

Ripe n' Ready: Overflow

Kayla waited anxiously on the couch. Bouncing her leg, she could hardly contain her excitement. Looking at her phone or turning on the TV could have provided some distraction, but she knew it wouldn't keep her mind from the source of her giddiness.

Their new pump would be here today. It was a day Kayla had awaited since she and Ron had gone out on their own as budding entrepreneurs. The thought alone of their dreams coming closer to reality was making her nipples ache with thick, juicy pressure.

"Mmgh... Come on, Ron..." she mumbled, looking at the clock.

Several months had passed since the candy incident at school. After Ron's creation of a substance capable of making women's breasts bloat and engorge with a sweet berry-flavored juice, the school was quickly thrown into turmoil as girls burst from their bras and blouses. Kayla in particular had grown fond of the effect and consumed enough candy to permanently alter her body's chemistry.

Her classmate, Taylor, hadn't been so lucky. After being abandoned in the girls' locker room as her body uncontrollably swelled, she never bothered Kayla again. She wasn't certain how extreme Taylor's juice production had become, but there was extensive property damage to the school. This was one of the main factors in Kayla and Ron's expulsion from the university, including the dozen other students leaving blue trails through the halls.

Life had moved fast for them since that fateful day. Now dating full-time, Kayla and Ron happily lived together in a small rental home on the outskirts of town. Both thought the location and lack of neighbors were optimal given Kayla's shirt-stretching condition. Job offers flooded Ron's phone only days after the school's story aired on national news. At first they were ecstatic, though after some thought, both agreed this was a venture they wanted to explore together without the corporate politics.

As such, Ron had taken to closely guarding his candy recipe. Kayla was currently the only known permanent producer of the exotic berry juice, Taylor's unknown condition excluded. Competition was the last thing they needed as a budding startup, although given the popularity of their homemade juice products, both felt confident in the immediate future.

GLB-GLB-GLB

"Nngh..."

Kayla shifted her thighs in an attempt to ride a wave of arousal. Pressure trembled through her chest, causing its weight to rise. She glanced down and pulled her neckline away; the sight made her purse her lips.

The purple hue of her breasts was darkening. Even at their lightest, her chest was a gentle shade of blue. Arousal was bringing their colors to shift, however. She watched as her skin shimmered and adopted a violet shading. It was a sure sign of juice bubbling within her milk glands, as was the deep bubbling.

"Hurry up, Ron..." she whispered, tenderly rubbing their fronts. Eager nipples poked through her bra. *"I-I might not be able to hold them back for long..."*

Kayla hadn't resembled her old bra size since first eating the candy back in school. Now the closest her breasts came to reaching her previous C-cups was when she managed to

completely empty them, bringing her to a hefty G-cup. It was difficult to believe she had ever been so small as she felt juice tickle the back of her nipples.

GLB-GLB!

“Ah! E-Easy, girls!”

She hefted their bottoms to test their weight. The swelling was evident. Wearing a low-cut striped shirt, every bit of growth was accentuated. Such a top was often her outfit of choice given how well it displayed her exotic blue cleavage. The stares her appearance garnered never failed to excite.

The sound of a key unlocking the front door made her jolt. Ron entered moments later, wheeling a large industrial-looking pump.

“I’m back!” he announced, entering the living room. “Took longer than I thought to get it loaded into the--*Whoa.*” He froze, finding Kayla’s engorged purple cleavage enticing as she sat flushed on the couch. “U-Uh...”

“I was wondering if I was going to have to start without you...!” she teased. Leaning back, she wobbled her chest. Thick syrupy juice sloshed within her bra. “I hope that pump is ready to drain these puppies, because they are getting *ripe.*”

Ron set it in the entryway to the kitchen and scratched his head. “Well... We’ll see.”

“What do you mean, we’ll see?? Ron!! We need to juice these! I-I’m getting ready to blow up over here! I’ve been holding them back for DAYS!”

“I know! Hank just said that it’s still a work in progress, but that it will *probably* work fine.”

GLB-GLB-GLB

Her mammaries felt dangerously excited for such an iffy setup. *“M-Mgh... ‘Probably’ might not be good enough...”*

“We’ll make it work! Hang on, let me bring in everything else. I think we’ll set up in the kitchen.”

Kayla sat up. “W-Wait, we’re doing it in here?? Why not in the milk shed out back??”

“Because the last four pumps are still spread out on the floor and there’s no room!”

