



## Chapter One: Welcome to Juggalos

Maddison Ellison wasn't homesick.

Homesick was something you got when you wanted to go home. And the last place Maddison wanted to go was home, back to some dreary manor where her every day was dictated and planned out by her all-too-socially-conscious father. There was usually only a scant few hours where he didn't have to be somewhere or do something, always with his perfect family exuding the perfect image so he could maintain whatever bothersome semblance of whatever trifling nobility his father had passed down to him. "The Ellison line has lasted for three centuries, I should do my part to ensure it lasts three more!" he would say.

That was why Maddison had been such a disappointment, not being the Eldest Son her father would have preferred, but a daughter, hardly able to carry his rank further. It was even right there in her name- Maddison Ellison. Father had wanted a son so badly it hurt. At least they managed it quite well enough on their second try with her brother Giles, who had inherited all his father's stuffiness. It wore on Maddi (as she preferred to be called) so much that when it came time to select a university (A rare bit of freedom helped in no small part by the insistence of her mother) Maddi's thoughts had been quite adequately summed up by "Anywhere but here."

Now, as a photography major in a small yet selective university ("Wouldn't be proper to have you going to a *public* university!" Her father had sniffed) Maddi wanted out of here as well. So no, Maddi wasn't homesick- she wanted to leave, but going home would be no better. It appeared her thoughts had been reduced down to the only slightly less simplistic "Anywhere but here and there."

It wasn't that she was doing poorly in America; besides the driving changes and culinary differences she didn't find it that hard to adjust. And it wasn't as if her studies weren't going well, either; Maddi was told by several professors so far that she had a keen eye for framing a scene just so, and the other classes she was required to take- art history and the like- weren't anything much of a chore. And neither was she financially troubled; in point of fact, the monthly stipends she received from her parents were so ridiculously beyond adequate it was all she could do not to burn them in disgust. Those she didn't need she simply tore up and threw away. She kept enough to be safe, but only just. Maddi recognized it was crazy, but seeing her tiny balance in the bank made her feel more normal and free, even if somewhere in the back of her mind she knew she had umpteen thousands of pounds waiting for her should she but make a single phone call home. Part of the reason for her self-imposed poverty was her roommate, Sheila Miles; Having come from a small town on an even smaller budget, she had put herself fairly heavily into debt to attend, but her dream of being a filmmaker burned so fiercely in the girl she'd have crawled through broken glass to get here. Yet despite her meager finances, she reacted very strongly- and negatively!- the first time Maddi had casually offered to cover her bill

on a shared outing. That was why Maddi kept her finances a secret- poor Sheila worked herself ragged to stay on top of rent and her classes at the same time, and her knowing that Maddi was well-to-do would likely make the both of them miserable.

Maddi quite liked Sheila, in point of fact. For someone who dreamed of making images, Sheila seemed very unconcerned with her own- she dressed plainly (Not that there were many occasions otherwise, what with the school's required uniforms) and rarely wore make-up, having the natural, un-showy beauty that Maddi had noticed countless other girls cover with layers upon layers of the stuff. Sheila more than anyone else had dispelled Maddi's stereotype of Americans of all flash and glam and no substance. Sheila would look the same if she was going to see her little sister or the Queen mum, she was not impressed by nor sought to impress other people. Sheila was Sheila, and Maddi was impressed by that streak of consistency. Sheila worked hard, both at school and at her job, though that's about all Maddi could say about her roommate's job, as she never spoke of it except to occasionally complain about her feet.

*On second thought*, Maddi mused, *maybe spending spring break on campus wouldn't be so bad*. Sheila couldn't afford a plane ticket home for just a week, so maybe they could make the best of it here in the dormitory.

"So what is it today?" Sheila asked Maddi as the pair walked down the winding asphalt road to the main campus.

"Art history again," Maddi said. "Midterm reviews. It's just cruel to give midterms right after holiday, I tell you."

"Better than me," Sheila said, patting a stuffed manilla envelope under her arm. "We get to turn our black-and-white reels in today and bite our nails for a week until the prof tells us what he thought of them! It'll be running through my mind all night at work, I just know it."

"Rather just get the whole lot of it done and over with, that's what I-" Maddi stopped, noticing that Sheila was no longer walking beside her. Maddi turned around and saw her friend standing, looking off into the trees that lined the walkway. Maddi grimaced humorously as she walked back to Sheila, slowly so as to not disrupt her focus. Sheila's eye for composition was part of what had earned her acceptance into the university; she could almost sense instinctively something particularly eye-catching and would just freeze, examining it and locking the thoughts away in her mental vault of compelling images.



Maddi waited patiently for a minute, allowing Sheila to compose her thoughts, before checking the clock on her cell phone and clearing her throat.

"Oh!" Sheila said, snapping out of her daze. "I'm sorry, I just-"

"Yes, yes, quite all right," Maddi interrupted. "Had another one of your moments, did you? All well and good until it makes us late to class."



"Aw, Maddi," Sheila said, grinning. "You know you don't have to wait for me when I zone out."

"And what kind of mate would I be then, eh?" Maddi replied. "Leave you out here to die of exposure while you're swapping out lenses and film in your bonce?"

"Oh, sure," Sheila shrugged, falling back in step with Maddi. "Exposure, here in the *harsh* and *unforgiving* Appalachian spring. Why, I might even get rained on!" She mock-gasped.

"Ehhh, off with ya now," Maddi said, giving her friend a push as they reached the splitting-off point that would take the two their separate ways.

\* \* \*

"Maddi!"

"Eh what?" Maddi said, turning on her heel as she made her way out of her lecture hall. Coming up behind her were three girls from her class, and Maddi had to stifle a sigh.

It was the backup dancers.

Maddi referred to them as "the backup dancers" because they looked like what you would see behind some pop starlet or other to make them look good: One blonde, one brunette, and one raven-haired woman, all passably attractive if little else. Terry, The tall blonde, got in due to her father being a fashion magazine editor who thought it would be fun to have a family member on staff. Terry barely kept her grades up enough to continue spending her father's checks. Susan, the brown-haired one, was the daughter of one of the professors, so she got pretty much a free ride as well. On one group project Maddi was forced into with Susan, the bint hardly did any work and still got as good a grade as Maddi, who had pulled her weight and Susan's for bugger-all. Lan, the black-haired Chinese girl, wasn't as outright worthless as the other two, but Maddi's ire towards her came from an altogether equally repugnant attitude. Lan was one of those "Power Students" who had to do everything just perfect and be at the top of every game she played. This included social games; when Lan realized her stellar academic performance was for naught in the face of nepotism and bribery, she all but submitted a resume' to join their clique, slavishly aping their every whim and desire like some sort of twisted puppet. It wasn't that Maddi was antagonistic against them- she'd hardly allowed herself the length of contact to come to truly despise them- but nonetheless spending an afternoon with them was about as appealing as unanesthetized dentistry.

"Ginger!" Susan called out, a nickname Maddi hated. Susan didn't get a nickname just because of the colour of her hair, did she?

"Maddi, come with us- we're celebrating my birthday tonight!" Terry exclaimed. "C'mon, girls night out, what do you say?"

"Yeah, c'mon Maddi," Lan echoed. It was all Maddi could do not to roll her eyes.

"Oh, well, I'm terribly sorry, really, but I really don't have the money for a fancy dinner, and I'd hate for you lot to feel awkward eating without me..." Maddi started, rolling out the polite rejection lines she'd learned living in London for Eighteen years. No one could tell you to piss off and have you like it quite like an Englishwoman.

"Oh, don't worry about it," Terry said, "money's no problem! It's my birthday, I can just use my dad's credit card!" Maddi grimaced internally. Of all the times for Terry to start feeling generous while playing fast and loose with her father's money.

"Well..."

"Come onnnnn," Susan said, grabbing Maddi's hand and playfully pulling her off to the parking lot. "It's spring break, what else you gotta do?"

Between the fact that Sheila was going to be at work and she really did have nowhere better to go, Maddi finally relented and followed the girls to Terry's enormous sport utility vehicle, something no one in their proper mind would ever drive back home.

Maddi passed most of the car ride in silence, allowing the inane chatter of the other girls wash over her, in one ear and right out the other. When Maddi attempted to pretend a bit of socializing and asked where it was Terry had in mind to eat, she said it was a surprise. The smirks on Terry, Lan, and Susan's faces made Maddi pause at just who in the car was going to be surprised by the choice of restaurant. Maddi spaced out for a bit, her elbow on the back seat's windowsill as she tuned out the other girls. They sure were going rather out of town. Not surprising, since the town around the university was rather sleepy in any case, but this was far even for them. Maddi didn't understand why they'd been in such a rush she couldn't even change out of her uniform, but now it was seeming to make a bit more sense. It was starting to get along to evening by the time Terry swung her car drastically into a parking lot, almost sending Maddi's head into the window as she was unceremoniously thrown about the back seat. By the time she had gotten her bearings, Terry was turning the car off. Maddi opened the door and looked out, laughing in spite of herself.

The restaurant was called Juggalos, or so the giant, gaudy neon sign on the top of the restaurant said. As if to dispel any notions of civilization, the double-g was exaggerated to look like a waitress' tits and bum.

"Are you quite serious?" Maddi asked as the other girls started walking towards the restaurant. "Are we really going in here?"

"What's the matter?" Terry asked. "Don't like American food?"

"Food?" Maddi retorted, raising a brow. "It's got nothing to do with food! What is this, some kind of stag bar? Are you lot putting me on?"

Terry and the girls smiled again, a vaguely disingenuous expression that set Maddi's nerves on edge. Why did she agree to this again?

"It's really hot," Susan said as Lan opened the door for her and Terry. "I read about it on the internet."

"So what?" Maddi asked as she opened the other half of the double door and went inside, "Is one of you playing both sides now? Converted to Lesbyterianism, have we?" Terry laughed.

"You'll see, this'll be great," she said as she came up to the host's podium. "Table for four, please, and it's my birthday today."

"Oh, wonderful!" The host said, clasping his hands together in front of him. "Can I see two forms of photo ID, please?" Maddi arched a brow at the host as Terry dug into her purse.

Two forms of identification? Seemed like a lot of fuss, most restaurants would just take your word for it.

"Driver's license, passport, and copy of my birth certificate," Terry said, handing them over to the host.

"Yes, this looks all in order..." the host said as he checked the IDs and typed a little into the podium's computer. "Okay, we're all set! Happy birthday, Ms. Rivers, is there anywhere you'd like to sit in particular?"

"I'd like to sit way in the back," Terry said, grinning. "As far from the doors as possible." The host cocked his head to the side a bit, but his smile never vanished.

"Well, sure, we can arrange that. I'll get a server to show you to your table." He pressed a button on the podium. "She'll be right with you."

While they waited for their server, Maddi took a look around the restaurant foyer. There were t-shirts and hats bearing the restaurant's logo, the hats curiously topped with what looked like animal ears. It was certainly American, Maddi mused, looking at the kitsch and pop schlock adorning the walls. The four girls looked quite out of place, what with their blazers and plaid skirts and yellow button-up shirts. She'd had quite enough of school uniforms after leaving England, but this was one piece of ridiculous pomp that followed her over the Atlantic. She worried for a second that one of the school's liaisons would find her here- while not strictly against the rules, a dodgy place like this could nonetheless prompt a visit to the dean's office. But then again, Maddi mused, this would be a far, far spot to stake out for a liaison. Were she to find anyone else from the school here, like as not they would be on as scandalous a sojourn as she apparently was.

"Hi! Ready to be seated?"

Maddi turned to see the server and her gob dropped open. The bird that had come around the corner looked like some sort of stripper, large breasts and a round bum stuffed into a too-small white tank top and orange shorts, the only other clothes besides being a pair of orange and white sneakers and one of those hats with the animal ears on top. As Terry and the others followed her, Maddi noticed another accoutrement to her server- a fake animal tail tacked to the back of her shorts.

When they rounded the corner into the restaurant proper, Maddi had to physically hold her jaw up to keep her mouth from hanging open in shock. If their server looked like a stripper, the other waitresses were cartoonish parodies of that, exaggerated beyond anything anyone would call sensible. Maddi saw a girl hustle by sporting a pair of breasts that reached to her navel, cleavage spilling out the tank top stretched across her bosom like plastic wrap. The shameless tart was even carrying drinks inside of it, tall glasses stuffed inside her cleavage like a row of fenceposts. Further on were even more ridiculous waitresses, with bums big enough to place multiple trays of food on! In fact, Maddi noticed as she followed the other girls through the restaurant, the waitresses hardly carried a thing in their hands- drinks, menus and the like were stuffed in their cleavage, while virtually all the actual dishes were carried on their bums!

"Here we are!" The server said, gesturing to a small square table in the corner. Maddi and the girls took a seat, one each to a side, and the server said their waitress would be there soon before excusing herself.

"What the bloody, bloody *hell* are we doing here?!" Maddi hissed, leaning low over the table towards the other girls. Terry and the others just laughed in response.

"I told you this place would be great!" Terry chortled.

"I didn't believe it when the website said how *big* they were, but my God!" Susan said, turning her head to look at the waitresses.

"That... those... none of it is real, is it? It can't be!" Maddi said, wondering for the umpteenth time just what on earth she'd gotten herself into.

"Of course it's not real!" Terry said, grinning. "Don't know how they do it- some sort of prosthetics, or somethin'. But isn't it awesome?"

"Excuse me, 'awesome'?" Maddi asked, incredulous. "They look like out-of-order blow-up dolls, for Christ's sake!"

"Oh come on," Susan said, "haven't you ever wondered what it'd be like to have bigger boobs?"

"One, that's not any of your business, and two, that isn't 'bigger'," Maddi said, glancing at a passing waitress who had a row of drinks stuffed in her cleavage, "that's just... ridiculous! You couldn't see your own bloody feet without a mirror!"

This only set the other girls to laughing as their waitress came to their table, a stack of menus sticking out from between her breasts like a leather-bound mohawk.

"Good evening, welcome to Juggalos!" The girl said, smiling. "My name is Karen, and I'll be your waitress tonight. I hear we have a birthday tonight!"

"Guilty!" Terry said, giggling as she raised her hand.

"Well congratulations!" She said as she passed out the menus. When Maddi recoiled from her menu a bit, the waitress cocked her head. "Something the matter?"

"I... I just don't know if that's sanitary, is all..." Maddi said, trying not to stare at where they'd come from but finding it difficult considering how much space they took up in her field of view.

"Oh, don't worry!" Karen said. "Just like the dishes, we get washed before serving our guests." She bounced up and down on her toes, causing her beachball-sized breasts to wobble and shake furiously. "These babies are clean enough to eat off of!"

Maddi's face burned, and she grimly opened her menu and buried her face in it.

"Can I start you off with something to drink?" Karen continued.

"Diamond Fuzz," Terry said.

"I'll have a White Russian," Susan offered.

"Fuzzy Navel for me," Lan asked.

"Uhm... Just water for me, thank you," Maddi stammered. She had seen all she wanted, but it looked like someone needed to stay sober enough to lurch the three girls back home. She might have been set up, but it would weigh too heavily on her conscience to allow the three sots to swerve their way into the waiting arms of a patrolman or even worse, into a tree. She was resolved to stick the meal out, drive her drunk classmates home, and never have another thing to do with them or this restaurant ever again.

Maddi tried not to stare, but being near the back as they were, it seemed nearly every waitress came past their table going to and fro from the kitchen. Each of them seemed to be



exaggerated differently, but thematically they were all alike: utterly ridiculous bums and bosoms, heaped with food and drinks, the waitresses hardly using their hands for anything.

"So what're you getting?" Terry asked, startling Maddi. She'd been staring at the waitresses so intently she hadn't so much as glanced at her menu.

"Oh! Ah.. I really don't know..." Maddi said, looking at the menu as though for the first time. It was all the typical American fare- fried this and that, gobs of meat burnt to a crisp. Americans wouldn't know subtle cuisine if it hit them as obviously as- well, as their own cooking.

"Drinks!" Karen said, swinging by their table, her massive bosom nearly resting on it as she turned. She had three large silver cylinders jammed in her bosom, condensation marking their freshness. "A diamond fuzz for the birthday girl..." She said, removing one of the cylinders and unscrewing the cap, taking Terry's drink out of the packed ice and placing it in front of her. She repeated the maneuver for each of the alcoholic drinks, then removed a tall glass of icewater from the highest point in her cleavage, passing it sideways to Maddi. Maddi wasn't sure, but she could have sworn she saw goosebumps on the waitress's breasts where the condensation from the cylinders pooled. But that was impossible, prosthetics couldn't get goosebumps- right?

"So then, ready to order?" Karen said, pulling a small notepad and pen out of a cargo pocket in the shorts Maddi could barely see behind the curvature of her breasts.

"I think I'll have the BLT," Susan said, folding her menu.

"Me too," Lan Followed.

"Single-decker burger," Terry said, placing her menu on top of Susan and Lan's.

"Okay..." Karen said, using her breasts as a makeshift desk as she wrote down the orders. "And for you, miss?"

Maddi scanned the menu quickly, looking for something mundane and simple that she could eat quickly and leave. "Ah, how about this 'Pasta Primoretto'?" She asked, pointing to the item on the menu. Maddi liked Italian food well enough, and it looked like a fairly simple dish. Karen nodded, scribbling Maddi's order down, but then she seemed to pause. After an uncomfortable moment, Karen looked up to Maddi.

"And?"

"And?" Maddi repeated, opening the menu and looking to see if she'd somehow misread it. "Is there more?"

"Oh!" Karen said, looking a bit embarrassed. "No, no, that's fine. Most people just order the Primo as a starter."

"I'm sure it will be plenty," Maddi said as she added her menu to the pile. "You Americans and your portions- Even as an appetizer I'm sure it would feed me for the whole weekend."

Karen laughed and slid the notepad into her shorts, picking up the menus and jamming them into her cleavage before wandering back to the kitchen.

"Nice to see you finally loosening up," Susan said as she sipped her drink.

"I'm only being polite," Maddi answered, wondering why Susan was interested, and why 'loosened' seemed to be out of the ordinary? Maddi didn't perceive herself as unusually reserved or tense.

"God, can you imagine what it'd be like to actually have boobs that big?" Terry asked, following one exceptionally large waitress with her head.

"Your back would be enough for a chiropractor to retire on, that's what it would be like," Maddi said. "I feel sorry for those sots, I can't imagine carrying those fakes around an eight-hour shift, much less living with them."

"Yeah, but still..." Terry said.

It was mostly quiet until their food arrived, save for each of the girls getting a refill or two on all their drinks. Maddi, for her part, sipped her water through a straw and tried not to touch the glass; despite the assurances of the waitress, Maddi wasn't at all sure where the prosthetics had been before tonight and the whole thing just seemed somewhat unsanitary.

As they waited for their food, Maddi took a look around at the other patrons, which only served to make her feel even more out of place. All the women in the restaurant seemed to be rather curvaceous, and most of them wore ill-fitting clothes as if to accentuate the fact. One woman a few tables down was straining her button-up shirt so tightly Maddi wondered how she'd ever managed to wrap it around her mams in the first place. There were very few singles in the restaurant, from the looks of it: Most were either couples or larger groups still, most of them laughing and having a gay old time.

*Then there's me*, Maddi thought, *waiting on these three clueless pillocks to drop the other shoe...* She sipped her water, waiting impatiently for the night to be over. When the night didn't magically fast-forward, Maddi put forth a consolation wish: Maddi knew that if Sheila were here she'd at least be able to enjoy herself on some level.

A pair of loud clinks jolted Maddi out of her reprieve and earned a small gasp and exclamation of surprise from Susan and Lan, respectively, as something hit Lan's glass and ricocheted off the table.

"What was that?" Terry asked, leaning off to the side of the table to pick up the fallen projectile. When she rose, she had a small brown button pinched between her fingers, looking at it quizzically. Maddi looked to the woman she had seen earlier and placed the button with the missing ones from the top of her blouse. Maddi actually did a bit of a double-take; the woman's breasts were positively spilling over the cups of her bra, the popped buttons offering the barest amount of slack. But, they hadn't been that big before, had they? There's no way they could have grown bigger just since she started eating, could they? Just what kind of place was this?

"Damn," Susan said, who had turned around to follow Maddi's gaze. "There's a nice set of man-catchers."

"Yeah," Lan said, craning her neck to see past Susan.

"Wouldn't it hurt to lug those around all day, though?" Terry asked. "I mean, I've been thinking about getting a boob job, but those would seriously weigh you down, wouldn't they?"

"I'm just glad my boyfriend's one of those 'more than a handful's a waste' types," Susan answered.

"More than a handful's a waste'?" A new server said as they came up to the table. "More like 'more than a handful is just the start!'"

The four girls looked at the new server standing next to Karen. While not having Karen's prodigious cleavage, the new server had a butt that looked like she'd stuffed bed pillows into her shorts, creating a soft, fluffy shelf all their food rested on.

"Okay!" Karen giggled as she took the plates off the new server's butt, "We've got a BLT... Another BLT..." She said, handing the dishes to Susan and Lan, "A single-decker for the birthday girl..." she continued, placing Terry's hamburger in front of her, "And a nice big plate of Pasta Primoretto here," she finished, placing the big, steaming heap of noodles in front of Maddi.

"Wait, that's it?" The new server said, trying to look over her shoulder at the table. "Someone got the primo just by itself?"

"Yep," Karen said as the two of them walked back towards the kitchen. "I know, seems like a waste, but the customer is always right and all that..."

Maddi looked at her dish suspiciously, the comments by the waitresses unnerving her. She poked at it with her fork, half expecting something to pop out and spook her. It looked benign enough- a linguini with white sauce, no strange lumps of meat or queer toppings. When she finally worked up the nerve to take a bite, she found the pasta was quite tasty. Maddi couldn't figure out why the waitresses acted like she was missing something- the pasta was plenty good on its own.

"See?" Terry said, wiping her mouth with a napkin. "I told you this place was good."

"Barmy waitresses aside, the food is certainly quite good," Maddi agreed, somewhat reluctantly. She still remembered the sly grins from earlier- at some point the other shoe was going to drop, and Maddi couldn't let her guard down. But for the moment, at least the food was good.

In what seemed like no time at all, the food was gone. The other girls had gone through at least three refills each and were starting to very obviously show the effects. Maddi drew her spoon across the diameter of her plate, bringing the last dollop of sauce to her mouth. If nothing else, Maddi consented, she'd gotten a truly extraordinary meal out of the whole affair.

Suddenly two relatively normal-sized waitresses came out of the large double-doors leading to the kitchen, blowing into a pair of noisemakers, the colourful tubes unfurling with a merry toot. What emerged from the kitchen afterwards nearly made Maddi choke on her water.

Maddi could barely recognize the shape as a woman. Perfectly normal feet and calves, and a perfectly normal head, but between it Maddi could make out aught but tits and ass. Far, far bigger than even the biggest waitresses she'd seen, this particular server had a bosom that hung down past her waist and looked to be as big around as she was tall. She was pouring out of a top that exposed so much cleavage you could asphyxiate a man inside of it. And the obscenity was further compounded by the fact that her rump was big enough to have accommodated both of her person-sized breasts in each cheek! It was as if an inflatable life-raft were stuffed into the orange shorts, jutting out so far behind her and to the sides the crest of her ass came nearly to the waitress' shoulders! In point of fact, Maddi was nearly certain the waitress' brown hair would have brushed her backside with only a backwards tip of her head! None of the four girls said a word; even they weren't prepared for the impossibly-sized waitress somehow moving her unfathomable bulk through the restaurant. It wasn't until the Freudian

monstrosity was at their table singing "Happy Birthday" to Terry that the girls were able to stop staring at the giant pair of sexual features and take it in as a whole person.

"Happy birthday dear Terr-ry, happy birthday to you!" the giant waitress sang, producing a covered serving dish from behind her back. She actually had to hand the dish to Karen, as even the full extension of her arms wasn't long enough to clear the horizon of her monstrous thighs and butt.

"And a BIG birthday treat for our birthday girl!" Karen said, placing the tray in front of Terry and removing the lid with a flourish. Maddi had to laugh at what was underneath the silver dome; instead of a large cake or pie or anything that would actually fill the container, inside was a single lonely chocolate cupcake, topped with frosting and a cherry, a single lit party candle sticking out of the top.

"Make a wish!" The giant waitress said, beaming.

"Well thank you so much!" Terry said, leaning down and puffing out the candle. "But you know what, I'm totally, totally stuffed. Couldn't eat another bite." She picked the cupcake up and set it in front of Susan. "Here Susan, you take it."

"Oh, no," Susan said, picking the cupcake up and reaching across the table to set it in front of Lan. "Chocolate's so not on the diet."

"What she said," Lan echoed, placing it in front of Maddi.

"Well, someone's gotta eat it," The huge waitress said, her arms disappearing behind her bosom in a gesture Maddi assumed was her putting her hands on her hips, though the girth of her bosom obliterated any view of her torso from her shoulders down to her thighs.

"Ah, well, really I shouldn't, it's your birthday after all..." Maddi stammered before catching the other girls' faces. They were all entirely too drunk to have any kind of tact anymore. She could see it in their faces, this cupcake was the other shoe, the trick they'd worked all night to pull off. But it was so small! What could possibly be in such a tiny cupcake? What sort of punchline could you fit inside?

Maddi knew what she had to do. She'd pop the whole thing in her mouth and just gulp it down, then excuse herself to the loo and be done with it. As Maddi plucked the candle out of the cupcake and set it aside, she heard the enormous waitress ask "So what'd she have, Karen?"

"A whole plate of Primo," She answered as Maddi picked up the cupcake.

"Wow, really?" the huge waitress said, whistling as Maddi opened wide and shoved the cupcake in, not even a speck of frosting escaping. "She's going to be huge!"

Maddi almost gagged, only her sense of decorum keeping the cupcake mash from escaping her lips. She quickly chewed it down, the backup dancers giggling at the spectacle. Maddi swallowed hard, her reasoning faculties at odds with one another, one half telling her the conclusion she'd reached was insane, the other half arguing that for as insane as it was, it was the only conclusion that made any sense.

"Excuse me, but I wa- ooohhhh..." Maddi's sentence died halfway out of her mouth as a fire seemed to erupt in her chest. She groaned, putting a hand to her heart, the rapid thumping like the roll of distant thunder. Maddie leaned forward, holding the table with both hands, feeling like she'd just become a steam-engine, the heat radiating through her body. "Ooohhh..." She moaned again, feeling her chest press into the top of the table.



Maddi's eyes went wide and she sat bolt upright in her chair as the ramifications of that sensation finally registered in her brain. Her chest was pushing into the table because it was growing. She looked down at herself, seeing gaps already appearing in her blouse as the buttons strained to contain her growing flesh. It wasn't merely her breasts, either- she could feel her panties riding up on her as her buttocks surged down and out, filling like water balloons.

The huge waitress giggled and put a hand to her mouth as Maddi's burgeoning breasts tore her blouse from her skirt, surging across the table and knocking her glass over.

"Oh, they're always sooo precious when they first start growing," she said.

Maddi's jaw hung open in shock as the final piece of the puzzle clicked in, and her denial of reality crumbled. They weren't prosthetics. The giant mounds of flesh she'd been seeing all night were *real*. And, Maddi realized as her chair creaked under the weight and girth of her rapidly-expanding bottom, *she* was becoming one of them!

Maddi stood suddenly, the movement popping one of the buttons in her blouse and sending her chair clattering to the floor. She had to escape! Now!

"Hey, what're-" Karen started before Maddi tore off through the restaurant as fast as her new, awkward weight allowed. She staggered violently forward, heedless of her ever-expanding curves, unable to see her feet at all. Maddi grabbed onto the edge of a booth and swung around the corner, her momentum causing her to slip and careen backwards, the twin beachball globes of her rump colliding with and knocking over another waitress. The impact was enough to halt Maddi's fall, however, so she immediately continued on, her expansive rear and bosom now making her little more than a large fleshy pinball in the restaurant, knocking aside patrons, waitresses, even furniture and signs as she bounced from place to place, her only thought and desire that of escape. As the hallway leading to the entrance came into sight, Maddi felt a renewed surge of vigor, the kind of adrenaline boost known only to the truly desperate. Maddi was now immense, her breasts overflowing her arms as she attempted to hold them in to minimize the jostling, her butt cheeks each a massive globe of flesh whose gyrations shook her entire body with each awkward step. Maddi wasn't in a run so much as a controlled fall, her incredible weight pulling her forward, her legs only doing the barest minimum to maintain balance.

Suddenly, Maddi crashed headlong into something resilient yet squishy, the impact jarring her for a moment before she was bounced backwards, landing hard on her butt. What Maddi hadn't considered was that the rest of her body was now balanced on the fulcrum of her backside, and she was decidedly top-heavy. She rolled backwards, arms and legs flailing uselessly until her breasts picked up their downward momentum, momentarily obscuring Maddi's vision as they reached the ground before her. Maddi was disoriented briefly as her "tilt" pulled her legs back over her head, Maddi performing some kind of bizarre "breast-stand" before her legs came crashing down the right way behind her, her humongous butt following close behind. Maddi wound up in a position where normally she'd be lying on her stomach, but between her massive thighs and pendulous breasts Maddi was forced into something more of a forward-lunging kneel. Head spinning, she was snapped out her daze when the thing she'd ran into let out a shocked "Maddi?"

Maddi looked, seeing a pair of feet sticking out from under an enormous pair of breasts, a veritable canyon of cleavage running from the floor to a familiar-looking, naturally-beautiful face.

"Sheila?!"

## Chapter Two: Night Shift

"Here," Sheila said, offering Maddi a steaming mug. Maddi looked up at her friend and took the mug of coffee, holding it to her chest without drinking. Maddi was in a daze, the events of the past few minutes still not fully penetrating her brain.

Maddi looked again at her friend, trying to reconcile the two versions of her. One was the Sheila that Maddi knew from university, a slight, pretty girl who would regularly lose herself in thought. The other was the Sheila standing in front of her, sporting the largest pair of breasts Maddi had ever seen. No, that seemed inadequate, somehow- they were larger than the largest pair of breasts Maddi had ever, could ever have even *conceived* of. Large, full, and round, like a pair of large beach balls stuffed inside a tank-top, firm and perky despite hanging past her knees, each impossible orb twice as wide as Sheila was, their girth probably as long across as Sheila was tall. They dominated Sheila's front to such an absurd degree she'd had to stand nearly facing completely away from Maddi in order to hand her the coffee mug, revealing a plush yet pert bottom which, while large by normal standards, was entirely dwarfed by the unfathomably large bosom it hid behind. If the absurdly-proportioned woman hadn't had the same naturally pretty face that Maddi had come to know in her two years at university so far Maddi wouldn't have recognised her at all, especially given the fact that instead of human ears, Sheila now sported what looked to be a pair of furred fox ears poking out from her Juggalos cap, a fiery red colour matching that of the equally furry tail that snaked its way out of a loop in her shorts.



Not that Maddi was herself any less absurdly-proportioned at the moment. Even though she could feel her bottom on the carpeted floor, her posterior was so enormous that as she sat on it- she could hardly consider the mass of flesh a part of her- she was nearly eye-level with Sheila's ribcage. Her legs, still normal up until her thighs, bent at the knee, feet resting on the ground as though she were sitting on a couch. It was fortuitous that she had a firm footing, too, given that her breasts weighed heavily upon her legs. Too big to even reach her arms around, the beachball-sized orbs were only constrained by a chef's apron Sheila had nicked on the way to the employee lounge they had retired to after Maddi had made such a scene. Ironically, they looked positively moderate compared to Sheila's nearly immeasurable bosom, but they remained far, far beyond what Maddi would consider manageable just the same.

Maddi and Sheila's stunned silence was broken when the double doors of the lounge burst open, the gravid form of the huge waitress who'd brought out the cupcake all but filling the doorway. In spite of her ridiculously sexualized appearance, the waitress somehow exuded an air of authority, a stern expression settling immediately on Maddi.

"Trixie-" Sheila started, turning to the waitress.

"Zip it, Sheila," The waitress said, barging up to Maddi until she could barely see Trixie's face over the expanse of her bosom. "You- what's the big idea? Did Vivian put you up to this?"

"I- I'm sorry, Vivian?" Maddi replied, gripping her mug tightly, "I don't really know..."

"Charging through the restaurant, breaking dishes, spilling food, bowling over my girls..." Trixie huffed, even that slight motion sending a ripple through her mountainous curves. "Sounds like you're trying to sabotage this place, especially considering your three little accomplices slipped out on the bill. You know you can't-"

"They WHAT?!" Maddi said, bolting upright, the action mashing her newfound bulk against Sheila's accidentally. The two recoiled off of each other, Maddi dropping back down onto her prodigious posterior while Sheila windmilled her arms, taking a few steps back to right herself.

"Trixie," Sheila started before anyone could respond to Maddi's outburst, "She was tricked! I'd swear on a stack of bibles, Maddi would never-"

"Maddi?" Trixie said, shooting Sheila a look. "You know this girl?"

"She's my roommate," Sheila said, twiddling her thumbs nervously, her hands having to rest nearly up against her throat for all the space her bosom left available.

"Well then, maybe you can shed some light on why boobzilla took a rampage through the dining room, then." Trixie said.

"She-" Sheila started, looking over at her friend. "I'm sure she just got spooked, is all, Trix. She's never been here before in her life."

"How do you know that?" Trixie asked.

"She's my roomie, Trix," Sheila said, putting her hands on her hips and offering an awkward smile. "And I work here. Believe me, I'd know if she came."

"That a fact?" Trixie asked, turning back to Maddi. "Well then, what do you have to say for yourself?"



Maddi took a nervous sip of her coffee, swallowing hard and closing her eyes. She rose slowly, steadying herself, finding her new centre of gravity with her expanded form before taking a deep breath. She squared her shoulders and looked right at Trixie.

"Madam, I do apologize for what has transpired here tonight. I was not aware of the... *unique* effects of your cuisine, and I... panicked when it became obvious my current garments were inadequate to the task of keeping me respectably covered." Maddi took another breath. "As for the other diners with me, I can only say that they were the barest of acquaintances and, apparently, sots of the meanest sort. Much as I might resent it, I will gladly consent to pay for any damages-"

"Ohhhh no," Trixie cut in. "You're *working* that tab off, honey."

"E-Excuse me?" Maddi asked. She hadn't been keen on paying off the restaurant and tipping her hand in front of Sheila, but it was certainly a more appealing option than trying to fit a job in-between her studies.

"You're working off that debt," Trixie re-iterated, "It's in the notice at the front of the restaurant."

"But I didn't-" Maddi started.

"Look, honey," Trixie said, stepping up to Maddi until their bosoms pressed together, "There's two ways you're leaving this room tonight: Either in a Juggalos uniform or in cuffs." Trixie folded her petite arms in front of her, barely putting a crease in the vast expanse of flesh in front of her. "You owe us for damages and those are your options."

"Can she work my shift?" Sheila piped up, stepping forward and inadvertently adding her own ridiculous measurements to the billowy mash-up. Maddi felt her cheeks flush at the sensation of so much touching her breasts, separated only by the rough fabric of the apron.

"Say what?" Trixie said, apparently derailed by such a left-field question.

"She's my roomie, Trixie," Sheila pleaded. "That way we can come together, work together, and leave together." Sheila bounced up and down on her heels, sending tremors passing from her to Trixie to Maddi and back again in a way that nearly made Maddi light-headed. "Pleeease, Trix, you know what a heap my car is, don't make me have to share it..."

Trixie looked from Sheila to Maddi, her brow still furrowed. Maddi saw her fox-ears twitch once, not having any idea how to read the alien body language.

"So then you're agreeing to it?" Trixie asked Maddi.

"I... don't see what choice I have in the matter," Maddi replied. Challenging it in court would be the last thing she'd want to do, as it would undoubtedly summon the family solicitor to her, and her parents would undoubtedly follow soon after. Trixie backed away finally, relieving the pressure against Maddi's chest.

"All right, fine," She said, her tone and demeanor switching gears, less threatening but just as authoritative. "The dining room closes in an hour and a half. Sheila, get your friend there in a uniform, then get back to the bar. Soon's as the door closes, we're training the newbie for waitressing." So saying, Trixie turned back to the doors.

"I-What?" Maddi stammered, taking a step. Trixie somehow swung her enormous bulk back around to face Maddi.

"What, what?" She retorted, her arms disappearing behind her bosom in a gesture Maddi assumed was her putting her hands on her hips. "You had a full plate of Primo and a Birthday Blow-Up cupcake. You won't be able to fit into a van for at least eight hours, much less Sheila's little compact."

"Eight hours?" Maddi began to protest as Trixie left, before an even more chilling thought occurred to her; bother 'eight hours', what if it had somehow been *permanent*?!

"It's okay," Sheila said as she came up next to Maddi, or at least as "Next to" as their respective fleshy bits would allow. "I'll help you. Might be a lousy morning tomorrow, but at least for tonight I've got your back."

"I don't see how," Maddi said with a bitter smile. "You'd need a flatbed lorry." Sheila smiled and touched her friend's shoulder before making for the door, returning soon with a pair of shorts and a shirt.

"Okay, take off that apron," Sheila said. "You look like a size three, these should fit."

"A size three?" Maddi asked, scoffing. "Even before I came here I wasn't a size three, Sheila."

"No no, a Juggalos size three," Her friend said, laughing. "The uniforms are sized to how big you are, top and bottom. I'm a five-one," She said, pulling her shoulders back to accentuate her enormous bust. "You look about a three-three."

Maddi had about finished unfastening the knot she'd tied behind her neck to keep the apron on, but a twinge of embarrassment halted her. She and Sheila had been required to share a loo for the past two years, true, but at her current size things were rather a bit different. They had seen each other naked before, just... never so *much*.

"Would... Would you mind terribly turning around?" Maddi asked as she held the strings of the apron. Sheila just chuckled.

"What, you think you can throw these on by yourself? How you gonna pull the shirt down when you can't even reach around your boobs?" Sheila turned to the side, scooting close enough to Maddi that she could grab the apron and tug it away from her. "The team motto for the waitresses here is 'Everything's better together', so let's start working together here." Maddi relented, letting go of the strings so Sheila could take the apron fully away. "And take off what's left of your uniform, you'll just muck it up wearing it like this."

Maddi shrugged the remains of her blazer and shirt off her shoulders; aside from the buttons being rent violently from them, they appeared to be salvageable, though there were a few tears that would need mending where the expansion had come on too quickly. Her skirt and knickers were a lost cause, however- one would need a scuba mask and a flashlight to find them wedged between the two meaty pontoons of her behind, she'd just wear the shorts over them.

Sheila tossed Maddi the shirt, the garment unfurling in the air and landing over Maddi's head like a blanket. It was so oddly-shaped that it took Maddi a moment to figure which end was up; she had to find the sleeves in the great loop of cloth in order to know where she fit inside it. She pulled her arms through, the frilly cuffs causing her to grimace at their tackiness before realizing the truth of Sheila's earlier assertion: the rest of the garment pooled on the shelf of her breasts, far beyond her ability to reach around her bosom.

"See?" Sheila said, leaning forward so she could reach past her own enormous breasts. "You'd need to be stretch Armstrong to dress yourself after growing. That's why we usually get dressed first and grow into our uniforms." She grabbed the hem of Maddi's shirt and stretched it down over the crest of her boobs, the elastic snugging to the underside of her cups.

"I don't see why they couldn't," Maddi said as Sheila ducked down below the horizon of her breasts. "This is magic, is what it is. Sorcery." Sheila shrugged as she got down on the ground, rolling forward onto her breasts so she could reach Maddi's feet.

"Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic,' and all that," She said as she arranged the shorts around Maddi's feet. "Up," She commanded, giving Maddi's right foot a pat.

"Arthur C. Clarke," Maddi said as she obliged, slipping her foot into the cavernous-feeling pants. "It boggles the mind, still."

"Next," Sheila barked, patting Maddi's other foot.

"I mean, if you can make something that can grow tissue like that, why not put it to a more... sociable use?" Maddi asked as she wormed her other foot through the garment. "Any respectable pharmaceutical company could retire in great wealth with such a formula, and the proprietors here- whoever they are- are sprinkling it in food for bawdry giggles!" Sheila rolled back onto her feet, standing up and hefting her breasts free of the ground once more.

"I dunno," She said as she maneuvered behind Maddi. "All I know is the stuff works and the owners go to pretty great lengths to keep it a secret. We get the stuff in a lockbox each day that only Trixie has a key to." She bent down, grabbing the back of Maddi's shorts, and lurched upright. "Here we go!"

"Ohh~!" Maddi yelped as the orange nylon shorts wedged uncomfortably up between her bum.

"Well why aren't you lifting from your end?" Sheila asked as she lowered her end a little. "You think I'm going to do this all myself?" Maddi's face blushed as she grabbed for the waistband and pulled it up over her skirt, stuffing the blue plaid more or less flat as Sheila hefted the rear end over each of her mammoth cheeks.

"Grab it. Pull!" Sheila admonished as she stretched the ends towards Maddi as best she could, the fabric getting caught between her butt and Sheila's breasts. Maddi reached back and helped pull the elastic over the hump of her rump, the waistband cinching surprisingly comfortably around her relatively small waist.

"Ho-kay," Sheila said, wiping her hands on her shorts. "Time to get back to the bar. I'll see you in a while, you just sit tight," she continued, heading for the doors. "Everything's gonna be okay!" She called out as the doors closed behind her.

Maddi just stood there for a few moments, the silence of the room permeating her. She let out her breath, hardly conscious she'd been holding it in. Ever since she'd eaten that damnable cupcake she'd been operating on instinct, reflex, only able to react to the insanity happening around her. Maddi took a few tentative steps, feeling the swish of her shorts between her monstrous thighs. It was still hard for Maddi to reconcile the gigantic mounds of flesh protruding from her front and back as belonging to her, as *being* her. She put a hand to her forehead and bit her lip. She wasn't about to cry- Britons didn't cry, it wasn't proper- but she was having a night like one doesn't see very often, that was for sure. Roped into servitude in this

degrading parlor of iniquity? The thought made her shiver. She took a few more steps, turning as she reached the edge of the room.

Sheila. Sheila was perhaps the largest shock of all. To see the small, unassuming girl with a pair of titanic tits that nearly reached her feet was like seeing Mother Teresa wearing a g-string- the juxtaposition was just beyond the realm of sense. She walked back to where she'd started and turned again. Maddi began pacing, keeping balance with her new, unusual centre of gravity. She'd learned good posture and grace in primary school, and much as she'd resented it at the time it had become habitual. Ballet classes had then turned habit into skill. Shoulders squared, head straight, she found as she paced that even with the exaggerated motion of her hips and bum she was able to keep balance. It almost felt natural, the acres of new sensation from her expanded attributes notwithstanding. The shirt she'd been given displayed an embarrassing amount of cleavage, and the cool air of the lounge caused goosebumps to rise up on her flesh. She rubbed the skin with her hands, but that just caused an entirely different kind of shiver to run through her. Maddi's breasts had never had much mileage on them in terms of fondling, regular bathing excepting, and now at the size they were the amount of signals coming in from what was a considerably larger erogenous zone was perhaps a bit more than she could handle. She bit her lip and steeled herself. If she was going to work here, especially stuck like this, she'd need to be resolute.

Maddi turned as the doors banged open, a dark-haired waitress with a very stained uniform hurriedly walking into the room. "Hey, gimme a hand with- oh, *you*," she said, hauling to a stop and glaring at Maddi.

"Me?" Maddi asked, confused.

"Yeah, you," She said as she pulled the back of her shirt over her shoulders. "Birthday Girl." She got the garment over her head and tossed it forward, the rest of the shirt peeling off her breasts and falling to the floor. "You're the one that ran me over in the dining room and made me mash an entire table's worth of food tits-first!" She continued, poking her arms through a new shirt. "I'll be lucky to get any tip at all!" She finished, suddenly snapping her fingers and beckoning to Maddi. "Come on, help me with this!" She commanded, gesturing to the baggy pool of cloth on the shelf of her breasts. "Some of us have to punch out soon."

"I-I'm sorry..." Maddi stammered as she hurried over to the waitress, misjudging the distance and colliding bosom to bosom with her as she reached for the shirt.

"Hey, watch where you swing those things, lady!" The waitress said as she recoiled away from Maddi. "Quit playin' around and grab the damn thing!" Maddi bit her lip as she turned sideways to the waitress, reaching over and grabbing the lumped-up garment with her hand, pulling it down towards the front of the waitress' bosom, roughly comparable to Maddi's own girth. She flushed as she felt her knuckles brushing along the other girl's bosom, having to bend down and reach over her own bosom with her other arm to get the other end of the shirt. She bent low, flushing even further as her head came within centimeters of the woman's cleavage, the low-cut shirt finally sliding below the enormous spheres looming over her.

"Finally," The waitress said, fidgeting the collar a bit before rushing back out the door, not even bothering with the handles but merely shoving it open with a thrust of her breasts.



Maddi once again found herself alone, if a bit more upset than she'd just been. It seemed she hadn't made a polite impression on anyone in the restaurant at all. She gritted her teeth as she began pacing again. Stupid. She'd acted stupid, like a child, running unbidden through the restaurant. But what was she to have done? She'd panicked, true, but no etiquette class in the world covered the appropriate response to one's bosom swelling to such a degree it burst free of its garments!

Maddi looked to the couch set against the wall, her clothes set in a pile on it. Maddi walked over to the couch and bent over, trying to pick her clothes up. Unfortunately, she once again misjudged the space her enormous bosom took up and she managed to bury her clothes under her breasts, the garment completely vanishing underneath her cleavage. Maddi sighed, straightened up, and tried again, backing up a step so she only had to reach over her breasts instead of past them. Finally able to retrieve her clothes, Maddi set to work folding them properly. She separated the shirt and the blazer, pinching the blazer under her chin until she realized there was nowhere for the garment to fall to- the blazer was all but perfectly nestled in the divot her two breasts and the terminus of her cleavage made in her chest. Sighing, she held her shirt as far up and to the side as she could manage, trying to let it fall straight and flat as best she could without interference from her bustline. She folded the sleeves under and pulled the collar as taut as she could given that the shirt couldn't be buttoned, then brought the shirt to her collarbones. Maddi sighed yet again as the shirt rumbled into a pile; She'd always been... "little" enough to flatten her laundry against her chest. Now, with the ponderous protrusions in front of her all the motion did was crumple the shirt into a wad. Maddi tried again, this time pressing the shirt against the side of her breast, finding it a significant enough expanse for the task. She carefully dropped the folded shirt on the couch, and turned her attention to the blazer, repeating the procedure and placing it on top of the shirt, and even rolled her ascot up neatly. Finally, she picked up the discarded waitress' shirt and attempted to fold it, but trying to fold something with such a ridiculous pouch of fabric proved vexing. Finally, Maddi attacked it as though she were folding a fitted bedsheet, turning it inside-out and folding the corners of the seams together as best she was able.

Maddi dusted her hands off each other and sighed again. She was more or less stuck here in this little room until the restaurant closed, and there wasn't so much as a menu to read. She paced, still getting used to the jolts and shakes of her flesh with every step. She felt freakish, but it was at least temporary- Eight hours, that 'Trixie' woman had said. Well, probably seven and a half now. Seven and a quarter, maybe? Maddi shook her head. Not enough to make a difference.

The time passed fitfully. Eventually, even pacing wasn't enough to distract her, and Maddi simply sat down in the corner, leaning her head back into the corner and closing her eyes, breasts just resting on her knees. She'd thought of her earlier spring holiday proclamation, and had to laugh a bit at the latest revision.

"Anywhere but home and Uni and now *here*," she said, rolling her head from side to side. "By **God**, isn't there anywhere I can go in peace?"

\* \* \*

"Okay!" Trixie said as she burst into the room, startling Maddi. "Doors're locked, let's get moving!" Maddi stood wobbily, shaking the cobwebs out of her head. Was it really time already?

"Hmm..." Trixie said, looking Maddi up and down. "No hat, no shoes... That girl!" She exclaimed, throwing her hands up and turning back to the doors. She'd barely made it half a step away before she turned back to Maddi. "Well, good enough. Come on, let's get you to the banquet room, it wasn't used tonight and you won't get in the way of the cleaners." She marched through the doors, stopping in a half-turn with her gargantuan behind propping one of the doors open. "Well?" She barked, looking at Maddi. "Come on!"

Maddi started, jogging quickly after Trixie, only her prodigious bust keeping the door from shutting on her nose. Trixie led her down a small hallway, (Seemingly much smaller than it really was with Trixie trying to march her pulchritude through it) and through another set of double-doors that put them into the back corner of a formal dining room, not at all like the loud, tacky decor of the main restaurant. Just as Maddi was noticing none of the places were set, the doors opened behind her and Maddi turned to see Sheila with two great armfuls of plates heaped upon her chest.

"Got the dishes, Trix!" Sheila said, leaning down and gently transferring her load onto the nearest table. Sheila tarried only long enough to smile at Maddi before disappearing through the door again.

"Okay!" Trixie said as she turned to Maddi, twirling a bar towel around one hand. "Rule number one of Juggalos waitressing: You do not touch any dishes with your hands except when taking them from the kitchen and delivering them to the customers. So let's see you load some plates on there."

"On... where?" Maddi ventured.

"On there!" Trixie countered, whipping the towel forward and delivering a quick smack to Maddi's bottom. Maddi jumped forward with a yelp, reaching back to rub the stung spot. "Plates on the ass, drinks in the boobs. Silverware and stuff goes in the shorts, but that's no biggie. Plates can go on the boobs, but only if you're a size four and up, so you're all on the backside for now."

"Uhm..." Maddi started as she picked up a plate, passing it to her other hand and picking up another. "Could you perhaps- oh!"

