

ANOTHER BIG NIGHT

It was raining this morning at the cafe. A few blocks down from the hotel Thom and Nikki were staying at was a coffee shop the size of a closet – and those places always had the best coffee. At least, in Thom's experience. Nikki has always told him the best coffee she got was from a restaurant in southern California, but that was before they ever met.

“So we hang out for a few hours, then we head back?” Thom asked, taking an audible sip from his mocha. Nikki didn't respond at first, eyes transfixed on her mug as the creamer swirled in the cup ever-so-gently. The dim lighting and soft jazz playing made everything about the night before seem...muted. Much further in the past than she was used to. Everything except the half foot she had packed onto her backside. Thom could tell by her reaction that she was disconnected. He slowly held her hand, her head twitching a bit as she looked up at him.

“Hey. You doing alright?” Nikki hesitated, but nodded.

“I just...I dunno, do you...do you think we left too early?” Thom shrugged his shoulders back and forth in half-agreement.

“I mean...I think after a night of something like that...waking up with fewer people can be a bit...I dunno, it feels less stressful?”

“Sure, but...I mean, we don't even know if they're having side effects or...” She tried to keep her voice down, a worker passing their table, heading into the kitchen.

“Its why we're still in town, hun. Check out of that hotel is 3:00, which is kinda nuts when you think about it. I left my number, so-”

As if on cue, Thom's phone started buzzing. He looked down, then back to Nikki, who had a very 'told you so' flat expression to her face. He answered, the number not being in his phone directory.

“Hello?”

“Hey. Thom?” He recognized the voice.

“Heyyyy, Rachelle! How's your morning going-”

“Look, uh...I don't...I don't wanna be rude, but um-Lydia and I, we-well...” The conversation continued between Thom and Rachelle, Nikki merely watching as Thom stood and excused himself from the table and went to a more private location. Nikki sat there, sipping her coffee, and staring at her phone, scrolling through InstaChat, not really paying attention to the screen. It felt a bit odd, being a few inches higher up when sitting. She had already experienced this before, but it was much more...subtle compared to this. Her eyes darted around from her phone to the beige interior of the cafe until Thom eventually came back, an exhausted look on his face.

“Alright, so...” He exhaled, insisting Nikki follow him to the exit as they downed the last of their coffee and left some cash at the front desk. They hurried out, heading to Thom's silver sedan. “Apparently, they retained...a lot. Like, wayyyy more than you ever retained. And...I don't know if that's because they just...reacted different, or whatever, but its apparently so bad that Lydia has no pants or underwear

to put on and they don't have any spare clothes. So..." He shrugged in exasperation. "...this is why we stayed in town, though, so let's just..."

"Gooooood, I didn't know this would be so..."

"Well, y'know, its kinda on me for just...rushing us outta there before we even checked to see if they were ok. Lemme text Roy real quick..." Thom admitted as they pulled out of their parallel spot and got on the road, making their way over to the local Target store that was near the hotel.

Meanwhile, Rachelle paced the hotel in a fervor, Lydia merely staring at her exaggerated proportions in the mirror. Her backside, once plump and wide all on its own, had now been pumped up at least half a foot per hip, their width reaching as wide as her broad shoulders. And that wasn't even to mention her tits; what were once modest C-cups now appeared as big as her head.

Rachelle, it seemed, had gotten off a bit lucky. For one, her ass was completely the same, and her tits – while bigger, for sure – were a much more reasonable size, something that resembled more of a D cup. Regardless of this, in her much more sober and less horny state, Rachelle was practically in shambles, panicking on what to do in that moment, her girlfriend still without any clothes to wear.

"So what did he say?" Lydia asked, finally stepping away from the mirror.

"He said that...this kind of thing happens sometimes and that...he has a drug for reducing us back and he's buying some pants for you at the store right now so he can get us out of the hotel." Lydia let out a big sigh of relief.

"Oh thank GOD. I'm so glad those two weren't just...like...scammers or something. We got lucky!"

"Seriously..." Rachelle agreed, squeezing her arms together and feeling cleavage pile up, the brunette only sighing at the sensation. Lydia's eyes glued to the sight, she couldn't help but be absolutely enraptured by her girlfriend's new tits. The same went for Rachelle, now that the panic had eased a bit, and her brain quickly switched to ogling Lydia. A strange sensation came with that, however, as her nipples rose to attention. Her brows furrowing, Rachelle looked down, suspicious of her chest. It had been feeling odd ever since she had woken up this morning...

"Hey Lydia..." Rachelle asked, Lydia's eyes not leaving her girlfriend's prominent nipples that were just begging to rip through her strapless black dress. "Aside from them being huge, have your boobs felt...weird at all?" Lydia, finally prying her eyes off of Rachelle's perfect breasts, made eye contact with her, shaking her head as she reached her hands up and rubbed across their surfaces.

"N-not really...it feels kinda weird how big they are, but..."

"Yeah, right, but are they...like...tingling or anything?" Lydia quickly shook her head, which only made Rachelle's anxiety spike.

"...have you taken your meds yet, baby?" Lydia asked, the thought suddenly occurring to her. After shaking her head, Lydia promptly went over to her bag on the floor. She bent over to pick it up, and as she did, Rachelle couldn't help but ogle at her cheeks as they puffed out behind her gloriously. The sight nearly floored her, feeling her tits get warmer and warmer. It felt as if they had gotten rounder and perkier, their forms shifting around more in her T-shirt. She almost cried out in shock when there was a

knock at the door, both of them jumping in place.

“...yes? Thom...?”

“Yo! Let me in, we turned in our keys!” Rachelle rushed to the door, wanting to keep her half-naked girlfriend out of sight of the doorway, letting Thom step in and quickly shutting the door behind them. In his arms were a few articles of clothing: one big pair of sweatpants and a few sweaters as well. Luckily, it was winter time, and no one would bat an eye at this attire.

“I told ya'll I'd take care of ya.” Thom said with a grin, the couple taking their respective clothing and donning it. Rachelle's tits seemed to disappear under the baggy nature of the massive sweater, and while the sweatpants didn't hide any of Lydia whatsoever, it was, at the very least, now legal for her to exit the hotel. “Now, as for the reduction...I can get some of it today, but you'd kinda...have to come with me for it. Ya'll drove here, right?” Lydia nodded. “Right, so...I'm parked nearby, you just follow behind to Nikki and I's place and we'll get you what you need. I texted Roy, my uh...my pharma guy, and he'll meet us there and drop it off.” Rachelle and Lydia nodded, following Thom as he led them down the stairs, sneaking out of the hotel conspicuously.