Pouting, Kayla huffed. Secretly she enjoyed being led to the milk shed to do their juicing. There was something animalistic about the event. “Fine... But I’m not cleaning up any spills in here.”

Ron smiled. “Why do you think we’re doing it on the kitchen tile?”

For the next few minutes, she watched as he wheeled several plastic drums into the kitchen and connected them to an output nozzle on the pump. With their kitchen looking closer to a mad scientist’s lab, he wiped his brow and said, “Alright, I’ll go grab your nipple hoses from the shed and we’ll get started!”

He rushed around the back of the house to their small shop. It still smelled of sugary juices from previous drainings. Several pumps lay across the ground in various states of disrepair. All had one part or another burned out from trying to handle Kayla’s excessively thick juices. It was a quality Ron had become curious about as of late, as her breasts appeared to be producing a thicker and thicker product the more they urged her to swell. He wondered what his

formula could be doing to her as the effect continued within her body. It was entirely untested when she'd consumed the candy.

Minutes later, he returned to the kitchen with a length of rubber tubing and two large silicone cups. "Just about ready?? I think I remember what Hank said to get the pump star-- *O-Oh.*"

"*Oh Roooooon...*" Kayla whispered. She sat on the kitchen counter, arching her back to lift her breasts into her shirt. Cleavage shined a bright blue, as did her thighs from beneath her skirt. "*Can you come here...?*"



He gulped, always nervous when Kayla's arousal started getting the better of her. Leaving the hoses by the pump, he stood in front of her. Strong legs wrapped around his waist to pull him in, locking him in place inches from her chest. He could smell the juice waiting behind her nipples as her cleavage bubbled.

"K...Kayla... You're already--"

GLB-GLB-GLB!

"Mmmm! What, do my juices look a little...stirred up?"

SLOOSH!

SLOOSH!

She shook her chest for good measure, producing a dull sloshing that made Ron's mouth water.

"That pump looks really strong..." Kayla whimpered. *"It's not going to be too much for me, riiiiight? You know what happens when I get overstimulated..."*

She was messing with him. Getting him riled up for their venture. As much as he loved her, Ron always felt timid under such sexual weight. *"It...It should be fine!"*

"Mmmm, how big do you think it should be able to handle?"

"Any size, I think...!"

"Ooooh really!"

STRRRRTCH!!

She pushed her chest into her shirt, causing her bra to strain. *"Is that a challenge?"*

"N-No! I--"

GLB-GLB-GLB!

"Ah!! God, they already feel ready to pop..." Kayla shivered amidst a surge of swelling. *"I've been so backed up... My fat berries might overflow with juice if we're not careful..."*

Ron gulped. *"Should we get started then?"*

"M-Mhm! But you know what we have to do first..." Kayla took his hand and placed it on her bust, letting him feel it throb with juice. Her skin was darker with every breath. *"You need to make these tits nice and ripe before you can juice them."*

SLOOOOSH

"B-But you're already so big... Shouldn't we--"

"Don't you want me bigger?"

Ron blushed. *"Huh??"*

"Don't you want my giant, juicy knockers to be even...biiiiiigger?"

Her shirt was starting to ride up her belly. Larger than her head, Kayla's breasts were consuming more fabric by the second. The outline of a tortured bra stood into the shirt. She hadn't begun to leak yet; a sure sign of dramatic growth to come.

"Come on... We've been at this for months! You've watched me bloat and fill bucket after bucket with juice. How big do you want my boobs to swell up? Be honest."

"I..."

GUUUUUURGLE

"Maybe...twice this size? Triple?" Kayla giggled as her chest bloated. *"That's pretty big for a girl like me to handle, you know! Mmmmm, or maybe you want me walking around with a massive pair of beach ball blueberries. Big enough to cover my hips and pull me to the ground."*

The thought made Ron's cock throb. At such a size, Kayla would exceed her current record.

"You like that idea, don't you? My tits getting sooooo big that I can't even stand up?"

Ron nodded. *"I-I... Yes... Yes please..."*

"I'm curious..." Playing with her neckline to tease her bra and rising areolas, she continued, *"You're the mad scientist that did this to me; can my chest even get that big? Can my body even streeetch and sweeeeell enough to hold that much thick...sugary...juice, Master?"*

“M-M-Master??”

GUUUUUURGLE!

“Mmgh!! Did you...nngh...like me calling you that? You know, sometimes I feel like I’m your juicy little blueberry cow...”

