

# *Not so Boyish*

## Chapter 1-

It had been a pretty long week for Sam.

Being a senior in high school, you'd imagine that she'd have a lot less on her hands now that she was preparing to go to college, but it felt like she only had more weight on her hands.

She had been working hard in her classes, not so she could get a good grade on her exams, but so she could exempt them. After all, she was already accepted into her college of choice, and all she really had to do was survive the next couple of months after this next round of exams. It more felt like a time killer nowadays, a way to get her mind off of her own mistakes. Considering her past relationships with people it'd be better than dealing with them.

Still, it was wearing her, taking another look through her notes as she prepared for her next exam. It was always near the end of the semester where she reached her breaking point, ready for a break so she can simply recuperate.

As she looked to her left, old childhood photos occupied the white, painted board. Memories ran back as she looked them over, ranging from good to bad. Her fun going to the beach, all the way to her bad relationship with that one guy. While not the most abundant, there was one set which particularly caught Sam's attention. She had this friend who was around then, lived next door, had a big thing for video games, which wasn't too common with her classmates, and he always had some weird shenanigan that got them both in trouble. Be it for getting lost in the creek, or even something as bad as a fight for stealing someone's Pokemon cartridge.

However, Sam still had the audacity to stick around with her, it was fun spending time with that boy. Still, it really sucked that he had to move out before they could finally visit each other in middle school, going to an entirely different state.

Sam shook away the thought from her head, she was only getting distracted, and she still had 3 more assignments tonight and an exam tomorrow, she couldn't use this time to daydream. She was 18, after all. Only a matter of time before she graduated.

Her pencil continued to write, answering the calculus questions on the sheet in front of her. She always hated that class, but she was an ace in it, getting mid A in the class. She knew everyone in the class struggled a lot with the more complex questions, but she was able to think through a lot of the math quickly, which shaved a lot of time thinking about how to handle it.

After a few more minutes, she was finally at the last question, looking steadily at the paper as she was confident enough to finally wrap up the paper. She had double checked everything so far, and all she had to do was write the answer to this simple question. It was asking for the diameter of this specific circle if the radius was missing, and all she had were a few hints. She thought about it for a moment, thinking the network of questions like an obstacle course, jumping over each method like a hurdle, before finally reaching the answer of 17.36.

The brunette placed her hand on the paper as she lowered the pencil, confident in her answer. It was all interrupted with a loud knock, which instantly took Sam's attention away from the paper.

Who could even be here, anyways? Mom had those meals she ordered around this time, but she didn't remember 2:00 being the time. Still, it's better than the food melting out there. Passing along downstairs, Sam kept her hand on the bar as she skipped along, looking to see who this guest may be.

For some reason, it felt unfamiliar to her at the time, not someone who usually showed up. She would've looked through the hole in the door, but was quickly stunned by another few rings of the bell, causing Sam to rush to the handle as she let the light into the house.

She got a glimpse of the person's face. It was a blonde haired person, having some decently short hair. She could only stare at their faces at the time, but she just wasn't sure what they wanted. But the cap she was wearing was very familiar. It had a yellow brim, with the front of the cap being a monotone black. There was a small, stylized marking on the front, which made the girl look a bit more in depth.

"Hey, that cap...!"

Instantly, a lock sprouted from her skull as she recognized that baseball cap. Sam's eyes widened as she looked at the boyish, yet feminine face as it smiled back at her reaction.

"ALEX?!"

She couldn't believe Alex was back, it had been so long since they had seen each other. They hadn't talked since they moved mostly since neither had a proper way to contact each other, but still, it felt odd to see Alex finally back in the spotlight of her life. The cap on her head that she remembered so fondly seemed to have taken quite a beating, having plenty of torn fabric, and a more dulled texture. Signs of a bite mark even seemed to be visible.

She looked down to see if anything else had changed, and was met with two mounds against her chest, squishing against the sports bra she was wearing as it slipped down to the stomach. The shiny flesh tilted at each edge of the naked corner as it jiggled with the turn of Alex's shoulder.

“ALEX!!“

Sam shouted again, staring at the immense mounds before her, there’s no way they could be, but after all Alex was a...

“You uhh... did you... you’ve uhh changed.” Sam said with some flustered confusion as she looked at the mounds and back at Alex’s face. But she could’ve sworn Alex was a man, why did he suddenly have giant melons in front of that chest. This wasn’t making sense.

“Yea... I guess puberty kinda hit me like a truck.”

“But you didn’t take any...”

Alex paused for a moment, looking a bit concerned with Sam’s question, before soon realizing what she meant, giving a chuckle in response. “Wait, did you actually think I was a boy this entire time?” Alex said with some laughter.

Sam, still a bit shocked, let in the... whatever Alex was, who skipped along to see the new formation of the living room.

“Aw man you got rid of the best couch?” Alex said, with their arms lowering as she hunched over in disappointment. She fondly remembered the comfy blue couch Sam used to have, snuggling into it while they played Mario Kart during long sleepovers. “Well, I’ll just sit on this one.” Alex continued with.

Sam also sat down, looking again at the face of this old friend.

“So uh... you used to be a boy?”

“What? No!” Alex responded with another chuckle. “I’ve always had girl parts, I thought you knew this!” Alex said. Now that Sam thought about it, Alex was a bit short for being a boy. Even her voice was pretty clear as she kept her raspy, but enticing voice. It had enough pep to it to cheer anyone up.

Sam looked at what she could confirm was a woman, stuttering as she came to quickly accept Alex’s shape. It was pretty clear, but it was just seeing something so... hyper feminine that set her off.

“I guess...” Sam murmured, looking off to the side as the chest billowed out. “It’s just I never saw any confirmed proof... that’s all.”

“I mean, I’m not gonna pull out a birth certificate to prove I’m a woman.” She said, laughing at Sam’s response. After she died down her snickers, the two sat for a moment, before Alex

looked down to her chest, before pulling back up. “Oh wait, youwait, youwait, you mean these?” She said, pointing at them with a giggle. “Ok these are certainly real!”

