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Girly Drinks

It wasn’t that Erin disapproved of drinking. He actually quite liked drinking. He just didn’t like the taste of alcohol. In fact, he hated it. If he detected even a hint of booze in a drink he ordered, he gagged uncontrollably. He even vomited a few times. So when he did drink, Erin only ordered flavored cocktails. This habit made it rather difficult to go out drinking with friends. Inevitably, he would be made fun of for ordering “girly drinks,” and not hear the end of it at least until the night was over. Usually, it was a lot longer than that.

Erin’s appearance didn’t help. He was naturally big, and although no bodybuilder he kept his muscles reasonably toned. Erin always had his dirty blonde hair in a buzz cut, because it was easy to maintain. This drew more attention to his dark black eyes. Overall, the whole package made him look like a tough guy, but he didn’t do much that reflected his appearance.

Erin had recently moved for a new job and was determined to not let his secret slip. He surreptitiously observed his new coworkers and figured out when they usually went clubbing. He purposely scheduled other activities during these times. When his excuse was too flimsy or he had bowed out too many times, he would have to go along. That was when busted out his secret weapon. He volunteered to be the designated driver.

This strategy actually worked for several months until—“Surprise! Happy birthday!” his coworkers yelled as confetti rained everywhere. They had trapped his desk drawer. “We know you can’t party with us very often, so we’re taking you out unless you have plans,” Ted said. Erin did have plans. Plans to spend a quiet evening at home as today was not a normal drinking day. “Oh and don’t worry about driving,” Jamie chimed in. “I’ve got that covered.”

This killed any attempt at Erin avoiding drinking for two reasons. First, he didn’t have to drive. Second, it was very difficult for him say no to Jamie. In fact most men, and more than likely some women, would find it equally challenging. Jamie’s worst feature was her height. She wasn’t even five feet tall. However, the rest of her made up for it. She had a hypnotizing ass and large DD boobs on a small frame, which made them look even better. She always wore clothes that complemented those assets and always with a pair of tall heels that never seemed to impede her movement. Her female coworkers were always jealous of her skin and hair, but she usually made an offhanded remark of something to the effect of, “Oh, I just got out of bed this way.”

Thus, Erin was preparing emergency strategies in the car to avoid as much booze taste as possible. As usual though, since Erin needed time, it seemed to pass very quickly, and he was lost in thought when they arrived at the bar. He steeled himself as the six of them entered.

“First round’s on me!” Ted announced to cheers as they claimed a table near the bar. “Well we should take the birthday boy’s order first.” Jamie said. Erin quickly examined his surroundings and had an idea. “A rum and coke please,” He told Ted. While everyone else was giving drink orders to Ted, he slipped a few sugar packets from the table into his hand. While Ted was getting the drinks, he ripped them open.

When Ted brought the drinks back, they all toasted to Erin’s good health, and Erin employed the one skill he had developed for this sort of situations: the fake sip. While everyone else attacked their drink again, he snuck the sugar into the glass under the pretense of picking it up and took another fake sip. He then stirred the drink, claiming it wasn’t mixed well enough. Finally, he actually tasted the drink for the first time and found it to be decent. Coca-Cola with a bunch of extra sugar and some rum wasn’t exactly the most awesome combination.

“I’ll go get us some shots,” Jamie said. Everyone stared at her. “None for me of course,” she said as she shook her Diet Coke glass. Jamie returned moments later with five shots of whiskey and a refill for her Diet Coke. They clinked their shot glasses together and when everyone was throwing their head back to drink theirs, Erin dumped his over his shoulder and then put on his best satisfied act.

“We totally need some beers to chase those down.” Ted said as he got up to retrieve them. This is when Erin panicked. He couldn’t put sugar in a beer. There was too much and although he was no chemist, he wasn’t sure it would mix very well. It was also too much to dump behind him. It would clearly be a spill, which he could laugh off, only to have the spilt beer replaced with a fresh one. He would have to man up and drink this one and hope that it only caused a bit of gagging afterwards.

Ted returned shortly with beers and slammed one down in front of Erin. There was no turning back now. That point had long passed. Jamie and the others were looking at him expectantly. “It’s your party dude. You should totally start us off on these,” Ted said. “That’s a great idea,” Jamie agreed. Erin picked up his glass and gestured towards the center of the table with it. “To new friends,” he said. “New friends!” they repeated as they clinked glasses together.