The plates rattled as Maddi turned too close to the table, her huge backside slamming into it. Maddi quickly turned back, trying to steady the plates with her nearest hand.

"Snrk-hee-hee-hee!" Trixie laughed, shaking her head. "Looks like we gotta start at square one here," She laughed. "You're not a little cylinder anymore, cupcake, you gotta keep your mind on where you are- all of you." She tilted her head and looked at Maddi, who tried to stand straight as she could, feeling like a beefeater at inspection. "Okay, you know what, put the plates back and just take a lap," She said, waving a finger in the general direction of the tables.

"A lap?" Maddi repeated.

"A lap. Slalom that big butt of yours between all the tables around the edge of the room. Chop chop!" Maddi quickly put the plates back and started on her tour, winding her way around the tables, trying to keep her swaying backside more or less in check.

"I said *between* the tables, not around them!" Trixie called out. "Let's see you squeeze through those gaps!"

Maddi attempted to turn between two of the round banquet tables, but she caught one of the chairs on her hip, the back of it snagging in her shorts and toppling over as her hip swung forward with the rest of her.

"Oh!" Maddi said, stopping and turning to right the chair, gasping again when her turning caught two more chairs and dislodged them from their place at the opposite table.

"Just keep going!" Trixie yelled. "You keep 'fixing' things, this restaurant will be on fire by the time you're done!"

Maddi straightened, flushing again as she continued her tour. She tried her best to avoid the chairs, but it was like trying to maneuver an aircraft carrier up the Thames, especially given the way everything shook and swayed and slid around with every step.

"Okay, good enough," Trixie said, arms folded over, or rather above, her chest. "You walk pretty well for a newbie."

"Well, than-"

"So get over there and get those plates!" She continued, pointing back to the stack. "You're about a size three now, so I'd say five plates should fit. Hop to!"

Maddi hurried over to the original table and grabbed one of the plates, twisting around as best she could to see behind her, but she hesitated thinking about the actual act of really carrying plates around on her bum. Maddi jumped as the snap of Trixie's towel left another stinging spot on her cheek, Trixie evidently not interested in Maddi's quandary.

"Plates! Ass! Let's go!" She said, winding the towel in preparation for another strike. Maddi quickly placed the first couple plates on, shivering as the temperature of the cold ceramic plates bled through her nylon shorts. Goosebumps rose up under her shorts as she tried to find space enough for five of the large serving plates, especially when she began having to shuffle them around in order to make room enough for five of them. Between the lack of visibility and awkward angle, Maddi wound up having to resort mainly on her sense of touch, feeling and groping around on her backside like a drunken chav just to get the plates to fit. She wound up having to balance two plates on each butt cheek, the fifth and final straddling the canyon of her rear cleavage like the Colossus of Rhodes.

"Good enough," Trixie said, watching as Maddi finally got the plates balanced. "Now take them to that table down there," she continued, pointing to one of the tables at the far end of the room. Maddi took her first tentative steps, the quivering of her backside now feeling all the more severe for the way it jostled her plates around, the rims clinking and clacking against each other. Maddi stiffened as she felt the fifth plate starting to slide off her backside, twisting around and trying to grab at it with her hands, but all the motion did was throw it off all the faster, the plate clattering to the floor (though thankfully not breaking.)

"Forget it!" Trixie called out, apparently in anticipation of Maddi's question. "Just go back and get another one!"

Maddi turned and clanked her way back to the first table, getting a replacement plate and fitting it over her rear cleavage once again. On her second attempt, Maddi made it farther, but dropped another plate when she took a turn too fast, both plates on her left side and the fifth

plate all sliding off when the angle of her hip turned too extreme. Luckily Maddi was able to catch two of them and keep them from hitting the floor, but one of them slipped past, thankfully also remaining intact upon hitting the ground.

"Again!" Trixie called out. "And put those two back before coming over here! Like I said, waitresses don't touch anything with their hands unless they're in the kitchen or at the customer's table!" Maddi arranged the plates back on her bum again, hurrying as best she could back to the original table.

Maddi's third attempt fared no better, one of the plates basically vibrating off her thigh, the continual jostling enough to send it tumbling to the ground. This one actually *did* break, the high-pitched cracks ringing through the mostly-empty banquet room.

"Oooh!" Maddi exclaimed.

"Don't worry about it," Trixie said.

"Really?" Maddi asked, the first good news she'd heard all night.

"Sure," Trixie shrugged. "I mean, all the other dishes you broke tonight, what's one more on your tab?" Maddi's heart sank as she sighed and trudged back to the starting point again.

After many more attempts (and three more broken dishes), Maddi was finally able to carry the five plates from one end of the banquet hall to the other, "serving" the plates to the empty table.

"Good," Trixie finally said. "Now bring 'em back!"

Maddi sighed and placed the plates back on her posterior, walking them slowly back to Trixie. There was a bit of work involved in it, certain muscles that needed to be tensed or relaxed during certain parts of each step to keep the surface taut and level. It was a degree of muscular control she'd never even been aware a bum could have before tonight, but there you go apparently. And when she wasn't trying to fine-tune the specific tension of her buttocks, Maddi found herself taking mental "snapshots" of the floor; given that her massive breasts precluded seeing just about anything near her feet, she had to remember where the dropped and/or broken plates were so she could avoid stepping on them by looking ahead and then judging the time and distance it would take to reach them once they disappeared behind the horizon of her bosom. Thankfully, this was one area where Maddi's natural inclination to photography helped- she could "Snap" a path and then traverse it by memory, deftly avoiding the fallen plates almost unerringly.

When she finally made it back to Trixie, she was surprised to find Sheila there, mostly hidden from view by Trixie's enormous girth, but even that was insufficient for Sheila's gigantic breasts. She could have easily fit one of herself- or at least, the herself from this morning- inside each massive boob.

"She's doing good!" Sheila chirped, smiling up at Trixie. Maddi noticed Sheila seemed to be wearing some sort of large green scarf or shawl or the like over her uniform.

"She's doing *better*," Trixie said, a hand wrapped around each end of her bar towel as she slid it back and forth behind her neck. "We'll see if she's *good* by the end of the night."

"Well, we're pretty much the only ones left in the building now," Sheila offered, "So you can work your dark rituals without any witnesses."

"Yeah, yeah," Trixie said, swinging her towel around and softly bopping Sheila on the head with it. "Okay, cupcake, now we try the hard version," She said, pointing to the table with all the plates. Maddi looked at the table and groaned, noticing that now along with the stacks of plates, the table now sported an assortment of heavy bags of things like flour, sugar, and coffee beans.

"One on each plate," Trixie commanded, as Maddi began to lift the bags from the table to the plates on her butt.

If transporting empty plates was a chore, transporting the full ones was a Sisyphean task. If a loaded plate fell even slightly off-centre or wobbled just slightly out of alignment, the "food", the plate, or both would come sliding off her like she'd been greased. The trials were slightly more bearable with Sheila there to encourage her along and help pick up her dropped dishes and sacks, at least. As Maddi walked back for yet another new plate, she paused, watching Sheila bend over to pick up the bag of coffee beans Maddi had dropped. Sheila's top was positively baggy, the elastic bunching up around her breasts, which were now barely reaching the floor even bent over as she was. A quick rap with Trixie's towel set Maddi back on task again, and by the time she'd finally navigated her way to the far table without spilling any "Food" Sheila looked positively normal. The green "scarf" was apparently her shirt, which she stretched over her recently-manageable bosom as she shrugged out of the baggy Juggalos top and into her real clothes.

"Good enough, Cupcake," Trixie called out, moving towards the centre of the ballroom. "Bring 'em back." Maddi dutifully began the return trip, carefully stacking the plates on her butt before winding her way back across the banquet room. As she navigated around Trixie- given her size it was little different than circumventing one of the tables- she once more felt a sharp rap against her butt, causing her to jump and grab at the plates and sacks to make sure they didn't spill, an endeavour she was only somewhat successful at.

"Now what the bloody hell was that one for?" Maddi whined as she turned to face Trixie, who merely winked back.

"You waitress in this restaurant, you gotta expect the occasional pinch or spank or copped feel, and you can't let it break your stride."

"You could certainly have given me some sort of notice..." Maddi grouched as she re-set what plates she'd been able to save.

"Why not?" Trixie shrugged. "They wouldn't."

Maddi just sighed and set back to work.

\* \* \*

After what felt like an interminable repetition of back and forth and back and forth across the banquet room, Maddi began to feel her uniform starting to sag off of her.

"Finally," Trixie said as she pulled on her own top, demonstrating the slack as her mountainous mammaries began their own descent to merely one lap around the alphabet. "Sheila, do you have clothes for her or something?"

"Mostly. I borrowed a Juggalos shirt from the gift store, if that's all right," Sheila responded. Trixie nodded.

"Sure, sure..." She yawned and stretched, going up on her tip-toes and giving her entire gigantic form a shake. "All right, Cupcake, that should do it for tonight. Don't worry about the mess, I'll have the openers clean it up. Saturday morning's dead anyways." She headed for the door. "Toodles, Sheila."

"Bye Trix!" Sheila called after her.

Maddi was so exhausted it was all she could do just to remain upright as her enormous attributes slowly shrunk back down to their original size.

"Come on, let's get this stuff off you," Sheila said, worming Maddi out of her top and handing her the Juggalos T-shirt. Maddi took the opportunity to fix her skirt and knickers, finally able to serve as something other than a glorified G-string on her reduced posterior.

"Hey," Sheila said as she stood up from gathering Maddi's uniform and giving her friend's shoulder a shake. "You okay?"

"Quite a long night, is all," Maddi said, heavy-lidded.

"You can sleep in the car on the way home," Sheila offered. "I got your purse and everything from when you ran through the dining room, so we can just head out the back now." Maddi simply nodded, all her concentration devoted just to staying awake long enough to get back to her flat and get to sleep.

Sheila practically limped her friend out through the darkened restaurant and to her car, the pre-dawn chill being only weakly combated by her car's ancient heater.

"You can go ahead and lay the seat back," Sheila offered. "There's nothing back there or anything." Maddi murmured her thanks and fumbled on the side of the seat for the lever, lowering the passenger seat as horizontal as it would go.

As Sheila drove back to the university, she wondered what Maddi could have been thinking. Well, right now she was probably too tired to form a coherent thought, but she was sure Maddi would have lots of questions after she woke up. Sheila had had all sorts of questions after her first day, too: Everything was so strange and new, frightening almost, in how amazing it all was.

"Come on, just a little further," Sheila whispered as they approached their dorm room, "just a few more steps and you'll be in a nice, warm bed..." Sheila put her key in the latch and turned it, shoving the door open with her hip. She lurched Maddi to her side of the room, gently laying her friend down in her bed. "Well, pretty neat you and I wound up co-workers," She said as she stripped and crawled into her own bed. "Though I guess now you know why I never talked about the place. It's kind of odd."

"Odd?" Maddi muttered as she wound herself into her bed-covers, not even bothering to disrobe. "Sheila, Juggalos is 'odd' like the sea itself is 'damp'." Maddi pulled a pillow under her head and was immediately asleep.

## Chapter Three: Changing Room

Maddi rolled onto her back, the bright sunlight streaming in through their flat's window. She untangled herself from the mess of linens she'd twined herself into, shaking the last vestiges of the terrible dream she'd been having from her head. That terrible restaurant, all those freakishly proportioned women... and Sheila was there! With a pair of knockers that almost touched the floor! Maddi sat up, putting a hand to her head, feeling sweaty from apparently having fallen asleep in her clothes. Drowsily, Maddi started to pull the shirt over her head, freezing in place when she came face to face with a pair of bright orange G's. Flipping the shirt back down, Maddi read the word "Juggalos" on her T-shirt, a cold chill creeping down her neck.

Maddi's head snapped up to her flatmate, still sleeping on her stomach in the loft bed over her desk, mouth hanging open in a dainty snore.

"Sheila!" Maddi yelled as she leapt out of bed and ran to the side of Sheila's loft, shaking Sheila's shoulder. "Sheila! Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, wake up you sot!"

Sheila jerked awake, reflexively kicking her legs out and jerking her arms.

"Bwauh?!" She cried out in confusion, going up on an elbow.

"Sheila, what did you rope me into last night?!" Maddi demanded.

"Whut?" Sheila dumbly replied, eyes half-lidded.

"This! Here!" Maddi yelled, lifting the silk-screened name towards Sheila's face.

"...Oh," Sheila said, shoving herself into a sitting position and whipping her blonde hair back so it was out of her eyes. "What about the restaurant?"

"Did I really get shanghaied into working at that mad-house?!" Maddi demanded.

"Yeah, you're going with me to do my shift. I, uh, start at like six. We're open late Saturdays."

"Sheila, that's not the point! I don't want to work there!" Sheila put her face in her hands, rubbing her eyes and pulling her hair back.

"Maddi, I think you're kinda stuck for it. I mean, you *did* bust all those dishes and everything."

"No I didn't! It was those clueless pillocks from Photography class!"

"It may have been their fault, Maddie," Sheila said as she laid back down on an elbow, "But *you* were the one who tore through the dining room like a bat out of hell."

"But... but..."

"It's not like it's the end of the world, is it?" Sheila asked as she drew her blankets back up under her chin.

"It most certainly is!" Maddi protested. "I can't work in that... that... smut house!"

"Aw, come on," Sheila said, rolling onto her back. "It's not like they're hookers or anything."

"The distinction is very slight, with all the flesh on display," Maddi said, crossing her arms. "If not hookers, then strippers at the least."



"Oh really?" Sheila asked, turning her head to Maddi and arching an eyebrow. "So I'm a stripper now just because I've got tits down to my calves when I'm working the bar?"

"Well, no..." Maddi said, flushing. She'd never disparage Sheila for much of anything, even the impossibly large bosom she sported while working at the restaurant.

"So why paint any of the other girls with the same brush?" Sheila asked, turning her head to look back at the ceiling. "Heck, you had ass-cleavage I could have hid my purse in last night."

Maddi bit her lip, not knowing what else to say.

"Just go back to sleep, Maddi," Sheila said, eyes closed. "It's just a job, don't worry about it."



Maddi slowly crossed back to her bed, flopping down on the mattress. *Was* she overreacting? Was she casting motivations that weren't there? Maddi never considered herself narrow-minded, but it simply didn't make sense otherwise. Why would anyone come to such a place except to stare at mountains of unmentionables?

"Oi, I read it for the articles, mate," Maddi intoned, putting a hand to her heart and sarcastically 'pledging' her honesty. But, she supposed, that spoke to the clientele, not the staff. But then what *of* the staff? Maddi was herself something of a rare instance, she realised; all the other waitresses were there voluntarily, looking the way they did by *choice*. Sheila was almost understandable- ambivalent about her appearance as she was, Maddi could believe she would wear any outfit, no matter how ridiculous, without caring one whit, even if said "outfit" was a bosom one could asphyxiate themselves in. The other waitresses, though, Maddi was more skeptical about. That "Trixie" woman, she certainly seemed to enjoy her size, the way she used her great bulk to intimidate and dominate others. Was that what it came down to? Some demented form of domination through overwhelming sexual displays? *How very Freudian*, Maddi thought as she turned to her side, wrapping herself in blankets and trying to get back to sleep.

It was mid-afternoon when Maddi finally woke up in earnest, fixing herself a late lunch from the meager contents of their icebox. Sheila came back midway through Maddi steeping her tea, carrying the weekend's mail in her arms.

"Oh, sweet, you're up," She said as she plopped the small stack of bills and junk mail on the tiny kitchen table. "I was afraid I'd have to wake you up if you slept much longer, which I wasn't looking forward to after your little tirade this morning."

"It was not a 'tirade'," Maddi said defensively. Sheila laughed.

"In all the time I've known you, I don't think I've ever seen you come so unglued."

"Not without reason," Maddi muttered, sipping her tea. "I don't know how you can stand to work in such a place."

"Oh, it's not that bad," Sheila said. "And you know, now that you know about my job I can start bringing food home for cheap. It'd be nice to cut down on our grocery bill."

"Oh, quite, I was just remarking to myself how I wanted *more* opportunities to look like a malfunctioning blow-up doll. I will pass, thank you."

"Oh, Maddi, don't be so uptight," Sheila said, putting a hand on her hip and cocking her head. "It's not like everything there makes you bigger. Just the stuff from the specialty menu. Besides, even at a discount I couldn't afford to bring that stuff home."

"All the better," Maddi countered. "I can barely stand the thought of being that size for a short while tonight, fleshy bits spilling out in all directions like a piece of raw meat on display for a pack of slaving dogs."

"Maddi, really, it's not that bad."

"Not that bad!? Come now, Sheila, you don't really buy that lot of bollocks, do you? I mean, really, what is the point of such absurd waitresses? For men to stare at lecherously."

"I wouldn't say they're *all* pervs," Sheila said, twisting a knuckle into her other palm. "Some people just like the look of really curvy girls. Men and women."

"Is that it?" Maddi asked. "Is that how you do it? Just turn off your brain and escape to some sort of never-never land while you work?"

"Come on, Maddi, knock it off," Sheila said, her expression hardening into a cross between hurt and annoyed. "I like my job, I like my friends there, and I'm really starting to get tired of you talking like it's a strip club. It's weird, and I get that, but all you've said all day is how much my job sucks and how the restaurant's full of perverts. It doesn't and we're not, and I don't want to hear it anymore." Sheila turned and strode away from the table, plucking her car keys from the pegboard by the door. "I'll be back to pick you up for work at four. If I were you, I'd get a spare outfit you can permanently keep at work in case of emergencies." So saying, she shut the door, leaving Maddie alone in the apartment, staring at the wisps of steam that rose out of her tea.

\* \* \*

Sheila and Maddi rode in silence, the rhythmic engine drone of Sheila's old compact the only sound between them. Sheila had barely said a word when she returned. Maddi was in the foyer with her sack of spare clothes, and Sheila had simply asked if Maddi was ready. When she responded in the affirmative, the pair went down to the dorm lot and went on their way. Maddi stewed in her seat, not knowing what to say. It didn't take the brains of an archbishop to know she'd offended Sheila, accidentally painting her with the same brush she'd so negatively painted everyone else at Juggalos with. In a roundabout way, Maddi had criticised Sheila in her sorest sore spot; her lack of money. For all Maddi knew, this was the only job Sheila could get, and here she'd just snubbed her nose at it. Of course, that realisation didn't help her *now*- to bring it up, even by way of apology, would only be pouring salt in the wound. Maddi had to find some sort of neutral ground, some way to extend an olive branch without poking Sheila in the eye with it.

"Sheila," Maddie began, twiddling her thumbs as she stared at her lap, "Would... would you help me with my uniform, tonight? I don't know that I'd be comfortable with anyone else... touching me quite like that."

"...Sure," Sheila replied. It wasn't much, but Maddi stole a quick glance and saw that Sheila's features had softened somewhat. She wouldn't risk another incursion into conversation, but Maddi was comfortable having made at least some progress.

When Sheila pulled off the road and the large neon Juggalos sign loomed into view, Maddi felt her stomach sink. She had hoped she'd be able to steel herself a little more, but recalling the strange and alien sensations of her gigantic bosom and equally enormous behind from the night before still filled her with dread at the prospect of re-living them. As Sheila pulled into a space around the back of the restaurant, Maddi almost considered refusing to go in- just sitting in the car, maybe making a dash for it if she had to- but remembered the horror stories she'd heard about the American prison system. Going to jail in America would be a death sentence for a girl like her, possibly worse. Sighing, Maddi opened the door and stepped out into the late-afternoon air, just a hint of cooling as the sun began to dip behind the buildings across the street.

When Maddi followed Sheila through the back door, she was momentarily struck by the sheer normalcy of it all. A few islands of stations for preparing food, sinks and racks and a forest of stainless steel implements along three walls. To her immediate right, a wall of walk-in freezers, most with padlocks hanging on a peg next to their latches, save the one at the very end that was still locked. Between the islands and the walls bustled a multitude of cooks, all in white aprons as they cooked, boiled, blanched, and steamed their dishes in startling normalcy. As they passed by, a Hispanic cook paused what he was doing to wave a frighteningly sharp knife at Sheila.

"Sheila! Good to see you!"

"Hi Carlos!" Sheila said, hauling to a stop. "Missed you last night!"

"You too!" He said, going back to his cutting. "Who's your friend?"

"My roomie!" She replied. "New hire, in fact."

"Oh, she's Cupcake?" He asked, stopping his cutting briefly to take a good look at Maddi.

"Cupcake?!" Maddi and Sheila said in unison, though Maddi's exclamation was more outrage than Sheila's confusion.

"Trixie told us about the incident last night with the Birthday Blow-Up. She forgot your name and just kept referring to you as 'Cupcake' 'cause that's what got you in trouble." He looked back up to Maddi and grinned apologetically. "Good luck getting the name not to stick."

"Well, you'll still call her Maddi, won't you, Carlos?" Carlos lifted his cutting board and scraped the beef he was cubing into the stew pot on the burner next to him.

"For you, Sheils?" He asked as he picked up the pot's handles with a large mopcloth and hurried off. "You got it!"

"Cupcake?!" Maddi hissed at Sheila as they continued through the back of the restaurant.

"Oh, don't worry about it," Sheila said as they headed towards the lounge, "I'm sure it'll blow over soon eno-"

"Yo Cupcake!" Maddi cringed at the voice, and turned to see Trixie coming down the hall leading from the banquet room to them. She was much diminished from when Maddi had seen her the night before, but even so between the extremely low-cut tank-top and skin-tight shorts she was showing off a ridiculous amount of pillowy flesh, her every step causing her periphery to shake and wobble like gelatin.

"My name's Maddison, thank you-" She started, before Trixie cut her off.

"Sure it is. Sheila, go help get Cupcake here a uniform. We've been short on table-servers, so she's gonna be a three-four. I put hers right next to yours."

"O-okay, Trix," Sheila said, standing to the side as Trixie passed. "C'mon, Maddi, let's hurry and get showered and changed. Trixie always wants everyone to be there for the shift meetings."

"Wait, showered?" Maddi asked, stopping. "Did you say showered?"

"Well yeah," Sheila said, pulling Maddi's arm to get her to follow. "You have to wash your hands before handling food, right? So what do you think we need to do before stacking plates on our butts and stuffing drinks in our cleavage?"

"I didn't bring a bathing suit!" Maddi protested as Sheila led her past the lounge and into a small supply closet.

"Do you normally shower in a bathing suit...?" Sheila asked, her brow furrowing as she scanned the shelves of uniforms.

"Only when I shower *in public*!" Maddi protested.

"Well, you're stuck for it tonight," Sheila said as she pulled a top and a baseball cap from one of the cubbyholes. "Tomorrow you can bring a bathing suit. I'd offer you mine but I never use one."

"But-"

"Now, do you want the shorts like last night, or the skirt?" Sheila continued, looking at the cubbyholes full of orange bottoms.

"I- well... Whatever covers more skin," Maddi said finally.

"Okay, then a skirt," Sheila nodded, grabbing one and then reaching down and plucking out a pair of dark leggings as well. "And if I remember, you're a six and a half shoe?" She asked, kneeling down to the floor where rows and rows of orange and white shoes sat facing out. Maddi nodded and Sheila plucked a pair of shoes from the floor. Great. Now let's hit the showers."

Sheila led Maddi back towards the kitchen and turned right at the intersection between the hallway to the lounge and the hallway to the banquet room, into some swinging saloon-style doors that led to a white-tiled locker room. Maddi could hear the water running and some vaguely-defined flesh-coloured blobs past some opaque plastic sheeting acting as a sort of privacy screen for the actual showers.

"Okay, here we go," Sheila said, reaching for a cubbyhole with her name engraved on a plastic tag attached to the top. "I guess that one's yours," she continued, gesturing to the adjacent cubbyhole, which had "Cupcake" written on a piece of masking tape over where the nametag should be.

Maddi balked as Sheila began stripping off her clothes right there, hastily throwing them into her cubby.

Sheila looked over as she bent down to remove her pants and raised an eyebrow.

"C'mon, Maddi, it's best to just get it over with. It's like taking off a band-aid, just rip the darn thing off and it'll only sting for a few seconds. Better than torturing yourself inch by inch."

"No, better would be not injuring oneself to begin with..." Maddi replied, grudgingly unbuttoning her blouse after stashing her sack of spare clothes in the locker.

Maddi had just disrobed to her undergarments when two girls emerged from the showers, each sporting a pair of breasts at least as big as Maddi's had been the night before. If seeing the waitresses in their skimpy outfits had been mind-boggling before, seeing two of them in the altogether nearly made her eyes cross. It still seemed so bizarre, so *unreal* that any human could maintain such proportions.

"Hi Sheila!" One of the waitresses called out, waving as natural as can be.

"Hey Janice!" Sheila called out, just as naturally. "Hey Maggie! How were the crowds tonight?"

"The usual," Maggie replied. "Same old Saturday crowd."

Maddi shuddered as she turned away from the girls, reluctantly shrugging out of her undergarments and walking briskly to the showers. She hurriedly rinsed off, facing into a corner with her knees clenched together, trying not to see or hear anything but the running water.

"All right, now what?" She demanded, her hair pulled behind her ears with her hairband and wrapped shoulder to thigh in one of the oversized towels the locker room was stocked with. "Well, first you put your panties back on," Sheila said, rubbing the side of her head with a towel-wrapped hand. "Gosh, you got done fast. How come your showers are never that quick when I'm waiting to go to the bathroom in the morning?"

"Because those showers I *enjoy*," Maddi muttered as she slipped her knickers on under the towel.

"Now the shoes." Maddi obliged, grumbling to herself about shoes being her last concern, half-naked as she was.

"Now come on over here," Sheila continued, leading Maddi to a large metal panel by the door. It had a number of smaller square panels set into it, each with a name under it and a small crucible like the catcher of a gumball machine after that. "Just press your thumb into the square above your name, and your pill comes out in the little scoop." So saying, Sheila pressed her thumb into the square above her name, eliciting a heavy **Clunk!** from the machine, followed by a small rattle as a clear red gelcap fell into the catcher below Sheila's name. "See? She said as she wiped her thumb off on her towel and took the pill. "Easy as pie."

Maddi regarded her slot next to Sheila's as though it were a viper before tentatively pushing her thumb against the square. She jerked back when she felt something vaguely sticky on the pad, quickly wiping her thumb on her towel. "What was that?!" She demanded as her pill rattled into her catch.

"It's just taking your thumbprint, that's all," Sheila explained, her pill pinched between her teeth as she put her knickers on. "Pleh. Just making sure that each pill is being taken by the girl it's supposed to. Don't want anyone running off with pills that aren't theirs."

"So..." Maddi said, staring balefully at her pill.

"Oh! Wait just a sec," Sheila said, dashing out of the locker room with her currently-oversized clothes held to her body. Maddi looked at the swinging doors of the locker room, then resumed staring at her pill, as if she could change its contents by pure force of will. Maddi turned her gaze at the bank of buttons and wondered if maybe it would be worth the risk of trying to take another pill. Maybe wind up with something a bit less offensive. Trixie had said Maddi was to be, what? A "three-four"? So even bigger than she was last night? Maddi shivered, but her self-pity was interrupted by Sheila dashing back into the room, a Cheshire grin on her face.

"What?" Maddi asked, putting a hand on her hip as the other held where she'd knotted up her towel to keep it up.

"What, what?" Sheila replied, trying to force a neutral expression, which she managed to hold for maybe a tenth of a second. Maddi looked at Sheila and saw she had something held in the hand pressing her enormous top to her chest.

"What's that you've got in your hand there?"

"Nothing," Sheila replied. "Well, something. Nothing you need to worry about. C'mon, we need to get dressed." Maddi simply sighed and shook her head, turning back to her

cubbyhole and the neatly-folded uniform inside of it. She took out the skirt and the top, balking when she pinched them by the seams and they fell all the way to the floor.

"Okay," Sheila said, coming up alongside Maddi, "For your size, it's best to put the bottom on first. Put the pill in your mouth, but don't swallow it yet." Maddi looked down at the pill in her hand, once again wishing she could change its contents with pure desire.

"C'mon, Maddi, you're gonna make us late..." Sheila urged. Maddi exhaled sharply through her nose, then tossed the pill into her mouth, tucking the pill under her tongue. It tasted vaguely of medicine, like old cherry cough drops.

"Okay, now back up a little bit, give yourself some room..." Sheila said, guiding Maddi a meter-ish away from the lockers by her shoulders. "Now, let's get you into these. Here, gimme the top, and you get into the skirt and leggings." Maddi finally dropped her towel, dutifully putting on the dark hose and fastening the skirt around her waist. It actually didn't seem too bad, really; between the length of the skirt and the hose, there were only a few centimeters of exposed leg. For the first time that weekend, Maddi entertained a glimmer of hope that things wouldn't be as bad as she feared.

"Okay," Sheila continued, holding the great hoop of fabric towards Maddi, bunched up at one end. "slide into this."

Maddi looked at the great sagging hoop of cloth, bewildered that anyone could fill the top without the aid of an inner tube, but stuck her head through anyways, finding the armholes and poking her limbs through the right places. She grimaced at the absurd garment; her front was open down to her navel, the great saggy folds hanging down like a pair of fitted sheets sewn to the front of a tank top.

"Good. Ok," Sheila said, pulling the front out with both hands, the mystery object clamped in 3/5ths of a fist. "Now swallow the pill. Don't bite down- the stuff tastes like bad cough syrup."

With a final resigned sigh, Maddi swallowed the pill, almost immediately feeling the same spike in body temperature as she had the night before. Somehow, knowing what was happening made it even worse, anticipation making a bitter spice to an already sour experience. Like quivering moulds of gelatin, her breasts surged forward with every heartbeat, her bosom passing all natural sizes and measurements within moments. She felt her skirt similarly ride up on her buttocks as they likewise filled out, a pair of obscene water balloons attached to her waist. And the fact that Sheila didn't bat an eye at her grotesque transformation was probably the worst of all; she just held the ends of Maddi's top, waiting patiently to guide the two swelling orbs into their flimsy confines. Just as Sheila began to pull the cups of her top over Maddi's burgeoning bustline, a sharp pain just above her tailbone caused Maddi to turn her head and look behind her. Although her view behind her was almost totally eclipsed by her backside- still rising like fleshy bread dough even though the crest of her ass had passed the bottom of her ribcage- she could still see the outline of a bulge snaking its way out from under her now entirely inadequate skirt. Worse, she could *feel* it, too, something soft yet bristly sliding along her flesh in a sensation that would have been ticklish if it wasn't disgusting.

"Sheila, what in God's name iz wurbaumuh..." Maddi started, her voice seeming to fade away as she inexplicably went deaf, a low *bawubpf...* sound the last thing she heard before being enveloped in silence, much like a diver's ears filling with water. Maddi's rapidly-increasing bust

and hip measurements suddenly felt very small and insignificant as she reached her hands up to where her ears should have been, instead finding only smooth skin. Just as Maddi's heart really began to race, a prickling sensation atop her head heralded the return of her hearing, starting with a *pahwheee...* as air rushed in to fill her ear canals.

"Relax, it's just your ears and tail coming in," Sheila said as she finished snugging Maddi's top around her gargantuan bosom. Maddi walked her fingers up the side of her head until they came in contact with a pair of pointy, fuzzy ears, not unlike a German shepherd's. They were undoubtedly hers, and they just as undoubtedly worked; Maddi could hear the sound of her fingers rubbing the fuzz inside her ears. She also couldn't escape the sensation of her tail, either, though she wasn't going to give herself the satisfaction of looking back and seeing what colour it was. All she knew was that it was lifting up her skirt even more immodestly than it was before, if such a thing were even possible.

"See?" Sheila said, taking a step back. "That wasn't so bad, now was it?"

Maddi was at a loss for words. Her breasts hung down past her navel, her entire torso from her waist to her neck eclipsed behind the two huge spheres. Her behind was even more distended, larger even than her unnatural size from the night before, the sides of her hips jutting out even past the immense girth of her breasts. The skirt she had on was a joke, like a pub-napkin covering a pumpkin. And the ears and tail were just too much, a shiver running down Maddi's spine when she touched them while trying to straighten her hairband.

"And now for the coup de grace," Sheila said, sliding an orange cap over Maddi's head, perfectly threading her ears into the two cutouts. "Viola! Maddison Ellison, Juggalos waitress."

"I'd rather not think of it like that," Maddi said, squashing her breasts down with her arms like she was trying to deflate them. "How do you move about with these bloody things? They must weigh a hundred kilos each."

"I was hoping you'd ask that," Sheila said as she placed something rough and pebbly against Maddi's upper back, "try and touch your elbows behind your back."

"What've you got there?" Maddi asked, trying to turn and see what Sheila had pressed against her, but Sheila circled around with Maddi, always keeping the knobby object against her.

"I've worked here too long and dealt with too many you-sized girls," Sheila said, trying not to laugh. "You'd have better luck tossing a bullrider."

"Very well, then, fine," Maddi said, reaching behind her back and grabbing for her elbows. No sooner had she done so than she heard a *crack!* sound, and Sheila pulled the object away.

"All right, now what in the name of-" Maddi started, suddenly shocked to see what Sheila held in her open palm with that Cheshire grin. It was a walnut, cracked nearly into quarters, flakes of husk and wrinkled nut spilling out from the shattered shell.

"Did that...?" Maddi started.

"With your shoulder blades, yup," Sheila said, digging the immediately salvageable pieces of nut out and eating them.

"I barely felt a pinch," Maddi said, amazed.

"The pills do somethin' to your muscles," Sheila said, swallowing the chewed nut and tossing the remnants in a nearby dustbin before continuing. "Like cold rolled steel." Sheila brushed her hands off, then tossed Maddi her top. "Now help me get this thing on."

"Help how?" Maddi asked as she picked through the massive white tent. "I can't even reach past these damnable things, much less help you with yours."

"Just find the end of the J and the end of the S," Sheila said as she slipped on a pair of orange shorts that almost looked like they'd fit. "When you're a size five you need all the help you can get."

"S and J..." Maddi muttered, fuming at the way the garment piled atop her breasts. It was like trying to find a tag on a mattress sheet. "Ah! Here we are," She exclaimed, finally finding the orange screen-printed Juggalos logo. She took the tail of the J in her left hand, and gathered up the rest of the letters until she could reach the far swoop of the S. Maddi raised the two points as far apart as she could, the rest of the logo sagging on the shelf of her bosom. Maddi was shocked at the size of it- the logo occupied the kind of canvas you'd hang from an awning or drape from a table, not something a person could wear.

"Okay!" Sheila said, standing as she finished tying the laces on her sneakers. "Just keep holding those up like that and I'll take care of the rest."

Sheila dipped below the horizon of Maddi's bosom, tugging the huge top in ways Maddi couldn't see. When she popped back up, she was wearing the top, or at least as much as one could wear such a ludicrously-sized garment. With her arms through the holes and petite breasts bared in the top's enormous neckline, Sheila looked like a toddler in her mum's evening dress.

"Like I said, just hold those two points up and I'll do the rest," she said, popping the pill into her mouth and swallowing. Even as Sheila grabbed the sides of the top's neckline and held them up, her breasts were already growing, surpassing any measurement you'd find in a lingerie shop within seconds. Maddi, already disquieted by having to watch her own measurements climb through the alphabet, shut her eyes and turned her head as Sheila's bosom moved past "Produce stand" sizes and careened headlong into "beach equipment".

"Hey, up, up!" Sheila chided. Maddi flushed and pulled up on the two fistfuls of cloth she'd been holding, unaware of their descent during her gawking. She could feel the cloth go taut as an anything but mysterious weight pulled harder and harder on it, a hefty jerk pulling her arms into her breasts as Sheila assumedly let go of her end. Maddi chanced a look and saw that Sheila's breasts were now hammocked in the expanse of cloth between the two of them, rivaling- then passing- Maddi's own size. Sheila appeared to be holding the bottom of the garment to the underside of her breasts to prevent them from spilling out where they weren't supposed to.

"Okay, you can leggo now," Sheila said, having to crane her neck to the side in order to see Maddi around the side of the two fleshy beanbag chairs between them. Maddi let go and stepped back, watching the two great mounds crash to the floor with a dull *flumpfh*, Sheila Bending at the waist to allow for slack. She slowly straightened up as her breasts finished growing, always exerting just the barest pull on them as she fidgeted the cloth around. When at last Sheila's breasts stopped inflating, Sheila stepped forward and squatted down, almost disappearing inside her own cleavage before standing up with a "Huprh!", miraculously lifting the two giant orbs into the air attached solely to her chest. Her breasts wobbled and shook against



each other as they settled into the enormous top, amazingly looking too small for the breasts they contained even though Maddi could easily have re-sheeted her bed with it. Sheila's ears and tail emerged in short order, Sheila pinching her nose and blowing her cheeks out as they did.

"Pwah!" She exclaimed, shaking her head a few times. "There we go. Hat, please?" Maddi reached sideways into Sheila's cubbyhole, grabbing her hat and transferring it from one arm to the other as she turned sideways to Sheila, who similarly turned to get close enough to reach Maddi's outstretched arm.

"Awesome," Sheila said matter-of-factly, snugging the hat down and hiking her shorts, which now fit perhaps a shade more than comfortably. "Now come on, Trixie's probably started the shift meeting by now."

Maddi looked around the locker room, realising that in her fixation on her and Sheila's transformations she'd neglected to notice the other girls coming in and out. The locker room was rather full at that point, moreso than the number of people would suggest given that a third of them took up the space of three or four people. Many who were changing into regular clothes still had the remnants of a prior shift- buttocks pushing far beyond a dress's ability to cover discretely or bosoms several sizes too large for the bras that hung loosely near them- while everywhere Maddi saw the orange and white Juggalos outfits she was sure to find swelling (or already swollen) busts and posteriors, growing into similarly ridiculous uniforms of all shapes and sizes. Well, perhaps only one shape: round.

Maddi navigated her way out of the locker room behind Sheila, re-adjusting to her new centre of gravity and sense of balance. Maddi found herself tilting backwards slightly, the increased mass from her even more enlarged posterior throwing off what she'd grown accustomed to last night. At least she didn't have to worry about running into anyone- with Sheila preceding her, it was as though she had a large fleshy plow in front of her, all opposing traffic herded single-file against the opposite wall. Although, Maddi noted, given the size of some of the waitresses it was no guarantee of smooth passage; even with one breast pressed against the wall on one side, Sheila's enormous bust had to squeeze past a few of the larger waitresses in the hallway. Most amazing to Maddi was the fact that no one so much as batted an eye at rubbing such gross (in every sense of the word) portions of their anatomy together, breasts and buttocks pressing and mashing into one another like some sort of bawdry peep show without even so much as a "beg pardon". It was as if they'd become totally detached from themselves, like they were carrying around overly large knapsacks instead of sexual characteristics pulled from a teenager's depraved fantasies.

Sheila eventually pushed her way into the lounge, where the formerly spacious and barren room was jammed with a shift's worth of waitresses, so many flesh-coloured spheres packed into the room Maddi thought it looked rather like a fruit basket at the greengrocer's. The only one not facing the back of the lounge was that Trixie woman, addressing the gathered waitresses. Maddi was rapidly being crowded on all sides, the sensation of flesh pressing against flesh surrounding her as all the waitresses tried to fit inside the lounge.

"-and remember that spring break just started for all the universities on the semester system here, so expect lots of drinks being ordered. I know this isn't Cancun, but we might be

bumping a few up you up a size just the same. And don't forget to card them, or the Liquor Commission's fine is coming out of your sizable butts!" Trixie looked around once, seeing that the crowd had more or less settled. "Any questions?"

A hand to Trixie's left immediately shot up, belonging to a blonde waitress with rather conservative attributes for the crowd she was in, perhaps only slightly bigger than the server that had seated the four girls that first terrible night.

"Was there really a Gold Room on Wednesday? Was it Mr. Big?" The waitress asked, clearly excited. A murmur spread through the gathered women, and Maddi wished she could lean in close to Sheila and ask who this "Mr. Big" was, but at the moment they were packed into the lounge like sardines in a tin- Maddi could barely move at all, much less accomplish the kind of maneuvering required to get her head next to Sheila's.

"No, no, Mr. Big hasn't shown his face around here for more than eight months," Trixie said, putting her hands up to quiet the crowd.

"Which means he's due!" another waitress called out, causing assorted laughs and giggles.

"Hopefully!" Trixie laughed. "Yes, we had a Gold Room on Wednesday, but it was just an old married couple on their anniversary. Besides, you know if it was Mr. Big I'd-" Trixie's expression suddenly turned sour as her head snapped to attention off to her right. "Dammit Riley, I told you last week to cut your hair!" Maddi looked in the direction of Trixie's glare, seeing the same dark-haired girl she'd ran into the previous night in the lounge. She had a rather impressive ponytail, braided like a rope, though Maddi couldn't see how long the offending length was as it fell below the horizon of the waitress behind her's bosom.

"And the week before that, what's your point?" Riley shot back.

"If we get complaints about hair in the food it's coming out of your ass..." Trixie warned.

"Ha! If one of my customers has the balls to complain about *me*, I'll pay for their entire meal!" Trixie put her hands on her head, pulling them back over her ears.

"Whatever... and fix your cap..." she muttered, ostensibly referring to the fact that Riley's cap was on backwards. Riley just made a face.

"Anyways!" Trixie said, clapping her hands together. "To sum up, it's going to be a busy week, and we need everyone helping everyone else. No woman is an island- even if some of us look it at times- and that's what Juggalos is all about. Teamwork. Companionship. We aren't all just co-workers here- I'd like to think we're all friends, too. Remember, 'Everything's Better-'"

"-Together!" The rest of the waitresses finished, before beginning a jostling, shuffling exit from the Lounge, Maddi being all but carried away in the current of flesh to begin her first night of work.

## Chapter Four: A Bad Night

"Yo, Cupcake!"

Maddi cringed where she stood, having just jostled her way out of the lounge. She turned, an awkward process of bumping off of several other waitresses as she maneuvered her outrageous posterior around in the crowded hallway. She backed against the wall (hardly a feat given the size of her rear) as Trixie approached, the head waitress' brown mane sticking out above the sea of baseball caps and pointed ears.

"Here," She said as she reached Maddi, mashing her breasts against Maddi's as she rummaged in the large saddlebags on her shorts, "Sign this." She produced a clipboard with a densely-worded sheet clipped to it and laid it on top of Maddi's bosom.

"Wh-what's this?" Maddi asked, already flustered from being so indecently squeezed. She pulled the clipboard towards her, reading "Employment Contract" on the top of the paper.

"It's your 'we won't send you to jail' contract," Trixie said. "Sign it." Maddi started to read through the provisions, but she was interrupted by a pen clattering onto the clipboard.

"Sign it!" Trixie huffed. "I haven't got all night."

"Well, I, shouldn't I get a solicitor-" Maddi started.

"No. Just sign the damn thing. We're not asking for your firstborn or anything." Trixie glared at Maddi now, hands on her hips. "You got yourself into this mess, and jail's always an option. Now sign the damn thing or go sit in the lounge while I get the police. You can call your handler or whatever."

"Handler? What?" Maddi gaped, trying desperately to at least skim through the document as fast as she could, as if there would be a line in large red print saying "don't sign the contract" or somesuch. "But- I- oh, very well!" She said, taking the pen and signing her name at the bottom.

"There we go," Trixie said, taking the clipboard back and stepping away. Maddi was momentarily thrown off-balance by the way she rebounded off the wall from the sudden decompression of her flesh, windmilling her arms a little bit to keep her balance.

"Go ahead and keep the pen," Trixie said as she turned and put the clipboard back in her shorts, "You'll need it for taking orders. I'm sticking you with a server to show you the ropes," she continued as she headed down the hall towards the dining room, "but don't think that means I'll go easy on you- I expect you to *work!*"

Maddi reluctantly followed Trixie to the dining room, having to turn sideways to push the doors open with her hand. She was amazed at how different the restaurant seemed from this perspective; what had seemed spacious before now looked positively treacherous to navigate given her absurd dimensions.

Even as Maddi watched Trixie stride away, another waitress approached, an asian woman with a short bob haircut.

"Hi!" She said, "I'm Angie. Are you Cupcake?" Maddi winced.

"It's Maddi," she sighed. The girl looked confused for a second.

"Oh. But, you're the new girl, right?"

"For better or for worse," Maddi confirmed.

"All right!" She said, giving a little excited hop that sent her breasts quivering in her top. Maddi found herself jealous of the girl's smaller size; she couldn't have been half as large as Maddi up top, and even less in the rear.

"So, we're working this area over here," She said, turning and gesturing to the area around where Maddi had eaten yesterday. "I'm only a two-one- none of the servers can be bigger than two-two, that's the rule- so I'll need you for most of the drinks and all of the food, right?" Maddi nodded, snapping a picture of all the tables' positions in her mind, making special note of the two steps up to the main dining area. She'd need to watch for those.

"Right, so just follow me and this should be easy!" With a final sigh, Maddi set her shoulders (causing no small amount of quivering on the part of her enormous breasts, much to her chagrin) and followed Angie to their first table.

"So how was everything?" Angie asked as they approached the table. Maddi saw a quartet sitting in a booth, two men and what she assumed were their dates. The men both looked very satisfied with themselves, most likely because their dates were both straining their tops as a result of the restaurant's food.

"It was great!" One of the men said.

"Everything was delicious, as always," His date said, beaming.

"Well great!" Angie replied, giving another little hop. "Let me just take all of these..." So saying, she began taking the empty drink glasses and jamming them into her cleavage, the glasses fitting snugly in between her breasts. After the third glass, Angie abruptly turned around and stuffed the fourth one into Maddi's cleavage, causing her to gasp.

"Oh!" Maddi exclaimed, perhaps a bit too loudly. The conversation at the table stopped as everyone turned to look at Maddi.

"Guess that one was still a little too cold!" Angie said, giggling. The patrons laughed at the joke, while Angie shot Maddi a quick look that let her know she'd done something wrong.

"Now for the plates..." Angie said, handing Maddi a plate. Maddi reached behind her, finding a good spot for the plate on her butt, trying to remember the sensations and movements she'd used to keep the plates balanced the night before. If nothing else, she was thankful there was more room this time; She easily fit the four plates on her backside without so much as having them clank together.

"Right, so I'll be right back with your check," Angie finished, clasping her hands together and giving a short little bow. "Thanks again!"

Maddi followed Angie back through the double doors, past the lounge and towards the kitchen. Angie stopped alongside a long, deep washbasin, filled nearly half a meter deep with water. She turned to face Maddi as she pulled the drink glasses out of her cleavage and set them down in the water.

"You know, we're supposed to look happy and stuff when we're serving guests," She said, finishing with her glasses and pulling Maddi's out of her cleavage. "Acting like I killed your dog when I put stuff in your boobs isn't going to earn us any tips."

"I- well it was just unexpected, is all," Maddi stammered by way of apology.

"Well, okay, just remember next time," She said. "And hurry up with those dishes! You wanna keep 'em for sentimental value?" Maddi grimaced and quickly took the plates off her

backside, dumping them into the washbasin as Angie went to a kind of serving station, returning with a few plates of food. "Okay, turn around."

Maddi took a step to the side, swinging her enormous butt around towards Angie.

"Whoa! Watch it!" Maddi heard Angie say, eliciting another grimace from her. "Watch where you're swinging that thing, almost knocked my plate over."

"I'm sorry!" Maddi exclaimed. Five minutes into her first night, and she was already miserable. Angie loaded Maddi's behind with plates, and led her back out to the dining area.

"Those go to table thirty-six," Angie said, pointing to a booth set against the wall. "I've gotta go to the bar to pick some stuff up, so just give them their food and then take any empty dishes you see around here."

"All right," Maddi nodded. Angie went off up the step to the main dining area, and Maddi went to the booth. "Good evening!" Maddi said, trying to sound chipper. She picked the first plate off her backside, being careful to not tilt or shake it as she manoeuvred the plate around her bosom. "Here it looks like we have some ribs..." Maddi started.

"Right here," Said a blonde-haired woman, who Maddi noted had a rather pouched stomach for as thin as the rest of her was.

"...And a soup *du jour*..."

"That's me," The woman's date said, taking the plate the bowl of steaming soup sat on.

"...And the side salads," Maddi finished, taking a salad bowl in each hand and passing them sideways one at a time to the table. "will there be anything else?"

"I think we're good," The man said.

"All right," Maddi nodded. "Congratulations, by the way."

"On what?" The blonde woman asked.

"On your baby," Maddi said, stepping back a bit so she could turn and actually face the table instead of standing alongside it. "Do you know when it's due?" The two patrons stared at Maddi awkwardly for a moment before the woman spoke.

"...I'm not pregnant." Maddi winced.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry," she said, "I just thought because you looked so thin otherwise-"

"Oh, so I just have a fat stomach, do I?" the woman asked, indignant.

"Tess," The man said pointedly, before turning to Maddi. "It was an honest mistake. Don't worry about it."

"I'm terribly sorry," Maddi said once more, feeling her cheeks flush. "I really didn't- it's just- oohhhh..." She mumbled, turning away and moving to another table, one where there were thankfully no people. Maddi quickly took all the dishes, stacking the plates and bowls together on her bottom before reluctantly taking the drink glasses. Maddi shivered as she put the cold, wet glasses between her breasts, grimacing not at the sensation so much as the very act.

*Who would ever think this was dignified?* Maddi thought, moving on to the next table. This one did still have guests at it, so Maddi forced a smile as she approached.

"Hello!" She said as she manoeuvred alongside the table, as close as she could get and still reach. "Are we all finished here?"