GUUUUUUUURGLE

“K-Kayla! You’re--”

“I like when you lead me out to the milking shed... When I’m just so full of juice...that my tits are leaking everywhere... Just ready to...POP...like giant, ripe blueberries.” Kayla giggled as her shirt rode up to her ribs. She snaked a hand down Ron’s pants. *“I have to hold back the urge to moo sometimes, you know.”*

“You...Y-You do?”

“Mhm... And I see you staring at those pictures too, Master.” Seeing him blush and avert his eyes, she consoled, *“Don’t worry! I like when you stare at them... Ogling my bloated, naked body from those first few days when I started juicing... We barely knew what was going on! Could barely keep up, too... I know there were a few times we both thought my boobs might just...burst.”*

Ron gulped. The memories from school were still fresh in his head. Kayla had been so full and tight several times he did indeed fear some kind of over-engorgement could happen. Her skin had certainly felt firm enough to blow at the slightest prick.

GLB-GLB-GLB!

“Nnngh!! M-Master!!” Kayla moaned, her breasts aching. *“Please... M-My juice!! I need to ripen! I don’t think I can take it anymore!”*

Her thighs spread wide. Mammaries as large as watermelons, they heaved against her torso as she breathed. Straining elastic cried from her bra. Stitches popped along her shirt seams. Dark purple, her chest shown in stark contrast to the rest of her pale body.

“You’re getting too ripe!” Ron warned. *“We need to hook you up and--”*

“No!! Nnngh! N-No! Not yet, Master!! Please, I want to be...big for you. Don’t you want me as full...and juicy...a-as possible to test our new pump?”

Kayla slid from the counter, hugging her chest as she turned around and leaned on the cold granite. A hand dropped her skirt to reveal a sopping pussy bulging between her thighs. Bright blue panties hugged its lips before curving along her perky cheeks.

“C-Can you make your blueberry girl extra ripe this time, Master? Please??” Kayla whimpered, applying her weight to her chest as it mashed onto the counter. *“Make her overflow with juice!”*

GUUUUUURRGLE!!

She trembled when he grabbed her hips, powerless to her wiles. Ron slid her panties down to her knees, feeling his face turn red-hot at the sight of her bare nethers.

“I...I need your cock! My boobs need your cock to--MMM!!”

He penetrated fast and hard, driving his shaft deep into Kayla’s form.

GLB-GLB-GLB-GLB!!!!

“MMGH!!! Oohhh they’re swelling up, Master!! M-Master!!”

SHRRRIIP!!

“My shirt!! You’re making me outgrow my shirt!! F-Faster!! Make my juices...f-flow!!”

Ron rammed repeatedly, fueled by the sound of Kayla’s sloshing juices and the sight of her breasts pressing under her arms and torso. They bulged to the sides, inching across the counter.

GUUUUURGLE!!!

“Mmm! Master! T-Tell me to fill up!”

“W-What??”

“Please! Tell me...to fill with juice! Tell your berry girl...to swell as big as she can!”

Ron sank his fingers into her hips. His tongue was tied with nervousness. It was well known between them that Kayla’s production was fueled by lust and arousal, and exacerbated by his participation. He leaned forward, adding his full weight to her breasts.

“Nngh!!!”

Whispering into her ear, he commanded, *“Swell for me, Kayla. I want to see you engorge bigger than ever before.”*

GLB-GLB-GLB-GLB-GLB!!!!

GUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

“MMMMGH!!!”

The effect was drastic. Shaking, Kayla whimpered as juice pounded against her skin. Deep, rich purple hues soaked her cleavage and veins. Her nipples ached with pressure within her bra.

“Be a good blueberry girl and ripen nice and full for me.”

“Ah!!! A-AAHH!!! MASTER!!!”

Kayla squirmed, pushing Ron’s cock from her body. Standing back with his pants around his ankles, Ron watched her turn and lean against the counter for support. Both stared at her breasts as they grew and distended as if hooked to a hose. Streams of sticky berry-flavored syrup dripped from her pussy to string between her thighs like a sugary spiderweb. The color of her contents was beginning to spread. Bluish hips and thighs betrayed her rising fullness. Such a sight of juice-dripping lips made Ron’s mouth water.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“Ah! M-Mmmgh!!!”

GUUUUURGLE!!!

CREEEEEAAAAA--SNAP!!!

“M-My bra!! My bra just--”

SHHRRRIIIIIIP!!!!!!

SLOOOOOSH!!!!!!

SLOOOOOSH!!!!!!

