**Boob Note -- Part 1 by Shamus Baran**

Chris worked at setting up the tables while stealing glances at Heather.  He noticed how nice Heather’s butt looked, even through the plain black pants they forced them to wear at work.  He’d checked her out plenty of times from the front, but that came with the territory of having cute co-workers.  She strained across the table, dusting the far end in the most inefficient way possible-- but it gave him a nice view.

It reminded him of last night when he *accidently* got a good look at those buns sans the pants.  He thought about telling her the truth, but she’d probably just think he was a creep.

*Not my fault my best friend lives across the hall from her.*

“Hey Chris.” Heather’s gentle voice snapped him out of his daze.  “Give me a hand?”

“Oh, sure.” He set down his bundle of silverware and walked up behind her.  “What’s up?”

“They put this plug in the dumbest place ever and there’s not enough room under the table.”

“And you need me to plug in the lanterns, got it.”  He gave her a tap on her lower back.  “Outta the way.”

She stood up and smiled at him, brushing away a tangle of light brown hair.  “Sorry, just outta reach.”

“It’s cool.  I don’t mind.” I stooped over and slip the plug in easy.  I’m a pretty tall guy, but I make a show of it being tough-- for her.  “Yikes, that is the dumbest place ever.”

“I know right?” she said.  “I just hope nothing goes wrong today, but anything’s better than last night.”

“Yeah.”  I swallow back a lump in my throat.  “Wait... I mean... what happened last night?”

She looks up at me with her bedroom eyes, dark brown and just begging for attention.  Though a hint of accusation and worry danced in them.  “Wait a minute.  You know Gary right?  You weren’t over his house last night were you?”

“Me?  Over Gary’s...?” Judgement time.  I weighed my options and realized I had no alibi.  “Yeah, didn’t stay long though.  He drank too much too quick.”

“Oh God... then you already know, don’t you?”

“Yeah, you getting locked out of your room?  Word travels fast.”  *And MAN did I get an eyeful.*He glanced down at her, and his imagination went wild.  He hadn’t seen everything, but he got enough of a look to know those cute C cups had nice pink nipples.  “Sorry I missed the show.”

It just slipped out.

She went beet red.  “Shut up!  It was horrible.  If my roomie wouldn’t have opened the door a second later... It could have been all over Tweetbook.  My life would have been OVER!”

“Ha, don’t exaggerate.  I bet you would have gotten some calls from guys, but over?  No.”

She groaned.  “That’s not funny.  My parents would disown me.  You don’t know how picky they are.  Besides I’m not like that.  I want a boyfriend, not someone that thinks of me as an easy fuck.”

“What about a hard... OK!  Not finishing that sentence.”

She glared at him.

“Seriously though, if that’s all your worried about.  How about you let me take you out, sometime?  Won’t be a problem if you’re off the market, right?”

Heather gave him a cautious look.  “I’ll... think about it.”

The Kitchen doors burst open.  Samantha dropped a heavy box onto the floor, glaring at the both of them.  She was Heather’s polar opposite and definitely lower on the date-ability scale.  She wore a disheveled white chef’s jacket and matching pants.  Not like she was hiding anything underneath-- Chris knew that first hand.  She made it a habit of coming in bra-less with tank tops.  She barely had enough to fill an A cup bra, and no real figure to speak of.  She kept her chin length red hair tidy though, so she was hardly a slob.  “Tick-Tock motherfuckers.  Opening time is in fifteen minutes.  Chen needs this shit on the tables ten minutes ago.”

She pulled an unlit cigarette from her slender lips-- probably the only endearing feature about her.  “Is that the new silverware?” Heather said.

“No, it’s the replacement brains for the wait staff-- of course it’s the fucking silverware.”

Heather kept her calm, as she tended to.  “Ok I’ll take care of it.  Chris, can you go in the back and make sure we have order sheets to cover the lunch rush?”

“Yeah.”  *All ten of em.  Seriously, small wonder this place stays in business.*“I’ll go check.”

He wandered into the back room, past Mr. Chen’s office and to the supply room.  He grabbed a box of order sheets and something fell loose-- a simple blank black notebook.

It reminded Chris he left his order pad at home.  He’d need a replacement.  He stooped over and picked it up, moving back to the front of the restaurant.

Mr. Chen  opened his office door and stopped him.  “Chris.  No screwing around.  I hear you flirting with Heather on the Cameras.”

Chris sighed.  *Liar.  You’re too damn cheap to get sound on those things.*“No way Mr. Chen, I was just talking about a party we went to yesterday.”

“You look at her butt.  Then talk to her.  Stop talking to me like I stupid.”  He beaned him over the head with a rolled up paper.  “I put up with your crap because you draw in women, not because you smart, OK?”

Chris rolled his eyes.  “Yeah yeah... Mr. Chen.”

Truth be told, Mr. Chen was awesome.  He paid him well and it made no sense why.  The place rarely got customers and he made sure he left with lots of cash.  Mr. Chen was basically a rich uncle with too much damn money.  A rich uncle that could really cook.  Samantha wasn’t half as good as him, but could rope in a few regulars.

“Say, Mr. Chen.  How about you really impress people today?  I mean... we could be BIG if--”

Mr. Chen whapped him in the face with the paper.  “You no think, just work.”

“Fine.  Forget I said anything.”

Mr. Chen glanced down at the black book in his hand and smiled.  “And you forget order book, AGAIN.  Ha.  You borrow that one.  Make you nice tips.  Maybe won’t have to pay you so much today.”

“This old thing?”  Chris looked it over.  On a closer look it had some designs printed on the same color as the cover.  “You don’t mind me using it?”

“Just be careful.” Mr. Chen said, wagging the paper in front of Chris’ eyes.

Before Chris could make any sense of his words, Mr. Chen closed the door.

“Better get this stuff up there before Sam starts getting feral.”  He wandered past the table plan and noted his sections, they split it 50/50 today.  Chris set down the box and made a rough copy of the plan and wrote his name in one corner and Heather’s in the other.

Halfway through her name his name vanished.

He blinked down at the paper, confused, but finished writing the last few letter’s of Heather’s name.  Next to the blank ink, the letter “C” wrote itself in red ink-- in his handwriting.  It went on to write, in smaller text, “natural”.

“Huh?” He stared at it confused.

He ran his thumb over the ink and the blank space where he wrote something.  *Maybe I’m seeing things.  I mean She is working section C today... that makes sense I guess, but what’s this other part.  He tapped the paper.  She’s also working E too, I better jot that down.*

He wrote an “E” next to her name.  The ink flashed red and the old “C” faded to black.  Chris closed the book, checking the back cover and the front.  Nothing looked out of place.  *Must be a trick book or something.*  He tucked it into his apron and walked into the main area of the restaurant.

“Phew.  That’s all of it,” Heather said, facing away from him.  She cricked her back and stretched.  “I hope the day goes quick, today.”