"We sure are!" one of the diners said, handing Maddi her plate. Maddi took their plates, adding them to the pile.

"And, ah, are you still needing your drinks...?" Maddi asked, hoping they'd keep the half-full glasses until they were someone else's problem.

"Oh no, I think we're done here," another woman said, handing Maddi her glass. Maddi fought to keep from grimacing as she gingerly took the glass and wedged it into her cleavage with the others.

"Hey, look!" The third woman said, wedging her own glass between her obviously food-effected breasts. "Maybe I could be a waitress here too!" She gave her breasts a shake, causing the soda inside to slosh around the glass. Her two friends erupted in laughter, but Maddi only sighed. She waited until the woman was through faffing about, took her glass, and headed back to the kitchen. Maddi was so distracted by her discomfort she nearly didn't catch the plates sliding off her backside. She realized she'd slackened her walk, and wasn't paying attention to keeping her loads balanced. Maddi straightened the piles again, hoping no one had seen her near-miss, and went through the double doors to the kitchen area.

"Wow, I could hear that sigh all the way over here." Maddi's head snapped up from the square of tile she was staring at as she unloaded the dishes into the washbasin, seeing a slim brunette at the first preparation island away from the washbasin. She looked over her shoulder at Maddi and smiled.

"I don't think I've seen you before," She said, glancing back at the cheese she was grating before looking back to Maddi. "Are you Cupcake?" Maddi's head drooped, almost hitting a cleavage-bound glass in the process.

"Maddi, please," She said, taking the glasses out and dropping them into the soapy water, glad to be free of them.

"Oh," the woman said, brow furring slightly in confusion. "Well, that's what Trixie said, I thought it was just a nickname or something."

"Yes," Maddi said, finishing the last of the dishes and wiping her hands on a dishrag hung by the washbasin. "One that I had no part or desire in coining."

"Ahh," She replied, smiling. "I getcha. So, what was it, Maddie?"

"Only without the 'e' at the end," Maddi said. "Short for 'Maddison'."

"Right," The woman nodded, whacking the grater against the counter to shake off the last bits of cheese. "My name's Claire, nice to meet you." She brushed the cheese into a saucer and headed deeper into the kitchen. "Don't worry," She said over her shoulder, "It gets easier."

Claire's optimism was true, if only for a little while. Maddi went through her duties, just trying to make it through the hours, taking dirty dishes and ferrying food back and forth from the kitchen. Maddi felt at times like a glorified pack mule, ferrying food and drinks like some kind of freakish, fleshy serving cart. Hardly anyone even really spoke to her. It took nearly losing an entire load of plates off her behind to snap her out of her malaise, and even then it only served to irritate her. As Maddi's arms flew behind her to steady the piles, she glanced back to see the huge-busted woman with the long black hair Trixie had been yelling at during the shift meeting walking briskly away, not even so much as an "excuse me". As Maddi continued to the kitchen, she realised that there was no reason for the other waitress to have bumped into her- the middle of the restaurant was plenty wide enough, and her rear wasn't very wide at all. *Could it be*, Maddi thought, *that it had been intentional?* Maddi remembered the raven-haired woman-

Riley, she recalled- had been rather upset at her the previous night for bumping into her, but Maddi balked at the thought that she would resort to outright sabotage for vengeance. As Maddi dumped her dishes into the washbasin, her heart sank even further. Having two people at this restaurant holding a grudge against her was just stacking woe on top of woe.

Thankfully, Riley apparently wasn't working in the same area as Maddi and Angie, and she was lucky enough not to run afoul of her in the hallways again. Unfortunately, Riley was far from the only source of stress in the restaurant.

"Oops!" A feminine voice exclaimed as Maddi passed by one booth.

Maddi looked to her side, seeing an extremely busty (for normal standards) woman scooting to the sides as a pool of soda raced out of a large glass she had apparently knocked over by turning her body without taking into account the radius her expanded bosom occupied. "Could you get us some napkins, please?" she asked as the other two women with her attempted to stem the tide with what napkins they had available.

"Oh!" Maddi said. "Of- of course, just a moment..." Maddi looked around, wondering where they kept the napkins. She started walking back to the kitchen area as fast as the clattering plates on her behind would allow, looking around for anything she could use to mop up the soda. She looked all along the walls, looking for a cabinet, a shelf, anything. Finally, unable to find any other solution, she hurried to the kitchen, looking for a dishrag, a paper towel, anything that could be used to sop up water. She finally found a hand towel hanging next to the washbasin, which Maddi quickly emptied her dishes into before grabbing the hand towel and jogging back to the table. It was the first time Maddi had attempted anything above a semi-brisk walk at her absurd size, and the mount of swinging, swaying flesh was almost mortifying, especially the way her bosom bounced nearly to her chin with every heavy footfall. Maddi had to come screeching to a halt when another waitress came through the doors- as much as her rear was swaying back and forth it would have knocked the poor girl clean off her feet. Maddi made her way back to the table, but cringed when she arrived to find Angie finishing mopping up the soda, stuffing the wads of wet napkins in an empty glass she had in her cleavage.

"...Oh," Maddi said dumbly, trying to explain her absence. "I, ah, went to get something to wipe up the mess..." She held the handtowel above the horizon of her bosom so the three women could see.

"Well, we've got it under control now," Angie said, stuffing the last of the napkins into her glass. "I'm sorry you folks had to wait." Angie led Maddi by the arm up the steps to the main dining area, near a small, blank area of wall. "What were you doing, just leaving your customers like that?" She asked.

"I was looking for something to-"

"Napkins!" Angie said, a nearly pained expression on her face. "Why didn't you use napkins?"

"I didn't have any!" Maddi protested.

"Didn't- what do you mean, didn't have any? What's in your saddlebags?" Maddi cringed again.

"Nothing..." She said weakly, patting the large empty cargo pockets on her skirt.

"Nothing?!" Angie exclaimed, putting a hand to her head. "You've got to be kidding me!" She reached her other hand up over her head and brought down a handful of napkins. "Here, put these in your bags."

Maddi's head snapped up to see a shelf high up on the wall, high up enough for Maddi to pass under without touching, piled high with napkins, coasters, and silverware sets rolled up in napkins. Anger, dread, embarrassment, and self-recrimination all struggled for expression in her caught tongue.

"Good grief, you should know better than to go out without anything in your bags at all. And why didn't you just come get some napkins here instead of going all the way back to the kitchen?"

"I- that-how on earth is anyone supposed to see that blasted thing when it's so high up? It makes no sense, it doesn't!"

"What, like we should put it waist-level?" Angie shot back. "No, we put them up there so anyone can reach it no matter how much they got in the way," she said, jabbing Maddi's breast with a finger for emphasis. "And even if there wasn't anything here, what were you doing starting a shift with nothing in your pockets? Think they're there for looks?"

"All right, all right," Maddi said, just wanting to get away already.

"Like, I guess I should have said something maybe, but I figured a waitressing job, you know, it was kind of obvious."

"Fine, fine, I'm sorry, okay?" Maddi said as she finished loading her pockets full of supplies and headed off, dejected.

\* \* \*

Maddi was in a daze, doing her waitressing pretty much on auto-pilot, until Angie came up to her and told her it was time for her lunch hour. Maddi finished putting her current load of dishes in the washbasin, then immediately made her way to the bar area. She instantly spotted Sheila- it would be difficult not to- standing by the bar with both arms buried in her cleavage. Maddi went to her friend, watching as Sheila's arms plunged between her breasts over and over again, looking almost like Sheila was folding into herself. Finally, right as Maddi closed to speaking distance, Sheila pulled both arms from between her breasts, holding a pair of wet dishrags.

"Ahhh," she breathed, smiling, "Much better." She handed the two rags back to the bartender, who was waiting nearby and watching Sheila's self-ministrations bemusedly. "Thanks, Mikey. Oh, hey Maddi!" She cheerfully exclaimed. "How's your first night so far? I just got off for lunch."

"What- what was that all about, just then?" Maddi asked, pointing to Sheila's enormous bosom.

"What was what about?" Sheila asked, head cocked to the side.

"With the dishrags," Maddi continued.

"Oh! That," Sheila laughed. "Well, between the sweat, and the condensation off all the drinks, and the appetizers and everything, it starts to kind of chafe a bit if I don't clean the canyon at lunch," Sheila said, winking. "In any case, let's get out of here. I'm starving."



Maddi followed Sheila out of the bar and into the back hallways of the restaurant, marveling that even at her fantastical proportions she was completely eclipsed by the utterly ridiculous size of Sheila's breasts. Sheila veritably plowed her way to the lounge, where Maddi saw a few of the other waitresses resting. Looking around, Maddi realized why the lounge had no furniture- the waitresses sat or rested on their various endowments, any kind of chair or bench not only impractical but entirely unnecessary.

"Ahhhh," Sheila said as she leaned back against the wall and allowed herself to slide down until she was sitting on the floor. Maddi's eyes goggled as Sheila practically buried herself under her breasts- Sheila's feet barely poked out from under her massive bosom, and, laying on the ground as they were, they billowed up almost under Sheila's chin.

"Have a seat," Sheila said, as non-chalantly as if she were sitting next to her in lecture. "Your feet can't feel that good after lugging those around for four hours." She did something with her arms to make her tremendous bosom shake, though buried in flesh as they were Maddi couldn't tell what exactly. "Believe me, I know," she continued with a smile.

Maddi went around to Sheila's right side, practically in the corner of the room. She eased herself down, cringing at the sensation of her rear sliding down the felt until it hit the floor, mashing down and filling the corner entirely with her supple flesh.

"So how's your first night?" Sheila asked, almost sickeningly chipper.

"Terrible," Maddi moaned. "If I'd have known it was to be this bad I'd have chosen prison."

"Ohhhhh," Sheila cooed sympathetically, her brow furrowed. "What's wrong?"

"Everything's just so blasted *strange*," Maddi said. She told Sheila about her serving woes, about not having any idea what's going on, about how strange and awkward it was trying to do anything.

"You seemed to be doing okay last night...?" Sheila said.

"Yes, but that was when people weren't watching me, and jostling me, and asking ten different things at-" Maddi stopped as one of the servers approached, one of the smaller servers with breasts roughly the size of Angie's and a bum not much bigger than Sheila's. Maddi eyed her warily, and Sheila followed Maddi's glance to the server.

"Hey!" The server said, holding a notepad and pencil. "Whadda you guys want from the kitchen?"

"I'll have a Big-Meat Burger and a coke," Sheila said, before turning to Maddi. "They let us have an entree and a drink for free each shift," she explained. "Nothing off the special menu, of course, but regular food."

"I'm not hungry, thank you," Maddi said.

"You sure?" Sheila asked.

"Oh yes, I'm fine, thank you," she reiterated. It was a lie, of course; already Maddi could feel the pangs of hunger nipping at her stomach. But she would rather starve, gladly, than let another speck of food from this damnable restaurant pass her lips.

"Well, okay," Sheila said, before turning back to the waitress with the notepad. "That's it, I guess."

"Okay," She said, and continued making her rounds to the other resting waitresses.

It was nice to talk to Sheila, even in as foul a mood as Maddi was in. Something about Sheila's laissez-faire attitude about everything seemed to relax Maddi a bit- even buried in breastflesh, Sheila spoke as if she didn't have a care in the world. Maddi envied her- she wished she could just mentally escape from all the feelings of shame and impropriety, to wave a wand and be able to think that this lunacy was all just fine and dandy. When the food came, Sheila set it right atop her breasts and ate off her own bosom like it wasn't even attached to her. Although at the moment, the smell of the food was enticing Maddi to the point where she would almost be willing to eat off of her own breasts- or off of Sheila's for that matter- if it would quiet her insistent stomach.

"I'm going to walk around a bit," Maddi said as she awkwardly lurched to her feet. "I'm starting to lose feeling in my bum."

"Okay," Sheila said as she took a bite of her hamburger.

Maddi went out of the lounge and around the corner, leaning against the wall.

"How long must I put up with this?" She despaired, before realizing she had no idea. After all, she had to work off her tab, but Maddi didn't know how much the food and dishes she'd ruined cost, nor how much she was supposedly earning each night. She'd have to ask Sheila as soon as possible, otherwise that Trixie woman could string Maddi along for who knows how long.

Right as Maddi pushed off the wall, she saw that Riley woman turn the corner as well. Their eyes met, and Maddi felt a chill race through her at the way Riley's eyes narrowed.

"What're you lookin' at?" Riley said, and began to advance on Maddi.

"Nothing, I wasn't looking at anything," Maddi quickly said, looking away and trying to move out of the way as best she was able in the hallway.

"Good," Riley said as she strode past, giving Maddi a quick sideways shove with her bosom.

"There's no need to be rude..." Maddi muttered, her heart skipping a beat when she saw Riley haul to a stop.

"Rude?" Riley snapped as she spun around, her huge bosom- somewhere between Maddi's size and Sheila's- taking a few seconds to jiggle to a stop. "You wanna talk about rude, *cupcake*?"

"No, I-" Maddi said, already backing up.

"Rude is slamming into me like some kind of retarded chimp," Riley said, advancing on Maddi. "Rude is costing me three tables' worth of tips because I gotta change my top," she continued.

"I didn't-" Maddi started, feeling her rear expanding up and down the wall as it compressed.

"Rude is horning in on *my* turf," Riley continued, pressing her breasts to Maddi's, their flesh overflowing Maddi's own and forcing her even further back, until she was sandwiched between her own compressed bosom and her bum, so pressed against the wall she felt her hair on it.

"I'm sorry-" Maddi put her hands up defensively.



"Rude is what you get when I. Don't. *Like*. You." Riley said, jabbing a finger into Maddi's bosom with each word. Maddi winced at each poke, but was glad that the gulf of flesh between them was enough that her breasts were as far as Riley could reach. Riley suddenly backed away from Maddi, turning and continuing down the hallway without another word.

It took a few seconds for Maddi to realize she was still leaning back, her head nearly touching her bum she was bent back so far. Maddi let out her breath and stood straight, still too shocked at the verbal assault to work up being upset yet.

Maddi's eyes clenched shut as she felt tears welling up. She bit her lip and balled her hands into fists, fighting back the tears, trying to will them away. She wouldn't give Riley the satisfaction, wouldn't give Trixie the satisfaction, wouldn't let the damn restaurant itself see her

reduced to tears, not by every hair on her head. She turned and hit the wall with the bottom of her fist, allowing herself one brief sob before wiping her eyes and heading back to the lounge.

"Americans..." Maddi muttered to herself as she went through the double doors.

"Feeling better?" Sheila asked as one of the smaller waitresses took her now-empty plate away.

"Yes, thank you," Maddi said, taking her cap off and running a hand through her hair.

"Okay," Sheila said, dusting her hands off one last time as far away from her cleavage as she could manage. "Little help?"

Maddi turned sideways and took Sheila's hand, leaning away as Sheila attempted to lift herself up from under her enormous breasts. Thankfully, Maddi had no shortage of leverage between the four great fleshy globes surrounding her, so she was able to pull Sheila up to her feet with little difficulty.

"Everything's better together," Sheila said, winking as she straightened her top. "Okay, back to the bar for me. Good luck with the rest of your night."

"Thanks," Maddi said, watching Sheila's tail swish back and forth in a carefree manner as she left the lounge. Maddi trudged out the doors a minute later, getting in line at the kitchen for all the outgoing orders.

\*

\*

\*

Maddi took her food and delivered it as ordered, but even her best efforts at forcing a smile felt disingenuous. Maddi could tell that she was killing the mood of the diners she served- despite her best efforts, which she had to admit weren't really, the way people reacted to her told her they realized something was amiss. It all came to a head when one of the patrons flat-out asked her if something was wrong as she cleared their dishes.

"Oh, it's nothing," Maddi said. "It's just been a long night, you know."

"I don't know how I could ever have a bad night with boobs like that!" One of the other diners said, a girl who looked like she'd ordered two of everything off the menu for how exaggerated her every feature seemed to be.

"Try it sometime," Maddi snapped, before she could catch her tongue. The three diners looked at Maddi as if she'd grown another head, and Maddi cursed at herself inwardly. She cleared her throat and quickly made off with their dishes, no suitable excuse or apology coming to mind.

Eventually, the crowd of customers slowed to a trickle, then stopped completely. Maddi found herself waiting by the doors, looking for the last diners to finish up their meals so she could take their dishes. She was so hungry she took to fidgeting, bouncing up and down on her heels just to have some sensation to focus on other than her hunger. Finally, unable to take the waiting any longer, she took one last look around to make sure none of the nearby tables were in immediate need of anything before heading off to the bar. She gingerly made her way around the restaurant, seeing some of the waitresses with the least compromised mobility already beginning to clean up. Maddi found Sheila near the front of the bar, a half-dozen drinks wedged into her cleavage as she handed them out to a booth in the corner. When Sheila caught

Maddi's eye, she gave a cheerful smile, but remained focused on her work until she'd handed out all the drinks.

"What's up?" She asked as she turned around, dusting her hands. "Starting to deflate yet?" Maddi paused, realizing that Sheila was right; her top was feeling a little looser than usual. On Sheila the effect was more pronounced, as her breasts were now probably only slightly bigger than Riley's had been.

"Er, yes, a little," Maddi answered.

"What's wrong?" Sheila asked, "You sound terrible."

"No, I'm fine," Maddi replied, perhaps a bit too quickly.

"...Okay," Sheila said, heading back to the bar with Maddi following as close as their respective measurements allowed. "So what're you doing here?"

"Just... there's little to do at the moment, it seems," Maddi explained. "My section is practically barren."

"Well, a quick 'hi' is okay," Sheila said as she got the next set of drinks from the bartender and jammed them in her cleavage, "but you should probably get back there. If Trixie sees you off your post she won't be happy."

"Ahhh..." Maddi whined.

"I know, but you've got like twenty minutes left. Just go wait it out," She said over her shoulder as she went to her next table.

Maddi waited and waited, each minute seeming to drag on forever with only a pair of drink refills to pass the time until her tables were finally all empty. She adjusted her top again, glad that she was finally shrinking down. Maddi wanted nothing more than to get out of Juggalos and get a shower, though no amount of cleaning would scour the disgust of the experience out of her mind. And to think this was only her first night! Maddi felt the weight of her despair hanging around her neck, far heavier than even her enormous bust.

"Cupcake?"

Maddi jerked her head up, seeing Angie standing next to her.

"Yes? I mean, Maddi, please, but yes?"

"Dining room's closed," Angie said, looking closer to what humanity in general would call a 'normal' size. "Time to get going."

"Thank *heavens*," Maddi said. She hurried to the locker room, all her aches and hunger pangs forgotten at the prospect of being free from this hellhole. She clutched her top to her breasts, feeling like she was losing centimeters off her bust with each passing second. By the time she made it to the locker room, she was down to Angie's size from earlier in the night, her monstrous top positively hanging off of her. Maddi got to her cubbyhole and all but tore her clothes off, any pretense of modesty thrown to the wayside in light of her desperate need to get out of the restaurant. She hastily threw her clothes on, not even bothering with her bra or even her shoes, stuffing them under her arm and heading out of the locker room.

"Hey!" Sheila called from behind her, trying to struggle her shirt over the remnants of her enormous breasts. "What's the rush?"

"I'll just wait at the car," Maddi called back over her shoulder as she rushed from the room.

Maddi sat on the boot of Sheila's car, her feet on the rear bumper and her arms wrapped around her aching stomach. Terrible. That was the only word that kept coming to mind. This was terrible. The proprietors were terrible, the customers were terrible, the staff was terrible. Everything about this place was terrible.

Sheila finally came out the back kitchen door, waving goodbye to some of the other waitresses.

"You sure were in a hurry," She said as she fished the keys out of her pocket and opened the driver's door. "What's the matter?"

"I was just hot," Maddi said as she opened her own door and tossed her shoes and bra into the footwell before slumping down in the seat herself.

"Oh," was all Sheila said as she started the car, "well," she said as they pulled out of the parking lot, "That wasn't such a bad night, was it?"

Maddi looked at her sporadic reflection in the window as they passed under each streetlight, finally letting the tears come out, silently, unnoticed.

"Yes," Maddi replied, swallowing. "Yes, it was."

## Chapter Five: The French Connection

"C'mon, Maddi, you can't just mope around here all day," Sheila said, standing by the kitchen table.

"I most certainly can," Maddi retorted from under her bedcovers. "I can and I shall, up until the very moment I have to leave for that wretched place." She flopped around under her covers, facing the wall of their flat.

"C'mon," Sheila said, walking over and tugging on Maddi's covers. "This is supposed to be spring break, remember?"

"Some holiday," Maddi scoffed. "I figure if I go to sleep enough times I'll wake up from this nightmare."

"Oh, don't be so dramatic," Sheila said as she sat down on Maddi's bed. "So you had a bad night and you made a few mistakes. It's not the end of the world."

"Is it too late to go to prison?" Maddi asked, pinching her head between two pillows.

"All right, that's it," Sheila said as she stood up. "C'mon, up and at 'em, you can catch up on your sleep the first year you're dead!" So saying, she whipped off Maddi's comforter, leaving Maddi snuggled in only a sheet.

"I will not be deterred!" Maddi exclaimed defiantly, balling up even tighter.

"Quit being such a baby!" Sheila pleaded, trying to sound annoyed but at the same time finding it difficult not to laugh. "Look, let's go take some pictures, how about? It's a beautiful Sunday afternoon." When Maddi remained motionless, Sheila put her hands on her hips and thought for a second. "Look at it this way- do you want your only experience for today to be sleeping and Juggalos?"

That seemed to do the trick. Slowly, Maddi uncurled herself from the ball she'd squeezed herself into, finally turning over and facing Sheila again.

"All right, you nag, I'll get out of bed. What did you have in mind?"

"I dunno," Sheila shrugged, "Whatever you wanna do. So long as we're outside, you shouldn't be cooped up in this little shoebox all day."

Grudgingly, Maddi went and got ready for the day- shower, teeth brushing, hair combing, etc.- while Sheila prepared two bags on the kitchen table, one for Maddi's photography equipment and another for her video gear.

"When do we need to leave by?" Maddi called out from the bathroom as she tried futilely to get her cowlick to stay down. She knew it was a hopeless endeavour- nothing short of polymer cement would keep the loop of hair down for more than a few minutes- but she kept at it anyways, a Sisyphean task that had simply become part of her routine.

"We start our shift at four tonight, so we should leave at three o'clock," Sheila said as she zipped Maddi's bag. "With the carpool we should have plenty of time, but quarter after at the very latest."

"All right," Maddi said as she strode out of the bathroom, wiping the last of the moisture off herself. She stopped when she turned the corner, realizing she'd just walked out of the bathroom without even a passing attempt at covering herself. She quickly wrapped herself up

as best she could in her towel, sneaking over to her dresser and grabbing some fresh undergarments before rushing back to the bathroom to put them on.

Maddi wondered what had gotten into her to inspire that sudden abandonment of modesty as she slipped her knickers on. She hadn't even thought about the fact that she was in the altogether, it hadn't even crossed her mind! Maybe, she thought as she clasped her bra behind herself, it was because she was still mentally off-balance from the night before. She supposed that when you go from having a rear you could see from the top of Manchester Cathedral and a bosom you could suffocate someone in to normal dimensions, simply not spilling out of every garment you own would be considered modest enough. Not that Maddi would ever sink to such a level!

Maddi quickly (and discretely) finished dressing, and then grabbed her camera bag and followed Sheila out of their dorm building. When they got outside, Maddi took a deep breath of the warm spring air, feeling the sun on her face. Her mother had always said that was all one *really* needed to enjoy life- green grass, blue skies, and warm sun. Though her stomach still knotted up a little at the thought of going back to that damnable restaurant, Maddi consoled herself to enjoy the moment.

Sheila led Maddi across the campus, to a small clearing behind the Music auditorium. It fell off rather sharply, and there was only one footpath that led tightly between the auditorium and the offices next to them.

"Found this place last week, was waiting for spring break to come back here," Sheila said as she stepped off the footpath and picked her way down the steep hill. Maddi followed, and soon found herself at the bottom of a grassy ravine. The other side of the ravine led up to a road, one Maddi had been on herself, though from up there it looked like the land barely dipped at all before coming up to the music buildings. Maddi smiled a bit at having been introduced to this secret place.

"I really like the way the light works in this place," Sheila said as she squinted into her viewfinder. "I bet if you got the sun at the right time of day it'd come right between the Music buildings, off the Dance studio windows, and right back down here." She turned and looked at Maddi. "Well, aren't you going to take any pictures?" She asked, gesturing around her. "Thought you'd like all the neat angles."

"Oh! Certainly," Maddi exclaimed. "Hmph. Normally you're the one a million kilometers away..." Sheila laughed.

"Hey, anything that's really pretty can stop anyone in their tracks."

Maddi and Sheila canvassed the ravine, making use of all the interesting bits of geography inside- the wildflowers, the creeping ivy over the drainpipe, the way the light came between the two music buildings. Maddi was able to pick out several interesting angles on things, using foreshortening tricks to make it look like the ivy on the drainpipe was reaching out for the wildflowers and such. Maddi was lining up a shot between the two music buildings, trying to adjust the shutter so she could contrast the dusty red-orange of the building's stucco with the blazing yellow of the sun, when Sheila wandered in front of her, making an attempt at following some sort of insect on the ground with her recorder. Maddi paused to let her pass, but stopped when Sheila passed right between Maddi and the sun.



"Sheila, wait a moment there, would you mind?" Maddi said, already re-adjusting the focus on her lens.

"What?" Sheila asked, looking up for a second. "Oh, nuts!" She exclaimed, looking back down and swinging her recorder to and fro. "Well, shucks, I lost 'im," She said, turning her camera off. "What'd you want?"

"Just hold still there for a spot, all right?" Maddi asked.

"Aw, Maddi," Sheila whined, "You know I get embarrassed when you take my picture..."

"Just stand up straight and look that way," Maddi said, pointing as she lowered herself to one knee. Sheila stood up and faced off to the side, but Maddi didn't quite like the composition. The sun was just above Sheila's head, giving off a halo effect that Maddi found childish and cliché. She got lower, down until she was practically laying on the grass. She tilted her camera up, laying on her side with blades of grass poking into her ear as she squinted into the viewfinder. Now Sheila was being backlit centrally, with just enough diffused light off the hillside to show her features. The two buildings framed her perfectly, making it look like she was riding an elevator made of sunbeams or somesuch.

"C'mon, Ma-"

*Click.*

Maddi's finger reacted almost on instinct, that hundredth of a second where you know without even thinking, without even realizing, that you've got a perfect shot.

"-ddi, this is embarrassing," Sheila said, turning her head as she grinned nervously. Maddi snapped a few more, catching Sheila's head in varying degrees of motion, but she knew she'd gotten the right one the first time.

"Oh, quit your whining, already," She said as she sat up and got to her feet. "I'm already done. There, now was that so terrible?"

"I just get embarrassed when people want to take my picture," she mumbled, cheeks flushed. Maddi shook her head.

"So, what, breasts larger than beachballs were fine so long as no one tried to photograph them?" Maddi paused as she looked back at Sheila, who was leaning back and forth between where the buildings blocked the sun and where it shone through, probably trying to find that "sweet spot" where there was enough sun to illuminate the picture without having so much it washed it out. *What an odd composition it would be*, Maddi thought, *if one had to frame Sheila like she looked at that damn restaurant...*

Maddi shook her head, dismissing the idea. While certainly unusual, Maddi wasn't about to start photographing pornography. The only place a picture of a Juggalos waitress would rightly end up was in a publication *Playboy* wouldn't touch for being too despicable.

"It's getting about time to leave," Sheila said, checking her watch. "Don't wanna be late for work."

"You don't," Maddi said sardonically.

"C'mon, let's just go and get it over with. After all, at least tonight can't be worse than last night, right?"

"Please don't say things like that," Maddi pleaded. "You're tempting the fates, I tell you."

"C'mon," Sheila said, putting an arm around her friend's shoulder. "Now you know where all the waitress stations are and everything, right? No more goof ups?"

"I suppose..."

"And no more calling fat ladies pregnant?"

"Oh, lord, don't remind me," Maddi groaned, putting a hand over her face.

"But you won't do it again, right?" Sheila laughed.

"Certainly not," Maddi said. "I've learned to keep my gob shut, I have."

"Well then, chin up!" Sheila said. "Tonight's going to be better, just wait."

\* \* \*

"C'mon, Maddi!" Sheila yelled as she knocked on the flimsy door of their bathroom, "You're gonna make us late!"

"If you imagine I'm going to shower at that damnable place in front of the entire world," Maddi yelled back as she dried herself off, "you've surely lost your mind!" Sheila turned away from the door, glanced at her watch, then turned back to the door.

"Hurry up! I still gotta shower when we get there!"

"My *word*, Sheila," Maddi said as she opened the door, still dripping slightly as she hurried to her dresser, "Don't get your knickers in a twist, we'll be able to take the carpool." Sheila looked at her watch again.

"Trixie really hates it when people come in late..." She said.

"I'm getting dressed!" Maddi exclaimed as she pulled her skirt up, the elastic band cinching around her waist. "What do you want from me?" Sheila bounced from one foot to the other, bobbing nervously.

"All right, all right!" Maddi said as she rushed to the door, buttoning her shirt as she went. "Let's go!"

Maddi didn't think she'd ever seen Sheila drive so fast. She knew Americans drove like maniacs as a rule, but to experience it firsthand was another matter entirely. She gripped the seat cushions tightly as Sheila weaved in and out of traffic like a swallow navigating the branches of a tree. Sheila zipped through the traffic at speeds Maddi was certain any sane person would consider hazardous, attempting to fit her compact into spaces Maddi personally would not have attempted on a scooter.

When they finally arrived at the restaurant with all of three minutes to spare, Maddi turned to Sheila.

"Is that kind of driving taught in secondary school, is that it? Do all you lot know how to do that?"

"Do what?" Sheila asked as she got out of the car, slinging her knapsack over her shoulder.

"Drive like you're in the middle of a car chase."

"Oh, it wasn't that bad," Sheila said, giving Maddi a simpering look. "Besides, would you rather I'd gone slower so we'd be late?"

"I'd rather fear for my 'career' than fear for my life, yes," Maddi replied as she held the back door open for her friend. Sheila just rolled her eyes.

"Okay, I've gotta go shower, so you'll have to take your pill by yourself," Sheila said as she quickly disrobed, stuffing her clothes into her cubby. "While you were sleeping I called one of the morning shift girls and had her switch out your skirt for some shorts like you asked."

"Thank you," Maddi said, though feeling it was something of a pyrrhic victory. As she'd seen on the other waitresses, the bright orange shorts did a laughable job of covering the bulbous expanses they wrapped around, but at least no one would be able to see her knickers now.

Maddi sighed as she took her pill from the machine, the huge top and shorts making her look like a toddler trying to wear her mother's clothes. Pinching the pill between her teeth, she bunched up the shorts in great fistfuls as best she could before swallowing. She was more prepared for the sensations this time, the odd heat and the swelling, but without Sheila there to help it was a much more awkward act. As the shorts filled in she did her best to let out the folds she was holding, but she still managed to give herself something of a wedgie from letting the sides out unevenly. And with her hands otherwise occupied, Maddi could only watch in dismay as the top filled in lopsidedly, one of her mammoth breasts spilling out of the top's huge v-neck entirely, causing Maddi to blush. She let go of her shorts with her left hand, making a grab for the other side of her top before her breasts grew to the point where she wouldn't be able to reach around them. This caused her shorts to sag off her left hip, so Maddi attempted to correct by tugging up on the right side. Unfortunately, given the current expanse of her rear, hiking it up so far on one side caused it to pinch in the middle, giving Maddi an even worse wedgie.

"Gah!" Maddi cried out as she struggled her garments into something approaching decency. As her growth subsided, Maddi was able to wrangle the giant cotton and polyester monsters around her equally monstrous endowments. Much to her chagrin, however, she found that the feel of the soft cotton top sliding over her nipples tickled her in a way she found difficult to keep discreet. Maddi let out a giggle, having to bite her lower lip to stifle the rest of it. *That's odd*, she thought, *I'm usually not ticklish like that*. Maddi cleared her throat and finished snugging the uniform on, wishing she had a bra but realizing it would be a ludicrous request given her dimensions.

"Hey," Sheila said behind her, brushing past Maddi's behind. "Scuse me," She continued as she headed for the pill dispenser. Maddi giggled as a tickle shot up the side of her bosom.

"Stop that!" she said, laughing in spite of herself.

"Stop what?" Sheila asked as she brushed by Maddi again, her pill between her teeth as she headed back to her cubby.

"Whatever you're doing!" Maddi said, taking a step to the side. "That tickles!"

"But I didn't do anything...?" Sheila asked, looking at Maddi with an arched brow as she quickly got her shorts and panties on.

"Well, you did something that tickled," Maddi protested. "It was right hee-hee-here!" Maddi blushed as the touch of her own hand where the initial tickle had come from made her giggle again. Sheila paused, her oversized top bundled in her arms as she regarded Maddi curiously. She took a step forward and poked Maddi's breast with one finger, causing Maddi to duck away, nearly plowing over a server with her massive rear.

"St-stop that!" Maddi squealed, giggling again.

"Uh oh," Sheila said, her face falling.

"Wha-at?" Maddi asked, trying not to laugh. Though her lips twisted up in a tight smile, Sheila could see the concern in her eyes.

"You've been slipped a tickle tonic in your pill," Sheila said, frowning as she put her ponytail up and tied it off. "Here, help me with my shirt and I'll fill you in."

Maddi cleared her throat again, grabbing Sheila's top and pulling it out like she had yesterday. Sheila gulped down her pill, the change in her bustline nearly instant.

"Basically," she started as her breasts began their growth, "if you get a lot of complaints from customers, Trixie doses your pills with something we call 'tickle tonic', which makes you really ticklish, as I'm sure you've noticed. She says it's the easiest way to make sure waitresses smile at customers."

"What?" Maddi asked. "I didn't- I mean, it wasn't that bad, I don't thi-hee-hee!" She giggled, as Sheila's swelling bosom met her own.

"Well, apparently Trixie thought it was that bad," Sheila said as she guided her top around the last of her growth, snugging the top and giving her bosom a shake. "Now c'mon, let's go," She said, heading out of the room.

"Well what can I do about it?" Maddi asked, putting a hand to her mouth to stifle another giggle as her bum brushed the wall.

"Not a whole lot..." Sheila said over her shoulder as they headed to the lounge. "Just be good 'till they change your pills back."

"Tha-hee hee! That doesn't- phpphpt! Doesn't so-ha-haound fair to me-hee!" Maddi said as they jostled their way into the lounge, the acres of flesh rubbing against Maddi from all sides making her almost uncontrollably giggly.

"Sorry, Maddi," Sheila said over her shoulder as she settled in as close to Trixie as she could. "But hey, it shouldn't be that long- it's only your first offense, after all."

Maddi couldn't really even reply; with all the other waitresses pressed so close to her, she had to clamp both hands over her mouth to keep from laughing out loud. She tried to focus on what Trixie was saying, anything to focus on besides the electric tingling racing up and down her skin.

"...been a busy weekend, and I know that's as good as it is bad, but let's all keep at it- the weekend's almost over, and then we get to split up the tip jar," She said, smiling. A few girls gave joking cheers, but Maddi's eyes were close to watering, her shoulders shaking as she giggled into her hands.

"Also, congratulations are in order for Joanna, who's been promoted out of 'server' and into a full-fledged waitress!" Trixie grinned widely. "And as a respectable two-three, I do mean *full!*"

More cheers came from the waitresses, and one girl jumped up and down with her arms up, jostling the bosom of the woman behind her with her rear.

"Finally, I know we've been getting a few creeps in lately who've been a little more grabby than is okay," She continued. "If it happens, you just let me or Riley know and I'll set 'em straight." Trixie looked around at all the waitresses. "Okay, everyone ready? Everything's better..."

"Together!" The rest of the girls said as one. As the waitresses filed out, Maddi caught Trixie's eye for the barest of moments, a knowing smirk playing across her features as she saw

Maddi with her hands clamped over her mouth. As Maddi jostled her way out of the lounge, she thought about confronting Trixie about that sadistic pill of hers, but worried that it would only make things worse. Better to just bite her tongue and hope Trixie got bored of her punishment sooner rather than later.

\* \* \*

It was immediately apparent how well the "Tickle Tonic" worked at doing what it was meant for. Every time anyone so much as brushed past her, her hyper-sensitive flesh would make her giggle. Maddi could hardly even take an order without bursting into giggles. After the first two tables, Maddi gave up even trying to suppress it; the muscles in her neck and cheeks were threatening to snap if she tried to hold it against the impulses from her breasts and butt. Every cold glass sunk in her cleavage, every warm plate balanced on her rear, every everything set her to giggling, the result being that she wore a broad, toothy grin all the time, at least all the time she wasn't laughing or giggling. At least the customers seemed to appreciate it- Maddi's giggle was apparently quite infectious. She didn't even have to say all that much, to her considerable relief- just that fact that she *looked* happy seemed to be enough. And the fact that she knew well enough to keep the pockets of her shorts stocked with napkins, silverware, and the like kept her from making any embarrassing mistakes like the previous night.

Angie was still walking her through the steps of being a waitress, but Maddi tried to pay attention to the menus and the ordering. When customers would give Angie an order, she would try and remember them by their faces, jewelry, and so on, mapping each diner and their meals to a map in her head. Again Maddi was thankful for her photographer's eye, as she found she was able to recall the diners and their orders a good four out of five times. At least if she ever got stuck taking orders herself she'd have a good chance of not cocking them up. Maddi was also afforded an opportunity to steal glances at the menus while she was jamming them into her cleavage, and quickly realized that most of them had no prices on them at all, something she found quite unusual for such a folksy restaurant. She'd seen it before in some of the restaurants she'd accompanied her father to in London, but Maddi thought there was no way this dive could be comparably pricey. When she finally did get a chance to steal a peek at a menu with prices, Maddi barked out a laugh at the sheer absurdity of it, perhaps the only genuine laugh she'd had so far in the whole tittering, giggling mess. Maddi had to steal another look just to make sure she'd read the price right- the food was absurd! The most disgusting items- "Rump roast" and "Breast fillet" specials to increase the size of one's bum and bosom, respectively- were obscenely expensive, what one would spend on a utility bill in a month or more! Maddi attempted to think of how much food she had ruined in her mad dash through the restaurant, but stopped counting when the numbers became depressing.

It was perhaps half an hour into her shift when Maddi felt an odd sensation as she passed by another waitress with an equally preposterously-sized posterior. It was brief, subtle, but all too real, a trio of caresses that flicked across the side of her bum. Maddi giggled and looked behind her, catching the eye of the fair-skinned waitress as she similarly looked behind her. The girl blinked- winked? no, impossible- and continued on her way, a shimmy in her step

that threatened to spill her food right off her bottom. If it weren't for the logistical ordeal turning around in her bloated form entailed, Maddi would have given half a thought to pursuing the blonde waitress. Then again, as difficult as it was to even form a complete sentence with the plates on her rear making her titter like a schoolgirl on a nearly constant basis, she'd probably come across as an ignoramus just trying to get the question out.

The question didn't weigh on her heavily, however; Maddi was too busy trying not to screw up. Thankfully, that lout Riley was nowhere to be found; with that damnable tonic still making her laugh and giggle, Maddi knew Riley would take no end of delight in tormenting her. In between taking orders and waiting for the food to come out, Maddi stole away to the bar. Talking to Sheila for just a moment would provide a badly-needed sanity boost, and the sound of her own laughter was about to drive her daft. Maddi stole up the steps to the bar, giggling with every step jostling her hourglass figure back and forth. One of her expansive hips checked a patron coming down the steps, but he didn't seem perturbed by it; Maddi's hasty "Beg Pardon" was enough to placate him.

Maddi was somewhat nervous, picking her way around the bar tables; it was hard to fade into the background when you were as big around as a tot's wading pool. It was easy enough to find Sheila, however; her titanic bosom was the centerpiece of the bar, making the other waitresses with breasts that couldn't have been larger than Maddi's look absolutely petite by comparison. Sheila's breasts were so wide that one could have stood another Sheila sans bosom on either side of the original and they would still be completely hidden behind the jiggling wall of breastflesh. When she stopped at a booth against the wall, her breasts projected all the way in front of the next booth. Maddi waited until she had disgorged the six drinks she had stashed in her cleavage before approaching.

"Shi-hee-la!" Maddi chuckled, the cold brass rail against the bar tickling her bum.

"Oh! Hey Maddi," Sheila said, turning her head as she mashed her cavernous cleavage up against the bar, where a busboy quickly unloaded all the empty glasses from her cleavage. "How you holding up?"

"It's- eherm- it's quite annoying, but stiff upper lip, you-hoo-ha-ha! You know?" Maddi said, a valiant effort to keep her composure given the circumstances.

"Well, just keep at it," Sheila said, seemingly oblivious as the bartender slid ice-cold drinks and tumblers between her two massive orbs, one after another down the giant fleshy crevice in front of her. Just the sight of it was enough to send a chill up Maddi's spine, sending her entire gravid form shuddering back and forth. Sheila began backing up from the bar, allowing the bartender to further stuff her farther-away cleavage with drinks.

"I'll put in a good word with Trixie when my shift's over," She said, taking a yellow slip from the busboy and reading over it quickly, "but you should get back to your tables before anyone notices you're gone," She finished as she began the laborious task of turning around and making her next pass around the bar.

Maddi frowned at the briefness of her talk with Shiela, at least as much as she could frown pressed against the bar as she was, but it served its purpose nonetheless; just knowing *someone* in this madhouse was on her side gave her the strength to keep going.

Maddi picked her way out of the bar, feeling the eyes of the other patrons on her; rubbernecking was so *de rigeur* here they didn't even try to hide it. A few of the patrons had

grins so wide as they watched Maddi pass she half-suspected they had been given the same tonic Maddi had. She appreciated the wide aisles they had between the tables and the walls and so forth; while it occasionally made them look sparse, as soon as a waitress occupied that space it seemed downright snug. Maddi made her way back to her area, already worrying that she had dallied too long with Sheila.



As she turned down the steps to her area, she felt a soft squeeze on her bum, enough to make her woop out loud before dissolving into a fit of giggles.

"Oh, *pardonnez-moi*," the same fair-skinned waitress from before said as Maddi turned to see who had goosed her. She continued blithely along, her blonde sausage-curls bouncing in step as she made her way through the restaurant. Maddi stared after her swaying backside for a moment, puzzled. That grip felt intentional, but perhaps she was over-reacting. Given how wide her rear swung when she turned, Maddi could definitely see the other waitress needing to put a hand out to stop the encroaching wall of flesh. *Still*, Maddi thought as she took a round of glasses to be refilled, *there's a certain odd glint in that one's eye...*

Luckily, aside from a couple that was waiting a little longer than they would have liked for their appetizers, Maddi's little jiggling jaunt to the bar bore no ill impact on her night. And though she still rarely spoke to the diners, her constant tittering made everything she *did* say sound light-hearted or in jest. Maddi was sure she said something wrong when she reacted with shock at one woman getting three out of the four entrees on her backside, but the fact that she laughed as she said it made it come across more as a playful jest than her earnest surprise. Much as Maddi despised the infernal tonic, it was at least keeping her from racking up any more complaints, it seemed.

Finally, after what felt like an interminable four hours, Angie informed Maddi that her lunch break had started. Maddi stole away to the lounge as quickly as politeness dictated, setting herself down in the corner again, the green felt tickling her as she settled in. If she kept perfectly still, she could suppress the laughter enough to keep quiet. She took a deep breath, watching as her two enormous breasts rose with her chest, straining slightly against the elastic confines of her top. It still amazed her that she was able to walk around with the four fleshy pontoons strapped to her front and back. Maddi wondered briefly how much she weighed, because she was sure the number would be able to get her on one of those ridiculous "fifty stone freaks" shows that came on the Beeb occasionally.

"Speak of the devil..." Maddi thought as Sheila's enormous breasts barged through the lounge doors, followed soon after by Sheila herself. Sheila craned her neck, trying to see past all the fleshy spheres already in the room, eventually locating Maddi and lunging her way towards her. Maddi shook her head at the way Sheila veritably plowed through the others in the lounge, her enormous breasts bouncing bottoms and busts out of the way like a lorry with a pair of river rafts strapped to the front of it. The most amazing thing, aside from their impossible girth, was the way none of the other waitresses even seemed to notice. They would glance behind them, see Sheila's moving wall of cloth and flesh, and just ignore it like a busker in the underground.

"Hey," Sheila said as she got within earshot, dropping forward onto her breasts like she was flopping down onto a mattress. "Ahhh," She said, curling her feet up behind her. "That feels better." Maddi just stared wide-eyed. Even sitting on her preposterous posterior, Maddi was nearly eye-level with Sheila. She reached back and grabbed her ankles behind her butt, pulling into a stretch.



"HMMMMM-aah!" Sheila said, releasing her legs and letting her limbs dangle off her enormous bosom, her fingertips hovering half a meter off the floor.

"Don't fall asleep like that, or Trixie'll slip you a doubler," A waitress said as she approached, notepad in hand. "Remember Sally?"

"Yeah, yeah," Sheila said, not even opening her eyes as she hung her head into her cleavage. "Just a ceasar tonight- I don't feel like anything heavy."

"You feel awful heavy to me," Maddi quipped, giggling in spite of herself. The waitress, herself a one-three at best, laughed along.

"And what about you, Cupcake?"

"Maddison!" She snapped in spite of herself, the effect ruined by the giggle that followed. "Maddi, if you must," she continued, managing to stifle her laugh this time.

"Okay, Maddi, what do you want?"

"I don't-" Maddi started, but remembered how miserable she'd been the night before, going without food the whole night. Still, she didn't want to give Trixie or anyone else here the satisfaction of her getting any more food after being hung out to dry for the backup singers' trick. "I'll have some toast, please," Maddi asked. "And some water."

"Toast and water?" The waitress asked, arching a brow. "That's it?" Maddi nodded, her lips pulling up in a grin as the tips of her fox ears brushed the wall.

"Okay then," The waitress shrugged, turning and crossing the room to some of the other waitresses on lunch.

"Okay, what's up?" Sheila asked, chin bobbing against her flesh as she talked into her cleavage. "You on a diet or something?"

"Wha-ha-ha-hat?" Maddi chuckled in surprise.

"You had nothing last night and dry toast tonight. I hope you know you can't shrink these by starving yourself," she said, accenting the "these" by bouncing her body against her breasts, sending the entire fleshy mattress quivering. "I could give one of my pills to Heidi Klum and she'd still get hooters down to her calves."

"No, it's not- herm- not that," Maddi said, fighting off another wave of giggles as a breeze played across her breasts from the air conditioning. "Certainly not."

"So what?" Sheila asked. "Spit it out." Maddi sighed, then leaned forward, letting the giggles subside before she whispered to Sheila.

"I don't trust the food here," She said. "They can- snrk- they can make me take the first pill, but I'll frankly be damned if I let them- hee herm- slip me- hee hee- slip me anything else."

"Oh Maddi, they wouldn't-" Maddi poked her right breast, causing her to erupt in tittering laughter.

"...Okay, but that was because the customers complained. There's no *reason* for Trixie to put anything in your food. Besides, the stuff's expensive. It'd be a waste."

"I certainly shan't presume to-hoo-hee-hoo, to presume what twi-hi-histed logic runs through that bird's bonce," Maddi said as she sat back up, stifling her giggles.

Presently their food came, and Maddi ate her toast, her mouth complaining at its blandness but her stomach grateful for whatever it could get inside it. When Sheila's salad came, Sheila lunged backwards, rotating atop her breasts until she was back on her feet. Not wanting to stand on her feet, she dropped to her knees, disappearing completely behind her

bosom. For a brief moment, Maddi had the image of Sheila falling on her back, smothered and completely immobile under her pendulous knockers. The thought made her shiver, which in turn made her laugh, though she couldn't help wondering if that would violate some kind of worker's safety law.

"Uh-hum! Sheila, what're you doing back there?" Maddi asked.

"Eating," Sheila replied, followed by the crunching of lettuce leaves and croutons. "I don't like to eat with my head hanging down like that- it feels weird," She said, pausing to take a bite, "But I don't wanna stand any more than I have to. So I just stand on my knees, wedge the bowl between my boobs, and go from there. No sweat."

"Is that... sanitar-hee-hee-hee!?"

"It's better than standing," Sheila explained, "because that means stuff rolls back towards me instead of down the grand canyon here. Lemme tell you- I lost a crouton down there *once* and that was more than enough for me, boy howdy!"

Maddi shook her head, shivering a little at the thought.

Eventually the lunch break ended, and the waitresses lurched their endowments out of the lounge and back to their tables. Maddi continued to learn the ins and outs of the restaurant- Angie showed her how to use the computer that took orders and how to swipe charge cards through it. The computer seemed to be made with Maddi's ridiculous measurements in mind- the control pad and monitor were both at shoulder height, the monitor angled out so you could still see it even when typing in amounts at your side, since that was the only real space one with such grossly inflated attributes could reach. As loathe as Maddi was to admit it, she was beginning to get the hang of the job, reprehensible as it might have been. Of more immediate concern, however, was her face; after hours of constant grinning and laughing, her cheeks felt like over-stretched rubber bands. Maddi went into the back of the restaurant and rubbed her face, just inside the double doors to do it away from prying eyes. Maddi mashed her fists into her cheeks, grinding her knuckles into the skin to massage away some of the tension. Even though the massage made her giggle more, it was some relief. Maddi hooked each index finger on either cheek and pulled her face sideways, marveling at what might have been the world's first laughter cramp. She could almost hear her mother chide her for being "unnecessarily unladylike", and was glad no one else was around to see the display.