Kayla’s shirt gave up, reduced to tatters as she ballooned beyond the size of beach balls. Massive knockers fell against her body, extending past her hips to rub across her thighs.

“M...Master...” she squeaked, gazing upon the violet globes. So heavy and full, her nipples looked like purple strawberries ready to blow. With crossed eyes she managed to see her nose assuming a dark hue. “L-Look how ripe you made--”



GUUUUUUURGLE!!!

“MMGH!!”

A surge bloated them fuller. Rounding with pressure, Kayla gasped in breathlessness at the weight. Her knees knocked together, threatening to collapse.

“Kayla?? Kayla, are you--”

“Mmmgh!!! I-I think... Ah!” She winced, sweating as the pressure mounted.

SPRRTCH!

SPRRTCH!

Streams of juice began jetting from her nipples. “I-I think you might have made your blueberry girl...a-a little too ripe!!”

GUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

“NNGH!! S-Shit! Ooohhh shit!!” Grappling with the counter, Kayla panicked and began waddling toward the dining area. “Move the table!! Move the table!!”

Ron pushed it aside while she struggled to carry both breasts in her arms as her legs reached their limit.

“Oh no!! O-Oh no!! Mmmmgh!!!!”

SLOOOSH

SLOOOSH

SLOO--BWOOOMSPH!!!

Kayla was pulled to the ground, rendered immobile by two exercise ball-sized mounds groaning with fluid.

They gazed at her form. She'd never been so big, nor so swollen. The scent of juice permeated the room.

"K-Kayla..." Ron gasped.

"Heh... *See what a little encouragement can do? Looks like you're going get your big boobs after a--*"

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

"*AH!! O-Ooooook!! Ok!!! Maybe too big!! Time to juice!!! TIME TO JUICE, RON!!!*"

"Huh?!"

Kayla's eyes widened when her chest groaned beneath her. Fluid gushed from her pussy at the rapidly rising pressure caused by her overstimulated libido. "*Too ripe!!!! TOO RIPE, TOO RIPE, TOO RIIPE!!*"

He lunged for the hoses, finding them tangled. It was agonizing stretching them over to her doming nipples as Kayla moaned in distress. The cups had to be forced over her nipples as they'd swollen to resemble half soda cans. He rushed back to the pump, eying the homemade controls.

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

"*Nnngh!!! R-Ron!! Anytime now!! Girl getting too full of juice over here!!*"

"*Working on it!!*" He pulled a rip cord.

WHRRRR--CLANK

GUUUURGLE!!

"Ron!!"

"Trying!!"

WHRRRR--CLANK

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

"*Ah!! AH!!! Unless you feel like cleaning up with a mop for the next few hours, I-I would hurry!!! These things feel like they're about to explo--*"

WHRRRRRRRRR!!!!!!

SKSHH!

SKSHH!

SKSHH!

SKSHH!

"*MMMMMMMGH!!!!*"

The pump jumped to life. Juice immediately began gushing from Kayla's nipples. The hoses turned purple with her juice, leading it into the various drums waiting on the other side of the kitchen.

“MMMMGH!!! God, YES!! This pump...feels amazing!!” she yelled, pushing her hands into the top of her chest to urge juice out. Sweaty and shaking, she looked at Ron with nervous eyes. “Ha... T-That was kinda scary, huh?”

“You’re telling me!” Ron gazed at her figure draped over two mammoth purple blobs. “I didn’t think such a size was possible... It’s a good thing I brought in so many barrels!”

Panting, Kayla said, “Well... Y-You know what a little dirty talk does to me, Master...” She winked, seeing Ron’s reaction to the submissive address. “Is it bad...t-that I came while you were trying to start the pump? The stress was...kind of hot...”

Ron saw her blue panties lying on the ground, still wet. He could only imagine how slick her inner thighs must have been. “Feels that good, huh?”

“M-Mhm!” She chewed on her lip. “All the pressure...with the suction...and the juice rushing through my nipples...” Kayla trembled. “I-It’s almost more than I can take.” Looking up, she saw him staring. “What? Not going to take any pictures? This is a record size you know! I’m the biggest girl in our company!”

“Oh! Right! I should document this and--”

CLANK!!

“NGH!!” The pump stopped briefly, causing Kayla’s juice to back up when her flow hit a wall. “Please tell me I didn’t kill another pump!”

Ron stepped toward it. “Crap, let me see if--”

WHRRRR!!!!

“MMGH!!! Aahhhh!”