“Yeah, me too,” Chris said.  “I’m already seeing things.”

She turned back to him, smiling, but his gaze fell to her chest.  Undoubtedly, her breasts were larger, considerably so.  Weirdly enough, her shirt was larger too.  It was like she put on a new shirt and bra to compensate.  He couldn’t help but stare.

She crossed her arms.  “Cut it out Chris, you know I hate that.”

“Huh?” He glanced up to her.

“Sheesh, you’re just like all the other guys.  I mean they’re not *that* big.  You’re acting like you’ve never seen them before.”

“I... uh...” Chris cleared his throat.  “Well of course I haven’t.  You and I haven’t ever... been intimate.”

“Oh I get it now.  *That’s* why you want to take me out.  Cause of my boobs?  Typical.”

“Wait.  That’s not it.  You’re-- well... different.”

“Huh?  Am I?” She blinked at him.  “I don’t think I am.  I mean I got a haircut a few days ago and...”

“No, I mean...” Chris hesitated.  *The book.*  “Forget I said anything.  Sorry for being weird.  I mean, you look great.  Really great.  I didn’t mean to sexualize you or whatever, but I’ve thought about asking you out for a while, you know.”

“I told you I’d think about it.”

“For fuck sake!” Sam smacked him hard across the back of his head.  “Stop slacking off.  You two can make kissy faces at each other later.  We open soon.”

“Right.  Sorry, Sam.” Chris handed her the order sheets.  “This should hold us for lunch.”

Sam scowled at him.  “Hmph.  Better keep your nose out of the shit pile, punk.  I’m watching you.”

Heather went about setting up her tables.  Chris pulled out his note pad, and tapped the cover.  He opened it up and wrote Samantha’s name, sure enough a letter A appeared next to her name.  A moment later, he word ‘reduction’ scrawled out next to it.

*Huh?  What the hell does...*

“Chris?” Heather said.

He snapped the book shut.  “What’s up?”

She gave him a puppy dog eyes.  “Can you set up my lantern stuff?  My back is bugging me again.”

“Your back?  Are you OK?”

“Yeah, it just happens sometimes.” She shrugged.

*Was that my fault?  Cause of her boobs?*  “Yeah, sure.  I’ll take care of it.  Can you set up my table tops then?”

“Deal.” Heather walked past him and he opened up the notepad, this time he wrote the word ‘natural’ next to Samantha’s name.  Just like the letters did before, ‘reduction’ turned black and ‘natural’ turned red.

Chris took care of the lanterns quickly and went back to the kitchen window.  “Hey Sam?”

“What?”

“Come here a sec.” Chris leaned closer.  “You look nice today.”

She came to the window, giving him a sideways look.  “Are you drunk?  Wait no, you’re high aren’t you?  Doping up before--”

“I’m serious.” Chris said.  “The slender look really suits you.”

“Well it suited me just fine my whole damn life, what’s that supposed to mean?”

“Haha... just buttering you up.  I wanted to see if we could bury the hatchet?  I mean, I just want the customers to be happy.”  He wrote her name in the book again.  The red text faded to black above and in red, ‘A Natural’ appeared.

“Whatever.  I won’t mess up the damn food.”

He wrote ‘reduction’ next to the new text and it flipped to from black to red.  “Can I ask you something?  Your frame strikes me as a little odd.  You ever get... work done on yourself?”

She clenched her jaw.  “So that’s what that’s about?”

Chris pocketed the book.  “Just call it a hunch.  I mean, there’s nothing wrong with it.  I couldn’t see you any other way.”

“Yeah, fine.  I got em’ lopped off,” she said, scowling.  “I was on the gymnastics team and when I hit thirteen they wouldn’t stop growing.”

“You?  Gymnastics?”

“Laugh it up, asshole.  Well I went and got it fixed, only to get a damn infection.  I was sickly for three fucking years, ended up wasting my fucking time and my parent’s money.  So yeah, fuck Gymnastics and fuck that shit.  I wish I’d kept em’ fat lot of good it did me.  Didn’t even mind the attention really.  My damn parents-- fuckers.”

“So if you could, you’d have left it the same?”

She raised a brow at him.

“So how big were you?  Just curious?”

“You making fun of me?”

Chris looked her over again, trying to imagine her with bigger tits.  With his new notebook, he wouldn’t need to imagine, but he had a plan.  “No way.  I’m trying to be supportive.  I bet stuff like this happens a lot.  Parents can be shitty sometimes.”

“There’s no way I’m telling you.”

He smirked, leaning closer.  “What if I could do something about it?”

The door chime rang, drawing Chris’ attention.  Heather let in Sharnel, their ever-enthusiastic hostess.  She was a nice looking young chick barely eighteen by his guess.  Heather, Chris and Sam were all juniors in college.  (if Sam even went to college he wasn’t sure.)

Content that Heather and Sharnel were distracted, Sam leaned in close enough to smell the smoke on her breath.  “What do you mean you can do something about it?”

Chris held up a finger.  “Hey Heather, I’m gonna help Sam with some prep stuff.  You good on the dining room?”

“Yeah, go on.”

“I’ll help too!” Sharnel said.  She bobbed up and down, jostling her hypnotic set of D-cups.

Chris stepped around to the kitchen door, and waved her out of the food delivery window.  “I can trust you right?”

Sam screwed up her face.  “Depends on what you’re telling me.”

He held up the book.  “I found this in the back room.  Before I say anything, what do you think of Heather?”

“Little miss sunshine?  I mean... she’s alright.  Harder worker than your lazy ass anyway.”

“And what about her boobs?”

“What?”

“Answer me.”

She scowled at him.  “Are you asking me to guess her breast size?  Is that really all you think about?”

“I have a good reason.”

“I dunno, triple D?  They’re pretty big.”

“They’ve ALWAYS been that way?”

“Since she worked here at least.  You saying she got em’ done?”

Chris shook his head and donned a serious look.  “I’m only asking once more.  Can I trust you?  I’m asking cause I think you’re cool.  And it’s in your best interest to play nice.”

“Fine.  You can trust me.”

Chris flipped open the book and showed her the page he wrote on.  He pointed to Heather’s name and the letters next to it.

“That’s creepy.  You keeping a log of-- hey!  That’s my name!”  She snatched away the book.

“I know this sounds strange, but that’s how I found out about you... you know... getting them done.  Check out what happens when I write a name in there.  I’ll need my book back.”

She scowled at him, but handed it back slowly.  He wrote Sharnel’s name and sure enough the letter D appeared in red, alongside the word ‘Pregnancy’.

“Pregnancy?”  Sam went pale.  “What the fuck?  It wrote it by itself?!”

“Huh?  That’s new.” Chris frowned down at it.  “Oh right... Sharnel had a kid when she was fourteen.  She told me about it before.  So--”

“What do you mean?  What’s this creepy book about?”

