

BIG NIGHT OUT

"I can't believe you insisted we get here so early..." Rachelle's monotone voice complained in the dark of night. Her and Lydia had made their way downtown, all the way to the music venue across from the local brewery. They stood there in line, gradually making their way to the doors.

"You KNOW they're one of my faves, Shelly..." Lydia responded, her big brown eyes pouting and shredding right through Rachelle's own emotional armor. She sighed, blushing a little as they began to move forward towards the metal detectors, blinking green and red lights guiding them through the bitter cold of the night. They shivered as they passed through the gates, purses plopping onto plastic tubs that circumvented the passageway. They grabbed their belongings and proceeded onwards, pushing through the already forming crowd as they climbed the stairwell. The building was a bright brick red color across the walls, with black painted cement guiding them to the main room. Their tickets checked, a stamp rolled across their wrists, the two women descended towards the pit, the stage containing instruments that sound techs and roadies were testing, giving a few taps on the drum, as well as a few generic riffs on the guitar and bass. Music faintly played in the background as people mulled around and conversed. Rachelle and Lydia kept to themselves, grabbing a couple beers from the bar before casually standing in the pit.

"You know who's opening?" Lydia asked. Rachelle made a face and shrugged, taking a sip of her beer.

"Hopefully someone good." She stated flatly. Lydia chuckled, looking around the room at all the people as they gradually filled the building.

"They say its sold out tonight." Lydia mentioned, still scanning the room, the lighting sweeping from red, to purple, to green, and back, the transitions slow and gradual between all the shades. Rachelle merely nodded at Lydia's statement as she got close, taking hold of her hand. She was feeling a bit of anxiety, what with all the people crowding into the place, and Lydia could sense her edge. Merely smiling and holding her hand a little harder, Lydia tried to assure her partner as best she could. "Doing ok?"

Rachelle looked up from the floor and into her lover's eyes. They had been on a couple dates before this, but this was definitely...the most public place Rachelle had been to in a while. She wasn't a social person, by any means. And Lydia wasn't necessarily some big party girl...she just enjoyed her concerts every once in a while. In fact, that's what Rachelle really enjoyed about Lydia – she pulled her out of her comfort zone, but not every five minutes. At a pace that really helped.

There was soon cheers as the lights began to dim, Lydia and Rachelle pushing their way towards the front of the stage, only to get gradually pushed back by several groups of connected friends. It was as if two separate ponds filled together, flooding Rachelle and Lydia out a bit. But they still had a relatively good sight at the act that walked out: one man, in a glittering gold suit, approached a platform with what looked to be different electronics and devices strapped to it. People cheered as he walked out, giving a few whoops and hollers as he mugged for the audience, slowly stepping over to the platform before flipping something on. A slow tune played; what sounded like a drunken waltz played in a 90s elevator emitted from the speakers. Lydia chuckled at the sound of his voice as the man, slicked back hair and all, began to sing as if they were in a lounge in Las Vegas. Rachelle couldn't help but join her.

"Just who is this guy, anyways?" Rachelle asked after the first minute ended, the man working the audience a bit before moving on.

“How are we all feeling tonight, ladies and gentlemen?” He asked, with scattered cheers and applause as response. “All right, good. Good. Y'know, I've been playing down in this part of town for a few years now, and...” He went on his spiel, going on for a bit about how long he had played with the headliner, which got a few cheers from the audience, before he swang into a much more upbeat, almost techno sounding song. Rachelle and Lydia danced, enjoying the groove that he had set. As Rachelle danced around, she couldn't help but notice someone close by her: she was a tiny little thing, struggling to see above some of the taller people in front of her. She was pale as a sheet, with long, dark hair and dark makeup. Rachelle immediately liked her style, looking at her a few times as she danced about, occasionally grabbing the arm of a man next to her – he was tall, lanky, with a red flannel and ripped up jeans. He seemed to be enjoying himself as well, laughing at the preposterous sight of the opening act. Rachelle faced front again, grabbing Lydia's arm as they swayed side to side to a different, much more chill song that the entertainer had began.

The shorter girl continued to struggle, jumping side to side to see the front. Rachelle found this absolutely adorable, and noticed a gap where she was standing. She caught the shorter girl's attention, and gestured towards the emptier space, which had a gap between all the taller heads. The shorter girl hesitated, but was eventually given a light shove from the tall man beside her in encouragement.

Time went on, and eventually, the opener left. This gave everyone an opportunity to hit the bar. As they did so, the couple happened to bump into the pair that Rachelle had spotted earlier. They stood in line at the bar together, watching as frantic bartenders directed people to different registers and quickly asked for orders from people who, for some reason, could not get words out of their mouths. The man stood in front of Rachelle, who had Lydia next to her, with the short cutie in front of him. He looked back, looking down at the floor, his eyebrows raising in signal that he had noticed something.