It started again, shaking violently. Kayla clawed at her dwindling chest when her nipples were tugged. “Hah... H-Hah...” she laughed weakly. “Having some...p-performance issues?”

“Very funny. Give me a moment to--”

CLANK!!!

“AUGH! F-Fuck, Ron!!!” Crying out, she clamped her thighs together. “What’s it doing?!”

“I don’t know! Maybe--”

WHRRRRRR!!!!

“MMMMGH!!!!!! Oh that’s too much!!! T-This is too much!! I’m too...sensitive for this!! I’m too big for this kind of abuse!”

Ron played with the choke. “M-Maybe if I--”

CLANK!!!

WHRRRRRR!!!!

CLANK!!!

WHRRRRRR!!!!

“Oh fuck!!! M-Make it stop!!! MAKE IT STOP!! I’m losing it, Ron!! I-I can’t control my juice like this!!” Kayla screamed, feeling faint from the extreme stimulation. “I-I-I CAN’T--”

CHNG-CHNG-CHNG-CHLUNK!!!

Giving a final sputter, the pump lurched before dying in a puff of smoke.

“H-Hang on!! I’ll fix it!” Ron promised.

GUUUUUURGLE!!

A deep churning made her chest groan beneath her. Not nearly enough juice had been pumped to make either of them comfortable with Kayla approaching such a level of ripeness.

"Mmmgh!! M-Might want to hurry! All that stimulation... K-Kinda put my juice into overdrive!"

GUUUUUURGLE!!

Kayla squeaked when her chest bloated. With the hoses off, her juice had nowhere to go. Her nipples were far too swollen to release without the machine's assistance.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

They lifted her, arriving back at the dangerously full exercise ball size. *"U-Uuhhhhh, Ron?? Turning pretty purple over here!! C-Could use a little pumping, Master!!"*

"Trying!"

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

"G...Getting... Mgh!! Kinda full!!"

He looked between her and the pump, frantic. *"Can you calm your chest down??"*

Despite the situation, Kayla giggled weakly and said, *"Did you really just tell me to 'calm my tits'?"*

GLB-GLB-GLB!!!

"Kayla!"

"Ngh!! Right! Right! Sorry!"

Kayla closed her eyes as she felt her feet leave the ground. Taking deep breaths, she tried to ignore the pleasure of juice building within her chest.

GUUUUUURGLE

"M-Mmgh... Calm down... Have to... C-Calm...down..."

GUUUUUURGLE

"Eep!" She shivered, still feeling the pump's suction lingering. Fluid ached within her, pushing her nipples to ripe purple fruits. *"No! No, stay calm... No more juice... No more juice..."*

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE

"M-Mmmgh...!" Absent-mindedly, her thighs rubbed together. A wet pussy mashed between them. Kayla marveled at how tight her cleavage felt rubbing against her bare belly and thighs. *"God... They feel so... FULL..."*

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE

"Mmgh... Mmmmm!!!"

"KAYLA!! Open your eyes!!!"

Startled by Ron's panicked voice, she stopped trying to focus. *"HUH?!"*

Contrary to her efforts to calm her juice, she'd only grown larger. Deep blue skin stretched before her in a heaving ocean. Sweat poured from her brow. She could taste juice in the back of her throat. Bigger than their couch, her chest dominated the dining area.



“Ron!! R-Rooooon!!” she called, flailing on top. “I-I can’t!! I can’t slow it down!! God, it feels TOO GOOD!!! I-I’m too big to make them stop!! I need the pump!!! I-I-I need the pump!!! I don’t want to pop!!!” The rich color was spreading. She could see it in her arms and feel its weight sloshing within her rear overhead. Hot, sticky juices ran from her crotch to slicken her cleavage beneath her.

Ron jumped from the ground and ran to her. She was much bigger up close, but he didn’t hesitate to push between her breasts and into her drum-tight cleavage.

GUUUUUUURGLE!!!

“W-What are you doing?! Fix the pump!! There’s too much juice!!! I-I can’t stop it!! I’m going to pop!! I’m gonna pop!! I’m gonna--”

Ron clasped her hands and kissed her forehead. “You’re not going to pop.”

She looked into his eyes, her breasts raising her to chest level. *“H-Huh??”*

“Calm down...” he whispered, squeezing her hands. He moved one to her back, gently rubbing.

“I... M-My chest...”

“Take a deep breath, remember? Just like when you first started juicing.”

“I...” Kayla swooned, her head coming out of the fog. Breathing deep, she felt her body’s tremors slow.