“Why did we sneak around the hotel, again?” Lydia asked as her and Rachelle made their way to the car. Thom laughed.

“I thought it might be weird for them to see someone who just left come back...guess I could've lied and said I left something in the room, but...y'know.” He shrugged. “Didn't wanna risk an escort, I guess.” He waved and began making his way over to his vehicle, Nikki in the passenger side, puffs of smoke coming from her window as she vaped. “I'll lead the way, ok? You got the address on your phone, just in case?” Lydia nodded and they entered their car. First thing Lydia noticed is that she had to adjust. Pushing her seat all the way back, she still felt a touch cramped while sitting there, her tits brushing across the steering wheel as her ass took up every square inch of seat and space nearby. Rachelle was certainly having an easier time than her, but regardless, was eager to get this whole mess sorted.

“I...I can't believe something like this happened to us...”

“I know, right?” They began driving, keeping close pace with Thom and Nikki in front of them as they made their way to the freeway out of the city. “...its so nuts, cuz like...didn't we spend almost two years trying to, like...ESCAPE this kind of thing?” Rachelle chuckled.

“I know, right?” She couldn't help but find the humor in it, too. “Like...honestly, I worked from home for years only for me to just...fucking take a pill and catch it anyways. The fuck is wrong with me?”

“With us!” Lydia corrected with a laugh. “I mean...I know we both thought that disease was as exciting as it was scary...but that's just cuz it was like...it was never the same when you caught it...”

“Yeah, well, its still like that!” Rachelle gestured to their respective chests. Lydia laughed again.

“Well...at least there's a cure for it.”

“Yeah, let's hope...” Rachelle muttered under her breath. After about a fifteen minute drive, they began to wind their way through the suburbs, being led to a quiet little apartment complex nestled far away

from any highway or busy intersection. They parked and followed them into one of the many identical buildings, climbing a flight of stairs and going down a short hall before heading into their building. The interior was simple. White walls, wooden floor, beige carpet. The décor was certainly...alternative. Skulls, bats, drawings of eyes and stars, astrological symbols, crystals, CDs and musical equipment. The walls were packed with posters and photographs and landscapes, surrounded by immaculately clean and organized shelving and tables. The place was spotless. Thom took his jacket off and hung it on the coat rack, making his way to the living room and looking at his phone.

“Alright, so Roy should be here soon, so ya'll just...get comfortable for a minute.” The two sat in the midnight blue armchairs near the table, Nikki joining them after taking off her jacket, her boosted cleavage very apparent as she slipped her sweatpants off and revealed her massively plump booty only covered in an ill-fitting pair of black shorts. Both of them ogled at her, unable to rip their eyes away as she walked over to the kitchen, cheeks wobbling to and fro uncontrollably as she did so. Rachelle felt the warmth coming back as her nips bristled against the surface of her dress, the effect lost on anyone as it was now disguised by her thick sweater. “Want anything? I got water, tea, coffee, some juice...”

“I'll just take some water.” Lydia said.

“Coffee, if its ok...” Rachelle asked, eyes desperately trying to stay off of Nikki's tempting form. Thom took notice, but said nothing, merely smiling as he made his way into the kitchen, preparing his guest's drink orders.

“So...uh...crazy night, huh?” Lydia awkwardly stated, as was usual for her. Rachelle rolled her eyes, but chuckled at her girlfriend's awkward start. Thom laughed as well.

“Oh yeah, crazy's a word for it, innit?” He began filling his tea kettle, pulling down the glass french press and prepping it with coffee grounds. “You two were simply...spectacular, you know that?” Both Rachelle and Lydia blushed at his kind words.

“Yeah, you were both just...incredible.” Nikki stated. The words took Rachelle and Lydia by surprise, but only added to the horniness that was torturing them both in her presence. Lydia thought back to the night, scratching her head a bit.

“I have a question though.” Thom raised his head, looking through the small gap window between the dining room and the kitchen.

“Wuzzat?”

“...why didn't you...y'know, join in?” Lydia asked. The question made Thom deflate a bit, exhaling sharply before stepping away from the kitchen and back into the living room, a cup of water in hand.

“Well...ok, you see...this takes a little explaining.” He handed the glass to Lydia, stepping back and leaning on the wall nearby. “Fun fact: I'm...somewhat asexual.” The room remained silent for a moment, Lydia and Rachelle doing their best to not start cracking up and laughing. “Now, before you assume anything, lemme just...explain a bit.”

He sat at the kitchen table, grabbing a box from it and smacking it against his wrist a few times before pulling out a single stick – a faint green in color, he brought it to his lips and lit it with a small red lighter nearby. “When I say asexual, it doesn't mean, in my case anyways, 'no sex drive'. What it

means...is that I have no desire to partake in the act of sex. I don't necessarily like...watching sex either, so life has always been a bit of a question mark as far as THAT is concerned, but you know what I DO get into?" He paused dramatically, Lydia looking down at her chest. Thom chuckled. "You guessed it: boobs. I may not like sex, but damn do I like tits! And I've spent my whole life loving them, and the femme body type of big curves, hourglass figures, all that. THAT is what gets me going. Sex is just...I dunno, there's an intimidation I don't enjoy about it. But...witnessing three women growing massive proportions and all pleasing each other at once? That's just...that's the ultimate fantasy, I'd think. I mean...the only way to top that is-"

The kettle began to whistle, interrupting Thom mid thought as he made his way back over to the kitchen.

"So you...you've just always liked bigger women, then?" Rachelle clarified.

"Bigger PROPORTIONS. I'm not necessarily into women who have a bigger gut, just bigger tits and asses." He held up a defensive hand. "More power to anyone who's into that. My feelings just didn't overlap there."

"That's kinda...that's like voyeurism, almost, I think. Just wanting to watch?" Lydia mused. Thom nodded, handing a mug of coffee to Lydia, offering a small cup of creamer and sugar cubes on the side. She thanked him, and started drinking it, leaving it black as she usually did.

"Yeah, I've thought about that. But I mean...watching pornography, in itself, is a bit voyeuristic, so I've never felt that bad about watching a consenting party go at it..."

"So...does that mean...you two have never...?" Nikki and Thom looked at each other and laughed.

"Ohhh nonono, make no mistake, when a literal GODDESS graces your presence and wants to ride your dick, you don't say no." Nikki blushed profusely, turning the brightest shade of red Lydia and Rachelle had seen yet. "And her tits alone were enough to get me off. No, there was...Nikki is definitely an exception to the rule...and I know how that seems, but its just...I've been with a couple women in my life for a time and Nikki's the only one that really...I mean, well...the plague definitely changed a lot too. I got to see her go through all that and...well..."

