curled helplessly into the carpet as her body was rocked forward again and again, only for Glenn to pull her back onto his cock with equal intensity. With every piston-like thrust, her breasts spurted.

Streams of milk shot from Cassandra’s overworked, *engorged* nipples, arcing through the air in quick bursts. The milk matched the rhythm of Glenn’s thrusts, spraying across the plush floor and across her arms as her tits bounced and swelled with each slam of his hips. Her eyes went wide as she felt yet another surge of growth fill every fabric of her being, like pins pricking every nerve ending in a deviant blend of delight and discomfort.

“Nnnnnhhhh!” Cassandra’s whimpers turned into a scream as she felt the weight beneath her shift, her breast inflating slowly but steadily, bigger, the skin stretching with an all too familiar, aching fullness. Their size began to lift her off the carpet.

Once braced against the floor, Cassandra’s arms slowly rose until they were resting on the billowing mass of her breasts, which had become so immense, so bloated with milk, that they began to prop her up. Thrust after squelching thrust into her soaked pussy created a force inside her breasts that caused them to double, triple in size, until they were the size of beanbag beds, swishing, swollen, and wickedly wanting release.

Glenn groaned behind her, voice ragged. “C-Cass... I’m... I’m *close... fuck!*”

Cassandra gasped, her mind barely able to form words, but somehow, she found the strength to speak through her lust-drenched haze. "Inside!" she moaned, looking back over her shoulder, her face blushed and wild. "I *need* it! *Please!* Come inside me... *fill* me... *haaaaahh...*" Her hips rolled back against him, greedy and unrelenting. "I want it... want *all* of you..."

That was all Glenn needed. With a final, guttural growl, Glenn *slammed* into her, burying himself to the hilt. His throbbing member twitched deep inside, and then he came, hot, thick spurts of his seed flooding her, coating her insides with each pulsing contraction.

"Mmmmm... fuuuuck... aaaaaahhhh... haaAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!" Cassandra cried out, the sensation sending her crashing into orgasm again, her body trembling uncontrollably as milk *gushed* from her breasts in long, powerful jets, soaking the floor in chaotic bursts.

Cassandra and Glenn came together, loud and raw, their voices overlapping in perfect unison, a shared peak of pleasure that felt like it could shake the walls.

Glenn's arms wrapped around Cassandra's waist as he collapsed forward, still buried inside her, his chest pressed to her back. Cassandra panted, dazed, her body quivering with aftershocks, milk still dribbling steadily from her nipples, thick carpet drenched beneath them. Despite the constant flow, however, she still felt *full*, as if still more was to come.

Finally pulling back, Glenn's chest rose and fell with every sharp breath. He collapsed onto his back beside Cassandra, his body shimmering with sweat and splashes of her milk. The room was quiet, save for the faint, repeated drip of milk from her enormous breasts, and the two of them fighting for breath, trying to process what had just happened.

Cassandra's body trembled, her arms resting limply over the massive, milky mounds beneath her. Her breasts were so enlarged, so comically huge, that her chest easily dwarfed her body by this point. The floor beneath them was soaked, air tinged with the sweet scent of her milk.

Glenn turned his head slowly, eyes reflecting the awe he lovingly admired her. "...Cass?" he murmured, crawling on shaky limbs to her front. "Are you... are you okay?"

Lifting her eyes to Glenn, Cassandra's cheeks were red, lips slightly parted. "Better than okay," she breathed, smiling through the lingering haze of pure bliss. "That was... Glenn, that was the *best* sex I've ever had, *by far*. I never realized it could be so..." Words escaped her, as nothing came to mind that could properly convey what she experienced.

Glenn chuckled, crawling closer and placing his hands gently on the swollen slopes of Cassandra's breasts, trying not to slip from the thin film of milk coating them. They felt hot, impossibly soft yet taut with fullness, like living pillows that rose and fell with every breath she took.

Leaning in, Glenn kissed Cassandra, slowly this time, tender and deep. His lips brushed hers with boundless love and devotion. Cassandra moaned softly into his mouth, the kiss sealing something quiet and sweet between the chaos. When they pulled apart, Glenn glanced around.

The room looked like a warzone. Milk clung to the couch, the carpet, even Glenn and Cassandra's bodies. The floor was practically flooded, as puddles formed under her breasts, with still no sign of slowing down or stopping.

Glenn blinked, dazed. "So, uh... what now? Because... I love you, but I don't think we're getting you off the floor anytime soon. Your tits are basically furniture."

Cassandra laughed, a sound full of joy and exhaustion. Her brow furrowed as something came to mind. "Wait..." She glanced toward the side table, where her purse had been dropped in the chaos. "The card. The one the scientist gave me."

"Good call. I think we might need a follow-up appointment," Glenn jested, lips curling into a grin as he followed her gaze. Staggering to his feet, he approached the coffee table where Cassandra's purse had landed during their earlier frenzy. With a bit of fumbling, he pulled out the business card. The text was clean and clinical, nothing more than a name, number, and the logo of the wellness institute embossed in silver.

"Well," Glenn stated, glancing down at Cassandra. "Shall we let them know their wellness drink may be popular in *other* markets?"