As though fate had heard her daring it, the blonde waitress emerged from the kitchen, seeing Maddi contort her face into a ridiculous expression. Maddi's hands snapped back to her sides, though both the contortions and her touch caused Maddi to giggle, which caused the blonde woman to grin. Maddi cleared her throat a few times to beat back the giggles, and nodded her head at the advancing waitress.

"H-Hello," Maddi stammered, trying to keep from laughing. "I'm Maddison."

"*Bonsoir*," The waitress replied in a thick french accent, returning Maddi's nod as she passed. "Ah am Penelope." Maddi giggled as their bottoms pressed together slightly in the hallway, but there was no groping or any other impropriety. *There you go*, Maddi thought as she turned around in the hall and went back to her tables, *Nothing improper whatsoever, just a bit of crowding. I knew it was all in my head.*

Maddi's facial ministrations helped a little, but as the night wore on it became increasingly irrelevant. She would have laughed at having something so ridiculous as smile fatigue, but her mood was turning increasingly sour over the ordeal- not that anyone could tell the way she still barked out laughter at every dish piled on her bum and every glass crammed in her cleavage. As she was finishing up clearing the plates from a table, she noticed Penelope coming back her way. Maddi smiled at her- not that she could help it- and Penelope caught her eye, a smile coming over her features as well. Maddi went back to her bussing, assuming that was as far as the exchange was going to go, a pleasant formality between co-workers. It wasn't until Maddi saw her lean in towards Maddi real quick that she thought something was amiss, a flash of flesh disappearing beneath the horizon of her bosom an all too late signal of impending impropriety.

The jolt Maddi felt when Penelope grabbed one of her large nipples and squeezed it in her fist was like being struck by lightning. Maddi whooped, instinctively pulling back from the shock, the motion causing her enormous breasts to lurch up and back, the clanking of glasses audible as she was nearly blinded by her heaving breasts. Maddi's hands shot to the plates on her quivering rear, the stacked dishes threatening to slide off as Maddi was already overcome by riotous laughter. Penelope, for her part, continued blithely on, giving a giggle of her own and putting a hand to her mouth like she'd been caught stealing a cookie from her mum's pantry. Her dishes more or less safe, Maddi clamped both her hands over her mouth to muffle the noise of her laughter, though her shoulders still shook from the exertion, the glasses in her cleavage clinking like a windchime.

"...Friend of yours?" A grinning diner asked, smiling awkwardly as she passed. Maddi couldn't begin to answer in her state, so she just shook her head and made her way shakily to the kitchen.

Maddi was still chuckling a little as she dumped the dishes into the washbin, laughing at the occasional surges of feeling from her nipple. *That was no accident, no mistake!* Maddi thought. *That was as barefaced an intent as one could possibly muster- is Penelope a lesbian? Was she just teasing me!?* The squeeze hadn't been painful- if she had meant to inflict harm, she was sure Penelope could have. No, it was definitely meant to be erotic.

The thought caused a tingle to shoot through her bosom, prompting another round of laughter. A few of the cooks looked up from their stations to see what the commotion was, but apparently news of her punishment had made it around the gossip circles already, because they all returned to work without so much as a second glance. Maddi did notice Carlos' look appearing to be sympathetic for a brief instant before he went back to his work, however. Maddi shook her head to clear it as she turned and headed back to the dining area, still trying to puzzle out Penelope and what it was exactly that inspired her behavior tonight.

Maddi kept an eye out for Penelope the rest of the night, though she wasn't quite sure what she'd do if she did see her. Avoiding another grope seemed an unrealistic expectation- as big as she was, there really wasn't space in the restaurant to attempt to lose a pursuer. And she was leery about any kind of verbal altercations, especially in front of the customers, though she hardly knew what to say even were the restaurant empty. *Maybe*, Maddi thought between

*tables, this was Trixie's doing, a surrogate sent to harass her...* though Maddi had to admit it sounded slim with as overbearing as Trixie seemed to be. T'wouldn't seem to be her style.

Finally, mercifully, the shift was over. Maddi felt her mouth slowly releasing itself from its permanently grinning expression, and she made her way quickly to the locker room, with some of the last waitresses cleaning themselves off after the night. Maddi didn't care to shower, especially with total strangers, but she couldn't put her clothes back on until she'd shrunk back down to a more manageable size. Still, she was a bit sweaty, and a dry towel would be a nice spot of comfort. Maddi took one off the stack by the entrance to the showers and wiped her face off with it, a slight chuckle muffled in the terrycloth as she cleaned the sweat from her hands and forehead. Maddi was relieved that the rubbing caused only a slight tickle; the effects of that damnable tonic were apparently wearing off, and not a moment too soon. She dried the back of her neck, finally managing to hold back the laughter as a tickle ran down the nape of her neck.

Maddi noticed her top beginning to sag a bit, now that her breasts were shrinking down to a more manageable size. Draping the towel over her shoulders, Maddi reached around her bosom and grabbed the "collar" of her top, pulling the slack up and over her breasts as the top became more adequate to cover her shrinking bosom. Maddi heard the same submerged-deafness as her fox ears shrunk down into her head and her normal ears popped back out the sides. Maddi was nearly at the size where she could slip her normal clothes back on, and decided to chance it. She went to her cubbyhole and took her orange and white tennis shoes off, flexing her toes in her socks as she removed them. She tugged her shorts off her bum, the elastic hardly having to stretch over her reduced posterior, then all but dove into her pants, her tail thankfully not impeding her move to cover her knickers. Maddi's breasts were now almost down to normal size, the huge cups of her top flung over her shoulders and ready to fall off if she so much as leaned over. Maddi pulled her arms through the sleeves, turning the huge top into some kind of strange surcoat, before taking her shirt and pulling her arms and head through it. The shirt and the top bunched up around her neck, but Maddi squirmed the enormous top down even as she pulled her shirt down with it, dropping the huge-necked top down to the ground where she could step out of it without ever leaving her chest exposed. Maddi balled up her top and threw it into a large hamper near the door where other dirty clothes were piled into, then grabbed her shoes and slid them on, leaning a hand against the cubbyholes to steady herself.

"There you are," Maddi said as she noticed Sheila come in. "What kept you?"

If Maddi's top had looked like a surcoat wrapped around her, Sheila was sporting a triple-layered toga. She was practically swimming in white fabric, the huge top wrapped around and around her like some sort of hastily-constructed mummy.

"I was talking with Trixie," Sheila said as she came to her cubby, grabbing great armfuls of fabric and pulling them over her head until she'd discarded her top on the floor. "About your tonic," She continued as she pulled her bra out of her cubbyhole and wormed into it.

"Oh?" Maddi asked, wadding up her own bra and tucking it under her arm. In her hurry to get dressed, she had been more worried about coverage than support, though Sheila's nonchalance was once again true to form, shaking her head as she pulled her shirt on.

"No dice," she said, squatting as she pulled her shorts down.

"Well, thank you for trying, regardless," Maddi said, sighing inwardly as Sheila finished changing.

\* \* \*

"Sheila, are you well-acquainted with most of the other waitresses?" Maddi asked in the car on the way home.

"Most of them, yeah," Sheila replied, taking a quick look at Maddi before turning her eyes back to the road. "What's up?"

"Do you know a blonde, pale-skinned waitress with-"

"Penelope?" Sheila asked.

"Yes!" Maddi replied. "How did you know?"

"Everyone knows Penelope," Sheila said, grinning. "The owner's French connection. It's not an act, you know- she really is from France. The owner met her at a cafe in Reims and simply had to have her as a waitress. Spared no expense."

"Really..." Maddi said, her brow furrowing slightly.

"Why?" Sheila asked, looking over at Maddi again. "what's up?"

"Well, does she... Is Penelope, well... Odd, at all? That you're aware of?"

"Odd?" Sheila asked. "What do you mean? What did she do?"

"Well, nothing really, I suppose..." Maddi said, blushing. No chance in heaven would she tell Sheila about Penelope's groping her, she'd never live it down.

"Don't worry about it," Sheila said. "Everyone finds their groove in their own way at Juggalos. Just keep an open mind." Maddi shivered a bit at the recollection of the electric sensation of Penelope tweaking her nipple. That wasn't any kind of 'groove' she wanted to get into.

## Chapter Six: A Worse Night

Maddi stood in her flat's tiny shower, the warm water running over her face. She was still a little befuddled at that waitress Penelope's odd behaviour the night before, but in hindsight the pieces were beginning to fit together properly. The first touches were exploratory, that's what they were. Penelope had been testing the waters, to see if Maddi would respond positively to her advances. Her uncontrollable giggling due to that damnable tonic was probably enough to convince Penelope that Maddi was amenable to her advances- perhaps even enjoying them! Maddi sighed as she rubbed her face in the stream of water, the tender spots in her cheeks complaining slightly beneath her touch. Hopefully Trixie had decided to take pity on Maddi and she wouldn't have to endure that humiliating ordeal again tonight. Still, Maddi conceded as she ducked her head under the water to give one last rinse of her hair, if she had to be regularly accosted by the other waitresses, she preferred Penelope's approach to that foul woman Riley's. Penelope might be shockingly too forthcoming, but at least she wouldn't take a swing at her. Although, Maddi wondered as she rinsed the last errant suds off, she wasn't sure what Riley would swing at her, the way she used those bosoms of hers as a battering ram.

She pushed in the valve to shut off the water, pulling aside the flimsy plastic sheet that served as a shower door here in the dormitories. Maddi supposed she should be thankful for the private shower at all; it wasn't uncommon for a water closet in England to be small enough to forbid sitting, much less laying down like you could in the dorm's bath/shower combo. Not that she'd ever had to deal with such tiny facilities in her father's home, but she knew how it was for the less affluent- her mother had made sure of it.

As Maddi emerged from the bathroom wrapped in her towel, she heard the lock turn in their door. Maddi tightened the towel around herself as Sheila came in, her backpack stuffed with camera gear, to say nothing of her shoulderbag or her array of lenses hung on lanyards around her neck.

"Oh, good," Sheila said, panting a bit as she quickly but gently dumped her gear in the hallway. "I'm beat, and I need a shower *now*."

Maddi moved to her dresser as Sheila lurched into the bathroom, her clothes firing out against the wall a garment at a time before the door closed and the water turned back on. Maddi quickly got dressed, stuffed the towel in her hamper, and set down at her desk. She had a paper to write before the spring holiday was over, and as mad as her schedule had been she wanted to make sure she had everything she needed done by next Monday. The last thing she needed was to have to do it the night before at that damnable restaurant, trying futilely to type a paper up on a laptop when she couldn't even see the keyboard beneath her bosom, much less reach it.

\* \* \*

"So where were you, anyways?" Maddi asked as she finished up the bibliography. Sheila was parked in front of her dilapidated television set, too old and decrepit to actually

receive channels any longer but good enough to take the output from Sheila's VCR, which she had been feeding her little tapes into ever since she got out of the shower.

"That little grove off of Enterprise street, between the freeway and the campus wall," Sheila said, squinting and leaning in towards her TV.

"Where? Oh, that little clearing by the road with all the creeping ivy?"

"Around here it's known as Kudzu," Sheila said. "A.k.a., 'The weed that ate the south'." Sheila leaned over to her bunk and started pulling the top sheet off of it. "And all the spiders, and the dust, and all the gross ick that you can't see under the leaves unless you're walking through it..." She continued as she spread the sheet over herself and the TV, creating her own private darkroom as she analyzed the tapes.

"Well goodness, then why on earth go in there?" Maddi asked, trying to suppress a laugh; as much as she'd probably wind up giggling like a dolt tonight, she wanted to keep from laughing if she could help it, when she could help it.

"Because it's this really neat green-light dome!" Sheila said from under her sheet. "Filming in there is like using a green-light filter lens, only for real!"

"If you're that desperate for a filtering lens, I'll spring for it," Maddi said as she hit the print button, her paper humming out of the printer and into her hand. "...What on earth?" She muttered to herself as she looked at her paper. "This is gibberish!"

"It's not that!" Sheila chided. "It's that with all the green ivy everywhere, the light really was green, the whole little grove with a natural tint."

"You know that takes all of five seconds to do in post-production," Maddi said, punctuated by a series of shrill beeps from her computer. "Oh, what now?" She said as she looked at her screen.

"You and your photoshop," Sheila said. "Special effects have taken all the purity out of the art, I tell you."

"Oh dear, here we go again," Maddi said, rolling her eyes crossly as she tried in vain to get her computer to respond.

"I'm serious!" Sheila said, the sheet bobbing slightly as she gyrated in her little tent. "Movies used to be about making light and shadow work for you, of framing a scene just so, because you couldn't do it any other way! Look at Hitchcock, he made an iconic legacy out of a horn, a spotlight, and a white dropcloth! None of this CGI nonsense, like Lucas and his silly 'We'll take Obi-wan's delivery from take three and Anakin's reaction from take seventeen' garbage... And stop making that quacking thing with your hand!" Maddi paused, blushing as she glanced over at her hand, where she'd been tapping her four fingers against her outstretched thumb.

"...How thin is that sheet anyways?" Sheila laughed.

"Thick enough I can't see out of it, but I *knew* you were doing it!"

"Oh, fine, fine," Maddi said, growling at her computer. "Work, damn you- I- oh, fie, there it goes- and I didn't save it!" She exclaimed as her computer locked up entirely.

"What's going on?" Sheila asked, pulling her little tent up so she could see Maddi.

"Oh, nothing," Maddi said, slumping back in her chair. "Damnable machine ate my paper. No matter, I'll just have to re-do it, but I remember what I had spoken about fairly well, so it shouldn't be too much of a bother." Maddi 'Hmph'-ed and looked at her watch. "Well," she sighed, "Looks like the time is coming up..." She 'hmph'-ed again. "Couldn't I call in sick?"

Sheila frowned sympathetically at her roommate as she gathered up her sheet in a ball and threw it onto her bunk.

"It wouldn't help bring down your tab any..."

"I suppose not," Maddi said as she lurched up from her chair, casting one last baleful glance at her computer. "Let's just get this over with."

\* \* \*

"...Is there any way to avoid this rotten tonic?" Maddi asked as they got off the motorway towards Juggalos.

"Not that I'm aware of," Sheila said. "I've seen five girls toniced the whole time I've been here, and none of them were able to stop it." She shivered slightly at the memory. "Though I will say Riley managed to make her giggling so terrible that Trixie vowed you couldn't pay her enough to tonic Riley again. It really was that bad." Maddi shivered as well, wondering what kind of mirthless sound someone like Riley could produce if they wanted to.

"So... what, then? Just grin and bear it?"

"Not much else you can do, really..."

"Fantastic."

The pair quickly entered the restaurant and got ready, Maddi cringing as the very act of getting dressed made her giggle foolishly. It just wasn't proper, to have such outbursts all the time, and completely unbidden, to boot. Maybe it was just her upbringing, but Maddi felt one needed a *reason* to be happy; it's what made such moments special.

Soon enough, Maddi found herself in the back of the lounge, listening to another of Trixie's pep talks with the rest of the waitresses. The broad smile had settled back into her features as a result of that God-forsaken "tickle tonic", though Maddi wasn't as keen on resisting it anymore. She knew the futility of it; there was no point in wearing herself out or pulling a muscle trying to close up her gob when the damn tonic would make her laugh at the slightest breeze.

"And remember, tomorrow's game night, so it'll be crowded. Don't be afraid to get help from another waitress or just make two runs if your order's too big for your britches," Trixie finished up. "You *might* lose some tips for taking longer to serve the food, but I guarantee you *will* have to pay for anything you drop for being in too big a hurry. Get help! That's what we're here for! Because everything's better-"

"-together!" The assembled crowd chanted. Maddi rolled her eyes as she tried to jostle her way out as quickly as she was able, a smattering of giggles escaping her as she brushed up against the other waitresses. She caught a few knowing looks on her way out- apparently the kitchen staff weren't the only ones to whom her punishment had become common knowledge. Maddi 'Hmph'-ed as she walked past the seating chart on the wall, grimacing as best she was able when she read her section listed under "Cupcake". *What an abhorrent nickname*, Maddi thought, *like something some prat from the lowlands would adopt to sound 'cute'*.

"You're with me again tonight," Angie said as she brushed by Maddi, eliciting a giggle. "Oh, still tonic'd, huh? Well, just try not to shake too much; don't want anything sliding off your



butt." Maddi sighed as she followed Angie to the first table, trying to give herself a wide berth from anything that might aggravate her laughing.

\* \* \*

After a few hours of shuffling about like an over-stuffed luggage trolley, Maddi spied one of the servers just having finished seating a table and decided to try out taking an order without Angie's help. The less Maddi had to depend on her to take her orders, the less Angie could spy on her to that Trixie woman. Stopping under a waitress station, Maddi reached up and loaded her saddlebags with napkins and silverware, giggling slightly as the fabric of her bags pressed into her bum. Then a pair of menus for the two diners, and finally a flip-pad and pen.

"Good e-hee-vening," She said as she stopped next to the table, passing a menu to each of the diners. She couldn't help but notice the man had a comically unreasonable comb-over, the few long wisps of hair barely able to cover a postage stamp, much less the vast, shiny expense of the man's crown. Maddi just rolled her eyes as she continued. "Can I start you lot off with some drinks?" She asked, holding the pen and notepad above her bosom.

"Bloody Mary, please," the woman said. "From the dry bar."

"Ditto, with a Scotch on the rocks, please," The man said, not looking up from his menu. Maddi tried to write without touching her expansive and unnervingly sensitive bosom, but having to cock her elbows out so far made her writing so illegible she could hardly read it. Sighing inwardly, she rested her elbows on her breasts, allowing her a firm enough footing to write out "Bloody Mary, Scotch/Rocks, dry?" at the top of her pad, giggling the entire time through.

"He-ahem! I'll be b-ba-ha-ack straight away with your drinks," Maddi said as she carefully stepped out into the middle of the aisle before turning and heading to the bar. She passed a few other waitresses, but thankfully she didn't see Penelope among them, and neither did she see that sot Riley. *Come to think of it*, she mused as she took the steps up to the bar, *most of the other waitresses didn't seem to be nearly as large as Sheila and I are. Maybe a handful of the waitresses I've seen even surpassed a two-two- why am I stuck being so freakishly huge?* Maddi would have scowled, were it not for the constant shaking and juttering of her bum and breasts causing the tonic to prevent it.

She found Sheila pressed against the bar again, the bartender stuffing drinks into her cleavage like she'd seen the night before.

"Sheila!" Maddi called, maneuvering her way to the bar as Sheila made to leave.

"Hey Maddi," Sheila said over her shoulder. "What's up? Got a bunch of drinks to drop off."

"As- pffht- do I," Maddi said, holding up her notepad. "Who do I- heh- give these t-to?"

"Oh! You're taking orders already?" Sheila asked, smiling like a parent proud of their toddler.

"Mo-ho-ho-re or less."

"Okay, just go to the drop-off counter where I just was- you saw, right?- and tell Chris or Mark what you want. If it's not a big order, you can just wait there for it."

"I see," Maddi said, before calling after Sheila again. "Oh! What does- eheh- 'Dry B-bar' mean?" Sheila hauled to a stop, the glasses in her cleavage clanking together slightly.

"Oh, right. The 'Dry Bar' is just normal drinks. If they want the special versions, you get them from the 'Oyster Bar'."

"Oyster Bar?" Maddi asked herself as Sheila made her way through the bar. Maddi shrugged it away for now, wanting to just get the drinks and get out as quickly as possible. The bar was more cramped than the rest of the restaurant, and Maddi felt her bum brushing the backs of some of the patrons on the bar stools as she passed by. In point of fact, she swore she could feel some of them leaning back into her as she passed, her constant snickering and giggling probably doing not the slightest to discourage them.

Maddi saw the cleared-away spot for the waitresses, the edge of the bar set in and padded, and realized what she had to do. Or rather, what she was supposed to do. Balking at mashing her prodigious bosom into the bar, she tried instead to sidle up to the side of it, but found that it was just as bad, her behind and boobs pressing into either side of the station enough to encroach on the patrons sitting on either side of it.

"Whaddaya need?" One of the bartenders said, grabbing the rim of the bar with each hand and leaning forward. The bartenders wore white button up shirts under a red and black vest, with an orange bow tie to match the orange "J" embroidered over their breast pocket.

"Ha ha!" Maddi started, the cold metal of the bar's railing making her tingle at both ends. "I'll- ha hee!- Can I- hehe- Ahem! Can I get a blood-hee-y Mary, and a- snrk!- a scotch on the rocks, from the- heh- from the 'Dry' bar?"

"...Sure thing," The bartender said, giving Maddi an odd look before heading off to fill the order. Apparently the news hadn't reached this far.

Maddi stepped away from the bar, a shiver running the entire length of her body, causing her to roll her shoulders as she laughed uncontrollably at the sensations dancing across her skin. Maddi swallowed hard as soon as the laughing subsided to a point where she could manage it, her face already starting to ache again. She distractedly wondered if her big toothy grin was attractive- she'd been told she had a good smile for an Englishwoman, but that wasn't saying much- it might be true, but "for an Englishwoman" was usually damning with faint praise. Not having anywhere else to put her hands that wouldn't make her laugh, Maddi crossed her arms over the top of her head, being careful not to brush her ears as she turned herself around and faced the bar. Much as she was loathe to just mash herself into the front of the bar like some floozy, there wasn't any helping it; her prior attempt to approach with some semblance of dignity wound up being even worse.

"Order's up!" The bartender said, holding a drink in each hand and looking at Maddi expectantly. Gritting her teeth, Maddi eased herself into the padded spot at the bar, tittering uncontrollably as her breasts compressed, billowing up close enough to her face that she could probably have reached them with the tip of her tongue, were she completely out of her mind. The tittering exploded into full-blown laughter as the bartender reached over and jammed the ice-cold glasses into her cleavage, goose bumps rising on her flesh and a shiver twinging the nape of her neck.

"Easy there," The bartender said, an eyebrow arched. "You keep like that and they'll spill." Indeed, even as Maddi pulled away from the bar, she could see the drinks sloshing dangerously close to the rims of their glasses, the celery stalk in the tall, thin bloody mary swaying to and fro like a storm-tossed sailor.

"Can't- heheheeee!- can't help it..." Maddi said, biting on her lip hard enough to hurt. It took all of her concentration to keep the drinks level in her jostling bosom- Maddi couldn't fathom how Sheila did it with a baker's dozen filling her cavernous cleavage. She briefly considered using her hands to steady her bosom, but with that damned tonic coursing through her veins she knew the contact would only cause her to shake more.

"Heh-heh-here are your-" *snicker* "-drinks!" Maddi said, trying to sound upbeat as she reached her table, pulling each glass from her cleavage with a shiver. "Sc-scotch on the rocks f-for the- heh- gentleman, and a bloody- snrk!- Mary for the lady." She took a deep breath, feeling the residual moisture trickling down deeper into her cleavage. "Are, ah, are you r-ready to order?"

"No, I think we'll need a few more minutes," The husband said, sounding a little more gruff than Maddi thought was called for.

"All righ-hi-ight," Maddi snickered, excusing herself to attend another table. She came up alongside five university-age students, three men and two women, who were laughing and making faces at each other.

"Look at you!" One of the men said to the woman who sat across from him. "You wook wike wiff!" He continued, placing the edge of each palm against his lips and flapping them like a duck's bill.

"It's not that bad!" The woman replied, and Maddi let out a shocked yelp when she saw what the woman looked like. Her lips looked like those novelty wax treats one saw around halloween, fire-engine red and plush beyond even the most ridiculously collagen-injected Page three girl's. She laughed sheepishly and held an empty champagne flute between her thumb and forefinger, giving it a tiny shake as she looked at Maddi. "Refill, please?" She asked, her smile looking like something out of modern art.

"To go," the man across from her said, gently taking the glass from her and handing it to Maddi. "One more Goodnight Kiss from the Oyster Bar, to go, please." All Maddi could do was giggle oddly as she took the glass from the man and turned back towards the bar, cringing as she slid the glass as gently as she could between her breasts.

"Ah, a-ha-ha-hurm! If this is the 'Dry Ba-hee-heh-bar', where might I- tee-hee- Where might I f-find the 'Oyster Bar'?" She asked as she leaned in against the padded bar again.

"Oh, they're the same place," The bartender explained as he took the champagne flute from Maddi's cleavage, "It's just 'Oyster Bar' versions of drinks have the special stuff in it- like the pearl inside an oyster, you know?" Maddi simply nodded, trying to keep from giggling as much as she could.

"One Goodnight K-Kiss pffph-tee-hee-hee from the O-Oyster Bar- snrk!- then," She said.

"Sure thing," he said, turning around and searching for a bottle on the wall behind him. Maddi pushed back off of the bar, trying not to touch anything, a difficult feat in the crowded area. She watched Sheila delivering her drinks and wondered how on earth she manoeuvred around the bar without constantly running into things. But as she watched, Maddi realized that, quite simply, she didn't; As she squeezed between tables, her massive mounds of flesh would overflow the backs of the chairs, squishing into the backs and heads of the patrons she was moving past. And what's more, they seemed to love it- every patron she forced herself by wore a grin like Maddi's tonic-enforced one, laughing and smiling like it was Christmas morning.

Maddi shuddered at the thought of her touching so many things and people with such private parts. It was bad enough that these ridiculous outfits left so much hanging out for the whole wide world to see- to *touch* those places were a privilege reserved for a much higher caliber of relationship than patrons at a restaurant she'd been coerced into serving.

"Goodnight Kiss, up!" the bartender said, and Maddi grimly edged herself into the recessed area of the bar. The Bartender dropped the sugar cube in the plastic flute and capped it before shoving it gently into Maddi's cleavage. Maddi headed for the exit, cringing (though still giggling) as she felt her bum brush past the backs of the patrons seated on the bar's stools. She could swear she even felt someone intentionally lean back into her as she passed by, which made bile rise up in her throat at the sheer repulsiveness of it. She picked up her speed, jiggling ludicrously from side to side, her breasts and buttocks heaving obscenely up and down with each quickened step as she tried to get back to her work area. Thankfully the to-go drink was capped; the way her breasts violently shook the flute back and forth she was certain there'd be nothing left inside had it been open.

Maddi returned to the table with the five university students, who were packing up their things to leave.

"Your- heh- your goodnight k-kiss, to go- snicker- ma'am," Maddi said, pulling the plastic flute from her chest and handing it to the woman, who was rummaging in her purse.

"Oh! Thank you," She giggled, taking it and unsteadily setting it on the table.

"Remember Em, no more until we get back," the man across from her said. "Any more of this stuff and you won't be able to see past those monsters." The woman laughed again, her lips a parody of plumpness.

"We already gave the check to the other server," the man explained as they rose from the booth.

"But we forgot the tip!" The inebriated woman said, pulling a bill from her wallet. "Here!" She said, laughing as she plunged her fist into Maddi's cleavage, leaning forward until she was sunk in nearly to her shoulder, the flood of sensation nearly making Maddi weak in the knees. Though not as bad as when Penelopee had tweaked her nipple, the myriad sensations- the rough warmth of the bill, the cold metal of the woman's bracelet, and the silky smoothness of her skin- was enough to make her nearly senseless with laughter. But when she put her other hand firmly on Maddi's right breast to push herself out, leaving the bill somewhere within the deep, dark recesses of her cleavage as she pushed bodily against Maddi's bosom, the sensation was too much to bear. Maddi bit her tongue so hard she felt she would draw blood, her knees pressed against each other as she struggled to maintain up from down, the sensations causing her brain to become completely discombobulated from the pleasure. She felt afraid, ashamed, violated, and yet all she could do was laugh and giggle as the quintet walked away from the table.

Maddi had to take a few moments to collect herself, the other servers and waitresses blithely manoeuvring around her and walking past as she sat there jibbering like an idiot. Through sheer force of will she staggered to the table with the bald man and his wife, the crinkled-up bill poking into her cleavage maddeningly.

"C-can I ta-hee-hake your o-ho-order?" She stammered out, her hands shaking as she reached into her pockets and pulled out her notepad and pen.

"What's so funny?" The man asked, agitated. Maddi tried to explain as best she was able that she was just ticklish tonight, and she was laughing over being touched "awkwardly", though as broken up as her words were with her tittering, it came out fairly rambling, at least to Maddi's ears. The old man seemed to frown.

"Seems like an awful lot of giggling for one little tickle."

"Be-hee-hee-lieve me, sir- pffpht!- it was a very- ha-ha!- very l-large tickle," Maddi said, wishing more than anything that they would spit their orders out and be done with it so Maddi could go into the back of the restaurant where she could at least lose every last shred of her dignity in private as she fished the offending bill out of her mountainous cleavage. The old man stewed a bit before putting his menu down and frowning at Maddi.

"Are you laughing at my hair?" He asked.

"Wha-ha-hat?" Maddi asked, trying not to stare at the horrid comb-over as she turned her head to look at the man. "N-no, Sir, Tha-hat's not-"

"You are!" He grumped, putting a hand on his hip.

"Dear, please don't make a-" The woman started.

"I'm not making a scene!" He snapped at his wife.

"Ple-hee-ease, sir," Maddi stammered, trying to ignore the sensations from the crumpled bill in her cleavage as she shook. "It's- snrk- n-nothing to do with you. I- I-" Maddi lowered her voice- "I've- pfft- got something stuck somewh-hey-here uncomfortable," She finally said, her face flushing with embarrassment.

"Oop!" The woman said, putting a hand to her mouth to hide a smile. "Just like in Bali, dear, remember?"

"Maggie!" The man said, his anger replaced with shock. "That's not dinner conversation! My word!" The woman let out a giggle as she took a sip of her drink, and Maddie seized the opportunity to try and change the subject.

"Are- hrm- are we ready to ord-heh-her?" She said, pulling the pad and pen from her pockets, holding her arms askew so as to not touch anything sensitive (which, she thought bleakly, was everything.)

"Same as always," The woman said, smiling. "The fresh spring greens salad, followed by angel hair marinara." Maddi jerkily scrawled the order down, trying her best to stifle her giggling before turning to the old man.

"Veal parmesan," he said curtly, seeming to give up on his grouchiness, if perhaps reluctantly.

Maddi nodded, biting her lip to keep from laughing, then walked briskly to the kitchen. She didn't even bother to turn sideways to push the doors open; Maddi forced the doors open with her bosom, the small fit of laughter sending aches radiating through her chest and neck. She was giggling through gritted teeth and teary eyes as she tossed her pad down on the "drop off" section of the counter, the other servers' odd looks going unnoticed as she spun back around, nearly side-swiping another waitress with her mammoth hindquarters, before marching into the lounge.

Maddi practically dove for the corner, sitting in her usual spot, putting her face in her hands as her shoulders heaved. She was very near to tears, and the fact that by appearances she was still laughing made it all more devastating to her. She was glad the lounge was empty for the time being- she needed a few minutes to regain her composure, and she just couldn't handle being in the middle of that madhouse any longer. Maddi wiped her eyes with the back of her hand, still shaking a bit from the feelings of the crumpled-up bill in her cleavage. She knew she had to get it out of there somehow, but in the barren lounge there didn't seem to be much she could do for it. Maddi looked down at her breasts, the soft, bulbous flesh overflowing her legs and obstructing most of the lower plane of her view. She could feel where the bill was, couldn't *help* but feel it, and yet it seemed so far away. She knew she had to get it out of there, though, or it would surely drive her mad.

Tentatively, Maddi reached one hand up and over the vast expanse of her bosom, her hand perched just above the dark crease of her cleavage. Maddi lowered her hand into her cleavage, immediately jerking it back out with a whoop, the sensation nearly electric. Maddi grimaced (Not that the expression made it all the way to her face) and tried to steel herself for another go. She reached in, parting the flesh with her fingers, biting her lip as the sensations began to build, making her heart flutter with every centimeter of progress. She chanced a look down as she sank her hand in up to her wrist, seeing how she was being completely enveloped in her own cleavage, the soft, firm meat flowing around her hand like a spoon in pudding.

"I need a bloody scuba mask," Maddi thought as she began laughing uncontrollably, the sensations of her arm being sandwiched between each smooth, sensitive breast overloading her brain. Each centimeter deeper made it even worse, and with all the shaking she was doing, it only accentuated every bit of skin plumbing the depths of her cavernous cleavage. The lounge practically echoed with her laughter, and yet all she could do against it was to clamp her eyes shut and keep her other arm as far away from contact with any part of her as possible. As she managed to finally sink her elbow beneath the horizon of her breasts, the right globe malforming and squashing under the stress of her bicep, Maddi thought she very well could lose her mind from pleasure. In a way, she almost felt distracted, like she was laughing so loud and so hard she had become removed from it, simply incredulous at this version of reality she was occupying.

Finally, excruciatingly, Maddi's probing, plumbing fingers felt paper, and she snatched the bill into her fist and pulled her arm out of herself as quickly as she could. She did it with such force, in fact, that it hefted her left breast up and out of her top, another round of electric laughter escaping her as the cool air conditioning caused her nipple to pucker with goosebumps and harden.

"Damn it all!" Maddi cried out in her head as she leaned forward the paltry distance she was able to before becoming enveloped in the breastflesh compressing between her legs and the rest of her torso, grabbing the neckline of her top as far to the front as she could and pulling it up to make her at least not *illegally* indecent.

Maddi gritted her teeth, her laughs escaping her now sounding like some kind of bestial noise, breaths she sucked between her teeth like the hissing of a snake. Maddi slapped herself hard across the face, first from one side and then the other, the sting of her cheeks barely penetrating the haze of laughter. Desperate, Maddi reached up to her ears, the touch of her

fingertips adding only slightly to the maelstrom of sensation she was still reeling from. With the kind of speed found only in the truly desperate, Maddi grabbed her ears in her hands, curling her fingers into fists and pulling down as hard as she could. The pain was immediately intense, the fuzzy skin screaming out as she yanked on them, her nails digging into the soft insides hard enough that Maddi feared she'd puncture them entirely. The pain radiated through her head and down her spine, tears welling in her eyes as she gritted her teeth, yet still she laughed. Maddi added another twist for good measure and actually cried out in pain, but all she cared about was getting to stop laughing. Her hands began to shake, her palms sweaty, but she held her ears there, pain shooting from the tips of her ears to the bottoms of her feet with every heartbeat.

"A-ha-ha-huh, a-hee-ha-ha, a-ha, ah-ha, heh, huh, huhh..." Maddi let out, finally letting go of her ears and gasping in a deep breath for the first time in what felt like weeks. As her ears throbbed in rhythm with her heartbeat, she finally felt herself calming down, only the occasional chuckle or titter hitching her breaths. Maddi wiped her eyes with the back of her hand again, thankful that she didn't have any mascara or eyeshadow to worry about smearing. She felt absolutely miserable. It was a stunning kind of misery, one that left a person dumbstruck. Maddi just stared ahead dumbly, only the threat of tickling her cleavage keeping her from letting her head down to rest her chin on her sternum.

The door to the lounge creaked open, and Maddi was instantly shocked from her stupor, her gaze shooting to the door as her heart caught in her chest. If Trixie or one of the other waitresses caught her in this state...

Luckily, only one of the large double doors opened, which immediately disqualified Trixie. But her expectations were swung completely around when she saw a man walk into the room. He was tall and reedy, the well-fit host's uniform clinging to him without a hint of curling or bulging. His hair was blonde like wild wheat, and seemed to be styled in the same manner; his hair seemed to shoot straight out of his scalp, going almost as far up off his head as his long sideburns crawled down it. His eyes were a powder-blue colour, and when they turned to regard Maddi she looked away, wishing she had a lap to fold her hands in.

The man stopped just inside, the door swinging back and forth on its hinges a few times before settling back in its original position. He looked at Maddi, then shook his left arm out as he raised it in front of him, looking at his watch.

"...You're evening shift, right?" He asked as he approached the middle of the lounge. Maddi just nodded, biting her lip to keep from laughing.

"Lunch doesn't start for thirty-five minutes," he said, making his way over to the wall Maddi had squeezed herself against. Maddi had no idea what to say. Who was this person? Was she going to get in trouble?

"I- I juh-ha-hust nee-hee-ded to s-sit for a moment."

"Fair enough," He replied, putting his hands in his pockets, only his thumbs hooked outside his slacks. "So, you must be Maddison," He said, glancing at Maddi to see the look of confused recognition on her face before looking back.

"Y-yes," she stammered, looking at him again. "Hee-ha-how...?"

"We got the memo about the tickle tonic," He said, pausing to yawn into his hand. "So I figured you must be the one Trixie was referring to as 'Cupcake'. I don't know about you, but I

thought pastry-based nicknames for women went out of style in the 50's. Carlos knew your real name, and there's no one else currently being tonic'd, so..." He shrugged, all the relevant dots connected and the conclusion obvious.

"S-so why-hy-hy- aherm!- are you here?" Maddi asked.

"Just needed a breather. Somewhere quiet. Trixie might think it's worth a laugh, but 'Baby got back' and 'She's a brick' are only cute and entertaining the first couple hundred times..."





Maddi smiled, the first genuine one of the night, and cringed when it hurt to do so. She reached her hands up and massaged her face, the ministrations once again causing her to giggle, but it felt good on her face to work some of the tension out.

"I remember when Hannah got tonic'd last year," He said, still just looking off at the opposite wall. "She really seemed miserable, sometimes, not being able to do anything but laugh. And she was only a two-two, and I heard it gets worse the bigger you are." Maddi began to respond, but stopped herself. Could this be a trick? Someone sent by Trixie to test her?

"It-it's not- hpf!- not tha-hat bad..." Maddi stammered. He turned his head, his hair shuffling against the felt on the walls, one brow arched in disbelief as he looked at Maddi.

"If it wasn't that bad you wouldn't be in the corner of the lounge on the clock," he said as he turned back.

"Touche'," Maddi said as she stopped massaging her face and took a breath. Her ears still throbbed and her cheeks still stung, on top of the aches in her sides and chest from all the laughing. It was quiet again, save for the low humming of the air conditioning. Maddi stewed for a moment, nervous about staying but not wanting to leave, either. She snuck a glance at the man leaning against the wall, seeing his head back and his eyes closed. Maddi's brows furrowed, a frown pulling unsuccessfully against the tickle tonic.

"Some pra-ha-hat stuffed a bill in my- my bosom," She blurted out, turning her face to the wall.

"Excuse me?" He asked, leaning off the wall a bit and turning to face Maddi, brows raised.

"S-said it was- heh- a 'tip'," Maddi continued. "Burie-hee-hied her arm- uppft!- up to her sh-shoulder and just le-heh-heft the bill there."

"Unusual," He said plainly, turning back to his original position. "But not that unexpected for here."

"But I didn't wa-ha-hant her to!" Maddi exclaimed, trying her best to sound angry. "Oh, ne-heh-ver mi-hi-hind..." She said as she struggled to her feet, making her way to the doors. She looked at him as she passed, and he returned the look.

"For what it's worth," He said as Maddi got to the doors, turning sideways to push the open with her hand, "I sympathize. I can't *empathize*- can't even *begin* to understand what that feels like, while tonic'd no less- but I sympathize." Maddi paused a moment, then steeled her face as best she was able.

"What was your na- aherm!- name ag-gain, Mr...?"

"Anthony," He said, pushing off the wall with his shoulders and standing straight. "Coleman. Tony for short."

"P-pleasure," Maddi said, before exiting the lounge and heading back to the dining room.

"Where've you been?" Angie asked, ambushing Maddi as she was scarcely through the door.

"Oh-ho-ho-ho!" Maddi hooted, laughter overriding her startled exclamation. "Oh, I-hi had to yoo-hoo-whose the loo."

"Oh, really?" Angie asked, looking put-off. "Your first time being traumatized by Ms. Simms? You okay?" Maddi pulled back a bit, trying not to get caught in a lie but not knowing how to respond to such a bizarre statement.

"N-no, it wasn't tha-hah-hat b-bad..." She replied.

"Really..." Angie said, her brow arched a bit. "Most waitresses your size, their first time is just short of scarring." Maddi cringed at the thought of something being 'traumatic' even for a Juggalos waitress, but thankfully Angie didn't press the issue. Maddi's ears continued to throb, and it served to temper her laughter a little bit, but she wondered if the means truly justified the end. It was excruciating to pull on her ears like that, and even now she could feel her heartbeat in every throb of the thin, fuzzy flap of skin that comprised her ears. Maddi wondered what that said about her that she'd rather hurt than laugh, but then again it wasn't embarrassing to be in pain.

\* \* \*

Maddi practically raced to the lounge as soon as the clock ticked to the top of the hour, all but throwing her last pair of drink refills to the diners as she made her way to the lounge. She trotted to the corner, the bouncing causing her to laugh, but she wanted to claim her spot as quickly as possible. After settling in to the least laugh-inducing position, Maddi's mind began to drift back to the young man that had come into the lounge. Who was he? He wasn't a waiter, obviously; as far as Maddi had seen the restaurant had no servers or waiters of the male persuasion. He certainly wasn't a cook, either, not dressed as sharply as he was in those slacks and vest. A bartender? Maddi remembered the bartender from the previous night wearing a similar vest. But no, not unless he was the head bartender or something; the bartenders she'd seen had been wearing vests of black and red, and- what was his name? Oh, yes- Anthony's was black and orange. Maybe the host, perhaps? Maddi hadn't been paying attention when she'd come in the first time, what seemed like a lifetime ago, and since then she'd only come in through the back entrance with Sheila.

*Speak of the devil...* Maddi thought as Sheila's unmistakable spheres jutted their way through the doors. Sheila made her way over to the wall, setting her back against it and sliding down until all Maddi could see of her friend around her titanic bosom was her feet and her head, a mattress' worth of fleshy stuffing obscuring every other part of her body.

"Are- pfft!- are you all ri-hi-ight back there?" Maddi ventured.

"I'm not going to do a sit-up any time soon, but I'm okay," Sheila said, punctuating the sentence with a loud snuffle. "Whoo, where'd that come from?" She said, laughing. "Inhaling too much hot sauce off the bar nachos, heh." Maddi simply nodded to keep from having to talk (and hence laugh), waiting for the waitress to come and take their orders.

"She-hee-ila, what's the most, heh, most n-normal thing to eat he-he-here?"

"Decided to relax your prison diet a bit?" Sheila asked, smirking. "If you're looking low-cal but filling, get the 'Blueberry Hill' Muffin. Pretty good, for how little sugar and butter they put into it."

"'Blue-hoo-berry Hill' sounds a bi-hit too m-much like a euph-pfffha ha ha ha!-euphamism for this place..." Maddi said warily.

"No, that's the 'Blueberry Mounds' pie," Sheila replied matter-of-factly. "'Blueberry Hill' is fine. One of the Owner's originals, off an old song he liked." Sheila chuckled. "Besides, it can't taste any worse than what you're used to."

"Wha-ha-hat's that s-supposed to mean?" Maddi asked, surprised.

"Penelope's told me all about British cooking," She said, doing her best French impersonation. "Ahem. 'Take ze bottom rung of French cui-zine, and zen boil all ze flavor out of eet.'"

"Why-hi-ha-hi, that French tart!" Maddi exclaimed, the force of her outburst causing her to jiggle. "There is n-no- snerk!- nothing wrong with Bu-british food! Bangers and ma-ha-mash, b-blood p-puh-pudding- aherm!- and I d-don't ca-ha-ha-hare who you are, I will have words-s-pfft!- with anyone who disparages Sh-sh-shee-hee-hee-hee! Shepherd's pie!"

Sheila burst out laughing, the motion setting her all-encompassing mammaries quivering like a large gelatin mould a curious child keeps incessantly poking.

"Don't take it personally, Maddi," Sheila said, wiping her eyes. "She told me that one months ago, before we had an actual Londoner on staff..." She snickered again, and Maddi 'hmp'-ed as best she was able.

"So what'll it be?" a server asked, standing in the gap between Sheila and Maddi's respective meatbags.

"The Blue- heh- blueberry hee-hee-hill muffin, please," Maddi managed.

"That's it?" Maddi nodded.

"Okay, and you?" She asked, turning to Sheila.

"You know, I'm not really hungry," Sheila said. "A big Mother's Milkshake- off the low menu, obviously- and, oh, I dunno... a small basket of fries, I guess."

"Sure thing," She said, moving around the room to collect the other orders. Sheila caught Maddi giving her an odd look and tilted her head.

"What?"

"Mother's- ahem- Milkshake..?" She asked.

"Well it's not really, obviously. That's just what they call it. Besides, as big as these whoppers are, it's not like you can just plug a spigot in 'em like they were a keg," she laughed. "You'd have to be pregnant, I think, and Trixie's really strict about maternity leave. As soon as you even think you're preggers she insists you take vacation." Sheila tilted her head again, the smallest of frowns crossing her lips as she contemplated. "Dunno why." Sheila's brow furrowed as she focused her gaze on Maddi, the frown deepening somewhat. "Hey, what happened to your face?"

"M-my face?" Maddi repeated.

"Yeah," Sheila said, mashing her left breast down with both arms so she could get a more unobstructed view of Maddi's face. "Your face is all red..."

"It's n-nothing," Maddi said, reaching a hand up to cover her cheek. It must still be red from when she'd slapped herself, she realized.

"Doesn't look like nothing from where I'm sitting, Maddi," Sheila said. "Are you running a fever or something? Someone's perfume give you an allergy?"

"It's nothi-hee-hing, I'm f-fine," Maddi insisted.

"Is it blush?" Sheila pressed. "One of the customers cop a feel?"

"S-something like- heh- like that," Maddi said, seizing on a chance to change topics. "Some- pfft!- some ta-ha-hart shoved a bill in my, well, be-hee-tween-"

"Stuffed the tip in your boobs, huh?" Sheila finished, releasing her left breast from its deformation. "Yeah, I've been there. People love flipping quarters into the canyon, and I've had a few tips shoved so deep in I couldn't even reach them myself. There's a picture around here somewhere, a couple weeks after I got promoted to the bar, of one of the hosts waist-deep in my boobs trying to fish some poor drunk guy's glasses out of there."

"Gla-ha-asses?" Maddi asked.

"Poor guy fell coming out of the bar, accidentally missed a step. And I don't mean 'accidentally' with air quotes, I get enough of those to know the signs. No hands up to coincidentally cop a feel, no held breath like they're about to go spelunking. Poor fella was watching me as I approached the bar after lunch and straight-up didn't take the step. Pitched forward and landed between the girls like a little tan lawn dart." Sheila giggled at the recollection. "So he stumbles back out of my boobs, starts apologizing, but I can already feel he's left something behind. I can't reach, he's mortified of even looking at me, and so I had to get one of the hosts to dig it out. And of course, Trixie, with that little digital camera she keeps tucked under her boobs, just had to happen along and immortalize the moment." Sheila rolled her eyes and smirked again.

"The ho-ha-hosts, those are with the b-bla- a-heh!- black vests?"

"Black and orange, yeah," Sheila nodded. "Black and red is the bartenders." Maddi nodded, and they listened to the idle chatter of the other servers, Maddi once again wondering at how remarkably crowded the lounge was for how few individual people were inside it. But nevertheless, the walls were packed with soft, round spheres of grotesquely oversized sexual features, like the unrealistic scribbles of some hormone-crazed adolescent.

"...What do you care, anyways?" Sheila asked, pulling Maddi from her thoughts.

"Wh-wha-ha-hat do you mean?" Maddi asked.

"The only time you've cared about anyone- or anything- at this restaurant so far is when it's upset you," Sheila said. "You don't talk to anyone, you don't ask how they're doing- at least, not that I've seen- and now all of a sudden you're wondering about the hosts? You never see them back here, their little breakroom is up at the front, tucked in next to the gold room."

"I was me- hee-hee- merely curious," Maddi said, blushing a bit.

"The only thing you've been curious about this place is if you could burn it down and get away with it," Sheila said, giving Maddi a skeptical look. "What is it really? You hot for one of the hosts?"

"Pffphbptbt!" Maddi sputtered, laughing in spite of herself. "Sheila!"

"Is it Hank? Is Hank on tonight?" Sheila asked, craning her neck to try and see the staff calendar. "It's Hank, isn't it? He's got those shoulders, man I could build a treehouse on those things and just move in."

"No-ho-ho! N-Nothing like tha-ha-hat!" Maddi said, indignant.

"Whatever you say..." Sheila said, winking.

The conversation was mercifully interrupted by their food arriving. Maddi took some extra napkins and did her best to avoid getting crumbs down her front, which was hindered

somewhat by her giggling every time the napkin brushed her bosom. Still, Sheila was true to her word; It was rather tasty, if a bit dry.

"So if it's not Hank, who do you have the hots for?" Sheila asked, setting her milkshake in her cleavage and fishing the last fries from the basket perched on her right breast.

"Oh, g-goodness-s..." Maddi said, rolling her eyes and tilting her head back. So much for a reprieve.

"It's got to be something like that, or you wouldn't care," Sheila said, grinning. "Unless..." She continued, adopting a look of faux-epiphany, "unless you've somehow started to... *like* this place?"

"Don't be-hee-hee ridiculous," Maddi said. "If you m-*must* know-ho, I met one of the hosts- snrk!-, and he seemed like a nice- heh- fellow, th-that's it. Nothing remo-ho-hee-hee-tely romantic- herm!- at all. Even saying the word 'roma-ha-hance' in this p-place seems- a-heh!- like an insult t-to the word."

"Who was he?" Sheila asked.

"An- uh-herm!- Anthony was his name." Maddi said. "And buh-be-hee-hee-before you ask anything- pfft!- further, we-hee didn't sp-phphbph-peak beyond n-normal p-p- pwah-ha-ha!- pleasantries," She finished, carefully balling all her crumbs into a napkin.