“Err...” Sam mumbled awkwardly.

“Yeah, you’d be amazed at how many dudes back in the mountains would ask for a test squeeze!” She said, squishing them herself and lifting it like livestock. “You’ve definitely done a better job than most guys.” Alex said, zooming closer. “You wanna feel?” She said as she scuttled to Sam, playing her chest next to Sam’s neck. A look of genuine surprise casted on her face as her hand raised, not expecting the question or the speed at which Alex passed over.

“I’ll uh... pass on that.” The girl in the ponytail said, lowering her hand as Alex walked back to her seat, giggling like a schoolgirl.

“I’m just kidding!” She said as she sat down, having the chest bounce up and down from the thud of slouching down on the leather seat. “And besides, we’re both girls, not gonna scream if you grab my boob.” She said as she noticed the shock in Sam’s face.

“It’s not that, it’s just...” Sam wanted to say strange, but felt her lungs hold back. Luckily, Alex got the memo pretty fast.

“Eh, I never was one to call myself a woman when I was a kid. Usually boys got to do cooler stuff up in boy scouts so I just had to convince them I wasn’t a girl.”

“I guess that whole laser tag “date” thing made a lot more sense.” Sam said, remembering the time she pretended to be Alex’s girlfriend to get into Brody’s birthday party.

“Yea, remember when you had to kiss me in order to prove the whole thing, and then they had to make up something about the “cooties” rule to get me out?” Alex gaggles about. “God, those guys were dicks! I’m glad I didn’t have to see them anymore. As Alex giggled to herself, the fatty chest before her bounced around some more, bobbing with each chuckle the girl made. Sam watched as Alex shut her eyes, lost a bit in the cackling over the horrible things that Brody and his crew got them into.

Still, it wasn’t the worst moment Sam has had when it came to dating. She thought about that one relationship with that creep she had in through middle and high. She still couldn’t get her mind off of it.

“Hey! You remember how we used to drive around with Mom on that golf cart drive around the area?” Alex exclaimed, leaning towards Sam as she looked back up at her face.

“Oh yeah! I actually got one for Christmas because of that! Though it was right in the year you left...” Sam said as her excitement died down a bit.

“Are you kidding?!” Alex said, raising herself from the seat more as her cleavage became more visible, challenging Sam’s ability to look at her face. “I’ve always wanted to go on a ride with just you, but that just irked me throughout my entire middle and high school years!” Her fingers tapped between the gym shorts she was wearing as her interest only rose. “C’mon, can we go?”

“Well, I’ve got a bit of work to finish up on, but I could probably do i-“

“Come on! We can do that later!” Alex shouted with more excitement as she got up from the seat.

Sam shrugged as she brushed her shoulders, thinking for a bit before being grabbed by Alex’s surprisingly toned arm. The two rushed to the basement door as the short haired girl continued to rush her friend down. Sam could even feel her ponytail whip around as she was flown all over by the boyish friend of hers. It was like she knew the exact spot it would be in the house as she took a moment to glance around, finally seeing the hunk of a vehicle trapped in.

It was a bit dusty, but still in great condition. It seemed to occupy more of a book shelf though as neglect took over it. That didn’t stop Alex though, who quickly went in to gently slide the books and tubs out of the way, leaving room for the two to finally sit.

“Where’s that garage remote?” Alex spoke to herself. She started to toss some things around. The brunette looked at her friend again, hoping not to be distracted by her friend’s bust, only to see the two orbs hanging around her back. It was big enough to make a mark from behind. As Sam frantically looked at her surroundings, and by chance found the control in a little basket on the ground. She tossed the remote, before Alex made a peace sign.

Looking to find the button for a second on the remote, she made a click as the doors began to slide open, leaving the golf cart wide open to escape the house.

Getting the memo, the blonde hopped onto the golf cart, having her two mounds bounce around as she put her foot on the gas, and her hand on the key. Luckily, it was already there, and surprisingly fully charged.

“Hey! I’m about ready to go when you are!”

Sam knew her mom would be out for the week, so she didn’t have to worry about her finding out about this, but still, she had that innate worry inside of her that was telling her she shouldn’t be doing this. Still, Alex is a guest, and it would be wrong to disappoint her. Hopping along with her busty friend, the two excited to the backyard, where a nudge by a wire yanked Alex back.

It seemed to be some kind of cord, which when it hit, Sam realized it was the charger for the cart. “Crap!” she thought to herself. Rushing out to look, the cord was completely snapped, causing Sam to freak out a bit as she looked at the torn up wire.

“Shoot, do you want to quit or...” Alex responded, leaning to look back to Sam, who was unplugging the cord from the charging station. Sam however, got back in the cart as she took a deep sigh.

“No, no we can keep going, just try not to be too reckless, alright?” The blue-eyed girl said, just trying not to disappoint her long-awaited guest.

With a nod, Alex seemed to understand, hoping not to do anything else to bust up Sam’s mood. She yanked the seatbelt, whipping it across her body as she pulled it to the lock. There was a pleasant surprise waiting for her as the leather pulled into her, squishing right between the crop top she had on. Her chest was pushed tighter as she pulled the belt closer, struggling to finish her job. Eventually, she gave up, yanking the seatbelt back before raising her shoulders. “Eh, just don’t tell anyone.” She said. “Not like a lot of people will notice under these.”

Another crank was made from the golf cart as the vehicle rolled out of the backyard. The slope up to the yard was a bit uncomfortable, as the tomboy felt the mounds on her chest bump into her ribs, but they regained gravity as they hit the front yard.

The two went all sorts of places, visiting old houses of neighbors in the area, talking about things like that one weird kid who hoarded spongebob toys, to things like different updates like a community playground added in. They also passed along a few trails that went into the road, allowing them to visit some of the other neighborhoods nearby.

