

## Ripe N' Ready Preview

Ann glanced over in time to see Kayla slip the shirt down her arms. The sight of a chest twice too large for its bra caused a double-take. "Holy crap, Kayla! Are your breasts bigger??"

The sudden sexual question pulled the attention of every nearby girl and Kayla blushed under their gaze. "I definitely feel bigger..."

"Jesus... Where did those come from?!" Jesse gawked.

Ann was incredulous. "You *feel* bigger? Those things are huge on you! Kayla you're spilling out of your bra!"

The third girl, Melanie, was the most certain of their size. "Those have got to be G-cups. You look as big as my sister, and she's nursing!"

Kayla laughed nervously and inspected her own bra-bulging mammaries. "No... I'm a C-cup! My bra must have just--*Mmm!!*"

Ann sank a finger into a heap of flesh overflowing from the side of her bra. "*God they're so firm!*"

"Well yea, cause she's stuffed herself into a cheap push-up bra." The four girls glanced down the lockers to find Taylor tossing her gym bag away. She came pre-dressed for gym class as always, wearing a tennis skirt and a designer spandex top. "Probably wearing it to impress that guy from the lab last night. Or are you *jealous* he was looking at me?"

Kayla knew better than to let Taylor's remarks get to her, but that didn't make the task any easier. "I'm not wearing a push-up bra, Taylor. And what Ron and I do is none of--"

"Hey it's all right! You don't need to hide it, we're all women here. Sometimes the girls just need a boost, am I right?" Taylor laughed more than she should have. "I mean *mine* never do. I don't think they even *make* push-up bras in my size! But you can wear whatever you want! Personally I don't think false advertising is *any* way to get a guy, though. It just leads to heartbreak." Taylor pulled her shirt taut. "Can't compete with the real thing."

"It's not a push-up bra!!" Kayla yelled. Taylor's words had gotten to her more than usual, perhaps because she had the nerve to bring Ron into the mix. The pink highlight diving around the back of her head and into a ponytail was more frustrating than ever. "This bra fit this morning! I just...outgrew it, I think..."

"No judgment here! I might suggest a larger size, though. You're spilling out all over the place. It's not a good look." Taylor turned away towards the exit. "See you on the court, ladies!"

The girls stood in silence.

"Wow... I think I hate her," Melanie confessed.

Ann nodded. "It's best to ignore her. She's only here because she's riding daddy's money train. All that high and mighty talk about push-up bras is pretty gutsy coming from someone who wears black bras under a white blouse. She's only threatened because your boobs can actually give hers a run for their money now! How much attention can you possibly crave?"

“I don’t know... She’s a total narcissist.” Kayla reached around her back to unclasp her bra. The relief of pressure was instant and several pounds hung from her petite torso as she grabbed her sports bra. “Ron was partnered with her for a project and she made him do all the work.”

“I thi--” Jesse was about to respond but her mouth stopped mid-word. The other girls’ did as well, their eyes wide and chests stiff with caught breath.

“What?” Kayla asked, looking at her zombie-eyed friends.

“K-Kayla...” Ann stammered, staring directly at her friend’s breasts. “*Kayla your nipples are blue!*”

“What are you--*oh my God!!*” Kayla looked down and gasped in terror, stumbling back against a locker and groping her breasts. Her previously pink nubs were now turned plump and dark blue. Swollen areolas faded from azure to her skin tone. They lifted the thimble-sized nipples off her bloated chest. Having more than tripled in size, Kayla’s nipples felt monstrous and thick. “*W-What the hell??*”

“Kayla your nipples are  *fucking BLUE!!*” Jesse repeated.

“*I know!! I can see that, Jesse!!*” Kayla was hyperventilating. Every breath made her chest squeeze into her shaking hands. They tingled with deep internal pleasure, forcing her nipples even larger and firmer. “*M-Mmmm!!*”

Kayla couldn’t help it. In her fright, she accidentally pinched a nipple between two fingers. A warmth rushed from the center of her breast and through her nipple. It made her freeze. Her friends paused as well, their jaws collectively dropping.

Warm juice was flowing over her hand and chest before trailing across her bare stomach. It was blue in color and thick to the touch, leaving stickiness in its wake.

“U-U-Uh... Kayla...” Melanie squeaked. “You’re... I-I think you’re *leaking*.”

Nobody said a word. Feeling the fluid coat her hand, Kayla removed it from her chest and lifted it close to her face. Confused eyes watched as she sniffed the juice. It tingled her senses with energy and made her mouth water with unheard-of desire. Kayla couldn’t stop herself. As if licking a frozen pole, she extended her tongue and slowly approached a droplet hanging off the end of a finger.

“*Mmm....*” Kayla swallowed, the taste better than anything else to pass between her lips. “*M-MmmmMMM!! I-It’s JUICE! What the hell is coming out of my chest?!?*”