She looked up, seeing Ron smiling. “Feel better?”

“I... Y-Yea...! I think they actually stopped making--”

GLB-GLB-GLB!!

“Ah!” she gasped, startled by bubbling beneath her. *“Mmmm, t-they didn’t stop entirely...”*

“Just take deep breaths. You’ll be fine.”

Immobile, Kayla had never felt so close to Ron. She stared into his eyes, entranced by his affection for her. Her heart welled with emotion. “R...Ron...”

“Hmm? Is it starting again? Should I put on some music or--”

“I love you.”

He turned bright red. “W-What did you--”

“I love you. I love who you are, what you do, how focused you get on science, all your little quirks, your shyness...” Kayla’s heart gushed. “I-I love you...”

Taken aback, Ron’s mouth stammered. “I... I-I love you too, Kayla...” He squeezed her hands. “I’m glad every day that I get to share such an amazing adventure with--*Mmph!*”

She pulled him into her cleavage before locking lips. Lost in a cloud of passion, the couple’s love entwined and danced upon their tongues and hearts. Both felt dizzy when they came up for air. The heat from Kayla’s chest was immense.

Beneath her skirt, Kayla felt her loins aching for his cock. Lust was boiling within her at their newfound connection. She wanted him.

GUUUURGLE

“Mmmm... *D-Did I ever say thanks for turning me into a walking juice factory...?*”

Ron laughed, replying, “I don’t think so! But I assumed based on how much fun you have!”

GUUUUUUURGLE

Her mammarys tightened around him.

“U-Uh, Kayla, might want to remain calm... Your breasts are starting to--”

GUUUUUUURGLE

“Mmmm!!! *R-Ron...*” she groaned, a blazing passion of arousal in her eyes.

“K...Kayla?”

GUUUUUURGLE!!!!

“MMMGGH!!!”

Ron squirmed within her cleavage. “Kayla! K-Kayla! You have to control yourself!! You can’t afford to get any bigger!!”

Rising to eye level, Kayla’s hot breath was intoxicating when she pulled him close for another kiss. Her tongue explored his mouth as she sucked the air from his lungs. “*Master...*” she growled, chest heaving.

“Y-Yes...?” Ron whispered, staring into her eyes.

“*I dare you to fix the pump before I fill this kitchen.*”

GUUUUUURGLE

Ron’s heart raced nervously when he saw her thighs start to grind. “What...? K-Kayla, you crazy?? You’re already too--”

GUUUUUURGLE!!

Her cleavage rose up to his chest, trembling with pressure.

SCREEEAAA--THUD!!

Her mass pushed the kitchen table across the floor before pushing it through the drywall.

“Mmm!! Uh oh...!! B-Better... Ngh!! Better hurry!” Kayla gasped while massaging her mounds. *“These blueberries aren’t slowing down! And there already isn’t a lot of room left in this little kitchen!”*

Ron struggled to escape her cleavage as the air was squeezed from his lungs. “Kayla! K-Kayla! Stop! Calm down! You’re making your--”

GLB-GLB-GLB!!!

“AH!! H-Hurry, Ron!!! My juice is really coming in!!! They were already too tight!!” Kayla giggled, trembling nervously. She wouldn’t have reinvigorated her juice if she didn’t trust Ron to take care of her. Watching him squirm between her breasts was icing on the cake and only served to stimulate her further.

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

“NNGH!! C-Careful!! All that moving...is making them...swell!! You don’t want your little blueberry girl to pop, do you??”

STRRRRTCH!!!!

Her skin groaned. The table creaked against her weight. Somewhere a chair collapsed into wooden debris. Frantic, Ron climbed from her chest and fell with a thud to the kitchen floor. A massive, wobbling sight greeted him from above as Kayla’s mammaries loomed like dark violet mountains.

“MMMMGH!!!! MMMM!!! God, they’re so TIGHT!!!” she yelled. *“I-It feels so...goooooood!!! I’ve never felt so much pressure, Ron!!! I can...barely take it!!!”*

Pale-faced, he watched one of Kayla’s hands snake under her body and between her thighs. Her knees dug into her chest, lifting her hips as she spread her legs and buried her face into her steaming cleavage.

“K-Kayla, don’t,” he warned. “The juice!!!” The dramatic color of her body was nearly as concerning as her titanic size. Kayla’s being had turned a dark purple. Sugary scents filled the air as juice leaked from every pore to mix with her sexual aroma.