A low giggle brushed past Cassandra's lips. "*Stooooop*. Just put it on speaker."

Glenn tapped the number into his phone, set it to speaker, and held it between them as it began to ring. It took roughly two rings before a calm, formal voice answered. "This is Dr. Harrow. How may I help you?"

"Hi, um... this is Cassandra Royce. I was a participant in the test group earlier today... around noon?" She shifted in place, trying to remain comfortable as she waited for an answer.

There was a moment of silence as Dr. Harrow combed his memories. "Ah, yes," he replied crisply. "Thank you again for volunteering. Are you calling to provide feedback?"

Cassandra hesitated, glancing down at her gargantuan, milk-swollen chest, still sloshing gently with even the slightest movement. "You could say that," she confirmed. "... may be experiencing some *side effects*."

Another pause filled the air. "Oh? What kind?" Dr. Harrow questioned, curious to hear what Cassandra experienced.

Cassandra exhaled slowly. “Well, for starters... my breasts have grown to be about as big as I am. They’re also producing milk, *constantly*. Seems like the milk does wonders for stamina, as we’ve discovered firsthand, AND I’m *still* incredibly horny, which started shortly after I consumed the sample.

“Fascinating,” Dr. Harrow murmured. “That certainly wasn’t something we expected, but nothing we can’t study and fix by the next iteration... May I ask, are the breasts engorged symmetrically? Is the milk output naturally steady, or does it correspond to physical stimulation?”

Cassandra blinked. “Are you... are you *taking notes?!?*”

“I am,” Dr. Harrow replied, without hesitation. “Your data could prove invaluable. Now, did the lactation begin immediately, or was it preceded by the growth? Any sensations of pressure? Heat? Internal swelling?”

“I... yes. All of that, but I can’t even stand up right now,” Cassandra lamented, voice rising slightly in exasperation. “I’m not calling just to be cataloged, I need *support!* I can’t move. I’m leaking. How am I supposed to live like this?”

Cassandra paused as another slow spurt of milk escaped her nipples, dribbling down the side of her tits with a soft splash. “I’d appreciate some help. Sooner than later, if you don’t mind.”

“Of course. I apologize if my enthusiasm was inappropriate.” Dr. Harrow’s voice immediately softened as he continued. “The company is committed to supporting participants post-trial. I’ll dispatch a response team to your address with discretion. They’ll be equipped to help with your current... circumstances.”

Glenn raised an eyebrow. “So you’re saying we can get her moving again?”

“We have options,” Dr. Harrow replied smoothly. “They’ll also bring specialized garments to assist with mobility and containment. In the meantime, try to remain comfortable and avoid further over-stimulation.”

Cassandra gave a soft laugh, eyes lidding lazily as she looked down at the lakes of milk pooling beneath her. “Bit late for that.”

There was a brief moment of silence. Dr. Harrow chimed in, voice still calm, but with a tinge of renewed energy and excitement. “Ms. Royce... given the uniqueness of your response to the trial, would you be willing to undergo a series of tests and extended observation in your current state? Of course, you’d be generously compensated for your time and efforts, with additional performance bonuses for any notable developments.”

Cassandra blinked, then turned her head slightly toward Glenn, eyebrows raised. Glenn knelt beside her and ran a soothing hand along her back and gave her a slight, supportive smile.

“Hey... it’s your call,” he said softly. “Whatever you want to do, I’ve got your back... no matter how big your front gets.”

Snorting through a laugh, Cassandra looked toward the phone speaker. “Alright, doc. I’m open to playing milk cow for science... on *one condition*.”

“I’m listening,” Dr. Harrow replied, cautious.

“Glenn gets access, for whenever I need him for *support*,” Cassandra answered with a wicked grin. “Because if these things keep growing, I’m gonna need a *lot* of stress relief, and I’d rather it be him than a cold mechanical pump.”

After a beat, Dr. Harrow gave his answer. “I suppose that would be fine, as long as it assists in maintaining your comfort and keeping a consistent hormonal output. We can allow regular visitation. Thank you for agreeing to this and we look forward to working with you.” The line clicked off.

Glenn shook his head, still in disbelief by the series of strange events as he set the phone aside. “Well... I’m just glad you’re okay. If they’re throwing a boatload of cash your way, at least something good came out of all this, besides those glorious milky globes of yours.”

“I mean... I’m not *entirely* mad about it. Can’t exactly move, but...” Cassandra flexed her fingers into the pillowy swell beneath her, “...I kinda *love* how this feels.” She looked at Glenn with a teasing glint in her eyes. “I wonder if there’s a market for *this*... I could open a site, offer videos, pictures, and maybe even take some requests. You know, *double dip*.”

Glenn leaned in and kissed Cassandra, slow, deep, affectionate. “You’d break the internet.”

Cassandra and Glenn’s foreheads rested together for a long moment, surrounded by the soft drip of milk and the afterglow of something neither of them would ever forget. It had been a long day for the both of them, but a bright, creamy, future was on the horizon. Together, they were ready for whatever came next, one breast-swelling, milk-dripping day at a time.