“I like your boots!” He pointed out boldly, pointing to Rachelle's white leather boots. They extended upwards to about mid-calf, with a very minimal design. She thought it worked well with her tight black tube dress, the excessive and borderline gaudy bangles and bracelets meant to top the look off. She smiled at the compliment and nodded.

“Thanks.” She replied rather meekly, the man barely able to make out her response from the noise of all the chatter around them.

“How about that opener, huh? What a character.” Lydia giggled at his charisma and nodded.

“I know right? I think I saw something a video with him online but he's better in person, honestly.” Lydia chimed in.

“Yeah? That's neat.” The man replied genuinely, smile and all. The gesture made Lydia and Rachelle both blush. There was something about this guy that was very flirty...but also somewhat...unassuming? “Ya'll from around here, by the way?” The man asked, keeping the conversation going. Neither of them minded, however. The short girl around his arm had now turned to them, but she still hadn't spoken a word.

“Kinda, we're...a little bit out of town, over in Kirkwood?”

“Ahh, ok, that's a bit of a drive. Not bad though. We're over from Glenndale, so we got a hotel for the evening. Less hassle, y'know?” Rachelle huffed.

"I wanted to get a hotel, but..." The dark haired woman muttered. Lydia waved at her passively.

"Ohhhh, we're FINE. I'm driving us home anyways, silly!"

The two had soon grabbed their drinks and made their way back over to the pit.

"I've heard this band gets the crowd a bit...rowdy. So uh...watch yourselves in there, ok?" The man insisted. "What was ya'lls names again? I don't think we got them?" He asked as they stood, still awaiting the main show.

"Uh...I'm Rachelle."

"Lydia!"

"Well good meeting ya! My name's Thom, and this sexy thing here is Nikki-"

"Stoooooop..." The short brunette finally spoke, pale cheeks going pink as Thom chuckled at his compliment.

"Ya'll have fun, ok? Maybe we'll bump into each other later." He gave them one last smile before pushing into the crowd, the cheers coming as the main act finally approached the stage. And within minutes, the show started, drums pounding and bass swelling; bodies began to push forward and back, side to side, up and down with each passing song. Lydia lost her footing a moment, getting caught up in a whirlwind of bodies that began to thrash and convulse and shove around – before feeling a hand yank her suddenly backwards, saving her from the circle of humans that began thrusting and slamming into each other. Looking back, she saw Thom, a smile on his face. She couldn't hear him, but she saw him mouth 'you're gonna be ok!' before she was brought back into the chaos.

Rachelle, meanwhile, had a different perspective; she had enough distance away from Lydia to still see her, but a few bodies still squeezed between here and there. In between songs, she spotted the tall Thom standing nearby, his eyes seemingly transfixed at Lydia's backside...

And Rachelle couldn't blame him. Lydia was an absolute pear – something Rachelle absolutely adored about her was all the junk she packed into the tight grey skinny jeans that she wore for the show. Rachelle smirked, unable to be proud of snagging a girl that could pull people's eyes away from a concert like this.

It went on for over an hour, slower breaks in between, before the show finally came to a close. Everyone was hot, sweaty, and exhausted. But the buzz in the air – the thrill that stuck around as the people made their way to the exits, chattering and giggling with joy at the opportunity to have such an experience. Lydia excitedly talked Rachelle's ear off.

"I can't believe we got to see that one live, I never thought they'd EVER do that one live again, not after-" They had stepped out into the cold and towards the sidewalk. Rachelle had her phone out, about to call a ride. That is, until they heard a voice from the nearby corner.

"Hey! Hey you two!" It was a familiar voice, now much clearer without the drowning of a cacophony of other noises. Thom and Nikki, his arm wrapped tightly around her shoulder, were at the corner,

Thom's long arm beckoning them to meet them. Rachelle looked over at Lydia, the two shrugging before making their way over to the couple.

"I thought we'd be able to see ya'll! Wasn't that big of a venue in there after all." Thom said with a grin. "How nuts was that?!"

"I know! I got to see Eric in person, that was just...crazy!" They gushed for a few moments, Nikki and Rachelle staying relatively quiet throughout the conversation.

