

For Science



A calm Autumn night fell upon the landscape outside the desolate LM Government Research Institute. Save for a handful of cars remaining in the parking lot, the premises were empty and silent. Only the janitors remained inside. The janitors, and two scientists working overtime on a recent discovery.

“What was the reaction to the glucose solution?” Max asked, not looking up from his notes.

Christina responded from a table of petri dishes with a syringe in hand. “Same as the sucrose; sample is exhibiting enhanced energy and reaction to stimuli.”

Max glanced at a vial of pink ooze filled to the halfway mark. Not an hour before, it had required only half this volume until a mixture of alcohol was added, causing it to expand.

“Sample 3C shows signs of diminishing. Roughly ninety percent shrinkage from its fullest state.”

Chuckling as she wiped a stray wisp of brown hair from her face, Christina glanced at a shelf of different types of alcohol, both scientific and consumer-based. An assortment of liquors made one corner of the lab look more like a bar than a high-security facility. “If we keep going like this, I’m going to need you to pour me a few shots before I go insane.”

For the past month, Christina and Max found themselves preoccupied with the discovery of an other-worldly pink slime. The unknown substance was found only recently in the abandoned town of Moon Falls, Colorado. The area hadn’t seen civilized life in over three decades, and yet the strange slime was found flourishing in every nook and cranny of its water systems by a particularly avid urban adventurer.

The slime was hardly the strangest thing to come out of Moon Falls. Stories and local myths swirled around the town like an ethereal hurricane. Tales of strange bodily phenomena, bordering on outlandish, were among the most popular and frequently told. Many assumed the US government had been using the citizens of Moon Falls as test subjects for a form of biological warfare. Others feared a dangerous fungus plagued the area. Whatever the case, one could hardly walk through the ruined houses without finding shredded garments of clothing. Some residents still live within a nearby insane asylum, willing to spout their insane tales to any who would listen.

“You think this stuff has anything to do with all those stories?” Christina asked. A small dish of pink goo slowly bubbled in front of her as if to laugh at the secrets it refused to reveal.

Max shrugged. “If we were in a Ghostbusters movie, then yes. Realistically speaking? I think this stuff is just a symptom of whatever happened. My money is with the people crying fungal invasion. Weird slimes can be found all the time. How’s sample D7?”

A large glass beaker of slime sat on the edge of a table. Its color was lighter than its counterparts due to the quantity of water mixed inside. Upon combining the two fluids, the strange slime was found absorbing the liquid and storing it within hundreds of tiny pockets in its mass. The result saw the mass engorge far beyond its original size as it struggled to contain the water.

“No change in volume,” Christina reported. “Looks like you were right; the slime’s seal around the water prevents it from evaporating. No telling how long it could last. This stuff is *thirsty!* It just keeps taking as much water as you can give!” She jiggled a petri dish and watched the goo ripple. This particular sample had been exposed to open air for weeks without showing signs of drying out. “You know, if nothing else, it might be a fun toy! Assuming it’s not deadly and didn’t cause the downfall of an entire city.”

Max glanced up to respond but paused momentarily. Before their project concerning Moon Falls’ mysterious slime, it wasn’t often he stayed so late at the lab with Christina. With each of them living a single’s life, it didn’t take much for the atmosphere to become electrified with unspoken sexual tension. Though he’d kept his preferences under wraps for the sake of professionalism, Christina checked nearly every box of Max’s preferences.

The brunette was short, reaching just under five feet tall. A considerable hourglass figure shaped her body into a delightful miniature playground for a groping man’s hands. On more than one occasion, he’d found himself daydreaming about her small stature riding his manhood. Coupled with her outgoing personality, Christina was the forbidden fruit in his life. He might have made a move if workplace relationships weren’t prohibited. He’d always had a soft spot of shorter girls with glasses.

“Earth to Max,” Christina called.

“Huh?”

“You getting tired on me? I asked if you’ve checked the atomized chambers today.”

“Oh, uh, not today, no. Could you do it? I need to run these samples back to the freezer.”

“Sure, no problem,” she agreed as Max gathered two vials and entered a back storeroom.

Christina approached a corner of the lab housing several large tanks of gaseous slime. A thick glass window on each displayed the pressurized foggy pink vapor within. It swirled with life rather than staying motionless in the controlled environment. Looking into the churning void made Christina shiver. They still had no idea as to what the slime was, though the more they researched it, the more Christina felt it had a mind of its own.

“We’re gonna get you,” she whispered, tapping on the glass of a pressure meter. “It’s just a matter of time before--”

RMMBLL...

Christina glanced up when a gentle vibration ran through the floor. Hanging fluorescent lights swayed from the ceiling.

“Max...?” she called out.

His voice came from the storeroom. “Did you feel that too? It felt like an--”

RRMMBML!!!!

BOOOM!!!

The floor lurched suddenly when a violent shaking rocked the building’s foundation.

“*Earthquake!!!*” Christina yelled amid the chaos. Lights flickered overhead, throwing her in and out of darkness. Panicking, she grabbed for anything to steady herself.

CRREEEAA--SNAP!!

The pressure regulator broke in her grasp.

FFSSHHHHHH!!!!!!

“AAH!!!!”

Thick pink vapor rushed from the tank in front of her. Containing several dozen-gallons worth of slime, it took only seconds for it to coat her body and enter her mouth as she cried out. Dizzy and disorientated, Christina stumbled away from the tank before falling into a corner of the room for support.

SHHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOmmmmmm

The facility’s main power failed with a fading whirl of electrical equipment. Darkness embraced the lab save for the glow of an emergency exit sign over the door.

“Christina?? Are you alright??” Max yelled. He stumbled out of the storeroom and collided with a table in the darkness. *“Ow! Dammit! Christina??”*

GLOOORP

“Hah... H-Hah... Nngh...! Max...!”

Strange sounds of thick bubbling fluid and heavy breathing permeated the air. In the darkness, Max could only tell they were coming from the far corner of the room behind the tanks.

“C...Christina...?” he called out.

GLOOORRP!

“Nngh! M-Max...! Something... Something’s wrong...with me...!”

The dull glow of the exit sign wasn’t helpful in diffusing his anxiety.

“Are you hurt?? I think the earthquake knocked out the main power!”

SPLUURTCH!!

“Ahh!! Mngh!!! M-My body!!!”

It sounded as though someone was digging their hands into a large bowl of Jell-O as Christina’s frightened gasps rang out.

Max came closer *“H-Hang on! The backup generator should turn on any second! Then we can--”*

“Wait!! Don’t come over--”

SHOOOOOOOOOOOOOmmm!!

The emergency power kicked on, bringing the facility back to life. Max froze in place when their lights returned.

“C-C...Christina?”

A figure sat huddling in the corner. Dripping in pink ooze, Max initially thought her to be covered in spillage, though the longer he stared, the more he realized he could see through Christina’s pink-hued body. Ripples and flows of shining slime ran over the feminine shape squirming in place as her hands traced over her form. Only her lab coat remained as a cover, the rest of her clothes gone and absorbed into her quivering form.

Christina's dark-pink eyes bulged upon seeing herself. Breathless and aghast with horror, her mouth trembled wordlessly.

GLOOORRRPP

Slime dripped from her arms and legs.

"M-Max... Max, what happened to me...?" She fell forward onto her hands and knees, watching as slime fell from her naked form.