Erin drank first and gagged almost immediately. “Aw sorry dude. Shoulda warned ya. That’s our local microbrew. Might be a bit stronger than you were expecting,” Ted said. “It’s cool,” Erin responded. “I’m just not much of a beer drinker.” “Well now that you know what you’re getting into, give it another try,” Ted suggested. Erin reluctantly did, and gagged again, much worse than before.

Jamie looked at him with pity in her eyes. “He could handle the harder stuff. He just must not like beer.” She batted her dark chocolate brown eyes at Erin. “Hon, just tell me what you want instead and I’ll go get it for you seeing as it’s your birthday.” Jamie caught Erin completely off guard with her affection so he made the biggest mistake possible. He answered honestly.

“A lemon drop martini would be great.” he said in a wispy voice. He just realized what came out of his mouth. The whole table laughed. “Good one Erin,” Ted said as he slapped his back. Erin laughed nervously until Ted figured out the obvious. “You were serious, weren’t you?” Erin blushed and the whole table laughed harder this time, and at Erin instead of with.

“Keep drinking those and pretty soon your tits will be bigger than mine,” Jamie teased as she hefted up her large pair with her hands. All of Erin’s pent up emotions over this old wound exploded. He started to cry. “Looks like he’s already starting to change,” Ted said. “Fuck all of you!” Erin yelled. “I can’t drink what I want just because of some stupid gender role thing? I’m going to the bar. See you all at work tomorrow.”

Erin made his way over to the bar. Unfortunately, the only open stool was still pretty close to his coworkers’ table. He could hear the cracks against him get progressively worse. The usual pattern when his “friends” figured out his drinking preferences. It was nothing he hadn’t heard before. Except that first insult from Jamie. That was a new one.

“What’ll ya have son?” the bartender asked. Well Erin figured it couldn’t get any worse so he ordered the lemon drop martini he wanted earlier. He braced himself for the usual flak he got from most bartenders, but nothing happened. The bartender smiled and pulled out a clean glass and the necessary ingredients very rapidly. He then proceeded to put on a bit of a show as liquid flew through the air along with the glass and a mixing container. After some circus quality juggling, the drink was mixed.

A martini glass full of liquid was placed in front of Erin. Several chocolate chips were floating on top, forming a happy face. (Erin figured the chocolate was aerated). The bartender waited for Erin to taste the drink. “This has to be one of the best martinis I’ve ever had. And where did you learn to mix like that?” The bartender smiled again. It was one of the most genuine smiles Erin has seen from someone in the service industry. “A lot of practice and a little luck,” the bartender said.

The bartender was still hanging around and Erin was unsure why. He had other customers to serve, but they didn’t seem to care. “Well,” the bartender said as he cracked his knuckles. “It seems I have my other sacred duty to attend to.” He pulled out a pair of spectacles, a pen, and a pad that would be used to take drink orders. “Would you prefer, ‘What brings a nice guy like you to a place like this?’ or something more direct like, ‘What seems to be the problem?’”

Erin chuckled and said, “Well they’re both pretty cliché, but either way the answer is the same.” He then pointed at Jamie. “Ah, it all started with a dame,” the bartender said. “She’s been trouble from the start I take it?” Erin chuckled again and was glad for once that he had paid attention in English class. Erin explained that he had a crush on Jamie, but that pretty much every man did that met her. He then relayed the events that brought him here tonight and his intolerance for alcohol. The bartender appeared to be taking notes.

“See, this is why I hate people that say men and women have to drink different things,” the bartender said. “People have different tastes.” Erin looked up and nodded to agree and got his first good look at the bartender. He was broad shouldered but skinny and had salt and pepper hair. And unlike the other employees, he was dressed in a vest and dress pants. A pocket watch hung from the vest and rested in one of its pockets. “Girly drinks, pfft. See, if they have to be called something, I call ‘em umbrella drinks. They may not all use ‘em, but it’s a better term.”

“Name’s Barry by the way,” the bartender said and offered his hand. Erin shook it and gave his own name and overheard his coworkers at that moment. “Look Jamie, we’re going home, so drive us,” his coworker Jess said as she pointed to his other two coworkers Larry and Jen. “I didn’t come out tonight just to leave so quick,” Ted complained. “And I didn’t stay sober just so you could all leave tipsy,” Jamie said. “Fine!” Jess said. “We’re taking a cab. See you tomorrow.” “Erin ruined this night,” Jamie and Ted said in unison.