"Hey, uh...so we're going to go crash at our hotel, and...well me and Nikki were talking..." Lydia and Rachelle side eyed each other, now feeling a bit nervous about all of this. "I know its weird and all, but ya'll said you wanted to get one and we got us a pretty nice one. And we were just gonna like...vibe and pass out, but I dunno...ya'll seem chill. We just wanted to invite you, if you're interested." Rachelle and Lydia paused for a moment. "...but if not, its totally fine, we just wanted to extend an invitation-"

"Actually, yeah!" Lydia blurted out. Maybe it was the alcohol in her system making her a little crazy (and a little horny), but something about this felt somewhat...exciting. She eyed Rachelle, who, while her cat eye-shaped irises seemed skeptical, Lydia could tell that Rachelle wasn't TOTALLY against it, her eyes still checking out Nikki every so often.

"Sweet! Uh...yeah, let's just...head over. Hotel is just down the street." And with that, all four of them began to walk down the downtown strip, bitter cold now a relief to their warm and tired bodies.

"We don't usually do this kinda stuff...what with...y'know everything that went down the past couple years and such..."

"Yeah, that...was a weird one, wasn't it?" Lydia mused as they headed down a few blocks, the hotel already in view.

"Nikki here caught it herself, actually..." Lydia and Rachelle both raised their eyebrows at this. "It was luckily pretty mild compared to the...extreme cases that were around. And by the time she caught it there were a lot of suppressors out there." The discussion was gradually turning Nikki's cheeks pink.

"Was it...did it hurt...?" Lydia asked, unaware of Nikki's embarrassment. Nikki opened her mouth, no sound coming out at first, before reaching down to her chest and frowning.

"No." It was a quick, final response, Lydia deciding to take that as a hint and not poke any more discussion on the topic. Luckily, they had arrived at the hotel – it seemed posh, but not extravagant. The interior was minimal – deep greys, blacks and bright whites, with several chandeliers made of crystal lining the ceiling before it gradually bled to round LED lights that arched down a hallway, decorated with art from a local artist. All the pieces were abstract and seemed to just be colors on a canvas. The hall led to an elevator, which promptly arrived and took all four of them to the fourth floor. The door opened, the group heading down a short hall and into the private room.

The bedroom was spacious. Clean and barren, outside of a few lights, an end table, a king sized bed and a desk with a TV. The windows overlooked the building next door, and the blinds were mostly shut. The bathroom seemed to have quite a bit of unnecessary space as well. All four of them dropped their stuff near the front, Thom stripping off his coat, then his flannel. Nikki removed her own coat, which revealed something to both Rachelle and Lydia: a tight grey shirt that prominently displayed her

massive breasts, a deep cut letting cleavage spill out. They looked to be at least Dds, but could easily be bigger as they rivaled the size of her head in size. Rachelle and Lydia said nothing, eyes trying to desperately stay away from the sight.

“You like 'em as much as we do, don't you?” Thom ribbed, cleaning things up around the room, but noticing Lydia and Rachelle's reaction regardless. The two immediately back pedaled, Rachelle especially feeling herself go red at the sight of the petite babe's bust. “Don't be shy. Its ok to like 'em big. GOD knows I do.” Thom and Nikki both chuckled at this, and Lydia couldn't help but join them.

“Y-yeah...I mean, Rachelle has always had a...a 'type'...” Rachelle's mouth gaped as she elbowed Lydia gently.

“Ooooh, a 'type', you say? Do tell.” Thom asked, leaning on the dresser behind him. “Is it big titties? Please tell me its big titties.” Rachelle hit peak pink.

“I...I should go-”

“Nooo, nonono, c'mon Rachelle, we're just...we're having fun! We're just gonna chill for a bit then leave, ok?” She looked over at Thom, who merely gave a thumbs up.

“Ya'll can leave anytime, we're just here to hang out, smoke a little, then pass out. The more the merrier though, right? And at the very least ya'll know good music...” Thom turned on a bluetooth speaker nearby, connecting his phone and playing some music similar to what had played at the show. Lydia's face lit up. “You know Soft Kill too?!” Thom merely grinned, the two of them going back into deep discussions about music. Once again, it was Lydia and Thom doing a majority of the chatting, as Rachelle and Nikki merely sat there, exchanging glances at one another silently, occasionally laughing or nodding at what either of the other, more chatty members of the group, had to say.

Drinks came from the mini fridge, all four of them obliging as they sipped a few and chattered more about music. Rachelle, after a moment, found herself staring at Nikki again – her breasts were just...too perfect. Too round. Her nipples were starting to poke through a bit, their forms heaving and struggling against the shirt after every breath...every laugh brought ripples across her pale cleavage...that plague that went around, it was intense. It had caused women's tits to grow into sizes once thought impossible through natural human means. The only downside, aside from the involuntary nature of the disease, is that many cases of the disease were very...different. It was unpredictable, which meant some cases where women experienced growth spurts that lasted weeks, or never ended at all. Lydia even had a few friends who experienced no breast growth at all after diagnosing positive, but could've sworn their jeans fit tighter and tighter every day until it finally occurred to them that they had caught a mutation of the other virus.

