
◆ The Hiccuping Happenstance ◆

A Story by Briar's Burgeoning Boutique

<https://www.deviantart.com/briarsboutique/art/The-Hiccuping-Happenstance-847143756>

Laying in the dim light that managed to pierce its way through the closed shutters of their third story apartment, the proud owners of a tousled apartment lay sleeping, with faint snores breaking the silence. Outside, the usual sound of cars passing was absent, as were so many things in recent weeks. The various clothes that littered the floor of the room marked a visibly lived-in interior, and the multitude of unfinished projects adorning the surface of a scratched, oak craft table located below the shuttered window to the east displayed the general atmosphere felt by many in the past few weeks. While not dirty per se, the disarray around the room showed the generally lackadaisical attitude possessed by the flat's slumbering residents. Now the seventh week into a quarantine due to worldwide pandemic, the days themselves seemed to blend together, and boredom led to drinking, which led to the comical display, unmoving, atop the mattress. With one arm draped over her head, and the other placed precariously atop her cheek, Amber's unconscious form displayed a true grace. On the left of the slender framed girl, cramped on less than a third of the remaining mattress, the form of a larger figure began to stir conscious, a beam of light managing to work its way between the barely open blinds. A few locks of dark hair framing his visage, Eric opened his eyes into narrow slits, lids still heavy from a "restful" night of sleep, which had been interrupted multiple times throughout the night by excessively loud cars speeding nonchalantly by.

Staring on at the silhouette of his girlfriend's nude figure, he compared her form to the one that appeared in his dreams that night - below her waist was now smaller, for sure, but as he tried to remember the details of his dream, the pang of a headache from the night prior's drinking distracted his thoughts. Resting one hand on top of her hip, Eric pushed himself up, lowering his gaze once again when his vision went black for a moment, as dizziness overtook his senses. Mouth dry, he

looked to the bedside table, a small pained grin on his lips seeing a folded piece of paper with the words, “Drink me!” emblazoned in ornate lettering. The dark fog that was his memory of the night prior began to pass and fade, as he remembered the desperate pleas of his tipsy girlfriend who had stolen the idea of playing an “Alice in Wonderland” drinking game from a post online just moments before. He was always impressed by his girlfriend's many random talents, as he looked at his other half's penmanship; be it calligraphy or cartography, whatever took her particular interests at any moment became her temporary fascination for the next few days, or if her bank account was feeling lucky, weeks. Picking up the plastic cup, Eric downed the contents - just before he went into a sudden upheaval of coughs.

From her position on the bed, Amber quickly stirred to consciousness, her body's twisted frame sitting up with haste. A darker shade than the oak of her crafting station across the room, her eyes quickly became alert as she stared on at her boyfriend, who, with a cup in one hand, fanned his mouth in surprise. At that moment, the note left behind toppled to the floor, as playful lettering on the interior revealed the second half of a hidden message, “A little hair of the dog to help you out tomorrow morning, my love!” Grinning heavily, Amber reached out and squeezed her partner in a tight embrace, before planting a kiss on his cheek! “I’m super sorry - again! But, to be fair, I did leave a note! And, if I’m being entirely honest... I don’t remember doing this. It’s a little hilarious though, if you think about it!” Placing his head between his hands, his dark curls bouncing slightly, he pondered how it was that his girlfriend could wake up so easily after a night so filled with drinks. “Well...” he began, his throat feeling slightly more dry, as he exhaled a slight cough into a closed fist. Rushing out of bed to grab her boyfriend a much needed glass of actual water, Eric watched on at the slight bounce of her chest as she half walked, half skipped out to the kitchen. Over the years he had known her, she had always been slight in, well, all areas, much to her own chagrin. It was something she talked about occasionally when she had a touch too much to drink and she saw a particularly endowed member of her same sex, but with staying inside for the past few weeks being the new norm, that previous trend had lessened in number. A smile came across Eric’s face, as the red haired girl reentered the chamber, and as he took a knowing look at his bedside table drawer, he looked back up, gratefully accepting his girlfriend’s peace offering.

“I promise this one isn’t vodka! This is a fine Venetian blend, humanely bred, and surprisingly light on the palate.” Holding a generic plastic bottle of water up against her forearm, like a waiter might with a fine bottle of wine, the girl pretended to twirl at the faux moustache above her gently quivering lips, before continuing her special brand of nonsensical humor that her lover had become so used to now. Smiling encouragingly, Eric nodded along at her to continue, pretending to straighten a fake tie and imaginary blazer as she smirked downwards at him. “You’ll come to appreciate the hints of minerals fresh from the geyser, and the unique packaging is sure to delight the senses. Bon appetit, mon amour!” Reaching out appreciatively to his partner and stroking her cheek, the two locked passionate and playful eyes with one another. During the night prior, due to emotions heavily invigorated by the liquid catalyst of alcohol, the two had gushed to one another about how, of all people to be stuck in quarantine with, they were lucky to have each other; Eric managed to keep the majority of things held together, being able to provide a semblance of structure and foundation to the two’s lifestyle, whereas his other half tended to bring a certain lovable chaos, an energy that brought out his best qualities. “Well, now that your throat has been properly whetted... or I guess in this case, wetted?” tapping her chin thoughtfully or playfully, Amber managed to let herself get distracted mid sentence, looking up and to the left as Eric watched on grinning, one eyebrow up, at an altogether too common sight.

Good humoredly, Eric pointed somewhere in her general vision, chuckling as he began to get her attention back, “Sweetie, were you going to finish that sentence? Or, were you looking at those butterflies right there?” A blush, rosy hue kissed the tips of Amber’s cheeks, as the girl turned her attention back to “her savior”, before shaking her head. “I’ve got no idea where I was going with that... something about showers, probably, or going to a water park? I dunno... Anyways!” Bouncing slightly in place, the girl watched the squinting, pained eyes of Eric, seemingly off put by her loud volume in the otherwise quiet room. Grasping one hand in the other, trying to shoo away her ever present energy, Amber continued her thought, though this time with a higher degree of self enforced self restraint, “That whole routine earlier, where I pretended to be a waiter reminded me of something, honestly, kind of sad... When was the last time we had an actual date, now? Obviously, every day holds that special joy, just playing Animal Crossing next to you makes my day!” Plopping herself onto the

bed next to Eric, Amber rested her head on his shoulder, before beginning her thought. “But, with everyone being on this... whole quarantine stuff, it’s been a while. How fun would it be if we staged a little date night in?” Bouncing up quickly, her head narrowly avoiding a collision with her calmer other half’s chin, the burbling excitement that bubbled up immediately inside Amber had caused her to shed her former modulation, “We’ll get this place all tidied up, we’ll get ourselves looking absolutely front cover worthy, and we’ll sit in and have ourselves a fancy meal! We’ll order in from some place that’s open, we’ll open another wine, and we’ll see where the night leads us!” Standing up, Eric rubbed one hand across the stubble that had formed over his square jaw over the past few days, quietly nursing his headache with the other hand. “Amber... I’m going to have to think about it... There’ve been some things recently that...” Walking a step out of the room, Amber looked at her departing boyfriend in surprise, who turned back to face her with a mischievous look on his face. “Kidding!”

“Eric! It’s my job to be annoying, not yours! You’re meant to be the cool, calm and collected one! Hey... alliteration! Anyways, no stealing my job, mister!” With a rapid series of pats to his back, the girl moved on with a purpose, her bare body pushing past his half clothed one, past the doorway and into the living room, where she calculated the damages of her laziness over the past few weeks, which had left this room, too, in a slight disarray. As the crimson haired girl began to form a plan of attack for the morning, Eric looked back into the room, his gaze once again lingering on the drawer below the trap left by his girlfriend the night prior. With the “Drink me!” note still on the floor, the form of the tall man made its way across the room to the area just in front of his target, before he checked behind him, ensuring his momentary privacy. Using one hand to support the bottom of the drawer, attempting to stay as quiet as he could, Eric opened the compartment by a crack, peaking in to observe the small and unadorned black nylon pouch that contained a simple, white and pink plastic tube. Biting his bottom lip slightly, the man happily stared at this unassuming treat, which had arrived just days prior. Each night, he had gone to sleep with thoughts of how to use this particular gift, and that excitement extended forwards from low on his body, happily tenting the front of his boxers. He thanked the stars as he clasped his hands together, excited to reveal his gift to his partner, and, if he was being completely honest, his gift to himself. “Actually... she said it was her job to be the mischievous one...” Staring down at the “Drink me!” note on the floor, a smile not unlike the one that adorned

the Grinch's face in a certain Christmas special spread across the man's face. Pushing the drawer closed quietly once more, he leaned over and began to pick up various items scattered across the room's interior. "Two can play at that game!" Suddenly, the hairs on the back of his neck stood straight up, as an unexpected voice from behind him spoke up.

"Two can play at what game, oh sweet love of mine?" Wrapping her slender fingers in a loop around his core, Amber stood atop tiptoes, barely managing to place her chin atop her other half's shoulder. Pecking a kiss on his cheek, Amber stood, hands crossed patiently and ladylike in front of her, batting her eyelashes ever so sweetly at him. A bead of sweat appeared at the top of his brow, which he quickly wiped before turning to face his girlfriend. "Well... The game of 'See who can clean their room the fastest', of course. I'll take our room, you take the living room, we see who finishes fir-" With a sudden renewed energy, Amber rushed back into the living room, running around the apartment to collect all the necessary supplies she'd need for cleaning. Returning to the same closet multiple times, forgetting some important supply every time, Eric smiled a strained grin through the room's doorway, knowing he had come so close to being caught. For a brief moment, he'd considered hiding his surprise on his person, but knowing how touchy and altogether gropey his girlfriend could be, he came to realize that this was, perhaps, not the best plan of action. Thankfully for him, Eric thought, Amber hadn't declared that they would be switching roles for what area to clean, and that was probably for good reason - looking around the room's interior, he sighed, as he realized that, ahead of him, lay an immense amount of work to completely clean up the room. Sipping at the water bottle in front of him, Eric sighed, as the previous night's drinking still ailed him - hopefully, his mental faculties would be entirely clear by tonight, so that he could fully enjoy the plans he had for his girlfriend. Now, it was him who would be planning the next big show of affection, and big, it would certainly be.

Hour by eventual hour passed, as the couple, somehow, managed to bring their meager apartment to a state of spotless perfection, being interrupted only a few times; whether it be from the improvised musical number that occurred between the first and second hours of cleaning, or the faux magic show at hour 3, plenty of distractions caused the days chores to pass in relative enjoyment. Much to her own delight, the red haired girl's smiling face was proud to announce that she was the winner of that day's competition, and she sauntered around with a level of

hubris normally reserved for five time Olympic gold medalists. With a good humored grin on her face, her straight white teeth showing between her well defined lips, Amber stood before Eric with cupped hands, playfully casting him a glance upward, “Well, if I won, I’ve gotta get something! You definitely promised a prize for the winner!” Tapping his girlfriend on her slightly up-tilted nose, Eric tutted. “Ah ah ah, I promised no such thing, your prize is going on a wonderful date with this gentleman here. Of course, if that doesn’t sound good enough for you...” Feigning stepping off once again, the man grinned as his arm was immediately grasped with a surprising force, as Amber latched onto him, her eyes feigning panic. “Now, go get yourself cleaned up, you have a date tonight, darling.” With a playful pat to her small rear, Eric sent her on her way to the bathroom to begin getting ready before she could offer any form of rebuttal. Upon hearing the lock click, and the rushing water of the shower faucet, Eric rushed to the bedside table once more, deftly taking out the pink and white tube in one swift motion.

Across the front, emblazoned in a rounded, bubbled font, was the word “HiccUP!”, each letter playfully scattered in an unsteady line. Holding it tightly in his grasp, Eric hoped that everything he had read about this product online turned out to be true - he had, after all, been quite intoxicated when he purchased it from the seller, who sped up the process with mentions that “this product is selling like hotcakes, and hot cakes is what it’ll provide!” Something about an abandoned factory, or maybe it was a company shut down by the FDA? Regardless, the list of promises that the product offered were expansive, quite literally, and thinking more with one head, not the other, the product was ordered. Twisting the tube in his hands, Eric’s eyebrow raised itself in curiosity, as upon the back of the tube looked to be some form of printing error. On a traditional tube of medicine, which this product was, arguably, somewhat similar to, this area would traditionally be reserved for things like side effects, or dosing information, potentially even ingredients - in his view, however, this portion of the tube appeared slightly damaged, with ink blotches over the majority of the small font. Swirling it gently between his fingers, Eric could hear the gentle sloshing of the liquid inside the tube collide against its confines of the plastic chamber. Lost in thought for a few moments, the wide shouldered frame of the man almost did not register the sound of the shower in the other room turn off. With the haste of a girlfriend filled with

too much energy, Eric placed the tube back into its nylon pouch housing, pushing the drawer in completely, while he lay on the freshly made bed, on his phone.