“Shush.  I’m telling you, but I haven’t told anyone else.  When I write a girl’s name it tells me her size.  And see how I have other letters after Heather’s name?  I thought this was a normal notebook, so I tried writing the section letters in here and ended up boosting Heather up to an “E” cup.”

“You used this to make her boobs bigger?  Pig.”

“An ACCIDENT,” Chris said.

“Wait but she’s always been... that size.  Right?”

“That’s why I need your help.”  Chris wrote a Heather’s name.  The a red ‘E’ appeared next to it with ‘natural’.  “Watch.”

“What are you doing?”

“It’s fine.  I’m putting her back to normal.  Not like I’m being an asshole.”

He wrote a ‘C’ next to ‘natural and it turned red.  He waved her to follow to the window.  Sure enough, Heather ‘s perky C-cups were back and Sharnel paid no notice.  They chatted as though nothing was wrong.

“What?  She’s normal, just like always.”

Chris tapped on the paper.  “She’s a C cup now.  We were just talking about it.”

“But she was always that size.  I remember when she first got hired on, I was annoyed she was the perfect...” Sam hesitated.  “Weird.  I swear we just talked about this... but...”

*So it’s just me.  I remember everything... but everyone else’s memory gets messed up?*

*“*Wait.” Sam grabbed his arm.  “You said something about helping me.”

“Tell me what size you were naturally and I’ll help.”

“You better not tell ANYONE, and don’t laugh.”

“I won’t,” Chris said.

“J.  I was a fucking J cup.”

He gaped at her.  He couldn’t imagine her with huge tits.  Let alone boobs that big.  “That’s... really big.  And just for the record, if you could, you’d want them back?”

“Fuck yeah.  I could smother a motherfucker with those bad girls.  It was like.. .a defense mechanism.”

“You’re kind of awesome.  I ever tell you that, Sam?”

He held up the book.  “You sure about this?  I mean I could probably fix it, if something weird happens.  I just don’t want you to get pissed at me.”

“Do it.”

He wrote down Samantha’s name.  When the A started to show up she smacked him.

“Hey!  Ow!”

“I just realized.  You wrote my name in there.  Were you already messing with my boobs?”

Chris rubbed his cheek.  “Sort of.  I didn’t know how it worked so I wrote natural next to your name.”

“Natural?  Why?”

“Well it said ‘reduction’ at first.  I figured if I didn’t mess with your size I could learn how it works.  When I did that, you acted like you’d always had small boobs.”

“Huh?  So you wrote ‘reduction’ after that and I went back to normal?”

Chris nodded.

“Did I sound annoyed?”

He chuckled.  “Yeah, a little.  I think you had some boob envy going on.”

“Ok.  Sorry for slapping you, just do what you were gonna do.”

“You sure you want me to put “J”?  I mean that’s really big.”

“That’s how big I was motherfucker.”  She smacked him upside the head.  “I’m not trying to get a free boob job here, I just want to know what would happen if my stupid parents hadn’t butchered me.”

“Well... here goes.” Chris wrote the J next to her name.  The A faded to black and the red ink trickled through the letter.  Seamlessly, Sam’s tits bulged outwards.  Her clothing changed size too, accommodating to her new assets but they strained against the fabric.  There was no hiding her thick nipples through the fabric of her chef’s jacket.  Chris went rock hard.

“Well?  Are you gonna do it or what?” She said looking at him blankly.  “I’m still small.”

“S-small?  You’re...” *Amazing.*“Really big.  I mean Really... big.”

“Well yeah, I’ve been this way since my reduction.  I just told you--”  She hesitated.  “Why is this weird?  I swear I just told you how big I was, right?  I was an ‘M’ cup... mom wanted me to be able to do gymnastics, but we had to stagger to surgeries and I got an infection on the first.”

“Shit.  I messed up,” Chris said.  “Hold on.”

He scribbled down ‘Natural’ next to the J.  The red ink filtered in, and he dropped his gaze to her boobs.  They flounced a bit, sagging lower on her chest, but they still looked tasty as hell.

“What the...?  Why... was I talking about a reduction?  I remember bitching out my mom for even suggesting it.”

Chris put his hands on her shoulders.  “So it worked?  You’ve always been a J cup right?”

Sam nodded vacantly.  “Of course I have.  You’re always staring at em’-- bastard.”

*Awesome.  I have it figured out.*  It was hard to resist staring.  Chris had never seen tits so big up close.

Sam looked down at herself, kneading her fingers through the girth of her boobs.  The attention stiffened her nipples and made them jut against the fabric.  “So... I don’t really get it.  Your book does things to boobs?  I don’t feel any different.”

Chris squirmed against the discomfort of his cock pressing along the fabric of his boxers.  The wall clock chimed.  *Opening time, shit.*“You’re cool now right?  It’s our little secret, right?”

“Yeah we’re cool.  We can talk on your break...  thanks for telling me the truth.  Even if it is weird as fuck.”

*And even if she did tell anyone, it’s not like they’d believe her.  Heh.*  He ducked into the hall and tried to calm himself down.  He’d have plenty of time to blow of some steam one way or another.  Sam owed him a favor now, and even if he struck out with Heather he could convince her to let him mess around with her.

That prospect really didn’t help him calm down at all.  Her hurried out to the dining room, thanking whatever god invented sturdy boxers.  It hadn’t been the first time he had to run a shift with a massive boner-- that was for sure.

“Don’t worry Chris.  We took care of everything,” Sharnel said.  “While you were being a slacker.  Probably back there making out with Sam, right?”

“Haha... as if I would.”  *Seriously... is this chick psychic or something?*

“Keep an eye out for people coming in, Sharnel,” Heather said.  “I’m gonna go smoke.  OK?”

*Guess there’s no changing that detail.*  Chris watched her leave through the back door.  He sidled up next to Sharnel.  “Just seat me first so she has some time to kill herself with lung cancer.”

“Sure thing, handsome.”  She nudged him with an elbow.  “So, you dating anyone yet?”

“Not yet,” he said, trying to resist the siren call of boobies.  Sharnel always wore sexy little tops that showed off the ‘Y’ of her cleavage.  Eighteen was legal and everything, but a young mom?  He had principles.  There was no hiding from the dark corners of his mind.  *I wonder if she’s still lactating?*

“Like what you see?  We don’t have to make it official or anything, I’m down with a quickie sometime.”

“Shut up,” Chris said.  It didn’t stop him from staring.  “Hey, just wondering.  You had a kid right?”

She nodded.  “That weird you out?  He went to a nice family and I visit him four times a year, but yeah I’m not attached to the baby daddy or whatev’.  Really it’s like having a little brother-- a little brother than gave me a free boob job.”

Chris gaped at her.

“I used to be a B cup.  I keep em’ milky cause mom tells me they’ll shrivel up if I don’t.”

*That answers that question.*

“All of my boyfriends tend to like the taste anyway.”