In time, over a few years, they had contained it and gotten it under control. Rachelle and Lydia had both gotten lucky and stayed safe enough to avoid it. Eyes glassy, Rachelle thought of all of this whilst absentmindedly staring at the perfectly round orbs of flesh that seemed to be chiseled oh so perfectly...

“Hey Rachelle.” Thom's voice broke her trance as she looked immediately over at him. He had a large grin on his face. A mischievous one. “I was thinking...if its ok with you, dear...the uh...” Thom looked at Nikki. She quickly looked over at him, then back at Rachelle and Lydia, before standing and joining him, arm snaking around his as she whispered in his ear. Thom nodded, whispering back, before they separated.

“What? What's up?” Lydia asked, Rachelle shifting in place nervously. Thom looked to the side for a moment before continuing, maintaining alternating eye contact with the two of them.

“So...Nikki and I, we...well, we've been kinda...searching around for a couple who might be...I dunno, interested in trying something kind of fun.”

“What...kind of fun?”

“Is it sex? Cuz-” Rachelle began, before being cut off.

“Rachelle!” Lydia gasped. Thom immediately gave a dismissive wave.

“No! Well...not...not technically. Kinda. Ok, a little, but...not traditionally-”

“Thom. Honey.” Nikki stated flatly, helping Thom regain his composure.

“Lemme explain, here...” He opened a drawer, pulling out a plastic bottle that rattled as he set it down. “So...I have a friend who works in pharma. Big ego on the dude, he actually decided to give me some of these...” He rattled the bottle, quite a few pills shaking about within. “...they made them a little after that big plague went around, the one Nikki caught. They say it actually mimics the effects of it, but without the...y'know all the negative shit that came with it.”

“So it...just grows you, then?” Lydia asked, clutching her stomach. Something about all this felt very...wrong. Scary. But...exciting.

“Right, so...Nikki and I thought of...well I'm sure you can piece it together from here.”

“You wanted to try these...growing pills on strangers you met at a concert?”

“Well, ok, not THAT specific.” Thom chuckled. “We just travel a lot and...well, we were waiting for a good opportunity...and I could tell Nikki thought you were both hot...and I thought you were both hot, so...” He trailed off, shrugging.

“So...this isn't the first time you've tried this, then?” Lydia asked. Both Nikki and Thom shook their heads.

“I mean...this is the furthest we usually get, if I'm being totally honest.” Thom replied, shrugging his shoulders. “I totally understand if you wanna just leave, we really...just thought it'd be a good time, was all.”

“Well, I mean...are they safe? Is it like...permanent, or...?”

“Nah. As far as we can tell, and this is...after Nikki tested a couple...they're totally safe and temporary.” The two other ladies looked to Nikki, who merely nodded in assurance.

“...how big does it make you?” Lydia asked, to Rachelle's surprise.

“It really depends. Every time Nikki's taken it, it seems to be different, but slightly more intense.”

“Intense...how?”

“Like...it'll make you really horny.” Nikki replied, looking at the floor. “And every time I take it just makes me...bigger and...hornier.”

“Shit that's like...the opposite of how drugs usually work.” Lydia muttered, which got a laugh out of Thom.

“Really though!” Thom held the bottle out, looking at the two expectantly. “...now I'm just gonna leave this on the dresser and if you two wanna mess with them...you can.” He set the bottle down and walked away from it. “I personally think this is a once in a lifetime opportunity for all of us. But...if you wanna just keep chilling and leave in the morning, or now, or whatever, that's cool with us too. Alright?” Rachelle couldn't help but agree...but her nerves held her back from the bottle regardless. Even with the alcohol, there was still her obnoxious voice in her head, telling her something bad would come of all this. But Lydia...she had this familiar look in her eye that Rachelle was starting to recognize: desire for danger. Lydia liked the edge a lot, it was something Rachelle was beginning to learn. This was definitely new level that she had never experienced before.

“Now...Nikki and I are gonna slip into something more comfy real quick, so don't be TOO shocked when we come back out, ok?” Thom stated with a wink. They then headed to the massive bathroom on their own and shut the door, leaving Rachelle and Lydia with the music lowly humming from Thom's speaker.

The two looked at each other, then the bottle, Lydia lifting it and reading the side.

“Doesn't say you can't take it with alcohol, so that's nice...”