Sam wasn’t one to get out of the house too often. Even the “online community” of friends she had wouldn’t be considered too close as she focused more on her habits of studying and working, but hey, at least she was enjoying the moment now. The breeze against the edge of the cart felt nice against her legs as the sandals she wore kicked across the edge. The slight whirring of the cart was visible, but it didn’t bother her.

Really, nothing could escape Sam other than the questions barraged by Alex. Things like how Clay got involved with a gang, or how Kendall ended up becoming an olympic swimmer. Heck, even the mansion that had been in the midst of the suburbs was outclassed by someone that moved in a year or two ago. Alex also blabbered on about this one goose that lived there that was always causing a ruckus with her. She thought it could recognize her, because each time she went out, the thing would jet towards her and try to maul her. Even though a lot had changed, it still was the same town that Alex knew.

One of the biggest attractions that was missed, for Alex at least, was the old pond. It was this big pond that stretched out to the other side of the neighborhood, and with the evening sky beginning to sprout, it left a glimmering orange reflection against the body of water. The sounds of waterfowl echoed as the deep woods cut between the lake and the sky.

As the golf cart stopped, Alex hopped out to look at the pool before her, fascinated by the scenery. Sam stayed in her spot, though Alex walked around the cart as she jumped on top of the hood.

The woman's breasts squished into her kneecaps as they bounced against the seat not built for her figure. As Sam glanced at the girl again, she noticed just how big her hips were alongside her abundant top. They weren't gargantuan, but they had a noticeable amount of thickness as they touched against the window.

"Kinda forgot how pretty this old place is, y'know?" Alex said, looking out at the sunset.

"Yea" Sam replied, pressing her hands into her cheeks.

"Makes me sad that I'm finally out of high school, I don't get to see the old crew anymore." Alex said, sounding a bit weaker as she pushed her arms a bit more against her chest.

Sam paused as she tried to make out a response, relating to the lack of much interaction. "Well, you're still free through the year, we still have a lot of time to spend doing things through the summer if you really want to." She had to do something after all. Alex, for all that she had changed with her move, was still that same Alex at heart. Even if her growth spurt was more like a growth torrent, Alex was still Alex.

Alex looked back at Sam with her eyes raised, a bit curious about the offer she made. "So you'd want to spend some time exploring the town too?"

Sam didn't expect the reply to be so soon, stuttering a bit as she came to her answer. "Well, I still have work, and some games I want to try, but sure! We can journey around town if you want to."

Alex lit up as she read the response from Sam, getting off the cart and running up to the girl. "Oh man, we've got so many places to check out again!" She shouted.

Before Sam could respond, a big hug was received as she felt just how constricting the two mounds could be. "Oh we could go to the mall, or see that concert coming up, or visit all those old buildings we never got to explore, or..."

Alex babbled on about her own favorite areas, which was hard for the brunette to tune into as her friend's soft blobs of boobage pressed into her body. Sam had to admit, it felt nice having the pillows against her, melting into the torso with the tomboy's arms wrapping around her back.

It seemed like the two had a lot of catching up to do with their relationship.

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The two managed to keep the golf cart back in one piece as they parked the thing back in the garage. They went from talking about their old childhoods, all the way to bringing up cheesy movies.

“Oh and then he just uses the remote to slap the shit out of his boss, then fart on the poor guy!” Alex said as she snapped the key out of the cart, jumping out and causing another ripple against the boobs as they tightened against the sports bra.

Sam chuckled as she heard her rambles about the movie. She had gone to see a few with some classmates, but never had she gone and seen a movie one would consider so bad it was good.

As the two exited the basement, Sam looked back to the clock with some shock. It was already 8 PM! A bit of panic arose as she realized Alex needed to head out soon.

“Uhh...” I don’t mean to alarm you, Alex, but I have an exam tomorrow.” Sam responded, looking towards the stairs as she sought to get back to work soon.

The tomboy, while a bit disappointed, understood the dilemma pretty quickly. “Well, we do have a ton more to do this week, so I’m glad we could at least hang out again, so thanks Sammy!” She looked at the door, but quickly paused as she realized something. “Oh yeah! Here!” Alex said, walking back over to the girl. Taking off her hat, she gave it to the blue eyed girl with a smile.

“See, I told you I’d give it back!” She said as Sam put it on her forehead. It looked quite fitting for her, having the slightly snug cap on her, but it felt nice to have with her. The black fabric and the yellow outlines fit well with her jacket. “Heh, thanks Alex!” She said, feeling a little more whole as she adjusted it a little more.

As the two shook goodbye, Alex skipped along to the door, waving with some energy as she finally left Sam to her own accord. Still, there was a part of her that felt empty as she felt this person who wasn’t in her life for years just leave again.

Sam walked back to her room as she crashed onto the seat she was on before, looking back at the notes she was doing.

As she looked back at the math homework, she had to take a second to read through the question, trying to remember what she needed to do on this last question. However, her mind was just blank. The girl looked at her cap as she sat in the chair, analyzing each minor indent in it.

She was gonna have a lot of work to do now that she had to deal with Alex again, but now that there was that new information about her and those melons attached to her, it seemed like things would be more difficult when it came to keeping the woman off her mind.



## Chapter 2-

It was a new day, and with it, some new problems. Sam was supposed to be preparing for the exam for her history class today, but since her old friend Alex came back to her life, she had been all caught behind, which was new for her. Still, she managed to at least finish the homework, though narrowly having enough time for that exam. For some reason though, she couldn't help but feel like she forgot something last night. It's a feeling she always got when she had this much work.

Waiting in the lunchroom, she looked up to see the clock read 7:55. It was about a few minutes until she started, so all she could do was wait for her first class, which was when she took the exam.

Even with the stress in her mind, she could at least be relieved there wasn't anything big on her mind. Her friends usually didn't get to class early, so she usually just minded on her own before class began anyways.

But hey, things weren't so bad, at least she didn't have to deal with Alex again. Not just because of the two elephants in her room, but the fact that she was so rowdy. Her chaotic energy never seemed to subside, even as an adult. They were both seniors, so she was done with her classes anyways, so she probably was just using her time to relax during the summer.