From the inside of the bathroom, Amber finished the process of patting herself dry, humming a tune with increasing intensity as the song reached its most climactic moments. Gesturing at Eric to join her, she became jokingly frustrated with her boyfriend when he wouldn't follow suit. Instead Eric proceeded to give his phone the attention she so desperately wanted, and not being "one to lose to technology, again" Amber sauntered her way over to her boyfriend mounting him in such a way that he could not *not* pay attention to her. Meager curves though she may have, Amber made up for her lack of attention grabbing features in other ways - a face with symmetrical, soft, and caring features was the first thing one usually noticed with Amber, and upon seeing his lover push her way into his view, he happily submitted his attention to her, playfully letting her think she had a chance to overpower him, before he simply sat up, turned over, and pinned her wrists to the bed. "I'll be bringing you back here tonight, after dinner, like a proper gentleman would. Now, like a proper lady, maybe you want to get yourself all dolled up, hmm?" With a playful nibble to her clavicle, the short stubble prickling her soft skin, Amber bit her lower lip in response to watching her partner show his more dominant side to her. Traditionally acting in a way many would consider "more bratty", Eric was surprised at the obedience she was showing in this moment, following her shower, as it was markedly... unexpected.

Making attempts to keep the routine going, Eric continued, confidently beginning "Now, I'll be getting myself ready. Should w-" Right as Eric was about to continue his statement, Amber's eyes shot open in excitement. By this point in their relationship, Eric recognized this look, and it was one he knew he stood no chance against. Rapidly, from between the girl's well formed lips, came the excitable chirp of the young woman, who was now beginning to wrap a towel around her barely bobbing bosom, "Wait! Babe! I have an idea! Let's get ourselves entirely ready, then, we'll see each other afterwards! I haven't seen you in a suit, after all, in what... 7 weeks? 8 weeks, maybe? And you haven't seen me all dolled up in ages! I bet you can't wait to see this cute little butt in a short dress, huh? Anyways, I'll take the room, since I'm gonna need the closet, my makeup, my-" and in a sentence that rambled on and on, Amber named each consecutive item she'd need to get "...entirely ready to blow your mind with beauty!" according to the slender parcel of energy. Feeling that he had no choice but to agree, Eric

nodded along to the girls “suggestions”, if they could be named that, he thought. Perhaps the better term would be “demanded”, though, in this situation, it was nothing but playful fun.

As he accepted the terms and conditions of the afternoon, a cold shock shot through his chest, as his eyes averted from his girlfriend to the drawer behind her, which held his secret for tonight. If she was alone in this room, what if she stumbled across it looking for her makeup, something she constantly misplaced? Thanking himself for thinking of this first, he managed to cast forth an excuse to collect some things around the room. “Well, Amber dear, if I’m getting short-sticked out of the room, I can at least collect things for myself to get ready, right? A man needs his eyeliner, right darling?” Eric joked, as he grabbed Amber by her waist, playfully leading her from the room. In response, the slender woman braced herself, giving him a quizzical, suspicious glance. “You’re not trying to have the room to yourself so you can... I don’t know, hide all my panties, are you?” Clapping her on the back gently, then clapping his hands together in quiet applause, Eric grinned at her, responding just as sarcastically back, “Yeah, I need them to sew a sail together. We’ll use it when we go sailing after the quarantine is over, that is.”

Rolling her eyes up and left, Amber tried to imagine the sight, her mind forming an image of a large pair of panties tugging a ship along. “As if, I don’t think I have enough panties, or enough ass to cover with them, to make a sail that’ll function! Here I was thinking you were the physicist or something! Well, get what you need, Captain Pantysnatcher, I’m gonna need some time to get myself ready in here!” Wandering to the fridge, glancing back with a loving smile, Amber made her way to the kitchen to get a small, preemptive snack, checking her phone for local restaurants. At one point during her ordering call, as the excitable girl was stating her card information, a small clatter or scraping of wood caught her attention off somewhere in the background. Shrugging it off, she happily continued her conversation with the person on the other end of the line, “Wait, someone did what? You’ve gotta tell me all about this!... You are my new best friend,!... Oh my gosh, what?!...”

Closing the door behind her, as his girlfriend glided elegantly into the kitchen, Eric swiftly opened the drawer along the western side of the room, placing the pink and white cylinder into a pair of his black dress pants, pulled from the

open, now organized, closet. Sighing once again, the man happily collected the rest of the things he would need to get ready, with a tie, suit jacket, and undershirt making its way into his grasp. Through the closed, cheap plywood doors supplied by the apartment complex, Eric heard Amber chatting over the phone, and so took that moment to push the drawer back in - with too much haste. With his hands too filled with his clothes, the wooden cabinet was forced in with too much speed, causing the wood to scrape against itself, emitting a loud, audible *Screeeeeeercch*. Quickly checking the pocket to make sure his present was fully hidden, the nervous man held his breath in anticipation of being caught for a moment, then two... After a few gripping seconds, he exhaled, and checked himself in the mirror, rubbing one hand across the now smooth chin. Grinning at himself, he toyed with the outline of the tube through the dress pants, his hopes and nerves increasing as dinner time closed in. Exiting the room to allow his girlfriend to get herself fully ready, Eric tugged his boxers down, as his overactive imagination led to an accidental increase in blood flow to his excited companion, who Amber was all too keen to see as she was finishing up the call. A wanting, eager look crept onto the girl's face, as she bit her lower lip, followed by a gesture and the mouthing of the words *Do I have to wait until after dinner to get you? It's not fair!*

Chuckling aloud, Eric shook his head, shooing the now pouting redhead into the room. With a wiggle of his fingers and a small push, the door shut, but not before Amber stuck her tongue out tauntingly through the gap. Realising she hadn't responded to the local chinese restaurant employee in a few moments, she panicked, and leaped back to her previous idle chatter, laughing along to the conversation. Behind the closed door, Eric set to work preparing the date night festivities, which started out with getting dressed into the black dress suit - setting out a white bedsheet that took place as a tablecloth, Eric walked to the balcony to pick a few of the flowers Amber had taken to growing many months ago, and placed them at the table's center as an adornment. Rummaging through the cabinets in the kitchen, two crystalline wine glasses were pulled from their receptacles and placed on the tabletop, and two identical bottles of wine were taken from the fridge, and placed on the table.

In the shower, he had been racking his brain for ideas on how to ensure that just Amber got the dose of the HiccUP! Liquid. Reaching the conclusion that her stubbornness and desire to be complimented by her other half might be his best avenue, Eric set about laying out the steps of his plan into action. Grabbing a piece

of paper and pen, Eric labeled one wine bottle with two simple words, “The Winer”, which he opened up preemptively, only to slightly recork it. The other bottle, which was, this time, left unlabeled, was similarly opened, however, before it was resealed, Eric reached into his pocket, withdrawing the pink and white tube. Squinting his eyes tighter, attempting to discern any words through the black, smudged ink, Eric could only make out the occasional word, which included helpful phrases such as “the”, “Amanita”, or “vacation”. Shoulders rising in his acceptance of the situation, his fingers trembled as they reached for the sealed tip of the plastic vessel, which deftly and swiftly peeled the exterior. Holding the opened vessel against the lip of the wine bottle, he began to gauge how much to pour in, and in the end, he decided the best course of action would be mixing it in, little by little, until a quarter of the fluid went in. Nodding to himself at his reasonability, going by the adage in cooking of, “You can always add more, but you can’t take it away”, he began the process of resealing the remainder of the solution, just as the door to the bedroom behind him started to creak open, the sound painful to the shocked Eric. In a panic that he would be caught tampering with her wine, his hand jerked upwards and back, unknowingly pouring the rest of the light pink liquid into the wine bottle. Capping the HiccUP! container and repocketing it, Eric picked up the corkscrew and mimed uncorking this “fresh” bottle of wine, a smile forming before he saw her emerge.

Upon seeing her lithe form saunter into the room, dressed in a short black dress which flared out from the waist to give the appearance of extra shape, his jaw went slack while his eyes traced her from bottom to top, his lingering gaze ending with locked eyes as he appreciated the sight in front of him. The curled waves of her hair, with the light behind her gleaming off its healthy surface, bounced with each step, and the dark eyeshadow and eyeliner gave her a sultry look about her. The playful look broke through the passionate stare, and the steamy nature of their back and forth glances were juxtaposed by Amber’s sudden remark on Eric’s reaction, “You’re going to catch a frog in there, babe! I mean, a fly... you’d be like a frog though, if you caught a fly!” Stumbling over her words, a shade of scarlet crept atop her cheeks again, juxtaposing her sudden excited rush up to Eric, who was still holding the uncorked wine bottle in one hand, the bubbling pink liquid from the vessel now swirling unseen through the dark tinted bottle. Glancing down, Amber’s mouth opened in shock and protest upon seeing the one bottle labeled “The Winer” and in tune with the message of the bottle, Amber proceeded to

jokingly complain, “And who is that meant to be for, hmm? There’s one good answer, Eric William Harris! What’s it going to be? Because I’ve never whined in my life, y’know! I don’t get people who whine, they...”

Waiting for a quiet spot in her flurry of words, Eric sighed when given the chance to talk, “Amber, before you walked out here, I was going to give you “The Winer” bottle... but... upon seeing your immense beauty, your grace, your lack of inherent ability to whine... What kind of gentleman would I be to allow you to drink from that? I’d like to offer you this 200 year old Cabernet Sauvignon, instead, the grapes grown in a small, often forgotten hamlet north of Sicily, by a family known for their noble deeds. The taste is exquisite, and...” pausing to draw inspiration on his girlfriend’s attempts at being a waiter from earlier, he grinned before continuing, “You’ll come to appreciate the floral notes and the pleasing hint of acidity!” It was Amber’s turn, this time around, to raise an eyebrow at her boyfriend’s words, as she looked past his hands, seeing the price tag of \$8.32 on the side - a sale on identical bottles of wine many weeks in the past, now, had led to many impromptu drinking sessions, usually to a movie or repeat viewing of *The Office*.

“Waiter, would you pour me a glass while I check my phone for where the delivery guy is? He should be here any minute now!” Reaching into the purse at her side, the ebony exterior of which matched the matte color of her garb, Amber pulled out her phone, whose case was covered in a disarray of various glittered stickers, and went about flipping through her order history. With a gulp, Eric poured a hefty amount of wine from the bottle into the glass in front of his girlfriend, who sat simply twisting a strand of her hair between her fingers. Corking the bottle, and filling his own glass from his personal bottle, Eric sat in anticipation, each second that passed feeling like an eternity. Clearing his throat, he raised his glass for a toast, an action which went entirely unrepeated by Amber, who was continuing swiping through her phone, too distracted trying to find the live map of their courier. Reaching for a fork, he tapped his wine glass loudly, causing Amber to jolt upwards, her eyes shooting open in surprise, before she happily saw her full cup of wine, which, in comparison to Eric’s, was much more rosey in color. Raising their glasses, Eric gulped seeing the color difference, but the enamored redhead across the table didn’t seem to mind as she offered her toast.

Extending her glass out in front of her boldly, the pink hue glittering in the light, the corners of Amber’s mouth twitched into a delightfully authentic smile,

“Here is to the best boyfriend in the world, who makes me feel like I’m on top of the world, like I’m bigger than life itself!” Amber shined a flashing white smile across the table, locking eyes with her partner of now-three years, a man who she had experienced so many highs and lows with, from the loss of loved ones to silent, knowing walks outdoors, one another’s company more than enough. “And here is to the most wonderful girlfriend to grace this Earth, who has single handedly brought so much joy, passion, and, of course, fun to my life. Here here!” Raising their glasses to toast one another, their crystallizing glasses *tinged* in the quiet apartment, save for a gentle melody that was left on in the background, as Amber took the initiative of a first sip. Anxiously, Eric looked onwards, as a portion of the pink wine in her glass made its way past her shapely lips, the transparent rim of the glass ever so gently divoting her lip, and with a gulp, the cool liquid bubbled down her throat.

Bubbled was an odd descriptor for wine, typically, Amber thought, but perhaps this was the reason the wine was so cheap. “Got something to say there, feller?” came a faux southern accented voice from the black-garbed girl, who smacked her lips and looked at the wine. “Oooh that’s fruity, isn’t it? I didn’t know they made, what is this... strawberry flavored wine?” Admiring the glass with one hand, her other gently twiddling a lock of red hair, Amber continued, the already present smile deepening, “You know me best, though babe, I’m a sucker for sweets!” With her ever present excitability and sorely lacking impulse control, Amber raised her glass to her lips again, taking a large mouthful and swallowing it in almost the same motion with a satisfied sigh. “This is nice, it feels like old times again. Being inside has been fun, but I miss going out, y’know? I feel like we just missed Spring entirely, and I really wanted to go on that museum trip with you! Maybe next year, though, right? If you aren’t sick of me yet, of course!” Continuing to sip idly at her wine glass during idle conversation, Eric watched his girlfriend patiently, encouraging her and joking back and forth, trying to think of what he should be looking or waiting for, but, he had to admit to himself, he was clueless; there were no instructions or anything, and if there were some on the bottle, that label had been made all but useless.

Continuing her stream of consciousness, Amber’s excitable, burbling energy continued to drive the conversation, as she racked her brain for all manners of topics for conversation for their first date night in months, now, “You know what else we need to do after we can go out again? We have to hit up the bowling alley!