“Any side effects?” Rachelle asked. Lydia squinted, then shrugged.

“Just says to take no more than one every 24 hours. Growth may vary from person to person. Some may experience...nausea, bloating...nothing that scary though.” Rachelle planted her hand on the top and removed it.

“R-really? You...wanna do this hun?” Rachelle asked, still nervous about the whole ordeal.

“C'mon, Rachel. I know you think that short chick is hot. And...I mean, she is...” They both giggled, Rachelle once again turning pink, still staring at the bottle as Lydia took out one of the blue pills, oblong in shape and the size of an average multivitamin. “And a foursome...I've never done that, have you?” Rachelle blushed harder and shook her head, Lydia sliding her hand into hers and dropping a pill into it. “You wanted to take some...new steps, right? That's what you were telling me last week at Tanya's...” Rachelle avoided eye contact at first, but eventually looked into Lydia's big, beautiful blue eyes. It soothed her. “I'll be with you the whole time, babe. So...?” Rachelle stared into her lover's eyes for one more moment before lifting her hand to her mouth, popping the pill in and swallowing, and taking a swig of the water bottle nearby. Lydia did the same, and they giggled for a moment, holding each other's hands. “...I can't believe we did that! Took some drugs from some strangers in a hotel...this is...”

“Definitely not the night I expected...” Rachelle admitted, already staring down at her chest, inspecting

for any differences. "...how long do you think it takes before-"

The bathroom door suddenly swung open, the couple emerging from it. Thom had stripped down – shirtless, showing off his thin physique – not a shred of muscle tone, outside of what was in his long legs. Next to him, however, was what caught both Lydia and Rachele's attention:

Nikki had changed into comfier attire. She now stood there, completely naked outside of a tight pair of silk black panties and an intricate lace bra that her cleavage was absolutely spilling out of. Their eyes nearly bulged out of their heads as she slowly sauntered past them over to the bed – revealing her backside which, much to both of their surprise, offered quite a bit of perky cheek despite her small shape. The sight made them both go warm – but the feeling that accompanied it was alien to them both. An odd heat became more and more prominent within both of their chests as they continued to ogle Nikki.

"Ooh, I forgot to mention something...kinda important." Thom remarked casually as he made his way over to the bed as well. "If you get horny too soon after taking those pills, it can kiiiiinda cause them to go into overdrive. I noticed that once when we took these mid sex." He gave Nikki a wink and a slap on her backside as she turned to sit on the bed. "You could barely get out of bed, couldn't you?" Nikki only blushed as she sat down. Rachele and Lydia heard these words, but couldn't take their eyes off of Nikki. It was then that they noticed that Thom had grabbed the bottle – likely when they were distracted by Nikki walking by. He pulled out a pill and gently placed it on Nikki's tongue, the petite goth accepting it and dry swallowing, rubbing her breasts down as if to quicken the effects.

Rachele and Lydia merely gawked as their clothes began to feel tighter – Rachele's tube dress was starting to drag upwards on its own, feeling the fabric rub across her thighs and across flesh that was once not there. Finally looking down at herself, she noticed that she had breasts now – not very large, but that was definitely changing by the second.

"Oh wow...they...they work." Rachele muttered. Lydia had taken notice as well, her blouse getting tighter and making stretching noises around the arms. The two stood there, awkwardly staring down at their growing breasts, Thom and Nikki merely grinning at each other before Nikki stood back up, Thom whispering something in her ear before she sauntered over to Rachele, whose eyes were still glued to her swelling chest.

"Wh...when you say 'overdrive'...what exactly...are you saying?" Rachele asked, looking up from her chest for a moment and being greeted by Nikki's own pair wobbling uncontrollably as she slowly stepped towards her. Taking the taller woman by the hand, she gently guided her a few steps towards the bed. Lydia paid little mind, eyes still glued to her blouse as buttons began to strain to stay together.

"Ah, so..." Thom spoke, moving over to a chair near the bed, giving Nikki space to pull Rachele onto it with her. "The way these pills usually work is a little unpredictable...so its not gonna effect you two the same. And the pills usually start to make you horny, and when the horniness kicks in, that's when the growth usually starts..." Nikki boldly reached up to the top of Rachele's dress, which was starting to stretch, and pulled it down gently, slowly revealing the budding cleavage Rachele was now sporting. Rachele only blushed, mouth slightly agape as she sat frozen on her knees in the bed. "But see, if you're ALREADY horny, then the growth kicks in earlier than it usually does...I think. We're still experimenting with these a little." He finished with a wink.