"If you say so," Sheila said as she finished off her milkshake. Her feet disappeared inside her cleavage as she began the elaborate ritual involved in standing herself up again. "Still," She said as she heaved her enormous bosom off the ground, "It's nice to see there's at least someone besides me you don't hate here."

"Th-that's not-" Maddi started, before the sensation of Sheila's enormous breasts brushing past her own rendered her incapable of speech.

Was it true, Maddi wondered as she followed Sheila out of the lounge? She didn't consider herself mean-spirited, certainly not hateful. But it wasn't as if there was much to feel joyful about in her situation, certainly not with Trixie, doubly so with Riley, and that Penelope woman wasn't exactly "welcoming" in the proper sense. And it wasn't as though she had anything *against* the cooks and the bartenders and so forth- aside from working in a madhouse, she supposed.

So, no. Sheila was wrong- it wasn't that she had it out for the restaurant, it was that the restaurant had it out for her. Save for Sheila and Anthony, she hadn't heard a sympathetic word from anyone since she started.

The restaurant seemed more than happy to bear out her hypothesis the rest of the night. While nothing so horrible as the tart with the tip or the grumpy bald-headed man, it was simply a miserable job, especially with that damnable tonic coursing through her veins. Didn't that break some sort of law, Maddi wondered? Americans love to sue, surely she'd have grounds for something?

But even entertaining fantasies of sending the restaurant spiraling into financial ruin couldn't speed the hands of the clock any. Maddi continued to do her duties, distasteful as they were to her. *At least I'm getting better at them*, Maddi thought grimly, though the act of using her bum for a serving platter and her cleavage for a cocktail shaker made her miserable. Even so, she wouldn't give Trixie the satisfaction of seeing her fail at it. She tried to resist thinking the job was beneath her- Maddi's mother always scolded her and her brother (But mostly her

brother) about not letting their station supersede their manners. *But it's not the labour*, Maddi thought, *it's the means*. She'd have little complaint about having to work in a nice restaurant, or even one of those awful American-style "family" restaurants, but *here*, half a step above a strip club, if that? It wasn't just distasteful, it was improper.

Finally, the dining room emptied and it was time to go. Maddi had spent the last half-hour standing still as a statue, trying not to move anything or touch anything. Her face positively throbbed with ache from all the laughing, and finally being free of the damned tonic for another night was the closest thing she'd felt to genuine happiness since she'd left their apartment. Maddi hurried to the locker room and changed out of her uniform as quickly as she could, her shirt letting out a few plaintive creaks as she stretched the hem too far over her not-yet fully deflated bosom.

"Come on then, can't you stuff those things in there any faster?" She asked Sheila, who was patiently waiting for her chest to shrink down enough she could get her bra over it.

"Maddi, I couldn't even grab the steering wheel around them at this size!" Sheila said, giving an incredulous laugh. "Just hold your horses!"

Maddi "Hmph-ed" as she was finally able to squeeze her pants up the rest of the way over her bum, fastening them up and picking up her Juggalos clothes to throw in the hamper. She paused as she was about to throw them, remembering the tip in her pants. She reached into one of the saddlebags, finding the crumpled bill mashed into the bottom corner of the huge pocket, and pulled it out. No doubt Trixie had laid claim to her share of the gratuities since she began, but what she didn't know wouldn't hurt her, right? Maddi crumpled the bill in her fist and slid it into the back pocket of her jeans. She didn't need the money, for sure, but keeping it from Trixie was a noble goal in and of itself.

*Not enough for a therapist to fix me up after this is all over, but it's a start*, Maddi thought as she waited for Sheila to finish dressing, glad the night was over.

## Chapter Seven: The Big Game

"Come on, Maddi, it's not going to be that bad," Sheila said as she eased her car off the highway towards Juggalos. "Everyone has a bad night now and then."

"Well it wouldn't *be* so bad were it not for that damnable tonic," Maddi grouched, arms folded over herself as she squirmed in her seat.

"Aw, I know it's no fun being tonic'd, but how much longer will it go for? You haven't had any more complaints, right?"

"I certainly hope not..." Maddi said, remembering the cantankerous old codger and his comb-over from the night before.

"Well hey, Hannah was only on it for a week, and she'd gotten into a fight with Riley!" Sheila said. "You should be up any day now."

"Dare I hope..." Maddi muttered.

"You'll be okay," Sheila chirped.

"Would that I had your confidence," Maddi said. "You're unshakable."

"Some part of me has to be, considering how easy it is to set my boobs off," Sheila replied, looking over to Maddi briefly and winking.

"Don't make me giggle," Maddi scoffed, trying to suppress a chuckle. "It hurts."

As they went inside the back door, Maddi spied Carlos washing his hands at the sink Maddi put her dishes in.

"Carlos!" Maddi called as he reached to turn the water off.

"Oh, hello Maddi!" Carlos said, looking over his shoulder. "How's tricks?"

"I ran into Anthony last night..." Maddi started.

"Yeah? What's up?" he asked as he dried his hands and replaced the rag.

"Nothing's 'up', I just wished to, ah, say thank you for having him call me by my real name."

"Eh?" Carlos asked, turning to get back to his duties but pausing to give Maddi an odd look.

"It's just, after being called by that atrocious nickname, it's pleasant to hear 'Maddison' once every while," Maddi said.

"Oh, that," Carlos said, smiling. "No problem."

Maddi nodded as he went back to work, satisfied. It was a small courtesy, perhaps, but against the large indignities she had to deal with working here she would take all she could lay hands on.

When she got to the locker room, Maddi was surprised by the sight that greeted her. Not Sheila's enormous bosom- though the sheer vastness of the twin quivering fleshy beanbag chairs was still worthy of eliciting shock- but the fact that it was contained in an orange and white tie-off that looked to be using enough cloth to fashion a sail out of. Yet amazingly, it seemed to be the most revealing outfit she'd ever seen at Juggalos, the bottom crest of her fleshy bosoms hanging out over all creation, only the centre tie of the ludicrous top covering her nipples and keeping her bosoms from swinging free. A large embroidered "J" was stitched over

each nipple, and a set of orange and white pom-poms dangled from the cuffs of the top's sleeves.

"What in the blue blazes is that?" Maddi asked, agape.

"Big game tonight!" Sheila said, going up on her tip-toes and dropping down to her heels in order to shake-test her top. "Forgot it was tonight. I decided to go for the cheerleader outfit." "Don't tell me you expect me to don one of those..." Maddi said worriedly as she retrieved her pill, sighing at it as it lay in her palm.

"Oh, not at all," Sheila said. "You can have one of the player outfits."

"Player'?" Maddi asked as she approached her cubby-hole, seeing two outfits folded in. One was the polyester skirt and tie-off like Sheila had, and the other one, sized to her ridiculous dimensions, was a sports jersey, again in orange and white, with "Juggalos" in large block letters across the back, with the number thirty-four underneath it. The neckline, of course, plummeted sharply; Maddi supposed there wasn't any way to cover up all that valuable drink-holding cleavage. *Still*, she thought as she sighed and disrobed, *at least it has a bottom, unlike Sheila's tie-off, and I'll take any shortness of shorts over an open skirt any time.*

\* \* \*

Maddi stood at the rear of the lounge, her butt pushing the two double-doors open just slightly as she clamped her hands over her mouth and tried not to giggle. She'd thought that by going in last to the shift meeting she'd be spared being mashed in at all sides, but it was not to be: her breasts pushed into the prodigious posterior in front of her, and her own rear stuck out so far it forced the doors open a crack, allowing small gusts of air-conditioned breeze to blow in and over her goosepimpled rump, more than enough to set off that damnable tonic.

"Okay, girls, I know it's the Semi-finals," Trixie started, "So be more careful than usual. Gonna be a lot of liquored-up guys stumbling around, so watch your trays and glasses. And speaking of liquor, try not to spend any more time at the bar than necessary- it's crowded enough with Sheils swinging those monsters of hers around-" a slight murmur of laughter suffused through the crowd- "so go in and out as quick as you can. Danny and the rest of the bartenders are gonna be working double-time, so it's important we do our share. Finally, with guys and drinks come leches, and I know we let a lot of stuff slide for the sake of our tip jars, but if someone starts crossing lines, you just let me know and I'll take care of it. Because we're a team, and like any good team, it's *teamwork* that makes the difference. Because with the right teamwork, everything's better."

"-together!" the rest of the staff in the lounge said, and Maddi quickly backed herself out the door, attempting to avoid the wall of flesh about to come pouring out of the lounge. Maddi felt something jostle her rear, but she had accumulated too much momentum to stop, the offending obstruction following her until her bum mashed into the wall. Maddi looked behind her, embarrassed to see Claire mashed between Maddi's enormous cheeks, pinned to the wall behind her.

"Oh-ho-ho-ho!" Maddi exclaimed. "I-I'm so-ho sor-ee-hee-hee!" She meant to move forward, but the rest of the lounge was emptying into the hall, pushing past- and into- Maddi as they got to work, only compressing Claire more tightly into Maddi's butt-cleavage. Maddi flushed and tittered, the dual sensations of Claire's squirming and all the other enormously-endowed



waitresses brushing past her building a swell of laughter she fought to suppress. Not even two minutes into her shift and she was already in danger of falling victim to the unstoppable laughter that had plagued her until she twisted her ear the night before!

Finally, the lounge emptied enough that Maddi could step away and turn around, freeing Claire from her bulbous prison.

"I- hee-hee- I d-don't, heh-" Maddi tried to stammer out. Claire laughed awkwardly and waved Maddi off.

"Don't worry about it," she said, forcing a smile. "Occupational hazard."

"S-st-ahoo-hoo-still," Maddi insisted, attempting as much decorum as she could given the circumstances.

"Really, don't worry about it," Claire repeated as she continued down the hall, giving one last wave over her shoulder as she headed to the kitchen. Maddi cleared her throat a few times, trying to calm the chuckling and giggling to a tolerable level, then went into the dining room herself.

The restaurant had undergone a dramatic change from the prior night; pennants of various college teams were strung around the walls, and there were TVs hung from the corners of every room, all showing the same playoff game. While the pennants were new, Maddi had an inkling the televisions weren't; somewhere in the back of her mind she recalled seeing them before, just never paying much attention to them. She hardly ever even watched the Beeb, much less the tripe that passed for *American* television. But even though the televisions were blaring much louder than usual, they still could be barely heard over the din of the packed restaurant. The tables were filled, mostly with men, nearly all watching the game quite intently, occasional cheers and jeers punctuating the normal din of conversation. As she'd done the previous night, she went to the waitress station nearest the doors and got her usual ration of napkins, menus, rolled silverware, and so forth to fill her saddlebags (How she detested that term!) with, but was surprised to find a new pile of objects next to the usual suspects. She picked one up and looked at it, wondering at its use. It was a small plastic hoop with a clear backboard against it, like a basketball hoop. A thin metal rod wended down from the hoop and backboard, terminating in a soft rubber ball, tapered at the bottom like a large bullet or somesuch.

Angie appeared next to Maddi, shoving past her to grab two large handfuls of the objects.

"Free throw hoops," She said as she jammed a handful into her saddlebags. "Twenty bucks for a toss," She said, pressing all but two of the rest of the hoops into Maddi's hands. "One try per customer. If they make it in, all their drinks for the night are free."

"Toss of what?" Maddi asked.

"Ice cube," Angie said, snugging one of the hoops into her cleavage, as far forward as she could in her (relatively) small breasts. Before Maddi could even think to ask, Angie plunged the last hoop she was holding into Maddi's cleavage, causing her breasts to shake from the ensuing laughter. Maddi got herself under control, stuffed the strange objects into her saddlebags, and went about her business. Maddi cringed at the thought of the cold water

trickling down her cleavage from a successful throw, even the imaginary ice causing her skin to pucker with goosebumps. Grimly, or as much as she could be under the circumstances, she went to her first table, a college-aged couple sitting across from one another. The man was watching the television hung in the corner behind Maddi intently, leaning to the side while what Maddi assumed was his girlfriend sipped her drink and looked at the menu.

"Ah-ha-ha-are you ready t-to o-ho-horder?" Maddi stammered out, having to look around the plastic backboard in front of her face. The man finally looked at Maddi, enraptured as he was with the game up to that point.

"Oh, sure, I'll have the Big Meat Burger and a plate of 'New you' nachos, off the low menu. And.. hey, what's that for?" He asked, pointing to the hoop in Maddi's cleavage.

"It's, heh, it's a hoo-hoo-hoop," Maddi explained, trying to hold her giggles back enough to be coherent. "For twenty-hee-hee dollars, you can take a sh-sh-shot with- pfft- with an ice c-cube." She swallowed, trying to steady herself. "If you m-make a sh-shot, your- hee hee!- drinks are f-freee fo-ho-ho-or the night."

"Hey, there we go!" The man said, digging his wallet out. "Here babe, you're a better shot than me, you do it," He said.

"Wait, what?" the man's date said, looking up from the Menu and then to Maddi. "I just want a chicken sandwich!"

"No, it's easy, just pull an ice cube outta your soda and take a shot," the man cajoled her as he pulled a twenty out of his billfold and put it on the table.

"What? No way," The woman blanched as she looked at Maddi's enormous breasts, the little hoop shaking to and fro slightly with each giggle.

"C'mon, babe, whaddaya got to lose?" The man pleaded. "Just one little ice cube!"

"Oh, all right," She said, laying down her menu and fishing out an ice cube from her drink. Maddi checked behind her and took a step back, internally fuming that she was being subjected to something even more degrading than wearing these ridiculous outfits.

"Okay babe, focus now," Her boyfriend said, looking from her to Maddi and back. The woman turned in her seat, the ice cube cupped in her hand, and gave a few half-hearted thrusts before heaving it into the air, the frozen cube landing off to the side of the hoop and sliding into Maddi's cleavage before she could catch it. As the cold, wet object slid further between her breasts Maddi began to laugh fitfully, the hoop swaying back and forth violently like the mast of a storm-tossed sailboat, adrift on a choppy sea of pink goosepimples as she laughed.

"A bit cold, eh?" The man grinned, handing the \$20 bill out to Maddi. Maddi couldn't even manage a response for all her laughter as she turned to the side and took the man's money.

"Hey, don't I get to keep the thing?" The man asked as Maddi turned away.

"Wh-wha-ha-hat?" Maddi stammered as she put the bill in her pocket.

"Well, like, that guy over there still has his," He said, pointing across the aisle. Maddi looked and saw another patron at his table, twirling the plastic and metal hoop between his fingers as he watched the game. Maddi froze for a second, unsure as to what she was supposed to do. After all, Angie hadn't said one way or the other. But then again, why would she have gotten such a load of them in the first place otherwise?

"I'm s-sorry," Maddi said, the rapidly-melting ice-cube working its way to the lower hemisphere of her breasts still causing her to laugh and chortle to an absurd degree. "Hee-hee-hee-ere you a-ha-hare," She said, the act of pulling the hoop from her cleavage causing her to laugh even more.

Maddi went through the doors to the back of the restaurant, tearing the order form off her sheet and sliding the pad back in her pocket. The ice cube was little more than water at this point, but the wet, cold feeling persisted, worsening her condition. Maddi sighed, hoping that the steep price would dissuade many more takers for this ridiculous stunt, but given what the food cost, this obviously wasn't a restaurant for the frugal.

"Hee-hee-here you- a-ha! A-ha!- Are," Maddi said as she pinned the order to the tack strip next to the kitchen. She paused a second to catch her breath, then turned to head back out the door, only to find Penelope jiggling and swaying her way down the hall as well, clad in the licentious cheerleader outfit Sheila had worn. Maddi cringed as she passed, picking up her pace and getting as close to the opposite wall as she could as Penelope approached. Maddi expected another grope or pinch or other such indignity, but all she felt was a brief contact as their two gigantic rears brushed past each other in the hallway, an unavoidable contact at best. Maddi giggled into her hand, trying not to give Penelope any idea she enjoyed it. Not that she had, but it may have sounded like it all the same.

Maddi went around to the rest of her tables, taking orders and thankfully being spared any more requests for the basketball hoops, though one of the smaller waitresses did chide Maddi for not having a hoop in her cleavage. Maddi reluctantly put one of the hoops in her bosom, figuring it better to be chastised for it by a co-worker who had no power over her rather than Trixie. Snuggling the damnable trinket in her cleavage and stifling the laughter, she took her orders to the bar, only to be halted by a wall of people. As this was the only place with a bigscreen television in the restaurant, it was even more crowded than usual. Maddi could certainly push her way through in all likelihood, but she would sooner die than press her bosom against that many people at once.

"Okay guys, everyone ready?" Maddi heard Sheila call out over the din of the restaurant. Maddi craned her neck, trying to see over the wall of people in front of her, noticing as she did that the televisions were playing commercials. Still unable to see Sheila, Maddi went up on her tiptoes, an amazingly brief exercise given her size, but she was able to locate Sheila, standing sideways against the bar. Another short hop, and Maddi saw that Sheila had no less than six of the hoops plunged in her bosom, turned sideways to face towards the diners.

"Ready... set... shoot!" Sheila said, and Maddi saw the half-dozen glittering ice cubes arc through the air from one side of the bar to the other. There was much cheering and fists raised in the air.

"Woo-hoo!" Sheila called out, raising her pom-poms into the air and shaking them. Maddi couldn't help but notice that she had a large bouquet of bills in one hand. "Let's hear it for table nineteen!" Another round of cheering ensued, interrupted by a man jumping to his feet.

"No fair!" He shouted. "Mine went in!"

"It went in my cleavage, not your hoop," Sheila said. "Table nineteen's cube went in your hoop."

"Well, then he missed! He didn't get it in his hoop!"

"You have to get it in a hoop," Sheila corrected.

"Yeah!" The man from what Maddi assumed was table nineteen said, standing up as well. "I sunk one, you missed!"

"You wouldn't have sunk anything if it wasn't for *my* hoop!" the other man countered.

"Guys, guys!" Sheila yelled. "We'll call it an assist. Half off for both of you, how about?"

"But-" one of the men started to complain.

"Or do I need to bring Riley up here?" She asked.

Both men fell silent.

"All right, guys, commercials're over, back to the game. Clear the way, we need to get these drinks out," Sheila said, and the crowd dispersed back to their seats, some brushing roughly past Maddi's bottom and breasts, making her fume in spite of the laughter it elicited.

"Oh hey, how's it going?" Sheila said as Maddi finally made it to the bar and dropped off her order.

"A-ha-ha-ha-aren't you-hoo-hoo p-popular?" Maddi asked as Sheila replaced a pair of hoops in her monstrous cleavage.

"Hey, for \$20 a pop, half of which I get to- snrrrk!- keep, they can drop ice cubes down my top all night," Sheila said, laughing.

"We-he-hell, at lee-hee-hee-east we do-ho-hon't have m-much lo-longer to carry-hee-hee the-hese around," Maddi managed, the sensation of leaning up against the bar causing her to laugh nearly constantly. Sheila checked her watch and looked back at Maddi.

"Didn't you know? Tonight's a double-header. We've got games on 'till lunch." Maddi began to groan, but she was shocked into a laughing fit when her order came up and the bartender shoved the four drinks into Maddi's cleavage.

"Rubb-bub-bubbish," Maddi stammered as she backed away from the bar, ferrying the drinks back to her tables.

"He-aherm!- hey, at least it's not Wrestlemania!" Sheila called after her, laughing.

Maddi shook her head and went about her work, taking orders and trying not to laugh, and especially avoiding any mention of the hoop jammed in her cleavage and its purpose. After another patron decided to try their hand at it, thankfully missing in a spot where Maddi could snatch the offending ice cube away before it fell irrevocably deep into her cleavage, Maddi set the next one far deeper between her breasts in the hope that most patrons wouldn't be able to see it from where they sat, yet still providing a plausible deniability should any of the other waitresses challenge her on not having one.

A while later, Maddi heard a commotion coming from the bar, raucous cheering and hooting echoing throughout the dining area. Maddi stole a glance at one of the hanging TVs, seeing that it was just commercials playing; certainly nothing worth cheering over.

"Hey," Angie said as she came to the top of the step leading to Maddi's section, "Come on, we've got a cheer going."

"A wha-ha-ha-hat?" Maddi asked, turning her head as she refilled her napkins and silverware at the waitress station.

"A cheer. You know, halftime show. Certainly better than some tired musical act or trick shooter."

"I, ah, I have to-hoo-hoo use the- snrk!- use the loo," Maddi stammered out.

"Lou?" Angie asked, tilting her head.

"Wa-ha-ha-ter c-closet," Maddi offered. "Rest roo-hoo-hee-ha-hoom."

"Ohhh," Angie said, giving a slow nod as she drew the syllable out. "Like, now?"

"Oh yes, heh, right n-n-now," Maddi said, turning and hurrying towards the doors to the back of the restaurant before Angie could complain or stop her.

Maddi burst into giggles as she pushed the doors open with her breasts, cursing the crude nature of the act but resigning herself to the fact that trying to edge in sideways would have meant even more contact, which would in turn have led to more laughter. She paused for a second to catch her breath and calm her nerves, before realizing she had no idea where the bathroom was. She didn't have to go, really- a convenient lie is all it was- but she should at least go into the room to make good her cover. It wouldn't do to have someone else who really did have to use the loo testify against her ever having shown up, making her avoidance of whatever abominably lewd act a "cheer" constituted even more transparent than it was already. Maddi went down the hallway, lucking upon Claire at the station near the washbin, tearing a head of lettuce.

"Hee-heh-hello, Claire," Maddi chuckled as she approached, careful to avoid the cold metal of the washbin, "D-do you-hoo-hoo know where, heh, where- aherm!- where the restroom is?"

"Just past the locker room on the right," She said, not looking up from her work. "Good luck to you."

Maddi turned and headed down the hall, frowning as best she could. Angie had expressed similar sentiments when she said she'd gone to the bathroom yesterday, as well. What could be so awful in a restroom?

Maddi passed the locker room, and from there the men's room, until finally coming to the large double swing-doors of the women's room, which she dutifully if reluctantly pushed open with her bosom. It seemed like a fine place, Maddi thought. Clean floors, brightly lit... The stalls were walled not by metal but by opaque plastic curtains, which was odd, but aside from that it didn't seem-

"Hellooo, dearie!" A voice called out from Maddi's side, causing her to jump.

Maddi turned to see an elderly woman sitting in a plush red chair, a small nightstand next to her with a small stack of old leatherbound tomes atop it. Her gray hair was up in a bun, and she wore a pair of thick bifocals on the end of her nose, which she squinted through. She had to have been a meter and a half in lifts, and six stone sopping wet.

"So what can I help you with tonight, dearie?" The old woman asked, sliding off her chair and shuffling towards Maddi.

"H-h-help?" Maddi stammered, stepping to the side away from the old woman.

"Well of course," the woman said, flashing a smile that caused her wrinkles to seemingly multiply in on themselves. "I'm the restroom attendant, after all."

"I, ha, I thi-hee-hee-hink I'll do fine on my own," Maddi said, walking quickly to the nearest stall and pulling the curtain open, laughing a bit as the cold plastic draped across her breasts.

Maddi stepped inside and drew the curtain closed again, laughing even more as the plastic drew back across her bottom.

In front of Maddi was something that looked like a cross between a bidet, a canoe, and a drinking fountain, with nothing else in the stall besides. It took her a few seconds to even recognize what the strange appliance even was, to say nothing of figuring out how to use it. Maddi looked around and realized she had no way of cleaning herself up should she choose to do her business.

"Ah, beg pardon, but where is the bathroom tissue...?" Maddi ventured.

"Oh, I've got it right here, dearie," the old woman said. "Do you need it already?"

"No!" Maddi barked, eyes wide. "Ah, heh, can't I d-do it myseh-heh-helf?" Ms. Simms gave a small chuckle.

"No, dearie, of course you can't," she said. "How would you reach? And how would you get your trousers back up with just your arms?" Maddi flushed, the logistics never having occurred to her before since she'd always held it until she left the restaurant up until now.

"I was a registered nurse and a midwife for thirty years, dearie," Ms. Simms said. "believe me, it's nothing I haven't seen before."

Maddi pushed out of the stall, not even bothering to open the curtain, the uncontrolled bout of giggling masking the look of terror on her face.

"Fa-ha-halse alarm!" Maddi stammered, heading for the door as the old woman brandished a roll of bathroom tissue in her direction. "S-so-ho-ho-horry to b-bwahahaha! Bother you!" She stammered out as she burst through the doors and hurried back to the dining area, vowing she'd hold her bladder 'till it burst rather than be waited on by the dementedly cheerful old woman. Still, for all the trauma the old woman had inflicted upon Maddi, the detour had served its purpose- Maddi returned to find the waitresses back to their tasks, Maddi no longer in danger of being sucked into whatever ridiculous "cheer" they had been doing previously.

Maddi's work kept fairly stable, if heightened slightly by the sports crowd- Maddi found herself constantly going to the bar for refills- but all in all it was very nearly tolerable, enough that she found herself having to be told that lunch was starting, her work going smoothly enough she had forgotten to watch the clock for the first minute it was acceptable to leave. Maddi took her regular seat in the corner, waiting for Sheila to come and plop her enormous figure next to her. Even as surrounded by enormous breasts as she was, Maddi still couldn't help but gasp every time she saw just how ridiculously huge Sheila's bosom was, and furthermore how much she didn't seem to notice. She still had the same bounce in her step Maddi recognized from University, but the fact that said bounce caused such an enormous swaying of each person-sized breast seemed to affect her not a whit. When Sheila finally did show up, though, Maddi noticed something a bit off about her. She seemed to be shuffling her feet a little, her steps slower, more deliberate.

"Pwahhhh..." Sheila exhaled as she flopped down on her breasts in front of Maddi, looking down at the floor. "I hope you're having a better night than I am..." She said.

"No-ha-hot likley-hee-hee," Maddi retorted.

"Oh yeah, the Tonic," Sheila said, idly bouncing her hands off the sides of her breasts. "Well, at least you're not in the bar. Place is a friggin' oven with all the bodies packed in there and the TVs going. I'd almost give away hoop shots for free just to get some ice cubes down between the girls."

Maddi looked around the room, not wanting to stare at the sweat-slicked cleavage of her best friend, a somewhat daunting task considering just how much of it was plopped down right in front of her. In her scan of the room, she accidentally caught the eye of that French waitress, who waved at Maddi. Maddi quickly turned her head, glad to see one of the smaller waitresses nearing her and Sheila to take their orders.

"So whadda you want tonight?" She asked, notepad at the ready as she approached.

"Gazpacho," Sheila said, not looking up from where she'd flopped down. "and a big glass of iced tea."

The waitress nodded as she wrote down Sheila's order before looking up to Maddi. "And you?"

"Toast and jam, please," Maddi said, thinking the dry toast would help dehydrate her and keep her that much farther away from the demented old grandmother's water-torture closet. She wondered briefly if there was a drink that would accomplish the same thing, but by virtue of being a drink she doubted it. "And a small glass of water," She added.

The waitress left, and Maddi and Sheila sat in relative silence. Save for Sheila's occasional snuffle, she seemed content to simply lie atop her massive bosom, limbs dangling limply off all sides. Maddi, for her part, was trying her best to keep stock still, avoiding any movement that would cause her to laugh. She stole a glance at Penelope while she waited, half expecting her to be making suggestive gestures towards Maddi, but she caught the woman in mid-stretch, arms pulled above her head with fingers locked, her legs sticking straight out of her ponderous rear as she stretched them as well. She bounced on her rear a few times, seeming to sink into and pop out of the expansive globes of flesh as she worked the kinks out of her limbs. Maddi shook her head, wishing briefly that she could make such motions without devolving into a giggling fit, before frowning as best she could and overwriting her previous wish with a wish she was in a shape that would preclude such actions to begin with.

Once their food arrived, Sheila took to it with gusto, foregoing her spoon entirely and drinking most of the cold soup straight from its bowl. After each long draught, she would sigh in relief, as though the cool broth and vegetables were some sort of internal massage, setting right all the various knots and kinks in her body. She was similarly enamored of her drink, holding it up to her face and wiping the cold condensation off on her cheeks before each gulp. Maddi actually enjoyed her toast somewhat- the blackberry jam was especially good, although it was balanced somewhat by the fact their marmalade was rubbish- but what could you expect from Yanks, anyways?

As lunch ended, Maddi noticed Sheila was a little slow getting up, having to lurch her enormous bosom up a few times before she could finally balance with it.

"Ah-ha-are you quite all- phppt- right, Sh-sheila?" Maddi asked, leaning in as close to her friend as she dared without touching or rubbing anything.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm okay. Just tired," Sheila replied, taking the opportunity to pull her hair back and re-tie her ponytail.

"Thi-hi-his doesn't seem qui-hite like what I'd call- aheh- 'fine'..." Maddi said, letting Sheila push the doors open in front of her and sneaking past to where she could catch the doors in her arms without them slamming on her breasts.

"I'll be fine," Sheila repeated, waving off Maddi's concerns. "You just worry about finishing off the night with halftime almost over."

Sheila's warning had been prescient; the crowds had surged quite a bit from when she'd left for lunch. The number of orders for drinks and appetizers skyrocketed, and as they were quick, small dishes they were expected that much faster. Maddi found herself attempting to travel at what were clearly unsafe speeds given the bulk that swayed with each step and the number of things she was attempting to balance on there at once. She had to grab her rear or her breasts at several occasions where not doing so would have cost her a glass or a dish, and though the laughing was becoming quite unpleasant on her sore face, the alternative meant being enthralled to Trixie for even longer, so any amount of misery was endurable to escape such a fate. The crowds were also beginning to hamper her mobility as well; especially at the bar, she had to practically plow her way through, everything not in the aisle from the steps up into the bar to the pick-up station reduced to standing room only.

"Eh-heh-ss-scu-hoo-use m-me-hee-hee!" Maddi said as she pushed her way to yet another drink order drop off, feeling the backs and rears of the men she passed pressing into her from all sides, causing her laughter to stay at a constant low boil, not the frantic, painful laughter that necessitated an ear-pull the previous night but rather unwelcome just the same. She had to shout out her order to the barkeep three times before he got it all, her constant laughter mixed with the din of the crowd as they entered the final moments of what was apparently a very close game making verbal communication impossible at anything below a primal scream. Maddi turned to go check the kitchen for her latest round of appetizers, but was halted by another encroaching wall of flesh- Penelope. Maddi watched with mild disgust as Penelope seemed to grind her enormous rear into the patrons as she passed by them, winking and cooing at the lecherous grins and catcalls she got in response. Of course, Maddi didn't have to worry about her face betraying her emotion, locked into a lunatic grin and cackling with what she was sure sounded to laymen like merriment. Still, Maddi scooted to the side as Penelope leaned in to dispense her drink order as well, the two of them shoulder to shoulder in the narrow space afforded them in the crowded bar. Well, perhaps "shoulder to shoulder" wasn't quite right; "hip to hip" was more fitting, given how far apart their shoulders were in spite of them touching skin to skin.

Maddi grabbed her ears, wadding them up and trying to stuff the large, triangular crevices with her fists; the cacophony in the room seemed to slip into every crack between her fingers, the sound reverberating deep into her bones. Finally a buzzer sounded, and the bar seemed to explode all at once.

A great cheer went up, and neatly every patron stood or otherwise decanted from their seats. Maddi felt a violent shove from her side, a man's back pushing into her enormous bottom. At the same time, Penelope lurched into Maddi's other side, her smaller breasts colliding with Maddi's and sending them swinging the opposite direction like a large fleshy Newton's Cradle. Unfortunately, her breasts had scant room to swing to, as the compression of her bum had caused it to billow up in the confined space, causing her breasts to wedge



between it and Maddi's head, which she suddenly found in close proximity to Penelope's as the two of them were mashed together like attempting to stuff two pillows in a single pillowcase. As she felt her right breast mash in against her cheek, she could just barely make out Penelope whispering to her, or at what sounded like a whisper in the riotous noise of the bar:

"It is too bad they are not looking, *non*?"



Then, just as soon as it had started, it was over. The surge of humanity couldn't stand being so enveloped in flesh, whether through an attack of conscience or simple physics, and were forced back to their previous seats, allowing Maddi and Penelope to collect their drinks and return to work.

The restaurant quickly emptied after that; with no more games to watch, the patrons paid their bills and went on their way. But Penelope's words had troubled Maddi; what had Penelope meant? Why would she want to be seen? What did she gain from it? Was it just Maddi's maelstrom of laughter, was it supposed to have been amusing? Was Penelope just out to humiliate Maddi, is that what the groping and other molestations were for? Maddi tried to

concentrate on her work, but Penelope's comment hung on her. She already had Trixie trying to make her life miserable, and Riley seemed all too eager to help; having a third join in on the case could very well end up being more than she could bear.

Finally, Maddi felt herself begin to shrink down and rushed to the locker room to change out of her ridiculous outfit. She hated exposing herself like she was in front of the other waitresses, but modesty proved an ill argument against the prospect of leaving that damnable restaurant that much sooner. When Sheila finally came out, Maddi's brows furrowed; the poor dear moved like a zombie, her footsteps heavy and her shoulders drooped.

"Ahhh..." Sheila sighed as she put her head on the roof of her car, the dew on the cold metal soothing her.

"You look half dead, Sheila," Maddi said as she climbed into the car with Sheila. "Are you sure you're all right?"

"Just tired," Sheila said, nodding and sniffing. "I'll sleep in a little bit tomorrow, it'll be fine," she said as she started the car and rolled down the windows.

"If you say so," Maddi said, hoping her friend wasn't too sick to work the next day. More and more it seemed like Sheila was the only waitress in the restaurant not out to get her...

## Chapter Eight: The Worst Night

"Ha-HRRRRnnnnkkk!" Sheila exclaimed as she blew into a tissue, giving a few after-puffs to try and completely clear her nostrils. She wadded her tissue up, dropped it over the side of her bunk into the pile that had been growing since the night before, and flopped back down on her pillows. Maddi frowned at Sheila from her seat on her bed. Sheila was very sick now- despite her bravado the night before, Sheila was in no shape to do much of anything, certainly not go to work. Maddi sighed and got up as Sheila raised her oversized glass to her mouth, only to find it empty.

"Here, I'll get you another," Maddi said as she took the glass from Sheila and walked over to the sink.

"Thanks, Maddi," Sheila said. "I just need to rest a bit, and I'll be okay."

Maddi rolled her eyes and shook her head as she put the glass under the water purifier attached to the faucet and filled it.

"Well, you'd best rest quite diligently, as it's nearly three o'clock as it stands."

"What?!" Sheila exclaimed, sitting forward fast enough to lob the bag of frozen peas on her forehead nearly to her feet like some sort of blonde trebuchet.

"Oh, do lay still," Maddi chided as she brought the new glass of water to Sheila. "You're not going anywhere." She picked up the bag of peas, tossing them in her hand a few times as she handed the glass over. "Hm, these seem to have lost their cool- want me to find something else?"

"I gotta get- snrrk!- ready for work!" Sheila said, trying to take her covers off until Maddi clamped a hand down on the edge of the mattress, tucking her in at the waist.

"Don't be daft," She said. "You've got the look of a ghoul on you. You're not going anywhere."

"But Maddiiii..." Sheila whined. "We gotta get to work! We can't just not show up!"

"We can and we will," Maddi said as she wandered back into the kitchen, throwing the bag of peas into the freezer and taking out a microwave souffle'.

"But what about- ehur, uh-huh, a-hack!- your tab?" Sheila said, grabbing her sheets in her fists. "You gotta get to work!"

"I'll be quite all right with a day off," Maddi said, coming back to Sheila's bed and reaching up to place the frozen dinner against her forehead.

Sheila pouted as she took the souffle' in one hand, pressing it against her head. "No, Maddi, I don't want you to have to stay there any longer than you have to. I can see how unhappy the place makes you."

Maddi paused for a second. It certainly wasn't untrue, but hearing Sheila say it seemed to make the whole thing seem wrong, somehow, as if she was betraying Sheila by being miserable.

"Now see here," Maddi said, "You're not going to work tonight and that's final. You're a right mess, you are."

"I can fake it for a night," Sheila said, setting her lower lip. "It's like holding your breath, just a little uncomfortable and then you're fine."

"You can't hold your breath, so I don't know that you're making a good case for yourself," Maddi retorted.

"Sure I can," Sheila said. "Watch! "Haaa- ah-hurgh-hagh-harg-hack-hoch!" She coughed, not even making it all the way through her intake of breath before tickling her throat the wrong way and devolving into a coughing fit.

"You were saying?" Maddi asked, hands on her hips.

"Snnnffff! Okay, okay, fine," Sheila said. "But I'm still going. Even if I can't work, you need to. I'll at least give you a ride."

"And then what?" Maddi asked, incredulous. "What will you be doing while I'm serving plates off my bum for eight hours?"

"I'll just lay down in the lounge or the locker room or something," Sheila said. "I'll be okay."

"Sheila, you're being absurd," Maddi sighed. "Just... just give me the keys, I'll drive myself." Sheila looked at Maddi as though she'd spontaneously grown another head.

"...You? Drive?"

"What, you think we don't have roads in London?"

"That you've driven on? I don't know."

"I'll be fine," Maddi said, waving Sheila off. "It's not even a manual, how hard can it be?"

"Are you- snnf- Insured?" Sheila asked, fidgeting with a fold of the sheets in her lap.

"Yes, of course," Maddi said. "My parents made sure of it before they let me over here." *Extremely sure, Maddi thought; as much money as my parents had put into safeguards I could have a Himalayan biplane crash into me while she was riding an African elephant in New Zealand and the insurance company would almost certainly pick up the bill.*

"Well..." Sheila said, fidgeting.

"Listen here, Sheila, as I'll only say this once. The only way you'll get me to go to that blasted restaurant tonight is if you *don't*, and that's final."

After a contemplative pause, Sheila nodded.

"Okay, Maddi, I just..." She sniffled again. "Be careful with it. It's the only one I've got."

"Like I would a newborn babe," Maddi promised, one hand to her heart and the other in the air.

\* \* \*

"Is there anything else you need?" Maddi asked, giving back the original bag of peas now that it had re-frozen.

"I need you to get going," Sheila said, blowing her nose again. "If I make you late I'll be just sick. Er, more than I am now, I guess."

Maddi grimaced. She kept holding out hope that she could skip out, but she knew if she tried Sheila would march right out that door and into her car and wouldn't leave until Maddi came with her. The girl's righteous stubbornness was something else.

"Very well, very well then, I'm off," Maddi said, relenting to Sheila's steely if bleary-eyed determination. "But I've got my mobile, so if you take a turn for the worse, call me. I don't care if I have to stuff those over-sized beanbag chairs into your car, I'll come get you some help."

"I'll be okay..." Sheila said as she lay down with a heavy exhalation. "Just need some rest and lotsa water."

Maddi turned away, nervously spinning Sheila's keys on her index finger by the key ring.

"Good luck!" Sheila yelled from the bed in as great a voice as she could muster before another coughing fit overtook her.

*The poor thing*, Maddi thought as she got in the car, adjusting the seat to accommodate her shorter legs. She adjusted the mirrors, and was getting ready to turn the starter when an idea struck her. She didn't actually need to go to the restaurant- she just had to be away from Sheila. A smile crept up her lips as she thought of what park or theater or other such place she could while away the night at. Boring, yes- but anywhere was better than that damnable restaurant. The engine had just pattered to life when her mobile rang, and Maddi pulled it out of her purse and flicked it open in one well-practiced motion.

"Hello?" She asked.

"Hey Maddi," Sheila's voice came from the top of the phone. "I don't wanna distract you while you're driving, but I went ahead and called Trixie to tell her you'd be coming in without me." Maddi's face fell.

"Oh," She intoned, the disappointment nearly dripping off the words. "Right. Well, thank you. Get some sleep now."

"Okay," Sheila said, apparently too zoned-out to catch the inflection. "See you tonight."

Maddi hit the "end" button and glared at her phone, as though the device was personally responsible for betraying her. Sighing, Maddi put her mobile in the centre console's cup-holder and backed out of the parking lot, going over the directions to the restaurant in her head. Not that she particularly cared to remember, but street names and motorway numbers were something that just stuck in her memory easily- provided she was able to see the sign.

\* \* \*

Maddi's palms were slick with sweat as she gripped the wheel, eyes darting from mirror to mirror as cars zoomed by beside her. She was used to driving around London, in the city streets, and even the M1 on occasion. But *nothing* she'd done in England was at all like driving on an American freeway in rush hour. She didn't know how Sheila managed to make it look so effortless; Cars darted into and out of lanes without even signaling, treated the posted speed limit as though it wasn't even there, and displayed all the restraint of a bellicose warthog. It was all she could do to stay in her lane, trying to keep up speed but being wary of going too fast for how often the leading cars seemed to slam on their brakes for no discernable reason.

She jumped in her seat when her phone rang, the sudden trill sound spooking her. She blinked a few times, not wanting to take her eyes off the road, careful to not stray too far from the line on her left. She didn't want to answer it, not while she was driving, but the terrible image of Sheila kneeled over a toilet as she tossed her biscuits compelled her to take her right hand off the wheel and snatch her phone up.

"H-Hello?" She asked, easing off the gas a little.

"Maddison, dearest," Her mother's voice all but sang into her ear. "How are you?"

"Hullo, mum," Maddi said. "Ah, I'm in a bit of a spot at the moment, actually."

"Oh, did I call at a bad time?"

"It's these bloody yanks," Maddi spat. "They drive like madmen. I'd rather drive a milk float through Manchester."

"Oh dear," Her mother said. "Well, just two and ten, watch your mirrors, and it'll all sort itself out."

*If one of these lunatics don't sort themselves right into my boot,* Maddi thought, biting her lip.

"I won't keep you long, but it is important," Maddi's mother continued, "I need an answer for your father by morning."

Maddi's brow furrowed as she tapped the brakes, slowing down as another driver cut in front of her. What could her father want to know from her?

"Www... What is it?" Maddi asked.

"Well, your father's accountant was going over our accounts and he noticed something curious," Her mother said. "The amount of checks we'd written out hadn't actually been spent, to the tune of several thousand pounds. Obviously we were happy to discover we had more money than we thought, but it was curious just the same."

Maddi knew it was all the "allowance" checks she'd torn up, but they were so small- less than a thousand pounds apiece- that she thought her father would never have noticed. Enough of anything would make a mountain, though, she supposed.

"At first they wondered if perhaps it was something to do with the exchange rates- all the payments out to foreign investments and what have you. But it couldn't possibly have been nearly enough- some of the money was quite clearly just not being spent-"

A flash of red jerked Maddi's attention to the car in front of her, a pair of brakelights zooming towards her front bumper. Maddi slammed on the pedal, Sheila's car emitting an ear-splitting shriek as the locked tires burned their tread off inch by inch. Maddi's hand flew forward to grab the wheel, her mobile clattering against the windscreen and the dashboard. Maddi felt frozen in place, as though every motion was being sent by telegraph. She saw the tide of traffic in her rearview mirror surging towards her and didn't even have time to scrunch up her face in preparation of the impact, all she could do was stare in dumbfounded terror.

The lead driver mercifully swerved just in the nick of time, blaring its horn as it shot alongside her. Looking back at the road in front of her, Maddi saw the lead car had moved enough that she could get her own car moving again, and stepped on the gas, the entire incident taking only seconds but feeling like hours. Maddi's breathing was heavy, her heart pounding in her chest so hard it hurt. Her fingers tingled; she was sure if she'd been able to pry them from the wheel that her hands would be shaking. Maddi fidgeted in her seat, taking several deep breaths to try and calm herself, even as her frantic paranoia caused her eyes to constantly dart from one mirror to the other. Every car looked menacing, as if it were intentionally diving for her at every turn. The colour bled out of Maddi's knuckles as she jerked the wheel this way and that, trying to keep her car dead centre between the white lines on the freeway. She eyed her mobile on the dashboard, still opened up and connected. If she strained, she could hear her mother's voice on the other end, faintly, but she didn't dare get on the phone again, didn't dare to even take her hands off the wheel to shut her phone until she got off the freeway. When she finally did get to the offramp, she pulled into the first driveway she came to, around back of a

small office complex, and just sat in the car for a few seconds, her foot jammed onto the brakes so hard it was causing her toes to go numb. Finally she was able to take her hand from the wheel and put the car into park, her fingers disentangling from the wheel with a sound not unlike velcro coming apart. She reached forward, still breathing heavily, and retrieved her mobile, checking the display to see her mother had understandably hung up. Maddi sighed, clearing the screen, only to blink when another notice had come on, a voice message. Maddi grimaced as she pressed the "play" button and put it up to her ear.

"Maddison," Her mother started, "I don't know what you're up to on that holiday of yours, but I wouldn't think it so terribly important that you'd hang up on your own mother," She said, clearly upset. "Please, at your first convenience, can you call back? We really *must* find out what's happening with this money, your father's quite upset over it." Maddi bowed her head, pinching the ridge of her nose between her thumb and forefinger. "Well, I love you," Her mother finished. "Call back soon."

"To replay this message, press one," The robotic voice said as Maddi bit back tears. "To save this message, press two. To delete, press--"

The voice cut out as Maddi threw her mobile away from her face. The device bounced off the passenger seat, ricocheting off the window controls and landing back on the seat. Maddi wiped her eyes with the back of her hand, putting the car in gear and turning herself around. *Stupid Sheila*, Maddi thought, *Getting sick at the worst possible moment. And the nerve, to call me in without consulting me. I'd rather eat one of her used tissues than go back to that damnable restaurant!*

Maddi sighed as she pulled out onto the street. The self-righteous anger might have felt good, but she knew it was a lie; Poor Sheila wasn't to blame for any of this. It was the poor girl's incurable work ethic, of wanting to be there to work not because she enjoyed it but because she needed to be. Maddi frowned again, thinking what it must be like to have your every cent accounted for and desperately hoarded, to live in terror of not being able to pay bills one month to the next. Maddi wasn't a heavy spender by any measure, but even her occasional incidental of a new blouse or two or an exceptional dish from the grocer's was something Sheila would have to scrimp and save for weeks for. Maddi sighed again, the spark of her indignation extinguished. As much as her tab with Trixie vexed her, it was her only one; poor Sheila seemed to be running a tab with the entire world and could barely keep afloat.

Maddi finally pulled into the restaurant's parking lot, the numb tingles of her near-death experience still crawling up and down her arms. She took a deep breath, shuddering slightly as she exhaled, and got out of Sheila's car. Forcing herself to just put one foot in front of the other, Maddi headed for the back door.

"Running on willpower alone and I've not even started yet," Maddi grumbled to herself. "Not an auspicious beginning..."

Inside the kitchen, Maddi slowed her pace, looking for one of the cooks she knew- Carlos, Claire, any kind of familiar face. She did recognize a few of the other cooks, but none that she'd talked to before. She got a glimpse of hope, seeing a dark-skinned cook about Carlos' height working one of the friers, but when he turned he lacked Carlos' distinctly poofy sideburns. Maddi sighed as she headed for the locker room; nothing else was going her way yet so far today, why ruin the streak?

Maddi brushed by several of the other waitresses and found herself in an empty locker room- the clock on the wall told her she was seconds away from being late, and she hadn't so much as doffed her shoes. Maddi changed as fast as she could, stumbling out of her skirt and shoving her things into her cubbyhole. Stripped down to her skivvies, Maddi went over to the dispenser and stuck her thumb to her pad. She briefly considered taking Sheila's instead, if only for a change of pace, but she had a hard enough time maneuvering her enormous bosoms at a size three- the relief of having a semi-normal posterior would prove scant comfort versus shin-length breasts. Maddi took her pill back to her cubby, arranging her oversized garments as best she could before taking her pill. She wasn't happy about wearing a skirt, but it was on the top of the pile and she didn't have time to go looking for anything else. Maddi scowled bitterly as she guided her top around her billowing breasts, her skirt and hose riding up as her rear swelled out. She was almost upset at how easily she was slipping into clothes designed for such freakish proportions, and was doubly upset as her scowl pulled itself up into a grin, the tickle tonic kicking in and making her smile against every wish of her being. Maddi imagined the sound of warping girders as her lips turned up, cheeks pulling back and exposing her teeth.

Steeling herself, Maddi marched out of the locker room, the first of what she knew were going to be many outbursts of giggles escaping her as she pushed the doors open with her breasts. She jostled and jiggled her way around the corner, hauling to a stop as the lounge doors burst open and a flood of gravid flesh issued forth, heading for the double doors leading to the dining area. Maddi stood off to the side, cursing her tardiness but thinking she could get away scot free if she could just find an opening in the stream of bodies to slip into...

Maddi's heart sank as she locked eyes with Riley as she left the lounge, a wicked smile flashing across her features.

"Hey Trix!" Riley yelled, spinning back towards the lounge and almost knocking a smaller waitress aside with her bosoms in the process. "Cupcake showed up after all!"

Maddi clamped her eyes shut, her features unable to fall with the rest of her body like her slumped shoulders due to the tonic.

"Ta," Riley said sardonically, giving a mock wave as she continued on her way. Maddi could see Trixie approaching at the rear of the cloud of girls, a few of them giving Maddi odd glances as they passed.

"Barbara!" Trixie barked as soon as she passed the threshold of the lounge. "Tell Stacey she's still at the Bar tonight, to fill in for Sheils!"

Maddi swallowed hard, her eyes betraying the fear her smile wouldn't show.

"You're late," Trixie said, hands on her hips as she turned and faced Maddi in the hallway.

"I, ah, ahahaha, I w-was-" Maddi started.

"Save it," Trixie said, waving her off. "Late is late. Sheila's got an excuse, and you're lucky she vouched for you or I'd be really angry." Maddie opened her mouth to retort, but Trixie just put a hand up.