Erin got up and walked up to Jaime. “What do you want?” she said with disgust in her voice as she tossed back her long, rust-colored hair. He handed her $20 and said, “Just use that for cab fare. That way you can drink and I can stop ruining your night.” She blushed and mumbled something along the lines of “Oh you heard that,” and proceeded to get plastered.

A bourbon glass full of tan liquid awaited Erin when he returned. Somehow, there was brown foam forming a dome over the top of the glass and it did not seem to be dissipating. The glass had clearly sweated quite a bit. “I call this a Richard Simmons,” Barry said. Erin raised a finger to ask a question and the bartender said, “All you need to know is that it has root beer and good scotch in it. Erin raised a finger again and the bartender said, “It’s on the house. She treated you like garbage tonight and you went over there to make her night better. Stuff like that makes a real man in my book, not the beverage they ask me for.”

“Sweatin’ to the oldies?” Erin asked as he picked up the wet glass. The bartender smiled again and replied, “Not as many people pick up on that as you might think.” Although the foam was dirtying his face, Erin found the drink to be quite good and downed it quickly.

“Like this is one of the greatest things evar!” he exclaimed which surprised himself. He didn’t notice his overall stature shrinking. “I’d like a pitcher of this Richard Simmons thing please,” he told the Barry. Barry immediately went to work with his usual flare, and about a minute later had a much larger version of Erin’s drink. Barry then refilled the empty glass. The foam on the pitcher didn’t spill off. The tan liquid seemed to pass through it with ease. Erin’s glass developed its own foam quickly.

Erin drank this serving even quicker than the first. He slammed the glass down the bar and exhaled. Erin’s clothes were now too big for him, although he was still the same height. At this point though, he was drunk enough to not notice. Barry was now attending to other patrons, so Erin poured himself another drink and downed it. He fist pumped and yelled out a rather loud “Wooo!” His butt felt strange in the stool, but he was drunk enough to ignore it.

Had anyone been paying attention to Erin, they would have noticed his ass now had a couple inches of overhang on either side of the stool and his legs had less room below the bar. Erin served himself another drink after a few seconds and chugged it. He then brushed his now shoulder length platinum blonde hair away from his ears and eyes, so he could pour and consume another drink. He moaned in a higher pitched voice as his ass grew several more inches and his hair met it while breast buds started to press against his shirt.

If drinking could feel like this then he/she wanted more, so another drink was poured and vanished almost as quickly. Erin put a hand on his/her boobs as they grew out to fill his/her palm with ease. His/her other hand went headed for the crotch. Erin’s penis was shrinking down in size and pulling into what was now clearly a body that could be described as hers rather than his. Erin’s penis was now a clit in her brand new virgin pussy.

Her body was feeling even better than it had earlier, drawing Erin close to her first female orgasm. With a shaky hand, she poured and drank another drink. Her hair became much shinier as her bush sucked into her body and disappeared. Her ass and thighs grew again, raising her higher on the stool. Her tits overflowed her hand and continued growing until they rested on the bar. They made Jaime’s magnificent hooters look flat in comparison. Erin’s fingers squeezed one of her now shot glass sized nipples while the other diddled with her clit. Between the drink and the stimulation, she came in seconds. Erin now had a new feeling down below. She was horny and then noticed Ted back at the table downing shots and beers. She slowed approached the table now wearing what appeared to be capris and a half-length woman’s t-shirt. She turned heads the whole way as gravity had its way with her boobs and butt.

“Hey handsome,” Erin whispered to Ted in her now sultry voice. Ted looked around to see if anyone else was around. Ted wasn’t exactly a model, but he wasn’t ugly either. A seven, if an arbitrary number scale existed for men. “Like mind if I join you?” Erin asked in what was clearly a Valley Girl accent (but with a deeper voice) as she tossed back her mane. “Uh, sure,” Ted said. “What’re you drinking?” “Richard Simmons,” Erin replied. Ted gave Erin a strange look, “Isn’t that a person?” “Duh,” Erin replied. “But like the bartender has a custom cocktail totally named after him. I doubt you’ve evar heard of it. Like, the drink’s pretty girly.”