No one really goes to them anyway, and now, there definitely isn't anyo- *hiccup!* Oof, oh no, my soul, come back! That's what people say, right, that your soul leaves or something when you hiccup? I've had so many souls then, by now... I guess?" Giggling to herself upon recalling that tidbit of superstition, the small tinkling noise fluttering its way happily to her partner's ear, the girl continued. "Anyway, who's going to a bowling alley *now*, so when they reop- *hiccup!*" Covering her mouth, the girl cocked her head to the side, her other hand resting over her stomach. It was strange, she had had hiccups before, but this one, though it felt like it had started normally, ended different, it felt... different - rather than the feeling of something jumping in her stomach, then returning to that same spot, it felt like it ended... generally lower. Shrugging, the girl tugged at the sides of her dress as she straightened her sitting posture, eventually ceasing the action when none of the fabric was necessarily readjusted. Meeting Eric's gaze once again, her brown eyes meeting his hazel, Amber retorted against his expectant look, "What, never had a case of the hiccups, sill-*hiccup?*" A series of musical giggles were cut short by another brief *hiccup*, ending just before a rhythmic knock sounded on the front door of the apartment, "*Knock knock knock-knock knock, knock knock!*" Amber repeated the bassy noise aloud back to Eric, quickly standing up to rush over to the door. Upon pushing herself up, she braced herself on the arm of her chair, seemingly off balance, almost like her body wanted to naturally lean backwards, ever so slightly more. Walking past Eric, who remained seated and staring, Amber continued to chat, "Isn't that... kind of presumptuous for a knock? I mean, I love the knock, it's a classic, even, but that's kind of... a friend's knock. Like, I'd knock on Katie's door that way. Awww, wait, maybe the de- *hiccup*, the delivery guy wants to be our friend!"

Though she had been seated for the first few hiccups, Eric could feel his heartbeat accelerate inside his chest, as a vital connection clicked in his head - the name of the HiccUP! Liquid was beginning to make much more sense now, if this was the intended result, which had to mean... As his girlfriend passed in front of his sightline, his eyes lingered slowly on her svelte figure, eyes bobbing up and down as they followed each slight curve of her body. Walking out of the room earlier, when Eric had admired his girlfriend, her slender form had continued almost unerringly from shoulder downwards, save for the flare of the black dress outwards. As she stood up, Eric sighed to himself when he didn't see any noticeable changes upon, forcing to mentally tell himself off for being so impulsive with his spending online - that was, until she passed him from a particular,

perpendicular angle. Upon hearing the hiccup during her remark about the delivery man's intentions of camaraderie, Eric felt Amber's hip press softly, ever so gently, into his shoulder, seemingly in response to the sudden gasping intake of air, just as she walked by him. The slightly springy surface of her lower frame was something that Eric was not used to feeling, nor seeing, not with Amber, at least. Observing her as she glided past him, his gaze lingered towards her lower body which, to his surprise, looked noticeably wider now- her rear, which before acted as but a small separation between her lower back and legs, now appeared more rounded, more present than ever. The dress, which had been tight on the girl's graceful figure before, now was pulled taut, enhancing her overall appearance by acting almost like a second skin, the flared-out skirting of the dress feigning the presence of hips no longer. Reaching forward, Amber grabbed the brass door knob that kept her and Eric sheltered away from all the problems of the outside world, and opened it to see a man equipped with a medical mask at the base of the 3rd story stairwell. "There's your food, miss! What're you dressed up for, if you don't mind me asking? It's a little formal to just be sitting at home in, don't you think?"

"Well, we're having a date ni- *hiccup* night in! We're having a few drinks, we'll probably dance to s-*hiccup*! some songs, I'll make him twerk on the table, you know, classic date ni-*hiccup* night!" The more that Amber talked with her back to the suited, silent observer that was her boyfriend, the more opportunities arose for Eric to see the result of this combined gift, half for her, half for him... maybe 60% for himself, he reasoned. The more this bubbly girl chatted, the more he got to see what he had only seen in his dreams, and in poorly animated scenes online - swelling inch by inch with each hiccup, the energetic girl's slight hips began to blossom outwards, her ass becoming more womanly with each accidental outburst. The form fitting dress that she had on began to tighten near the back hem, peeling back upwards, beginning to reveal the underside of the girl's fleshier, growing orbs. The fabric, which previously pushed outwards to give some semblance of hips, became repurposed as a minor modesty tool, with the hem of the dress needing to stretch to cover the base of the swelling, pink cheeks that were now wobbling slightly in their tighter and tighter confines, seemingly wanting ever and ever more to make their grand appearance to the world with every passing second.

"S-*hiccup*! sorry, not sure what's up with these hiccups! Anyways, friend, let me get you your ti- *hiccup*! Oopsies, dropped the change! Your ti- *hiccup*! Tip!" Stooping lower, bending from the knees, Amber's rear postured itself facing

directly back towards her patiently waiting boyfriend, who below the white tablecloth, had been dealing with a growth of his own, straining against his dress pants, at the sight of the growing moon that was his previously flat girlfriend's ass, which with each additional hiccup, caused her hips and ass to flare out another series of impressive inches outwards. As the girls fingers probed the floor, making desperate attempts to pick up the scattered change, a puff of strained air came from clenched teeth as she awkwardly tried to pick up the silver and copper colored disks, unsure why her range of motion seemed so... limited. Charles, the name written in cursive on the nametag under his lapel, wore a simple mask that, luckily for him, covered his awkwardly agape mouth, as he made his best attempts to look like he wasn't staring at the girl, or her clothing that he had seemingly mistaken for formalwear, when it was clearly a higher quality type of lingerie. Second by second passed, as the man abandoned his previous wholehearted attempts to not ogle the girl - with bags of food still in his grasp, he watched onwards as Amber made small steps to and fro, her probing fingers barely managing to pick up the remnants of the change. Maybe, over this quarantine, she gained weight, that's why that looks... *so* tight on her. Humming to herself awkwardly, as she turned to see her lover inside, still watching the exchange with a waggle of his fingers, Amber gave their unwitting participant a glimpse of the soft, doughy cheeks that were bulging, strained, against the hemmed skirting of midnight strained fabric. The cinched fabric, constricted against her swollen hindquarters in such a way that a bulge of fatty tissue had begun to protrude outwards, hid nothing from sight, and Amber, ever clueless to the things she was doing or causing, barely noticed the slight breeze now gliding smoothly over her newfound curves.

Trying to shift his attention away, not one usually to stare, Charles tried offering some form of conversation, settling on giving a piece of advice. His voice, coming out somewhat strained in the peculiar situation, began "Y'know, sometimes, when I, uhh, drink too much, I'll hiccup. Probably just that, it'll go away on its own. If it gets irritating, just try the, uhhhh, holding your breath trick." Nodding along as he spoke, Amber found that picking up the last of the change proved problematic, and upon reaching out towards the penultimate quarter, she replied, "Thanks for the advice, frie-*hiccup!*" Upon being interrupted, a slight but slowly intensifying creaking sound appeared behind the girl, who was still too focused trying to get a grip on the smooth edges of a penny to notice the mounting pressure behind her, forcing her to strain more and more as the tightening fabric

urged her to stand up straighter. From his seated angle, Eric watched as the base of the dress started to split slowly upwards, beginning to emit an audible tearing sound, before revealing, at last, a near complete look below the remaining lower portion of the dress. Jutting out behind the formerly flat posterior, displayed proudly in the darkening sky, two flesh colored spheres emerged from the split window, the cheeks themselves pleasantly plump and jiggling from the sudden but all-too-relieving release of pressure.

Near the front of the apartment, apparently left out by Amber who was presumably juggling with it during her portion of the cleanup, was a soccer ball, back from when Amber played in her early college years, and upon closer inspection and comparison... each cheek of Amber's ass was beginning to resemble that very ball in dimensions. Eric's eyes darted back and forth from her wine glass to her broadening bottom, making the observation, the connection, that her growth had gone from humble beginnings to the envy of many a woman with less than just three quarters of a glass of wine. While it was a generously poured glass, he hadn't expected the results of the product to be... this possible, let alone this efficient - he cupped his hands together, uttering a small but silent *thank you* to whoever was looking out for him in the universe when he decided to only put in a quarter of the HiccUP! solution into her bottle. Or, that was what he thought, at least.

"I'm sorry for dropping all of tha-*hiccup!* I'm... a bit clumsy! I left you the rest of the ch-*hiccup!* change since I kept you for a while on accident, oopsies... Well, here's the tip, I'll leave it here for you, because you know... social distancing and all. By- *hiccup* bye, stay safe! Thanks again!" Finishing her goodbye, Amber placed the tip on the railing, before quickly turning around to make her way back inside - the sudden twirling movement, accompanied by her newer, changed center of gravity, caused her to stumble against the doorframe upon reentering the apartment, receiving much less pain as the sharp pain she was expecting came as a dull thud instead. Having kept a good eye thus far on the exchange outside, his eyebrow in a semipermanent arch as he watched the man outside ogling his girlfriend, Eric began to notice something strange. The first few times Amber had started hiccuping, it had seemed like her growth had been somewhat minimal, but now, each interruption caused a wave of visible growth with inches of shapeliness piling on - just as Charles was taking his first few steps back down the stairs, he gave one last, long, lingering stare, as the girl who was braced upon the doorframe suddenly jutted out an extra couple inches, the girl

needing to step out with one leg, a small jiggle rippling across her slowly swelling thighs. “Have a goo- *oh my. Lucky fella...*” She heard from behind her, as the splitting *schhhhhhhk* sound from behind her became progressively louder.

The once elegant, black dress that contained the girl continued to split down the middle, the frayed edges of the fabric pinging off individual, dark threads, torn asunder after being stretched to their maximum point. The door closed behind Amber, as she walked in, the door just barely avoiding her enlarged posterior, the bags containing food looped around the crooks of her elbow. A wide, unknowing grin was aimed at her boyfriend, who’s eyes were glued south of those steaming bags, whose aroma was filling the room with the scent of various asian-inspired sauces and spices. Eric, upon seeing her from the front, had to make sure his mouth didn’t drop too far open, as even when not being viewed from the back, the changes to his beloved’s body were all too visible - pushing out at least four inches, now, to each side, her engorged hips sat atop plush thighs which, too, seemingly had begun their journey outwards. No longer was her figure as boyish as she used to constantly complain about, in fact, her current figure now greatly surpassed many of those on campus she used to compare herself to. How she hadn’t become aware of any changes yet, Eric hadn’t a clue, but, he reasoned, it must be stemming from that same distractibility and imperceptiveness that showed up in so many of their conversions.

“Well, it’s time to ea- *hiccup* eat, babe! I got all of our favori- *hiccup-iccup!* Favorites! Sesame tofu is there, mongoli- *hiccup!*” Setting the multiple containers of steaming food onto the serving tray that Eric had set up next to the table, Amber’s smile was replaced by a confused look, as she used one fist to gently pound her small chest, as if to shake away the presence of her hiccups. Waiting a moment, smiling when, for the moment, nothing unintentional left her lips, Amber felt comfortable to continue, “I got plenty, I figur-*hiccup!* Ugh, oh my goodness... I fi-*hiccup* figured we’d be drinking, tonight, too, so this’ll help us deal with the alc- *hiccup!* alcohol this time, no more hangovers for you, mister!” Smiling, Amber brushed past Eric, tracing one finger along his arm, as she made her way to the kitchen. The way that her ass pushed out from her dress, now, was mesmerizing, and the way that the girl unconsciously had to adjust her body to walk normally was a curious sight to see, as it caused the already clumsy girl to become even more of a danger to herself and her environment. Tracing the rim of her wine glass with one delicate finger, Amber picked up her drink, and downed

the rest in a single, quick swallow. Shooting a winning smile at her compatriot, she spun on one foot to face the kitchen once more, but her newest series of hiccups was beginning to take its effect on her figure, the effects of many pounds of sudden weight gain centered around her blossoming rear, surging outwards in smaller waves. Blaming, again, her low tolerance for her stumbling around, when in reality it was the sudden addition of three additional inches around her hips, Amber braced herself momentarily with the aid of the vinyl countertops to either side, unconsciously shifting her footing a few inches apart as her thighs began to press themselves tighter and tighter against one another, fighting for room as they stuffed themselves fuller.

Had the couple been around in the late 1600s, rather than Sir Isaac Newton, it was now that Eric would have stumbled across the ever so pleasant to watch 3rd law of motion - with each step upon the cool, tiled floor, Amber's haunches jiggled temptingly, the ample flesh that jutted out behind her ripe, juicy, and invitingly soft. The mounting arousal that took over Eric's mind upon seeing his girlfriends fattening, newly bottom heavy form, caused him to raise his hand up instinctively and impulsively, bringing down that same paddle shape down, hard, across her ass as he had done so many times in the bedroom, something she constantly sought out from him through her sheer... brattiness. Instead of bouncing off a relatively firm surface, as was the case in all times prior, Eric was slightly caught off guard when his spank pushed so far inwards, and he unknowingly bit into his lower lip when he saw the impression his hand made in her expanding flesh. Pulling his hand back, he watched with joy at the continuous, delightful rippling that traveled easily across her rear. With an action whose consequences went unconsidered, the force behind Eric's desire-filled blow forced the girl off balance, and her body and mind that were already woefully unsynchronized began twisting to face her partner with eyes wide and mouth agape in shock, as she turned over just in time for her new cushion behind her to absorb her impact, caused by Eric's "new" discovery of gravity, this time, not with an apple, but a beautiful, ever ripening pear.