"How did that all happen, anyways...?" Nikki stayed silent, looking away from all three of them. Thom sighed, running his hand through his short hair.

"She doesn't like to talk about it." Thom answered for her. "The whole thing's...it made things really tough between her and a lot of friends and family for some reason. Really weeded out the conspiracy nuts and shit-"

"Can we not...right now." Nikki asked, sharply and loudly. Thom flinched a bit, but regained his composure.

"Right, well...Roy should be here any minute-" As he said it, there was a knock at the door, Thom turning towards it and stepping over. "Aaand that's twice he's done that shit, the creepy motherf- heyyyyy!" Thom interrupted his muttering as he opened the door, greeting his friend. He wore a full suit, head to toe, black tie and everything. "Dressing the part today, I see?"

“You caught me on an important day, Thom. Here.” The man shoved the bottle into Thom's hands, then promptly turned to leave.

“...good catching up with ya, pal!” Thom shut the door behind him quickly, observing the bottle and nodding. “...guy gets more and more like his dad every day. Aaaanyways.” He held the bottle out to the two women. “Here we are! Now, this stuff doesn't work NEARLY as fast as what you took last night, but it should bring you back to normal within 48 hours.” He handed it to Rachelle and stepped to the couch, joint in hand as he took a drag and relaxed. “Its up to ya'll if you wanna chill here or not. From this point on, you're always welcome at our spot.” He winked and took another drag, coughing a bit as he set it on the ashtray nearby.

“Well...um...thanks, you two. This has all been so...uhh...weird? But...but fun.” Rachelle admitted, looking at the bottle filled to the brim with tiny pills. “...how many of these do you think it'll take?” Rachelle asked.

“Eh, probably like...two or three of them.” Rachelle's eyes went a little wide at this, looking over at Thom.

“Then...why so many?” Thom shrugged, a devilish smirk on his face.

“Roy only fills prescriptions one way, what can I say?”

“...right.” Rachelle muttered, putting the bottle in her purse and looking at Lydia. “...well...um...”

“We understand if you're tired and wanna go home, alright? Don't feel obliged to hang out on our behalf. Just...call me if you have any problems, ok?” Thom assured them both, resuming his smoking and reaching for the remote to the TV. Nikki joined him on the couch, snuggling up close and pulling a blanket over them both. Rachelle and Lydia couldn't help but appreciate the adorable sight, and decided to stay around and chat for a little while longer before making their way out the door, getting hungry for food.

“Thanks so much! It...it really was a good time.” Lydia insisted. Thom waved from the couch.

“It was nice meeting ya'll! Don't be a stranger, ok? We're always here if you need some fun.”

And with that, Rachelle and Lydia made their way back to their own respective apartment. Slightly larger than their previous host's, the décor its own style of abstract, with statues sprinkled throughout made by Rachelle's mother, the two quickly took their respective reduction pills and slipped into bed, turning on the TV and falling into a deep slumber...

A couple days had passed. The two still had a couple vacation days left, and were spending them relaxing at home. Lydia woke this morning first, pulling the blanket from atop herself, trying not to disturb her partner as she stood from the bed. Looking down she noticed that her breasts had already reduced to her old size, maybe a few centimeters too big – she really couldn't tell anymore. Her backside, while not reducing nearly as quickly, was now only a few inches wider than the incident had left her.

“Wow...so they really work...” She shook her head in disbelief. “...I can't believe we really figured out how to do shit like this to ourselves...” Observing herself in the mirror, it wasn't long before her

girlfriend joined her, her nude body displaying her now much smaller bust. Rachelle saw it and actually frowned.

“Aww...they look so sad now.” Lydia giggled at her girlfriend's statement.

“What do you mean 'sad'?”

“I dunno, its just...they were so like...unf, y'know?” Rachelle gestured with her hands while jutting out her chest. The weight that had started to strain her shoulders last night was lifted, her old B cups being all that remained. She had grown so much less than Lydia, it only made sense that she'd shrink faster too.

The two spent the day cleaning up around the apartment, taking care of a few chores that had piled up the day before their trip that they just couldn't bear to do in the moment. Laundry started going, the two spending most of the day snuggling in bed, Rachelle fondling her girlfriend's swollen tits as much as she could before they were gone.

“I'm low key gonna miss how massive these got.” Rachelle admitted. Lydia scoffed.

“Oh, so my body wasn't good enough for you, then?” Rachelle rolled her eyes at the ludicrous statement.

“Your perfect body got even more perfect, what can I say, hun?” Lydia giggled at her girlfriend's compliment, enjoying the circles that Rachelle was making on the surface of her E-cup sized orbs. As they sat there, a buzz came to Rachelle's phone. She picked it up and looked at it, eyebrows raising.

“What is it, Shelly?” Lydia asked.

“Its Thom. He's inviting us to a barcade tonight.” Lydia chuckled.

“They certainly work fast.”

“I think he's trying to check up on us.”

“I think he wants to watch us all fuck again.” Lydia stated. Rachelle gaped at this, but knew that she had a point. “What? You gotta admit, as nice as Thom is, he's just another guy getting off to a bunch of hot women. He just...has magic pills to help him.” Rachelle shrugged.

“I guess, but like...I mean, he's genuinely helped us every time we've asked. He bought us clothes, for fuck's sake!” Lydia nodded, acknowledging the gesture. “He came back to us, snuck into the hotel, and didn't pressure us to stay at their apartment. Literally gave us the meds and let us go. Compared to other guys, where it like...it gets weird and possessive and shit?”

“Are you afraid that might happen, though?” Lydia asked, turning up at her partner from her sitting position. “Like...if this goes on long enough we might just...lose sight of things?”

“You watch too much true crime, babe...” Rachelle assured her with a kiss to her cheek. “I really do think those two are just looking to have fun. And we are too. Right?” Lydia nodded. “So let's go out and have some fun!”

* * *

Dim lighting, neon signs, and the loud “clunks” and “pings” of pinball tables were one of Thom's favorite atmospheres. Better even that you could drink at these places. He stood there, eyes glued to the glass surface containing a multitude of tubes, panels, lights and sounds as a metal ball chaotically clanged about in its interior. Within a few minutes, however, said ball shot directly through the flippers, eliciting a frustrated grunt from Thom as he stepped away from the machine.

“High score?” Nikki asked, taking a sip from her beer. Thom shook his head as he sat down at the booth, picking up his own drink and taking a sip.

“Nahhh, not this time. Thursday was just...a lucky day I guess.” Nikki smiled and shrugged.

“Oh stop it, babe. You're really good at pinball!” Thom smiled at his girlfriend's compliment.

“Aww thanks, hun.” He gave her a peck on the cheek, then took another sip. “...think they'll show?”