“I... I-I can’t help it!!! I want to be fuller!!! I-I want to be bigger!!!” Kayla tensed when her fingers spread her pussy. *“I want to be so full of thick...syrupy juice...t-that I COULD EXPLODE!!!”*

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!!

Her fingers entered, prompting a flood of sugar.

CREEEAAAACK!!!!

Purple skin crept across the floor inches at a time. Bulging over the dining table, Kayla had come to dominate the dining nook. Ron scrambled backward to the stove before her cleavage could swallow his legs. It wouldn’t be long until she filled the kitchen.

GLB-GLB-GLB-GLB-GLB!!!!!!

“NNNGH!!! H-Hurry up with that pump, Master!!! Your blueberry can’t hold her juice for much longer!!!! I’m--ACK!” She swallowed a mouthful of juice before it could gush from her throat. Her own sweat rolled from her brow in purple beads, coating her in sweetness.

Seeing Kayla's butt heaving up and down as she fingered herself, Ron knew it was only a matter of time until she orgasmed. The influx of juice would be dangerous at such an already overloaded size.

She was ripe.

"Ahhh!! AAHHHHH YES!!! Bigger!!! JUICIER!!!"

He ran to the pump and pulled the cord. It refused to budge.

"The pump is seized!" he yelled over her gurgling.

Fearful eyes laced with lust stared from between her blue mounds. *"Unseize it!!*

U-Unseize it!!!"

CRCK!!!

A cabinet shattered against her chest as she encroached into the kitchen. Tall enough to reach the ceiling, her bust looked like a giant pair of water balloons filling their house.

STRRRRTCH!!

"R-Ron!!! Roooooon!!!" she yelled from atop. *"Seriously!! Hurry!!! I-I'm feeling a little...nnngh...explody!!!"*

SLAM!!

Ron kicked the pump and pulled the cord again. It moved but didn't turn over. *"Come on!!!"*

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

"Ron!! I'm gonna pop!!! Ooohhhhh my tits are gonna POP!!!! They're too full!!! There's too much juice!!!"

The hoses started to buck and whip as her nipples engorged. Bigger than manhole covers, Kayla's areolas had domed over two feet in height. Purple flesh overflowed the strained milking cups.

SPSSHH!!

SPSSHH!!

Juice leaked around the silicone forms in small jet sprays.

"Oh fuck!! O-Oh no!!! Ron, I went too far!!! I-I went too far!! I'm not messing around!!!"

CRASH!!!!

A window shattered somewhere. Kayla's back would soon be against the ceiling.

"Hang on!!!"

Desperate as a wall of creeping purple flesh neared him, Ron reeled his foot and delivered another kick. *"Please, PLEASE start,"* he prayed, grabbing the cord.

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

GRRRRROOOAAAAANNN

"ROOOON!!! TOO BIG!!! TOO BIIIG!!!"

He pulled, feeling metal scrape and drag.

WHRRRRRRR!!!!!!

The pump roared to life as Kayla's chest throbbed across the kitchen.

"AAHHHH!!!! OOH HH MY GOD!!!"

Juice flowed from her tortured nipples. At such high levels of pressure, the rate of her juice was monumental. The barrels would never be enough.

“Ha!! I did it!!” Ron yelled. “Kayla! The pump is--”

WHHHRRRRRRRR!!!!

He paused his celebration when the motor groaned. The hoses bucked and tensed. Staring intensely, he saw them inflating like oblong balloons from the pressure of Kayla’s building juice. The hoses grew in circumference, stretching into thickened blue tentacles.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

Kayla’s expression wavered on fear. *“I-It’s not fast enough!!! I’m making more juice than it’s pumping!!”*



SPSSH!!!

SPSSH!!!

Cracks formed in the hoses. Juice leaped from the thrashing tubes, spraying the kitchen with uncontrollable pressure. They weren’t rated for such a monstrous torrent.

SPLASH!!!!

A barrel blew its lid behind him. Warm juice flooded Ron’s feet as he stepped back. They were too far gone.

GRRRRRROOAAAAAN

Kayla panted as her back pressed into the ceiling. *“MMMGGH!!! NNNGH!!! They’re gonna blow!!! THEY’RE GONNA BLOW!! I can feel myself stretching out!!!”*

Her chest conquered the kitchen. Heaving, drum-tight skin bulged over the counters. Everything not nailed down had been shoved aside or crushed beneath her glacier-like

advancement. Ron held his breath when the eight-foot-tall mass approached. There was nowhere to run at this point.

