

## KinkyUtterances

### Pushing The Boundaries of Science

Hannah gripped the lectern tightly as a cold sweat ran down her spine. She had been ignoring the signs, pushing down the feelings of pressure building deep inside her- telling herself it was just gas or cramps. She tried to speak, to make some excuse to the confused audience at her sudden silence, but all that came out was a guttural, whorish moan. The seam of her dress split loudly along her hip, thin black threads began to fray and snap as she felt her ass and thighs triple in size in a matter of moments.\*

She drew ragged breaths, trying to summon the words to excuse herself, but could only swallow, the all-too-familiar flavors coming back to her after weeks of begging fate that it was all a nightmare. Hannah tried to steady herself on wobbly heels and instead of propping herself up for a moment to gain her balance, she over-corrected and pushed the lectern forward to let it crash down on the floor at the foot of the stage. The crash silenced the crowd for a moment, until her colleagues all saw her body.

Stretching her modest black dress, her body was swelling with weight. The cups of her flesh-toned bra strained from her swollen breasts surging up out of the deep V, exposing her nipples to the agape onlookers. Hannah desperately tried to take control of her situation, but turning and covering only helped for so long... as a loud *shrrrrrip* coming from behind her revealed she was quickly destroying what little remaining modesty her dress could afford.

Warmth radiated out from her belly like it had the first time. Followed by the gradual spreading of a brilliant blue-violet outwards from her belly-button. She wasn't sure why it started there, she felt the juice coming from lower down in her abdomen the first time, but she tried to analyze her transformation as best she could during this catastrophe. Her dress couldn't handle much more and her legs were having a hard time keeping her stable as gallon after gallon of juice seemed to fill her body from nowhere. Hannah groaned again, this time from the concentration of juice swelling her down between her legs. She clamped her thighs together, hoping to stave off further embarrassment, but the juice defied her as if it were a force fighting her will. Her thighs grew thicker, no longer slim from running marathons and counting calories, they were becoming shapely and soon would be too big to keep from sliding against one another while she walked. She felt the tingling fill her nethers and juice forced its way into every part of her form, swelling her labia into plump, tight lips that glistened with dark sweat.

Hannah felt her face burn red as a someone's phone flashed and another. Her fellows of science were treating her as a spectacle instead of helping her- no one dared to get close. The flavor intensified and she could no longer hold in the intense sensations assaulting her body. Gaining over a hundred pounds of fluid mass in a minute or two was exhausting her and it wouldn't be long before she no longer be able to support herself. She began to panic, trying desperately to waddle over to the edge of the stage and the small set of stairs loomed ahead like a terrible monument to her hubris. She had cut so many corners trying to obtain her dream of success that she was not able to even draft possible cures for her condition, she would need to replicate every trial again with studies to see all the variables and then, even then, she may not

know what she did wrong... she was ruined and on this stage, she would become the laughing stock of the science community.

She got about three steps away from the edge of the stairs when the rear of her dress gave way. The strained fabric practically burst off of her derriere with such force, it flipped up and clung to the dresses back, exposing her nude underwear, stained a deep violet from her juice-laden sweat along with the slightly more blue flesh now dominating her jiggling ass. Hannah's bright red face tingled with shame as teetered on her heels, wobbling with fluid almost sloshing back and forth inside her. Her tummy pushed against what was left of her outfit, pushing defiantly into the black fabric as if Hannah had suddenly become pregnant. She cursed and stared down past her giant bosoms and plump tummy at the stairs, helplessly. Hannah looked around and sought aid from someone, anyone who she could recognize and only found the faces of strangers, mouths agape or murmuring amongst each other like vultures hungry for their next experimental subject.

She thought nothing could be worse. Nothing could sour this terrible night further. She was wrong. Hannah felt an intense pressure she hadn't felt the last time concentrated between her nethers and her huge belly. The pressure built quickly, so quickly that she hardly had time to brace herself for the sudden, almost violent, surge of growth. The bottom of her tattered dress rested atop the swelling flesh, hiding it from her and the audience. Hannah took a moment and debated whether she should reveal the unknown to the people there hoping to dissect her like a labrat. Curiosity got the better of her fear and she lifted her dress to reveal a rapidly swelling, tight fleshy sack drooping over her blue nethers. It was a slightly lighter, rosey shade of violet than the rest of her and had these odd little bumps on the front she felt running her hands down

the bizarre growth. Another surge pounded into her lower body as juice seemed to rush into the mass and she could only look on with the others as the bumps grew into thick, long teats. She had grown a cow's udder. A big, blue cow's udder on her already swollen, strange, blueberry form.

She felt the heat hit her brow and she resisted the urge to faint. Blueberry juices dripped from the tips of her freshly grown teats onto the wooden floor and several scientists approached, completely engrossed in witnessing the insanity taking place before them. They couldn't explain it yet, but each one wanted to be the first to explore this strange new world of cellular genetics gone wrong. Hannah merely whimpered as she was studied- at a distance, by her former co-workers. Her body continued to swell, her tits jostled heavily as she freed them from the painful bra and pressed her fingers into her dark, plump nipples. Thick, frothy rivulets of juice sprayed forth and she let the need for juicing take over. Her eyes rolled back and her hands got to work. One squeezed her breast and let out several long streams of juice across the wooden stage while the other gripped a fresh, tight teat and milked herself of the warm, fragrant juice.

Her torso had become almost spherical, which her two heavy breasts jutting proudly off her chest. Her neck had sunken inside a ring of swollen flesh where her shoulder should have been and her arms and legs had become quite useless in a similar way- flapping almost fully buried in blue flesh. Her ass was massive, looking like a blue peach as her ass-crack ran nearly a meter in length between her swollen pussy and the back of her round body. Her belly had merged with that great round torso but her udder remained, squishing into the ground with tight, pale flesh and slowly dripping the dark juices she had trapped within her.

The crowd had been dispersed at some point and she was all alone with the half a dozen or so scientists that were having a good time debating the nature of her situation.. Hannah's groans started to almost sound like moo's as she laid there like a giant fuckable water-balloon that was slowly leaking from more than half a dozen orifices. She couldn't think straight and wondered if the juice was doing something to her mind to make her more docile and horny. She certainly never made it a habit of moaning naked in front of strangers before, but for now, she was content that these boys were exploring every inch of her tight, round form. Some time passed and one of the men had an idea the rest were all in agreement would be best for them- and Hannah while she dealt with her... affliction.

Hours passed and Hannah was still drunk from the tight juicy sensations assaulting her mind and couldn't move even if she wanted to. She felt exhausted from her ordeal and just wanted to rest, fading in and out of sleep as she was lifted by some machine onto a flatbed truck and transported to an unmarked facility. She opened her eyes to find her body hooked up to all manner of hoses and monitors to extract and study her body and the juice she seemed to spontaneously create. Nothing about her transformation made sense, but Hannah knew it would be only a matter of time before these horny boys got what they wanted...