Suddenly, she felt a hand from behind, looking up to expect one of her classmates, or just a person asking a question, but before she could realize who was there, she felt a familiar push against her back.

Sam looked in shock as she saw her endowed friend from behind, chuckling a bit as a smile sat upon her face.

"Sorry, did I spook ya?" Alex said, winking at her friend. While her chest was a bit more hidden, tucked away against the polyester jacket, it still made a noticeable bump against her outfit.

"Wait, but you told me you graduated?" Sam said with some shock.

"Yea, but they allowed me to come in as a guest. I was able to play off the idea of being an 'emotional support assistant' if you'd believe that." The blonde said as she made a giggle to herself.

"Sure..." responded Sam, who had a tint of red flush over her face, shocked by Alex's unexpected arrival.

“So this place has seen some changes, I remember when we went here for the school’s plays and just to see what it was like to be a high schooler.”

“Yea... I’d bet our kid selves would be pretty disappointed.”

“I sure as hell would, specially because I didn’t have to deal with these back then.” Alex said, toying with what she could of the heavy boobs as they motioned through the compact fabric. It was odd to think that no one would guess that actual boobage was behind there, yet here Sam was, seeing the truth that lies behind them.

The school’s digital bell chimed across the room, leading to a flurry of students rushing down the hallway.

“C’mon, now where’s your class?” Alex said as she stood up.

“Well, it’s in the 400 hall, just to the right of-“ before the answer was finished, Sam watched as the girl suddenly nabbed her hand, pushing her through the stampede of students at such a fast pace. Usually Sam walked at a brisk pace to each class, but Alex just wouldn’t stop, dashing through the classmates who looked at the two with rude expressions.

Sam could feel getting her hand pulled with each corner, as it felt like it would rip off. She used her other hand to keep her binder warm under the plaid coat she had on, protected in case the reckless girl decided to trip. Luckily, that didn’t seem to be the case as the two arrived at a stop.

“Alright, I think this is it.” Alex said as she looked in the classroom, seeing a bunch of confused students as they looked at the two girls who likely didn’t belong there. Despite her seeming a bit dim, she could tell the nervousness on their face, pulling with some embarrassment to Sam. “Your class is Mrs. Gagneux’s, right?”

Seeing the nervous face of Sam, Alex pulled her hand once more, ignoring the brunette’s yip as she passed like a bullet towards the next classroom. “Then here, right?”

Sam, looking inside, seemed to be more familiar with the surroundings, quickly looking back to her friend with a vertical nod.

The two walked in, with Alex getting away with her little bit as the two sat down. Luckily, there was a vacant seat Alex could pull up, letting her peek on Sam’s exam notes. Nothing she could discern, but with the large amounts of blue ink stricken across it, Sam’s message on preparing seemed to be clear.

“So... prepared?” Alex said, resting her head on her palms.

“Prepared for what?” Sam responded, expecting the worst from her mischievous friend.

“The exam.”

Sam took a moment to register that Alex meant the exam she was taking, looking back with a slightly clearer mind as her message settled in longer than it should've. “Yeah, yeah. I think I've got it in a wrap.”

Alex smiled a bit, at least happy Sam knew she was doing well. She would've worried about the zipper loosening itself against the jacket she wore, but the shadowy jacket was neatly zipped, reaching her collarbone as it covered her body.

Alex reached over to try and ask another question, but before she could, the teacher had begun her announcement.

“Attention students, we'll be beginning the Unit 5 Exam shortly, I would like all distractions and notes put away, and left far from your seat.”

Hearing her loud message, the students got their bookbags and placed them in the corner of the room, lacking the tidiness the rest of the room had. Alex sat stunned as she didn't understand what to do, as Sam followed the rest in their routine.

The teacher walked up to Alex, puzzled about why she was there, before seeing the guest tags on the right side of her chest.

“I apologize, but we don't allow guests in the room while we take exams.” Said the teacher, resting her hand on the edge of the desk.

“I understand, lemme just get out of the way.” Alex said, lifting her hands as if at gunpoint. The teacher herded the short haired girl out, keeping a keen eye on her movements to make sure nothing funny happened.

Once the door shut, the exam began, leaving Alex bored in the quiet hallway. She wanted to barge back in and do something funny, but interrupting an exam seemed like a bad idea.

Pulling out her phone, Alex looked through her social media feed as she tapped her foot. There was the usual, friends from up north talking about going on vacation, that one kid everyone pitied talking about how he had no girlfriend, the usual. She had a mobile game, but she already checked through everything this morning. It didn't take long before Alex got bored of it all, shutting her phone with a bit of frustration.

She had to think of better ways to kill time.

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Sam was working through the exam at a pretty swell pace. A lot of the questions she was familiar with, other than that one head scratcher found every one or so pages. Since it was mostly multiple choice, she could spot things pretty well. However, once she turned to the page involving written responses, there was a lot more concentration needed.

The first question went smoothly, only taking a minute or two to fill out, but the second question was more lengthy, having her think a bit more about what she was writing.

One thing was catching her off guard, being a bump against the glass. She knew she had to focus, but as she continued to write, it was becoming harder to steer away from.

After a few more sentences written out, and the question fully answered, Sam had to figure out what was peering into her mind.

Of course, the answer was obvious, as it pressed into the window with a smug face. The two mounds it held were flattening against the narrow window as only Sam could really view it. She was the closest to the door, so she could only watch as her friend wreaked havoc from the other side, unable to do much.

As she continued writing questions, she could hear the sound of glass behind her, smearing something as she quested on. Graphite flooded the page as Alex thought thoroughly about this multiple sentence question, hoping the exam would be done. It itched her trying to understand that sound.

Once the page was through, and she paced along to the final question, she realized it was a whole essay she had to write. Wanting a mental break, she turned around again to see what the smearing was all about. There seemed to be a little doodle of Sam doing her exam drawn through the window. It was pretty crude, but Sam got the message clearly.

Alex, catching Sam's attention, breathed again on the window as she wrote her own question to Sam through the confines of the classroom.