“I hope so...” Nikki muttered. Thom could only grin wide at this.

“Yeahhh? You excited?”

“Huuuush...” Nikki muttered, cheeks going a deep pink. Thom only chuckled, giving her another peck on the cheek before sidling out of the booth.

“I'm gonna get another game in real quick, lemme know if you see them, ok?” Nikki nodded and continued sipping her beer, perfectly content with chilling on her phone while her boyfriend played some games. Nikki enjoyed the barcade – people were too distracted by all the fun games too much to come over and bother her, most days. She could chill here and have a few beers while Thom got his pinball practice in. They'd been doing this ever since they had moved in together, basically.

Nikki looked up from her phone, scanning faces to see if anyone had come in. So far it was just the regulars – one bald guy who always wore a hoodie and wandered around talking to random people. Another guy on the taller side, always wearing suspenders and playing Street Fighter constantly. The last one was a girl about as short as she was, blonde, who always had a Rolling Rock while playing on the oldest pinball machine in the building. As Nikki scanned these usual suspects, a few others started to trickle in that grabbed their drinks and did their thing. None of them were Rachelle or Lydia – however, another woman grabbed her attention. Shorter, a brunette, with an olive complexion, she sauntered up to the bartender and began speaking to him. As she did so, Nikki just couldn't take her eyes off of her; her white camisole left nothing to the imagination, her tits perky and pushed together nicely. And as she leaned forward towards the bartender to look at the beer selections behind him, Nikki peeked down to notice that her tight jeans were struggling to contain her backside.

Nikki stared at this for a few more moments, then went back to her phone. It was only a matter of time before Thom noticed her as well, Nikki knew that...but would he care, knowing that they had invited company? The woman soon took her drink and made her way to the other side of the barcade, out of Nikki's view.

It wasn't long after when Rachelle and Lydia had finally arrived. Rachelle in a black mini skirt, topped

with a big black coat, Lydia stood alongside her in tight-fitting jeans and her windbreaker. They looked around the barcade for a moment, seeing Nikki on her phone in a booth up above. Lydia tugged on Rachele's jacket, gesturing for her to follow her as they made their way over. Nikki looked up from her phone, her face lighting up at the sight of the couple, setting the device back in her purse.

"Heyyy!" She greeted them, standing from the booth and giving them both hugs.

"Where's Thom at?" Lydia asked, joining the other two as they scooted into the booth, the couple sitting across from Nikki.

"He's off playing pinball somewhere, he'll be back." Nikki remarked. "How have you two been?" They only had to mildly shout, the music being played at a reasonable volume as the bar had barely anyone in it. They both nodded at the question.

"It's been well. Uh...everything back to what it was, basically."

"Good! I'm...glad for you guys."

"How about you and Thom? How have you been doing?" Nikki nodded.

"We've been well. I uh...got stuck with a few inches below, but y'know...I had to buy new pants anyways, haha." Nikki laughed nervously. Rachele picked up on this, eyebrow raising as she felt something was off about this response.

"Do you...take those pills that Thom gave us too?" Nikki sighed and shook her head, taking another long sip of her beer.

"It doesn't work. We've tried." She reached down and brought a hand to her squishy hip, rubbing it subconsciously for a moment before returning her hands above the table. "Thom's guess is that it's because I caught the growth virus or something. Like, I might have antibodies that prevent it from working properly. I dunno, apparently Roy and his people are looking into a way around it." Nikki shrugged. "It's fine though. I rarely ever retain. And now that we've done it with you guys, we finally know what causes retention in the first place."

"Really?" Rachele asked.

"I'm gonna grab a beer, hun, you want one?" Lydia interrupted, getting a bit antsy at the conversation. Rachele nodded, Lydia making her way out of the booth and over to the bartender. As she stood there, she couldn't help but notice some curvy woman playing pinball nearby...with Thom not far away, seemingly making conversation with her...

"So what causes it?" Rachele asked, shifting in her seat. Nikki took another sip of her beer, looking around the barcade for Thom real quick before diverting her attention back to the conversation.

"Ok, so..." Her voice lowered. "I'd use it on myself...quite a few times before you and I ever met. And I'd never retain. Not once, nowhere." She went slightly pink at the memory. "...but this one time, me and Thom, we um...well he was doing things he doesn't usually do and...I dunno, it was just more exciting that time and I, y'know..." She held out her hands as a sort of physical metaphor. "...and the next day my butt stayed about as big as it was when we met. I always had a little bit of a booty...at

least, that's what Thom would always tell me..."

"Makes sense..." Rachelle muttered, not making eye contact. "How long have you two been together, by the way?" Rachelle asked, changing the subject.

"Hmm...I think...five years now? Going on six?" Rachelle's eyes went wide at this.

"Wow. So...I guess that'd explain..."

"Why we'd start going around like this? A little, yeah. We hit a rut." She explained flatly. Nikki was definitely chattier when she had a few beers in her, from what Rachelle could observe. She couldn't help but admire how adorable she was when she was speaking, but how sexy just oozed from her eyes every time they made eye contact. "But then the growth plague hit and he was just...so supportive and helpful and...didn't make me feel like a freak like everyone else in my family was doing..." She sighed, running a hand through her hair. "He just...he's always there." Rachelle nodded, the conversation cutting there as Lydia returned with the drinks, Thom not far away.

"Heyy, Rachelle!" Rachelle waved at the taller man as he sat next to Nikki, giving her a kiss on the cheek before facing the other two. "Sooo...how we been? We been feeling ok?"

"Yeah, much better, thanks." Lydia responded genuinely with a smile.

"Good..." He took a long swig from his beer before setting it down and cartoonishly swinging his torso in the booth to the side. "Now then...I'm sure you're wondering why I've invited you both here toni-"

"Honey, I think they've pieced it together by now." Nikki interrupted, only causing Thom to deflate his posture with a bit of a giggle.

"Yeah, well...its a bit different this time." This took Nikki off guard a bit.

"What do you...?"

"So...I may have been in communication with someone...local that I met on InstaChat."

"InstaChat? You're hitting girls up online now...?" Nikki asked, her voice a bit shaky.

"No hun, just...this one person was posting a lot of...well let me show you, here." He pulled out his phone and opened the app, showing a page with a woman who looked...familiar. Nikki put it together relatively quickly – that hot woman from earlier didn't just randomly come to some barcade all by herself for no reason. On her page, however, was her posing in various stereotypical positions at the usual angles – nothing out of the ordinary...except for the captions:

"No booty gains today – three weeks no progress :(Gonna keep at it!"

"I think I got another cup size, guys! What do you think?"