GLOOORRRRRP

Max backed up when she inched forward. "*You're contaminated! It... It got into your system!*"

"Don't run!!" Christina cried out at the thought of being left alone in such a state. "*Please don't leave me like this!! I-I need help!!*"

"What can I do?! You're..." Max stared with a dry mouth. "*You're made of...that stuff!!*"

He made for the exit.

"Wait!!!"

Upon grabbing the door handle, Max's heart sank to realize the exit was locked.

"*The emergency protocol...*" he whispered.

Upon any attack or attempted breach of security, the government facility entered an automated lockdown. No employees could leave and none could enter until the authorities arrived. Emergency kits were provided in every room for various situations and injuries, as there would be no immediate escape. Given the severe earthquake, Max figured the authorities were busy elsewhere.

GLOOOORRP

"M...Max... Please!" Christina bubbled from behind him.

A transparent pink hand grabbed the edge of a table. Rising to her feet like a newborn deer, Christina hunched forward and tried to slow her breathing.

"*The lab is sealed...isn't it?*" she whispered.

Max nodded, unable to come to terms with seeing through his colleague's naked body.

Control and mental fortitude were returning to Christina. Straightening her back and adjusting her glasses, she blinked several times against the light. The room was blurry and unfocused.

"My... My eyes..." Perplexed, she removed her glasses to find the scene crystal-clear. Aside from a strange new body, she couldn't find any physical fault in herself. The encroaching pains of her early thirties were gone. An aching back from leaning over a table for hours on end no longer assailed her. "*Nothing's wrong with me...*" she whispered.

"*What are you talking about?! You're made of SLIME!! I can see through you!!*"

"No, Max!" Christina faced him. "*I mean all my physical ailments are gone! I think whatever transformation I experienced, also healed my chronic injuries...*"

Holding her glasses in front of her, Christina stared through the blurry lenses. "I've had remarkably horrible eyesight since I was a child... But now, I can see clearer than ever."

As if to prove her point, she pressed her thumbs against the glass. The frames creaked slightly until the lenses popped free and clattered to the ground. She then placed the empty lenses on her nose.

“I’ve had glasses for so long, it’s uncomfortable without the frames in view,” Christina chuckled anxiously. It couldn’t distract from her gooey form. “Do you know what this means, Max?”

He stared at the slime woman. Not even five minutes into her new life and Christina was acting as though everything were fine despite the pink substance comprising her body. Fear had been replaced by curiosity and intrigue. The desire to explore burned within her eyes.

“This could be the scientific breakthrough of the century,” Christina answered for him. “That transformation healed every flaw in my body! Imagine what it could do for a paraplegic, or amputees! The medical possibilities are endless!”

“Except for them turning into goo people!”

Christina looked at herself. “Yea... That’s a fair point... But maybe there’s a way to reverse it! OR maybe we could harness the healing factor!” There was no trepidation or anxiety left within her voice. The scientist was eager to explore the vast world now opened to her by pure accident. “Spend tonight studying me.”

“Come again?”

“Think about it, Max; we only have until the lab exits lockdown before this opportunity is gone. We could have found a way to cure any disease! But once the lab opens and the authorities come, they’re going to see me, and they’re not going to let me just go home. *They’ll take me away.*”

“What?? They couldn’t! If it came to that, we could hide you and--”

She shook her head and thick strands of slime whipped from her head. “You know the protocol. The security logs know I’m on the premises. If they don’t find me, they’ll keep looking.” Stepping forward, she presented her case once more. “We have a chance to do some *real good*. If I’m taken away and experimented on, they’ll never put this knowledge to good use. *Study me now while you still can.*”

“Study you??” Max gestured to her form. “*I wouldn’t know where to start! T-There’s nothing to you but...ooze! No offense...*”

Christina nodded in understanding. Turning to see her reflection in the reflective side of a tank, she mused, “Whatever that stuff is, I’m made of it now... But how much of me is still human?”

GLOORRP

She reached a hand into her stomach and felt it meld with her arm. There was nothing to grab within her abdomen other than more slime.

“I have no digestive system, but I feel hungry... I have no brain, yet I still feel like myself and have consciousness.”

Her eyes lowered to rest upon her pelvis. The outline of her crotch remained as if she had simply been cast in glass. Stealing a glance at the front of Max's pants, she added, "I'm no longer human... But I still have human desires..."

Wondering exactly what desires she was referring to, Max stammered, "T-Then what should I study about you?"

Christina turned around and opened her lab coat, baring her naked slime self. "*Everything.*"

Even pink and transparent, Christina's nude form stunned Max. The smallest of details remained visible when the light struck her right. It was difficult not to stare at the curves of her free-hanging breasts and her nipples. Based on what he could see, she must have been in the F-cup range. Christina didn't seem to mind when his eyes drifted lower to see her crotch nestled between her plump thighs.

She approached, not making an effort to cover herself. Hotter shades of pink tinged her cheeks. "Find out how much of me is slime, and how much of me is still woman," she insisted. "*That would be a good place to start, don't you think?*"

Heat poured off her body. Max didn't think he could get more flustered, though the longer he stared at her jiggling gem-like form, the more his imagination started to churn.

"Y-You said you were hungry?" he finally asked after finding his words.

Christina inched forward until her chest brushed against his. "*Famished, actually.*"

Not taking his eyes off her, Max reached behind him to grasp a beaker of sugar water. Thin trails of slime ran from Christina's mouth when he saw it, as if drooling.

"Want to try this?" he asked, offering the container.

She grabbed it faster than he could react.

GULP

GULP

GULP

The clear fluid vanished in her mouth. Briefly, Max watched the water lighten her throat before it dissipated.

"*Mnngaaahh!!*" Christina vibrated with a happy delight. Even her color glowed slightly brighter with rejuvenation.

"How was that...?"

"*DELICIOUS! Like eating a five-star meal!!*" Shivering with energy, Christina watched her color brighten. Soft bubbly giggles of excitement left her rosy lips. "Looks like I live on sugar now, huh? Wonder what happens if I absorb an entire bag! *OH!*" Her eyes widened and she grabbed her hips with an excited gasp. "*Do you think I'll still gain weight if I eat too much of it?? I don't think I can get fat like this!!*"

The shock of the situation was wearing off. Max could feel his own curiosity rising to the surface, as well as against the front of his pants when he realized Christina was standing naked in

front of him. Even if she were made of slime, nudity was nudity and his eyes constantly flitted across her body. There were worse things to be locked in a lab with.

GLOOOORRP

Christina's body churned with apparent excitement. "You know, Max... I've been standing naked in front of you for quite a bit... You've been doing *plenty* of staring, but you haven't touched me yet..."

"I-I didn't know I was allowed."

"Well of course...!" Christina was all smiles and giggles. Getting close enough for his breath to interact with the surface of her slime, she lifted her chest into his. "*We're studying me, after all... And I can't do it; you're the only one here who can!*" Lowering her tone to a breathy whisper, she urged, "*Touch me, Max... For science.*"

He sweated with anticipation. For years Max had wished to hear such words leave Christina's lips; he just never thought she would be a shiny pink slime creature when the time finally came.

"*Go ahead! I don't bite!*" Christina giggled. "*I might drip a little on you, though.*"

Reaching out with mounting anxiety, Max held his breath upon his hand connected with her right breast.

SQUULCH!

She squished under his palm, indenting and deforming with a tight, hot surface.