“Oh, that’s okay.” Ted said. “I’ll go get you one.” Ted came back shortly with two beer mug sized Richard Simmons. “The bartender said this should be enough.” Erin’s brain was scrambled, but she was angry for some reason. How dare this man order something like that! She did realize though that this meant he was trying to get into her pants, and she would happily oblige after this drink.

Erin downed the beer mug in a few gulps and started to change again before she was done with it. Her nipples, which were already pretty obvious under her t-shirt, elongated several inches. Her nails quickly followed suit while her hair reached the floor. Her eyes shifted from their dark black to a piercing blue. Her ass grew out more behind her. It could now support a beverage and not spill it with ease. Her tits grew out more, ripping the t-shirt and turning it into a punkish tube top. At this point, they were the size of small beach balls.

Ted thinned in overall size. He then lost several inches in height. His waist came inwards to form the ideal hourglass shape that Erin had already surpassed. He then grew a pair of boobs bigger than any typical porn star’s or stripper’s. However, he still had a dick and a desire to stick it inside women, more specifically Erin. They began to make out as they hobbled to the women’s restroom.

Several customers were disgusted to see two women going at in public in the restroom and left as quickly as possible. Erin moaned in pleasure as she got Ted’s dick out and started to lick it. Ted appeared to be well endowed at 8 inches. Even at that size, Erin was deep throating it effortlessly. When he seemed about ready to cum, Erin grabbed Ted’s tits and pushed him to the ground to mount him. She screamed in ecstasy as she bobbed up and down as blood dripped down her leg.

Eventually, Erin’s own breasts toppled her, and Ted started to pump into her. “HARDER! OH GOD YES, HARDER!” She screamed. Erin moaned even louder and said “Faster too-OOOHHH.” Shortly thereafter, they were both rapturously satisfied as Ted filled Erin with his hot and sticky seed. Ted passed out and Erin went to find a bouncer.

Ted awoke to the sound of, “Like that’s him. That’s the man that soooo cross-dressed to totally try and rape me in that stall.” Erin’s brain had finally clicked on something in the booze-addled, sex-crazed haze of her mind: she was furious with Ted. “Do you want us to call the cops, ma’am?” the bouncer asked while staring at Erin’s chest. “No, just like get him totally out of here.” The bouncer dragged what appeared to be a woman in a too small plaid button-up shirt and skinny jeans out of the bar.

Erin’s hazed mind may have caused her to over-react with retribution for Ted, but she wasn’t worried about that right now as she walked away from the restroom. She was headed back to the bar, mostly on auto-pilot, when she heard crying. Looking towards the sound revealed Jamie crying into a mug of beer. She had a small pyramid of mugs next to her.

“W-why da-do I al-wa-ways do th-that?” she managed to stammer rhetorically. Erin sat down next to Jamie, patted her on the shoulder, and asked, “What’s wrong?” Jamie looked at Erin’s chest and then straight into her eyes with a bloodshot pair of her own. She tried to talk but couldn’t. “Like it’s okay,” Erin said, “Totally breathe and then you can like tell me.” Jamie took a deep breath, which was just enough time to compose herself and said, “I met a great guy at work. Really good looking. Polite too. He was sorta standoffish, and not much of a partier, but I liked him. Brought him here to surprise him for his birthday, and all I managed to do was put him down to make myself look cool. I’ve lost so many friends and boyfriend material that way.”

“Well, why do you say things like like that?” Erin asked. “I don’t know!” Jamie replied louder than she intended. “Well like what did you say to, ya know, get him super upset?” Erin asked. “Well he ordered a girly drink, so I said ‘Keep drinking those and pretty soon your tits will be bigger than mine,’” Jamie muttered. “Well, yeah that’s totally hurtful,” Erin said. There was a short lull in conversation before Erin asked, “Have you even like tried one evar?”

Jamie stared like the typical deer in headlights and asked, “Tried what?” “A soooo-called ‘girly drink,’ silly,” Erin said. Jamie looked down into her own cleavage and whispered, “No.” Erin whooped in delight and said, “Like well then what are we totally waiting forevar for? Let’s like get you one. Maybe then you’ll like get why he like likes them.” Erin took Jamie up to the bar and Barry approached them and smiled one of this patent-worthy smiles. “What’ll it be ladies?” Erin slurred a few unintelligible words before saying, “Like my bestie and I will each have a Richard Simmons. And like totally make it a double.”