Trying to respond, Rachele choked out a sound, before being cut off by Nikki. Her eyes stared at her

from below, the shorter woman crouching under Rachelle as she knelt on the bed, eyes stuck on her breasts as they continued to push out further away from her, their pace seeming to speed up over time. There was an innate worry Rachelle felt about all this, a pit forming in her stomach; this pit soon felt a warm relief as Nikki took Rachelle's hand and planted it firmly on one of her breasts. Nikki returned the favor, placing a hand on the taller woman's swelling bosom. Rachelle yelped as her tits suddenly pushed out, inches pouring in within seconds before it went back to its old pace.

"Oh my God!" Rachelle shouted, hand still gripping Nikki's breast as she felt it moving under her fingers. Her growth had also started, and it seemed to be going rather quickly. Already her breasts were greatly outgrowing Rachelle's hands (although admittedly, that wasn't a very difficult task). Rachelle's own chest, her growth starting earlier and getting faster and faster, were already starting to catch up to Nikki's original size. Rachelle could feel her head spinning. She pulled back away from Nikki, trying to catch her breath.

"Its...its too much!" Rachelle shouted, watching as her breasts conquered further outwards and downwards, their bottoms starting to get dangerously close to her belly button, dangling threateningly above her lap as she sat there.

"You are growing...pretty fast..." Thom glanced over at Nikki, who merely glanced back. Lydia quickly stepped over to Lydia, the last buttons on her top finally giving and flying across the floor of the hotel. Her own chest was about as big as her head, her pace not quite as fast as the overstimulated Rachelle.

"Rachelle...honey..." Lydia put a gentle hand on her back and spoke soothingly. "We can leave, baby...its ok..." Rachelle looked over her shoulder and at Lydia. Something about her presence...her face, her eyes...it always seemed to take her from the darkest places and remind her of the good things. She looked back over at Nikki, her tits now getting as big as watermelons and still swelling. Something, whatever it may be, switched in her. Knowing Lydia was there, knowing that this was all temporary...all a dream...

Rachelle crawled across the bed, tits dangling above its surface, nipples hanging just inches above it...then gradually starting to graze the cotton sheets more...and more...as she finally got to Nikki and planted her lips on hers. Taken off guard, Nikki felt herself pushed back at first, but was suddenly pushed forwards as her tits shot out like cannonballs, inches piling on in seconds as she wrapped her arms around Rachelle's neck. Lydia finally started to take her pants off, a wide, horny smile on her face. As she did so, she found it a bit more difficult than usual to pull them off...

Lydia knew her butt. She always had a larger sized one growing up, and when she met an old ex obsessed about fitness, she taught her about diet and squats. And that big butt she had before, well, it stayed big. And got bigger. After a year or two of careful chiseling, her hip-to-cheek ratio was something to be admired. So Lydia was very familiar with her butt.

And that's why, when she looked back after taking off her skinny jeans, she knew for a fact that it was bigger than when she had walked into this hotel room.

"Umm...Th-Thom...?" Thom slowly turned his head from the scene unfolding before him, eyes almost glued to the two busty women making out and fondling one another, only to see a nervous-looking Lydia, fingers poking together with a cute pink hue across her face.

"Yes, Lydia?" Thom asked softly.

“Does uh...do those pills...” She swallowed nervously, reaching back and rubbing her backside. “...do they...can they grow...other things?” Thom grinned.

“Nikki's butt has grown on a couple occasions, yes. That's all I've seen outside of...” He jerked his head to the bed, Rachelle and Lydia now getting more deeply entwined. Tongues twisted, fingers across every square inch of tit that continued to seep forward, their bare titflesh touching and squeezing against each other as they continued to swell bigger and bigger.

“...is...i-is mine?” Lydia asked meekly. Thom chuckled.

“I dunno, hun. I can't see it.” Lydia paused for a moment, then slowly turned 180 degrees, showing her panty-clad ass off to Thom. A few moments passed before she finally heard a “...wow. Yeah, that...damn, Lydia...”

“What?!” Lydia turned back around, feeling her panties start to pinch her hips.

“Nothing, its just...I was kinda secretly hoping for that.” Lydia felt herself go deep red, looking over as she noticed the silhouette of his cock as it became more prominent. Nikki pulled her head away from Rachelle first, looking over at Lydia and grinning. She leaned back over to Rachelle and whispered in her ear:

“Hey...I thought this was gonna be a...y'know...” Her whispering voice was deep and seductive, sending more chills up Rachelle's spine and causing her tits to surge down into the surface of the bed. Rachelle nodded her head rapidly, turning to face Lydia. They both looked at her, tits as big as beachballs, and called her name in unison.