"*Ah! I-I'm more...sensitive now, I think...*" she gasped upon contact. "*I can feel your body heat...a-a lot more...*"

Max's eyes widened at the sensation of her body. Pressing upon her was similar to sinking his hand onto a firm bowl of Jell-O that refused to break. Her surface was surprisingly structured given her makeup. It was a far more intimate experience than touching human skin, though Max could not explain why. Squeezing her breast sent light reflecting off the bulges he created. A part of him was aware she could have allowed his hand to enter her chest at any time, though she maintained a level of solidity to her skin.

"Well? What do you think?" Christina cooed, puffing her chest outward with pride. "Is it an improvement over regular girls?"

"It's..." Max couldn't stop squeezing. The soft, hyper-malleable mammary was everything he'd ever desired in tactile touch. "It's incredible..."

"*Mmnggh... You don't say...*" She came forward and pressed her hips into his. The heat soaked through his pants immediately and he could feel her softness forming to his bulge. Everything about her was soft, squishy, and beyond supple. "*Kinda makes you wonder what the rest of me feels like, doesn't it?*"

Max didn't know how to respond to her blunt approach. Things were moving too fast for him to process. His mind hadn't yet had the chance to fully come to terms with Christina's accident, let alone properly react sexually.

She sensed this, as well as felt him shaking against her. “Why so nervous? First time with a woman like me?”

Christina stepped away, withdrawing herself from his hand and leaving him with an expression of longing. Such a child-like reaction made her giggle with sugary sweetness.

“Maybe it’s time we move on to another experiment; you look like you could use a drink.”

His confused expression prompted Christina to motion towards the shelf of booze with a smile. Max gulped.

“I-I’m not sure that’s such a good i--”

“Just a little!” she promised while bouncing towards the selection. A nervous glance from her colleague at a petri dish full of expanded slime wasn’t lost on her. Assuring Max, she said, “If I start acting too naughty, you have my permission to restrain me until I calm down.”

Max wasn’t sure any form of restrains could hold this woman given her newfound body. There was no telling what her limits could be. Regardless, he didn’t want to say no to sharing a drink with his laboratory crush. Taking a small vial and a chosen bottle of rum from Christina’s hands, he poured a measured amount.

Her forehead shimmered as she raised a non-existent eyebrow at the small shot. “That’s all you want? Suit yourself!”

The near-full bottle of rum was taken from his grasp and brought to her lips.

“I always could hold my liquor before! Let’s see if I still can!”

“N-No, the vial was meant for y--”

GULP

GLOOORRP

“Mmnggh...”

GULP

GLOOORRP

GULP

GLOOORRP

“M-Mmgh!?”

There was no stopping her as whimpers mixed with the sounds of her chugging. Christina was enjoying herself too much for Max to even consider getting in her way. Downing his own small shot as she drained the bottle, they locked eyes upon feeling the alcohol burn their throats.

“Mmnggh... O-Oohhh...” Christina held her stomach and swayed. “Well, it still hits me like a whole bottle of alcohol! What was the alcohol content on the rum, again? I-I feel kind of like I’m--”

GUUURRRRGLE

Her body started to bubble and churn. Excitement rose in her while nervousness rose in Max.

“What do you think...oohhh...is gonna happen to me...??” she winked.

“Well... It caused the samples’ cells to become less dense and expand...” Max couldn’t hide his swelling curiosity as the alcohol began spreading through her body.

“Nnngh so you think that means I’m about to blow up...? Like I’m going to... Mmnggh... Ex...Expand...and...mmnggh!”

Her voice trailed off as the sounds of approaching change grew louder. Christina’s body roiled and shifted like an angry ocean.

SLLRRRCH!!

“AH!!”

Stumbling back, Christina groped her breasts. They rose and fell with instinctively heavy breaths.

“Are you alright??”

“M... M-Mhm! Just... Everything is...tingling!” She ran her hands down her stomach and around her hips. *“It’s like... I think I can feel myself...puffing up! I think I’m going to expand...j-just like those samples!”*

SLLRRRCH!!!

“Augh!!!”

Christina threw her head back in a sudden bout of pleasure and closed her eyes, though Max wasn’t about to blink. Across her body, drastic swelling was taking place as if she were gaining mass. Christina’s cells plumped at the alcohol’s influence until her entire being expanded in unison.

“Ooohhhh... O-Oh my!!”

SSLLLLLRRCH!!!!

“MMNGH!!!”

The pink slopes of her breasts lifted outward before distending several cup sizes. Even her areolas domed and puffed to match her thickening nipples. They plumped and ballooned into hefty forms reaching for double their original girth.

“They’re getting... Mnggh! They’re getting bigger!! I-It feels like growing pains... But it feels...soooo good!! I’m stretching all over!!”

They extended to her elbows to become quivering ripe melons. For a moment Max thought they might cover her belly button from view, though was amazed to see Christina’s abdomen elongating from her hips. Inches were added to her height in relation to her bust.

SSLLLLRCH!!

SLLLLLRRRRRCH!!!

“Ahh!! AAHH!! Oh my GOD!! I really am blowing up!!”

Everything jiggled with her attempts to endure the expansion of her cells. Drawing his eyes like a caressing hand, Christina’s hips and thighs engorged into peak femininity. Pink slimy mass closed any gap between her legs, squishing her pussy before being forced to expand to the sides. Her hips followed suit in order to stay proportional with her rear. Even from the front, Max

could see the outline of her cheeks peeking out from behind the tops of her thighs. In every way, introducing alcohol to her system had taken Christina's body to the next level of plump sexuality.

SSLLLLRRRCH!!!

"A-Ahhh...! Mmnggh!!!" She trembled and gasped as the swelling ceased. Like a marshmallow being subjected to low pressure, she stood before Max as an engorged figure of her former self.

"T...There!" she squeaked, opening her eyes and recovering from the thrill. "That wasn't so bad, was it? Hope you were taking notes on--*Oh.*"

She ogled her figure in shock. Too stunned to say anything upon finding her feet hidden from view and a shelf of jelly riding around her hips, Christina allowed a smile to thin her lips.

"Oh wow..."

"Christina, you just--"

"I just got the body I've always wanted!!!" Jumping and spreading her arms, she shimmied her entire form to send tits and ass wobbling in a mad display of mass. *"God, I feel so...heavy!! I thought I had an hourglass figure before! Everything is so...mmnggh!!!...full! HIC!! What do you think another few bottles would do to me?!"*

Max watched her hands explore every inch. There was no shame in her desire to feel and caress every curve and cranny. She attempted to slide a hand between her thighs to cup her crotch, only to find it necessary to spread her legs to make room. Such a struggle made her giggle.

"There's barely room for my hand anymore... I would probably blow a chair apart if I sit down!"

It was too great of a scene to look away from. Everything demanded his attention, from her swollen breasts defying gravity with their plumpness, to the sides of her hips tenting her lab coat outwards. Max stared, though narrowed his eyes on Christina's core. A shade of purple was slowly spreading from her navel.

"Mnggh... God, I feel so alive...! There's so much I--HIC!!--want to do..." Christina moaned as she withdrew her drunk fingers from her crotch. A thin, gooey substance dripped from them with a steaming warmth before falling to the ground like honey. She explored herself with enough heat and passion to allow her hands to meld with her body, producing wet sounds when they pulled away. *"My...tits! It's like... H-Hah... Mmnggh... Like they blew up with desire."*

The purple hue was spreading. Much of her pink color was gone before Max had a chance to bring it to her attention. Mounting arousal and desire were plain as day in her voice and actions, and as her color darkened, Max formed a hypothesis.