Upon her collision with the cold, kitchen floor, Amber felt a strange wave of what she could best describe only as a rush of liquid, throbbing heat surge from her thighs, which had made the initial impact, up past her lower half. Hands to her sides in her seated position, her spread apart fingers barely avoiding hips that now seemed to protrude even wider outwards than when she was standing, Eric watched a familiar sight appear in a place whose growth was yet unfamiliar - some of the

weight that seemed to have taken residence among Amber's thickened thighs had now seemingly migrated northwards, forming a small pooch, first, on the girl's previously trim tummy. Within a few seconds, the small, insignificant rounding was developed, a small amount of dough rising into a subtle, rounded dome that protruded ever so noticeably from the girl's middle, a pitiful attempt at standing out with her new acquired assets. Wrinkling his forehead in astonishment and surprise, Eric watched with increased vigor as a similar change occurred above the girl's new, slightly bloated belly. The tight black material comprising the unshredded upper portion of the dress began to constrict inwards additionally, this time higher, as the neckline was forced, centimeter by centimeter at a time, downwards, exposing the small beginnings of previously nonexistent cleavage. Swelling silently, unknown to their barer, Eric became ever eager, as his expression changed from one of silent shock to one of simple swooning.

Smelling the fresh food left behind, Amber's petite and upturned nose rose into the air, just as she also tenderly reached one hand back to complain about "how much that spank had hurt". When her hand reached its destination surprisingly early, her slender fingers quivering gently upon their collision, Amber pressed inwards with more and more force, the doughy flesh barely offering any resistance as her heart suddenly sunk in surprise. "That's a little weird-*hiccup!* Must just be be-*hiccup!* 'cause I'm sitting weirdly!" This moment of curious confusion came at a perfect time for all parties involved, however, as the effects of the most recent uncontrollable outbursts, and intake of wine, started to take effect. Against the sunken in digit that was her forefinger, she felt a gentle, spreading warm movement, a radiating heat that transitioned to bubbling, then pressure, and then, at last, answers. Standing up with the confidence akin to an inebriated party goer, Amber giggled as she grasped at the cabinet tops around her, desperately making attempts to balance herself in the moment. Twisting once more so that her now quite impressive rear was facing the lustful look of her lover, the girl placed her two hands on her motherly hips, her ringed fingers becoming increasingly dwarfed by the event that was playing out in front of Eric's very eyes.

Akin to a performer's performance intensifying closer to the climax of a play, the girl's hindquarters seemed to fancy themselves a playwright, orchestrating a grand event for Amber and for her slackjawed boyfriend, his eyes locked solely on her burgeoning ass. Like a stage curtain to the main event, the shorn fabric of her dress began to tear further upwards, uncovering the pale skin of

the two growing moons. With sudden juts outwards, now, akin to the sensation of a hiccup escaping the body, additional mass began to get packed on top of her previous progress. Her hands pressed desperately against her engorging ass, which was expanding inches outwards in every direction, but this action only caused them to sink deeply into warm skin. “Oh my go- *hiccup* Eric, wha- *hiccup* is happening to m- *hiccup*? Eric! Do you s-*hiccup*! see this?” Amber, usually filled with peppy, positive vigor, was now staring dumbfoundedly at the sight behind her, an agape mouth showcasing the stupor the girl now found herself in. Her hands moved from the basketball sized globes behind her along the pathway to her hips, which had now plumped outwards to give her a motherly, nurturing stance. Beneath her grasp, she felt the bubbling flow of blubber start to rush down her legs, again, and her gaze twisted itself back to her front, looking down, hands quickly grabbing her inner thighs. Prior to this night, Amber sported svelte legs, with toned, thin muscle leading up to a delicate thigh gap, something many a friend once envied her for - any negative thoughts, hopes, or wishes, that these friends may have once harbored instantly came to fruition. Pulsing outwards between her gripped fingers, Amber’s self enforced embrace became tighter and tighter as the force of her thighs began to push into one another, locked together due to sudden friction. Each surge of adipose cause her hands to travel higher and higher upwards, her probing fingers exploring each new inch of ever-thickening thighs, until one hand idly glided overtop the now slick surface of her own pussy, uncovered by panties due to her intentions with Eric tonight, a thought that, now, seemed more and more desirable.

With hips now twice the width they began at, and with ass cheeks that protruded backwards by well over half a foot, Amber twisted to face the passive observer that was her loving boyfriend. The formal short dress that this college student had donned for this night now appeared as little more than a formal tunic-like top, whose skin tight upper portion split into two pieces of fabric in the back, which originally was the skirted hem that had flared out. Eric shook his head in disbelief as his eyes traced over every new curve of her lovelier lower body, following the drastic curves of her thighs up to the shelf like hips. While one hand still idly toyed amongst her own nether regions, Amber’s eyes lingered over the throbbing erection, sheltered by her lover’s tented, faintly pinstriped pants. Her features glazed over in the state of arousal that her body had decided to settle on - for whatever reason, her dreams of achieving a feminine shape had now come to fruition, this perfect body shape that was not too large, but also nowhere near her

starting size. “Er- *hiccup!* Eric! It finally happened! I - *hiccup* don’t know what *it* is, but it’s hap- *hiccup!* We need to drink to this n-*hiccup!* turn in our lives, here’s to a new... uh-*hiccup!*.. era!” In a half tipsy, half hyper aroused attempt, Amber swayed towards the table, each and every step jiggling and jostling her new wobbling, sexy real estate. Locating her bottle of wine, she began to tip it towards her glass to fill, before shaking her head, causing the delicate curls of her hair to bounce sweetly around her reddening cheeks. Deciding to simply place it against her lips, like she had done so many times in her early college years, Amber eagerly allowed one full mouthful, then two, then three of the sweet, pink wine to pour into her gullet, despite Eric’s slow attempts at reaching out a hand as if to say, “No... stop... please... wait...”

A similar thought from earlier reformed in his mind, about how only a quarter of the solution inside the HiccUp! tube had led to these extraordinary results, that were now bordering the line between natural and modified as she continued to grow before his very eyes, and in the bottle currently grasped between cobalt blue-tipped nails, there was still just over half a bottle remaining. Watching the still present quivering mass accumulating south of the girls trim waist, fattening up thicker and thicker with extra padding, as her face revealed delighted ecstasy, he couldn’t begin to imagine the results of seeing her after the whole bottle. Eric thought to himself more, in that moment, and concluded that he wasn’t even sure if this surge of growth was still from the initial sip she had taken half an hour ago, now, or if she had caught up. In that moment, recalling his previous night’s dream that had been lost to the aether that morning, a playful nature reached the man’s defined smirk, as he decided to treat himself, and, he supposed, his well developing drinking companion. Raising his own wine bottle in tandem to her, he took a light gulp, his eyes unable to pull away from Amber to his right - upon swallowing his mouthful of liquid courage, he stood up and confidently strode up to his lover, who’s full attention was locked on herself.

“I *hiccup!* never thought I’d be able to turn my neck around an- *hiccup!* and see a fat ass! It’s getting a little war- *hiccup* warmer in here, too, or is that just me?” Breaking into a cheerful fit of giggles, Amber waddled carefully forward, trying to adjust her gait to better suit the additional mass that had been tacked on across her form. Had she been standing on a scale, she would have learned that over the course of the past minutes, over 20 pounds of pillowy fat had already integrated it’s way upon her slight, shorter figure, a number that did not seem

content with its progress or rate. With one hand outstretched, Eric traced a gentle line with one finger, a touch that tickled Amber as it made its way over her flat stomach, along to her sides, and down the swell outward of her hip. Placing, now, his palm downwards against the smooth surface of her upper thigh, he marveled at how small his hand looked in comparison to before. Amber hiccupping as she spoke to Eric, felt that all too familiar feeling of the hiccup falling lower in her body, as opposed to remaining in her core like it typically did, which gave her boyfriend a chance to feel the growth beneath her warming skin up close, and very personally.

Reaching behind her with both hands, Eric bent slightly at the hip, cupping his palms beneath the substantial domes of her haunches, each which was easily pushing beyond a foot in width, now. Squeezing into her tightly, he held up the surprising weight of her new, ever expanding rear with a seductive grin, his forearms sinking into the immense spheres, laughing at his lusting girlfriend who seemed to emit a small *hiccup* as a reaction. Amber's cheeks reddened, as she was hoisted gently towards his lips. Feeling his member pressed against her, she became aware of how sensitive her lower form felt - each added square inch of her figure that was in contact with Eric radiated with an intense, electrical pleasure, that seemed to direct itself to one vital pleasure point of her anatomy, which was becoming more wet with each passing moment.

"Well, darling, it seems like your mind is treading down one path, when we did establish another path back over here." With an additional squeeze of her rear, his hand taking up less than a quarter of the total area, he gestured to the table in front of them, the chinese food still faintly emitting steam. "Did someone forget that we're on our first date in weeks? A proper lady would restrain her urges until after the meal, don't you think? With a temporary temperament formed through inspiration he drew from his bratty better half, he decided to draw out her urges over the course of the night, and while he wanted no more than to tear the remnants of her clothes off her newly acquired pear shape and "...treat her with all the special treatments a princess might deserve!" which was Amber for, "use me like your plaything", he had to remember to take things slowly, driving her into more immense fits of lust as the night went on. Letting her down to the floor, Eric gave the bottom heavy girl a quick peck on the forehead, before sitting casually back in his chair, a sly smile revealing his calculated plot.

“You are so- *hiccup!* Ugh, I said, you. Are. So- *hiccup!*” Amber balled her hands up at being interrupted while she talked, something that she once did so casually and so frequently was now becoming laborious, acting almost like a nonphysical gag, Eric thought to himself. In a joking fit of frustration, Amber brought down her clenched fists onto the front of her bloated thighs, causing the trunks that two men combined couldn’t circle their combined hands around, to waggle back and forth invitingly. “I’m what, sweetheart? I couldn’t quite hear you, there must be some kind of interference or something. Why don’t you use those medicine balls you’re smuggling back there to make yourself nice and comfy on your chair there? I’ll even get your chair for you, like a proper gentleman would!” Getting up once again, not even attempting to hide his personal, *extended* “display of affection” that led his way forward to his girlfriend’s chair, Eric pulled the chair out slightly, leaving very little room between the table and his girlfriend’s destination. “Thank y- *hiccup!* Thank you very much, Eric!” Straightening her posture, and trying to maintain as elegant a look on her face as she could to not let her lover win, Amber walked clumsily towards her chair, managing to accidentally ram her hip into the edge of the table. Ready to curse in pain, Amber grinned as she felt the lack of pain, instead, the buzzing pleasure returning to her sweet spot between her swollen thighs - grinning to herself, with her curled waves of red hair framing her face, she came to realize that maybe this growth would help with more than just her self esteem.

As Amber squeezed her growing frame through the small allowance of space that Eric had portioned out, the stars again aligned in a perfect moment of happenstance, as the previous moment’s hiccups caught up to the girl in the end, literally. With three very sudden puffs outward and a sudden warming centered around her luscious curves, the rate of the swelling girl’s expansion accelerated at a markedly more rapid pace. Lips separating into a surprised O shape, the girl’s chocolate colored eyes focused on her reflection in the glass of a cabinet near the table, the glass panel cinematically framing the ample, exaggerated shape of her lower body, pressed against the tall, broad, silent man’s frame. In that moment, before she began her inevitable spread outwards, Amber looked upon her frame that was, at this point, altogether believable, where it was just beginning to get to the point of looking surgically enhanced. Following those proud attempts to show Eric she could control herself and sit down without making a problem, Amber watched as her hips, which had just previously rounded out to just beyond her

shoulders, began to force themselves out further and further than before; her previously already chubby thighs, seemingly not wanting to be outdone by the swelling of her hips, pushed and crammed themselves against each other as they swelled like marshmallows in a microwave, increasing the pressure upon Amber's torturously impatient wet slit.

From the angle he was at, Eric's groin was at the exact epicenter of his girlfriend's new wave of accelerated growth, her soft ass pressed firmly against him, almost pinning him in place. Staring from this elevated angle at his girlfriend's enlarging proportions, any remaining flaccidness he may have possessed left the scene, as he witnessed each cheek burgeon against him, swelling multiple inches at a time backwards with a renewed vigor. The pillowy assflesh spread backwards against his member like rising dough, left out in the heat, going from medicine balls to gaining nearly half a foot in diameter beyond that in mere seconds. Showing no signs of stopping, Eric couldn't help but allow his gaze to linger, ogling the cartoonish frame that was developing in front of him, as Amber's entire backside multiplied in sheer size. Forced to watch her sudden engorgement in the frame of glass, stuck in place as her smirking boyfriend held her thin waist still against him, she couldn't help but grasp for the chance that this reflection was one like... from a fun house of mirrors. Along the edge of Amber's red hairline, a bead of sweat formed as she watched her figure continue to blow out more and more, her hips easily past the point of closing in on being two and half times the width of her shoulders. Peering over that aforementioned aspect of her body, which was beginning to look smaller and smaller each second in comparison to the rest of her, she released an audible, shocked gasp, her eyes tracing an invisible line over the immensity of that most recent surge of growth. As she bore witness to the three foot wide frame of her engorging hips, she gulped nervously, realizing that she had no idea if this was something temporary, or if it were permanent - if it were the latter, social distancing might be something she'd have to do permanently, as soon enough, she worried about the prospects of her fitting through the very door to her bedroom. In a tone heavy with ever present lust, and a hint of slight worry, Amber gushed her feelings out, the accidental pauses from her compulsive hiccups both further enlarging the cheeks on their venture sideways and causing red blush to appear on her cheeks below her eyes, as the building frustration of being unable to voice her concerns grew in tandem, "Babe, I'm getting rea- *hiccup!* really big!