“Lydia!” She looked over, shocked to hear her name in her mid-crisis, tits still ballooning at a much slower pace than her horny partners. As she looked over, she couldn't help but gape at how massive they had both become. They sat there, side by side, both with one of their hands outreached and sliding their palms across its surface. “Get over here, Lydia...have some fun!” Rachelle teased.

The very sight and sound of it all made time freeze for a moment in Lydia's mind. Within that frozen moment, however, her body reacted with a whiplash unlike any of the women in the room had experienced. As if an airbag went off in both sides of her body, her tits multiplied in size, upgrading from their head size to nearly as big as her torso. Beyond that, however, was the loud snapping noise her panties made when they snapped off her ballooning backside, the useless article flying across the room and hitting the blinds. Lydia squeaked, her ass and tits almost identical in size, with her ass beating her tits out by just a little. Like always.

Gathering herself, Lydia slowly sauntered her way over to them, feeling everything wobbling and jiggling, an experience she had no time to adjust to before she awkwardly slipped onto the bed, the two women helping her graciously as they pulled her inward. Laying on her back, Lydia felt two pairs of breasts squeeze against her own as two faces came down, Nikki's lips planting on her neck and eliciting a sigh from her before Rachelle's lips came to her own. Lydia brought her arms around them both the best she could, and within no time at all it became a blur of flesh, lips, heat, sweat, and moans.

Lydia eventually rolled over onto her bosom, wobbling back and forth and giggling cutely as two pairs of hands generously rubbed across what felt like endless squishy flesh.

“Your ass is like two mountains made of pillows, Lydia!” Rachelle exclaimed giddily. Lydia laughed before pulling Rachelle closer, the two making out as Nikki groped Lydia's other cheek, rubbing her tits across it as flesh swelled against flesh. The occasional sudden spurt would hit either woman, the growth seeming to slow down a little – but not before Rachelle's breath got heavy and deep. Lydia knew that sound well by now, taking her priority over to her lover and planting her lips on one of her nipples, graciously sucking on it. This took the taller brunette by surprise, a sudden gasp hitting her as her eyes rolled up into her head. The sight stirred something in Lydia as well, heat building up inside her as pleasure mounted up, her body trembling from all the stimulation.

Suddenly, Rachelle cried out loudly, her loud moans slowly winding down to cute mewls as she came hard. As she came, however, Lydia felt her head pushed back, letting go of Rachelle's nipple as she moved her head. Lydia had dodged the sudden bloating mass as Rachelle collapsed backwards, tits filling the area in front of her before abruptly stopping. The sight struck a nerve with Lydia, nearly pulling her out of her pleasure stupor, had it not been for Nikki nearby. Lydia looked at her as she moved, getting shoved off the bed by Rachelle's growth spurt. It was then that Lydia finally noticed that Nikki's ass was also bigger. Much bigger. No longer was there a petite but perky posterior; she was packing two basketballs now, her hips now at least a foot and a half wide.

Nikki looked back and noticed it, rubbing a palm against the extra mass. She also noticed that Lydia noticed, and a devilish smile crossed her face. Crawling back onto the bed and towards Lydia, who felt the growth starting to finally slow down, she made her way to the side of her massive tit and grabbed one of Lydia's hands. Lydia obliged, albeit nervously, as Nikki led her hand around the back of her torso and to her backside.

“Its ok, Lydia...” Nikki's husky voice reassured the pear-shaped girl, her butt now taking up a large portion of the king sized bed, albeit not as much as Rachelle's tits. Rachelle was in a complete stupor, a blissful ignorance filling her mind after coming down from the greatest orgasm she had ever had.

Meanwhile, Nikki continued to grind her tits against Lydia's, Lydia feeling her own body start to heat as the swell of an orgasm crept up on her.

“W..wait, Nikki, I...mmm...keep...doing that...” Lydia gave in, reaching her other arm back to Nikki's other impressive cheek and squeezing. Nikki hadn't expected this and leapt up. She felt her own body starting to heat up and opened her eyes wide in a panic. Unable to pull away, she could do nothing but succumb to the orgasm as Lydia did, their breasts reacting by trying to double their already impossible size.

“Ha...haaa...nnnHHAAA” In spite of her best efforts against it, Nikki orgasmed loudly, screaming out as her tits pushed her away from Lydia, who in turn felt her breasts spread out into the air and bury her legs and plush thighs. Nikki fell from the bed and landed on her ass, which had been spared from the sudden blast of expansion that left her tits as big as her body.

Thom sat there, enjoying the scene, stroking his cock to it all with a smile on his face. He came, collapsing back into the chair as all four lost their consciousness to the faint music coming from the speaker...