"Y-You're changing color!"

"Mmnggh... W...What?"

"You're turning purple, Christina!"

Panting and lightheaded, she opened her heavy eyes and stared into her swirling goo. *“Oh! Look...at that!”* She swallowed and played a finger across her stomach before diving between her legs and groaning. *“I-I certainly...FEEL purple...! Does that even...make sense??”*

It didn't make sense to Max, though the cause was clear: Christina was beyond horny. As her lust grew and ballooned, the heat of her desire was turning her pink slime purple.

“H-Hey,” Christina whimpered, catching her gaze. *“You're not thinking dirty thoughts about me, are you, Dr. Bramon?”*

Max lied. *“No! I-I was only--”*

“Come now...” She stepped forward, intent on using her swollen body of slime. *“We both know I've seen the search history on your phone more than once.”* Hands ran down her front and she jiggled her flowing assets. *“And we both know a slime girl isn't exactly a turn-off for you.”*

“I-I--”

A purple hand grabbed the front of his pants and slung open his belt. *“In fact, I might say seeing my body all jiggy and soft is quite the turn-on for you!”*

ZIIP!!

She dove into his boxers to find a solid cock waiting in the darkness.

“C...Christina! We--”

“Oh come on, you're not a liiiiittle curious about what I could do for you like this?” A dark purple tongue dripped with lust. *“Or what it might feel like to have your cock between my lips? Or even...a little deeper inside of me? I'm sure you've had a couple dozen ideas run through your head already!”*

SHUNK!

Max's pants fell to a heap around his ankles. Only inches away from Christina's slime-laden pelvis, he involuntarily throbbed at her intense heat. Thinking about her semi-transparent body led him to imagine what it might be like to see his cock plunging in and out of her crotch, as well as being able to see it within her belly.

Christina hummed with curiosity and engulfed his cock in her arm's slime. *“Let's try something, shall we?”*

“W-What are you--Nngh!”

His manhood hardened inside her undulated column of goo as if it were applying suction. Pulling and churning sensations attacked his dick.

“Hmm, nothing...” she said in dismay. *“I wonder if--AH!”*

A strong hand grabbed a swollen breast with rising hunger. A dark purple, it burned hotter than ever and Max had the strange sensation that he was fondling a woman made out of molten candy.

“Ah! C-Careful...! They're... They're a lot more sensitive than before! Expanding like that...really strained them!” Christina confessed amid gasps for air. *“Mmmngh! Why do they feel so full?? They're not swelling again, are they?? I won't be able to stand up straight!”*

Christina continued moaning as Max groped her bust. They indeed felt tighter and more firm. Both could sense an increasing size across her bust as he breathed laboriously.

“What’s going on...??” Christina squealed when her tits pressed tighter.

GLOOORRRP

“M-Max...! Something... What’s happening to my...tits??” Her hand stroked his cock harder than ever, bringing tight veins to the surface along his shaft.

Slowly the cause became clear. Though Christina’s body was purple, the centers of her breasts were slowly turning a dull pink as they grew into his hands. The pink areas grew and swelled within her, as if a reservoir were building. It got to the point of engorging her breasts outward and lightening their purple hue due to thinning slime.

GLOOORRRP

“Hah...! H-Hah...! Max...! They’re... MMNGH!!! Why are they getting heavier?? Can they really get bigger?! Why are my boobs growing again??”

The pockets of pink welled within her with increasing speed. Soon, volleyball-sized pouches rested within the watermelon knockers quivering on her frame. The pools jostled and sloshed.

Max gasped with realization. *“C-Christina!! I think your breasts are--”*

SSSTTRRRRTCH!!

“MMGNH!!!! Aahhhh oh my GOD!!” She squeezed his cock with extreme pleasure and torture. *“I-I’ve never felt...so horny in my LIFE!!! It’s like...all this lust is...building up inside of me!! Like I’m going to...p-p...pop with desire!!”*

SSPPPLLLRCH!!!!

SLOOOMMP SH

Max’s jaw dropped when he saw the pink substance inside her breasts bubble and slosh against her slime.

“Ah!! A-Ahhh!!! Tell me that isn’t what I think it is!!”

Finally overcome by the events unfolding within her chest, Christina released her grip in favor of cupping her engorging tits. They held firm and full in her hands, growing tighter as the pink substance mercilessly inflated them from the inside.

THUD!

She fell against a nearby table for support and gripped the edge.

“Max...! Max, I think they’re about to--”

GLOOORRRP!!

Both nipples plumped and gained the firm consistency of sugary gummy candy. The size of strawberries, they jutted into the air with pent-up pressure raging behind them.

“My breasts!! Are they... Is there something...FILLING THEM UP?! Am I lacta--”

GUUUURRRRGLE--SPPLRRRCH!!!!

“Ahhmmgh!!! MMNGH!!!!”

The sound syrup gushing forth cut off her cry. From her nipples leaked several streams of a viscous pink fluid. As it dripped and flowed down the curves of her breasts, Max likened the substance to hot, liquified bubblegum. The scent permeating the air was sublimely intoxicating.

Christina couldn't catch her breath. Watching herself engorge and erupt had short-circuited her mind. *"Wha... Mng... What's going... What's happening to me?? Why am I filling up?!"*

Gently, she sank her hand into a puffy areola.

SPPLRRRCH!!!!

"A-A-Aahh!! They're so TIGHT!!" Recovering from such a rush wasn't easy as she felt the goo coat her hand. Bringing it into view, she splayed her fingers to watch pink strands stretch in the air in a slimy spider web.



“Why am I--Nngh! My breasts are...leaking? Why am I lactating?? WHAT am I lactating?!”

DRIP

DRIP

Thin fluid ran from her thighs before dripping to the floor below. At every turn, Christina was incapable of containing her overflowing arousal. The swollen woman seemed ready to gush with overwhelming sensations.

SLOOMPSH

SLOOOMPHSH

“Ooohhhh... Mmnnggh...!”

Every movement sent deep, churning sloshes through her bust. Being able to witness a woman’s breasts’ contents jostling in real-time was an experience Max didn’t know he needed until now. Gazing at her slimy, bulbous globes fighting to contain her lactation was painfully tempting. Never had he wanted to shake a woman’s chest so much.

“I... I-I can’t control it!” she confessed. *“It’s like the more aroused I get...the more I produce!!”* Unable to resist, she squeezed her chest and caused pressure to spike.

SPLLRRRCH!!!!

“Gaaahhh!!!”

It sprayed through the air, leaving the room smelling of an unnamable sweetness. Inhaling the aroma brought fog to Max’s head. Slowly he grew dizzy and uncontrollably aroused to the point of his hard-on becoming uncomfortably stiff. Dryness came over his mouth and his stomach rumbled.

Christina saw this reaction. Everything in Max’s demeanor suggested the leaking substance served an evolutionary purpose.

“It’s like...some kind of mating mechanism...” she breathed, watching his eyes follow her sticky nipples. *“You’re attracted to it, aren’t you?”*

SLOOOMPSH

She lifted them towards him. *“Taste it...”*

It took everything left of his waking mind to express his reservations. *“I-I don’t know if we should... We don’t know what it--”*

“We more than should,” Christina said breathily. *“We have to. Science demands it.”*

SLOOOMPSH

SLOOOMPSH

Lifting them again with hearty, content-jiggling motions, she insisted. *“They’re all yours. Every drop, if you want it.”*

Max could have never resisted. Latching on, he found her nipple to be like a firm Jell-O shot between his lips. Sucking and pulling her into his mouth, he could feel Christina’s areola stretching. The texture was exotic and elegant, an experience far above any human nipple. Christina’s was smooth and slippery with a flawless texture begging to be licked.