*That answers that question too.*  “Look.” Chris cleared his throat.  “Can we not talk about your boobs?  I mean they’re nice and all, but I’m trying to hook up with Heather.”

“I don’t need to tell her.  I just wanna know what you’re packing down there  Maybe see it first hand,.”  She reached for his crotch and he dodged.  “Don’t like black girls or something?”

“Just not big on age differences,” Chris said.  100% honesty there.  He actually had quite an appreciation for African American women.  There was something enchanting about dark brown nipples.  “You’re still in high school, after all.  Besides, you shouldn’t be grabbing my junk at work.”

“Whatever.  Your loss.”

*I’m sure it is.*

The door chime jingled and a stunning blonde stepped in.

“Yokoso!” Sharnel said.

Chris nudged her.  “That’s Japanese.  We’re a Chinese restaurant.”

She hissed back at him under her breath.  “Whatever, same dif.  Seating for one?”

The girl looked around like she was lost, pulled a lock of hair behind her ear and nodded.  She settled her gaze, a set of bright blue eyes on Chris.  “Can I be seated in his section?”

*No complaints there.*  “Take your pick, you’re our first customer for the day.  My name’s Chris’ I’ll be your server for this afternoon.”

“Thanks.”  Her full red lips curled into a smile.

Sharnel elbowed him and led her to his section, she took a seat off to the side, one of the larger booths.  It gave him the perfect chance to check out her shapely ass.  She crammed it into a pair of daisy dukes too small for her curvature.  She had a nice little whale-tail going on and he got a good look thanks to her top baring her midriff.

*Man, I love summer.*  Chris wandered over to the drink station poured a glass of water and walked over.  She pushed aside her menu and greeted him with a smile.

“Welcome to Chen’s you know what you want?”

She nodded.  “You tell me what’s good.”

*That sort of means you DON’T know what you want.*  I put on a winning smile and leaned closer.  “Between you and me, the best stuff is the ‘Kick-ass chicken’ the rest has too much weird veggies you end up leaving behind anyway.”

“I’ll take that then,” she said leaning on her hand.  She looked him over, half listening to his words.

“You need a drink?”

“Water will do.  You go to MSU right?  My name’s Penelope.”

He couldn’t place her, but she did look familiar “Yeah.  You know me from class?”

She nodded.  “I actually came here to meet you.  Someone told me you work here.”

*She’s flirting huh?*“Let me put in your order.  I can come back to chat in a sec.”

“No rush.”  She handed over the menu.  A little piece of paper peeked out of the corner.  It had a phone number on it.  *Smooth.*  He pocketed it and glanced back at her, offering a wink.  *No harm it keeping my options open.*

He walked to the kitchen window, scribbled her order on a slip and rang the bell.

Sam came to the window and snatched it away.  “Surprise, surprise... Kick-ass chicken.”

Chris let his eyes drift over Sam’s body.  The contrast between her slim waist and her new tits were amazing.  He leaned against the counter.  “I just can’t get over it.  Aren’t they uncomfortable?”

“Fuck no,” Samantha said.  “I’m not a wimp.  Nothing a few daily sit ups can’t set straight.”

“You sure you don’t have super strength?  I mean those puppies gotta weigh fifteen pounds each.”

“Ten actually,” she said, grinning.  “I weighed em once.”

They shared a laugh.  *Has Sam always been this cool?*

“I’ll take care of the order.  Go get your mack on, champ.”

“Huh?  Hey wait.  It’s not like that.”

She pointed to the slip of paper.  “Oh?  Then what’s with the number?  You just taking a survey from Bimborella over there?”

“Hey... this... OK.  It’s a number.  She gave it to me unprovoked.”

“I believe it.  You must get numbers like crazy.  Being as good looking as you are.”

*Sam too?  Flirting?*  Though suddenly that didn’t seem like such a bad idea.  “Well I’d ask for your number if I didn’t already have it.”

“I call bullshit.  First break you get.  Men’s restroom.  Put your cock where your mouth’s at.  Well... not really.  I doubt you’re that flexible.”

“Uh... are you asking me to...”

“I’m not asking champ.  I’m telling.” She twirled her finger at him.  “Stand me up and I tell the others about the notebook.”

He went pale.  “Hey... I did you a favor.”

“And I’m doing you one.  Multiple most likely.  Hope your jaw doesn’t get tired quickly, champ.”

“F-fine.  I’ll be there.”  In truth he was really excited about the prospect.  He could already imagine how big her nipples were now.  *I bet they’re pink.  She’s a redhead after all.*

He tried to look busy, messing with the tables he already knew were set up.  The last thing he needed was to piss off Sam.  Daydreaming about their appointment didn’t really help.

“Excuse me,” Penelope called over to him.

He walked back, putting on his best smile.  “Your food will be ready soon, did you need something else?”

She nodded.  “When do you get off work?

*Wow, she’s comes on strong.*  “Uh, lemme check.”  He pulled out his notebook and flipped through the pages, making a show of it.  He knew all too well he’d be off at five, but she didn’t know that.  Then all at once, he realized this was a heck of an opportunity.  He wrote ‘Penelope’ onto the fourth page and ‘DD’ lit up in red ink next to it.  Then the word ‘implants’ followed.

*Fake boobs huh?*  “Five o’clock today and boy does the day go slow.”

“You drink?  I have a friend that owns a place down the street.”

“I could be convinced.” He tapped the paper with his pen.  *Might be a good time to try this out.*He wrote three ‘D’s and the word ‘natural’ and peeked back to her.  He kept it casual.  “No way a hottie like you doesn’t have a guy.”

“Actually,” she leaned forward and her boobs jiggled outward, taking a more natural slope.  Her shirt grew with her tits, but she showed off more cleavage now.  The bottom of her boobs bunched up on the table and pushed them closer together, he caught a glimpse of the top of a rich brown nipple.  Her areola was huge!  “I’m not seeing anyone.  Guys always get so intimidated, and when I do find a guy they assume I’m cheating on them.”

He grinned.  “You?  A cheater?  I’ve never seen a more honest face.”

Chris tapped his pen idly on the paper.  He was tempted to write something crazy, like double ‘Z’, but she seemed to be giving him a real shot.  He was better off using someone impartial.

*Oh, Right!  TV.*

“Hold on a sec, gotta turn on the tube.”

She nodded and leaned back in her chair, dipping a slender finger into her water glass.

Chris snagged the remote and flipped to the news.  There was a smoking hot reporter he wouldn’t mind seeing huge.  If it even worked.

“This is Sally Banks reporting from...”

*Perfect.*  He wrote Sally Banks in the book and a moment later... the name vanished from the book.  It didn’t work.