Each post insisting upon growth or progress. It was suddenly clear when she saw a post of her complaining how she had "missed out" on the growth virus as it had passed through the country. Nikki rolled her eyes, now understanding Thom's full plan here.

“Why didn't you tell me about this before, babe...?” Nikki asked, trying to keep her tone casual. Thom scratched the back of his head nervously, putting his phone away.

“Ehh...it was all pretty rushed, to be honest...I figured just coming out and letting everyone know at once was the best possible way to do it.” Nikki felt a little hurt by this, but kept the feeling guarded as the familiar face made its way over to their table. Closer up, she looked even more stunning – auburn hair framing her face perfectly as it cut just above her shoulders. She waved at the group, who all waved back.

“So...everyone, this...is Morgan.” Thom stated. “Morgan this is my girlfriend Nikki, and this is Rachelle and Lydia, some...acquaintances of ours.” Lydia held back a chuckle at the use of the word 'acquaintances'. They all greeted her kindly, Thom sensing just a hint of apprehension from the group. “Don't be shy, ya'll, we all came here to have a good time, right?” Thom insisted, making his way back to his feet from the booth. “I'm gonna grab another round for the table, alright?” Thom walked off, tossing his empty beer can in the trash, leaving the four ladies to converse at the large booth.

“So...Morgan. You live around here?” Nikki brazenly asked. Morgan nodded, turning her head to the side to speak to Nikki.

“Yeah, just up the way actually. I live in those apartments behind the Safeway.”

“Ahh, yeah, Rachelle and I lived in those a few years ago before we moved over to Kirkwood.”

“Really? You two lived in Glenndale for a while, then?” Nikki asked. The couple nodded.

“Yeah, back when Rachelle was working up at the salon down the corner across from the gas station.”

“Ohh, I loved going there...so sad its gone now...”

“Right?”

The conversation wasn't going for long before Thom returned with five drinks, setting one in front of each person. Lydia smiled, seeing the pale ale in front of her and realizing she had never told Thom what her favorite drink was...

“Aww, Thom, how'd you know I liked pales?” Lydia asked, taking a sip from her beer. Thom just grinned and jerked his head to the corner of the table.

“Cuz you uh...kinda already got one, hun.” Lydia looked at the half empty can next to the new one and let out a sigh, the rest of the table laughing at her goof lightheartedly. “Believe it or not, I pay attention.” Thom said with a wink, taking a sip of his own beer before Morgan slipped out of the booth to allow Thom in, getting close with Nikki. Nikki shifted a bit, still a bit uncomfortable with the situation, but willing to see it through. “Now then...let's talk...first off, how about you tell us a bit about yourself Morgan? We'll all go around and get real acquainted, how's that?”

“We were way ahead of you Thom, sheesh.” Nikki joked with a laugh. Thom rolled his eyes and shrugged.

“Just so ahead of me tonight, huh?” He laughed, scratching the back of his head. “Alright, well, what were we talking about then?”

“Where we're from and stuff.”

“Ah, that fun stuff. Yeah, I'm from...I'm from this state, I just moved around a lot so I know a lot of places and have met...quite a few people, I guess.”

“What do you do for a living, anyways?” Rachelle asked. Thom smirked.

“I'm a salesman. I sell people things.” Rachelle merely raised an eyebrow.

“What kinds of things?”

“Whatever I can sell. I had a job selling tools, selling dishwashers, selling booze, you name it. The economy has been in the shitter since I literally could work, so I've had to adapt a lot since salesmen don't exactly, eh...stick together, as it were.” Rachelle nodded, then looked over at Nikki.

“What about you Nikki?”

“Hmm?” Nikki was clearly spacing out for a moment and Rachelle had pulled her back to reality. “Oh! I work retail. I do a lot of backroom stuff, putting things away and all that.” She was vague, but Rachelle never really wanted to push Nikki in discussions too hard, so she left it there. The conversation continued, niceties being exchanged as a few more rounds of drinks came and went. Soon, as people had filtered out and it was basically just the group and the bald guy playing pinball in the far corner, Thom saw his opportunity.

“Ok, so...I figured we should at least touch base a little bit with things before we head uh...back to the apartment.” Thom noted. The other four gave him his attention, Morgan seeming the most confused.

“What do you mean...?” She asked.

“Well...so everyone is all on the same page, me and Morgan communicated about a once in a lifetime opportunity. And how she could live out a fantasy if she didn't mind experiencing said fantasy in a group setting.”

“If anything, that makes me more comfortable. If it was just you alone, I would've never said yes. But then you told me about your girlfriend and explained all that and...it makes sense, and I'm looking forward to whatever this 'fantasy' is.” Morgan replied, her voice sweet and genuine.

“Oh trust me, I think we ALL are.” The other ladies snickered a bit, Lydia going red at the thought of what had happened only a few nights prior...and how it was going to happen again. Except this time, there was another person added to the party who was also very attractive. Thom could definitely pick them out, that's for sure. “So...if ya'll are ready? I got more drinks at the apartment if we wanna move the party back there?” The other group members agreed excitedly, and with that, they were out of the barcade and walking a few blocks to Nikki and Thom's apartment. It was a bitter cold winter night, the group walking quick through the brisk air.

“Aaaand here we are!” Thom announced as he opened the front door. They all poured in, Nikki going

straight for the couch and setting her purse on the dining room table. Rachelle and Lydia awkwardly stood for a moment before sitting at the kitchen table together, leaving Thom to head to the bedroom and Morgan to stand awkwardly in the living room. Nikki took notice of Morgan's general unease. The more she thought about the situation, and how Thom was handling it, the less hurt she felt about it – after all, he was incredibly direct about not being single to this woman.

“You can have a seat over here, if you want Morgan.” Nikki offered, patting the seat next to her. Lydia and Rachelle raised their eyebrows at this, knowing how Nikki usually acted, but Morgan took the opportunity and sat next to the little goth girl. It didn't take long for Thom to return, pill bottle in hand, an excited look upon his face.

“Alright, so!” He shook the pill bottle, letting the contents rattle around within. “You three know the drill, but Morgan...to fill you in real quick...” He opened the bottle and began doling the pills out. He gave one to Rachelle, then to Lydia, both looking down at the familiar oblong tablet. He made his way over to Nikki and Morgan, placing one in Nikki's open hand, then pausing in front of Morgan. “So...this pill is going to change you tonight. I saw how all those captions you made talked about...making gains and such.” He held the pill out to her, between his index finger and thumb. “This right here...is your gains. All temporary...or permanent, depending on what you want.” Morgan gawked at Thom, unable to wrap her head around the idea.

“So...is it safe?”