“Mmngh!! Take it...slow!” Christina shuddered, hugging his head into her.

“Mmmph...!”

Swirling purple filled his view from between her cleavage. The world jiggled and sloshed. Within seconds, his mouth was filled with a thick fluid. It was warmer than breast milk and viscous like syrup. The taste could only be described as a cross between strawberry and cherry mixed with dairy. A faint memory of rum tinged the fluid.

There was no question in his mind as to whether he should swallow. Closing his eyes, Max began gulping his coworker’s lactation with grunts for air.

“Nnngh!”

“O-Ohh you’re sucking so fast!! You’re thirstier than I thought!”

Once ingested, the slime lactation was fast to react with his body. Her milk bubbled in his abdomen and warmth spread through his limbs. Throbbing pressure hardened his shaft into an iron pipe within Christina’s grasp. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d been so stiff, nor a time he felt so utterly pushed to his physical limit.

“OH!” Christina gasped suddenly. As he consumed more, she felt something in his body unlock. A sixth sense now existed between her and his being. She could feel pieces of her essence within Max. Devilish desire overcame her and she hugged him tighter into her breast, locking him in place.

“Keep drinking...” she whispered lovingly. *“I think I just made an incredible discovery.”*

SSCHHLLORP!

“Mmngh...” Max moaned when his cock was enveloped in a sleeve slime. Unable to see beyond her breasts, he could only feel liquid pressure undulating around his shaft and squeezing his head.

“That’s it...” Christina urged. *“Drink as much as you want! I’ve got plenty... I can even make more if you suck me dry!”*

SCHHHOORRP

SCHHHOORRRP

Christina’s stroking intensified. The tortuous stiffness assaulting his shaft drove Max wild. He felt larger than ever before, enough to make him wonder if his pants would fit before he found a chance to calm down.

“Mmph!” he grunted against the discomfort of such an intense erection.

“Do you like that...?” Christina giggled. *“Feeling me sliding all over your big...swollen cock?”*

He could only nod with her bloated nipple filling his mouth. Lust burned in his chest with a growing fire. No longer concerned for the professionalism of their choices, he allowed his hands to explore. It was no surprise when one drifted across her stomach and wedged itself between her massive thighs. An intimate opening greeted two curling fingers.

“Mmmngh!!! Getting...a-ahh! Getting a little...handsy, are we???”

They were at each other's mercy. Looking into her chest and down her torso, Max could just make out the distorted shape of his fingers wiggling their way into Christina's pussy. Finding its interior warm, soft, and slick was everything he'd hoped it would be. Surely a normal woman's intimates would feel like sandpaper after this exquisite substance.

GUUURRRGLE

"Yes... *Y-Yes!!*" she cried out, feeling her lactation double. Her grip tightened on his dick. "*Drink up! Have your fill! I know I certainly will...*"

SCHHLLLOORRP

"*N-Ngh!!*"

Max winced at an unprecedented tightness in his manhood. The sensations were too much to ignore. He knew himself well enough to know even his cock could never feel so engorged. Pulling himself away from the luscious purple nipple, he took a moment to inspect the state of his manhood.

The scene left him speechless.

Christina giggled and removed her sleeve of slime from his shaft. "*What do you think...? Did I do good, or what? It's like a work of art!*"

It was massive. Dripping in purple goo, Max found his cock pumped to over twice its natural size. A shaft like his forearm stretched with a veiny presence demanding attention. His head throbbed like a small apple, ready to enter the nearest orifice. It hung heavy and long as a disproportionate extension of himself reaching out over twelve inches.

Two hands were required to hold the beast aloft.

"*W...What did you do to it??*"

"*Fascinating, don't you think?*" Christina cheered with shining eyes of curiosity. "*Seems like once my secretion is in someone's system, I can manipulate their bodies! Like a secret agent sneaking in and unlocking the door for me.*"

"*I'm...*" Max stared, unable to comprehend the behemoth between his legs. He was scared to touch it for fear of setting it off like a bomb. "*I'm MASSIVE...*"

A finger traced down his shaft and over the ridges of several veins. "*Should I change it back? I can certainly--Ah!*"

Max wouldn't hear of such a thing. Rushing towards her, he grabbed Christina by the hips and pulled her close. He felt as though he could pierce her abdomen with his manly upgrade. Her surface pressed firmly against him.

"*Don't you dare,*" he said before pulling her close. "*I'm going to need every inch to stretch out that bloated body of yours.*"

Finally their lips met in a flurry of passion built up over years. Kissing such a pair of lips was a unique experience in itself, though running his hands over her back and ass enhanced the experience to new levels. Christina's body's texture and physical reactions to touch were so different from those of a human, that Max found himself feeling like he were back in high school

experiencing a girl's body for the first time. Everything was new. Everything was mysterious and full of potential. It was difficult to decide where to let his hands spend their time.

"M-Max!! You're... I've wanted this...for so long!!"

"Let's not wait any longer, then."

She squealed and bubbled when he grabbed her by each bloated cheek and thigh, lifted her into the air, and threw her against the wall before letting her fall onto a small sink.

SCHHLUP!

"Ah!! W-W-Wait!!! Max!!" Christina cried out.

He pulled back with concern. "What's wrong??"

It was difficult for her to say through breathless gasps. When she pointed to her hips resting on the small porcelain fixture, Max saw the problem.

The faucet had plunged inside her body to become wedged deep within her pelvis.

"Oh my God! I-I'm so sorry!" He made to help lift her free. *"Let me--"*

"D... Don't..." Squirming back and forth, she anchored herself down. Anticipation flooded her voice and she looked into his eyes. *"Why don't you turn it on, instead?"*

Max smiled at her devilish curiosity to explore the limits of her new body. Reaching to either side of her hips and grabbing the handles, he warned, *"Alright, but you asked for it."*

Anticipation plagued him as if he had just stuck a water balloon on the end of a hose.

SQUEAK!!

BLUBLUBLUBLUB!!!

"A-Agh!! Oh... O-Oh my...God! That feels...weird!!"

Christina doubled over and grabbed the sides of the sink for support when her body started to tremble. Water could be heard rushing through the pipes, though once it found the inside of her abdomen, only the churning of slime reached their ears. Swirls of the mixture sloshed back and forth with her breaths.

"It's like... L-Like I shoved a hose...up my crotch!" she gasped. Looking at Max with shame, she blushed dark purple and added, *"D-D-Don't ask how I know what that...nng...feels like."*

BLUBLUBLUBLUB!!

SSSTTRRRRTCH

The water was settling in. Like it did with the alcohol, Christina's body started to plump outward. The appearance was far different, however. Pressure pushed from within her body as weight started to collect in countless pockets of water. Her thighs gained inches in circumference and pressed together, completely covering the sink before overflowing the bowl.

SPPLLRRTCH!!

Christina arched her back. *"Ahh!! I-It's...pumping into my chest!!!"*

Max hadn't hoped for anything less and grinned when her mammarys started to jump.