*Fuck.  It must have a range.*  He clicked the T.V. to a sports network and walked to the window, peering across the street.  *Flower girl... what was her name?  Oh right.*

He wrote ‘Ruby’ in the book and the “B Natural” popped up next to it in red ink.  He grinned.  She was always a total pain, always complaining about them because she was a vegan.  *Well lady, you’re about to get some more meat in your life.*

He wrote a letter ‘Z’ next to her name.  The red ink poured into the letter and he excitedly looked out the window.  Ruby stepped out in front of her shop, setting up her street display.  Her B cups flounced forward, jiggling into the biggest tits he had ever seen.

The amazing part of watching it came from the fact she didn’t even flinch.  All that extra weight would have knocked over an average person, but she took it in stride, like she had always had them.  According to his tests with Sam, That was exactly the case.

Before, he never found Ruby attractive, mostly because of her shitty attitude.  Her usual sundress did a poor job of containing her new assets, which poked out the bottom.  *Where the hell did she find a sundress to fit those jugs anyway?*  It must have taken practice to stoop over without a nipple slip, and she had a lifetime of practice.

*This book is awesome.*  He wandered back to Penelope with a grin on his face.  “I’d live to spend some quality time with you, but I promised a friend I’d hang with them today.  I’ll check in with them on my break to see if we’re still on.”

Penelope smiled warmly.  Her full lips were hypnotic-- she was probably a great at kissing and... other things.  “You must be close.”

Chris smirked.  “Nah, I just don’t like breaking my promises.”

“Good on you.  I hope for both our sakes your schedule clears up.”

On the way back to the kitchen he spotted Heather on her way back into the dining room.  She dusted loose ashes from her apron. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to take so long.”

“Make it up to me with a date then.”

“This again?  I don’t know why you’d want to.  It’s not like I’m anything special.  You could have any girl you want.  It feels like you’re just picking on me.”

“Well I’m not.  If you want me to back off, I can.  Just say the word.”

She pressed her lips together, glanced around and leaned closer.  He got a peek down her shirt for the trouble.  “You’re really serious?”

He showed her the piece of paper.  “See that girl in section A?  Totally gave me her number.  I’m turning her down for you, if you’re interested.”

“F-fine.  I’ll go out with you.  As long as you’re not just trying to get in my pants.  I just--”

“Relax.  I’m not like that.”  *I’d at least expect three dates before sex.  Making out?  That’s fair game.*

The door chime cut his mental celebration short.  Someone else walked in and Sharnel got ready to take her into section C-- Heather’s section.

Heather groaned.  “Fuck.  That’s Vanessa.  I HATE her.”

Chris looked back and spied a raven haired chick with olive skin.  She looked like a bitch, if such a thing was possible.  She carried around a little notepad, next to her purse.  The kind you see reporters carry around-- on T.V.

“You want me to take care of her?”

“No way.. she’d give you hell.  She hates playboys like you, so she’d probably give you a crappy tip.”

“Playboy?  Really?”

“Oh come off it Chris.  I know how many girls you’ve slept with.  Brad talks about you, a lot.”

*Loose lips sink ships.  I’ll have to chat with Brad about that one.  Jerk.*

She chuckled.  “It’s not all bad.  I mean girls talk about you too.  They’re never disappointed at least.”  She looked him over, settling her gaze on his crotch for the briefest of moments.  “If you behave tonight, I’ll think about finding that out first hand.  I’m just.. .a little intimidated by you, that’s all.”

“Don’t be.  I’m a big teddy bear.”

She smacked him in the stomach and left to greet her guest.  Sharnel went to the back to do stock work until someone else walked in.  Chris sat back popped open his notebook and wrote ‘Vanessa’ on the first page.  A red ‘B Natural’ followed.  *Heh, not for long.*  He pressed his pen against the paper, considering what size he should make her.  He got a rush of omnipotence.

“Order up!” Sam’s voice snapped him from his thoughts.

*Saved by the bell, I guess.*  He snapped his book shut and wandered to the kitchen window.  He scooped up the plate and Sam leaned closer.

“You got any rubbers?”

He blinked at her.  “Uh... I have one in my wallet yeah.”

“Good.  Run your food, punk.  I’m gonna rock your world.”

He glanced back at Heather.  “Hold on, why are you so riled up?”

“Why do you think?  I’ve got you right where I want you.  This is the best day of my life.  You’re lucky I didn’t come prepared for this.”

“Uh... prepared?  With what?”

“Don’t be coy.  If I knew I’d be able to blackmail you I would have brought some toys.  I’d love to see the look on your face when I destroy tight ass of yours.”

Chris swallowed back a lump in his throat.  “Please tell me you’re kidding.”

She grinned.  “Half kidding.  Food’s getting cold.  Go.”

He scooped up the plate and tried to push back the thought of Dominatrix Sam molesting him.  It really wasn’t his bag.  Now he had pressure to impress her.  *Oh God, what if she’s not satistifed?  I’ll have to flee the country.*

He forced his best smile and set down Penelope’s dish.  “Qǐng màn yòng.”

“Huh?”

“They make me say that.”  He shrugged.  “It means enjoy your food or something.  Boss gets pissy if I skip it.”

“Well, thanks.” She picked up her fork and smiled at him.  “This is a lot of food.”

“Yeah well, I can wrap up whatever you don’t finish.”

“So... uhm... what did your friend say?”

Chris chuckled.  *Man she really wants me.*  “I haven’t had my break yet, so no idea.  Something bugging you?”

“Well... yeah.”  She waved him to come closer.  “A few things actually.  Me and my friend have this bet.  I told her I could find a better looking guy than her, no problem.  And well, you’re really nice looking.”

“You’re not bad looking yourself.  I bet your friend doesn’t stand a chance.”

“It’s sweet of you to say it, but... I’m no good at finding guys.  They just assume I’m a slut or something.”

Chris lost his smile.  “That’s rough.  Why the hell would they?”

“Cause of my family.  They’re all model agency big wigs.  Do you know what it’s like to be told at ten years old that I’ll be getting implants if I don’t fill out?  Thankfully I did, but I mean, really?”

His skin crawled.  *I did her a favor by changing her breast size?  Seriously?*  “That’s pretty crazy.  I mean, you won the genetic lottery, that’s for sure.”

“I assumed you went through the same thing.”

“Whoa, slow down.  I’m not that good looking.  I mean, I just care about my looks more than most guys.  That’s it really.” *Packing some impressive heat helps a little too, though.*

“So, I just need the favor.  Please?  I-- I’ll sleep with you if you do.”

*Well that escalated quickly.*

Chris cleared his throat.  “Look, I’m not really a nice enough guy to turn you down on that offer.  So, what do you want me to do?”

“I just need you to show up at my friends bar around five thirty.”

*That’s early.  I could always tell Heather to meet up at eight or nine.*“Fine, I’ll do it.  But only cause you seem nice.  You can make good on your promise if I impress you on our *second* date.”

She blushed.  “Really?  I mean... I wouldn’t mind.”

“It’s fine.  I don’t take handouts.”  *Besides.  I think Sam plans to tire me out.*

“You’re the best.  Thanks Chris.”