"Ut!" She exclaimed, making a stop motion with her palm. "I don't care. You're late, you're gonna need to make it up, just get to work."

Maddi's hands balled into fists as Trixie turned and left, nearly shaking with rage. That bastard tonic wouldn't allow her to scowl, but one would have to be blind to not see the absolute



rage boiling over in Maddison's features. In a moment of absurd levity, Maddi realized she must have looked like that Joker character from her brother's comic books; a mask of mirth contorted in such a way as to abolish any impression of happiness in spite of the toothy grin. Tears stung at her eyes again, but she ignored them. She just gritted her teeth and followed Trixie out into the dining area.

"One foot after another, dearie," Maddi repeated to herself. "Stiff upper lip. Keep your wits about you..."

\* \* \*

The worst part of the job, Maddi soon realized, wasn't how rotten she felt, how sad and angry she was, the roiling of her guts with stress to the point where she wanted to scream. No, the worst part was pretending none of that was true; having to just write down stupid people's silly orders in her miserable little notepad. Bollocks, the lot of it.

"Are... Are you okay?" One table asked. "Is something wrong with your eyes?"

"Heh, ha, allergies," Maddi had responded, sniffing for effect and rubbing her eyes where the tears had brimmed for the dozenth time that night.

"Have... have you been crying?" A woman at another booth asked. "Is something the matter?"

"Oh-ho-ho, no, every-hee-hee-thing is fine," Maddi said, trying to keep the venom out of her voice. "They're just- heh heh heh- making a whole b-bunch- pfft!- of those o-ho-honion blossoms in the kitchen, aheh, when I wandered by- not a dry-hi-hi eye b-back there- snrk!- I tell you-hoo-hoo."

Maddi supposed it was something that they at least cared- bleary-eyed and sniffing as she was, most of the tables she served didn't mention or even seem to notice it. They just blithely ordered their food and drinks, too thick to notice Maddi's distress or too callous to care, and Maddi couldn't honestly decide which was more offensive. And then, quite in a league of their own, were the trio of prats seated along the main thoroughfare of the restaurant, their crossroads between the different dining sections. Rowdy just to start with, the three men could be heard from just about anywhere in the restaurant, their hooting laughter and catcalls clawing over the normal din of dinner conversation.

"One, two, three, go!" Maddi heard one of them shout as she passed by, the three men each dropping a shot glass into their pints and downing the whole thing in a go. Maddi just sighed inwardly and kept on her way.

"Dude! Did you see that?" Maddi overheard one of the men say to his cohorts. "She was the biggest one yet!"

Maddi's heart froze in her chest, eyes popping wide with concern.

"Naw, man," One of them replied. "The chick with the backwards cap had bigger hooters..."

Maddi felt her pulse return to normal, a small bit of relief flowing through her. *Finally, something Riley is good for*, she thought as she made her way to the kitchen.

"This is a large one," The cook said as Maddi approached. "It's the big booth in the corner."

Maddi sighed as she set about placing the multitude of plates on her bum, loading it to capacity before switching to her breasts, glad that the plates they used were so insulated- she could only imagine what the steaming-hot food would do to a normal plate resting astride her enormous cleavage. Maddi slowly turned, walking the banquet's worth of food down the hallway, the leftmost side of her curves almost but not quite touching the wall. The other waitresses, staring wide-eyed at the clanking dishes covering every even semi-flat surface on Maddi's breasts and bum, gave her a wide berth as they passed, mashing themselves into the right-hand wall in order to leave Maddi enough room to pass by unmolested.

"Got enough plates, Cupcake?" Riley asked as she barged through the doors. Maddi stood stock-still, looking at Riley's size-four breasts coming down the hallway at her. At the best of times, with the most careful maneuvering, it was still nearly impossible for two size-fours to pass without touching in the hallway. Riley was being nowhere near precise nor careful, not even slowing her walk as she approached. Maddi leaned gently into the wall, trying not to tip any of her plates, her hands already poised to steady the soon-to-be jostling dishes. Maddi exhaled as much as she could- she found she laughed more softly the less air was in her lungs- and reached for the plates furthest right as Riley brushed past. Her breasts received little more than a glancing blow from Riley's breasts, only a little clanking of plates and sloshing of soups- but her behind was another story. Maddi felt her rear compress as Riley squeezed by, stuck between the wall and Riley's wrecking ball of a chest, peaks and valleys pushing up in the flesh as her rear puckered and ballooned out, the insufficient space on the horizontal plane forcing her rear to make use of the vertical. Maddi grabbed for plates and bowls, accidentally sticking her finger in the beef dip's piping hot au jus as she tried to keep it from spilling over. She felt a few drops of the prime rib's juice spill onto her skirt, but all in all by the time Riley had made it to the kitchen she had been able to avoid any catastrophic spills. Maddi approached the end of the hallway, coming to the double doors and inching her way into them, plates rattling and clanking as she pressed her breasts against the door, her giggling and sputting only adding to the motion of her bosom as she laughed. When she finally pushed through enough that she could reach the doors, she pushed them off of her breast, sending the doors flying open. She walked forward some more, slowly but deliberately, then caught the swinging doors in her outstretched hands. Holding onto the doors as she clanked and rattled her way forward, Maddi gave them one last push and hurried her rear through, her enormous bottom clearing the arc of the doors by mere centimeters.

"O-okay!" Maddi said, pulling up alongside the huge corner booth like a garbage scow lining up next to dock. "Who-eheh- who's got the 'Big A-ha-ha-all Over' Burger?" Maddi began passing plates out, starting with the ones closest to the edge of her jiggling orbs. She was still fuming about Riley's cavalier attitude; would it be too much to say it had been an intentional swipe at her? Regardless, it was yet another ember added to the fire burning in the pit of her stomach, anger and sadness and everything else that had gone wrong that day lumped one atop another. Maddi reached for the last dish- a swordfish fillet straddling her cleavage- and began to pull it off, setting the plate back down briefly to get a surer grip. Unfortunately, Maddi had misjudged how much the plate was actually straddling her cleavage, so when Maddi let go, the plate tipped sharply inwards, dumping a good helping of the fillet's butter sauce down her

cleavage. Maddi whooped and began another uncontrollable laugh, causing the gathered men and women to regard her strangely as she shakily held out the swordfish to the last diner.

"...What's so funny?" One of the men asked.

"Ju-huh-heh-just a c-c-cold bree-hee-heeze in- aha!- the wrong- pfft!- spot!" Maddi managed. "E-excu-hoo-hoo-use m-me..." She said, turning and walking away now that she was free of the burden of the plates.

Maddi reached up and gave her ear a quick, sharp twist, her fingernails digging into the soft skin. Maddi hissed through smiling teeth as tears beaded on her eyes for what felt like the dozenth time that night. It was, however, enough to return her to some semblance of sanity. She headed for one of the waitress stations, trying to figure out what to do about the butter sauce between her breasts. A handful of napkins was the obvious choice but in such a damp, tight environment Maddi knew the drink napkins she had would disintegrate into a multitude of lint-balls that would make it even worse. What she needed was a towel or something, somewhere to wash her cleavage out. And though it seemed the perfect spot, the locker room was right out; she couldn't very well strip out of her clothes, shower, and get dressed again unnoticed. And showering with her clothes still on produced a mental image so horribly lewd that it was enough to shock Maddi out of her laughter for a moment. What she needed was a small, tiny shower, and a tiny towel to go with it.

Maddi's eyes perked up as her photographic memory came to the rescue once again, the image of one of the bartenders filling a glass full of seltzer water with a bar towel draped over her shoulder clear as day. She hurried off to the bar, every step rubbing the buttery sauce around more and more between her sweat-slicked breasts.

"Whoo, baby! Shake it!" One of the three prats said as she made her way past their table.

"Back dat ass up!" The next one hollered after her.

"Hey! Three more Irish car bombs!" The last one called out, holding his empty glass aloft. Maddi stopped and turned, bewildered.

"I-Irish ca-ha-har b-bombs?" She asked.

"Three!" He repeated, holding as many fingers aloft.

"Now get to it!" The second man said, leaning over and giving a sharp spank on Maddi's bottom. Maddi gasped and collapsed into laughter, which the other three men did as well. She started to protest, but knew in her laughing state it wouldn't make any sense and they'd probably just think she was being coy.

"Wa-ha-wankers," Maddi said as she ascended the step to the bar. She wasn't a prude when it came to alcohol, she didn't think, but she'd never heard the term before and couldn't help but find it crude to name a drink after the Troubles in northern Ireland...

"Thre-hee-hee I-Irish car bo-ha-ha-ombs!" Maddi yelled over the din of the bar. "And a t-towel, and- mheh heh heh- your s-seltzer gun."

"Come again?" The bartender said, looking back at Maddi and arching a brow.

"The- hah- sprayer!" Maddi repeated, pantomiming the "firing" motion she'd seen them do.

"Uh, okay," The bartender said, reaching down and taking the drink dispenser from its hook, pulling the tube out as far as it would go before handing it to Maddi.

"T-towel!" Maddi said as the bartender started to turn away.

"Oh, sure," He said, reaching back under the bar and pulling out what looked like an extra-long washcloth. "Here," He said, tossing it to Maddi as he began pouring her requested drinks.

With the towel in her left hand and the drink dispenser in her right, Maddi sighed as best she was able before plunging the towel into the underside of her cleavage, stuffing the rough terrycloth all along the lower curve of her breasts. Not wanting to waste any time, she shoved the nozzle of the sprayer between her breasts, right above where the butter sauce had fallen in, the bubbles of the seltzer tickling her so bad she shook. She felt the water travel down her cleavage, scrubbing her breasts clean of the sauce, the mixture dribbling down and eventually collecting in the towel she'd shoved in as a catch. Each second of the seltzer running was torturously stimulating, but it was working; when she couldn't feel the slimy sauce on her breasts anymore, she cut the seltzer and dropped it on the counter. She shoved the rag up through her cleavage with one hand, reaching down through the top with the other, laughing like a maniac the whole time. Finding the top of the towel with her fingertips, she wadded up the towel, giving a few final scrubs before pulling the whole mess out of her breasts and dropping it on the counter as well. She reached up to her other ear and gave it just as severe a twist as she had earlier, switching ears in case the first tug had numbed the other one to the pain somewhat. Maddi gritted her teeth, spittle flying from between them as she laughed through the pain until finally she was able to get herself under control again. Wiping her tears with the rag, she was greeted with a confused looking bartender holding a tray of shot glasses and three tall pints in front of him.

"You okay?" He asked, looking at her askance.

"Fine," Maddi said. "Just fi-hi-hi-ne."

The bartender shrugged and stuffed the three beers in Maddi's cleavage, then handed her the small tray of shot glasses, looking rather like the bottom half of an egg carton. Maddi stole a glance at the clock above the big screen as she turned to leave. *Only twenty minutes 'till lunch, she thought, twenty minutes and I can get some respite from this terrible, terrible place. Maybe call Sheila, see how she's doing...*

Maddi suddenly found her legs sliding away from one another as she approached the table of the three rowdy men. Her eyes went wide as she felt her foot slipping on something small and hard under her shoe, throwing her rear foot behind her before she'd finished stepping forward with her lead foot. With both of her feet back underneath her ponderous rear, Maddi's breasts pulled her forward and down, crashing to earth bust-first with such violence that the three drinks popped out of her cleavage like gripping wet soap too hard, the glasses spilling their contents as they were flung through the air and shattering on the ground, joined shortly after by the three shot glasses falling from her surprised grip as well. Maddi's head had spiked into her cleavage with such force that her breasts had pulled her hat from her head upon entry. Of course, such contact sparked off another bout of laughing, but Maddi was at the point where she no longer cared to try to stifle it. All she could do at this point was add to it.

"Bwaaahh-huhh-huhh-huhh-huuuuhhh..... Aaaah-huh-huh-huhh-huhhh..." Maddi laughed into the dark confines of her bosom, tears flowing freely from her eyes as she sobbed, the two sounds mixing together into a dissonant moaning bark, her whole body shaking with rage and

laughter and sadness. Hands shaking, Maddi crossed her arms over the back of her head, blotting out all the light. She wanted to just disappear into the dark cove of her cleavage and die, disappear forever and never laugh or cry again.



Outside of Maddi's cave, the restaurant had fallen silent, at first due to the cacophony of shattering glass, but then for the muffled sobs coming from inside the redheaded waitress's cleavage.

"What the hell is going on here?!" Trixie's voice boomed as she turned the corner, hauling to a stop as she beheld the scene before her. Taking a step towards Maddi, glass crunching under her shoe, she bent over, looking from the three men to the spilled drinks to Maddi and then back to the three men.

The speed with which Trixie swung the bar towel from her neck towards the three men was so fast that hardly anyone had realized she'd done it until it snapped with a whip-like crack, the closest man reeling back and clutching his face where a stinging welt had just appeared.

"You cretins," Trixie said, hands on her hips. "you think you're cute? Funny?"

"Wha-" One of the men started.

"Don't play stupid with me!" Trixie snapped back, pointing with the hand her end of her towel was wrapped around. "The only thing between those steps and you is ice, which is conveniently missing from your mojito glasses."

"I don't-" Another man started, and got a towel whip-crack of his own in response.

"You think I'm stupid?" Trixie said, pointing again to the melting pile of scattered ice Maddi had slipped on. "It's still got crushed mint on it for christ's sake, and don't give me that 'our ice melted' crap because you all got your mojitos at the same time and pretty-boy's ice hasn't melted whereas your glasses are mysteriously empty." She sat there fuming as the three exchanged a glance.

"You know what, get out," Trixie said. "Just get the hell out, you're not allowed to eat here ever again. I don't even want you to pay for the stuff you got, just get the hell out of here." She said, pointing at the exit. "...OUT," She repeated, stamping her foot when they didn't make a move to get up.

"You can't-" the third man stammered.

"Riley!" Trixie yelled.

"Yeah boss?" Riley said from somewhere in the crowd of onlookers.

"Get these bastards out of here," Trixie said, turning back to the crowd. "Angie, Betty, take her to the gold room and lock the doors. I gotta go get something."

Riley pushed through the crowd, looming over the three diners.

"Okay, chuckles, we can do this the easy way," She said, a feral glint in her eyes, "Or the hard way," She finished, cracking her knuckles.

## Chapter Nine: Truth and Reconciliation

"Okay, okay, here you go, easy now..." Betty said as she eased Maddi down to the ground. The girl was like a wet noodle, barely keeping her feet under herself. Angie and Betty were dragging the girl by her biceps, lurching her forward one heaving footstep at a time. Even though Angie was only a two-one and Betty a one-three, putting any sort of flesh close to someone as big as Maddi's three-four was cramming one too many sardines into the tin. So they jostled and jiggled their way through the back entrance to the Gold room, haunted every step of the way by Maddi's wailing laughter.

"And I thought Riley's psycho laughter was bad..." Angie had muttered as they finally came in the doors, schlepping Maddi's limp body against one of the walls and setting her down. Maddi slumped over onto her side, arms clasped around her head. Betty reached a hand out to her, but stopped as another shuddering sob wracked her body. Betty grimaced, her hand retreating a little before she sighed and followed Angie out the door, casting one last glance back before shutting the door behind herself.

Maddison lost track of time, but eventually even the night's many compounded miseries couldn't wring any more tears from her. It was such a torrent of emotion that eventually she had simply just cried herself empty, where even her crushing sadness couldn't produce any more tears. Her cries had stopped, only the tonic keeping a low chuckling undercurrent. Maddi pushed against the wall, working up enough leverage to roll over onto her breasts, a spate of weak laughter escaping but quickly dying. It seemed even the tickle tonic wasn't enough to overcome the sheer exhaustion and emotional fatigue- it might be telling her body to laugh, but she just didn't have it in her. Maddi pulled up her collar, wiping her eyes and nose on her top, sniffing between chuckles. It occurred to her that she didn't know where she was- the noise of the restaurant was gone, not even muffled reverberations making their way through the walls. She was completely alone, in a room she'd never seen before. It was a low-lit room with red carpet and green velvet coverings above oak paneling that went from the floor to the centre of the wall. Paintings hung on the walls, and in the corners she could see vases and other antique stonework up on pedestals. Several armless chairs were lined up against the far wall, only one larger chair at the end equipped with armrests. Maddi let her head fall down into her cleavage again, but feeling her hair tickle her breasts and snot dribbling the wrong way up her nose convinced her to get herself seated upright. Once again using the wall for support, Maddi pushed herself upright and dropped back down onto her bum, scooting against the wall just like she had during lunch.

"Where am I...?" Maddi wondered, looking around. It reminded her of the banquet room from her first night, if even more opulent. The carpet beneath her bum was clean and plush and smelled of fresh vacuuming. The wood she was leaning against still smelled like it'd been recently varnished. It was like she was in a completely different restaurant.

But with the clack of a latch being turned, Maddi was snapped back to her location as Trixie came in through the doors to her left, exhaling sharply through her nose and frowning as she looked at Maddi.

Just looking at Trixie caused the tears to begin flowing again, Maddi struggling to keep her composure. Trixie's mere presence was enough to cause the rest of reality to intrude on the brief solitude the strange room had afforded her.

"Well, *that* was entertaining," She said, standing in front of Maddi, backed up enough to see her over her breasts. Maddi just turned her head away and wiped her tears with the back of her hand, giving a small chuckle. She didn't know whether to scream or cry or take a swing at Trixie, but just looking at her was too much, the dread and misery eating away at her guts like some kind of necrotic plague.

"Okay, time to fix you up," Trixie said, reaching an arm into her immense cleavage and rooting around, pushing her breasts this way and that with her other arm as if to facilitate exploration. "Okay," she said, removing a red plastic container that looked like a lozenge made for a giant, "Let's see here..." She popped open the container's lid, and Maddi heard a rusting sound, like mints or hard candies in a box. "Ah! Here we go," She said, pulling a red pill out of the container, snapping it shut, and stuffing it back into her cleavage. Maddi looked at the pill, her eyes going wide and her head slowly shaking back and forth.

"Easy, it's a reverser," Trixie said, coming up alongside Maddi and holding it out to her in her hand. "You know, the antidote. C'mon, take it."

Maddi, having not borne witness to Trixie's defense of her in the dining area, just shook her head.

"N-no-ho-ho," She chortled. "No-ho cha-ha-hance."

"What? C'mon, take it," Trixie asked, arching a brow at Maddi. "You wanna stop laughing, don't you?"

Maddi didn't trust her. How could she? The instrument of her misery, the mastermind of her torture, now comes promising her release? Snake oil. Crocodile tears. No way.

"C'mon!" Trixie said, more forcefully this time. "You've suffered enough, haven't you?"

Maddi clamped her hands over her mouth, shaking her head again. She'd sooner die than be forced through any more indignities.

"Seriously?" Trixie asked. "Seriously?" When Maddi made no move to answer, Trixie sighed and looked at the ceiling. "Apparently you *haven't* suffered enough tonight. Fine, you want the hard way, I'll give it to you."

Maddi didn't even have time for the dread to sink in before Trixie fell on Maddi breast first, the two enormous masses of breast-flesh flowing and billowing around one another like a time-lapse video of two water balloons being thrown against one another. The sudden avalanche of sensation sent Maddi into hyperventilation, her entire torso heaving with laughter and her breaths shooting out her nose in violent snorts.

"C'mon, open up," Trixie said, working her breasts into Maddi's with all her might. The onslaught of sensation was sending Maddi into fits, small sputters escaping between her fingers, though the bulk of her laughter was still being pent up, forced out through her nose. The pressure was building up in her head, enough that her eyes began to hurt. Maddi was worried that if she didn't let the laughter out somehow she was liable to either burst a blood vessel or pee herself.

"C'mon, I don't have all night," Trixie said, and Maddi was struck by how disinterested she seemed by the whole ordeal. Here she was pressing her breasts against another woman,



and yet the expression on her face was stone-dead, like she was no more interested in the lewd wrestling match as she would be with her taxes.

Finally, feeling like she was in very real danger of causing permanent damage to *something* if she forced her laughter in any longer, Maddi made a desperate gambit, switching from defense to offense. She snapped her hands away from her mouth, holding them palms-out in front of her, trying to ward off Trixie's pill like a football goalie warding off a striker. But she had apparently severely underestimated her opponent; Trixie grabbed Maddi's left wrist with her left hand, pulling it across her body and entangling her right hand in the two limbs while her right hand darted forward, her pointer and middle fingers stabbing into Maddi's mouth like a fleshy dagger, the red pill pinched between their tips. Maddi coughed as her laughter caused her to suck the pill halfway down the wrong tube, Trixie's warding hand keeping it from flying out of her mouth. Maddi attempted to spit the pill out, but between the laughing and coughing she couldn't close her mouth enough to form the necessary seal that would allow her to propel the offending item out. And the struggle was rapidly becoming moot; since the pill was a powder-press instead of a gelcap, it was already beginning to dissolve in her mouth, the pill effervescing like an alka-seltzer. Maddi tried to shake her head, but Trixie kept her hand over Maddi's mouth just the same, fending off Maddi's attempts to displace it with her other hand. Finally, afraid of choking on the foam, Maddi swallowed down the whole mess, gasping for air as Trixie pushed off of her, wiping her spittle-flecked hand on the towel over her neck.

"Finally," Trixie groused, wiping her hands again. "Never seen someone so reluctant to take help."

"Heh-heh-help!?" Maddi exclaimed. "You-hoo-hoo wretch! Ha-how do you ca-ha-hall this help?"

"I told you, it's-"

"This is an out- phah!- outrage! Mo-ho-lestination can't be le-hee-gal, even for a whorehouse like this!"

"Oh, gimmie a break," Trixie said, rolling her eyes. "You're the one who was being stubborn."

"And wh-heh-why wouldn't I be? You-hoo were the one who cursed me with that damnable tonic, what would make me think you would fix it?"

"Well, I did, didn't I?"

"You most certainly did no-" Maddi said, before pausing.

Trixie *Hmph*-ed, nodding her head once and looking proud of herself. Maddi, for her part, felt her face, her cheeks slack, her mouth flat, her lips relaxed. An experimental poke to her bosom confirmed it; the tickle tonic no longer held any sway over her. Maddi actually smiled- naturally- at finally being free of that damned tonic. But she still wasn't free of this restaurant, she thought, looking up at Trixie.

"So, what, then?" Maddi asked. "You're going to add the cost of the antidote to my tab, along with the drinks I spilled?"

Trixie shook her head, looking off into the distance. "No, consider the antidote on the house. And those drinks- and the glasses, and the tray, and your uniform- are coming out of those three cretins. I know I could never get a sincere apology from people like that, so I'm

going to have our lawyer take the apology out of their hides." She looked back down to Maddi. "And some more good news- since it was you they did it to, I'm tacking half of your tab on, as well. Teach those bastards to pull that kind of stunt on a girl just trying to do her job."

Maddi had no retort. Was this clemency, from Trixie of all people? Sympathy? Compassion?

"...what's the catch?" She finally asked.

"You're welcome," Trixie said, hands on her hips. "Look," She said, sitting down on her ponderous bottom, staring across the great mountains of cleavage she and Maddi were sporting. "I know you've had a bad week."

A week? One week? Maddi's eyes went wide, the sheer density of misery that had been heaped upon her in the past seven days stunning her into silence. It had felt like a year. Had it really only been six days since she first set foot in this abominable restaurant?

"'Bad'? 'Bad'?!" Maddi repeated. "This bloody restaurant has given me nothing but misery since I set foot in it! 'Bad' hardly covers it at all!"

"Well hey, I'm just trying to sympathize here," Trixie said.

"Sympathize?!" Maddi all but shrieked. "This is all your fault!"

"My fault?!" Trixie said, aghast. "What did I do, besides give you the tickle tonic when you were cross with the customers?"

"Cross? My eye, cross!" Maddi retorted, gaping.

"Three complaints in one night!" Trixie fired back, counting the incidences off on her fingers. "Talking back to customers, insulting them, just leaving them to soak when they spilled their drinks- most girls I would consider firing after such a performance, I figured you were trying for the easy way out and needed an attitude adjustment."

"Oh, and I suppose the rude customers and psychotic co-workers were my fault as well?" Maddi shot back. "Riley bullies me every chance she gets, Penelope practically molests me, and I think we just saw what kind of caliber of person patronizes this place."

"Sister, if you think our customers are anything special in being jerks, you must never have worked food service before," Trixie said, standing and turning away. "Yeah, Riley can be a pain, yeah, Penelope's got her thing, but none of that excuses your behavior. You were rude to the customers, you negatively impacted their dining experience, and I punished you for it. You're lucky I didn't dock your pay while I was at it." She turned back to Maddi. "This restaurant relies entirely on word of mouth, everyone that goes out there saying they had a bad time here reflects poorly on the restaurant, reflects poorly on *me* to the owner."

"Like I give a damn!" Maddi said, tears brimming at her eyes again. "Pressganged into servitude in this bawdry whorehouse-!"

"So you think Sheila's a whore?" Trixie interrupted.

"Wha-no!" Maddi replied, startled by the question.

"Why not? You just said this place was-"

"I know what I said!" Maddi snapped. "But... Not her! She's good."

"Why? Because you've actually taken the time to get to know her, as opposed to anyone else here?"

"Her... intentions are more pure," Maddi said, remembering Sheila's dire financial situation.

"Oh, as opposed to everyone else's intentions, which you know so well," Trixie said sardonically. "You don't know anything. In fact, I'll forgive your entire debt right now if you can tell me two things about any other person that works here that you can't tell from their voice or appearance."

Maddi looked at Trixie, brows raised.

"Yeah I'm serious," Trixie said, reading Maddi's look. "Go on, two things. I'm listening."

"I, uh..." Maddi started, mind racing. "Well, Carlos has a flatmate, and, ah... Oh! Penelope is from France-"

"Voice," Trixie interjected.

"Ah, ah, Reims! She's from Reims, that's where the owner found her."

"And...?"

"And..." Maddi echoed, wracking her brain for any other overheard tidbit. "And she's a lesbian!" She blurted out.

Trixie's face screwed up for half a moment before she burst out into laughter, her massive form bobbing and shaking as her breasts and rear jiggled like the largest gelatin moulds Maddi had ever seen.

*So that's what that looks like...* Maddi thought.

"S-seriously?" Trixie said, still chuckling as she wiped her eyes. "That's the best you've got? Her hometown and her sexual orientation?" She wiped her eyes a bit and shook her head. "All right, I think I've made my point. I'll give you a few more minutes to think things over. I'll be back in a little while," She said, heading for the back door and pushing it open.

"What're you hangin' around for!" Maddi heard her suddenly interject, looking down the hall. "Back to work people, chop chop!" she said, clapping as the door swung shut behind her.

Maddi was left alone again, the swirling tempest of anger, sadness, and bewilderment blowing itself out, replaced with a gnawing twinge of doubt. Was Trixie right? Were the employees so distasteful to her because she couldn't see past their ridiculous curves? No, she thought, shaking her head, she got along just fine with Carlos and Claire, and she hardly knew anything about them.

*So why, her internal monologue shot back, are you not friends with any of the waitresses, if you can be friends with the cooks while knowing nothing about them?* Maddi scowled and looked down at her cleavage as she tried to come up with any sort of good answer, each successively failed rationalization only serving to knot up her insides more.

The *Ka-KLAK* of an electronic deadbolt made her turn to the front door of the room, which was cracking open just slightly. Maddi was about to ask "Who's there?" when the question was answered by a shock of blonde hair poking through the door, followed by a cautious blue eye scanning the room. Not seeing anyone immediately inside, Anthony stuck his head in the room and got a better look around, slipping in and closing the door once he saw the coast was clear.

"...Maddison," He started, keeping his distance.

"Anthony," Maddi replied, nodding at him.

"I, uh, I heard what happened out there," He said, kicking the ground with his foot. "For what it's worth, I'm sorry."

"...Thank you," Maddi replied, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand. As puffy and tear-streaked as the rest of her face was, she could at least do what she could to not look hysterical.

Anthony sighed and walked to the wall, leaning up against it a couple meters from where Maddi sat.

"I dunno," He said, looking at the ceiling, "Sometimes I think they might be right. I mean, why else would people come here?"

Maddi didn't say anything. Had he eavesdropped? Had he heard what she and Trixie had been yelling about? Did he think she was one of those people?

"But some people, I don't know, it's like the difference between fine art and carnival caricatures. Everyone can like pretty pictures, but there are those who can really *appreciate* fine art, you know? *Understand* why it's so great. I think that's most of the people we get here, anyways. Or at least, the good ones we get."

"...So I suppose the whole restaurant saw me break down," Maddi said, trying to change the subject.

"Don't worry," Anthony said, "No one's gonna come bother you. I'm the only one besides Trixie who can get in here, and the way she was guarding the back hallway I don't think she'd want me in here anyways."

"...Are you sure?" Maddi asked.

"Oh yeah," Anthony nodded. "You need one of these to get in here through the front door," He said as he reached into his vest and pulled out what looked like a gold credit card, the black magnetic strip on the back the only marking on it, "and Trixie's got the only other copy in the restaurant." He finished, holding it out to Maddi.

Maddi reached out for the card, looked it over, then handed it back, leaning her head back against the wall with a sigh.

"You okay?" Anthony asked. Maddi shook her head.

"I... honestly couldn't tell you," She sighed. "I just... I wish Sheila was here."

For a while no one spoke. Anthony fidgeted a little where he stood against the wall, eventually sliding down the oak paneling to sit on the floor. Maddi looked over, amazed at how low a normal person sat on the ground. Even though she felt the same carpet under her bottom that Anthony was sitting on, his head only came up to her elbows.

"You're off the tickle tonic, sounds like?" Anthony asked.

"Yeah..." Maddi said. "Thank goodness for small favors, I suppose."

"Can I... Is it okay if I touch you?"

Maddi's head snapped to the side, looking at Anthony. He was turned away, looking at the ground next to him like he was embarrassed. Maddi quickly turned her head back, blushing. What was he proposing? How could he...?

Maddi swallowed, reflecting on what Trixie had said. No. She was a good person, despite whatever she might say.

"I... suppose so," She said, wincing slightly in anticipation. She tensed up when she felt his hand on her wrist, relaxing when she felt him simply cup her hand between his.

"For what it's worth, I'm sorry. I'm sure if Sheila were here she'd know something better to say. I just... I'm sorry you had to cry," He said. Maddi looked down, finally catching Anthony's eyes.

"...Thank you," Maddi said, wiping brimming tears from her eyes with her other hand. "You're very sweet." Anthony smiled a little, then glanced down at his wrist.

"Ah, crap," he said, pulling his hand away from Maddi's to look at his watch. "I gotta go," he said, standing. "Again, I'm sorry you had a bad night." He walked to the door, turning as he reached the knob. "I hope you feel better," he said.

Maddi smiled and waved slightly, watching him leave before she dropped her hand. *That was nice*, she thought, but it bothered her that she'd acted so suspicious of him. After all, of everyone here, barring Sheila, Anthony had been the one to act the most straightforward with her, giving her comfort when she'd retreated to the lounge the night before last. Of anyone, he would have- *should* have- been above reproach in his dealings with her.

Maddi frowned again, but had little time to dwell on her feelings before Trixie barged back in through the rear door.

"Okay, up and at 'em, I've got the showers cleared out," Trixie said, holding one of the doors open. When Maddi made no move to respond, Trixie rolled her eyes and reached into her cleavage with her free hand. "All right, here's an incentive for you," She said, pulling out a red pill pinched between her fingers. "This here's a reverser, it'll shrink you back down to your original size. I'm letting you off early, on the condition that you shower first. I don't want any of my girls leaving their shifts puffy-eyed and smelling of booze."

"Wh- I can go home?" Maddi asked, standing.

"Once you shower, sure," Trixie said, gesturing to the door with the pill-holding hand.

"Can't I just go now?" Maddi pleaded, approaching a few steps.

"Not like that, no," Trixie said, shaking her head. "At least, not when there are still customers around to see you. If you wanna wait for four more hours stewing in your own juices, be my guest."

"Okay, fine, give me the damn pill and I'll go shower," Maddi said, holding her hand out.

"Ah-ah," Trixie said, pulling her hand back. "Shower, then you get the pill. I'm not gonna let you get to a size you can squeeze out that back door until I'm sure you're clean."

Maddi considered it for a second, but the stale beer still soaked into the front of her top was enough to decide for her.

"Fine, fine," Maddi said, dropping her arms. "Show me to the blasted showers."

"Follow me," Trixie said, leading the way out the double doors. She looked down the hallway, then motioned for Maddi to follow. Maddi followed Trixie down past the doors to the banquet hall, stopping as Trixie did right past the entry to the showers.

"All yours," Trixie said, looking over her shoulder. "I'll stay here and make sure no one bothers you. Now hurry up and get cleaned up."

Maddi stepped inside the locker room, momentarily stunned by the stillness of it. Normally when she was in here, it was at the beginning or the end of her shift, a bustle of activity she did her best to ignore. She'd never even been in one of the stalls. Maddi looked behind her, seeing Trixie's bulbous rear blocking the entryway like a piece of flotsam jamming a beaver dam.

"Well," She sighed, "Looks like I'm really all alone here..."

Maddi reached up to take her hat off, only to realize as she ran her hand through her hair that she had lost it somewhere between the dining room and the showers. Oh well, one less thing to worry about. Maddi turned her attention to her overstressed top and bottom, but even as she reached up to grab the hem, she realized she was still in her shoes and socks, and she'd rather not have to untie her shoes after she'd stripped. Sitting down on her ponderous bum, Maddi hefted her foot onto her other knee, feeling the sock rub against the underside of her breast. Maddi flinched, still expecting a burst of uncontrollable laughter from the rough cotton, letting her held breath out when she realized she was fine. Since her foot was completely buried under her breasts, Maddi had to untie her shoe going off of touch alone, watching her left breast jiggle and jostle as she undid the knots on her shoe. She kicked the shoe off, letting it clatter to the floor, then pinched the sock between her big and second toes and pulled her foot out of it. Maddi repeated the process with her other foot and stood up, wriggling her toes on the cold tile floor. Maddi realized as she wandered towards the plastic shower curtains that she'd never had to actually undress here in the literal sense; every night she'd just shrunk right out of her clothes. Grabbing the hem of her shirt, she tried pulling up, but only succeeded in lifting her breasts to obscure her field of view. Even reaching forward as much as she could, she couldn't get the top around the front of her breasts.

"Oh, bloody well fine," Maddi said, reaching behind her and pulling up the back of her top, pulling it up and over her head, bending forward as the taut fabric pushed her breasts up into her face.

*Ugh*, Maddi thought, pulling her head through the bottom of her top, the whole garment now resting on or wrapped around her breasts. *It really does smell like beer in there.*

Maddi grabbed the now much looser fabric, and thought for a second, checking behind her once again, Trixie's swishing tail the only movement she could see in the locker room or the hallway beyond. Even in a completely empty room, even with the certainty that no one was watching, she still didn't feel comfortable bearing her breasts in such an open space. Maddi stepped into the shower stall, the cold plastic curtain on her shoulders and back making her shiver slightly.

"Okay, here we go..." Maddi said, pulling the top off, wadding it into a ball, and pitching it over the curtain rod and into the middle of the locker room. Maddi just stood there for a second, looking at herself, or as much of herself as she could see. It was the first time she'd had her breasts completely uncovered. Usually she had those garish orange and white uniforms. Even before that, she had that apron or the tatters of her school uniform. But this, these, just hanging in front of her, hanging *off* of her...

They were hers.

Maddi shook her head and hooked her thumbs on the waistband of her skirt, undoing the clasp and wadding it up like she had her top. Maddi sighed again as she stood in the shower stall, naked. It was still tough for her to reconcile all this flesh as being hers. She supposed she'd somehow conflated the fleshy orbs with the uniform, something she just put on and took off every night. But it wasn't just a uniform; however temporary, all this flesh was a part of her body now. Maddi shivered, the cold air causing goosebumps to raise on her considerable flesh.

"Might as well get this over with..." She said, looking at the shower controls. The showerhead was right above her, a chain hanging down from the ceiling with a wooden handle

at the end of it. She pulled the chain, and with a woosh of water the showerhead began spitting a stream of icicles into her flesh, causing Maddi to yelp. Swinging her enormous body back and forth, Maddi frantically searched for a temperature valve as the freezing water coursed over her skin. Finding a four-pointed valve on the wall, Maddi wrenched it counter-clockwise, breathing a sigh of relief as the water warmed up. Her relief turned back into dread when the water kept getting hotter, causing her to jerk away from the water stream and wrench the valve clockwise again, finally getting to a temperature that was warm without being scalding.

"Well, *that* was fun," Maddi said sardonically, spitting out the water that had fallen down her face and into her mouth, pulling her hair back as she wiped the water from her face. Some of the water had gotten in her ears, and she shook her head to get the offending liquid out. She tried to ignore her ears, still throbbing a little after the twistings she'd given them earlier, and just let the warm water flow over her. She felt the water sliding over her breasts, pooling in front of her collarbones, filtering between her cleavage.



As much as it was necessary to get clean of all the salty tears and sticky beer, Maddi had to admit it was quite pleasant just to feel the water running over her. She sat with her head under the water, just letting it drip off her hair and the rest of her body, and let out a deep sigh, feeling a knot in her chest unwinding. She was still upset- terribly so- but at least the physical stress was melting away. Maddi ran her hands over the top of her enormous bosoms, marveling even still at the fact that even with her arms straight in front of her she couldn't reach the ends of her breasts with her fingertips. She ran her hands back up her breasts, feeling where they grew out of her chest near her collarbones. She shook her head, pulling her breasts apart with her arms to wash her cleavage, where no small amount of sweat and beer had accumulated. At first she grimaced at the task, but consoled herself by being grateful it at least didn't tickle to do so. Thus cleaned, Maddi leaned forward, wincing slightly at the sensation of the cold tile against her nipples, the feeling spreading as more and more of her enormous bosom pancaked against the wall, water flowing down in rivulets as her flesh formed a water-tight seal inside the stall. Maddi reached up and hooked an arm over the closest curve of her right breast, pinching off a basketball-sized lump of soft flesh and leaning against it. Maddi's mouth was hanging open, her breathing long and almost labored as she tried to just keep herself together, at once stunned and exhausted, just.... *being* for the moment.

Maddi turned around one last time under the water, then reached up and pulled the chain again, stopping the flow of water. She stood there for a moment, listening to the water dripping onto the tile floor. She actually felt more or less relaxed, at least for now.

Stepping outside, Maddi grabbed one of the towels on the tables by the shower, flipping it out to its enormous size. She wasn't surprised, really; as much wet flesh as she was sporting, anything less would be soaked through long before the person it was being used on was dry. Maddi stole a look at Trixie as she dried herself, one corner in each fist as she ran the towel back and forth across her enormous posterior, the two mammoth cheeks lunging side to side as she dried them. With some difficulty, Maddi managed to cinch the towel around her breasts, the material falling far enough to preserve her modesty even so.

"All right, now can I have the bloody pill?" Madd asked, padding up behind Trixie.

"You sure spent long enough in there," Trixie said, turning and digging the pill out of her cleavage. "here."

Maddi threw the pill back and swallowed it, cinching the towel tight around her bosom as she walked back to her cubby where her clothes were. The pill worked fast, just like all the others did; within moments she felt the towel loosening against herself. She kept gathering the folds of the towel until she returned to her normal size, the giant terrycloth sail now fitting around her like a toga. She finished drying whatever she'd overlooked, and then hung the towel around herself like a cloak, casting a glance over her shoulder to make sure no one was looking before stepping back into her clothes.

"All right," Maddi said as she finished slipping on her shoes, "Now can I go?" Trixie looked over her shoulder at Maddi.

"Sure," she said. "Taxi's waiting out back."

"Taxi?" Maddi asked as she stood.

"Yeah," Trixie said as she moved out of the doorway, "He's a guy we use sometimes. Heh, we pay him in food."



"I don't- I mean, I drove here-" Maddi started.

"Hey, if you don't need it," Trixie said, shrugging. "You didn't look like you were fit to drive when I left you in the gold room, I'll say that."

Maddi thought for a moment. She could handle it, she thought, but then again, it really wasn't that late in the evening, and she had enough trouble keeping track of all the cars in broad daylight- after her near-miss on the way over, keeping track of all those cars in the dark in her mentally and emotionally exhausted state...

"Okay," She said as they came to the t-junction leading to the lounge in one direction and the kitchen in the other. "Is there anything in particular I need to tell him?"

"Just where you're going," Trixie said. "The rest is taken care of."

Maddi hugged her purse under her arm, clenching the straps in her hands. She turned and walked toward the kitchen, hoping to get out inconspicuously.

"Hey," Trixie called after her, making Maddi cringe and turn. "Sorry again about those guys," she said, before turning and heading back to the dining area.

Maddi "Hmph"-ed and headed out the back, keeping her head down in case of any prying eyes from the kitchen staff.

The taxi was waiting outside, engine idling and a thin black man sitting behind the wheel, an elbow resting on the windowsill. He looked up as Maddi approached, setting himself in his seat and turning off the radio as she opened the door.

"Good evening, miss," He said, looking over his shoulder as Maddi sat down. "Where are you headed tonight?"

"The university," Maddi said, "Up by the lake."

"The art college?" The driver asked.

"Indeed," Maddi replied as she buckled her safety belt.

"All-righty, then," the taxi driver said as he put his car in gear and pulled around to the front of the restaurant.

Maddi shut her eyes around the time the taxi pulled onto the highway's onramp, and didn't open them again until the driver asked where on the university to take her. Sure, he'd tried to start conversation a few times- "That accent- you from England?"- but Maddi didn't even open her eyes, much less respond. She thought about what Trixie had said as they parted. While Maddi thought she was owed much more of an apology than that, at least it was a start; she wasn't sure how much more she would get, but it was enough for now.

Getting out in front of her dorm, Maddi took the elevator up to their floor, pulling the door key out of her purse. In the hallway she could hear muffled sounds of celebration through the walls- movies playing, radios chattering, other students enjoying their spring holidays. Maddi sighed as she came to her door, realizing what she'd spent her holiday doing and lamenting the comparison. She entered their dorm, stepping quietly as she noticed all the lights were out, giving her eyes a moment to adjust to the darkness. She flipped open her mobile and used it as a torchlight to make her way through the apartment, dodging discarded clothes and Sheila's used tissues. Sheila herself seemed to be sleeping more or less peacefully, the pot next to her bed thankfully still empty. Maddi noticed the big cup she'd been using to drink water from was

empty, wedged between her hips and the wall. Maddi crept into the kitchen and got a cup of her own, filling it from the filter and creeping over to the head of Sheila's bed. Reaching up on her tip-toes, Maddi poured her water into Sheila's cup, looking over her one last time before figuring she'd be okay the rest of the night. Shedding her clothes, Maddi climbed into bed, consoling herself with the bittersweet notion that given how terrible her day had been today, it would be hard for the next day to be any worse.

## Chapter Ten: The Honeymooners

"...Oh my gosh."

Sheila was sitting in her desk chair across from Maddi's bed, hands folded in her lap and a look of pained shock on her face. Maddi was sitting in her bed with her back against the wall, having just related the entire sordid tale of the previous night to her. She hadn't cried when re-telling the tale, as she thought she might; it wasn't sadness but a profound weariness that suffused the retelling of the prior night's indignities. Yawning, trailing off mid-sentence... She was just so *tired* of it all.

"Maddi, that was horrible, I'm so sorry," Sheila said, leaning forward in her seat. Maddi just nodded, still looking down at her sheets. It was a little hard for her to reconcile the events of the past night; she felt like she was waking up from a dream. She remembered crying, falling, being yelled at by Trixie, Anthony holding her hand, showering, and then taking the cab home. But she was so detached from it; it was like she was watching the events unfold to someone else in her memories.

"I shoulda gone," Sheila said, frowning. "If I'd been there you wouldn't have had to hang up on your mom, wouldn't have had the near-miss to begin with, wouldn't've-

"Now hold on just a moment," Maddi said, snapping out of her stupor briefly. "The pity train's not pulling into this station, by God." Maddi straightened up in her bed, jabbing a finger at Sheila. "You were sick as a dog, and it couldn't be helped," Maddi said. "I'll not see you shouldering my misery out of some misguided, bull-headed stubbornness. Last night had nothing to do with you."

"But Maddi-" Sheila started.

"No buts," Maddi countered. "Unless you would have made those prats' mojitos with no ice, you being there all sick and miserable as you were last night would have only made things worse."

"Well, fine, but the least I can do is give you a night of rest in return," Sheila said. "You go ahead and take the night off, I'm sure after what happened last night Trixie will understand. And I can smooth things over if she doesn't."

Maddi nodded and laid back down on her pillows, glad for the charity.

"So, how'd you get home, then?" Sheila asked. "Was it tough?" Maddi's eyes popped wide for a moment, remembering the keys in her purse and the car several dozen kilometers away.

"Ah..." Maddi started, turning in bed to look at Sheila. "Trixie called a cab for me, actually."

"Wait, really?" Sheila said, blinking. "So where's my car?"

"...At the restaurant?" Maddi replied, cinching the blankets closer to her.

"Uh..." Sheila started, her train of thought apparently having skipped the rails.

"I'm sorry!" Maddi said, sitting up. "I just, I felt so awful last night, and Trixie'd already called the taxi..."

"No, no, it's okay!" Sheila said, putting her hands up. "Just a little unexpected, that's it." She forced a smile and went to the cabinet under the phone, digging around for the phone book. "I'll just take a cab over and drive back, no biggie."

Maddi nodded and was halfway to laying back down when she remembered something from the previous night. It was the glowing red display from the driver's meter, of no concern to Maddi because she wasn't paying, but bright red against the otherwise dark dashboard. It had read just over eighty-five dollars, which, even though the dollar was much less than the pound, was still considerable. It was more than Sheila spent on food in a week, which she knew by Sheila's oft-exclaimed glee at how much money she'd saved by clipping coupons out of the Sunday paper and the like.

Maddi grimaced, knowing what she had to do but not wanting to do it at all. But there was little time to think about it- Sheila was already on the phone with the taxi company, giving them their address.

"Yes. Right. One passenger," Sheila said.

"Two!" Maddi called out, grimacing again. Sheila turned from where she stood, arching an eyebrow at Maddi, but Maddi just thrust her two fingers up in a "Victory" salute at Sheila.

"...I'm sorry, I meant two passengers," Sheila said, and Maddi rolled over onto her back, grabbing a pillow on her transversal across the bed and planting it on her face, giving it a few half-hearted whacks before flopping over again and sighing.

"...Idiot," she muttered to herself.

"...So what was that all about?" Sheila asked as she got off the phone, coming over to re-take her seat across from Maddi.

"What?" She replied, turning her head from where she laid and feigning innocence.

"Don't 'what' me," Sheila said, arching her eyebrow. "I offer you a day off from Juggalos, especially after the night you had last night, and you turn it down?"

"I just... want to work off my tab," Maddi said.

"No, you don't," She shot back.

She had to think quickly; Sheila wasn't exactly the dullest knife in the box, and self-starter that she was, pity did not go over well with her.

"Well, all right, yes, I don't *want* to go back, obviously," Maddi said, lurching back into a sitting position, "but I *need* to. Better I get this taken care of over a holiday than try and study by wedging a schoolbook in my cleavage while I'm waiting tables."

"Oh," Sheila said, her features softening. "Yeah, I guess that makes sense." A smile crept over her features as she tilted her head. "Hey..." she started, leaning in towards Maddi.

"What?" She asked, looking around. "What'd I do?"

"...Did you just make a boob joke?" Sheila asked, smiling.

"A boob joke?" Maddi echoed, indignant. "No, I most certainly did not," She continued, folding her arms over her chest and turning away.

"Yeeees youuu diiid..." Sheila crooned. "So does this mean you're finally starting to like your Juggalos sizes?"

"Like? *Like!*?" Maddi asked, looking at Sheila wide-eyed. "Do you even hear the words coming out of your mouth? *Like!*?"

"Okay, okay," Sheila said, chuckling and putting her hands up.

"Whatever I may have said, I assure you I derive no pleasure from envisioning *any* scenario involving me with those ridiculous lumps of flesh attached to me," Maddi said, 'hmp'ing afterwards for effect.

"Fair enough," Sheila said as she got up from her chair and scooted it under her desk before heading to the ladder leading up to her bunk. "Well, I'm gonna go back to sleep for a while," She said as she climbed into bed. "I may feel better, but I don't wanna press my luck."

"Maddi nodded. "Good. You rest well, then, I'll just putter around here."

"Right," Sheila said. "Okay, good night."

"It's not even after noon," Maddi said.

"Oh, you know what I mean."

\* \* \*

Maddi wandered over to the student centre while Sheila slept; she had to get some money. This was not as painless a ritual as it was in England; living with Sheila, she had to take additional precautions.

The first part was easy enough; she went to the ATM and pulled out two hundred dollars, enough to get her through the next little while. Then she went into the cafeteria, the bookstore, and the campus coffee shop, trading all of her shiny new bank notes for more used and ruffled ones. As she'd learned from observing Sheila, people just didn't walk around with crisp new bills, not if they held onto them for any length of time, scrimping and saving to the last red cent, as she'd heard Sheila say more than once. Satisfied that her money was sufficiently old-looking, Maddi sighed and started the walk back to her flat. Beneath her cheerful demeanor, Sheila seemed determined to climb her way out of the lower classes by tooth and nail- that she pointedly ignored any ropes or ladders anyone else handed down was the inexplicable part. Maddi returned from her walk just in time to see Sheila getting out of bed.

"Oh, hey," Sheila said. "Where ya been?"