Pink fluid sprayed forth from towering nipples. The battle for space was on within Christina's breasts as water and syrup fought for a home. *"I'm...bloating up!! All that water...rushing into me!!"*

She clamped her legs tight around the faucet and twisted her ankles. As she took on more water, Christina's body slowly lightened in color similar to a water balloon stretching to capacity.

"It's like...there are thousands of tiny balloons...filling with water inside my body!! And they all want...to be BIGGER!!" Crying out and struggling to keep the pressure within her plumping form, Christina looked down to see her waistline extending to give her a more chubby appearance. Her curves were nearing capacity.

"You're filling up all over!" Max awed. Watching a woman expand at the mercy of a faucet's water pressure was among the greatest scenes he'd ever witnessed. Across her entire frame, Christina could be seen thickening as if she were a jiggling purple blowup doll.

SSPLLLLCH!!!

Pressure caused her chest to spray a warning shot.

"I'm...getting full!" Choosing which curve to grope and massage was impossible.

"Max...! I-I don't know...how much longer I can last!"

CCRREEEAAAAAAK

"Mmnngh!! I feel like I'm blowing up!! God, it feels...so good, though!!! I-I can feel all this water... Sloshing inside of me!!"

CCRREEEAAAAAAK!!!

The sink complained under her quivering girth. Looking as though she had doubled her body mass, Christina gasped and held onto her chest for dear life. Her legs clenched and struggled to contain the pressure within her pussy.

"I-I..." She cried out loudly from rising pressure. *"Ok, ok! I'm...I'm full!!! I'm FULL!! I don't think I can take anymo--"*

CREEAAAA-CRASH!!!

FWOOOOOSH-THUNK!!

"AUGH!!!"

Neither expected the sink to break away from the wall. Upon gravity taking Christina's over-filled weight to the ground, a broken pipe sprayed madly from the wall before plunging directly into her back.

BLUBLUBLUBLUB

"EEP!!"

The slime woman froze and looked down at her chest.

"M-M-Max...???" she squeaked when her mammaries started to engorge at an unprecedented rate.

Water fed directly into her breasts from the pipe, bloating their globing forms and causing them to jut out from her body.

“The water...!! It’s going right into my chest!!” she gasped, squirming against the pipe as it gushed into her without mercy. *“M-MMNGH!!!! MAX!! Do something!! God, I can’t just keep filling up!! Don’t you see how full I’m getting?!”*

He could only stare as she bloated outward. Nervous about her unknown limits, Christina held the sides of her breasts as they surpassed large beach balls in size. A massive pussy squished against the ground between her thighs, suctioning her in place.

SPPLLLRCH!!!

“Haahhhh...!!! Oohhhh GOD!!! No more!! N-No more!!”

Pink jelly sprayed angrily from her nipples as water forced it out of her breasts. Max could hear her slime body stretching as it filled with enlarging pockets of water, desperate to hold every ounce pumped into her.

“I-I’m like a damn balloon!!! All this fluid...trapped inside of me!! Are you just going to watch and wait until something happens?!”

SSPPLLLRRRCH!!!

SPPLLRRRRCH!!!

“Ahh!! A-Aaahhh!!! Max, do something before I pop!!! I-I can’t stretch forever!!!” She jiggled with her extreme water weight and sloshed on her ass. Filled so large and full, it pushed out to the sides from under her like a squishy purple pillow.

PSSHH!!!

PSSSHH!!!!

Water sprayed from several locations in thin streams.

“D-Did I just spring a leak?!?! Mmmnnnghhh...!!! A-All this pressure... I can’t take it!! But at the same time... Feeling myself take all of this fluid... Feels incredible!! I-I...nnngh...almost don’t want it...t-to stop!?”

PPSSHHH!!!

PSSHH!!

“Is there a second hose you could put in my mouth??”

Puddles of pink lactation and water formed as pressure forced fluid from her body. Christina gazed helplessly as her chest filled up and into her face. The girth of her bust was incredible and too large to be contained in her arms. Her areolas domed full and round, rivaling Max’s head in width and height.

“There... There’s gotta be a limit, right?? I can’t just keep FILLING UP!! W-W-What if I were to fall in the ocean?!”

GUUUURRRRRGLE!!!!

“Oohhhh... O-Ohhh...!!! Max!!! I... I feel something...!! I don’t think I can...hold much more...b-before I--”

SQUEAK!!!

The flow of water ceased. Looking up, she saw Max with his hand on the water supply lever.

“W-W-Why would you turn it off?!” she whimpered.

He grinned. *“Because I have another experiment to perform.”*

SLLOOOMMP SH

SLLOOOMMP SH

“Mmng!” Heavy sloshing emanated from Christina when Max helped her to her feet. Dozens of gallons of water were held within her frame, causing her breasts to quiver and shine. Every part of her body was blown large and full, pushed to its limit either by alcohol or water. It was a mystery how such a form could support her weight without bones.

“So... Fuuuuull...” Christina groaned as she made her way towards a table. Breasts extended beyond her hips in mammoth, sloshing disproportion. With a heavy grunt, she sat down and leaned back, spreading her thighs and allowing her chest to rest on her thighs. Steaming breath left her lips from the build-up of heat in her body. *“I’m ready...mmngh...for the experiment, Dr. Bramon.”*

She trembled when Max stepped forward to spread her legs and urge her to recline back. Even made of slime, the outline of her nethers were well defined and called to him like a siren. He’d never witnessed such a plump, swollen pussy between two supple thighs. He could hardly wait for what was sure to be a majestic experience given his enhanced manhood.

“F-Fill me up,” Christina begged from behind her chest. *“Stick your giant cock in me and--MMNGH!”*

SCHHHLUUCK

BWOOOMSH

BWOOOMSH

“Ahh!! Aahhhmmgh!! M-Max!!!”

It was incredible. Her body accepted him as easily as fluid, yet stroked his shaft with a dense firmness. Entering up to his hips, Max stared at his dick plunging deep into Christina’s abdomen. It warped and deformed through her transparent mass as if he were looking at it through crystal. Most arousing was being able to see the pressure it applied to his skin, like a thousand invisible fingers stroking him simultaneously.

“You’re... You’re so big! Even like this! I-I can feel you...stretching me out!! Is it because I’m so full?!”

Max didn’t dare answer. His mental capacity was being spent on containing his arousal. Every inch of Christina’s body was designed to make him climax. Gallons upon gallons of slime, water, and lactation heaved and jiggled with his every thrust. He’d often dreamed of being able to send ripples through women’s curves the way he currently did with Christina.

BWOOOMSH

BWOOOMSH

Christina flailed and grabbed at her chest. *“You’re making them swell again!! My arousal is...making me lactate!!! But I feel...too full as it is!! They can’t really think I can get bigger, can they?!”*

Her breasts heaved before him. Staring into her cleavage, Max could see the centers of her tits engorging with thick juices. There was little room for such development given the water and slime already residing within, though her body had no choice; Christina's arousal demanded she bloat and fill.

SSPPLLLRCH!!!

"Auuuugh!!! MAX!!!"

Pink goo sprayed his face and chest from a flailing nipple. Nothing would faze him. As she cried out in extreme pleasure, he continued pumping as if his life depended on it. The front of Christina's abdomen bulged from the head of his cock striking repeatedly. No sexual experience in his life compared to the jiggling exotic mass lying on the table.