"How is the test?" She wrote using her finger. Sam looked down to see part of Alex's drawing smeared away, brushed by something below the tomboy's face. The girl looked a bit cheeky as she grinned back at Sam, who shrugged and gave a silent thumbs up, continuing with her final question.

Alex decided to taunt Sam more with this final question. She pushed her face against the glass in a false attempt to break it, she erased her old doodle and drew a bunch of cheap smileys to try and catch her over, yet both seemed to fail at drawing her.

"Uhh, what the hell are you doing?"

Alex turned around to see a gloomy girl, one sporting peachy hair and some freckles. She had a pretty pissed face as she looked at the gremlin clambering at the window.

“Well, you see, I was just... paying attention to Sam in there. She tends to get distracted and I wanted to help alleviate that.”

“And you’re going to do that to Ms. Dictionary... of all people?” The redhead responded, crossing her arms against her pink sweater.

“What do you know about her problems?”

“What do you know? You’re not the one who’s been here since elementary...”

The gloomy girl paused as she took a double check. “Wait, you’re not Alex, are you?”

Alex, looking with some confusion, finally realized just who this was.

“Erza?!”

A nervous chuckle exited the girl as she looked back with a bit of a smile. “Didn’t expect to see you here, what the hell happened while I was gone?”

“Not much, really. I’ve been getting into organic chemistry lately, so that’s pretty cool.” Erza responded, rubbing her hand behind her back as she sighed a bit.

“Damn, a lot more interesting than what I’m majoring in.” Alex said, posing a bit to the old pal.

“Eh, it has its ups and downs. Students have told me it gets pretty boring after a while.” She responded. “And you?”

“Going into Engineering, actually!”

“That sounds pretty tight! Oh yeah- what the hell?” Erza said, looking closely at such an old friend. Her face changed within a second as she realized. Something felt off, but she couldn’t tell what. As she looked down though, she quickly found her answer.

“Wait, Alex, what the hell did you get a rack? You looked like a dude when I last saw you.” She said, motioning her hands towards the softballs.

“Well I mean they’re not THAT big.” Alex said, citing the compressing jacket as her main backup for this claim. She was lucky a lot of her clothes could size down her chest in public. What usually was full pumpkins on her was reduced to the size of volleyballs. Still, any normal person would still give those a peak.

"I mean, you easily knock out a majority of the school in that size alone, what the hell happened, anyways? This isn't some prank again, is it?"

"Well, I could go in the bathroom and show you." The blonde said, brushing her bangs across her forehead. "Just not all out here."

Erza paused for a moment as she looked down at the unreasonable chest before looking at Alex. She believed this was a bluff, but didn't have time to go along, realizing her own was being wasted as she stood with her bookbag.

"Alright, well I've got to go meet someone right now, so I had to leave classes early to do it. I'll see you later though!" Said Erza, pacing away as she gave a wave to Alex.

The blonde, looking back at the window, decided Sam probably had enough time of silence, stancing herself to the window as she looked at the brunette. She wiggled her hips like a cat would, widening her eyes as she prepared for another strike.

Pouncing at the window, her force was cushioned by her mounds as she pressed in, looking at the woman inside clawing her hands from the sound. Alex, chuckling like a weasel, squished herself harder into the window, adding more pressure to her breasts as she dug deeper.

She could feel her boobs deform out of the window's frame, pressing into the white walls around her. The mounds became tighter and tighter as she pressed, with it inciting quite the reaction from Sam from inside.

There was a sound that made Alex wince though.

As she looked to the source of the shattering noise, fear grew as she expected to see a broken window. However, the window seemed fine. What actually broke was much, much more embarrassing. Both girls looked with a glare as they realized what had busted open.

Alex quickly scurried off to the bathroom, leaving behind her shenanigans, and the piece of a zipper.

The girl with a ponytail was nearly done with her exam, tinting her glasses as she finished the last paragraph. She didn't always wear glasses, but it was necessary for when she needed concentration. Luckily though, she didn't need them anymore, taking all her papers and turning them into the teacher.

However, that still left the question as to what happened with Alex. Excusing her leave as a bathroom break, she looked outside to the room, hearing a groan from inside.

As she peeked in, she saw the tomboy and her signature figure by the sink, trying to wrap a broken jacked around her havoc-wreaking breasts. They wobbled and indented as she pushed

the remnants between her mounds. A noticeable look of panic was covering each and every movement she made.

Sam looked from the corner of the room, shocked at the sight of the two mounds jiggling out. They seemed to have so much pressure on them as Alex continued to squish the meaty goods inside her broken jacket. She kept staring at her from the side, her eyes widened.

“Wait, t-those actually are real...” Sam muttered, in shock as she saw them bounce with such fluidity.

“Of course they’re real!” The frustrated girl yelled, throwing her face over as she looked at Sam hop in surprise.

“Un-freaking-believable! I got this thing last week and it’s already breaking!” The blonde whined, tugging the jacket.

Sam looked at the girl’s mounds wobble through the red T-shirt. If there was any confirmation that wasn’t there already, Alex really was a girl, and she really had boobs that were as big as beach balls.

The blonde sighed, understanding she got her karma for her jokes. “Alright, fine! I shouldn’t have kept messing with you through an exam! I’m sorry!” She knew there really weren’t many good options for getting out of this. Sure, she could still wear her shirt, but with a bunch of horny high schoolers around her, that was a bad idea. “Just lemme get this back on or else I’ll smack the shit out of you with these things!” Alex said, pausing her struggle to grope the two orbs, bouncing them up and down as Sam’s eyes followed.

Sam felt herself rise in pressure as Alex bounced the meaty chest in front of her. There was so much to take in. First her childhood friend comes back into her life after losing contact years ago, she found out she was a woman the whole time, and also she had enormous knockers. Now Sam was stuck in the bathroom, right after an exam, as she bounced her tits around under the jacket Alex broke with them. So much was pushed at Sam, and considering how lax she had taken things, it was pretty hard not to just break down then and there.