Ummm- *hiccup!* I need something to distra- *hiccup!* Me! I'm getting too bi-*hiccup!* big actually, Eric! How am I going to go out like thi-*hiccup!*”

Reaching her grasp as far back as it could go, a motion that forced her colossal, cushiony ass further into her lover's erection, Amber's hand just barely managed to catch hold of the thin, tall neck of her personal wine bottle. Sighing deeply, and hoping that a drink would calm her nerves about this worry she was feeling, she tilted the bottle up, taking a small swig from the remaining one-third of the plain featured bottle. Unfortunately for Amber, and perhaps luckily for him, Eric had chosen that exact moment in time to break from his lustful daze, brought to attention by realizing that this living fertility idol in front of him had grown beyond what he had even considered possible with an additive found online, and if she began to drink more from the wine at hand, then that may cause her to grow even larger, and in the limited space of their living room, he didn't want to consider what that possibility may look like. Tightening his grasp on her trim waist, Eric jostled the drinking girl, causing every part of her expanded body to move in tandem in a sustained, erratic, wavelike movement, while he managed to exclaim at the same time, “Amber, sweetie, put that down! You've probably had more than enough!” The sudden shaking and shouting caused the girl's face to show a moment of shock and confusion, as the wide eyed lass, suddenly and unintentionally, inhaled a combination of air and wine in surprise. Hearing some sloshing still in the bottle, Eric sighed to himself in thanks, thinking that his girlfriend hadn't managed to down the entirety of the bottle, and that his reaction had prevented an enormous future issue. Looking down at the bottle in her own hands, though, Amber watched as a few droplets of leftover wine dripped on the inside of the bottle, to rest at the base, forming a layer only a few millimeters tall. “That should cal- *hiccup!* calm my nerves!”

Cramming her haunches that looked like two, flesh colored beach balls across Eric's groin shot a signal of pleasure straight through him, a feeling that intensified as he watched the comical sight of the girl twisting to sit in her seat, apparently wanting to distract herself with the promise of delicious food. As she allowed her bottom heavy form to submit downwards and back to gravity, Amber's multiple feet wide width of pure, homemade dough quickly collided with the armrests of the wooden dining chair. Indenting the laterality of her frame, Eric witnessed the entertaining sight of his girlfriend managing to sit down, her body lowering itself centimeter by slow centimeter downwards as the friction of the

wood upon the smooth, pale skin of her ass slowed her descent to the sitting surface of the chair. Sighing, and smiling at her dining partner, Amber gestured to the open chair across from her, playfully batting her eyelids at her success, “Now that the la- *hiccup!* lady is seated, we can get *hiccup!* to ea- *hiccup!* eating!” Walking slowly back to his chair, Eric swallowed in anticipation as he watched the girl’s slow descent to a fully seated position cease, as the newest wave of hiccups made their results known, more quickly than before. A look of discomfort grew at the corners of Amber’s eyes, as her hips rapidly swelled out with more immense warmth and pressure than before. From the angle he was standing, he watched as the remaining space below Amber and the chair’s wooden seat was quickly filled in. Unconsciously emitting a moan of pleasure upwards, her eyes met the unbelieving look of Eric, who’s ogling orbs would not meet her own begging eyes - needing to see what he was witnessing this time, all she was able to utter as she lowered her line of sight south was a quiet, “Nooooo, no n- *hiccup!* No! Eriiii-*iccup!*”

Inch by now increasingly painful inch, Amber’s titanic hips crammed themselves tighter against their narrow wooden confines - limited in their progression outwards, her assflesh began to swell past their limiter, pushing out and over the armrests, seemingly swallowing the chair itself. Her thighs, previously so small, now were pumped up beyond recognition, at their roundest points being beyond the diameter of a small bike tire. A few scattered tears, of pain and worry, leaked from one eye, as she made futile attempts to squeeze herself back inwards with the flats of her palms, trying to push herself back to the size that she had deemed was perfect for herself in that previous reflection. Finding no success in her efforts, the flush-faced girl bit her lower lip in the increasing pleasure that stemmed from the pain she was feeling from the armrests, from the situation of being pinned down and out of her control by her own uncontrollable expansion. She imagined to herself a flat, devil version of herself on one shoulder, begging her to go back to how she had been, while the fat-assed, still growing, pleasure-struck angel on the other shoulder revealed her true wants, her desires of chasing that all too important feeling. As she watched her hands push inwards further and further into the growing tree trunks that were her upper legs, she felt the growing warmth coalesce into a surging spike of pleasure back between her now soaked womanhood - grinding her colossal, wobbling thighs together to stimulate herself beyond previous comprehension, the redhead began to quake all over, as orgasm

after successive orgasm shot through the girl, eliciting moans, and more *hiccups!*, and a sight that could cause any man to cum in an instant.

A loud *CRACK* interrupted the pleasure-filled moans that reverberated around the non-sound insulated chamber, as the armrests exploded sideways, a dam under the pressure of a river too rolling and large. The many, many extra tens of pounds of supple fat that had been duplicating upon the trapped girl, now free of their previous constraints, were able to spring, bounce, and wobble back to their rightful positions far from her central form. Amber, suddenly fearing that she may have been injured in the shattering of her once favorite chair in the apartment, sprung up to the best of her ability, a task that was easier said than done. As her core muscles engaged and tightened in their attempts to stand upwards, she felt what she could only describe as multiple people pulling back on her from all angles where her ass sat, her trial ultimately unsuccessful. Furrowing her brow in enormous determination, Amber pushed herself up once more, not one to ever quit, palms turning white on the table in front of her from the pressure she was exerting, as she managed to just barely force herself to a standing position. Mouth widening in delight, her expression quickly turned to one of shock as she once again followed Eric's expression downwards.

Following the surge of growth that had occurred prior to sitting down, Amber could not begin to imagine the vast growths that might lay ahead of her, and at that one point, she had even considered the possibility that the growth would halt, or slow. Mouth agape, the young woman stood in a silence that was rare to see from her. Hands probing behind her, a small exhale of disbelief emerged from the unblinking girl, who quivered when her arms reached backwards, trying to find the outer reaches of a rear that was now out of her own wingspan, jutting backwards over two and a half feet. Each spherical orb pushed out beyond comparison to her prior self, with an anatomy that could easily be mistaken, now, for yoga balls at a gym, with each of the rich mounds spanning a diameter of over two feet, the girl now easily totaling over four feet in width. Shaking her head back and forth over and over, the anxious motion causing an equal rippling and jiggling over her titanic form, Amber's voice came out in a squeak; each time she talked resulted in, seemingly, more and more expulsions of the sound that Eric associated with his own extreme pleasure, "Er-*hiccup!* Eric! Do som- *hiccup!* Something! How-*hiccup!* d-*hiccup!* do I stop these hi-*iccup!* hiccups!? Loo-*hiccup!* it up!"

Faltering in place with his cellphone, Eric clumsily attempted to hold it out at arm's reach for it to recognize his face. A stray piece of hair that had toppled over his visage, and his eyes that were focused on something far more exciting than the black mirror in front of him, caused his phone to emit an error message, "*Sorry, I couldn't see your face. Try again.*" After a multitude of attempts, each yielding the same failure, and his touchscreen not registering his inputs, Amber looked on in exasperation, as she pointed at her own phone, a few tears beginning their voyage from the corners of her mouth, as she watched her ballooning hips in equal parts pleasure and horror. Waiting for Eric to pick it up and ask her for her password, Amber stared down at the sudden explosive growth from the newest cacophony of hiccups - her ass, seemingly satisfied with its now massive height, burgeoned primarily outwards, widening and thickening past the point where fitting through a door would be a casual part of life. Her thighs, too, were demanding her attention, bubbling out faster and faster, achieving a thickness that could not be held in by any existing pants. Holding her glittering, sticker-covered phone case, Eric managed to mumble, "Sweetie, what's your password? And no, I'm not going to sneak around on it, I promise."

"Si- *hiccup!*, nine, four, *t-hiccup!* two, zero! Hurry!" Amber whispered with a small giggle, her hands continuing their exploratory mission across this unmapped territory. Hitting the home button to get off the live map that now asked for their food delivery man's rating, Eric began speedily typing in "How to stop hiccups" into Google. Deeming WebMD an appropriate enough destination, Eric began to look over many of the different proposed solutions. "Alright, uhhh, Amber, you're going to want to hold your breath, and try to swallow three times, got that?" Nodding her head vigorously, the girl took a deep, exaggerated breath, staring down at a form whose outward progress had seemed to have halted momentarily, following the most recent surge of growth that forced her wobbling-on-its-own-accord booty backwards another shocking foot. Watching the gulping motion of Amber's throat, Eric counted on his fingers, first one, then two, then three... Staring at each other, Amber's eyes widened in preemptive joy, "Eric! It worked! Thank y- *hiccup!* Oh no..."

Feeling an odd sensation building in her diaphragm, shaking and quivering slightly, the girl's eyes showed a familiar fear. Hiccup after repeated hiccup escaped the girl's closed lips, as Amber forced her palms over her mouth to try to hold them in. In machine gun fire fashion, Eric watched as the uncontrollable

compulsion occurring in front of him began to take its toll. With each outburst, came surges of growth that felt tighter and tighter. Grasping her hips, she felt as the fat growing and forming beneath felt denser and denser, still soft, but seemingly exerting an unbelievable pressure on her skin. Her ass, ballooning to new levels of cartoonishness, no longer resembled perfectly spherical orbs, but rather a rounded surface that was making its horizontal growth half a foot by half a foot outwards and back, resulting in her form starting to touch the wall behind her, her core still remaining multiple feet forwards.

“So ti-*hiccup!* tight! What else do I-*hiccup!* do to stop it!” Amber begged in a seductive, accidental moan, the tightening feeling becoming more and more immense with each passing second, as she feared that her lower body was reaching its limits in size. Panicked, Eric forced his gaze away from the ripe woman in front of him, stacked with, he assumed, over a hundred pounds of added plushness by this point, back to the phone, whose screen had turned off when he averted his gaze. Upon typing in the password once more, Eric read off the second proposed solution, purposefully speaking more slowly, as his eyes fawned over the mountainous reaches of this new wonder of the world, “H-hold your... tongue! And keep holding it!” Eric stared at her intently, as her growth outwards seemed to begin slowing. The tight feeling that was pressing outwards against each of the exponentially increasing square inches of her form intensified more and more, until her skin groaned audibly. Wider than she was tall, now, Amber peeled one hand away from her swollen self begrudgingly, almost in seeming frustration, with her postorgasm self still lingering and thriving off those unfathomable feelings of wanting to feel herself achieve bigger and bigger results. It was at this point that a hand made its way across her midsection, feeling its slight protrusion outward from when she felt earlier as a cold sensation trickled down the back of her neck. Raising an eyebrow and shaking her head, Amber did as she was told, sticking her tongue out and grasping her tongue, very aware of the ridiculous sight she was displaying. Not wanting to speak up too soon, again, the extreme pear shaped girl bounced with nervous anticipation, teetering in place as she tried holding herself up steady with the table’s edge. A shattering silence pierced the room, as the couple anxiously awaited the sound of a hiccup.

But, nothing came. Walking towards Amber, Eric marveled at the sight in front of him - the red haired girl, elegant curls still lingering at the edges of her face, stuck between the table and the wall, an ass that was approaching what he

could only compare in size to the tires of a construction vehicle. Pushing the table forward, encouraging her to step out from behind her temporary prison, Eric was surprised when he had to keep pulling the table out additional inches, as the tissue of her ass that was pressed against the wall unflattened and spread back out, reshaping the outer reaches' downward curve of her titan haunches. Any attempts of stepping forward for her was nigh impossible without assistance, her center of gravity so far back, now, making only successful attempts at dragging her backwards. "Alright, wide load, I'm going to hoist these national treasures, you move forward to the couch, got it?" In a well humored tone, Eric laughed at the situation, hiding his obvious arousal as best as he could, especially upon reaching down and pressing into the mammoth, stacked rear that was now his own to use whenever he desired. Wolfishly grinning, he lifted as much of her weight as he could bear, feeling his arms sink into the warm flesh, the heat of which was now as intense as the girl's apparent desire of being touched, groped, prodded, each wobble of her severe size an inconsiderate reminder of her ever present condition. One jiggling step at a time, Amber made her way across the apartment, feeling the wide sway of each step, massive arcs now that threatened to collide with anything in their way.

Still holding her tongue, Amber forced a lisped, retaliatory comment over her shoulder, catching the sight of her wobbling rear on the way, forcing a blush to appear once again on her cheeks, "Thatth tho rude, Eric! Goodne-*hiccup!*" Stopping coldly in her tracks, Amber crossed glances with Eric, who simply grinned in response, before switching it to one of faux concern, idly fidgeting with the outline of the empty HiccUP! container in his pocket, which Amber noticed, but assumed was a chapstick container. "It's not fu-*hiccup!* fun-*hiccup!* *funn-Hiccup!* Grrr, wh-*hiccup!*" whined the girl, as the groaning of her skin increased in volume, her bite returning sensually to her lower lip in response to the pressure. The growth, now slowed again to inch by tender inch, followed the girl even as she collapsed backwards onto the couch. The last sets of hiccups, for but a moment, felt like they returned to a normal sensation, no longer lingering downwards as much, instead, refocusing closer to her center, below her navel where that sensation belonged. In the moment, watching her hips still push out, pressing gently into the armrests of their couch that could seat four, a satisfied, peaceful smile appeared on Amber's face, as she felt her growth beginning to halt its rapid progression. Noticing her expression, Eric cocked his head questioningly

to one side, “Sweetie, you’ve got that beautiful look on your face, again. The one that’s always there, of course, but this time it’s smiling like you just found out something.”