Barry began his miniaturized Cirque du Solei performance and had two doubles in front of the ladies in a mere minute. “Like to understanding,” Erin said and raised her glass. Jamie clinked glasses with her and took her first sip of the drink. “Like, this is totes good!” she exclaimed and then quickly slapped a hand over her mouth. She had never talked like that before. Blaming the drink just seemed weird, and it would be rude not to finish it since her new “bestie” was paying for it.

It was after her second sip, she thought to ask, “Like, I totes forgot to figure out like, your name.” “It’s Erin,” Erin replied. “Like that’s sooooo weird. The guy I like is like totes named Erin.” Jamie said. “Like super weird,” Erin agreed. The cocktail was starting to take a more visible effect on both women.

Jamie’s legs were having an even harder time touching the ground than usual. They got shorter at the same time her ass rose her higher on the stool. Her lustrous brown hair turned dark red, giving some mahogany a run for its money. More and more hair started to grow on her head. As she tried to push it out of the way, she only agitated her growing DD boobs. Flesh started to fight its way out of her tight blouse. Two clumps fought their way behind the bar, as several buttons flew every which way. The top would have been rendered useless had Jamie not had the habit of leaving several buttons open for plenty of cleavage. All this action was getting her stool wet due to her nethers. She shifted around in it uncomfortably, causing a squelching sound that was turning Erin on.

Erin desperately desired Jaime as her own body changed again. Her hips could now easily pull off Octomom as the stool she was on started to squeak. Her waist pulled into the point of skin just covering nearby bones. A doctor would find less than 2% body fat in that area. Her clit swelled, sending shudders throughout her body. Her nipples grew even longer and thickened, busting through the ruined shirt. Speaking of busting, Erin’s blossomed out further still, literally pushing her away from the bar. The shirt ripped again, leaving a bikini top and little else for modesty or the imagination. Erin was now sporting exercise balls on her chest in comparison to Jamie’s watermelons.

Erin’s and Jamie’s eyes met again. Jamie’s were no longer puffy from crying. Both pairs were filled with lust, and they clearly communicated the same thing. They paid their tabs, got up from the bar, and joined hands to leave. Jamie came up just past Erin’s belly button. On their way out the door, Barry stopped them and handed them each a foamy, red cup. “For the road,” he said, “Just don’t drive on it.”

They stumbled over to Jamie’s SUV, stowed the seats (good ol’ stow-and-go seating), and between the two of them, somehow got the red cups into the front seat cup holders before climbing into the back. No one could see them through the tinted windows as they tore off each other’s clothing and began to make out, moaning loudly. They ran their hands all around each other’s smooth skin as Jamie began to play with Erin’s sensitive as they were enormous titties. The carpet around Erin quickly became damp as Jamie started yanking on Erin’s penis-sized nipples. She began to massage Jamie’s own melons as Jamie started sucking on a nipple. Jamie’s free hand toyed with Erin’s other boob, and soon they both slammed against the car in orgasm.

Jamie was back up first and stared at Erin’s nipples mischievously. She held Erin down and mounted one of her funbags. They made out as she kept slamming into her tit. Once again, Jamie’s hands headed for the unattended boob, while Erin used hers on Jamie’s. Both women orgasmed again as Jamie covered Erin’s breasts in girl cum.

They looked at each other and said in airy voices, “I’m thirsty,” which sent them both into a giggling fit. They each grabbed a red cup, and downed it. A gurgling sound came from Jamie’s jugs as they grew once again. They were hot to the touch and just as big as Erin’s. Jamie’s lips had puffed up and her hair was now longer than she was tall.

Erin’s ass budged out and now looked like it belonged on someone that was obese. Her boobs, appearing to not like being challenged by Jamie’s, ballooned to the size of bean bag chairs. Her clitoris pushed its way out of her body up to her bellybutton and thickened. Both women drooled as they went at each other like feral cats. Their lips rarely unlocked, as Erin jammed her clit into Jamie’s snatch. Their gigantic titties crashed into each other over and over. White liquid started to accumulate in the SUV.