He pulled his phone from his pocket and dialed her number.  “There I just sent a text.”

Her phone beeped.  “There you are.”  She squealed happily.  “I can’t believe it!  I’m gonna win easy now.”

“Happy to be of service.  So, enjoy your food.”

“Uhm... I don’t really like chicken.”

Chris laughed.  “Just pretend you’re eating.  Our cook is a character.  I’ll sneak a box out to you in a few minutes.”

She leaned over, giving him a peek of those tasty nipples again.  He was really looking forward to spending some quality time with her.  “Thanks.”

“Say, uh... Do you like your look?  I mean, you look amazing-- but say if there was a magical way to be different?”

She blinked at him.  “Magic?  Like Harry Potter?”

“Yeah like.  Poof.”

Penelope flushed pink.  “That would be cool.  I read all the books.  As long as it’s not surgery.  That seems really scary.”

*I sure as hell didn’t.*  “Yeah right?  So, if I could wave a magic wand and say, give you bigger boobs, you’d be down?”

“You... could do that?”

“Worth a try right?  I mean I’m a wizard in training.”

Penelope looked genuinely excited.  She sat up straight and jutted her chest out.  “What do I need to do?  I mean... I never thought I’d actually meet a real wizard.”

“Let me check my notes.” He popped open his notebook wrote her name and smiled.  The ‘DDD Natural’ appeared again, his handy work that ended up saving her some real life trouble.  It got him thinking.  What if he wrote something else next to her size?  He wrote ‘magic’ but it disappeared.  *No dice.*  *Let’s keep it simple then.*  He wrote ‘H’ instead.  With her cooperation the growth was glorious.  Her tits shimmied from side to side and flounced outward.  The extra girth, combined with the way she held her arms gave him a nice look at those saucer like nipples.  They bubbled out of her top enough to see their color.

“Well?”

He stared entranced.  “Uh, guess I need to review a bit more.  It’s tough when I’m looking at such a nice looking girl.  We need to do it in private I guess.”

“Oh...”  She looked embarrassed.  “I guess that would be bad if you made me bigger here, I’d fall out of my clothes!”

“R-right,” Chris said, tugging on his collar.  “Probably best to do it when you’re naked-- err topless at least.  Wouldn’t want any buttons to hit someone.”

“That’s a good point.  You’re smart.”

“I gotta check on the... something.  Be right back.”

“Oh right... I need to pretend to eat.”  She took a bite.  “Hey.  This is actually pretty good.”

“R-right?” Chris used his notepad to hide his raging boner.  There was no hiding it now.  Man, what did I do to deserve this.  I could die a happy man right now.”

Sam glared at him from the kitchen window.  *Or I might get my wish.*

Heather came to the kitchen window, letting out a long sigh.  She hung up an order sheet that looked like a novel.

“What the... is that for real?” Chris looked it over.  “Each nut toasted lightly?”

“I know, right?” She lowered her voice.  “She’s not just a bitch.  She’s a super bitch.”

“Who is she?”

“She’s runs our college newspaper.  I think she’s reviewing our Restaurant.”

“I’ll go talk to her.”

“I wouldn’t... she really doesn’t like flirty guys.”

“Then I won’t flirt.”  Chris left the window, running a hand through his hair.  Vanessa locked onto him and raised a hand snapping her fingers.  “Excuse me?  Are you a manager?”

“Nope, just the guy running the other section.  Is there a problem?”

“Yes.  My waitress is rude.”

Chris flinched.  *Heather?  Rude?  This lady is on crack.*“Oh, I’m sorry to hear that.  Did you want me to wait on you instead?”

“Yes.  Please.  Take my order too so I know she didn’t mess it up.  I think she suffers from some sort of learning disorder, she kept asking for clarification.”

Five minutes later, Chris wanted to kill her.  He kept his smile, but she spelled out everything like talking to a five year old.  And the individually toasted nut bit was completely true.  He cleared his throat and went through her order with flawless accuracy.

“Wrong,” she said.  “You weren’t paying attention either.”

*Oh, she’s one of those.*  Chris took a deep breath and found his center.  He was not about to let an irate customer taunt him.  “What did I get wrong?”

“I asked for special number five, not six.”

“Six and five are the same dish with the exception of chicken rather than shrimp.  If you’re worried about the price difference I’ll have it put in as the five, for the inconvenience.”

Vanessa pursed her lips.  “You think you’re smart, don’t you?”

He gave her a winning smile.  “Actually, my GPA says otherwise.”

“Fine.  I’ll tolerate that.  Hurry up.  The food better be great.”

Chris clapped his notebook shut.  “Of course ma’am.  It should be done soon.”

He walked back to the kitchen and mouthed ‘Ultra Bitch’ to Heather.  He tossed his order sheet on the counter.  “Same order,  Heather got it right. 100%.  I’ll take care of the table.  She said you were rude.”

Heather gasped  “Rude?”

“Don’t sweat it.  If I get anything for a tip, it’s all yours.”  Chris snatched up a to-go box.  “Could you print up a check for my table?”

Sam grabbed his arm.  “Something wrong with the food?”

“No, it’s just... she’s not a big eater.”

She let him go.  “Hm.  Ok.  You’re not BSing me are you?”

Chris grabbed a pitcher of water, swung by Bitch Lord Vanessa, topped off her water and went back to Penelope’s table.  Her plate was clean-- not even a drop of sauce on the plate.  “Whoa.  You’re done?”

She nodded. “I see why they call it Kick-ass chicken.  Your chef is amazing.”

“Yeah she is.”  *Jeez... did the extra boob improve her appetite?*  “did you need a dessert menu?”

“Nah, just give me something good.”  She licked her fingers, smiling up at him.

*Now I’m really looking forward to that date.*

He took her plate and went back to the kitchen,  He plopped down the plate.

Sam leaned on the counter with a smug smile.  “Not a big eater, huh?”

“Yeah, you might not even need to run this through the dish machine.”  He scribbled down an order and slipped it to her.  “Fried ice-cream too, she wants dessert.”

“Girl can eat,” Heather said.

Sam set down a salad.  “For her majesty.  You’re lucky I didn’t spit in it.”

“I would’ve.” Chris walked it over, putting on his game face.  Vanessa fiddled with a compact on his approach.  He took the opportunity to check her out.  She had a nice body, heavier on the bottom than the top, but her tits had a great shape-- or at least her bra held them up nice.

He set down the salad.  “Qǐng màn yòng!”

She turned and gave him a stinging look.  “You butchered the hell out of that.  My grandmother is chinese.”

He shrugged.  “Well, I’m no expert.  I’d love to hear it from a native speaker.”

She glared at him.  “Are you flirting with me?”

*Hell.  No.*  “What gave you that idea?”

“Staring at my tits for one.” She slammed her hand on the table.