The brunette sat shocked as she held back a giant panic attack, grabbing Alex’s attention. “You uhh... good?” She said, waving her hands over Sam’s face.

“Yeah, I’m fine, just fine.” The mentally exhausted girl said. “Hold on, let’s find a... a way to fix you up.”

Sam walked past the girl as she headed to the toilets, doing something that Alex couldn’t see. The blonde, curious, passed along into the stall, looking at the girl crouch. “Oh c’mon, you’re not gonna do some prank now, are you?”

“No, just close the stall.” Alex wanted to ask why, but she passed her doubts as she closed the door. Not like there was a choice, anyways.

Sam rose her hands up to her smaller chest, looking towards the top-heavy tomboy with endless wraps of paper piled up in her arms.

“Uhh... sure. We could try that.” The girl replied as she tilted her head. Looking at the paper spill out almost like a fluid, she grabbed some and put it around her shirt, before handing the strand back in the pile. “I don’t think I can do this on my own, Sam, you wouldn’t mind handling this yourself, right?”

The girl felt another hair rise as she heard the offer. Getting that close to those things? She was joking, right? Putting her hands all over the weak point? Sam had enough fear of her own boobs being grabbed, getting war flashbacks from some boy accidentally touching them when she was first having puberty.

“C’mon, there’s not a better option right now!” She exclaimed.

Feeling the pressure get to her, the blue-eyed girl slammed a strand of paper into the chest as she felt her hands touch against the fabric. Alex’s pupils shrank, surprised Sam went so suddenly. The brunette couldn’t even take in the feeling of her chest as she thought before all her other senses.

“Hold on, lemme get more of this off.” The tomboy said as she removed the jacket, turning to her side as she looked from behind, watching Sam understand where she needed to keep her hands located compared to the paper and the cleavage. Rolling her hands around, she wrapped around the lower edge of the chest, beating the gravity of her body wrap by wrap. As the mounds rose up from the tight paper, Sam then turned to the top of the mounds as they pushed in.

“No, not here, it’s way too tight!” Alex said, feeling the paper slowly get more tight around her shirt. It got harder and harder for her skin to breathe, getting more compact against the rough paper. Sam watched steadily, sweating bullets as she continued to spin the paper around. She couldn’t be doing this right? Fondling her friend as she tightened her boobs in like some weird BDSM smut fic? She just always wanted to meet her again but never could and just kept trying to hold back that dream and now she had it but actually she was a woman, more woman than Sam could ever expect, but she had to sit here and mummify her and...

“GgrrAAAAAAAHHHHH” Sam screamed to herself. Her thoughts dissipated as she focused on reality. Binding sped up as she continued to battle against the boobs, looking at Alex’s worried face as her chest shrunk into the paper.



However, with enough wraps around her chest, she finally stopped. It took an entire two rolls to wrap around her to fully fit. "Uhh, I guess this works, could you hand me the extra shirt in my bag?"

Sam panted as she stomped towards the extra shirt, no part of her felt ready to just accept this kind of life, but it felt like she had to at this point. Sliding the girl's shirt on, there was a mild sense of relief as Alex looked a bit smaller. It was hard to move her arms around, but she fit in this.

"Alright, I think I've learned my lesson, I'll just head back home if that's okay, deal?" Alex said, reaching her arm out nervously.

Sam, with a cold look, shook hands, before heading back to her classroom. "You're definitely owing me for this."

"I'll see how I can handle that." Alex looked down at her compressed chest, a bit nervous, but confident in at least heading out.

As the brunette exited the room, she looked at her own palms, thinking about this whole situation. She went from distant from her peers to getting far too personal to what she considered her closest friend she ever had. There were a lot of leaves to rake as she entered this new sense of reality.

Alex looked around the hallway, still silent. The girl tipped across, as if not to alert many people of her attention. Sure, she was confident in her chest, but she always had a fear of being too confident with it.

And it seemed like those fears were about to get the worst of her, as the bell began to ring again.

Packs of students left each room, overwhelming Alex like a stampede of wild animals. She teetered along her path, dodging students who could accidentally push into her. It was only a matter of time before she could reach the door, which seemed so close, yet so far away.

With just a hint of distraction, she looked down to see a student push into her, pressing their head straight into her chest. The kid quickly apologized, rushing out of the way, but it looked like the damage had already been done.

Alex felt her chest free itself from its prison as her breathing rose, rushing towards the door as she saw her breasts expand against the saggy shirt, getting tighter with each step.

She got desperate, pushing people out of the way, and dashing at the door as her arm covered her.

Pushing the door, she felt the breeze of air as she continued her trek, speed walking to wherever her car was. There were windows where classes could see her, but the chances of this making a scene were severely lowered. Her chest felt bigger and bigger as it freed more of itself, but finally, she reached the car, letting out a sigh of relief.

Leaping in the driver's seat, she stripped the shirt and paper off of her, allowing her busty form some relief as she finally could escape the school. At least the fleshy blobs were back to normal, even if they were against another shirt that was a bit snug.

\*HOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNP\*

Alex zipped up as the honk suddenly stopped. She freaked for a moment as she tried to look around in sheer instinct. However, as she looked down, the source of the honking made themselves clear, with Alex groaning as she realized she should be leaning back a bit more.

She slouched over on the driver's seat as she pulled out her phone. There seemed to be one new message from Sam, who Alex set her profile picture to be the more sensible girl crying at Thomas Tarantula's. She was 8 at the time, and she was just about to win a Thomas Tarantula doll, but her mom told her it was time to go. It was a nice memory to look back on.

"I'm guessing you needed to get a new outfit?"

Alex typed out as she started the car up.

"And nobody said anything about my bra?"

A little message bubble sprouted, as the full message was sent in.

"No, I don't think anyone mentioned it."

Alex, while a bit hesitant, sighed that nothing really went wrong. Still, she probably was gonna have to owe Sam in some way for that, especially since Sam helped when she really didn't need to.