"I'm gonna come... I'm gonna come!!!" Christina clawed at her chest and clamped tight on each nipple, prompting a build-up of fluid until she was forced to let go and reduce the pressure. *"I feel so...FUCKING FULL!!! I don't know if I can take this!!!"*

Max grabbed her wobbling hips and spread her cheeks, allowing him the deepest penetration. *"Oh you're gonna take it. Every drop."*

"MMNGH!!!"

Max spoke with dominating confidence, but inside, he wasn't so sure. He felt as though he were fornicating with a water balloon filled to bursting. Through their experimentation, Christina had grown to a massive, heaving version of her former self. Now with her curves groaning with gargantuan weight, Max feared what was readying for release.

"Mnnghh!!! L-Let me have it!" she pleaded, arching her back. *"GIVE IT TO ME!!! I-I want to feel my pussy fill up like everything else!! I want to blow up!!!"*

Max grunted with effort. Not only could he feel his cock tightening to mind-numbing levels, but he could see it happening within her as well. A massive release was ready to fly, yet it felt held back by his physique.

"C-Christina...!" he gasped, leaning into her. *"When you...made me bigger, did you increase the size of my load too??"*

BWOOOMSH

BWOOOMSH

GUUUURRRRGLE

"Mmmmmm of course I did!!!" she replied over the sound of churning slime. So overheated, her body could be seen sticking to the table as if she were melting.

"Nngh!!!" Max panted for air. Even his dick didn't feel prepared for the package it was about to deliver. *"Y-You might have done too much!"* he warned.

"Don't...ahh!! Don't threaten me with a good time!!!" Christina whimpered when she felt him tense within her pussy. Rising onto her elbows, she grinned from over her chest upon seeing Max struggling to stay sane. *"I guess we'll see, won't we? Why don't you just try and fill me up!! I can take it."*

SPLLLRRTCH!!!

“Ah!!”

Pink goo sprang from her nipples to douse Max directly in the face. Tasting such sweet nectar was the final straw.

“*C-Christina!!*” Max yelled while sinking his hands into her thighs. They firmed under his hands with no room left to stretch.

Her eyes brightened with desire. “*Let me have it!! Fill my jiggling body up to the brim with--*”

GGUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

An enormous rush of cum into her abdomen halted her words. Both were excited to see Max’s load pump into her, though when it gushed like a hose and surrounded his cock in an instant sea of cum, Christina began having second thoughts.

“*M-M-Max?*” she squeaked, feeling more cum rush into her by the second. It spread as a thick pool before the front of her belly slowly rounded outward. “*Max!! Wait!! Y-You’re filling me up!!!*”

“*I can’t...stop it!!*” The sensation of his cock throbbing in a bubble of his own cum only made the situation worse.

SSSTTRRRRRRTCH!!

Her belly distended as it quickly ballooned. Matching the size of his head for only a second, it rushed to new heights to rival a beach ball of swirling cum.

“*A-Augh!!! MAX!!!! S-Slow...nnngh!!! SLOW DOWN!!! I can’t...!! I was already full of water!!! I didn’t mean--AAHH!!!*”

He tried to pull out but found the pressure of her swollen crotch too great on the base of his cock. Every inch of her navel bloated with his seed, puffing her pussy and upper thighs with a sea of white.

BWOOOMPHSH!!!

“*Aauuugh!!! I-I-I couldn’t actually...burst, could I?!?! Max, this feels like too much!!*”

She couldn’t stay upright. Collapsing back to the table, Christina grabbed the sides of her stomach as it engorged like a blimp. The pressure against her purple surface was intensifying with every pulse of Max’s dick.

“*T-T-Too much!!! TOO MUCH!!! God, I WANT TO FUCKING COME!!!! B-B-But I don’t know...if my body could handle it!!!! IT FEELS TOO GOOD TO BE PUSHED TO THE LIMIT!!!!*”

GUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

Christina grabbed the bottoms of her breasts suddenly when they churned and bubbled. It wasn’t hard to see why; the pink of her lactation was slowly lightening in color.

“*F-Fuck!!! OOHFFFH FUCK!!! Max!!! I-It’s going into my boobs!!! You’re filling my tits with cum!!! There’s nowhere else for it to go!!!*”

SSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Nothing was safe from his monumental load. Each of Christina's curves bloated and filled, straining to contain every bit of varying fluid they'd been forced to carry that night.

"Oooohhhh I'm so full!!! I-I feel like I'm going to POP!!!" She gasped and panted with desperation. *"B-B-But I should be fine, right?! I'm made of slime!!! I-If I pop... I'll be fine!! I-I'm probably supposed to pop!! Like a bubble gum balloon!!"*

Max had a feeling they were going to find out. They had passed the point of no return long ago. Now all that was left was to wait for his orgasm to cease and see if her quaking body could handle it.

SPLLRRTCH!!!

"I-I'm overflowing!!!" she writhed as juice sprayed from the lips of her swollen cunt. *"I think my nipples are too bloated to leak anything!!!"*

BLUBLUBLUBLUB!!!

Cum bubbled and pumped deep into her form. The table creaked under her weight. Christina had become little more than a jiggling pair of fluid-filled tits of slime looming in front of Max. Each containing over one hundred gallons of various fluids, they heaved with pressure and weight.

"M-MAX!! I... I don't feel myself stretching anymore!!!"

SSPPPLLRRTCH!!!

"Nnngh!!!"

Lust and desire painted her words. *"Not another drop...! I-I don't think I can take...another drop!!! I feel like...I'm about to BURST!!! AAAHHHH I'M SO FUUUULL!!!!!"*

"GAH!!!"

The flow of cum stopped.

Max gasped in relief and collapsed between Christina's legs to be supported by a mammoth bubble of cum and water. *"It's...It's over..."* he assured her.

GLOOORRRRPP

They stayed silent in the majesty of her hulking figure as it settled. Tight as a drum and transparent as a purple window, Christina quivered in front of him.

"Mmmnngh... Ooooh God..." she moaned, compressed under her mammarys.

"Are you alright?" Max still didn't feel as though he could remove himself from her crotch despite the pressure pressing around his cock. *"Christina??"*

The sound of bubbles and slime came in response until she confessed, *"I... I-I feel..."*

GUUURRRRGLE

"Oooohhhh... Max..." she gulped when her belly started to react. *"I don't...feel right..."*

BLUBLUBLUBLUB!!!

"Aahhh!!! MMMNGH!!!!!"

Christina started to squirm and thrash under her sloshing contents.

"What's wrong?!"

"M-MAX!!! NNNNGH!!!!!! I feel WEIRD!!!"

GUUUURRRRRGLE!!!!

Max leaned back when her body lurched with energy. Tits, ass, and belly alike all heaved in unison.

“MAX!!! M-M-MAX!!!!”

The slime churned, compressing in on itself and bulging her bust large and full.

“I think... NGH!!! I-I think my body is...having a reaction to your cum!!!”

His eyes widened. Considering the massive amount he’d just pumped into her, this wasn’t good news. *“IT’S WHAT?!”*

“I feel... I feel like I’m... A-Ahh!! OOHHHH GOD!!! There’s something INSIDE OF ME!!”

GUUUURRRRRGLE!!!

Intense heat poured from her body. From her undulating pussy, Max might have thought she was about to explode with lust and arousal in an orgasm for the record books. Slowly her body began turning purple once more. Water and cum darkened, becoming one with her.

“I-I THINK I’M GONNA COME!!! SOMETHING IS...BUILDING UP!!! W-WHY DOES IT FEEL...LIKE PRESSURE?!?! GOD, THIS ORGASM MIGHT ACTUALLY MAKE ME EXPLODE!!! I-I feel like a TIMEBOMB!!”