Geysers were now erupting from Jamie’s boobs as she screamed in ecstasy. Erin turned her attention to stemming the flow of one with her mouth and the other with a hand. Jamie’s milk was thick, creamy, and unusually sweet. They had lost count of how many times they had cum as they robotically continued their sexual deviancy. Erin heard the gurgling noise again, this time from her own melons as they became scalding and each reached the same size of the rest of her body. Their sex achieved a breakneck pace, spraying and splashing milk everywhere until they reached a massive orgasm, nearly filling the car with white as they passed out floating on the top (chest-down) in pure bliss.

Erin awoke to a very wet sensation all over. The floor was soaked. He snapped up in panic, and was almost immediately sick to his stomach. Erin rushed to open a door and vomited. He didn’t feel hungover, but he felt very sick to his stomach. As he tried to think what he could have eaten to cause that reaction, his eyes wandered over to Jamie. Jamie with watermelon sized boobs and knee-length red hair. Erin grasped his head as he got the closest thing he would get to a hangover that day and remembered everything. He patted himself down in a panic and found his male body still intact and then dressed in the tatters that were his clothes.

“Shouldn’t have drank all that milk with my booze,” Erin mumbled to himself. Erin pulled out his phone to check the time and panicked again. It wouldn’t turn on for obvious reasons, so he dug in Jamie’s (sealed) purse for hers. He was going to be late for work. Erin replaced the phone and grabbed the keys and maneuvered into the driver’s seat, banging his head on the SUV ceiling, which woke up Jamie.

“Morning already?” Jamie asked. “Yeah,” Erin said. “And if we don’t hurry, we’ll be late for work.” “Well just head straight there!” Jamie demanded. “I would, but I can’t wear this,” Erin said as he twisted in the seat to give Jamie a decent look, “and you should probably clean up a bit.” “What’s wrong wi-” Jamie began to ask and then looked down at her chest and screamed. “I thought that was some crazy dream,” she managed to say. Erin recounted the evening’s events as he drove to his place, pushing the rules of the road as far as possible without begging to be pulled over. Jamie quickly dressed and made her way to the passenger’s seat at a stop sign and struggled to buckle in.

“Damn, and I thought these were troublesome before,” she said as she managed to squeeze the shoulder strap in between her boobs. A small moan escaped her as it snapped against her skin. Erin arrived at his apartment after what felt like forever because he was in a hurry of course. The pair got out of the SUV when Jamie asked, “Hey, can you get those cups out of the back please?” Erin wanted to argue about wasting time, but it was not only Jamie asking, but new and improved Jamie. “Sure,” he said.

As he grabbed the cups he saw there was writing inside one that read: “This one’s on the house, too. Hope you two have fun. –Barry” “Erin!” Jamie yelled from Erin’s apartment door while tapping her wrist. This broke Erin out of his stupor and he rushed for the door and unlocked it. He ran into his room to change and Jamie ran to the bathroom, her tits bouncing wildly the whole way.

“Look, I’m sorry for what I said at the bar,” Jamie said from the bathroom. “Well, I already knew that Erin replied.” “Yeah, but I figured it was more fair to tell you and not just Valley Girl you,” Jamie said awkwardly. Jamie took off her clothes, rinsed in the shower, which felt amazing on her new boobs, dried off and dressed. “All yours,” Jamie yelled as she headed for Erin’s kitchen.

Erin ran in with a change of clothes and rinsed off as well. He checked for his package one last time for good measure and then got out of the shower and got dressed. “Jamie, are you ready?” Erin asked. “To—yeah,” Jamie replied. “I’m in the kitchen.” The kitchen smelled like coffee Jamie handed Erin a mug. The coffee in it was unusually light, but Erin took a sip anyways. It was very sweet and creamy. Erin looked up at Jamie and she just blushed and pointed to her breasts and said, “You were out of milk.” The two left the apartment for work and Erin smiled, raised his mug, and said, “Now this is a girly drink.”

Hopefully you enjoyed yourself. I know I did. If you wanna use a Richard Simmons or whatever from here in your story, just e-mail me at [bobamouse@hotmail.com](mailto:bobamouse@hotmail.com). More than likely I will say yes, and I will be very interested in reading it when you post. Now for me to credit others. Jamie’s insult was pulled word for word from the pilot of *Sirens* on the USA Network and that is what inspired this story. So that insult is property of *Sirens*, NBC, USA Network and Denis Leary and is being used under non-profit fair use. Thanks to the Overflowing Bra for inspiring the rest of this content and giving me a place to post it. I’m glad I can finally contribute to the fun.