

THE BREAST GUMMY BET

“Over on OF a follower told me about these 'breast gummies'. They are supposed to make your breasts grow.

I don't really believe in these but I was offered \$100 for each bottle I consume so I bought a year's worth of them XD

At least they taste good!”

Ruby held her phone in front of her, red t-shirt and bare legs captured in her picture, breasts stretching out her shirt, in spite of its loose fit. She smiled and snapped the pic, ready to tweet it out. Giving a side glance to the doorway, a few boxes piled against it, all carrying bottles upon bottles of her new product. The tweet may have been silly to her, but the context was all true: some weirdo on her OnlyFans just paid her over a grand to take some weird “breast gummies”.

“Easy money...” Ruby said with a grin, popping open one of the bottles and taking four bears out. She hadn't tweeted all the specifics, however. He also offered her \$250 for every monthly selfie of her progress. Essentially a before and after. He also was very insistent to take “twice the dose they recommend. Everyone says it doesn't work but its cuz they're microdosing.” So here she was, screwing open this bottle for the second time to day to swallow down four more of these gummies. Eight a day would last about ten days. Now, the actual dose was two a day, but Ruby had completely misread the bottle as “two per serving” and didn't bother trying to reread it, confusing it with her donor's instructions of “the usual is two gummies twice a day”. So instead of four a day, it was eight. No big deal though, and Ruby knew that. These 'breast enhancement' scams were all over the place when she was growing up on the internet. Lotions, pills, sound clips, you name it, it existed, but it was always a hoax. Some weirdo on her OnlyFans was going to pay her big money to take some placebo bullshit? Why wouldn't she take that on?

Now, why he came to *her*, that she didn't understand. Ruby was already *stacked*. She had tits that were almost the size of her head. She definitely didn't need to be “enhanced” in any way.

Regardless, on the bet went. Every day, between taking pictures of herself and posting them on her socials, and streaming games while on webcam wearing a low cut tank top or a tight gray sweater, or whatever she was feeling in the moment to show of her glorious gifts, she would take a few gummies. Every morning, at least for the first week or so, she'd inspect herself to see if anything had changed. Each time, however, she was the same size. Her bras still fit, her clothes were all fitting fine. As she had predicted, nothing was going to come of this. A month passed, and she sent the before and after pictures to her anonymous fan. He approved, and quickly sent payment, even though it might as well have been the same two pictures.

The months went on, bottles getting tossed day by day as Ruby downed piles of gummy bears throughout the months, until finally, she had run out. The 'year's supply' only made it about four months at the rate that she was consuming them, which confused her a bit, but she let it go. It had finally been a full day without the gummies, and it was time to end the bet. Messaging her fan that she was all out, he sent her back a simple thumbs up emoji and a 'thanks for trying it out. I was really curious to see if they were legit or not.' Ruby nodded to herself and gave a “fair enough” kind of shrug, deciding to type one of her fans back for once:

“Hey! Thanks for funding it I guess lol. It was interesting to try something like that out for myself. I'd seen them on the internet all the time and heard they were totally fake, so its good to know. I do wanna know why you chose me tho?”

A little time passed and the person responded:

“Well I came into a bunch of money and decided to just use it on this I guess lol. I'm a perv. I didn't choose just you I also sent them to other women I follow too.”

The explanation all added up. Ruby didn't really see any need to communicate anymore than merely a “Cool! Thanks again”. And capped it all off with a smiley emoji.

With that, she shut her computer down, put on her pajamas, which consisted of a light blue tank top and panties, and slipped into bed. She dozed off pretty quickly, as she usually did, but found herself waking up within a few hours, sleep disturbed. She was hot. Very hot. She was dripping in sweat. She tossed the covers off, but she still felt like she was overheating. It was making her dizzy, the room spinning around her as she laid there. She tossed, turned, then finally opened her eyes, crawling out of bed and slowly making her way to the bathroom.

“Ughh...the fuck, am I getting withdrawals from the fucking gummy snacks?” She mumbled, wiping the sleep out of her eyes as she looked at the mirror. Her vision was blurred a bit, still unfocused and half awake, but she could've sworn...that the tank top she wore wasn't fitting quite right. She pulled at it, tugging the hem downwards, and as she did so, a sea of cleavage erupted from the top of it, the collar squeezing down on her and causing her boobs to compress together, only lengthening her line of cleavage more. “What...what's going on...” The heat remained unabated in her body as her dizziness worsened. She stumbled her way to her bedroom.

Something was wrong, Ruby knew that. Her chest was absolutely *throbbing*, but it wasn't painful...it was just pulsing to her heartbeat. And the heat radiating off from them was leaking up into her head and only causing her to become more dizzy. She was barely holding onto consciousness, tumbling her way back to bed and flopping face down onto the mattress.

Now, Ruby had already tossed every bottle of it she had owned. It was a weird symbolic thing to her. Nowhere on the bottles, however, did it tell her side effects of over consumption, or anything to that effect. No, that was a secret. In fact, the whole product's use was a secret. And that secret was now causing Ruby to expand far beyond anything she believed humanly possible.

As Ruby snored peacefully on her bed, her body started to rise. Just a little at first, a slight bump upwards into the sky, her silk panties shining in the dim lighting from her window. Then another little bump. Then another. Soon, it was no longer bumps. Flesh began to ooze out from around Ruby's body. First, her sides. Then, her face gradually lifted from the bed, supported by the sprouting cushions that blossomed beneath her.