If she was able to get back in, she'd have to see what else was going on at high school now that all her friends have grown up.

—

Sam continued through her day, turning in her finished homework and having some chatter with her friend group. She was always a bit frustrated with them, not always being the most reliable of acquaintances, but still happy to have some people to associate with.

Her buddies Teegan and Chandler were having some argument again. Teegan wanted to defend saying she “shipped” two students, which left the whole theater room silent as she tried to recover her image from that. Eating a PB&J, she looked at her phone, lagging behind the gossip her friends were having. Upon seeing a notification from Alex, she quickly swiped in, curious about her situation.

“Yo, so what exactly did you have in mind for owing me?”

A bit hesitant, Sam took a moment, but as she thought of her idea, she typed away on the phone.

“We’ll see, we’ll see.”

### Chapter 3 -

Sam was finally getting some time to relax in her long days of classwork and jobs. As it was close to spring break, she didn’t have much homework for her classes, so she used her time like any teenager alone in their house, keeping up with her bug collection.

She didn’t do as much catching as she did when she was a kid, but she had quite a lot of fun analyzing some bugs she got from the internet.

Looking at the jar by her clock, she rummaged around inside, nabbing a certain thing in her hand. Pulling it out, she looked eye to eye with her pet Orchid Mantis.

They were precious little critters, having that floral pattern you didn’t see too often in other bugs. Hers was pretty docile, letting it get rubbed by her finger as she looked at it in its angular eyes. In response, it let out a faint swipe to her finger, stitching to it before letting go. For its daily meal, Sam plopped a mealworm on the desk, letting the mantis spy it’s movement. Within a few seconds, it nabbed at its prey, munching the rather lax mealworm as Sam smiled a bit.

With a sudden shock, the doorbell rang, this time a few more times than expected. Lifting the mantis and its meal back into the jar, Sam headed down to the entrance of her place as she was welcomed once again by Alex.

She whipped her right hand to her face as her left crossed to her hips, looking at her pal as her boobs wobbled around in the T-shirt. It kinda made Sam wonder how she was able to fit in clothes like this.

“So uhh... what’s with the pose.”

“That’s my signature pose! That’s what I always do when I greet someone!”

Sam chuckled a bit at the idea that she needed that to introduce herself. For a second she thought of herself as the jaded one. “Sure, so what do you want?”

“Well, since I kinda ruined the day you took that exam, I figured we had to meet up sometime this week to try and make up for it?”

“I guess, though mayb-“

“Great! Hold on, we can go to my place!”

Having no choice, Sam followed along the reckless girl, chasing her towards the car. It was rather dirty, with a few stains, but it was a rather nice car, just one Alex didn’t take the best care of.

Getting in, Sam viewed around the dirtied up vehicle. There were packs of gum and paper littered around, alongside some other things like plastic wraps from game merchandise, boxes, and... was that toilet paper?

“Alright, so how far away is your place?”

“You’ll see, it’s a bit so don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

Shifting the car to Drive, she passed the car around the cul de sac, driving around the roundabout, before making a stop on the opposite side of where they were just at. Sam, puzzled, looked at Alex for guidance.

“So uh... why’d we stop again?”

“Because we’re here, Sammy!”

Sam palmed her face as Alex chuckled. Why would she even waste gas for such a cheap joke? The tomboy stretched, distorting her “Gamers Don’t Die, They Respawn” t-shirt as she busted the car door open.

“God, I’m worn out from that drive, let’s go find something to do!” She said, stretching her arms out as a popping noise was heard from them.

As the two stepped in, the house had pretty clear signs that it was still in progress. Boxes were still spread across certain areas, furniture in inconvenient spots, the whole interior felt unfinished.

“So, what exactly brought you back here?” Sam asked, looking at the boxes varying from dishes, to old toys, to even a grandfather’s clock.

“Well, I got accepted to the university in town, and it’s really beneficial to my major, so I figured I’d stick here!” Alex said. Sam honestly didn’t think much about staying in town for her classes. After all, she had plenty of places she had sent herself out to. For whatever future there was, there hadn’t been much thought to staying here.

“Hmm, neat.” Sam said in response. She didn’t have much to say, but it gave a little more perspective on just exactly why Alex would even bother to come back. She had heard good things about her downtown area, but other than that, the University hadn’t even crossed her mind.

“So, now I have a question for you!” Alex responded, pointing at her friend when she was caught off guard. “What all have YOU been up to since we split up?”

Sam was kind of stunted. She never really got asked about her personal life, nonetheless any history about herself. “I... well... don’t make fun of me for this...”

“Pah, I’m not gonna judge.”

“Well...” Sam hesitated as she rested her hand on her chest. Unsure of how she wanted this secret to come out. “I’ve been hanging out a lot more with theater kids!”

Upon hearing this, Alex couldn’t help but smirk a little. “Well I didn’t imagine you as a theater kid.”

“Oh shut up!” Sam responded, faking a slap at her friend. “I’m only there because we share interests!”

“Yea, like being big ol’ dorks!” She said with extra power behind it.

Sam’s cheeks puckered up with rage as she felt like it would billow out like a steam engine. She’d pop those breasts like balloons in her carnal rage if she could, bouncing as Alex giggled at her.

Another chuckle came out from Alex as she chuckled again. “No, it’s totally fine, really!” She said, “I’ve actually been kind of a dork myself.” There was a goofy smile she made as she turned around.

”Actually, follow me up.” Alex said, heading towards the kitchen. She slid around with the socks she was wearing, acting like an ice skater across the wooden floor. Before touching the first step, however, she paused. “Wait, I actually need some help with that box right there.”

Peeking to her corner, Alex spied on a large box, about the size of a fridge to the right of the stairs. "It's got some stuff that's a bit too heavy for one person, and my sister's not around to help me handle it."

Complying, Sam went along to the opposite side of the box, as Alex hopped over to her end. To little surprise, whatever was behind the cardboard was heavy, with the edges digging into Sam's arms as she used all her strength in her scrawny arms.