WHRRRRR!!!

The pump strained. Leaks gushed from the hoses.

SSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!

“AAAHHHHH!!! My juice!!! Ooohhhhh my JUICE!!! I-I feel so...RIPE!!!” Kayla gasped for air as her cleavage closed around her. The taste of blueberries filled her mouth until juice leaked from the corners of her lips. Her stomach felt bloated and full. Uncontrollably masturbating, her pussy had never felt more wet or sticky.

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

“I CAN’T HOLD IT!!! I’M TOO RIPE!!! I’M TOO RIPE!!! MASTER!! M-MASTER!!” She groaned, feeling unable to hold another drop. “I-I’M... I’M ABOUT TO POP!!! OOHHHHH I’M GOING TO BURST!!! I’M GONNA BURST LIKE AN OVERRIPE BLUEBERRY!!! JUICE ME!!! PLEASE JUICE ME!!”

SPSSSSH!!!

SPSSSSH!!!

Spraying leaks gushed from the hoses and her nipples. The pump smoked from its efforts. Holding his breath, Ron closed his eyes as he was pinned between the wall and her chest, throwing him into a gurgling darkness.

GRRRRROOOOAAAAAAN!!!!!!

“AAHHHHHHHH I CAN’T HOLD ANOTHER DROP!!!! I’M TOO JUICY!!! I’M TOO JUICY!!!” Kayla sank her hands into her chest to feel them shudder. Her eyes widened at the intense pressure. “O-OH NO!!! OOH HH NO!!! RON!!! MY BREASTS!!!! I-I-I THINK I’M ABOUT TO EXPLO--”

SPLSSSSH HHHHHH!!!!!!

Ron felt her nipples engorge moments before the pressure reached a breaking point. Refusing to stay confined any longer, they broke through their cups to immediately expand into coffee can-sized mounds. Juice rushed from her ducts an instant later, overpowering their swollen forms with Kayla’s pressure.

“AAAHHHH!!!! YES!!!! OOOOOOHHHHH GOD, YES!!!!!!” she screamed.

The force of her juice exiting her body made her mind numb. After such a massive build-up, feeling her chest squeeze and recede at this rapid rate was enough to thrust several back-breaking orgasms onto her shoulders. Thick, purple juice sprayed from her pussy to coat the ceiling. Although her eyes were closed, she could feel her breasts shrinking at an incredible speed. Her nipples could barely stretch enough to handle such an outflow of juice.

SPLSSSSH HHHHHH!!!!!!

SPLSSSSH HHHHHH!!!!!!

“MMMGGH!!!! It’s all coming out!!! It’s all coming ooooouuut!!!”

The monstrous flow lasted over a minute before Kayla felt her feet touch the ground. Her juice slowed to an excited trickle running from puffy pillow-like nipples. Draped across couch-sized breasts, she opened her exhausted eyes. Lingering orgasmic trembles made it difficult to breathe.

The kitchen had a new coat of paint, as well as most of the house. Not one inch had been left uncovered by her juice. Seeing purple fluid dripping from the ceiling amid the chaotic destruction of their kitchen, she felt a small sense of pride at how big she'd managed to grow to cause such damage.

Splash!!

Ron flailed in a pile of overthrown barrels and gasped for air. "*Gaaahh!!*" Sitting up, he wiped his eyes. Relief washed over him when he saw Kayla collapsed across her chest. She was still far too big, but after the orgasms she'd just experienced, her body wouldn't be producing juice for several hours. He scrambled across the sopping floor, slipping several times before he reached her.

"Kayla?? Are you alright?!" he asked, wiping juice from her face. "You--" He paused. "*Y-Your entire body is blue!*"

Sleepy, Kayla nodded. "*Mmgh... Mhm...*" Weariness covered her like a heavy blanket. "*I... I got really big, huh...? I was full to the brim...*"

"Big is an understatement! You were *colossal!!*" Ron's eyes shined with delight. "*I've never seen anything like it!! How do you feel??*"

"*I-Incredible... Like I've just been fucked for three hours straight...*" She giggled, embarrassed at his praise. "*I-I don't think Hank's pump is quite ready to handle me just yet...*"

Ron looked her over, rubbing her chest. "And you're still pretty big... We need to figure out how to juice you before you start producing again!"

A worn-out smile drifted over Kayla's face. Kissing him on the forehead, she laid her head on her chest. "*Mmmm, l-let's take five, first... Somehow I think I'll be alright if they get a little bigger.*"