“I mean, all the other women in the room have tried it before.” He claimed, sitting on the couch in between Nikki and Morgan.

“Yeah! We kept a little the next day but Thom got us something to get us back to normal. We have plenty of those left at home so if you need any, we'll get you as much as you need.” Lydia assured Morgan with a sweet smile. Morgan looked around the room, seeing how at ease everyone was. Nikki popped hers first, then Lydia and Rachelle joined. Morgan stared down at the mysterious tablet before tossing it in her mouth, grabbing the drink next to her to wash it down. “And now we just...wait. Doesn't take too long, so...”

“You gonna join this round, Thom?” Lydia teased with a wink. Thom chuckled and shook his head.

“We'll see how crazy things get, alright?” He winked, looking over at Morgan, who just scanned her eyes from person to person, still unsure of what exactly was going to happen. They all sat around chatting for a moment, the air tense, when suddenly...

“Oh!” Rachelle gasped audibly, the rest of the group looking over at her. She blushed immediately when she saw all the eyes on her, then proceeded to pull back her jacket to reveal her breasts, now doubled in size, well into DDs.

“Ahh, here we go ladies.” Thom said with a grin. Morgan started to feel herself sweat, nerves kicking in as she looked down at her bust. Shifting in her seat a bit, she continued to look around at the room. Lydia seemed to be the next one distracted, her partner's sudden expansion stirring feelings in her. Already she was reminded of a few nights ago...how passionate everything became...how quickly it escalated...

FWOOMP

“Ahhh!” Lydia gasped before biting her lip, her breasts surging out to become bigger than her head within seconds as she stood up from her chair. “Woah!”

“Daaang, that was a quick one!” Thom observed, eyebrows raised.

“I...I'm so huge already...what's gonna...” She suddenly winced, feeling her backside get pinched hard as her panties began digging into flesh. Standing from the spot, she began taking off her jeans as to have them in one piece when all was said and done. She had turned away so that her butt had faced the group, much to everyone's delight, and Morgan's utter surprise. Lydia's backside mushroomed out of the top of her skinny jeans as flesh squeezed out gradually, their shape becoming more and more spherical as more cheek was freed from its denim prison. Each cheek seemed to be the size of jumbo watermelons in size – quite the upgrade from what Lydia had walked in with. “Ohhh, why does my butt have to get so big every time...?” Lydia whined, not a fan of having her backside bloated so quickly.

“You're not regretting this so soon, are you Lydia?” Thom asked, holding back a snicker. Lydia didn't respond, merely pouting as she felt both sides of herself starting to slowly swell. Thom loved the reluctant ones the most, which was why Lydia was always so fun to watch. Looking over, he knew from the look in Morgan's eyes that she was on the same level as Lydia, if not moreso. Hesitation, regret, but curiosity as her own hands ran across her hips as she sat on the couch. “How about you, Morgan? Feeling much yet?” From what Thom could tell, she was relatively unchanged so far. Morgan looked down at herself, shaking her head, feeling a buzz coming from within her.

“I...I definitely feel weird, but...”

“Its just not releasing yet.” Nikki stated, all looking over at her as her grey T-shirt began to tent outwards. It was running out of fabric to completely cover them, its shape slowly turning into a strip that allowed her creamy white flesh to spill above and below it, its material starting to gently squeeze the two pillow sized masses together, “Honey...this isn't the new batch Roy sent, is it...?” She leaned in to whisper the question into Thom's ear. He leaned back to respond:

“I mean, we ran out of the old batch...why?”

“Cuz...I think this one is more potent than the last one...I'm really big, but I'm not super horny at all...” Thom scratched his chin in thought, the gears starting to turn in his head at the suggestion. Meanwhile, he felt the couch shift to his right where Morgan sat, the girl letting out a yelp as the gravity shifted towards her. Within moments, the sound of shredding material began to ring out inside the room, denim threading spilling across the couch and the floor as Morgan's ass seeped through every hole and crevice created in the fabric by the sudden onslaught of mass. Her eyes fixed to her still C-cup breasts, it was as if her brain was blocking out that her ass had almost doubled in size in no time at all.

“Uh...hmm...yeah you might have a point, actually...” Thom scratched under his nose before standing up from the couch and stepping to the side of the living room. “Alright, so...obviously, this is getting a little crazy a little quick. So I'm thinking this batch is a touch more potent than the last one. Don't worry though, Nikki's had an intense batch before and it never really-”

Rachelle suddenly grunted, the grunt going on for a moment and turning into a moan as her tits trembled, swelling up and outwards in sudden puffs, each one a bit more intense than the last, flesh jiggling with each and every swell. Within that one episode, Rachelle had upgraded from her Dds to

something reminiscent to medicine balls. Her eyes bulged out of her head at the sight of them.

“...aren't we supposed to be horny before this kind of thing happens, Thom?” Rachelle asked, heart starting to race at the sight of her body developing so much more rapidly than the last time they had done this.

“Erm...usually, yeah...”

“And...doesn't it start to make us horny anyways? Which...”

“I'm aware of the viscous cycle of the drug. Look, you all have to just...possibly refrain from doing anything this round...”

“Awwww, what?!” Rachelle exclaimed with a pout. Lydia also felt a touch let down, before her breasts suddenly groaned. The sound made her jump, the head sized funbags bobbling about before suddenly plunging downwards and outwards, pushing her arms out to the side as their masses rapidly piled up before her.

“OH MY GOD I'M HUGE!!” Lydia exclaimed, her breasts now so large they were brushing her belly button. The sight sparked anxiety within Lydia, which was only heightened as she felt her nipples starting to harden in the cool air. “Ohhh no...I think...its starting isn't it?”

Rachelle trembled, feeling her breasts puff up and up, multiple spurts hitting her at once as they began to get larger than watermelons. The sight disturbed her a bit, but what really took her off guard was the tingle that was starting, ever so slowly, but rising in intensity by the moment, in her backside. Her heart dropped to her stomach, craning her head slowly to look behind herself.

“...Lydia.” Rachelle beckoned for her girlfriend's attention. As Lydia looked over, her own butt gave another big puff out, panties finally tearing to shreds as they reached proportions similar to her last foray, hips as wide as her shoulders as her cheeks reached out back past her head.

“What, babe?” Lydia asked, distracted by the sudden upgrade, but finally looking over to see her girlfriend's mini skirt slowly rising to reveal something Lydia had never once thought of...but was now right in front of her: Rachelle had a butt now. And an impressive one. Not as large as Lydia by a longshot...but it was perfectly heart shaped and evenly proportioned to her frame. Her lips trembled as she looked into her girlfriend's eyes helplessly.

