

Clinical Trials Preview

“I hope...mmm...my insurance will cover...a-another one...so soon...” Speech was difficult for Cally as her body demanded an increasing amount of oxygen. Waves of insatiable pleasure washed over her from unknown sources, pouring into her breast. For a pair of small B-cups, they sure felt heavy under her dress.

“Are you feeling all right?” Louis asked, stopping his foot with uncertainty.

“Just...J-Just fine...!” Cally swooned. “I think those pills a-are just...having an extra effect on me tonight. My chest feels so warm...” Any other time she would have been appalled at what she had just said out loud. Under the pressure of Louis’s exploring foot, however, she was finding an all-new level of transparency.

Louis cocked his head. “It feels warm?”

“M-My...nnngh...nipples...” she groaned, dropping her fork and sitting back in her chair, allowing her head to crane towards the ceiling and her hair to drop behind the backrest. Closing her eyes, she reveled in the flashes of pleasure. “A-Are my breasts supposed to feel heavier??” she gasped to the ceiling.

Eyes widening, Louis inspected Cally’s front. The small curves of her breasts were barely visible on the sides of her plunging neckline, but he was positive he had seen her skin shift. Breaths increasing to quickened gasps, Cally’s chest rose and fell rapidly.

“L-Louis, something...f-feels different! What’s...mmmmm...going on??”

“Uhh...” Coherent thought was impossible for the doctor at the moment. Two soft curves were slowly rising from Cally’s torso. The sight of her swelling flesh widening into soft mounds was beyond anything he had ever imagined. Ever so slowly, her breasts inched closer towards the middle of her chest before meeting in a stunning line of pressed cleavage.

A shiver raced down Cally’s spine and made her body jolt. The force made Louis’s foot slip from its perch by her knee and plunge between her thighs, her legs clamping around his shoe when it dove under her dress.

“Mmm!” Cally cried out, taking a handful of the tablecloth in each fist. “W-What’s happening??”

“Cally... C-Cally, your...” Louis couldn’t say it. Watching his date’s mammaries grow before his eyes was awe-inspiring. Two firm nubs slid under the tightening dress fabric towards the neck like. It wasn’t meant to hold the hand-filling mounds swelling off her front.

“Ahh!” Cally gasped, drawing every eye in the restaurant. Louis froze, one of her breasts slipping free of her dress. It stood into the air, topped by a quivering nipple like the end of a pinky. Stunned, he retracted his foot. “O-Oh wow...” she breathed, dizzy after such an ordeal.

Louis watched Cally run her hands through her brown hair and sit forward, leaning her elbows on the table to catch her breath. “S-Sorry...about that...”

“Cally, your--”

“I don’t know what came over me... I just suddenly felt so...*m-mmm*...I can’t explain it...”

“Cally, I think you--”

“I think I caused a bit of a scene, didn’t I? Crap, everyone is looking this way.”

“Cally your breast fell out of your dress!” Louis finally exclaimed.