“I think tha-*hiccup!* I’m slowing dow-*hiccup!* now! It feels different, like it’s moved awa-*hiccup!* away from my booty! I don’t have to-*hiccup* worry about getting bigger-*hic-ic-ic-uuuup!*” Staring over her unbelievable proportions and squeezing into the adipose filled mass with a firm grip, she shook her head in disbelief that this... was her now. Lost in the vastness of herself that engulfed the before comparatively large couch, Amber sat in relative comfort, glad to know that she wasn’t going to be outgrowing the limits of the room, a thought that brought her some form of peace in this new uncertain part of her life - almost acting like the sworn enemy to Amber’s endless stream of conjurable positivity, though, a new wave of growth began to appear, slow at first, not unlike that which had occurred behind her. In response to each of the girl’s three or four vocal interruptions, Eric looked from his standing position to Amber’s food baby, which had apparently come from her having altogether too much of their ordered food. Smiling, and quickly glancing back to the dining table, his eyes managed to just barely catch sight of the security sticker that held the delivery bag sealed, revealing that no food had ever made its way out to the table, which also meant none ended in her stomach. Was it the wine, or... Just as Eric’s thought was reaching it’s inevitable answer, a dull, almost inaudible creak brought his attention back to his girlfriend who now, alone, took up over a third of their primary living area.

The skintight black top that was Amber’s previously cute ebony dress appeared to stretch around the growing dome just under the girl’s navel, a mound that pulsed outwards once, then twice, against its dark confines. Feeling more and more free to try talking again, now that her previous paranoia of being in an endless loop of expansion went unfounded, the girl happily chattered at her staring boyfriend, who happily nodded along with whatever she was saying, placing her phone back down next to their television, which had apparently been playing quiet music in the background, this whole time. “So, earlier I sa-*hiccup!* said tha-*hiccup!* that we should go bowl-*hiccup!* bowling after this who-*iccup!* thing blo-*hiccup!* blows over... I don’t think tha-*hiccup!* I can do that, now...” Gently massaging the endless weight that was on her flanks, rather than worry about the lingering sensation of her newer set of hiccups, Amber sat in ignorant bliss, as she failed to realize the condition of her lower stomach bulging out more and more with each

additional hiccup. Faster, now, than her ass had grown originally, her food baby grew forward and outwards into a soft dome of a potbelly. Each wave of adding growth and pressure stretched the already constrictive formalwear, which tugged at the sides of her waist, as she was squeezed tight like a sausage in her own clothes. A fold, stretching horizontally in a line bisecting across her belly button, folded right where she was sitting due to an apparently stronger seam of fabric, stretching her outwards and outwards in two separate, painfully tight mounds. Feeling an odd pressure pinching around her abdomen, Amber's attention was drawn away from her quivering masses to either side of her, and upon looking down, she noticed that a significant portion of her thighs in front of her were seemingly obscured by a black dome. Reaching both hands in front of her, a slow wave of nervousness became present on the girls face, as her hands grasped what she realized was her previously trim belly.

“Wha-*hiccup!*s happening now! Er-*icup!* Eric! Its hap-*hiccup!* Ha-*hiccupp!*” barely understandable at this point, Amber made desperate attempts to complete her thoughts aloud, growing more and more irritated with each failing attempt, due to her condition of constantly getting interrupted by the overeager hiccups that built up in intensity with each successive surge outwards. Her small dome of tummy, overshadowed for too long by the girls immensity south of it, reacted to every forced convulsion, appearing, now, like a ball connected to a bike pump, the piston of which squeezed an ever growing volume of air into its vessel with each repeated action. Going from a meager, early stage baby bump to closing in on the final trimester of pregnancy within but a few hiccups, Amber's swelling core burgeoned outwards against its containment field, until the girl could no longer bear the tight, squeezing feeling. Grasping at the fabric with apparent panic, she tried to free herself, but found herself unable to find purchase under any loose spots of the dress. The tightest series of strings that worked to subdivide her protruding paunch strained, and in a series of loud *pings*, each thread ripped along her front, allowing her previously stuffed-tight core to occupy the open air. The fleshy, doughy orb of mass that had accumulated around her midsection did not dangle, nor did it form gelatinous rolls, but rather, a single, quickly developing sphere of duplicating mass. Quickly finding herself past the stages of a full term pregnancy, Amber's jaw loosened as sounds of bliss and sighs escaped her apprehensive mouth. Eric was unable to contain his constantly growing excitement, as the night brought him more and more surprises, and with an unconscious

reaction, he found himself stroking himself over his pants. Embarrassedly, he held onto his own hand to stop the action, but not before Amber looked straight across at him from her sitting position, their eye levels surprisingly level, even though she was upon her rear, a knowing look in her eyes.

Cradling her newly rounded middle, the soft, warm flesh welcoming her eager prods and gropes, the girl gave an eager wiggle of her fingers, signaling her lover to come closer. Attempting to sit to her right, on the insignificant portion of the couch that was still leftover, Eric found himself unable to sit at a flat angle to the cushion below. With each of his attempts to squeeze next to her, his arms pressing off her surprisingly sensitive stomach find a place for himself, Amber's lust blossomed warmer and warmer from her core, again, making its way back between her immensely engorged thighs, her nethers moistening once more, her small pink button desperately seeking that oh-so important, lightning pleasure. It was then that Amber's hand shot over and grabbed his wrist, tugging him with a renewed urgency to a kneeling position below her, forcing him to view her from a lower perspective. "*Y-hiccup!* you're going to make *m-hiccup!* cum *ov-hiccup!* over and over, I... *ne-hiccup!* it.." The sight of her immense, rounded belly looked oh so delightfully exaggerated from this angle, and he saw from his periphery just how small his head was, now, in comparison to the rest of her lower form. The large dome of her stomach began to quiver in the open air, the pale growth supported in part along its sides by her well rounded hips, so that a small opening was all that kept Eric from his girlfriend's desperate request. Reaching his destination in what needed to be record time, Amber impatiently shook in place, each motion left or right causing the Seven Seas that was the mass under her still tight skin to wobble violently. The sight of the columns that were intended to support his impossibly large lover jiggling with intensity forced his face forwards, his eager tongue flicking up and down, in gentle circles that forced the girl to cram and squeeze her legs together, trapping her enamored companion into a forced submission of pleasure-giving.

Each electric shock that went from her pussy to her brain caused the girls expression to change to one best described, in Eric's experience, as an Ahogao image - rolled over eyes to the side, and an agape mouth, every moment was pure ecstasy as she felt the the warmth in her belly grow more and more heated, the imaginary shower faucet that seemed to be plugged into her core now approaching its warmest temperature. The prior ninth-month-of-pregnancy-belly that adorned

the girls wide-bottomed frame immediately swelled out, the basketball that she had apparently swallowed inflating out inches at a time with the weight of it now pressing Eric's face even closer forward to her slit. Running out of air, Eric persevered on his necessary mission, forcing Amber's breath out in ragged, hot breaths of pure euphoria. Moaning in pleasure as her belly continued to shoot outwards, approaching the size of a beach ball, the sexual ball, rather, balls of energy that composed Amber's new and improved form were rolling over upon and being supported by the curly haired man's well toned back muscles. Trying to reach her grasp around her swollen, supple core, whose shape was being manipulated outwards, flatter by the pressure forcing downward on Eric, her neck craned backwards in good humored elation at the fact that her fingers, barely locked together, quickly detached their grip as a new wave of growth formed a permanent separation between her hands. Driving her to the point of experiencing mind emptying orgasm after orgasm, each in tandem with a new level of further growth, drove the quivering girl to further and further levels of enjoyment and pleasure. Unknown to either individual, the remaining empty space of the couch was becoming invaded by the, apparently, still burgeoning ass flesh, multiplying, still, but at a lower, present rate. Completely out of breath by his sustained and successful efforts, Eric began his attempts to pull out, backwards... only to find that he was stuck by the friction of their bodies together. In his own panic, now, he attempted to flail his exposed arms, each try managing to collide with her colossal form, sending out ripples of jiggling and pleasurable surges. Trying to stand himself up, the weight of his girlfriend's growing belly resisted him, as eventually, with each pull of his, he managed to free himself inch by inch. At the rate that his girlfriend was growing at, though, Eric was finding no success in his escapes, the situation at hand representative of a much more appealing, sexually satisfying, "1 step forward, 2 steps back."

The horny, panicked, and scared mind of Amber, following her post-orgasmic wonderment, began to take notice of the rising severity of the situation in front of her, literally. Too focused, originally, on the feel-good feelings of her inflation, she hadn't realized her new sheer size. Reaching around her middle, trying to wrap and embrace her fingers together, again, Amber found herself unable to form the link despite forcing her arms with all their strength against her accommodating bloat, her digits a half foot away from one another, now. Making attempts to suck in her gut resulted in no visible change, much to the

exasperated chagrin of Amber, as she tried to squeeze her form in and up, to aid her boyfriend's exit backwards. After moments of struggle on both ends, her nethers being stimulated still by the vibration of her boyfriend's head and his breaths tickling her, Eric flew backwards towards the TV cabinet at a rapid speed, his red face quickly looking around appreciatively at the room around him, as he inhaled a breath larger than he had ever taken before. Colliding with the wooden frame, the flat television which sat perched precariously close to the front lip of the table fell forwards, tumbling in apparent slow motion straight towards his swollen framed girlfriend. Prior to delving the redhead's delicate depths, her belly had been a size he had seen not unoften in the real world, but now, at this point, her midsection was ripped straight from pictures he had seen, and vigorously appreciated, online. Protruding in a distended and exaggerated orb shape, as far in front of her as her ass did behind her, Eric witnessed the sight of the TV tumble through the air, forwards, towards the shocked Amber, who extended her hands out in front of her in a desperate attempt to save herself, unable to move out of the way... only to watch as the screen collided in a dull thud across her swollen belly, casually and slowly sliding off to the floor undamaged.

Eric's eyes met Ambers, as the two of them began to laugh aloud with each other, expecting the worst from that scenario. "*Di-hiccup!* you see *tha-hiccup!*? It almost go-*hiccup!* me!" Rubbing her belly appreciatively, she watched the freed form of her boyfriend, who was sitting next to a small, pink and white tube shape that rolled across the floor away from him, still admiring the sight of the girl's enormous changes. "*Yo-hiccup!* dropped your *cha-hiccup!* chapstick! Ya wouldn't want *crac-hiccup!* cracky lips!" Squinting her eyes closer at the tube, she cocked her head to one side as she managed to spell out the letters she could see emblazoned on the label, right between the times of her pregnant pauses between words, and her other half's sudden leap to grab his possession. "HiccUP? Wha-*hiccup!* what's that, something to hel-*hiccup!* help my hiccups? You been holding out, E-*hiccup!* Eric?"

Gulping, Eric closed the tube between his palm. It was his turn to look down in surprise, now, as he noticed the fact that despite the tube's movement in his hand, no sloshing sounded from the inside. His palms moistening gently from the building anxiety in him, a connection was finally made - his girlfriend hadn't received a quarter dose... she had received the entirety of the capsule. Glancing again at the dinner table, he observed the half filled outline that bisected his "The

Winer” bottle... then the lack of any noticeable line on Amber’s unlabeled bottle. Following his gaze from her, to the table, to the pink tube inside the man’s grasp, Amber was beginning to recognize a connection between certain events and particular reactions.

Opening her mouth to begin a stream of accusations that suddenly formed in an order in her mind, a familiar creak sounded from her still swelling center, as her growth slowed to a painful, lingering stretching feeling, as the fat under her skin seemed to become more and more dense, the supple flesh maintaining its shape easier and easier with each following moment, until her center resembled a small bean bag, extending outwards so far that the girl attached to the mass would have to be careful about falling forwards... an event which, curiously, chose that exact moment in time to occur. The feeling of the weight in her front toppling forward, apparently reaching a size that rivaled the mass of her lower body, gave her a brief moment of weightlessness, something that felt so foreign now, even though she had only grown to this immense size between the times of 6:14 and 6:40 PM. As her form toppled forwards, time seemed to slow, as Amber’s overactive imagination engaged and fired on all cylinders - within a second, the girl’s eyes became circles far larger than she had ever thought possible, as her brain locked in to the potentiality that, upon colliding with the floor, the force and weight that resonated in her painfully tight stomach might spread outwards, and imagining that amount of size spreading outwards... Gulping deeply, as her multiple-foot diameter, unyielding belly dipped closer and closer to the floor... A small *peep* leaped from the girl’s luscious lips, as her belly reached its destination.