"Just went for a walk," Maddi replied.

"Cool," Sheila said as she made it to the floor. "Bout time to start showering- you want first dibs?"

"No, go ahead," Maddi replied, waving her off.

"Thanks," Sheila said, hurrying into the bathroom. Maddi sighed and sat at the kitchen table, looking at her watch. She wondered if Sheila had any inkling she was unwittingly guilt-tripping Maddi into coming tonight, just by virtue of her being poor yet too proud to ask for help.

\* \* \*

Maddi's regrets about coming were amplified as the taxi pulled off the motorway towards Juggalos. Sheila wore a similarly dismal mask, but Maddi knew it was from watching the driver's fare meter count up by quarters of a dollar like he was counting license plates. Maddi glanced down at Sheila's lap, where she held a pair of battered twenties, rubbing them between her thumbs and forefingers like she was trying to instigate meiosis in them.

"Left at the next light," She said, her brow furrowing as the light changed colour. When the cab rolled to a stop, Sheila grimaced as she watched the red display tick up even more, well past the eighty-dollar mark that Maddi's had been because of the increased weekend traffic. As the taxi turned towards the restaurant, Maddi got into her own purse, a plan formulating in her head. She got out a small stack of her own twenties, folding them up so as to disguise their number. As the cab pulled up behind the restaurant, Maddi quickly unbuckled her seatbelt, gasping.

"Oh, bollocks, we're late!" She said, looking at her watch, even though it displayed nothing of the sort. She began scooting sideways across the taxi's bench seat, intercepting Sheila as she began to reach her money towards the driver. "Go, go!"

"Maddi, we gotta pay him..." Sheila said, undoing her seatbelt.

"I got it!" Maddi said as she dropped the roll of twenties over the divider, so the driver wouldn't be able to count it where Sheila could see.

"But Maddi-"

"Pay me back later!" Maddi said, all but pushing Sheila out the door to the restaurant.

"Hey, you want any of this back...?" The taxi driver asked as the two girls piled out of the cab.

"No, thank you!" Maddi called over her shoulder as she shut the door. She wasn't particularly aware how many twenties were in the pile, and neither did she care, so long as Sheila's two twenties were still clutched in her befuddled hands.

The two girls bustled into the kitchen, a slight jog as they hurried past the sizzling pans and boiling pots, making their way to the locker room where Maddi abruptly stopped, making a show of looking at the clock on the wall before checking her watch.

"...Oh," She said as Sheila recovered from bumping into her from her sudden stop. "It looks like my watch is fast. Sorry about that."

"Maddi..." Sheila said, shaking her head as she went over to the dispenser and got her pill.

"Oh, we got here, didn't we?" Maddi said as she followed. "You're lucky I'm even coming at all tonight."

"Fine, fine," Sheila said as she stood by her cubbyhole. "At least let me pay you back."

"Get dressed first," Maddi said as she raised her thumb to the machine. She hesitated, sighing as she recalled the misery of the previous night. She was almost afraid to take the pill, afraid to even get it; she shivered at just the thought of spending another night with that damnable tonic coursing through her veins. With the same hesitance one would put a coin into an electrical socket on a dare, Maddi pressed her thumb against the sticky pad, her pill dropping into the catch with an innocuous clank. Maddi sighed again, picking the pill up and wandering over to her cubbyhole, where she once again picked out the oversized dress top and giant shorts, her white socks and garish shoes.

"C'mon, Maddi," Sheila said as she grew into her enormous top, "It's not gonna kill you."

"Merely make me wish I were dead..." Maddi muttered as she disrobed.

"Here," Sheila said, holding out her two twenties to Maddi as she was forced to turn away from the lockers in order to accommodate her swelling bosom. "C'mon, take 'em."

"Sheila, I'm a bit occupied,, if you don't mind," Maddi replied, making a show of shedding her undergarments and pulling on her Juggalos clothes. "I'll be happy to- gulp- play banker once I've stopped swelling like a balloon."

Sheila watched dispassionately as Maddi used her hands to guide her clothes over the quartet of swelling fleshy globes, still holding the money out.

"Sheila, for goodness sakes, are you trying to put an eye out?" Maddi said as she snugged the last several centimeters of flesh inside her neckline. Finally, the growing stopped, and Maddi turned to Sheila, a huge grin splitting her face.

"Oh, no..." Sheila said, her face falling and arms dropping to her sides. "She put you back on it anyways?"

"No!" Maddi said, shaking her head. "No, it's gone! It's really gone! Look!" she looked straight ahead, her features falling down to a bored, neutral expression, before breaking into a grin again. "It's gone! It's gone! Hahaha!" Maddi even bounced on her feet a few times, ignoring the violent shuddering of her breasts and bottom.

"Oh, Maddi, that's great!" Sheila said.

"Oh, I could kiss you!" Maddi exclaimed. Sheila looked down at her own enormous bustline before turning to Maddi's, a wry smile on her lips as she finally looked at Maddi.

"No you couldn't," She chuckled. Maddi grinned again, but then her eyes darted to the wall clock.

"Bollocks," She said, turning towards the door. "Got to get to that stupid meeting..."

"Right,," Sheila said, pausing a second before remembering the money in her hand. "Hey, wait! Come take-"

"No time!" Maddi called over her shoulder as she rounded the corner out of the locker room.

"But- rrrgh..." Sheila grumbled as she rolled her eyes and put the money in the pocket of her shorts, following Maddi into the hallway as fast as her enormous breasts allowed.

Maddi squeezed into the lounge, plowing herself into a space that was a tight spot for her; for Sheila, it'd be impossible. Maddi wasn't sure how long she could keep up this cat-and-mouse game with Sheila; hopefully she'd give up the chase soon enough and possibly even forget about the money she "owed" Maddi. In either case, for now she had to hear Trixie's usual sermon, the starter pistol for another race to closing time.

"It's probably made the rounds by now, but we had three grade-A sleazeballs in here last night, and they've been added to the 'do not serve' book in the front. I doubt they'll come back after what Riley did to them, but keep an eye out all the same."

There were a few cross-sounding murmurs among the collected waitresses. Maddi just blushed and looked down, scowling a bit, though even the realization that she was able to scowl made her perk up again, her relief at being out from under that damn tonic palatable.

"Also!" Trixie said, focusing the group again, "We've got a wedding party coming in to the ballroom at some point tonight. Morning shift already got the place set up, and it's a small party, so don't worry about that. But once they get here they'll need to be seated immediately, so..." Trixie craned her neck, looking at the assembled waitresses. "Carol, Penny, Janice, and... Deborah, you'll- er- scratch that, Janice, you're off, and Maddi's the fourth."

Maddi's eyes shot to the front of the room, catching Trixie's for only an instant before she continued on.

"You four are on call tonight. As soon as you hear that the wedding party's arrived, drop what you're doing and get to the ballroom. I don't have to tell you that renting that place out isn't cheap, so make sure they get whatever they want as fast as they want it."

Maddi was still looking at Trixie, confused. Was that surprise on her face?

When Trixie's speech ended, complete with ham-fisted 'everything's better... together!' finisher, Maddi quickly made her way out of the room, pretending not to hear Sheila as she went through the doors and taking the first turn that would deviate her path from the one Sheila needed to take to get to the bar. Maddi went to an out-of-the-way waitress station to get her menus and napkins and such, enough to give her at least a semi-plausible alibi for why she would be out of her normal area. Though even as well as she avoided Sheila, she couldn't avoid the diners.

"Back to the mill..." Maddi sighed as she went up to her first table. It was a group of what looked like college-age students, a half-dozen of them crammed into a corner booth. Maddi felt a tingle of panic that she'd recognise someone from her university, or even worse that they'd recognise her.

"Good evening," she said. "What do you lot want tonight?"

"Uh, we're still looking, but I think we can start with drinks," the woman closest to Maddi said, pausing to look at the other diners at the table long enough for them to nod or otherwise confirm assent. "oh, and uh... we all need separate checks." Maddi blinked, holding her pad and pen askance.

"...All of you?"

"We're broke college kids," One of the men said sheepishly. Maddi arched her brow, then shrugged.

"Suit yourselves," She said. "What would you like?"

As the people rattled off their orders, Maddi took a few seconds to snap a mental picture of each of their faces, remembering their seats and tying their faces to what they ordered. Maddi was thankful for her photographic memory; she had no idea how she'd be able to do this job without it.

Her other tables seemed to be nothing special; for all the crazy things the food did, the patrons themselves seemed rather mundane for the most part. It still puzzled Maddi why people came here other than to gawk at the waitstaff, or even worse, to try and look like them. But then Maddi never understood why some people in London dyed their hair blue and gelled it into half-meter tall spikes, either, and it certainly didn't stop them from doing it. She supposed the food could have been good- she remembered her pasta being silky-smooth when those three prats took her here to begin with- but it still wasn't enough to explain the allure of this place as anything besides carnal. Maddi shook her head; wasn't any of her concern, she thought as she came to a waitress station.

"Napkins, silverware, men-ah!" Maddi exclaimed as the edge of one of the menus slid into the skin of her left breast, the razor-thin edge of the laminated posterboard parting the skin at the exact wrong molecular sweet spot. Maddi's hand jerked the menus out of her cleavage as



she flinched, her chin snapping down to look at the cut. It was small, perhaps no bigger than her thumbnail, but she could already see blood seeping from it, the sting of the sliced skin radiating out as she frowned at it.

"Hey," She said, waving down a passing server, "You lot have a first aid kit anywhere?"

"First aid?" The waitress replied, looking confused. "What for?"

"Because I like the red crosses," Maddi replied, sticking her free hand down her cleavage to tamp down the flap of skin and staunch the bleeding. "Because I'm bleeding!" *you bint*, she silently added as she scowled.

"Uh, I think it's in the locker room," The waitress said, blushing at her dumb question and Maddi's acerbic response to it. "On the left-hand side of the room."

Maddi stuffed the menus in one of her saddlebags as she made her way to the back of the restaurant, wincing slightly as she pushed the doors to the back area open with her breasts; the jostling of her bosoms disturbed the cut, and with every little motion amplified mightily through the breadth of her titanic mammaries, it was hard not to incur the stinging wrath of the petty biological tyrant squatted in her cleavage. *If nothing else*, she thought as he turned away from the kitchen and down the hallway leading to the gold room, *I'm thankful the cut is low enough in my cleavage that I doubt anyone could see it unless they were a good bit taller than me*.

Maddi turned into the locker room and immediately pivoted left, just a cursory glance locating the first-aid kit hanging against the wall. Maddi walked up to the wall, turning and side-stepping to get within arm's reach of the small plastic case. Reaching over and grabbing it off the hook with her free hand, Maddi turned away from the wall and sat down on her outrageous posterior, taking her other hand out of her cleavage and opening the case. Her bloodied fingers made her blanch a bit; she hadn't expected the little cut to bleed so much, but she supposed there must have been a lot of blood in breasts that size. *Heck, a lot of everything*, she thought as she dug through the gauze and finger-splints looking for the band-aids. Having a bit of difficulty balancing the searching and holding of the case, she reluctantly placed the opened case on the highest curve of the breast opposite the cut. While she admitted it was better for searching, Maddi was loathe in principle to use her breasts as a serving tray any more than she already had to. Breasts were meant to be aesthetically pleasing at the most; turning them into something so utilitarian was just bizarre.

Finally Maddi found the tin of band-aids, and rolled her eyes as she took one out. Bright white with pink and red hearts, like something her butler would put on her skinned knees as a child. Maddi went to peel the backing off the band-aid, when her blood-stained index finger made her pause. She was in a restaurant, after all; with all the raw meat and germs and lord only knew what else, Maddi would be foolish to cover the cut without disinfecting it first.

"Fine, fine," Maddi grouched out loud to her conscience, digging through the first aid kit for an alcohol swab. Biting the corner in her teeth, she tore the edge off and pulled the alcohol-soaked square of cotton out.

"Peh-too!" Maddi exclaimed as she spat the wrapper onto the top of her left breast, looking down into her cleavage and grimacing. Gingerly she pushed the pad down her cleavage, the cold alcohol giving her goosebumps. She braced herself as she neared the

wound, the sting of alcohol in the cut making her shiver badly enough she was forced to steady the first-aid kit with her other hand.

"Stupid blasted bosoms..." Maddi grumbled, reflecting for the thousandth time how ridiculous it was to parade around with such obscene protrusions of meat as she gingerly wiped the smeared blood from her cleavage. Pulling the swab out, she took the band-aid back in hand and quickly applied it, using her wrists to spread her breasts far enough apart that she could get the bandage over the cut without sticking to anything on the way down. After pressing the first bandage over the wound, Maddi applied another one crosswise, making an X she was sure wouldn't rub off or peel back even in the dark recesses of her cleavage. One more alcohol swab for her bloodied fingers, and Maddi was fit to return to work- not that the prospect thrilled her.

\* \* \*

"And here's my card, that's debit," The goatee'd student said, handing Maddi yet another card. Maddi took the card and stuck it between her middle and ring fingers on her left hand, roughly analogous to his position at the table. The table of college students had so far handed her two credit cards, another debit card, and a handful of cash, paying for all their meals separately, and even Maddi's photographic memory was struggling to keep up with all the different instructions.

"...And I think that's it," The asian girl closest to Maddi's rear said, handing off a \$20 bill of her own. Maddi smiled, but her face fell as soon as her back was to the table, scowling at the mess of plastic and bills in her hands.

"Bloody yanks," She muttered, "Making all their bills the same colour. Some kind of cruel trick to foreigners," She continued as she straightened out the bill amounts, the tens from the fives and twenties. Maddi got to the waitress station, bringing down the credit-card reader next to her, figuring she'd start with those first. But right as she slid the first card through, the PA system crackled to life and he heard Trixie's voice booming through the restaurant.

"Attention all waitresses, the Bransen party has arrived. Please report to the ballroom immediately."

Maddi looked up at the ceiling, biting her lip as she looked back down to the handfuls of currency she was currently attempting to process. But then again, she'd just gotten out of Trixie's- well, she hesitated to call them "good", perhaps "neutral" at best but even so- graces, and "immediately" wasn't open to much in the way of interpretation. Maddi looked around, wondering what to do, before spying another server walking through her area.

"Oi, uh... Karen!" Maddi hissed, reaching a hand out to the server. She was amazed she'd remembered her name, but stay anywhere long enough...

"What's up?" Karen asked, turning to Maddi.

"I have to go straight away to the ballroom. Can you handle table... ah, the one in the corner with all the uni students?" Maddi asked, sidling up close enough to Karen to hand her the small stack of bills and credit cards. Karen looked over her shoulder, to the corner of the section, locating the large knot of students before turning back to Maddi and looking at the outstretched wad of currency. "Thirty-six? The one in the corner? Sure, I guess..." She said, looking back to Maddi's outstretched hand. "Er, whose is what?"

"Er, the grey charge card is the dark-haired white fellow's, the first thirty-five dollars in cash is the asian fellow's- no, wait, the charge card is the goatee'd fellow's... oh, sod it all, just ask them," She said, thrusting the stack of money at Karen and taking out her notepad, tearing their order sheet off and handing it over as well. "I've got to get on, or Trixie will give me more of that blasted tonic..."

"...All right, sure, but you owe me one," Karen said as she folded the notepad sheet around the cards and bills and stuffed it in her cleavage.

"Story of my life," Maddi muttered as she headed for the back of the restaurant.

Maddi saw Trixie, Penelope, and the two other waitresses she'd singled out at the shift meeting waiting in front of the double doors into the ballroom. Maddi balked a bit, remembering that first humiliating evening, dressed only in the tatters of her school uniform and an apron. The other two she didn't recognise, but Penelope's enormous alabaster-coloured butt and flowing blonde sausage-curls were unmistakable.

"-so don't worry about the plates or anything, that's all set up," Trixie was telling the assembled waitresses. "You girls just have to make sure and keep the drinks and food coming as fast as they want it. Danny wheeled a mini-bar into the corner just for this thing, and Suzanne's been pulled off the bar, so drinks you shouldn't have to leave for. When they order food, drop it off asap and pick it up quick, too. Penelope, here's a walkie tuned to the kitchen intercom," Trixie said, tossing a black and orange walkie-talkie into Penelope's cleavage. "As soon as their food's done, come get it. Otherwise, you and cupcake just hang around and be congenial. Remember, these people just got *married*. This is supposed to be the best night of their lives, and we're going to help them with that so they tell all their friends what a wonderful time they had, right?" The assembled waitresses nodded, and Trixie put her hands on her hips, nodding once more.

"Okay, let's go!" She said, turning and pressing open the doors with her breasts.

"Welcome, and congratulations!" Trixie said, her stern tone instantly morphing into a lighter, more bubbly one. As Trixie had said, the wedding party was small, but private- maybe four tables total, one for the bride, groom, best man, and maid of honor, then three more tables of assorted bridesmaids and groomsman. The ballroom felt rather empty, but their corner was well lit and already quite lively.

"Heyyy, there they are!" The tuxedoed groom said, pointing. "What'd I tell you guys, eh?"

"In the flesh!" Trixie said, giving a shake of her shoulders for emphasis. "Congratulations, you two!" She said as she came up to the table. "How was the ceremony?"

"Oh, it was so beautiful," The bride said. "And so big!"

"Just like you," The groom quipped, leaning over to kiss her cheek.

"Oh, listen to him?" The bride said to Trixie, laughing. "You should've seen him at the reception, could hardly keep his hands off me."

"Can you blame me?" The groom exclaimed, holding his hands out. "Look at her!"

Maddi already was; even though she'd just been seated, she looked like she'd already partaken of the menu, the way her white gown barely contained her impressive bustline. Not Juggalos impressive- she wasn't even as big as the servers, let alone a full waitress- but for

normal people, Maddi had to admit the bride cut a rather striking figure. And the groom was no slouch himself, filling out his tuxedo in that way that only the exceptionally fit do.

"All right, well, you've got your menus, if anyone wants anything we have Penny, Cupcake, Jan, and Deb here for you, so you folks just make yourselves at home and have a good time." She said, doing a slight bow and leaving us to the bridal party.

"*Bonsoir!*" Penelope said as Trixie left, doing a curtsy with her skirt, which Maddi thought was patently ridiculous given how little of it you could see.

"Oh, what a pretty accent!" One of the bridesmaids said from one of the other tables, off to the side of the bride and groom's table. "Where are you from?"

"Reims, *madame*," Penelope said, turning to the table and doing another curtsy. The sudden turn caused her enormous rear to mash into Maddi's, causing her to stumble a step forward and to the side, one of her enormous breasts almost running into the bride and groom's table as she recovered her balance.

"Reims, north-east of Paris," Penelope continued, seemingly unaware of the massive if squishy blow she'd just dealt Maddi.

"Oi, watch where you're swinging that about," Maddi said, straightening her shorts.

"Oh! And you must be from England, then?" The bride asked. Maddi nodded.

"And it's Maddison, not 'Cupcake'," She said, adding "And she's Penelope," with a sideways nod of her head.

"Oh? So where'd 'cupcake' come from?"

"Oh, because she is just so sweet!" Penelope said, leaning in and throwing an arm around Maddi's shoulder, giving her a quick peck on the cheek as their piles of flesh mashed against each other before letting go, the accumulated resistance literally bouncing Penelope off of Maddi. A round of giggles and laughs came from the tables, the bridesmaids covering their mouths and some of the groomsmen whistling or otherwise showing their appreciation.

"Well aren't you just the cutest things?" The bride said, smiling as she browsed the menu. Maddi rubbed her face, too stunned by Penelope's display to comment.

"So, ah- ahem!- can I start you lot with some drinks to start?"

"I'm pretty through with champagne, aren't you love?" The bride asked, looking to the groom.

"Oh yeah," he said, "and cake, too. I'm ready for some real food."

"So... ladies first?" Maddi offered, trying to spurn them on.

"Ah, what the hell. Gimmie a beer," She said, listing off a selection of preferred brews, none that Maddi was even passingly familiar with.

"I'll take root beer, for me," The groom said. "I had enough hard stuff at the bachelor party."

"Oh, listen to you!" The bride said, turning to her husband and lightly pushing him. "Don't get all puritanical on me, I'm not gonna be the only one drinking here tonight."

"Don't worry about that!" One of the bridesmaids said, eliciting a round of laughter.

"Okay, fine, just so long as you stop using words like 'puritanical'," The groom said, waving her off. "I'll take one of what she's having if it'll make you talk normally, miss P-h-double-D's." Maddi's ears perked as she wrote his order on her pad.

"A doctorate?" She said, realizing after the fact that she should have just kept her mouth shut.

"No, not a doctorate," She said, chuckling. "It's a Master's of Fine Arts. And these-" She said, hefting her breasts in her hands, squeezing them against her chest- "Are way more than double-D's."

"D's, F's, whatever it is, they're a good size," Her husband said. "Great size."

"You just like them because they're so big," She said as Maddi was taking the orders from the bridesmaid's tables, Penelope titillating the groomsman.

"I like them because they're *yours*," The groom said, followed by another peck on the cheek.

"Are you sure?" She asked. "You wouldn't like it if they were bigger? Bigger is better?"

"Yours are *perfect*," The groom repeated, "because they're *yours*. And *I'm* yours now, too."

Maddi had to shake her head as she went over to the girl working the mini-bar and got the drinks for her half of the room. The odd-sounding beers the bride and groom ordered turned out to be an obscure local microbrew, and the rest were rather common mixed drinks. One of the bridesmaids, an otherwise petite brunette, had ordered a "Shake it Baby" milkshake off the high menu, and that was something they'd have to send out to the regular kitchen for.

"I'll go drop this off," Suzanne said as he finished stuffing the regular drinks into Maddi's cleavage.

"Thank you," Maddi said, still shivering a bit at the goosebumps she got from cold glass between her breasts. She supposed it was something one never got completely used to, though thinking of what "getting used to" would entail as she went over to her half of the tables made her cringe. What, callouses on one's bosoms?

"Heeere we are," Maddi said as she sidled up to the bridesmaid's table, serving out their drinks one by one. "Your milkshake should be ready shortly," she said to the petite brunette before moving on to the bride and groom's table. "Your drinks," She said, serving the bride first, then the groom, and finally the best man and maid of honor.

Maddi busied herself with keeping everyone maintained- bread baskets full, drinks topped off, etc., but it was really a lot of standing around. Maddi fidgeted with her clothes, trying to stretch and snug them into incrementally more modest positions, but it was like trying to row a canoe with a toothpick- any gains she might be making were so small as to be nearly imperceptible. She almost wondered if she wouldn't rather be doing her "regular" work, but she shook her head. At least she couldn't get in trouble just standing here.

"I mean no offense," Penelope whispered to her from the side of her mouth, "But you're doing it wrong, madame." Maddi blinked, looking over at Penelope.

"What?" she asked, befuddled.

"Lots of small, tiny adjustments, these do not work," Penelope said, smiling. "Do it all at once." So saying, she took the corners of her top and gave them a mighty tug, sending her breasts jostling violently back and forth, the neckline straining down to reveal even more cleavage.

"*That* is how you do it," She whispered, winking and tossing her hair for the benefit of several of the groomsman who had noticed her little display.

Maddi blushed and shook her head. If Penelope tried to snog her right here in the ballroom, she'd... she'd...

She'd what? Bat her away with her enormous bosoms? Maddi shook her head again, glad to see Suzanne reappear through the doors.

"Oi, I'll get that," Maddi said, taking the tall, frothy concoction from her and putting it gently between her breasts, glad for any reason to stand away from Penelope and her amorous advances.

"Oh, man, I hope this works," The bridesmaid said, rubbing her hands together as Maddi set it down. She immediately dropped the cherry in her mouth, then took to the straw with such vigor that her cheeks puckered.

"Easy, Carrie," One of the other bridesmaids laughed, "You'll invert your head like that."

"Provided the brain freeze doesn't get her first," The one next to her added, spearing a bite of salad with her fork.

"Oh shut it," She said, finally easing off the straw to catch her breath. "If this stuff works half as well as I've heard..."

"Works'?" One of the groomsmen asked.

"Well-" The best man started.

"No no no!" The bridesmaid said, waving her hand. "If he doesn't know, don't spoil it." So saying, she went back to work on her milkshake, most of the bridal party smirking and the lone groomsman looking befuddled.

Maddi shook her head for what seemed the thousandth time that night. Why? What was it? Self-esteem issues, some feeling of inadequacy? She could see from her vantage point the way the milkshake was already swelling her backside, the slim lines of her bridesmaid's dress wrinkling and bunching up as her bottom threatened to spill over the sides of her little chair.

Maddi watched as Penelope made the rounds, saw the way she flexed her bum as she passed some of the men, shimmied her bosoms as she approached others, her every single movement meant to be alluring, some of them barely a shiny metal pole away from being an erotic dance.

Maddi was glad for the universal distraction of music suddenly being piped in from the overhead speakers, everyone looking up in unison, even Penelope.

"Oh, honey!" The bride said, turning to the groom.

"Yeah, I called ahead to make sure they had it," He said. "So what do you think? Okay for one more dance?"

"I think I've been softened up a bit by the beer, yeah," She said, rising from her chair and taking his hand. "One more won't hurt."

The couple sashayed around to the space in the middle of the horseshoe the tables formed, slowly coming together a bit at a time, until they were pressed chest to considerable chest, their hands around each other as they held their heads together. As they slowly circled around, Maddi watched their hands trace up and down each other, her hand grabbing his bottom, his running up her side to cup her breast. Maddi nearly found the surreptitious groping distasteful, but every time they turned profile to her, she saw the way they looked at each other, that kind of goofy, uncontrollable, supremely dopey smile only the madly in love give each other.

It wasn't like most of the leches that came in the restaurant- It was like their squishy bits were a garnish, merely a pleasant bonus as opposed to the singular object of their desire. It was, in short, simultaneously everything Juggalos was and everything it wasn't.



"Oooh, it's so romantic!" Penelope said, surprising Maddi by grabbing her hand and spinning her into as close an approximation of the honeymooners' stance as she could, squishing deep into Maddi's bosoms with her own, grabbing the sides of Maddi's bosoms and swinging her around.

"S-stop!" Maddi said, all but throwing herself off of Penelope, her face going quite cross for a moment before she regained her composure; she was NOT going to be subjected to that damnable tonic again.

"Ohh, she's shy about dancing in front of an audience..." Penelope said, putting a finger to her lip. "Is there anyone else who likes to dance?" She asked, looking over to the groomsmen's table.

"Me!" The bridesmaid with the (now empty) milkshake glass said, standing up so quickly her expanded rear knocked her chair over. "Oops," She giggled, bending all the way over at the waist to right her chair, wiggling her bum in the air as she did so. The befuddled groomsman cocked his head, brow furrowing as the bridesmaid minced over to Penelope and offered her hand.

"Wait..." He said, looking to the other tables and then to the waitresses and back to the assembled bridal party. "They... those... that's *real*?" He asked, answered by the sniggering laughter of all the other guests who were in on Juggalos' "secret".

Maddi wondered if the bridesmaid was a lesbian too, or if she was just looking for an excuse to show off her expanded bottom. Maybe she was just drunk; she'd seen the aftermath of enough football games on the telly to know that enough liquor will turn most anyone into a lunatic, a lech, or a lout, so perhaps this was completely out of character for her, merely the alcohol talking.

Maddi watched as the bride and groom danced, oblivious to the world outside each others' eyes, then the mockery of it Penelope and the bridesmaid were doing, all gyrating hips and shaking bosoms. She even noticed Penelope's lips moving, whispering to the woman, who after a few turns was shaking her rear in even more provocative ways. Maddi suddenly found herself revising her original position; even as bad as dealing with customers was, watching Penelope licentiously ooze over the room shamelessly was too much.

Between the dancing, the toasting, and the slow eating, Maddi found her shift nearly over by the time the wedding party wrapped up. When she and the other servers and waitresses finally got the ballroom looking the way it should, it was only a few minutes to closing, and Maddi felt no guilt about loitering in the ballroom until the night was over. One after another, the other waitresses left as Maddi piddled about straightening chairs and other such non-work, until only she and Penelope were left.

*Just go already*, Maddi thought as Penelope headed for the doors. *So I can escape back to where normal people are.*

As if hearing her thoughts and interpreting them as a dare, Penelope stopped by Maddi and turned to her.



"You should have joined me, Madame," She said, smiling. "I think you would have liked the result." Maddi shoved the chair she was fiddling with into the table so hard it jostled the centerpiece.

"Now see here," She said, sighing as she turned to face Penelope without bumping either the table or Penelope's own jiggling flesh, "If you want to live your life a certain way, no one's to tell you you can't or shouldn't, but *please* stop involving me in it."

"What...?" Penelope frowned. "But, I thought you were liking it?"

"No, quite the opposite, I'm afraid," Maddi said, shaking her head.

"But-"

"Please, no buts," Maddi interrupted. "I'm not a lesbian, and that's final."

"Weh?" Penelope exclaimed, drawing back with a face half widened in shock and half contorted in utter confusion.

"I'm not," Maddi repeated, "And I'd appreciate it-"

"L-lesbian?" Penelope stammered. "*Moi?*"

"Yes, you!" Maddi exclaimed. "Why else are you constantly groping and touching and- I don't see what's so bloody funny about this!" Maddi snapped as Penelope bent over, laughing.

"*Zut alors!*" She said, holding her hand over her mouth as she laughed. "You- you thought I was honestly- you really- a lesbian?"

"Listen!" Maddi said, getting angry. "I know you've got feelings for me, but I can't return the sentiment!" Penelope was laughing too hard at this point she was crying.

"Ma-madame," she said, wiping tears from her eyes, "I have a boyfriend. I am not a lesbian."

"Fine, both, whatever, I don't care," Maddi said.

"Non! *Just* a boyfriend," Penelope clarified. "I am not in any way gay."

"Then what do you call all that rubbish in the hallways and in the ballroom?" Maddi asked. "The touching, the grabbing, hell, you had my bloody nipple in your fist! If that wasn't for romantic advances, what on earth could it possibly be for?"

"For Tips!" Penelope laughed, spreading her hands out at her sides. "All of it, every little bit was for tips! I thought you were interested, given how much you laughed and giggled and played up my barest touch."

"I wasn't laughing at squat," Maddi seethed. "It was that damnable tonic."

"Oh dear," Penelope said, covering her smile with a hand. "Well, I assure you, I only do such exhibitions for the benefit of the people watching. The more I entice them, the more they tip, and it's proven very lucrative indeed!" Maddi was dumbstruck.

"So... So all the teases, the coyness, the groping... it was all an act?"

"*Oui* madam, and as I said earlier if you'd take a more active role in the proceedings we could make even more!" Penelope chided.

Maddi put a hand to her temples and hung her head.

"...I'm going to go home," She said, taking a breath and looking up to Penelope. "From now on, please find someone else to 'share' your tip-making scheme with..." She said as she headed through the doors and made her way to the locker room.

\* \* \*

"So how was the wedding thingy?" Sheila asked on their way home.

"Pfft," Maddi scoffed, looking out the window, her elbow on the sill and her chin in her hand.

"What?" Sheila said, chancing a glance to the side before turning back to the road.

"It was fine," Maddi said. "It was just..." She sat up and looked at Sheila. "Did you know Penelope wasn't a lesbian?"

"Do what?" Sheila laughed, looking over again. "Of course she isn't. She's got a boyfriend."

"You knew?!" Maddi exclaimed. "Why didn't you ever tell me, you sot?" She demanded, hitting Sheila on the arm.

"Ow, hey, what's the matter?" Sheila said, laughing some more.

"Why didn't you tell me she was just doing it for show when she was feeling me up like some sort of tart?"

"When she was what? When? I never saw it!"

Maddi raised her hand to slap at Sheila's arm again, but blushed when she realized she'd never brought up Penelope's indiscretions out loud.

"Well.... I asked you if Penelope was odd at all, and you said no!"

"If a waitress being mercenary about tips is 'odd', you've never worked food service," Sheila snorted.

"Getting it by feeling up the other waitresses certainly is!" Maddi exclaimed, blushing further. Sheila at this point was laughing so hard it looked like it was about to affect her driving, so Maddi mentally spat and folded her arms over her chest, staring back out the window.

"Bollocks," She said, trying not to smile even as put-out as she felt. "Bollocks to the lot of you."

## Chapter Eleven: Mr. Big

"Take it."

"Sheila, it's really not necessary-"

"Take it."

"It was my fault we had to take a taxi to begin with-"

"TAKE. IT."

"Oh, fine, fine, have it your way, you stubborn git," Maddi said, grabbing the two twenty dollar notes off the table between them and dropping them in her purse.

"I don't ask for charity, Maddi," Sheila said, finally getting up from the table and going over to the desk. "I don't need it."

"I know, I know..." Maddi said, already plotting ways for her to give the money back without her noticing somehow. She'd hoped Sheila would forget by morning, but stubborn girl that she was, she had confronted Maddi not long after they'd had breakfast.

"You're in the same boat as me, after all," Sheila said as she began typing. "We've both got loans we're going to have to pay back at some point."

Maddi grimaced and turned away. Sheila had loans from the state, but the money Maddi had "borrowed" came from her parents, and were on slightly better terms; namely that her parents had no expectation of getting the money Maddi spent back. Really, even as good as the school was, to them the money was little more than a bump in their finances. Maddi owed nothing.

"Well, anyways, this is our last night 'till Thursday," Sheila said as she rose from her chair, slinging her camera bag over her shoulder. "I'm gonna go take a few shots for an assignment I've got coming up."

"I thought you turned in your reels before spring break?" Maddi asked, turning.

"Nothing due right away," Sheila said as she got her tripod under her arm, "Just shooting some stock footage, you know, busy street, bus pulling away, that sort of 'city' junk that you always inevitably need if you're doing something like this. I might be cutting it a little close, so make sure you're all showered and ready to go before I get back, okay?"

"All right, good luck out there," Maddi said, waving. As soon as the door clicked shut, she took one of the twenties out of her purse and slinked over to Sheila's bed, picking up the mattress, checking the legs, opening her desk drawers, before finally finding a small, nondescript box in the back of the bottom drawer, wedged back there so tight Maddi had to take everything else out of the drawer before she could remove the box. Opening it up, she found Sheila's petty-cash stash, a small stack of bills resting on a bed of spare change, mostly pennies and nickels.

"You poor, dumb, proud, stubborn git," Maddi said, shaking her head as she took the bills out and thumbed through them. "Down to the last cent. I don't remember my parents ever even keeping change," She continued as she slipped one of the twenties in-between two others. She'd have to wait a few days before trying the other one, to give her time to count this again. As close a watch as Sheila kept on her funds, a single twenty could hopefully be ascribed to a fluke of memory or a mistake in counting. Two, however, she'd know something was up. Maddi replaced the box and the drawer's contents as exactly as she remembered,

thankful once again for her photographic memory, nudging a paperclip exactly askew, pulling the one yellow corner out, and so on. *There, picture-perfect,* She thought as she slid the drawer closed again.

Maddi's reverse theft went unnoticed, and soon enough the two were on their way again. Maddi was finding herself less physically repulsed at the prospect of working there each successive night as she was mentally so. She supposed it was just the nature of shoddy jobs, that kind of (admittedly childish) "I don't wanna" that comes from unpleasant labor. And it wasn't that Maddi was categorically against labor; She'd helped her mother garden and once worked at a soup-kitchen in an underprivileged neighbourhood and done several other menial sorts of jobs. It was more the nature of the work, of being ogled by leches and perverts and made to just smile at it. She remembered the married couple from the night before and thought that maybe if the patrons looked at her like the loving couple looked at each other she wouldn't mind it as much. She'd still mind it- just being alone in a room with those outrageous curves protruding everywhere felt obscene- but she'd mind it *less*, of that she was certain.

\* \* \*

Maddi found herself squeezed in at the rear of the lounge again, feeling the whisper of air-conditioned wind coming through the crack in the doors as it slithered up her bum-cleavage. She shivered as goosebumps exploded across the sides of her cheeks, but she took comfort in the fact that at least she wasn't being forced to clamp her hands over her mouth to keep from interrupting Trixie.

A gust of wind made Maddi stiffen, the jolt of sensation catching her off-guard. She looked behind her to see the door opening, then whipped her head forward as Anthony came inside, his chest a foot at most from brushing her enormous backside. Maddi blushed, looking down into her cleavage as Trixie's voice popped up from the front of the room.

"Hey! You know the rules, Tony!" She called out in a chiding tone. "No boys allowed!"

"Uh, yeah, well," Anthony started, clearing his throat, "technically, you said 'no boys allowed unless it's Mr. Big', and, well-

Anthony wasn't even able to finish before the entire room burst into excited murmurs, the packed-in flesh jostling around as the assembled waitresses moved excitedly. Maddi felt her bosoms compress as the waitress in front of her backed into them, and she knew what was going to happen next. She leaned forward against the motion, but she was at the tail end of a wave of undulating flesh; if she didn't want to fall over, she'd have to take a step back, right into Anthony.

As she rocked back, she felt Anthony's hands come up, bracing against the wall of butt-flesh surging towards him. Maddi blushed furiously as she felt her bottom mash in around his hands, her flesh flowing between his fingers before the waitress in front of him moved back forward and she was able to scoot back in and away from Anthony.

"Ay, ay, ay! Shh! Quiet!" Trixie shouted. "Okay, so he's coming. Now? Who did he say he wanted?"

Maddi heard a piece of paper unfolding behind her, still too embarrassed to even look at Anthony.

"He said he wanted Riley, Sheila, Barbara, and, quote, 'That delightful English newcomer'."

Maddi's shock was enough to override her embarrassment, her head whipping around to look at him wide-eyed.

"Sorry," He said under his breath before speaking up again. "He says he's on his way from the airport and he'll be here in about... ten minutes," He said, checking his watch. "I've already got the other servers fixing up the room."

"Dinner for two again?" Trixie asked.

"Same as always." Trixie frowned in thought for a moment, just long enough for the murmurs to rise again before she shushed them.

"Okay, you heard the man! Sheila, Maddi, Riley, Barb, get to the Gold Room. The rest of you as you were, and so help me if I hear of any of you putting the moves on Mr. Big for some tips..."

The room began to jostle again, and Maddi braced herself against the tide until she looked behind her and saw that Anthony was gone. No longer fearing squashing Anthony behind her bum, Maddi stumbled out of the lounge, squeezing her way against the tide back towards the kitchen, turning past the locker room and heading for the door to the gold room but hesitant to be the first one in. She looked down the hall, seeing Sheila wobbling her titanic bosoms towards her, Riley marching behind, another waitress Maddi assumed to be Barbara- a raven-haired three-two from the looks of her- and Trixie herself bringing up the rear.

"All right, girls," Trixie started, putting her hands on her hips. "Sheila, I know this is your first time, Maddi, I'm betting you don't even know what the hell is going on, so I'll go over it from the top. Mr. Big is very, *very* rich and shows up whenever the hell he wants expecting immediate service with whatever he wants. And he *gets* it, because him dropping by the Gold Room puts us into the black for two months at least. Whatever he wants, whatever he asks, you say yes."

"But-" Maddi started, all sorts of terrible things flashing through her mind.

"He's not gonna ask you to strip or anything," Trixie clarified, "He's not a perv. Or at least, not a bad one. The point is, no matter what he asks, you *do* it, because this guy hands out four-digit tips like they're breath mints provided you don't irritate him. Don't speak unless spoken to, don't clear your throat, don't sniffle, just do what he asks when he asks and we'll all be better for it." She reached into her cleavage, pulling out the pill case that she'd gotten Maddi's "antidote" from the night before last, and pulled one out, snapping the pill case closed again.

"Barbara, you and Riley are going to be the table tonight. Here, take this so you can even yourself up with Riley."

"R-really?" Barbara said. "I've never been a size four before. Do I need to change my top?"

"No," Trixie said, shaking her head. "Just let it stretch out. He loves that sort of stuff."

"Okayyy..." Barbara said as she downed the pill, shivering as her breasts surged underneath her blouse, the neckline creaking and her flesh billowing out of the strained fabric.

"Okay, go," Trixie said, backing up a step and making a shooping motion with her hands.

Riley turned to the double doors and shoved them open with her bosoms, Sheila following close behind after giving Maddi a worried yet hopeful look. Inside were two of the server girls, a blond one-one and a black two-one, holding a tablecloth off to the side of a pair of chairs, the far one of which seated Mr. Big himself. A squared jaw, elegantly straight nose, and perfectly-parted hair; he practically radiated sophistication and simple grace. The only exception was the pair of wraparound sunglasses he wore, tinted with what appeared to be roofing tar and completely obscuring his eyes.

"Ladies," he said, bowing his head slightly. Maddi reflexively bowed a little in response, a slightly odd motion considering her complete inability to curtsy with thighs as big as hers.

"You must be Maddison," He said as Riley and Barbara sat down on their knees, leaning forward into each other until they came to a kind of neutral state, their massive chests mashing into each other enough to create a roughly square podium that the two server-girls draped a tablecloth over.

"That I am, sir," Maddi said, trying to hold her hands in some sort of modest or respectful positioning before giving up and just leaving them at her sides, "Though you seem to have me at a disadvantage, Mister...?"

"'Mister' is fine," The gentleman said, "or 'Sir' is acceptable as well. Though I'm aware my nom de plume in these parts is 'Mr. Big', I must admit a not-terrible fondness for it personally."

"Er, very well, Sir," Maddi said, attempting her half-curtsey again.

"And you, Ms. Sykes, how are you this evening?" He asked, leaning his elbows on the "table" with his chin resting on his bridged fingers.

"Oh, it's a wonderful night, mister," Riley replied, in a voice so cheerful and alien Maddi about did a double take. "It's always such a joy to have you here."

"Oh, well, aren't you sweet to say so," He replied, smiling a bit mischievously before turning to Sheila. "And goodness, they were certainly not exaggerating their reports on you, Ms. Miles," He said, his eyebrows arching over the tops of his sunglasses. "You look *marvelous* tonight." Sheila blushed beet red.

"Th-thank you, Mr. Bi- I mean, Sir," She said as she went over to the side of the table opposite Maddi and waited.

"...Would you like me to turn the lights down?" Maddi finally asked, the dead air unnerving her.

"The lights?" Mr. Big asked, cocking his head. "What for?"

"Well, ah, I just assumed, what with the sunglasses..."

"Oh!" He replied, chuckling. "No, no, these are so none of you lovely ladies feel tempted to try and catch my eye as it wanders. I've found I get much more honest performances when you don't know which of you I'm looking at."

Maddi let that one hang a moment, unsure of how to respond.

"So, ah, are you waiting for your date...?" Maddi asked, looking at the second empty chair with a place setting.

"Oh, she'll be along sometime," He said, smiling. "In the meantime," he continued, "I'd like a cognac on the rocks, and my date will have the Mother's Milkshake, please."

"Right away, sir!" Sheila said, even before Maddi had finished writing the order down. She scurried through the double doors as fast as her enormous bosom would allow, pressing the doors open with her breasts.

"And, as for you," Mr. Big said, turning to Maddi, "Would you mind scooting my chair in a little? I'm not quite seated right."

"Er, all right," Maddi said, walking around Mr. Big. At first she tried to push his chair from the side, but she had no leverage. The same thing happened when she tried to scoot his chair by leaning forward over her breasts; she just couldn't reach. Finally, worrying about the ineffectiveness of her response time, Maddi hefted her breasts up in her arms, walked forward, and mashed into the back of his chair until she felt wood in her hands. Taking another step forward, she heard the feet of the chair sliding against the carpet.

"I-is that enough?" Maddi asked, embarrassed about how much she was squishing into his seat. She wouldn't be surprised if the bits of her curves were past his nose, flowing over and around the sides of his chair the way they were.

"Yes, thank you," He said, waiting until Maddi had disengaged before saying "Actually, I'm a bit too far forward now," He said, looking over his shoulder. "Could you scoot me back again, just a little?"

Maddi grimaced and mashed into his chair yet again, this time pulling the chair back, still blushing at how much she was having to stuff him, chair and all, into her cleavage just to move something he could have done himself with a minimum of effort.

"Good?" Maddi asked.

"Actually..." He started.

"Back forward?" Maddi asked, glad he couldn't see the face she was making.

"Actually, as I was trying to say the first time," He said, still sounding chipper even though Maddi felt a twinge of panic, "I think I would like it if you just stayed there whenever you weren't needed elsewhere," he continued. "You know, just between courses. I usually don't like people reading over my shoulder, but I think an exception can be made."

Maddi grimaced but said nothing, waiting there with her hands wrapped around the sides of his chair and her breasts nearly touching her chin. She had barely had time to get bored when Sheila came back through the doors, the two drinks held in tumblers crammed in her monstrous cleavage. She came up alongside Mr. Big, her enormous breast almost but not quite touching his armrest, tantalizingly close but leaving any actual touching up to him.

"Cognac for you..." She said, placing the glass just above the right-hand side of his plate, "And a Mother's Milkshake for the lady," She continued, putting the milkshake at the empty place opposite him.

"Thank you," He said as Sheila returned to her waiting position, "I'm sure she'll enjoy it."

It was an awkward few minutes as Mr. Big checked his mobile, sorted his wallet, and sipped at his cognac. Going up on tip-toes to see over her breasts, Maddi could tell just how hard Riley was trying to maintain a neutral face, apparently not willing to jeopardize her tip by speaking out. Finally, after checking his extremely expensive watch (It looked nicer and more opulent than her father's) Maddi was relieved to hear him say "All right, I suppose she's running late. Might as well start in on the salad."

"Right away, sir," Maddi said, stepping back from his chair and letting her breasts mercifully hang free.

"Did you have a preference?"

"Oh, I'll have the truffle salad. Edward's still working the salad bar, yes? He knows how I like it."

"Certainly, sir," Maddi said, nodding as she wrote on her pad.

"Oh, and could I get another milkshake, please?" He asked Sheila. "This one's started to melt."

"Oh, sure!" Sheila said, sweeping the milkshake up and setting it in her cleavage. "I'll just take this back to the kitchen and have them whip up another one."

"Excellent," He said, leaning back in his chair. "And while you're at it, would it be too much trouble to ask you to drink it?"

Maddi and Sheila both stopped at the door, Maddi bracing one half of the door open with her bottom.

"Uh, drink it? Um, sir?" Sheila asked.

"Well, I mean, it just seems like such a waste otherwise," he said. "It's been paid for, somebody went to the trouble to make it, I figure someone should enjoy it."

"Um... sure!" Sheila said, forcing a smile. "Waste not, want not, after all!"

"Precisely!" Mr. Big exclaimed, beaming. "Thanks much!" He waved as they disappeared into the hallway.

"Oh, man..." Sheila said after the door closed, turning the milkshake in her cleavage so she could begin sucking it through the straw. "Oh, man..." She repeated after swallowing, shivering a bit.

"What- you're not actually going to drink that, are you?" Maddi asked. "Why not just toss them, how's he gonna know the difference?"

"It's a mega-milker," Sheila said, frowning after swallowing. "He'll know if I didn't drink it because I'll be the same size." She took another swallow, then pouted. "I mean, did you see how big he smiled at me?" She asked. Maddi could read the subtext of her statement; big smiles equals big tips.

"Well, all right," Maddi said, blinking as she came up to the kitchen and found four different salads already waiting for her, one of each off the menu. As she picked up the truffle salad and placed it on her bottom, then balefully wedged a pepper mill between her breasts, she looked over to Sheila's puckered-in cheeks as she sucked. "Just... don't make yourself sick, now."

"I can take it," Sheila said before taking another drag off her straw, which was followed by a slight creaking sound from her blouse. "...I just hope my top can," she said as she waited behind for them to finish the new milkshake.

"Your salad, Sir," Maddi said, serving the plate off her bum, also coming rather close to him but not for lack of trying; she was simply so large she didn't have Sheila's luxury of being able to back up to the table. Maddi had to pull up alongside it like the Hood coming into berth or something, balancing how far the curves on her bum and her bosoms lurched to the side with every step.



"Thank you," He said, taking the salad and the fork and spearing a truffle with it. Maddi stood aside, feeling a little anxious. If those milkshakes really did make one's bosoms bigger, what would they do to poor Sheila? She was already huge to begin with! But then again, she thought, if anyone could-

"Miss Ellison?" He asked, fork half-raised.

"Uh, yes?" She said, starting a bit.

"Could I get you back to my chair, please?"

"Oh!" Maddi blinked, having totally forgotten. "Yes, of course, I'll just leave this here..." she said, fishing the pepper mill out of her bosom and setting it on the table before resuming her ridiculous position, her breasts squatting on the top of the chair like a pair of misshapen gargoyles. *If anyone could stand walking around with such enormous bosoms*, Maddi thought, resuming her interrupted line of contemplation, *it would be Sheila. She's certainly had the practice.*

When the doors bounced open and Maddi got up on her tip-toes to see Sheila- all of her- she gaped. Her normally tight top was positively painted on her, breastflesh bulging out of the neckline on top. And from the bottom, there came the soft ruffling sound of cloth on carpet, as Sheila's bosoms literally brushed the ground with every shuffling step she took, both arms squeezed deep into the sides of her bosoms as she heaved the mass of flesh forward a foot at a time.

"Heeere we go..." Sheila said, leaning over and placing the milkshake in front of the vacant chair. She didn't play coy with her bosoms this time; as wide as they were, even the best twisting of her torso couldn't keep them off the arm of his chair, to say nothing of Riley's head and shoulders. "Would you like a refill on your cognac?" She asked, still chipper in spite of her newfound mobility problems.

"No, I think I'll wait until the next course comes," He said, dabbing his mouth with his napkin, "But could I get a glass of water for the time being?"