“...looks like I just got lucky last time...”

BWOOMPH

As she said it, she felt herself tugged backwards, propelling her arms in place to gain her balance back as her butt had suddenly bloated outwards by another foot all in one go, now approaching half her girlfriend's current size. Her black miniskirt sat helplessly atop it, Lydia's gaze almost glued to it as she started to rub her thighs together, approaching the helplessly swelling brunette.

Thom, distracted by all this, returned his gaze to Nikki; the look in her eyes was one of horror as she stared down at her breasts. They were swelling at a constant, rapid rate, crawling down her torso and quickly covering her thighs and filling her lap as she sat. Onwards they went, lolling over to the sides

of her thighs and passing her knees.

“UM, THOM?!” Nikki shouted in a panic, her breasts not showing any signs of slowing or stopping. “That batch wasn't just potent, I...I think it was fucked!!”

“Wh-what?! What do you mean?!” Morgan asked in a panic, feeling her breasts finally begin to tremble before they exploded in their own growth, determined to get as big as her backside, which had now completely swallowed her half of the couch, the springs letting out one last gasp before a loud “creak” rang out, the couch collapsing over to one side. The other side was soon to follow, however, as Nikki's backside finally started to get warm nearly instantaneously.

“I dunno, we've never...this has never happened! Ever!”

“Fucking Roy! The fuck are they doing over there?!” Thom panicked, pacing back and forth as Lydia's breasts once again began to swell outwards, squeezing up against Rachelle as she embraced her. Rachelle met her gaze, still frightened as her body rapidly changed. “Lydia?! Rachelle?! We gotta be careful right now, could you two...? Hey? Hey!” Thom walked over, putting himself in between the two as they began to make out. Try as he might, he couldn't move the heavy masses that pushed him further and further away.

“Shit, Thom, they can't help themselves...and...I can't...either...” Nikki's words became a mumble as she slid a hand down her pants, rubbing herself slightly as her breasts pushed up against her hand, warm flesh caressing her body as it finally touched the floor in front of the couch, pearly skin seeping over the coffee table as the remote and bong were all knocked aside to the floor. She felt her ass pressing harder and harder against the couch until she felt another squish against her right hip – it was Morgan. The sight of her, swelling uncontrollably, panting, panicking, looking over at her for any kind of solution...Nikki maneuvered herself over, pulling her hand from inside herself and practically throwing herself into Morgan's tits as her face squeezed between the two swelling orbs, her head and arms the only thing that could really move now that her tits were bordering on beanbag chairs in size. Morgan threw her head into her neck and gasped, the sensation taking the wind out of her as she felt her head go fuzzy. She reached out and grabbed Nikki by the shoulders, planting her lips on her neck and suckling as her hands traveled across the infinite space that was Nikki's cleavage.

The size and weight of their masses proved too much for them, however. Nikki felt herself pulled backwards, the weight of her backside sinking her into the couch and away from Morgan, much to both of their dismay. Meanwhile, Thom remained pinned between two masses of swelling tits, their warm surfaces gradually piling up across his torso and reaching his neck.

“Lydia! Unf...ngh...Rachelle! Snap out of it!” Thom shouted, the two still reaching across one another and grabbing every inch of swelling flesh they could. Thom forced himself out, feeling his body release from the pressure of the two forms mashing together with a slight “pop”, before stumbling to the floor. He stood, scanning the room, and saw that they were starting to run out of space: Nikki's tits were the size of truck tires at this point, and were only steadily growing as her backside pushed her up and up.

“Why isn't it...?!” Morgan asked in a panic, head still feeling fuzzy. Her own bust had gotten to be about as big as jumbo watermelons now, now officially the smallest size in the room. Her ass, however, was rivaling Lydia's in size, cheek spilling off the couch as it finally seemed to be slowing down. Her breasts, however, were unrelenting, growing at a constant, gradual rate. Lydia and Rachelle, on the other hand, had tits almost the same size as one another, which was only stirring up more lust between

the two of them as they smushed their beanbag sized breasts together. Over time they realized their lips couldn't reach each other, but they just turned to giving kisses and squeezes to their partner's growing masses as their breasts continued to dominate their torsos and swell towards the floor. Rachelle let out a gasp as she collapsed forward, Lydia joining her as they slowly slid to their knees, breasts sprawling out across the floor as their asses projected out, the small apartment only feeling smaller and smaller with each passing second.

It was all happening too fast for Thom to process. He had seen these women get big before, but it was a completely different context – much slower, contained, and controlled. This felt...wild. Like the control was completely taken away from him. And this only stoked panic in Thom, his eyes flipping from growing woman to growing woman, seeing the desperation in Nikki's eyes as her face disappeared behind her relentlessly swelling tits. All she could do was sit there, panicking, writhing, glancing around their furthest curve to see Rachelle and Lydia still giving every attempt to pleasure one another, completely lost in the haze of the drug coursing through them. It would have Nikki by now, had she been able to move. Morgan, on the other hand, merely sat there, a small smile across her face. The panic had peaked for her, and on the other side was a fantasy she had never thought possible before, but never truly had the guts to admit to herself that she ever had. In that moment, she merely rubbed her tits down, head gently collapsing on the back of the couch as she let out one gentle coo, slipping off out of consciousness as her growth finally came to a halt.

The sight greatly relieved Nikki, who felt her own mammoth bust finally deciding to slow down as well, both orbs now as big as she was, sprawled out across the coffee table and around the floor. Lydia and Rachelle, however, were a different story. While their backsides had finally ceased their growth, their constant stimulation of one another was stoking their breasts to puff up and up, pleasure starting to reach a peak for them both.

“Rachelle! Lydia! C'mon, you gotta snap out of it!” Thom urged, standing near the two massive flattened orbs that sat on his carpet. His words fell on deaf ears, however, Lydia and Rachelle's moans continuing in spite of the deafening silence that surrounded them. With a frustrated grunt, Thom stormed into the bedroom, grabbing his phone from the kitchen on the way. Meanwhile, Nikki continued to sit there, unable to get off the couch, truly worried as to whether or not this was going to retain. She didn't orgasm, after all. But...this batch was so different than anything she had ever gone through. This worried Nikki, and as she ran her fingers across what felt like a limitless soft surface, she was snapped out of her worry as she heard furniture squeaking and moans reaching higher and higher pitches.

While Lydia and Rachelle couldn't pleasure themselves in the usual way, the sensations exploding from their breasts as they rubbed them against each other more than made up for whatever they weren't experiencing down below. Soon, they both felt themselves reaching their climax, their moans reaching screams as they both felt themselves pushed backwards, plushy backsides hitting the opposite walls of the apartment before coming to an abrupt halt. Thom stormed out of his bedroom room, phone leaving his ear as he looked on in horror at the sight. They hadn't destroyed the place, luckily; but they had come way too damn close. Thom's heart sunk at this, as he couldn't see Nikki or Morgan on the other side of the two.