The heavy impact of her belly across the floor created a loud cracking sound, causing a momentary instance of terror as Eric feared his meteoric girlfriend might crash through the floor. Scooching rapidly backwards so as not to be crushed, Eric averted his gaze back to Amber from her half-whine, half-moan, a reasonable response to the effect of her collision with the floor. Rather than popping, like she had feared so intensely moments before colliding with the floor, something far more bizarre occurred over the span of but a few moments. The pressure between the nearly hundred pounds of spherical mass at her center and the floor forced all of that same, succulent mass back against Amber, the sphere of her stomach seeming to disappear... no, relocate, as the movement forced her to bounce back upwards to her previously seated position, with some immediate changes, though, to the more impressive cushions atop the couch cushions. With a

pressure far higher than she had experienced at any other point during the night, her rear end began to balloon out further and further, a foot at a time outwards. Thighs similar in circumference to a professional bicyclists tires quickly swelled outwards to be more similar to a car's tires, instead, as hot lard packed its way tighter and tighter inwards. Her hips, whose slow growth was secretly spreading to fill the couch's surface as her tummy blossomed, suddenly surged outwards, reinvigorated, divoting inwards as they collided with the couch's armrests, forcing the fat to try to push out over the edge. Instantly, Amber became coldly aware of her ass taking the brunt of the redistributed weight, as her sitting height atop the couch rocketed her upwards an additional two feet.. Looking up to his girlfriend from his now much lower angle, Eric watched his girlfriend with his present pattern of muteness, seeing how her proportions had stacked to levels beyond previous comprehension, which his girlfriend seemed to be taking, suddenly, less than well.

Hypocritical tears began to leak sloppily from the corners of the girls eyes, as the form which she had just embraced and accepted, it still being a form that could be somewhat mobile with Eric's help, rocketed past recognition in mere seconds this time. Ballooning from six foot wide hips to nine, shooting up by half their size in moments, with pale swollen ass cheeks that could fool someone into believing they were a pair of grounded weather balloons, Amber couldn't help but bear witness to her own unyielding engorgement with conflicting emotions bobbing around the space in her mind - at this size, Eric seemed to be unable to control himself, and his embracing nature of her new reality made her desire that same want to love these results. At the same time as she was embracing herself, she couldn't help but start to think, what would her friends, her family think, when following this global pandemic, they found her... as she was now, a hyper-sized caricature of her previous self. "*I'm-hiccup! a-hiccup! fatass-hiccup!*, Eric! *Wha-hiccup!* was *tha-hiccup!* *tub-hiccup!* *tu-iccup!* *t-hic-CUP!*" Her words failing her, the gentle stream of tears leaking from the girl's eyes continued to pour as her belly proceeded to swell, inevitably, once again, even faster and even larger this time, ending an additional foot outwards, forcing her belly's creaking to return at an ever louder volume, causing both the room's inhabitants to wince. Like a pendulum, the girl shrieked as the return of the mass to her core forced her forward again, her thicker sphere this time colliding with an even more catalytic force. Through her lower body, the sickening tight feeling that squeezed her like a million

pinching hands multiplied, as the geyser of liquid fat surging through her body tried to press against the confines of their limiting amount of space. Her belly began its steady deflation inwards as it began bouncing up and down on the floor, each up and down motion forcing surges of fat into her bloated lower body. Foot by progressive foot, pounds of fat pushed by the piston-like bounce of her tummy, filled her ten foot wide form to the last few feet to their maximum size of twelve feet wide, double the size she was when she had fallen backwards upon the couch just minutes ago.

“How do-*hiccup!* you stop *your_hic-hiccup!* hiccups, Eric? Ple-*hiccup!*” Pleading now, the girl’s hands crossed hopefully, beggingly, over top her chest. Amber stared behind her as she watched the newest pumping of fat attempting to force her haunches push out, before they simply bounced back to where they were, seemingly prevented from moving any further outwards under the tensile strength that was her skin’s limiting elasticity. The pressure of the weight of her belly driving tens of pounds of mass at a time into her body became unbearable, and finding itself unable to find room behind her to spread out any more, it was forced throughout and around her body, until in moments, it found two comparatively empty cavities, that with every up and down bounce, pushed out tiny, but ever growing amounts, almost like the skin was needing to gain the necessary stretch to further their expressivity and potential. Standing up, with one damp hand still grasping the HiccUP! Tube, Eric began his response to his girlfriend, who despite her tears, could not stop touching, pressing, and groping herself, each grasp forcing a warm moan from the girl’s plump lips, “I do the, uh, the one I said earlier, holding your breath. And that didn’t work. Amber, I’m really sorry, but I don’t know what to do... All I can say, though, is that even right now, you are *so* beautiful. And, from my reaction...” uncovering his hand from over top his member, Eric shot the girl a wolfish grin, before continuing, “I think you can tell that this is something I might... be... enjoying... And I might have news about who- or what, I mean caused this, just so you know.” His voice quieting to a whisper, it was Eric’s turn to show his embarrassment now, as from between red cheeks, he whispered, “It was me.” Getting up from his seated position, Eric walked up to the round girl, who was still bouncing up and down on her belly, the comical sight of her hyper enlarged rear end making her smaller and smaller by the second belly look insignificant in comparison to the rest of her, even though it still stretched over 5 feet across.

Her eyebrows raised high in shock, before they quickly sharpened into a severe V. Amber began to open her mouth in preparation for an overly drawn out, grand exclamation, hoping to have her “I knew it!” moment, but she was suddenly hushed, as one finger reached across the space between the two, reaching its final destination upon the two crimson, plush lips of Amber. Pulling the finger back, Eric’s brow furrowed upon noticing that he had left behind a small, faint black smudge overtop her red lipstick. Glancing at his hand which moments ago was holding the catalyst to this whole scenario, he saw that his palm was almost entirely covered in that same black ink. In his other hand, Eric probed the tube with perceptive eyes, noticing, now, that the black smudge that had previously covered the product’s instructions... could, apparently, be very simply wiped off with but a touch of moisture. With intense haste, Amber’s conniving boyfriend scanned left to right, down the multitude of rows of miniscule font, absorbing the instructions, warnings, and contraindications listed. His mouth forming a similar O to the one he had seen his girlfriend make *oh* so many times now, the man hid the tube behind his back once more away from the leering eyes of Amber, who was now pouting with tight lips - what he did not notice upon his observations, however, was the presence of even smaller text just underneath one misplaced finger, a series of instructions for ceasing the expansion. Still bouncing up and down on her stomach, its size steadily decreasing as its volume started to shift and pump upwards into the remaining tight black fabric that covered the girl’s northern growing mounds, Amber waited in impatience upon watching Eric hide the tube that had blown her up to this point. Driven by her ingrained impulse to talk, the girl was unable to wise up to the situation and stop talking, still not realizing that she only seemed to hiccup when her overactive chatterbox engaged.

“Eric! The tu-*hiccup!* tube! Wha-*hiccup!* is it? Sh-*hiccup!* Sho-*hiccup!*-*hiccup!* show me!” Amber managed to say, her eyes, in an all too familiar fashion now, expanding as she was forced to participate in watching another, very different pair upon her body do the same action. Her hands moved closer to her chest, the bra beneath her almost completely torn apart formalwear beginning to tighten with each aforementioned hiccup. Watching as her small breasts pressed against the outer cups of her 28A undergarment, small bulges of tissue beginning to press outwards from their confines, Amber revealed another quick shift in her current feelings, shooting a winning smile at her now altogether too confused boyfriend, who was unable to keep up with her changing attitudes to

her condition. Giggling the good humored tinkling laugh that Eric was always pleased to have grace his ears, Amber responded excitedly to the incoming results, “I thi-*hiccup!* Think I’m good with thi-*hiccup!* this! Maybe for just a li-*hiccup!* little bi-*hiccup!* Bit! I’ve earned some ti-*hiccup!* titties!”

Readying himself to approach her, hoping to do some good by fulfilling her demands, Eric made a few steps forward upon the plush, white carpeted flooring, a single hand outstretched, ready to begin the transfer of the empty tube, just before stopped himself a foot away from her, looking down at her form which lowered itself closer to the floor with each additional bounce. Each of her breasts, beginning to escape the confines of their lacey, more decorative than supportive bra, began to accelerate in their rate of growth outwards, like seeds in a highly fertile soil. Leaping from a pleasant handful that would satisfy nearly any man to a size rivaling a porn star, Amber’s once meager chest thrust itself further and tighter against her strained bra, which served merely to hoist her swelling bosom up, as the neckline of her ever tightening “dress” was tugged further downwards. Looking down at a deep valley of, before unseen, cleavage, Amber grinned lustfully at her chest, her hands groping deeply into the swelling flesh which burgeoned out from her between outstretched fingers, that, with each passing second, spread further and further apart from one another. The building warmth that was emanating from her newly emerging, doughy titflesh caused hot gasps to escape her wanting, quivering lips. “Eric, thes-*hiccup!* are too h-*iccup!* heavy, help m-*hiccup!* hold th-*hiccup!* them u-*uccup!*”

The color black, with its strange ability to mask an object’s true size present in the room, caused Eric’s true perception of his desperate girlfriend’s bust size to be hidden, a size that could be judged only by that which was visible in the window of the sad sight that was her jet black top, barely clinging on to life at this point. The thin pair of straps, possessing the difficult responsibility of containing the growing, heavy weight of her breasts, dug deeper and deeper into the pale skin of her narrow shoulders, forming painful red lines of pressure inwards, until the adornmental fabric was stretched to its limiting point, a loud *SHRRrrrIP* echoing through the room. Smiling in blissful delight, due both to her now being the proud owner of a pair of small melons after spending the past twenty-three years in a state of big-tit envy, as well as escaping the stressor of her prison of a bra, Amber was held back, now, only by the remnants of her dress, who’s few, remaining connecting points of fabric, ever separating with each of her prior hiccups, started

to tear. Realizing her comparative size to a certain fruit, a fit of giggles overcame Amber, as she increasingly frustratedly tried to complete her less than perfect joke, “‘Honeydew’ you l-*hiccup!* like my b-*iccup!* boo-*hiccup!* b-*hiccup!*”

Smaller mounds, stacked upon the growing rotund form of her chest, began to force their way through the holes developing in the remnants of her top, until the substantial strain being exerted on her top could not be maintained anymore. Louder than the tearing of the limited fabric that composed her meager bra, the tight bands of thread and textile forming her fanciful garb erupted down its center. Through the newly formed opening down her front, the remnants of her dress little more than a torn vest now, the before hidden, plentiful and pale bounty that was Amber’s currently blimping chest bounded out into the open. Two fleshy spheres jutted out from her form greedily, billowing and pillowing themselves outwards, downwards, the supple flesh squeezing and forcing its way through the gaps in her fingers as they ripened into rounded, watermelons. Watching as, with each second, her growing bosom swelled at a more and more rapid pace, Amber delighted in knowing that it seemed that the, originally alarming, weight centered behind her navel was being redistributed to a place that was more... immediately in need, at least, to her. Passing the point of believability, at last, the heavier and developing tit tissue began to reach the smooth, curving dome of her belly. Upon reaching this destination, by happenstance or cosmic fortune, the waves of hiccups following the attempts at humor began reinflating the girl’s belly larger and larger, back to its previous size. Eric, standing turgidly, began to consider what was going on, and realized that his girlfriend seemed to be in a growing cycle, literally, where her belly would continue inflating with mass, only for that to be transferred to her breasts, before her belly would continue its rise as she continued hiccuping. With what he had seen with her rear, that still refused to expand an inch further, the thought that had plagued the pair returned to his eyes.

“Amber? Umm, maybe we should try to get... *this* stopped. You’re getting...” gulping heavily, Eric stopped. He’d be lying if he said too big, this was his dream, literally and figuratively, a part of him, hidden and selfish in nature, wanted to say nothing, to let her get bigger and bigger, to see how big she could get. Cocking her head to the side at him, her attention averting away just in time so that she remained temporarily clueless about the situation reemerging at her belly, the girl batted long lashes at him, dark butterflies above rosy, sexually satisfied cheeks. “I thi-*hiccup!* I sti-*hiccup!* want these a b-*hiccup!* bit bigger... it

fee-hiccup! too... wonderfu-*hiccup!*” Squeezing together from the elbows, her hands resting atop her growing pillows, Amber hoisted her growing bosom higher, admiring the soft, welcoming flesh that was indented with her touch. Swollen outwards too large, now, for her to notice her belly, the now generally unpanicked visage of Amber tended to her fruits, which, upon thinking of it further... no fruit could quite measure up to the literal globes that were at her front.

A tender, budding sensation formed beneath each tip of her breasts, as she felt each pale pink areola begin to stretch outwards, the dime shapes that dotted the previously flat plain stretching across the surface growing to half dollars over seconds. Her small but sensitive nubbins, maintaining their relative size to her rosey rounds, grew, erupting past the stages of thimbles, eventually raising in size, protruding outwards like a dixie cup. Each additional bounce upon her belly, besides rippling all of her newly formed masses, forced the hot geysers of accumulatory mass further into her mammaries, each bounce now pushing the diameter of each breast out one inch at a time, then two, until soon, her breasts were forced out whole cup sizes at a time. The globes, whose ever more increasingly sensitive teats Amber was squeezing in a state of uninterrupted ecstasy, imposed themselves on her svelte arms, the weight of them becoming a colossal task. Arms collapsing under the weight of the increasing heft of her bosom, Amber expected her tits journey forwards, towards her belly, to take slightly more time than it ended up taking, colliding with what she felt was a still massive dome protruding outwards. An inquisitive look returned to her dark eyes, and her mind that was ever so ready to have its attention stolen by whatever new situation arose began to focus on the “Mysterious Case of the Unforeseen Barrier.”