SSPPLLLRRRCH!!

“Aahh!!! AAHHH!!!! YES!!! YEEEESSS!!! It feels...SO...DAMN...GOOD!!!”

“Christina! I--”

Max froze. He could have sworn he’d just seen a hand try and wiggle its way free of her body. Staring at the same spot on the side of her torso, he saw a face identical to Christina’s press outward before vanishing.

“MMMMNGH!!!! I-I’m blowing apart!!!!”

“N-No... You’re not...” Max whispered. *“You’re dividing...”*

“W-What...?!”

He gulped and watched a copy of Christina try to crawl free before being pulled back into her mass. Its eyes were just as overflowing with arousal as Christina’s. If the process were to finish, he feared he may be buried beneath a pile of insatiable slime women. *“My cum... I-It’s reacting with your body and making you...divide!”*

Finally she saw it. From one of her breasts, a panting face briefly appeared. *“H-Holy shit!! This can’t... This can’t be real!!”*

With her entire looming bulk of slime quivering and bulging, Max feared it was indeed reality. There could be any number of Christinas ready to arrive, each as curious and eager as the original.

“I’m... I-I can’t take it!!” she cried out, hugging her chest. *“It feels too GOOD!!! Like there’s fireworks going off inside of me!!!”*

GGUUUURRRRRGLE!!

“MAX!! My body!!! I think... I think it’s going to... MMMNGH!!! I think I’m about to come!!! I CAN’T HOLD IT!!!”

She expanded and tightened like a balloon losing the will to fight the pressures inside. Nearly doubling in size as several copies fought to break away, Christina screamed in a cock-numbing orgasm. *“AAAHHHHHHH I CAN’T TAKE ANYMOOOOO--”*

SPLLOOOOOOSH!!!!

The world turned purple in an instant. Like a paint bomb exploding, the lab was thrown into a storm of slime coating every nook and cranny. Max stood at the edge of the table at ground zero with his front dripping in goo and his manhood standing straight out. The hot insides of Christina’s pussy still dripped from his shaft and head.

He didn’t dare speak, mostly due to the inability to process what had just taken place over the last half hour.

“Mnngh... I’m... I’m sorry... I swear that’s never happened before...”

A tired voice came from the table.

“Christina?!” he exclaimed, jumping forward to stare at a vibrating pile of slime. It slowly returned to bright pink in color as Christina’s face appeared in the center. *“You’re alright!”*

“I’m... I’m fine...!” she laughed weakly. *“I just couldn’t take anymore...”*

The scientist gasped in sexual relief and the calm after the storm. Max could see her trying to reform into a human shape, but she remained an amorphous blob on the table. Exhaustion was clear in her eyes.

“I think subjecting myself to so many stimuli after my initial transformation...took too much out of me...” Christina confessed.

“So you feel alright??”

“Mmmm never better, actually!” Her form swirled in ecstasy as slime dripped from the ceiling and walls. *“If we had had sex first, I think I might have actually divided! Can you imagine? Having to please two or three more of me?? You might have been in trouble!”*

“I don’t think the world is ready for that,” Max admitted. *“I’m just glad you’re ok.”*

“I just need a little time to recover. Maybe a couple bags of sugar to help me get back on my--”

KNOCK

KNOCK

“Hello?? Anyone in there??”

Both scientists froze. It was a voice from outside.

“Shit! It’s security!” Max cursed. *“They must be clearing the facility!!”*

Fear took over Christina’s face. *“They can’t see me like this!!! They’ll take me away!! I’m not going to some lab as an experiment, Max!! I’ll never see the light of day again!!! Don’t let them take me!!”*

It was easy to see her reasons for panic. There wouldn't be any way to hide their mess, but they could hide the source.

“Hide in the back room!! I'll try and stall them!!”

SCHLLUUMP!!

Crawling as best she could, Christina fell from the table in a sickening pile of wet slime and began inching herself towards a supply closet. No sooner had she vanished and Max pulled up his pants than the door was unlocked. He prayed they wouldn't notice the massive pipe running down a pant leg.

BEEP

BEEP BEEP

BEEP

CLICK!!

The security protocol was disabled upon two military police entering the room, one male and one female.

“Are you Dr. Bra--” The man paused and took in the dripping scene of slime. *“The hell happened in here?”*

Guns resting at their sides made Max more nervous than ever. Feeling as though he should raise his arms, he explained, “The earthquake caused some of our solutions to react rather violently. And yes, I'm Dr. Bramon.”

The female MP checked him off a list as her companion ogled the room. “Good. Have you seen Dr. Naumar? She's unaccounted for, but the logs show she was on the premises at the time of the lockdown.”

Max was sweating. “I-I think she was in the bathroom when the earthquake h--”

CLANK!

A metallic container fell to the floor in the supply room. Max froze when the MPs took immediate notice, the woman assuming full soldier mode.

“What was that??” she asked, glancing at Max as she approached the closet.

“N-Nothing!”

“Go check it out, Holly; I've got him,” her partner assured.

His heart raced. There was no room for error in the high-security government lab. Any second now she would discover a very tired slime woman unable to defend herself. Max feared for the woman's reaction as she rounded the corner and entered the room.

There was only silence and dripping slime, until--

“What in the--MMNGH!!!”

Intense bubbling and scuffling feet poured out. *“Mmnggh!!”*

“Holly? You good??” the MP called out, drawing his gun. He approached the closet as her sounds died down.

Max started to say, “I-I wouldn't get too--”

“Stay right there!” he warned.

“Mmmngh... Ahh! Hah...!”

A flurry of moans drifted from the closet before Holly’s hand curled around the doorframe. Stumbling into view, she used the wall for support.

“Ooohh God...” she moaned while panting for air. Dizziness fogged her mind and both men took notice of the extreme mass testing the limits of her uniform.

“What happened?? Something in there??” he asked.

She shook her head and supported the underside of her breasts with an arm. “I... I don’t know... I think the fumes are getting to me.”

Max watched her stumble towards the door. Compared to the body she’d arrived with, the woman’s curves were filled to the point of ripping through her clothes. Her breasts had grown to more than ten times their original size to rival her head and strain her buttons to the point of exposing gratuitous cleavage. Her shirt had ridden up to expose her midriff, where heaping shelves of flesh from compressed hips sought to blow out her pants. Several rips had already appeared along the weaker seams of her clothes.

“The hell...?” the man whispered, unable to look away from her bulging assets.

“She might have slipped,” Max lied. “This slime doesn’t agree with regular clothes; makes them shrink like you wouldn’t believe. Should have seen what happened with our last intern.”

“I... I might need to knock off early,” Holly admitted upon making it to the lab’s door.

The men stared until her partner found his words after clearing his throat. “I’ll see about them getting you a new uniform.”

“Ohhh... O-Ooohhh... God... My tits...” Holly groaned from the hall. Weighty, jelly-like cleavage bulged into her view with every gasp for air. *“Why do I feel so swollen...?”*

“Go home, Holly,” he insisted. “I’ve got it covered here.”

He turned to Max. “Dr. Bramon, we’ll continue searching for Dr. Naumar. Make sure to tell us when you see her in case she comes back here first.”

Max gulped and watched Holly leave. Pink slime soaking through the crotch of her pants was all the proof he needed. “I-I’ll let you know when I see her, but there’s no telling where she could show up...”