"Certainly, sir," Sheila said, smiling, grabbing her breasts and heaving them to the side a little bit at a time in order to turn around.

Maddi shook her head, frowning. She hoped this was all worth it. It took a good couple minutes for Sheila to make it down to the kitchen and back, which for a simple glass of water seemed worryingly long. When she came back, Sheila almost looked a little winded, which, upon retrospection, humping those enormous meatbags around surely was a workout.

"Your pasta is almost ready," Sheila said as she handed him his water.

"Excellent," Mr. Big said, putting his salad fork in the empty bowl. "I suppose I'll have that second cognac now, too."

"Right away, sir," Sheila said, taking his empty glass, squishing into Riley's head so much on the lean over she nearly put Riley's face into the tablecloth. Maddi came around the other side and took Mr. Big's salad bowl, beating Sheila to the doors with room to spare, even going so far as to hold one of the doors with her bottom again, something she was loathe to do, but she couldn't reach with her arm without being turned in such a way that would make her more in the way than helpful.

"Thanks, Maddi," Sheila said as she shuffled her way inside.

"Do you need, er, help, or anything?" Maddi asked as she followed slowly behind Sheila.

"Unless you've got a forklift and a pair of roller skates," Sheila huffed as she schlepped her enormous bosoms down the hall, "I don't know that there's anything to do."

Maddi frowned as she followed behind Sheila, her heart sinking as she saw Trixie waiting impatiently at the crossroads between the kitchen and the restaurant proper.

"Good grief," Trixie said as Sheila leaned against the wall in order to let Maddi pass, though even then she still brushed against Sheila's titanic bosoms. "What is it?" She asked as she reached over and plucked the glass from Sheila's cleavage.

"Cognac," Sheila huffed, leaning into the floor-length breast on her right, only to be greeted with the sound of a popping seam. "Great," She muttered as Trixie strode off to the bar to fill her order.

"Are- are you sure you're all right, Shiels?" Maddi asked as she turned herself around in the intersection, trying not to run into Sheila with the plate of pasta balanced on her rear.

"I'll be fine," Sheila repeated. "Go on, don't keep him waiting."

Maddi had already served the pasta and resumed her position behind Mr. Big's chair when Sheila finally staggered in, replacing his Cognac and standing off to the side to catch her breath. It was a mercifully uneventful part of the meal, Mr. Big simply eating his pasta, sipping his cognac, and making idle chatter with his table, though Riley actually being polite was still something it took Maddi a few listens to connect to the same Riley she knew.

"Hmm..." He said, checking his watch. "Late again..." He put his fork down, looking across at the empty seat in front of him. "Would you mind getting another replacement?" He asked, gesturing to the half-melted milkshake. "And do take care to dispose of it in the same manner."

"Uh..." Sheila started, her composure slipping for just a moment as she stared at the milkshake. "Uh, sure!" She said, plastering on a cheerful face again as she scooted over to the table, leaned over to get the milkshake, and set it in her cleavage again, already sucking on the straw as she began wrangling her bosoms towards the door. Maddi was going wide-eyed so often she was certain someone would mistake her for an owl from the neck up. The Gold Room became worryingly quiet, only the sound of Mr. Big's fork clinking against his plate echoing through the room.

"Mmm, marvelous," He said, setting his fork down on his plate. "Truly this place is without peer." Maddi held back a snort. He knew as well as she did that the uniqueness of the restaurant had nothing to do with the cuisine and everything to do with its conveyance.

"Can... can I take your plate?" She asked, hoping to go check on Sheila.

"Certainly," He said, wiping his mouth and folding his napkin back in his lap. "And a new fork while you're at it, if you would," He added. Maddi dutifully took the dishes and headed for the door.

"Oh, and while you're fetching the oysters," He added just as she reached the doors, "If you could pick a lobster out for me for the next course I'd appreciate it. Or a fillet, one or the other."

"...Well, that's something of an odd request, sir," Maddi said, stepping back from the door and turning to Mr. Big.

"Howso?" He asked, a brow peeking out from over his glasses.

"If you wanted both, that would be one thing- what is it you Americans call it? 'Surf and Turf'?- but asking a complete stranger to choose between two vastly different meals for you seems..." Maddi searched for a word less demeaning than "foolhardy" but was coming up blank. "I mean, which do you prefer? Seafood is one thing, and beef quite another."

"Odd," Mr. Big said, leaning back in his chair. "From what I'd heard you were a rather decisive girl." Maddi blinked, looking at the man and wondering what his game was.

"Mr. Big- Sir- if I may be so frank, I will make decisions for myself at my leisure," She said, stepping towards him. "Making decisions for others, and deciding on such scant information, is a level of rudeness I usually associate with complete bell ends. If I knew more about your tastes and preferences, which, for a man who apparently prides himself on being enigmatic would seem counter-intuitive, then I would be able to make a judgment as to your most likely desire. But asking me to choose between beef and shellfish when I've spent more time around and had longer conversations with buskers in the tube, well, at that point you may as well have me flip a coin."

There was an awkward silence as Mr. Big rested one designer dress shoe on his knee, leaning forward and putting his elbows on his leg, steepling his fingers under pursed lips. Maddi wondered for a moment if she'd somehow offended him, but she figured that if he was looking for a decisive person, giving a wishy-washy answer would be anathema to that goal. Right when Maddi was about to ask if she could go get his blasted Oysters instead of standing around like a royal guard, he sprang back to life, putting his foot down and reaching into his pocket.

"Sounds like an excellent idea, then," he said, fishing a quarter out of his pocket. "Call it?" He said, setting the coin over his thumb and curled forefinger.

"Heads," Maddi immediately replied.

"So quick," Mr. Big commented as the coin sailed into the air with a "ting". "Why heads?" He asked as he caught the coin and clapped it onto the back of his fist.

"Because double-sided coins are always two heads," Maddi said dryly, a hand on her hip.

"You wound me," He said, picking up the coin and showing the head to Maddi, then turning his wrist so she could see the tails side as well. "Fillet Mignon it is. Right after my oysters," He said, putting the coin back in his pocket.

Maddi had just turned back to the doors when they jolted open, though she only got a glimpse of Sheila's back before the doors shut again, only a sliver of Sheila visible before she lurched backwards again, slowly forcing her way through the door as she dragged her enormous bosoms one lurch at a time, appearing to move in slow motion as each lurch was delicately applied so as to not spill either of the drinks in the top of her cleavage, her breasts billowing out of her straining top from the floor to above her head. Maddi froze at the slowly-approaching wall of flesh, Sheila's bosoms beyond anything she could've ever imagined, even for the de rigueur unnaturalness of the establishment.

"Ms. Miles is a perfectly capable waitress, Ms. Ellison," Mr. Big said, startling the other waitresses into the present. "Unless she's in need of your assistance, I believe I have Oysters Rockefeller waiting for me?"

"I'm fine," Sheila said immediately, Maddi backing up as Sheila's back neared her bosoms. "Go on and get the oysters, Maddi."

Maddi went around the table, trying not to stare at the distressed top or the wildly bulging bosoms it was barely containing, seeing Sheila's fingertips reaching over the crest of her bosoms as she tried to even reach the two drinks, much less handle them delicately.

Maddi hurried down the hall, jostling her way to the kitchen, ignoring the plate of oysters set on the waystation and looking down towards the dining room. She hurried past the breakroom, taking only a moment to poke her head inside and make sure it was empty, before she burst into the dining room, breasts and buttocks swaying dangerously from side to side as she went down the hallways looking for-

"Trixie!!" Maddi nearly shouted as she saw the hourglassed brunette walking down the aisle. Trixie did something akin to a double-take, her face screwing up in a mix of surprise and shock.

"What..." Trixie said, marching straight into Maddi, her bosoms pressing Maddi backwards as she hissed a whisper through her teeth, "Are you doing out here? Where's Mr. Big?!"

"You- you've got to help Sheila!" Maddi managed as she stumbled backwards, trying to keep her balance as she was herded back towards the doors to the breakroom.

"Sheila?" Trixie asked, still pressing Maddi backwards a step at a time by her bosoms but now slightly less menacingly, "What about Sheila?"

"She can barely move! That creep has her downing those milkshakes one after another, they're dragging on the ground and she can barely move!" At this Trixie actually stopped, Maddi's bum bracing the double-doors to the back area open.

"...So?" She said, blinking and shaking her head.

"What do you mean, 'so'?" Maddi said. "He's got-"

"No," Trixie said, cutting Maddi off. "What did I say? You do. Not. Say. 'No'. to Mr. Big, not for anything."

"But she's-"

"Going to have to deal with it if she wants to work the Gold Room!" Trixie said, pushing Maddi the rest of the way into the back area where customers couldn't see them.

"You've got to do *something*!" Maddi demanded. "The poor girl can't move!" Trixie bit her lip, looking off to the side as she thought.

"Fine," She said, reaching into her cleavage and pulling out the pill container. "Have her take this, it'll help her get around better," She said, handing Maddi a single capsule through the valley of their compressed bosoms.

"Thank you," Maddi said, "It was getting-"

"Now get back to work," Trixie said, disengaging and swinging around in the hallway, her rear bashing Maddi's bosoms sideways and causing the girl to ricochet off the wall.

"...You did that on purpose, you bint," Maddi muttered to herself as she went back to the kitchen, rubbing the side of her breast where Trixie had run into it. She picked up his fork and oysters and put them on her rear, hurrying back to the Gold Room (albeit at a slower pace so as to not jostle the oysters on her rump.) She was halfway back when she remembered she hadn't put in his order for the fillet Mignon, a bare-toothed scowl crossing her face as she hurried back to the kitchen and back to the doors.

"I do apologize," She said as she entered the Gold Room, seeing Sheila -barely- back against the wall, her cheeks flushed from exertion and her head barely visible between her enormous, jutting breasts. "There was something of a traffic jam at the kitchen."

"I thought the hallways here were fairly wide?" Mr. Big asked as Maddi set the oyster plate down.

"Oh, yes, quite," Maddi replied, leaning over to set the new fork in just the right place, her rear mashing against the back of Riley's head. "But, ah, well, when each 'vehicle' takes up as much space as we do..." She said, gesturing to her bosoms, "Well, you can imagine." Mr. Big's eyebrows once again shot over the tops of his glasses, a large, toothy grin splitting his face.

"Yes, yes I can. Frequently, in fact." He said.

Maddi managed to wait until he turned to his oysters to roll her eyes, returning to her position behind his chair. She still had the pill in her hand, but Sheila's eye was hard to catch given the narrow range of her vision between the fleshy monoliths her breasts had become. At least she was getting some time to catch her breath.

With time to actually let her mind wander, Maddi wondered about Mr. Big's date. Was she held up somehow? Had she decided not to show? Mr. Big himself seemed curiously unperturbed at his half-empty table for two...

"Is... Is there a number you would perhaps like us to call, Sir?" Maddi ventured.

"Hm? For what?" He asked, putting another empty shell in the stack.

"For your date," Maddi offered. "A number she could be reached at? Perhaps she got turned around somewhere along the way?"

"Oh no, she knows how to get here," He said, "I'm sure of it."

"All right, I'm sorry for bringing it up," Maddi said, fidgeting behind him.

"Oh no, I appreciate the concern," He said, taking a sip of his drink. "She'll be here." He continued.

"Yes sir."

Mr. Big shook his drink, the ice echoing cleanly against the glass. "Hm, I seem to be dry. Ms. Miles, if you would..."

At first, Maddi couldn't tell that Sheila had heard him- it wasn't until a few seconds later when her breasts began to shift clockwise on the ground that Maddi realized she was trying to shift her enormous bosoms laterally, trying to drag them not just backwards but around each other. It was more than a minute for Sheila to drag herself around to the table, crossing only a handful of meters. She reached back behind her, taking his empty water glass, then his cognac, before looking at the half-melted milkshake and asking "Anything else?" with a smile on her lips and pure dread in her eyes.

Mr. Big simply gestured to the milkshake, and Sheila set it in her cleavage, looking at the looming straw like a cobra flaring its hood.

Maddi frowned at Sheila as she dragged her breasts along the ground, slowly making her way to the doors. Maddi's mind raced, the capsule feeling sticky in the sweat of her palm. Maddi leaned around the side of her breasts to try and get a look at Mr. Big's plate, seeing he still had a good handful of oysters to go before Maddi could take his plate.

"Ah! Ah, excuse me, Sir," Maddi said, an idea coming to mind, "But you never specified how well-done you wanted your fillet..."

"Oh, how silly of me," Mr. Big said, genuine surprise in his voice. "I got so wrapped up in choosing that I forgot. Go tell them I'd like it on the rarer side of medium, would you?"

"At once, Sir," Maddi said, dragging her breasts off the side of his chair and hurrying to get the door before Sheila got there, Maddi's bum pressing Sheila briefly into her cleavage as she opened the doors for her friend.

"Here," Maddi whispered, reaching her hand over Sheila's shoulder, "Take this, it'll help you get along easier."

"What's this?" Sheila whispered back, taking the pill. "Where'd you get this? It's not gonna shrink my boobs, is it? He'll notice..." She said, finally getting far enough into the hallway for the doors to close.

"I honestly don't know," Maddi said, "But you can barely move, and-" Maddi's ears perked as she heard another seam on Sheila's top pop- "and if you don't do something you'll be stuck in place."

"I guess you're right," She sighed as she popped the pill in her mouth, "Buh I howp thith dunnit effeh mah typ," She continued, holding the pill between her teeth as she reached up for the milkshake to wash it down.

Maddi continued down the hallway to relay the fillet instructions, only to spin around when she heard Sheila yelp. Maddi's eyes popped wide enough she feared her eyes would roll right out of their sockets as she saw Sheila's normally petite bum- well, at least for this place- swelling ferociously, her cheeks spilling out of the bottoms of her shorts as she continued to pull backwards. The orange denim creaked and stretched, small tears appearing at the frayed edges as her ham-hocks juddered and shook their way out from underneath it, her bum and thighs swelling almost down to her knees as the two orbs touched, the start of Sheila's bum-cleavage enveloping her shorts as they grew.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" Sheila yelled as her hands flew to her backside, grabbing and pulling great fistfuls of flesh out from under her shorts, trying to adjust the garment into a position to allow the growth of her backside to continue unchecked by her shorts. "Ahh! Wedgie!" Sheila winced as her rump continued to grow and swell, now twice as wide as her shoulders and surging up above her waistline. By the time the growth subsided, Sheila's rear was nearly as large as Maddi's was, though with only a tiny pair of shorts instead of Maddi's giant circus-tent pants, Sheila's gigantic backside fairly enveloped the tiny garment; truth be told, Maddi couldn't swear under oath that she could tell whether or not Sheila was wearing pants at all, only massive expanses of thick, meaty butt-flesh visible from her current vantage point.

"Maddi!" Sheila exclaimed, looking over her shoulder. "*This* is what Trixie gave you?!"

"I-that- don't look at me!" Maddi exclaimed, holding her arms out. "You want me to tell you what that crazy bint is thinking?"

"How on earth am I supposed to move around with these now in addition to my boobs?!" Sheila cried out. "It's not like I can just- whoa!" She exclaimed, lurching backwards and sliding her bosoms a good meter before she took a step back and caught herself. "Wow..." She said, blinking, "That's a lot of weight to heave around..."



"Welcome to my world," Maddi snorted, backing up to the kitchen and relaying Mr. Big's order. Looking back at Sheila, all she could do was shake her head. By the restaurant's reckoning, what was Sheila at, now? A seven-four? An eight-four? Did the scale even go that high? And all this for a shot at a big tip. What must be going through the poor dear's head, she wondered. As Sheila struggled her way down the hall, Maddi wondered if there were any lengths Sheila wouldn't go to in order to get that four-figure tip from Mr. Big, and felt a twinge of profound sadness that Sheila was in such dire financial straits that she had to debase herself so.

"You poor, dumb, proud, stupid, stubborn, admirable git..." Maddi said under her breath as she started making her way back to the gold room.

## Chapter Twelve: Just Desserts

Maddi was in a bit of a conundrum: She had to get to the Gold Room, but to do that, she had to get past Sheila, which was becoming an increasingly difficult proposition seemingly by the second.

"Er..." Maddi started, looking down the hallway at her friend. Even as wide as the halls were, there was only a foot or so between the outside edge of Sheila's swelling bosoms and the wall, hardly enough to get by if she were normal-sized. "Shiels, I don't suppose you've got any room on your right you can scoot over, do you?"

"If I do, it's not for long," Sheila replied, taking another sip of her bust-enhancing milkshake. "I'm only half-finished with this thing."

"Um..."

"If you've gotta get by, just shove past," Sheila said, sighing. "Better now than when I've got drinks in here."

"You're certain?" Maddi asked, probably looking forward to the prospect as little as Sheila was.

"Just do it," Sheila grimaced. "I'll be fine."

"All right..." Maddi said, gingerly heading towards Sheila's heaving wall of flesh. She pressed herself as far against the left wall as she could, but for all her effort she shaved perhaps a foot of supple meat off her bloated circumference, her left breast and butt-cheek preferring to simply shove their neighboring orb of flesh to the right instead of obediently compacting. She flushed red as her breasts met Sheila's butt, no delicate way out of the situation but to keep pressing forward, the sensation giving her goosebumps. In the back of her mind, she thanked her lucky stars that she didn't still have the tickle tonic in her- this much contact would surely have tickled her to the point of incoherence were she still so afflicted.

Sheila heaved backwards, and with a great mashing of skin to skin, Maddi's breasts slipped past Sheila's bottom and expanded into the "well" between Sheila's breasts and rear, the two hyper-expanded waitresses fitting together in the hallway like the big fleshy teeth of some over-sexualized zipper.

"Lovely," Maddi muttered, Sheila's exaggerated curves nearly entirely enveloping her torso.

"Still not the worst job I've ever had," Sheila said wryly as she tried to get enough footing to press her rear past Maddi's. "This had better be worth it..." She said as she suddenly put her hand on the back of Maddi's breast and shoved it forward as she heaved herself backwards again, Maddi yelping in shock as Sheila surged backwards, an encyclopedia's worth of surprise and pleasure and every combination thereof surging through her as her curves were grabbed and compressed and rubbed by the vast expanses of Sheila's rear and bosoms. Maddi gasped as it passed, looking back at Sheila's slowly-retreating wall of breastflesh and blushing as she hurried back to the Gold Room.

"The rarer side of medium'," Maddi repeated as she went inside, resuming her position behind Mr. Big's chair. She was relieved when she glanced at his plate and saw a few oysters



yet uneaten- she didn't want to try and squeeze past Sheila again, especially not when they were both trying to carry things on their respective endowments.

It was a tense few minutes while he ate, Maddi counting the seconds as Sheila got the drink refills and brought them back. Even with her newly-expanded rear, she wasn't exactly making terrific time back and forth.

"Ahh..." Mr. Big said, the last oyster shell dropped in the pile. "It's a pity the original recipe went with Jules Alciatore to his grave, but I'm certain Juggalos has the closest- or at least best-tasting- facsimile," He said, leaning back in his chair.

"So I take it you're enjoying your meal so far?" Riley asked.

"Quite right, Ms. Sykes," Mr. Big said. "Though that's hardly a surprise- the food is always top-notch in the Gold room, just the thing to stave off jet lag."

"Where were you coming in from?" Riley asked.

"Ah, that would be telling," Mr. Big smiled, "But suffice it to say that even a private jet doesn't make crossing continents any less of a drain on one's body."

Maddi was quiet, just hoping as he talked with Riley and Barbara that he wouldn't ask for her to take his plate until Sheila came back. Maddi was thankful for the small favor- though how anything relating to Sheila in her current state could be considered small was a stretch of the thesaurus- when Sheila once more pushed the doors to the gold room open with her bottom. Far from the little jolt she'd given them last time, when she heaved her pale pink pontoons into the door this time, they fairly flew away from her fleshy cheeks, nearly banging against the walls as she used them as some kind of fleshy plow, dragging her enormous breasts through the doors a foot at a time.

"C-can I take your plate?" Maddi asked, wanting to get a better look at her friend now that she could finally get down the hallway without having to push past her.

"Certainly..." Mr. Big said, rapt in attention as the tops of Sheila's breasts actually had to squeeze down a bit to fit under the top of the doorframe, her oversized blouse almost invisible under the mountains of yet more oversized mammaries billowing out the top and bottom of it. Maddi picked up the used oyster plate and went around the opposite side of the table, coming up perpendicular to Sheila. She was amazed at the sheer amount of flesh in front of her, wondering how Sheila managed it all. Poorly, obviously, but even with their unnatural strength, it still boggled the mind. Maddi could barely make out Sheila's shorts, a thin strip of orange around her waist briefly visible whenever she pulled away from her breasts for a moment before her increasingly fragile-looking top would drag her immense, sprawling bosoms back up to her torso, the seams reaching the limits of even their incredible elasticity, pressing into her skin in a way that seemed uncomfortable just to look at.

"Er, will you be needing any condiments with your fillet?" Maddi thought to ask, turning to Mr. Big as Sheila finally heaved free of the door. "Seasonings, anything of the sort?"

"I'm in half a mood to ask for Worcestershire sauce," He said, grinning at Maddi, "But I think I'll let the meat speak for itself, at least at first," He said, returning his gaze to Sheila. Maddi simply nodded and took the plate through the door, stopping and catching the door just a hair before it shut. Maddi looked through the crack at Sheila, who was up on her tip-toes, doing short hops that sent her rear heaving up and down as she tried to reach up and over the crest of her cleavage to get to the drinks stored there. After a few attempts, Sheila looked around for a

moment before backing up against the wall, her rear mashing against it until she could go no further backwards. Then, Sheila actually began climbing up the wall with her feet, ascending her breasts in that manner until she could reach the three drinks precariously stuffed into the top of her cleavage.

Maddi shook her head as she let the door shut the rest of the way and maneuvered herself around until she was pointing the right way down the hallway. Was it a game to him? See how big he could get Sheila and have her still able to function? Or did he enjoy seeing them become helpless blobs of meat? Maddi's tail swished back and forth as she dumped the oyster shells in a bin and dropped the dirty plate in the soaking tub. What was he about, what did he want to see? Maddi tapped her foot as she waited for Mr. Big's filet mignon to come up, trying to decide which side of dastardly his intentions fell on. Between the tinted glasses, the coyness, the enigmatic questions, and making poor Sheila drink all those milkshakes, Maddi couldn't decide if he was cruelly toying with her or simply goofing off, a power-tripping snob or a bored eccentric with more money than sense.

"Hot plate!" One of the cooks warned, laying it on the part of Maddi's bottom that her shorts still managed to cover. Maddi nodded her acknowledgement over her shoulder and headed back to the Gold Room, opening the doors to find Sheila having finally completed her task. With all the drinks served, her hulking curves had been backed against the wall again, each mammoth breast taller than Maddi was, hundreds of kilos of bosom and butt precariously constricted inside Sheila's uniform. Even though Maddi couldn't see her face, she could hear Sheila's breath coming out through her nose, desperate inhalations and ragged exhalations as she tried to catch her breath.

"Here you are..." Maddi said as she served the plate, setting it in front of Mr. Big. "Anything else I can get for you?" Mr. Big looked at Maddi, his chin jutting in contemplation for a brief moment before shaking his head.

"Nothing comes to mind, no." He said, "but thank you."

Maddi took one last glance at the milkshake set in front of the vacant chair in front of Mr. Big and resumed her position, hoping that whoever was supposed to come, they got here before he finished his next cognac.

It was hard for Maddi not to fidget while Mr. Big ate- she spent most of her time looking over at Sheila, though it was nearly impossible to even see any of her outside her bosoms and her rear. Imagining the silhouette of her petite roommate behind those titanic orbs made Maddi shake her head and hope that Mr. Big's steak was juicy enough to keep him from needing to take a drink, but by the same token she didn't want him to finish too fast because then he'd most likely send Sheila out before she'd had time to catch her breath fully.

The heavy clink with which Mr. Big set down his silverware on his plate sounded to Maddi like the fall of a guillotine blade or a magistrate's gavel, and she knew what was coming next.

"Can I take this for you, sir?" Maddi said, decanting from the back of his chair and picking up his used plate and silverware.

"Such prompt service!" Mr. Big said, smiling. "Certainly, though since the dessert parfait comes in a tall glass, I think I'll leave dessert service to Ms. Miles, if you don't mind."

"Oh, it'd be no trouble-" Maddi started.

"It's fine," Sheila interrupted. "Is... Is there anything else you need?" She asked, already trying to heave herself away from the wall.

Maddi's heart sank into her bowels as she put the plate on her rump, turning away from Mr. Big so he couldn't see the look of despair on her face as he ordered yet another milkshake and Sheila unhesitatingly complied. Maddi hurried through the doors, barely waiting until they'd closed behind her to grab the dish up in her hands and run to the kitchen, roughly dumping it in the soaking trough and running back, barely making it in time to open the doors and squeeze past Sheila before she completely blocked off the doorway. As she passed, she caught a glimpse of Sheila's face, brow furrowed in distress even as she continued to suck down the bust-expanding milkshake. Maddi's lips tightened, wanting to say something but not knowing how or what. She simply resumed her position behind his chair, watching Sheila lurch her way through the doors, the skin bunching up at the top and bottom of the doorframe as she struggled to get her enormous breasts through.

Finally the doors closed, and Sheila began her slow trek down the hall towards the kitchen. A dozen openings and speeches played through Maddi's head, trying to find some way to broach the subject that wouldn't endanger Sheila's job.

"Something the matter, Ms. Ellison?" Mr. Big asked.

"What? Oh, no, nothing, sir," Maddi said, trying to sound chipper.

"Really? You seem quite fidgety for there being nothing wrong."

"Uhm, well..." Maddi said, thinking. Ah, the hell with it. Just say it plainly, she thought. "Could I... Could I speak with you for a moment?"

"Aren't we already?"

"Face to face," Maddi clarified.

"Why? Is there something wrong with this method?"

"Begging your pardon, but I know I would find it hard to take someone seriously with their bosoms wrapped around my head."

"Fair enough," He said, letting a short laugh escape him. "Have a seat." Maddi went around the table, pulling the chair out enough that she could sit on her enormous backside and look straight across at Mr. Big.

"...So?" He asked as Maddi situated herself. Maddi took a deep breath and just let the words tumble out of her like a waterfall.

"Now see here, I know Sheila's quite something to behold, and I understand wanting to see her get bigger, I suppose, but I want you to know that Sheila will go to any lengths to please you, past the point of sanity or even her own health. It's not just the tips- well, it is, really- but it's different! It's not like Penelope, who hams it up because she loves the attention, Sheila really *needs* the tips!"

"And how do you know this?" He asked, any traces of mirth gone from his features.

"I'm her flatmate at the university," Maddi said, "And I've seen the way she has to ration out money. Not a penny goes to waste, every bit of food, every frame of film, every stitch of clothing meticulously calculated to stay within her pathetically meager budget."

"Pathetic?" Mr. Big echoed, one brow raising. "Compared to what? Are you that much better off?"

"Pfft," Maddi said, rolling her eyes before she caught herself. "...Y-yes, I am. And I don't dare let her find out, the poor thing, she's so stubbornly self-made that she wouldn't accept any help from me if I threw it at her."

"You're that much better off?" He repeated.

"My father's in the House of Lords," Maddi said, exasperated. "I've got ridiculous amounts of dosh in my bank account. I think the expression over here is... 'filthy stinking rich'?"

"The House of Lords?" Mr. Big said, both eyebrows raised over his glasses. "And Ms. Miles doesn't know any of this?"

"No," Maddi said, shaking her head. "And I don't know what would happen if she did. I don't... I don't know that we could still be friends if she knew. She certainly wouldn't take any of my help- she 'doesn't need charity', as she'll quickly tell you." Maddi looked hard at Mr. Big's eyes, or at least the centre of his sunglasses. "That's why she'll do whatever demeaning thing, assume whatever disfiguring proportion, to make you happy here tonight. She knows of your reputation- much better than I, I'll admit- and sees this as a chance to finally earn some breathing room in her checkbook. Sheila's not the type to go on a wild shopping spree with a windfall- you should see her side of the flat, nearly everything she owns is second-hand, used, bargain-bin- but to not have to calculate everything down to the last red cent-"

"Last red cent?" Mr. Big echoed.

"Er, that's right, isn't it? That's how it goes, since your smallest coin is copper-ish? At least, the clean ones? Our shillings are more ruddy..."

"No no, that's correct..." Mr. Big said, waving Maddi on. "Yes, freshly-minted pennies are a reddish color from the copper. Please, continue." Maddi swallowed, trying to get her train of thought back on track.

"Yes, well, in any case, Sheila really, really needs this, so she'll do whatever you ask, but do try to remember that there's a real girl behind those... those enormous curves," Maddi said, trying not to use one of her more readily-available derogatory epithets for them. "A girl who worries about rent every month and who has never bought a new edition of a textbook from the Uni bookstore as long as I've known her. So please, if you have to dock someone for this interruption in your meal, dock me- I can certainly afford it- but I'm begging you on her behalf to not ask her to drink another one of those milkshakes. Bless her stupid, stubborn little heart, but she'll drink those until she asphyxiates herself if she thinks it'll please you." Maddi sighed, not sure if she'd helped or harmed Sheila by her outburst. Riley, at the very least, was silently shooting daggers at Maddi with her eyes, and Barbara looked more astonished by the exchange than anything else. Mr. Big, for his part, was completely stone-faced, as indecipherable as a Moai from Easter Island. Maddi looked at him, her brow pinching pleadingly, but she didn't have anything more to say, couldn't, really. She looked over at her shoulder at the door, licking her lips to alleviate the dried-out feeling her speech had given them. Without a word, she hefted her backside from the floor, straightened the chair back the way it was, and resumed her position behind Mr. Big.

Minutes passed in stony silence, Maddi re-playing and analyzing every word, every inflection and facial tic in her head, wondering if she'd made the right choice by speaking up. It was odd- she'd grown up around wealth and nobility, and knew fairly well how to read false niceties and insincere glad-handing, but something about the restaurant threw her off. She

supposed speaking to someone over a meter's worth of cleavage and listening to their responses through fuzzy fox-ears was enough to alter her familiar social dynamic to an unrecognizable state.

Finally, Sheila's rear burst through the doors once more, and Maddi heard not only Sheila's petite grunts and straining, but two others from somewhere beyond the doors. She saw the unnatural way Sheila's breasts were heaving and juddering- even more unnatural than usual, that is- and realized that she'd enlisted the help of two other people to help push her through the doors, Sheila's bosoms completely filling the double-doors and having to be mashed through, a stone's worth of soft flesh at a time. When Sheila leaned back, trying to let her enormous bottom drag her comparatively even more gigantic breasts through the opening, Maddi noticed that her shoulders were bare, the sleeves of her outfit cut from the cuff to the collar, turning her blouse into a tube-top, more or less. Finally, with a teeth-gritting strain, Sheila's breasts passed through the double doors and she lurched the rest of the way into the gold room, "catching" her breasts in her arms to try and keep them from shaking the drinks nestled between them too much.

"Ms. Ellison, how about you fetch my parfait and such from Ms. Miles?" Mr. Big asked, the first response he'd made since their talk. Was he going to have her start drinking the milkshakes now, Maddi wondered? Well, she would if she had to- he was on his dessert anyways, there was no way Maddi would wind up as big as Sheila...

Maddi went over to her friend, putting a hand to her forehead to block out the overhead lights as she looked at the two tall glasses set high in Sheila's cleavage. Maddi was sure there was no way she could reach those, even if she was able to get right up to the immense wall of flesh without her own prodigious bosoms getting in the way. Maddi looked around the Gold Room, taking a step over to the wall and picking up one of the chairs along it. She carried the chair over to Sheila, made more exhausting by the fact that her breasts were pressing down upon them, adding their weight to the chair's in what Maddi had to lift up off the ground. Setting it down in front of Sheila, she hefted her breasts up in her arms, stepped up onto the chair, and found herself mashed into Sheila's breasts, even her enormous jubbies positively dwarfed by the awe-inspiring girth of Sheila's bosoms. Maddi could now look across at the two tall glasses, seeing the field of goosebumps radiating from them across Sheila's expansive breasts, but for the height she'd gained she was still no closer to her goal, her own breasts and Sheila's making it impossible for her to reach that far into Sheila's cleavage.

"Um, Sheila? Sheila!" Maddi whispered.

"What?" Came her friend's tired, muffled reply.

"How do I get these out of your, um, you know?" Maddi asked, gingerly leaning in against her friend.

"No idea," Sheila replied. "Can you pull my boobs down without spilling?"

"Pull them down?" Maddi retorted, perhaps a bit louder than she'd meant.

"Yeah, just grab a handful and pull!" Sheila hissed. "C'mon, don't keep him waiting!"

Maddi blanched, but tried it anyway, grabbing a huge pinch of breastflesh between each thumb and fingers and pulling it down towards herself. The glasses did move closer, however briefly, but as the two mounds of flesh collided, they began to wrap over Maddi's own breasts, their contents tilting dangerously towards the rims of their glasses. Maddi let go and stood straight, back to square one. She needed some way to get the glasses closer to herself without

mashing her and Sheila's boobs together any more than they were already, which looked to be in the current circumstances a herculean feat. Maddi scooted back and leaned forward, giving Mr. Big a scandalous view of her bum as she tried to squeeze her breasts between the back of her chair and the front of Sheila's boobs, something she managed to do- barely- and which still resulted in her face resting centimeters from the softly-compressed canyon of Sheila's cleavage.

"Brilliant," Maddi muttered to herself. "First I'm high enough and it's too far, now I'm far enough and it's too high..." Maddi began to straighten up, but her breasts caught against Sheila's, her own bosom compacting into her friend's cleavage, parting them however briefly. Maddi began to curse but caught herself, looking up the line from where her breasts were spreading Sheila's cleavage to where the two drinks were stuck in it far above.

"Just a sec, Sheils," Maddi said, sinking her arms in Sheila's cleavage up to her elbows, feeling just as grossed out as when she'd had to fish that \$20 bill out of the deep recesses of her own bosoms. With an upward heave of her bosoms and a sideways jerk of her elbows, Maddi created a gap in Sheila's cleavage that radiated upwards like a wave, violent and sudden enough that she was able to separate Sheila's breasts fast and far enough for the two drinks to fall neatly into Maddi's waiting hands, nary a speck of whipped cream or errant cherry falling out. Maddi lunged backwards, Sheila's enormous breasts colliding together once again with a slap loud enough to reverberate the length and breadth of the Gold Room, roughly stepping off the chair and backpedaling a few steps until she regained her balance. Clearing her throat, she quickly served the two tall glasses as gingerly as she could, partially in an effort to balance out the crude roughness with which she had retrieved them in the first place. Then she replaced the chair, noting that Sheila was already heaving her massive self against the wall for another go-round, panting and gasping from exertion.

"Ms. Ellison, you can dispose of that milkshake, if you like," Mr. Big said, gesturing with his spoon after taking a bite of cream-buried honeydew. "My date's already come and gone, and she apparently didn't take well to them." Maddi cocked her head and blinked. His date? But the only one who'd sat down there was... oh.

"Er, certainly, sir," Maddi said, picking up the milkshake and setting it between her breasts. "Um... should I...?" She started, not able to fake Sheila's enthusiasm quite as well.

"Just toss it," He said, waving her off. "I'm done with milkshakes for the night." Maddi inwardly breathed a sigh of relief, pushing the door open and taking the milkshake back to the kitchen, stopping mid-step when she saw Tony round the corner.

"A-Anthony?" She said, before catching herself. "Erm, hello, I meant."

"Hi Maddison," he replied as he walked past.

"W-wait!" Maddi exclaimed, turning around quickly enough to cause a bit of the milkshake to slosh onto her breasts. "Don't- where are you going?" She asked, mortified that he would see Sheila in the state she was in.

"To the Gold Room," He said, turning and cocking his head. "Something the matter?"

"Just, I mean, do you have to?" Maddi asked, trying to ignore the cold, slimy feeling of the half-frozen milk and ice cream oozing down her cleavage.

"Well, yeah," Tony said. "He just got served dessert, right? I've got the bill here and the pills to turn you all back."

"Turn us back?" Maddi asked.

"Yeah, that's how Mr. Big works- whoever he takes in with him he has leave with him. I mean, not *with* him, with him, but after you're done serving Mr. Big it's time to go home."

Maddi blinked, her eyebrows perking up. Leave already? It wasn't even lunchtime!

"So, anyways..." Tony said, edging away from Maddi.

"Er, wait," Maddi said, putting a hand out and shaking her head. "I mean, just, Sheila's in a bad way right now, so can you just give him his check and leave without looking at her?" Maddi asked. "Here, give me her pill, and I'll get it to her," She offered, holding her hand out."

"Uh... Sure," Tony said, reaching into the inside pockets in either side of his vest and dropping a pill from each into Maddi's cupped hand. "There's yours, and there's Sheila's. Don't get them mixed up, now, I was keeping them in separate pockets because they're the same colour..." He said.

"Thank you, Anthony," Maddi said. "Just keep your eyes to the left side of the room when you go in the doors, aye?" Tony nodded and continued toward the Gold Room, Maddi pinching each of the two pills in the crooks of the fingers on her left hand, hurrying to the kitchen to drop off the milkshake and clean up the spill. Maddi quickly swabbed out her cleavage with a rag, still feeling a little sticky but wanting to get back to Sheila as soon as possible.

Tony exited the doors to the Gold room as Maddi approached, putting a hand up as she opened her mouth.

"Don't worry, I didn't look," he said. "But he's about to give out the tips, so you'd better get in there."

Maddi gave a quick "Thank you" and a nod before she went inside, seeing the two servers from earlier lifting the tablecloth off of Riley and Barbara, carefully folding it up.

"Ah, there you are," Mr. Big said, standing up from his chair. "All right, everyone's here, so up against the wall," He said, taking a fat stack of bills out of his jacket pocket and slapping them heavily against his palm as everyone lined up against the wall, Maddi squeezing herself next to Sheila. As Mr. Big gave Barbara her tip, Maddi took Sheila's pill and poked her in the shoulder with it, Sheila grabbing the pill and nodding as she tried to climb and shuffle her way up, over, and between her cleavage enough to see out in front of her.

"Ms. Sykes, it's always a thrill to see you be pleasant for a few hours," Mr. Big said as he moved in front of Riley, counting out what Maddi saw were fifty-dollar notes. "Eight hundred dollars." Riley simply smirked.

"And you, Ms. Ellison," He said, moving in front of Maddi. "It's always amused me the way British people are so polite even while being horribly rude. Your boldness and passion won me over, however, so your interruptions and back-talk are quite fondly forgiven. One thousand dollars," He finished, placing a thick stack of bills in Maddi's hands.

"Th-thank you," she said, blinking. That was more than she usually got from her parents.

"And finally, we come to you, Ms. Miles," Mr. Big said as Sheila finally struggled her way into something approaching visible, her rear squished against the wall, only her head and shoulders poking out from between her enormous breasts as she lay atop them, looking like a little girl escaping the clutches of a monster made of flesh-coloured beanbag chairs.

"Y-yes, Sir?" Sheila ventured.

"Your performance tonight was simply exemplary, and I was prepared to pay handsomely for it," He said, waving the remainder of the stack of fifties back and forth, "But I was swayed by your friend's impassioned plea regarding your financial situation."

Maddi's organs condensed to stone and crashed down against her pelvis in one swift instant.

"U-um, m-my-?" Sheila stammered.

"Oh yes, she was quite explicit," Mr. Big said, not looking at Maddi's pleading, crestfallen face. "all about how frugal you are, how tightly your budget is stretched every month." Sheila's brow was pinched together in worry, the shock and anger apparently queued behind her teetering hopes.

"So, since you, as Ms. Ellison so delicately put it, rationed every dollar to the last red cent," He said, putting the stack of hundreds away, "I will present you with *my* last. Red. Cent." He said, removing a single polished penny from another pocket of his jacket and placing it in Sheila's hand.



Maddi's face collapsed in on itself, the look of pain and shock and sadness dwarfed only by the one on Sheila's face, though still managing even through her mask of anguished disbelief to look at Mr. Big.

"Th-thank you, Sir."



"Think nothing of it," he replied cheerfully. "Well, ladies, it's been an enormous pleasure as always," He said, giving a slight salute. "Until next time," He finished, heading out the doors back to the restaurant proper.

Maddi's eyes followed him all the way to the doors, her mouth working but no sound coming out, the conflicting urges to beg and scream and cry causing a logjam at her larynx until he was gone.

"Real smooth," Riley sneered as she broke ranks and headed out the doors as well, Barbara following soon after. Maddi felt rooted to the spot, unable to even look over at Sheila.

A penny. A single cent. After all Sheila had done, to insult her with a single penny. Maddi squeezed the wad of fifties in her fist, the money feeling hot in her grip, hot and dirty, like blood money.

It wasn't until Maddi heard Sheila's shoes scuff against the wall that she dared look at her friend, thankful she couldn't see her face behind her breasts. Sheila simply turned, the effects of the pill already shrinking her breasts to her "Usual" size five, which even at their size was still familiar enough that she could walk, and headed for the door.

"Sheila-" Maddi started.

"Save it," Sheila retorted, quick and final but with no edge of anger to it. No edge of anything, really- emotionally dead, almost frighteningly so.

"Sheila," Maddi tried again, following Sheila into the hallway.

"I said save it," She repeated, pressing her way into the locker room.

Maddi just stood there, her insides churning. She didn't know whether to cry, to throw the wad of bills at Sheila and yell at her to take the stupid money, to punch the wall until she bled. How could he, she wondered, how could he punish Sheila so severely for something Maddi had done? And she was only trying to help!

Maddi remembered the pill in her other hand and contemplated it. Should she change back? Should she even try to ride home with Sheila? Maybe it'd be better if she just worked the rest of the night and took a cab home- she certainly had the money for it. But no, Sheila was stubborn enough she'd probably just sit in the parking lot, feeling miserable for herself until Maddi finished.

Sheila came out of the dressing room, wearing her shirt over her breasts, cleavage showing through the neck hole and the sleeves hanging limply off the front of her breasts, her back bare as her shirt stretched over what would be in the neighbourhood of size three breasts were they still on the clock.

"You coming, or what?" Sheila asked, not even looking at Maddi as she turned towards the kitchen.

"...Dammit," Maddi grumbled, downing the pill and hurrying into the locker room.

When Maddi rushed to Sheila's car, she was still shrinking down, holding her pants up with one hand and her top down with the other as she shrank down to a size where her clothes would actually button and zip properly.

"Sheila, I'm so sorry-" Maddi started as she sat down.

"Maddi-" Sheila tried to interrupt, turning the key around her bosom, which even scooted back as far as she was still brushed the steering wheel.

"No, I mean it, Sheila," Maddi continued, trying to struggle the seat belt across or between her still-large but diminishing curves, "I was only trying to-"

"Maddi, *please*," Sheila said, jerking forward as she put the car into reverse. "What's done is done. I appreciate the thought, but I just wanna go home."

Maddi opened her mouth to say something, but seeing Sheila's defeated visage sapped any further protests. She slumped against the window, cursing her big mouth.

\* \* \*

"Take half of mine," Maddi suddenly said on the freeway.

"What?" Sheila asked, surprised by the outburst.

"Five hundred dollars. At least it's something," Maddi said.

"No," Sheila said. "No way."

"No, think about it!" Maddi pleaded, fishing the bills out of her pocket. "If I hadn't said anything, he wouldn't've said what he did about me being bold. And if you hadn't been so huge, I wouldn't've said anything, so really, when you think about it, part of this is yours."

"No, Maddi," Sheila repeated, eyes on the road.

"Come now, why not?" Maddi begged. "Please, half! You deserve that much!"

"If you hadn't said anything I would've had my own!" Sheila snapped, looking at Maddi. Maddi saw tears on Sheila's cheeks illuminated in the reflection of the headlights from the car behind her in her rearview mirror. "I was doing just fine before you said anything and made him stop feeding me milkshakes!"

"J-just fine?" Maddi sputtered. "You could hardly move!"

"And I had people that helped push!" Sheila retorted.

"You had to turn to the side just to breathe!" Maddi continued. "Any more and-"

"And I'd have gotten a snorkel or something!" Sheila said, her voice straining as she glanced briefly at the road before turning back to Maddi. "I'd make do!"

"Sheila-"

"It didn't matter how much I liked it!" Sheila said. "He was loving it, and I was gonna get a huge tip out of it! I didn't care how hard it was or how embarrassed I felt to have my top ripping up all over, all that mattered was the payoff! Barbara got a couple hundred bucks and she was the *table* for Christ's sake!" She said. "And now, because you gave him a pity story about how broke I am, I got a *penny*."

"So why don't you take half of mine, then!?" Maddi said, exasperated. "I'm offering!"

"Because it's not mine!" Sheila said, each sentence bringing her closer and closer to screaming level. "I don't want money just because you feel sorry for me! Besides, you need it just as bad as I do!"

"N-no I don't!" Maddi said.

"Shyeah, right," Sheila said, rolling her eyes. "I live in the same stinking dorm room, Maddi, I know how expensive that stupid school is."

"Yes, but- but I don't need the money! I really don't!"

"Maddi, knock it off!" Sheila said, pounding on the top of the steering wheel with the heel of her palm. "Stop trying to make me feel better!"

"I- I- oh, damn it all, Sheila, I'm rich! I don't need any of your damn yank money! Not at all! None of it!"

"Rich? What do you mean, rich?" Sheila asked, still yelling but now with a touch of confusion in her voice.

"Rich! Rich, rich! As in more money than I rightly know what to do with! My father's in the House of Lords, for God's sakes!" Sheila just looked over to Maddi with a confused look on her face, checking the road in front of her every so often.

"Yes, that's right, my father's of the nobility! I didn't live in a 'big house' like you asked, I lived on an estate! I'm not a poor driver because I'm used to taking the tube, I'm a poor driver because until I was twenty I had a chauffeur! I tear up half the checks I get from my family- yes, not 'the bank', my family- because I didn't want my bank account to get too large! You're so damn stubbornly self-made you make me feel like a great bloody ass because I came from money, so I tried to play along, but this is insane! I don't need the money, Sheila! I just don't *need* it!"

Maddi sat there, holding the wad of bills out to Sheila, looking incredulous. When Sheila didn't make a move, Maddi repeated the handing-over motion, as if trying to catch her eye. Sheila looked over just barely before turning back to the road, her head sinking almost imperceptibly forward.

"No, Maddi," She said, "and if you want to still be my friend you'll put it away and never bring it up again."

Maddi left the bills hanging there for a moment, then slumped against the window, defeated.

\* \* \*

The silence as the pair entered their dorm was deafening, every footfall and dropped purse a condemnation of the ruinous end to the night. Maddi walked behind Sheila, not willing to face her friend, the wad of bills in her pocket weighing her down like the monkey's paw or the telltale heart, something ill-gotten and terrible. Sheila sighed and dropped the penny on the table, apparently having not left her hand since Mr. Big placed it there. *What a bell-end*, Maddi thought as she looked at the penny. *Why even bother to shine it, just to make the insult that much more... vile?*

"Huh..." Maddi said, tilting her head to the side to get a better look at the penny. "Hey, Sheila?" Maddi asked.

"What Maddi..." Sheila said, pulling a sheet off her bed to cover herself with until the extra milkshake-centimeters of her bustline Trixie's pill hadn't accounted for wore off.

"Didn't you lot ration during the war?" Maddi asked, furrowing her brow as she put a nail on the edge of the penny and dragged it toward her.

"Do what?" Sheila asked, turning. "Ration? What war?"

"World War Two," Maddi said. "You know, war effort stuff. Rubber, aluminium, grease, all that rot."

"Oh... Yeah, I think so. I read about that in history class."

"Well didn't you yanks use copper for bullets?" Maddi asked, picking the penny up and looking at it.

"Of course, why?" Sheila asked, coming up next to Maddi.

"Because this penny's stamped 1943," Maddi said, showing it to Sheila. "I know we stopped-"

"Oh my God," Sheila said, eyes popping wide as she put a hand to her mouth. "Let me see that," She said, taking the penny from Maddi and rushing to her computer, almost tripping over the sheet she had wrapped around herself.

"What? What?" Maddi asked, coming up behind Sheila, ducking under her bunk bed to see her computer screen.

"We *did* stop using copper pennies in World War Two," Sheila said, "But some were still made by accident," she continued, typing into her search engine and clicking links. "Yeah, here we go," She said, bringing up a page, scanning over the text with a finger as she read. "...very few still in circulation... only minted from one mint by accident... very rare and historical coinage... worth in good condition over FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!?" She yelled, leaping from her chair and bonking her head on the underside of her bunk, recoiling just long enough to get out from under her bunk before wrapping Maddi in a teary, bosomy hug.

"Fifteen thousand dollars!" Sheila exclaimed, halfway between laughing and crying as she wrenched Maddi this way and that around their dorm. "Fifteen thousand dollars! Do you know what that means?! My car payments, my insurance, my loans! Fifteen thousand dollars!" She sobbed, hugging herself into Maddi, who was still too stunned by the drastic mood swing to properly react. *If nothing else*, Maddi thought as she returned the hug and patted her friend's back, *the thousand dollars in my pocket no longer feels so vile*.

**Congratulations! You've reached the end of the free part of *Working Girl*! if you want to see the girls get to even bigger sizes and higher stakes, You can purchase the full eBook at <https://ebbooks.itch.io/juggalos> ! Not only does it contain the next 12 chapters, wrapping up the *Working Girl* story, but it contains re-vamped chapter pictures from SpiralingStaircase, as well as a bonus gallery full of exclusive fanart from SutibaruArt, Jacques00, Oxdarock, ImmortalTom, and many more!**