*Shit, the compact.  She saw me in the mirror.*  He played it cool.  “Well, I won’t deny I admired you.  It’s second nature to appreciate beauty.  No offense meant.”

“So you’re not completely stupid.  I’m surprised you didn’t just lie about it.”

“Not my style.”

She took a bite of the salad, glaring at him.  She straightened, giving an approving nod.  “Not bad.  It’s pretty good.  Come back when I finish this.  This isn’t over.”

“Yes ma’am.”  He walked back.

Heather poked him in the side.  “So?  Is she appeased?”

“She liked the salad, but she’s convinced I’m trying to flirt.”

“No!  I warned you.  That’s the worst thing ever.”

“I couldn’t help it.  My eyes have a mind of their own.”  He let his gaze fall on her chest to strengthen his point.  He raised his hand.  “And sometimes...”

Heather dodged back, covering her chest.  “Don’t even joke about it.”  She was smiling, though.

“Haha... just kidding.” *For now.*

Sam popped into the window with the fried icecream.  “Heather, run this and give her some survey stuff.  Ask her how Chris did and shit.  I need words with Chris.”

Heather nodded, giving her a cautious look.  He shook his head. “It’s cool.  We had a bonding moment.”

“Ooookaaay,” Heather said.

“So, have you used the book on her?”

Chris shook his head.  “I dunno it seems risky.”

“Do it.  I want to see what happens.”

“Right now?  Really?”

“Right now.  Use that pain in the ass to figure out more about it.”

“Like what?” He opened the book.  She slammed her hand on it and read.  “Seriously?  You were messing with the bimbo and you didn’t tell me?”

“Well... I chatter her up and she had a story.  You know, like you.  I got her permission.”  *Sort of.*

She moved her hand.  “Write.”

He wrote ‘Vanessa’.  The ‘B Natural’ flashed next to it quickly.

“So we know Natural, Reduction, Pregnancy, and Implants.”  She said, thinking.  Heather glanced back at them.  Sam rolled her hand, telling her to keep her talking.  “What other ways...  I got it.  Fat.  Teach that bitch a lesson.  Let’s make sure she finishes her meal.”

“Really?  But...”

“Don’t bitch out on me Chris.  Do it or I tell Heather about the book.”

“F-fine.  What should I write?”

“Write DD Fat.”

He did and the ink vanished.

“DD Weight Gain.”

He did and the ink turned red.  The two of them craned around the corner, holding their breath as they waited.  Vanessa’s shoulders broadened and a sickly slurping sound filled the air.

Sam pushed him.  “Go check to see if it worked.”

He wandered back to the table and sure enough Vanessa was a grade A fatty.  Her belly spilled out of her shirt like a midriff, but there was a conscious effort to cover it.  Her ass was gigantic now, almost to an appealing level.  Her perky B cups bloated into saggy double D’s, but they still looked nice.  It was a high price to pay, but it worked.

“What are you looking at?” She said, licking her fingers.  She must have gained at least a hundred pounds.

“I-I was just seeing if you enjoyed your salad.”

“It was OK.  When’s the rest coming?  I’m hungry.”

He looked back to the kitchen.  He tapped his wrist.  Sam held up two fingers.  “Two minutes.  Did you want something else to drink in the mean time?”

“Diet Coke,” she said, scratching her stomach.  “I bet your food is really fatty.”

He kept his smile.  “Coming right up.”  He hurried back to the drink station and let himself laugh.  “It totally worked.”

Heather came back.  “What worked?”

They traded a look and spoke in unison.  “Inside joke.”

“I just hope that fat bitch isn’t giving you too much trouble.”

“Seriously Heather?” Sam said grinning.  “I’m ashamed of you.  It’s a sickness you know.”

Heather turned beet red.  “I--I’m sorry.  It’s just she’s just such a jerk.  Penelope seems nice.  You always get the nice people.  She’s really pretty too.” She ran her hands across the front of her shirt.  “I wish the boob fairy was half as nice to me as she was to her.”

“What am I chopped liver?” Sam said.

“The boob fairy broke into your house and cleaned you out.  I don’t want that much, thank you.”

Chris poured the Diet Coke and walked it over.  “It should be up soon.”

Vanessa narrowed her eyes at him.  “What are you laughing at over there?”

“Sam, our cook, is a funny lady.  She tells us jokes to pass the time while she cooks.”

“Really?  Tell me one.”

Chris froze up.  “Err.. I’m not really--”

“Then are you sure that’s what you’re laughing about?”

*Think Chris.*“Ok, well, we watched this movie last night-- some cop movie I don’t remember the name.  And the two partners--”

“That’s not a joke.”

“Well the joke was in the movie,” he said.  “If you hadn’t seen it I have to set it up, right?”

“Just forget it.”  She snatched away the drink.  “Get my damn food.”

“Yes ma’am.”

Penelope intercepted him on the way.  She handed him the check with a fifty.  “Here I need to get going.”

“Let me get your change.”

“No need. That’s your tip too.”

“Whoa.  That’s too much.”

“Not enough considering your favor, OK?”

He nodded.  “Thanks.”  He lowered his voice.  “See you later.”

He hurried back in time to catch Vanessa’s food.  He scooped it up and dropped it off.  “Qǐng màn yòng!”

She picked at the food, avoiding eye contact.  “That time you said it better, but you still need to work on your inflection.”

“Glad I’m improving at least.”

Vanessa took her first bite.  “This isn’t bad.  The cooking is way better than the service at least.”

Despite being overweight (now) Vanessa looked pretty good.  The bigger tits was a no brainer, but the real star of her body was her ass and hips.  Now that she put on some weight, she looked like she’d be fun in bed.  Sure slim girls were nice to look at, but the extra padding made grinding a blast.  Not to mention her lips were fuller now and she looked like she had a talented tongue.”

“Why are you still here?” Vanessa’s voice broke him from his daze.

“Uh, I just wanted to make sure you were enjoying your meal.”  *And watching her eat is turning me on.  I bet she sucks like a champ.*

She grinned.  “Hm.  I might have underestimated you.  Get me another drink though.”

“Sure.” Chris went back to the kitchen with his mind on her lips.  A few people came into the restaurant a family of four and two young couples.  Sharnel chatted with them with her usual enthusiasm.  While he poured Vanessa’s drink, Sam sidled over to him.

“So how did it go?”

“Well it worked.  She’s fat now.”

“She’s always been fat.  She was fat when she came into the resturant.”

Chris shook his head.  “You just don’t notice.  I guess it’s because I wrote in the book.  No one notices but me.  Just like when I made your boobs big.”

“Weird.” Sam glanced down at herself.  “As far as I know I’ve had these my whole life.  Never got any complaints about em’.”

“You seem... I dunno... nicer now too,” Chris said.  “Maybe that stint with your parents helps mellow you out.”

“I remember how mad mom was for refusing the surgery.   I even tried to keep doing Gymnastics, but they kicked me off the team.”

“Cause you weren’t good anymore?”