It seemed the growth had finally ceased, however. With the orgasms they had all experienced marking the end, night passed, Thom being the first to wake. He coughed a bit, standing from the spot and

stepping over to the bathroom. Turning off the music playing from his speaker, he took a quick shower before stepping back out to the main room. All three women were still passed out – Lydia resting on the pillows, flat on her back, snoring a little. Her breasts, just like the other two, had returned to more modest proportions. With a smile, Thom pocketed the bottle of pills, stepping over to the nearby table and writing something on the hotel notepad with a pen. Ripping the paper off and setting it in front of the TV, he stepped over to Nikki, who was passed out on the floor, and tapped gently on her shoulder. Her eyes flitted open and she slowly rotated her head to him.

“...hey baby.” She greeted him with a smile. He smiled back, giving her a gentle kiss.

“Hey baby. You were amazing last night, you know that?”

‘Yeahhh? Did you like the show?’ She asked, bringing her hands to his face and giggling. Thom gave her another kiss before bringing a finger up to his lips.

“They’re still sleeping.” He whispered. Nikki looked up over the side of the bed to see it for herself. She nodded.

“Should we go?” Thom nodded, gesturing over at the TV.

“I left my number if they need to call us.” He helped her stand as Nikki put on some clothes, not worrying about showering until she got home. All their stuff packed before they went to the concert, they were ready to bounce. Nikki looked down at her chest, noticing it muffining out of her tank top.

“Hmm. I think I retained again.”

“Yeah? You think its caused by orgasming, like we thought?”

“I think so, yeah...woah!” She looked back, noticing how tight her shorts were on her backside. “Damn, I haven’t had booty gains in a while...this is...a lot too...”

“Daaaaamn! Nice!” Thom silently celebrated as they exited the room and made their way down the hall, leaving Rachelle and Lydia to gently sleep.

It was finally a little before noon when they awoke. Rachelle stirred first, getting out from her curled up position at the foot of the bed and stretching out, before noticing something...significant, and it wasn’t just the deafening absence of music:

She had boobs. Big ones. Not nearly as big as last night, of course. But they were Dds, at least. Suddenly that wild dream from last night had bled into the real world, Rachelle’s panic already starting to hit the roof within the first five seconds of the day. It didn’t take Lydia long to stir from her slumber as well. Rubbing the sleep from her eyes and propping herself on her shoulders, she looked over at Rachelle and greeted her cutely.

“Morning, sunshine.” She said with a hazy smile. Rachelle wanted to love her lover right now, but the distraction of the additions on her chest was just far too great. And that distraction led to Lydia glancing down and noticing the volleyballs attached to her own front. “WOAH!” Her hands whipped up to them as she pushed herself back into the headboard, as if to escape the masses in front of her. ‘What the...how the...but...but they...they said...’

"I think...they either lied...or were clueless." Rachelle said with a huff, trying to give the couple the benefit of the doubt. She finally stood, feeling an alien weight pull her off balance before she adjusted and began wandering around the room, the strange sensation of tugging and pulling side to side, up and down, distracting her only slightly. "...aaaaand they're gone. Of course they are." Rachelle sighed before looking around the room, noticing a yellow note under the TV, she lifted it and read:

"Morning ya'll!

Call us if anything weird happens. Those pills are safe, but they can act kinda weird. If you retain anything, call this number:" The number seemed legitimate, its area code being familiar. "Don't panic! Nikki and I are always here for you if you need us :)"

Rachelle sighed, Thom's kind tone shining even through written word. She looked down at her tits, then over at Lydia, who was now pacing around the room and gathering her clothes.

"Shit, I don't have any underwear..." Lydia remarked, finding her old pair in tatters near the window. Remembering the other effects of last night, she quickly made her way over to the full length mirror in the bathroom and stood to the side, gasping at the sight.

"Ohhh...oh I didn't just keep some boob...hooooooly SHIT..." Rachelle rushed over, seeing her partner rubbing one cheek, It seemed like she had kept a good half a foot on each side, hips now as wide as her shoulders, cheeks now pronounced further than the back of her head. "Wow...I...am gonna need new pants...shit how am I gonna get out of this hotel, Rachelle?!"

Rachelle stood there, speechless at her partner's new hourglass figure. She felt her nipples perk up, boring through the black dress that now just barely covered her backside. As she stared, she felt her tits shift in her shirt. Looking down in a panic, she stared for a moment. They weren't growing...were they? A seed of doubt in Rachelle's mind, she took the note from the desk and grabbed her cell phone.

"We need help."

TO BE CONTINUED...