“Nikki?! You ok?!” Thom yelled out. He heard a soft, but audible “kinda!” from the other side of the walls of breast in between them. Thom stepped over, witnessing the order of objects that were sandwiched between his living room: first was the wall, then came Lydia's massive backside. After that, Lydia's head could be seen, slumped over in her unconscious state. Then in front of her, her tits, which

filled up from the floor to the ceiling, its forms smushed ever-so-slightly back by the mirror image that was Rachelle, who was equally as passed out and pinned by the masses on both her sides. The sight was certainly something Thom had only seen in drawings or images – to witness it firsthand was...surreal. The arousal Thom could feel could only be quashed by how all of it had occurred – the intensity of it all, it had shot his emotions and ran him dry. The impressiveness of the image in front of him wasn't lost, however, as he collapsed in a chair nearby to collect himself.

“Ok...so...Nikki? You can hear me, right?!” Thom shouted.

“Yes babe! What's going on over there?!” She replied.

“I called Roy! He told me to come down and grab a different batch. I can't find the old bottle, do you see it next to you?!” Nikki looked to her left, then to her right, but really all she could see were her tits.

“...couldn't tell you hun, sorry!”

“Doesn't matter, we'll toss 'em down the toilet once I get home!”

“Get home?! What, you're just going out to get-”

“I'm getting more reducers too, hun! We gave the last supply to these two, and I don't think they brought them!”

“Shit.” Nikki muttered, looking off to the side before sighing. “Just...hurry up, ok?!”

“I will hun! Don't worry, I'll make it quick, I promise!”

And with that, the door slammed, Thom rushing to his car to meet Roy at his place. Meanwhile, all Nikki could do was sit there, unable to move, hoping that she could just pass out and wake up with her old boobs. Looking over at Morgan, who was now slightly snoring, she couldn't help but notice that she seemed a little smaller than she did before...

With a small smile, Nikki laid her head down on one of her massive pillows and tried her best to drift off to sleep...

* * *

Nikki awoke with a start. It was dark, with just the light of the early dawn coming through the window. Groggily shifting on the couch, she tried to lift herself up, but then collapsed back down; to her relief, it wasn't because there were two-ton masses still strapped to her chest – quite the opposite, in fact. She had reduced down completely, from the looks of it. It was always hard to tell at first if she had retained, with how big she had gotten – inches were becoming negligible. But the more she looked at her bust, and then feeling back to her backside to confirm that the same padding was there, it seemed she had made a full recovery. She looked to her side at Morgan – only to see no one there. Morgan must have woke first, and then snuck out. Nikki couldn't get mad about that – it felt almost nostalgic, in fact. Hopefully she left her number. If not, Thom knew her on InstaChat. After a few minutes, she felt her strength coming back, able to lift herself into a more propped up position on the couch, and looking over to Rachelle and Lydia. The sight shocked her; the kitchen table had been toppled over, and the mirror that they kept on the far wall had been cracked – luckily no damage had been done to the walls

or the floor. However, Rachelle and Lydia had quite a bit of...'damage' done to them. Lydia hadn't retained as much bust as her partner, but once again, her backside seemed to be doomed to big things. It seemed to be that it was now double the size it originally was, two ripe cheeks the size of beachballs attached to her waist, matching hips and thighs and all. Her bust, while it had gotten significantly larger than her backside, still managed to reduce down to what seemed to be a bit bigger than basketballs – quite the retention, considering it was usually only a few inches most times.

Rachelle, however, seemed to attain a perfect hourglass; now that her backside had also grown, she had kept quite a bit of it, and it was absolutely *dominating* her figure. She had the perfect frame for it, her body curving in and out in a perfect 8, her face scrunching up as she stirred in her sleep before scratching one of her own beachball sized tits.

Before Nikki could say or do really anything, she heard the door unlock, Thom quietly entering and shutting the door. Nikki could already hear the rattle of pills in his jacket.

“Sorry! That asshole wasn't there until just an hour ago, and he STILL held me up.” Thom half whispered as he rushed past Rachelle and Lydia and over to Nikki. “How are you feeling? Anything seem off?” Nikki shook her head as she smiled, just happy to see Thom first thing when she woke up. “It looks like you didn't retain this time though, so that's good...” Nikki nodded, reaching her arms out for a hug, which Thom quickly reciprocated. They embraced for a moment before separating, Nikki looking over at the couple passed out on the dining room floor.

“So...how about that?” Nikki pointed out with a nudge of her head. Thom looked over, his eyes going wide at the sight of the hyper-curvy couple, still lightly snoring as if nothing was different.

“That's...probably gonna take them a while to reduce...but it should still go away.” Nikki nodded, hoping in her heart that Thom was right. As they sat there, Thom searched the couch, then the cushions, Nikki grunting as she felt herself shaking around as he searched. “...where did those pills go, by the way?” Thom lifted his head and looked around. “...and where did Morgan go?”

“I dunno. She was gone when I woke up.” Nikki replied, still in a bit of a haze as she rubbed the sleep out of her eyes. Thom could already feel his panic spiking.

“Shit. This...could be really bad.”

TO BE CONTINUED...

Another Big Night Out

Plot:

Starts with Thom and Nikki at a cafe talking. Regretting leaving Rachelle and Lydia at the hotel, he receives a call from Rachelle telling them they have a problem. They finish up and head straight over, stopping by a shop to buy some clothes for Lydia. After arriving, they escort them out and promise them they have a solution for their size retention. They follow them over to their place, a one bedroom apartment in the suburbs, and he proceeds to explain to them that he has a spare few reduction pills around, but will need to order more from his connection, as the cure takes a few doses to work fully. Lydia and Rachelle are cautious, but grateful, and begin taking the remedy – which reduces them back to their normal proportions over time. Thom checks in on them, and then offers to meet up. Lydia is hesitant, but Rachelle is the one to push the two of them to meet up again at a local barcade. Have a scene at the barcade, where they inevitably meet another woman all by herself. They all begin chatting and playing various games together, enjoying drinks and eventually having some deep conversations

(without the new girl present). The new girl comes back, and the full party agrees to invite her over for some more fun. They all head back over to Thom and Nikki's apartment and we have yet another scene of fun. But the epilogue of this chapter shows that Rachelle is starting to grow every time she gets horny, and Lydia's backside seems to fluctuate wildly from day to day. This ends the second chapter.