She laughed.  “No.  Cause I distracted the few guys on our team.  Totally fucked one of em too.  He was my first actually.”

“Lucky guy.”

“You kidding?  I put him in the hospital.  He couldn’t walk for a week after that.”  she pointed to her crotch.  “I can crush a can with this fly trap.”

“Uh...” *And she wants to fuck me?*

“Don’t look so pale.  I’ll go easy on you.  I plan to make it habit after all.”

“W-what?”

“You think I’m gonna let this slide?   No way.  I could get you arrested if I wanted to.  You’re my bitch now.”

“But I--”

“Relax.  I’m not telling you to stay loyal to me.  It’s only until I find someone I actually like.  I won’t even tell Heather.” She nudged him.  “You gonna mess with her next?  I mean she DID ask for bigger tits in an offhanded way.”

He turned to her, she was greeting her table.  She did look great with those E cups... but he didn’t want her to suffer.  “I wonder if there’s a way we could make it easier for her.  You said you work out to keep them from hurting your back right?”

Sam nodded.

“I need time to think.”  Chris dropped off Vanessa’s drink and greeted his tables.  He poured on the charm as he tended to, but he had boobs on the brain.  He needed a way to improve the process.  He really liked Heather and could see getting serious with her, but she stuck him as the sort to get mad over the notebook.

Chris glanced back at the kitchen.  *Assuming Sam doesn’t kill me first.*  The family order went smooth.  The mom, Karen, was a plain looking woman in her forties.  Her husband was the uptight sort that scolded his two boys.  He only knew her name because the husband griped about her being too easy on them.

During the order, Chris wrote her name on a second page and ‘A Pregnancy’ appeared.  *She must have gotten smaller from her kids.*  This time he tried something different, he wrote a story.

*After having her second kid, Karen was sick of having small boobs, so she started taking herbs to increase her size.  It worked wonders and she swelled up to a H cup in the span of a year.  Her milk production stayed intact, keeping her boobs perky and firm and she exercised to keep in shape and prevent back pain.*

He felt silly writing it, but when he finished, the text flashed red.

Chris raised his eyes to Karen, she arched her back and her breasts gurgled and shook.  Before she was small enough to not need a bra, so one didn’t appear.  Her nipples poked through the fabric of her pink shirt.  Her posture improved and her body in general looked more like a twenty year old supermodel’s.

*It worked.*

Chris cleared his throat and repeated their order.  He’d always been good at multi tasking.

“That’s right,” Karen said, winking.  “You’re handsome and sharp.”

The dad paid no mind to the flirt, he had a air of confidence about him, he didn’t have a while ago.  In fact, he was in better shape now and his hairline was a bit fuller.  The kids were still rambunctious, but they took it in stride.

*I think I can make this work.  I just need a story to see to it Heather is busty and happy.*

He grabbed the drinks for his family table and greeted his couple.  They were young and awkward, probably freshmen in college.  The girl was nerdy hot, thick glasses and somewhat heavy but had nice breasts and a pretty face.

Chris daydreamed through their order.  Gwen, the girl of the couple was hesitant to introduce herself.  When he wrote her name ‘C Natural’ appeared.

It was around the time Vanessa left (And offered a meager tip he gave straight to Heather) that he noticed none of the women triggered ‘weight gain’ by default.  He had at least three fat women come during the lunch rush and all of them came up ‘natural’.  He guessed that some things only happened when he wrote it.

The stories worked like a charm, and he found he could use almost any plausible explanation.  Even if it was something that could never happen in real life without weird exceptions.

‘Fake’ boobs could be cheated by mentioning some weird experimental growth treatment.  It circumvented ever needing to resort to implants.  He only wished the book could tell them their life story so he could use it for good-- like he had helped Sam and Penelope.

He made good money too.  He and Heather both had about twenty tables when the second shift came around.  Monique was a college senior, a tall sexy black chick he’d slept with before.  She had a beautiful pair of D cups and a stereotypical ‘ghetto booty’.  She tired him out big time and couldn’t justify a round two.  According to his book her tits were natural.  He wasn’t surprised.

Naomi, a cute but cynical Japanese girl, stood barely taller than five feet.  She had tiny breasts, but they were ridiculously perky.  He knew first hand she wore padding, more to hide her diamond hard nipples than to make them look bigger.  She was a great kisser, but not very creative when it came to sex.  He was on good terms with her though.

Yuria, five foot three polish girl, was the last of the second shift waiters.  She was a junior like him, but he had no luck getting her in bed.  She had full breasts-- F cups according to his new toy-- and had a dynamite figure.  Problem was, she was very taken.   Chris knew his boyfriend, but didn’t know enough to get friendly.

Suzie, the other hostess was a freshmen in college, but looked like she was fourteen.   He was not interested in her one bit.  She had B-cups (he only checked to make sure he could guess right) but was really slim and lanky otherwise.  She was the type of girl you’d feel at risk of being arrested for making out with her in public.

Along with them, two cooks came on second shift.  Bradley and Kurt-- Both of them were douchebags.  Kurt gave him a slimy smile on his way out of the bathroom.  That guy always begged him to find him tail.  Bradley didn’t have that problem, cause’ he liked dudes.  That wasn’t why he was a douche though.

Chris delivered his final check with an ill sense of foreboding.  With the second shift here, it would be time for his break.  Sam would be waiting in the Employee mens room-- and he couldn’t escape his fate.

He took his break before Heather, so she wouldn’t be privvy to his ‘appointment’ with Sam.  Thankfully, the men’s room doubled as the break room so no one would pay notice to him taking it up for his break-- assuming they didn’t put it together that Sam was there too.

Chris took off his apron and Bradley smiled at him.  “Good day today?”

“Yeah one of the better ones.”  *I even made decent bank.*

“Sam told me we’re running low on shrimp.  She ran out to get some more.”

“Oh?”  *Bullshit.  We have plenty.   She just made herself an alibi.*  “We have enough to get through the lunch rush?”

“Yep.  She should be back in no time.”

“She also told me the men’s room toilet is stopped up.  So don’t flush it.”

Chris swallowed back a lump in his throat.  “Good thing I took care of business in the morning.   I hate using the ladies room.  Guess I’m going to the break room then.”

“Hope the smell isn't that bad.  Haha.”  Bradley clapped a hand on his shoulder.

Chris wandered back to the break room, closed it and locked the door.  He turned to find Sam, stark naked on the table.  Her tits were magnificent, jiggling only a little bit above her navel.  He had no problem showing his enthusiasm.   “Oh, hello.”

“Get licking.” she spread her lower lips, just under a tuft of red hair.

“I guess you really are a natural redhead.”  Chris pulled off his shirt and tossed it aside.  “You need to keep it down, though.   The walls are thin.”

“Oh?  You think you can make ME scream?  I doubt it.”

He pulled off his pants baring his erect cock.  “Challenge accepted.”