Her tits had gone from slightly swollen to doubled in size in mere minutes. And they didn't relent. In fact, they only seemed to grow faster, their eagerness to grow and consume the bed in front of them only becoming greater and greater in only mere seconds. The springs creaked, buckling from the sudden and rapid gain of mass taking place, the sheets crinkling and digging down. Her tank top nighty was quickly rendered useless, the fabric ripping to shreds as her tits continued their dominance, her

body now lifted a good half a foot into the air – her tits quickly getting to be half as big as her torso, with no stop in sight. She mumbled a bit, her mind trying to rouse her awake, but to no avail; she was at the mercy of her breasts now, supercharged by a mass overdose of stimulants ready to grow her as big as they possibly could.

And grow on she did, flesh spilling across the bed until the tops of their forms started to hang over the other edge. She continued her rise upwards, until finally, with a mighty *thunk*, her bed finally gave, its form softly crumpling down to the floor, now in the shape of a flat U. Onwards she rose, body curving across the surfaces of her tits, legs bending a bit, then straightening as her torso was now completely off the ground by almost a foot.

Just when it seemed like it could finally be over, the growth starting to slow as her feet left the floor, the two massive orbs began to shudder, flesh wobbling like jello, back and forth until a sudden burst of growth came, shoving her further and further upwards. Again, her brain tried to rouse her awake, the sudden motion breaking her from her black out. Her blurry eyes merely saw two flesh-colored hills, cresting above her vision, before it went dark again.

Then daylight came. Ruby's eyes shot open, her breath immediately heavy. She was coated in sweat, but the part that truly disturbed her was how she couldn't move...

Looking down, those mysterious fleshy hills she had seen in her dream...they were real. And they were attached to her.

'Mmf...what...the...'' Her eyes suddenly shot open, the brain fog of last night finally cleared as her heart fell to the bottom of the floor. Which was a long drop for her now, her butt and the back of her head now grazing the top of the ceiling. Her tits took up most of the room around her – she could feel the crushed remains of her bed, as well as her desk, dresser and computer, all jammed up against the walls.

“What the FUCK?!” Ruby shouted, bearings gathered before quickly slipping away, her body flailing uselessly atop tits the size of two sedans. “Oh no...oh no oh no oh no this is...this is really...this is REALLY fucking bad, oh my God...” Struggling in place for a moment, Ruby tried to reach for something, anything – but there was nothing around. No cell phone. No neighbors, at least any that would hear her. She would just have to wait until someone noticed she was missing. Her followers would notice. Right? Would they? Or would they merely just move on to the next set of tits online? She had friends that would worry about her, and she was in her own home...this assurance helped assuage the initial panic of being forgotten.

All that went aside when she started to feel her butt pressing against the ceiling. She wrote it off as her adjusting to her new body, but then her head started to press against it as well.

“Oh no...don't tell me I'm...”

“Growing?” She heard a voice. Whose voice, she didn't know. But the voice was in the room with her, nonetheless, likely looking at a wall of boob in her doorway. “Yes, dear. You did quite well. Out of all the test subjects that I pushed to double dose...I didn't expect them to go as hard as you did...with such promising results!”

“Hello? Who is that? Who are you?” Ruby couldn't make out what the woman was saying too well, her words muffled by a massive wall dividing them both. A wall that only continued to rise with each

passing moment.

“Oh, don't worry about me dear. Just let the rest of the experiment ride out, hm?”

“Wh...what's going on? Did you...did you do this?!” Ruby asked, hearing at least a few key words from what the mystery woman had said. Tears started running down her cheeks and onto her chest. “Please, could you just...is this gonna go away? Like, if I stopped taking them, after a while does it...”

“Heh. Quite the opposite, in fact. You're this big *because* you stopped taking them. I won't overwhelm you with the details, but its the reason I can have my little candies on the market and not get detected. Most who buy them are smart and only take the directed dose – which, of course, does little to nothing. But I go around and convince a few ladies to try it at the *actual* dose I intended? A few grand and – poof- another successful experiment! Now then...” The woman had already prepared everything she needed to transport Ruby. A truck outside, double wide, with enough room for any size Ruby could get to. Workers gathered outside, watching as flesh oozed onto the glass window. The pressure exerted caused the glass to crack, then shatter, somehow leaving her flesh unscathed in the process. The workers merely grinned, preparing their vehicles for transportation of the subject.

“What's...what's gonna happen to me? What are you...” Ruby tried to piece it all together. She knew she was trapped, and bad things were coming. But the woman on the other side of her tits only giggled. The woman knew what had caused it all – an overdose of that amount had stashed all those chemicals deep in her blood and tissues. Her body then created a sort of dependence on it over the months, now used to the new chemical within her. After it was taken out, however, it threw her body chemistry out of whack. Now, because of the months of exposure, her body now had a natural reaction to replicate its cells rapidly once deprived of said chemical. But it would only replicate where the chemical was stored, and after almost a year of researching how to get it to store in breast tissue specifically, it seems the experiment was finally a success!

She didn't want to tell her subject this, however. The woman merely smiled and laid a comforting hand on the side of the boob wall in front of her.

“Honey, don't you worry. I'm gonna take plenty of care of ya'll at the facility. Just hang tight, alright?” And with that, she walked away to the lawn, nodding at one of her workers.

“She ready to go, Dr. Barnes?” He asked. Tanya bit her lip and looked back over.

“Give it a little more time. It'll be easier once the walls break.” She walked over to her tiny white car, swinging the door open and turning her head back over to her crew. “I gotta go check on the other test. See if those Booty Gummies were as effective as these. You hang tight and get her back to the lab *safely*. Understood?” All five workers nodded.

With that, Dr. Barnes slammed her door shut, making her way to her next destination...

TO BE CONTINUED...



Ruby

@PureRuby87

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