Attempting to reach her arms downwards, past breasts that, in the dark, silhouetted, may look like two misplaced, overly inflated beach balls with engorged, nub tipped valves, Amber struggled upon her realization that her arms, now, couldn't reach past her gifted chest. Blushing lightly, as each attempt to reach past her was hindered with an additional surge of growth, still bouncing to and fro upon a belly whose size was still an anomaly. In an instant of pure self-declarative genius, Amber raised one finger upwards in exclamation, the movement pressing deeply against a breast whose presence she was still accustoming to. “Eric! *Ca-hiccup!* you take a *pi-iccup!* picture of *m-hiccup!* Me, pretty *ple-hiccup!*?” Blowing him a kiss, and bringing her hands to a begging position, which consisted of her squeezing her breasts up against herself, an encouragingly, enamored smile

almost in knowingly assured punctuation, her already lusty boyfriend had no choice but to concede.

Flicking the screen to life and switching to the camera, Eric pointed the lens towards his girlfriend, in the process accidentally switching to the video recording mode. Giving an award winning smile towards her boyfriend, Amber posed, holding two fingers up in an ironic peace symbol that both she and Eric found oddly irritating, as her request for a photo took its toll on her figure. Through his girlfriend's phone screen, he watched as the perfectly spherical belly, which unknowingly to Amber had grown back to its over five foot diameter, distended more and more, hoisting her breasts higher and higher, her newest demands forcing a now creaking belly to push out another two, more painful feet. Arching her neck upwards once again, a lower lip sought after by her bite in pleasure, the video documented her lustful reaction of desperately rubbing her nipples, the mass underneath warm and pumping everfull, tens of pounds at a time, until beach balls burgeoned into yoga balls, foot after foot of prior added belly shrinking back down, forced and crammed upwards, with each bounce. The familiar build up of approaching orgasmic quaking and quivering, tucked beneath incomprehensibly plush thighs, forced the loudest of moans out of the girls seemingly endless reserves of sexual gratification, as Eric watched unblinking at the recording video. Eyes rolling, before returning her attention to Eric and her phone, she shook her head, her flushed face looking downwards to see what had happened just moments ago, while her attention was focused more on the immense pleasure that was triggering all around her widened form.

"I got t-*hiccup!* too gree-*hiccup!* greedy, Eric! I didn't real-*hiccup!* really think ahead..." pausing, Amber held up a finger, as she felt her burgeoning bustline start to creak, as its overstuffed interior groaned upon being distended outwards another few in each direction. "Tube!" Holding out a hand demanding, Amber looked at her boyfriend with a look of innocent desperation, her hand quivering as the corners of her eyes tightened in worry. Stopping the video, and approaching his girlfriend, Eric sighed, quietly closing his eyes before handing over the evidence proving him guilty of everything that had gone on tonight. It hadn't been a total bust, he joked to himself, a sly smile reaching one corner of his mouth, as he thought over just how much his girlfriend seemed to be enjoying herself. His confidence, which had escaped him in his enthralled stupor of seeing his longest-lasting kink finally being fulfilled in a startlingly real circumstance,

returned as he handed over the capsule, at the same time, turning his phone screen to face his girlfriend. Upon looking at the thumbnail video that was captured in front of her, her jaw went slack, as her hand clasped around the pink and white tube, but in that moment, she was entirely focused on the image. Showing her before her most recent, most monumental surge of growth, Amber was unprepared as the video playback revealed the sheer size that was... her. Up to this point, she had not had a perfect visualization of her new condition, not since before her belly had taken on such a distended, dome shape, even before then, when her ass, which now forced its way out six feet backwards, had still been on the verge of believability.

Ending the video, realizing the size she was witnessing in the recording was her in that moment, her eyes lingered on the screen, before her eyes slowly turned upwards to Eric's, glinting wetly in the light, as the hand containing her "medicine" came up to dab away a few unwitting tears. Not one to ever remain negative for long, Amber's momentarily somber expression changed to one that could best be described as delightfully hopeful, for a future that involved her, her new endowments, and an apparently very eager significant other. As the corners of her lips lifted upwards, so too did her form, apparently, which came as news to the two, too focused previously on the video, and not the effects of the girl's most recent series of hiccups. Groaning, Amber looked down, expecting to see her growing midsection, but she was instead met with the sight of her massively bloated cleavage blocking her view downwards, still unused to her "condition". From Eric's angle, he watched the familiar sight of the girl's spherical dome stomach distend, again, past five, then six, then seven feet, as it's noise parroted back the sound emitted by it's barer. As Amber felt her whole form begin to become painfully tight over its entirety, Eric watched her belly begin to quiver, surging out inches at a time, only to press back in the same amount, no longer pushing out any further. With each bounce, inches of the mass forced its way upwards into the four foot wide breasts, which, along with their companion below, began to quiver, unable to be forced out any more.

Each bounce upon her bloated belly created an equally painful, equally pleasurable wave to surge from the impact spot, through every added square inch of Amber's new physique. Meeting resistance, still, from top and bottom, the up and down, well oiled machine-like piston that was her now four foot wide dome belly, which was losing size as the warm expanding mass was crammed ever, ever

more tightly into the places it had previously missed. The ass that Amber already thought had reached its maximum, a titanic shelf that Eric, in his full height could lay on as if it were a mattress, proved its dedication to Eric's gift in its final moments of growth, forcing its way a further foot and a half backwards, ever jiggling as it reached its concluding fullness. Forcing much of her weight backwards with the surging growth, Eric watched his uncoordinated girlfriend bounce backwards against the couch behind her, her hips extending a foot in each direction past the twelve foot wide couch as the tight flesh squeaked with the mounting pressure, reaching their finality. Above, higher up beneath still swelling nipples whose areola beneath, now, had to reach the size of dinner plates to be in size relation to the breasts beneath, the soft, still plush feeling of Amber's chest tried as it burgeoned outwards, mirroring the sound emanating from lower on her form. Squeezing her palms tightly together, the existence of the pink and white tube was brought back to her attention, and in a desperate attempt to learn what this product claimed to be, she brought it up to her eyes, reading through it not quite as quickly as her partner, had, getting distracted by her hand which was idly groping her form.

HiccUP!

*"Brought to you by Briar's Burgeoning Boutique, an exotic blend of Briar's brilliant brew of botanicals! Starring a particularly secret brand of Puffball Mushroom as its exclusive ingredient, be amazed as your body absolutely blooms in the blink of an eye - or should I say, with a HiccUP! thanks to the newly discovered and integrated properties of Amanita Diaphragmus! Experience the size you were born to be when it's perfectly convenient for you, because HiccUP! **ups** your quality of life over a week - it's perfect for vacations, weddings, beach trips, or avenues for your undisclosed needs!"*

Cocking her head slightly, as she read the bizarre labeling, Amber continued twisting the tube, reaching the point that had gone unnoticed, previously, by Eric's too panicked eyes. Upon her gaze following, further and further, down the small, floral font on the capsule, a look of grim understanding appeared on the girl's face.

The more you talk, the more you hiccup, and the more your hiccup, the more you grow! Reached your perfect size, and wanna stop? Just don't say a word for a single minute, and let that perfectly normal warmth cool itself off. Tada! Your new self is here to stay!

*Recommended Dosage: 1 milliliter/100 pounds of body weight, mixed with water, ingested orally. After ingestion of this product, do **not** take additional product after initial consumption.*

***WARNING:** Do not ingest any fluid other than water prior to using HiccUP! Fluids high in acidity or alcohol act as catalysts and binders, so avoid these fluids 8 hours prior to taking this product.*

Contents: 10mL / 0.338 fluid ounces

Dropping the tube on the floor in front of her, it rolling down the immense slope of her four foot orbs, dangling atop an equally sized stretched core, no longer forcing its mass into her form, Amber opened her mouth, before closing it momentarily, upon her realization of what the tube said. Waving in front of Eric's eyes, an Amber who was now markedly more energetic in her actions tried to mime something at him. Realizing that, within the minute of her not talking, her form would more than likely maintain that shape for, at the very least, the next week, Amber's mind relapsed to the sights she saw on Eric's recording of her, of her immensely huge tree trunks thighs, her now over fourteen foot wide mammoth hindquarters engulfing their couch, her breasts both engorged to twin, five foot spheres... While those, she felt she could deal with, her bloated midsection, she struggled with the thought of keeping that forever. Gesturing at her yoga ball belly, Amber feigned a pressing motion, as if she was intending for him to force her gut back in. Second by second passed, and Amber's form maintained it's current size, now untriggered from the girl's almost neverending talking that seemed to be unable to stopped, but with every second that Eric stood there, seemingly not understanding her intentions, or her new silence, the girl blushed redder in the face.

Feeling the heat that was once oh so present all through her curves beginning to cool off into shape, Amber's forehead began to lightly perspire, as she noticed a

subtle grin on the corners of Eric's lips. About to open her mouth to question his actions, the girl's eyes alit in alarm as her hands reached over her lips, sealing them before so much as a peep could escape their shapely domain. With an increased vigor, she began pressing against her own middle, feeling small amounts of the density begin to shift through her form, high and low. Walking up to the helpless form of his excessively swollen lover, Eric rescinded his devilish expression, putting on an expression of care, now, as he decided that the least he could do for his girlfriend, who had endured a massive rollercoaster of conflicting emotions and feelings up until this point, was help her adjust herself, to give her some semblance of control and autonomy in this contrived situation... even if her lovely bloated midsection was, admittedly, a turn on of his. Leaning back as far as she could on the couch, leaning more back upon her own rear than anything, Amber forced her slowly cooling midsection forwards and against Eric's flattened, joined together palms. With an intentional force, at first, to help with the girl's wishes, Eric pressed deeply into the girl's stomach, which accepted his push quite far in, his expression revealing his surprise at how much force it was taking him to feel any shifting, what with the cooling temperature of her before throbbing hot temperature.

Above, Amber groaned, as she felt the ebbing flow of mass begin to lower and move away from her center, while her boyfriend seemingly favoring pressing downwards, causing the girl's expression to change to one of surprised "*Are you serious? My ass is already the size of a car, and you **still** you want it bigger?*" Rationalizing that her weight's new relocation was better than where it was, and that a little more girth down there, at this point, was almost inconsequential with all things considered, Amber looked as the weight piled onto her thighs, "*Taking a bullet for the team,*" she thought, grinning good humoredly, now, as she felt the familiar fight for space occupying her lower form. The newest reallocations of her weight, while massive in actual quantity, seemed almost comparatively miniscule when the area it was being piled upon was already many times beyond its scale. Managing to reduce her belly back from it's previous beach ball and beyond size, despite the final increases to her ever pleading for respite proportions, to a woman who looked to be pregnant with twins, maybe triplets, Amber sighed aloud, upon the realization that she was, for the first time in the past hour, not surging with heat. The subcutaneous layer of her outer form, whose texture during her growth was more akin to a slightly more viscous and less restrained poundage, now cooled

into a texture that Amber had never had the opportunity to fully embrace, due to her previously slim physique.

As Amber felt herself acclimatized, now, to the room's temperature once more, a blank look crossed the girl's face as she looked down at the "damage", which, with every passing second, seemed to become the girl's new normal. With a final *craaack!* sound, the previously strained, bowed fabric-wrapped wooden armrests of the plush couch forcefully snapped outwards, as the weight relocated from her middle became the straw that broke the camel's back. Over the course of the past hour, the increase in the girl's new bountiful assets over time had made her already quickly adaptable self adjust to this new form of hers, and now, as she sat multiple feet off the surface of the broken couch, which now acted almost like a podium to display an award winner, Amber's neutral expression changed to one of welcoming acceptance, as a tooth white smile gleamed in the last remaining bits of sunlight drifting through the blinds. Reinvigorated, now that this new chapter was just beginning in her life, Eric came over and sank one hand deep into her expanded, soft truck-sized rear, as he tried to crane himself upwards to peck his girlfriend on the cheek. "I know I kind of, you know... fucked up? I think that I, I mean, we, technically... broke *every* recommended suggestion on that tube. And, if I'm being honest, I'm kind of glad, because Amber... *goddamn*, do you look good."

Cradling her monumental, wrecking ball like breasts in front of her, dangling from her neckline like two beautiful, full pearls, a blushing red color reappeared at the girl's cheeks, and as she opened her mouth to speak, worriedly opening and closing her mouth twice before doing so, she settled into a cocked, mischievous, playfully arguing smile, as a stream of consciousness poured out from the mouth of the bouncing form of the redhead, "What do you mean, we? I didn't know what I was doing! Well, I did drink a *whole* bottle of wine, so I'm honestly surprised I'm not more tipsy... I think I can talk normally again, though! Which, honestly, is kind of a relief, because oh my goodness, is being interrupted the absolute worst thing! I'm just really glad that I can talk norma-..." In a sudden moment, a chill shot down Amber's spine. From deep within her, she felt an all too familiar sensation begin to move throughout her. With her eyes widening once again, Amber brought her quivering hands up, with her fingers intertwined together over the cavity of her mouth, which produced a sound that broke through the momentary silence...

Hiii-cump!