Alex didn't seem as troubled, though with her airbags in the way, there were certainly her own issues. Making her first step backwards, Sam followed suit.

Even though she was a solid C-cup, Sam could feel herself relating to Alex's pain as she cardboard nudged against her chest. It felt like she'd get a rash if this kept up. However, the agony of having watermelons attached to your chest seemed exceptional as the box pushed between them.

"Alright, making my first steps on the stairs, just follow my rhythm."

With the sound of a footstep, Sam stepped along. There was a steady rhythm, but with each second passing, her fingers grew weaker and weaker.

"I, uhh, I think we need to take a bit of a break."

"Break?" Alex said. "We're halfway up!"

Sam felt like screaming on the inside. Any more of this and she'd feel like collapsing. Her arms quivered as she used all her power for each step. She didn't know what was in the box, but she didn't want it to all shatter when it hit the ground.

"Almost there..."

Sam's muscles were bursting as she held the box, feeling veins pop and bones break. It was as if these were her final moments as she pushed the box just a little more. With one final push, the box was finally up to the second floor. She felt her soul leave her as she panted like a dog, her knees falling to the floor within an instant.

"Jeez..." Alex said. "I can take it from here if you need."

Not responding, Sam just sat for a moment as Alex dragged the box to her room, defeated by the venture up the stairs. Her limbs became noodles after using all her energy, with her vision blurred from the pressure behind it. She really needed to get more exercise.

Crawling back to the second floor, she pushed herself to the ground as she wobbled around for a bit, trying to regain her balance. She looked like a zombie as she tried to remember how to walk again.

She soon came to a halt as two rooms sat beside her. "Now which one was Alex's?" She thought, losing track as to where her busty buddy ran off to.

To take her best guess, she went to the room on the right, which seemed to have some kind of rainbow light covering it. It seemed to be the correct way, until she was stopped by a taller woman in her room. She had blonde hair like Alex's, though that seemed to be the only relation. The hair spilled down her neck as it sat neatly, seeming rather groomed on the lazy woman. She certainly had smaller assets, having a guess around the H Margin, and some wide hips, easily outpacing Alex.

As soon as they paired eyes, she was alert, taking herself away from the television as she looked with anger at the intruder.

"Hey woah woah woah, what the hell are you doing here?" The woman said, looking a bit embarrassed as she sat on the bed, wearing only the top of a pajama shirt and some panties.

"Wait!, I'm just..."

"No, get out! This isn't an opti-"

"I'm just Alex's friend..." Sam shouted quickly, watching the girl take a quick scan, trying to recognize this woman. After some thinking, a memory came to mind.

Going from anger to a simple sigh, the grumpy woman looked at the plaid wearing woman with some anger as she motioned her to leave.

Walking to the other room, the brunette was greeted by her friend, who was sitting on a bean bag she confused for a giant butt in the moment.

"I'm guessing you met my sister?"

"Kinda forgot you had one honestly." Sam said, teetering toward the box filled room. She tried to look over Alex's screen in order to figure out what was going on. She seemed to be playing some kind of shooter game, one where the player had to jump around and fire some kind of sci fi machine gun.

"Yea, she can kinda be a bitch sometimes, but she's family." Alex said, looking up at her friend.

"What?" A voice from another room said.

“Nothing!” Alex shouted back. The boyish blonde conveniently had a styrofoam cup of soda in between her chest, which Sam spotted for a moment. Taking a sip, she kept her mind on the game, trying to gun down an opponent who didn’t know how to sit still.

“So uhh... what about unpacking everything.”

“Oh! I just figured I’d play a quick game while I waited for you to get up. I was actually about halfway through this match!”

“Well, uh... I could help unpack some stuff if you wanted.”

Having no objection, Alex simply raised her shoulders as she made another slurping noise. It kinda made Sam question how Alex could withstand having that ice cold soda lodged in her chest without wanting to go into shock. Her own nipples stiffened just from the dread of the idea.

So what boxes would Alex want to get out of the way first? The small ones seemed pretty obvious, stacked on top of the bigger ones. As Sam opened up one of the first ones, there seemed to be a ton of action figures in there.

They seemed to be primarily different video game collectible figures, things like Apex, Destiny, and Dark Souls seemed to be written under some. She had no idea what those names meant. She first assumed they were characters, but saw multiple with the same name. There was this one purple robot that Sam found cool looking. It was probably from an anime, whatever one the figure of the twin tailed girl was from.

Looking at the desk, Sam took her time to carefully place each one in the right spot, giving care not to damage them in any way.

The next box she could find was one for a bunch of gaming equipment. While she was playing on what seemed to be an Xbox, she had a Switch, some controllers for various systems, and... a VR headset?

“Hey Alex, what do you know about VR?” She said, looking at the black, goggle-like hardware.

“Oh that thing rocks! I’ve got a ton of games there that’d be pretty fun!” She said, taking a break as she respawned in the game, taking some care to place it somewhere else.

“Huh, neat, I always wanted to try it myself.” The search continued as she leaned down, getting a good answer on such an enigma of technology.

Sam found a few more interesting stuff as she opened the boxes. Workout equipment, blankets, karate belts, and even skis? Sam questioned for a moment why Alex would even need skis, but she placed them to the side next to her bed.



Clothes seemed to be all tidied up into one selection of boxes, which would've been obvious even without the big sharpie written text that said "CLOTHES".

The drawer behind Sam seemed to give a good picture where they went. Shirts on top, pants next, undergarments, then fancy clothes. As the brunette took the folded clothes and placed them in their drawers, she seemed to notice just how massive they were. Included with all this was a pair of things that looked like parachutes.

"Uhh... what are these supposed to be?" The confused girl asked.

"Oh, wait those? That's a bra! My sister got me this for Christmas. It was made by a custom seamstress back where I used to live." Alex said, pointing her finger out right in between the two cups. Sam wanted to drop the pair in shock, but quickly jumbled to grab it as she pulled herself together.

"You call this a bra?!" Exclaimed the shocked girl.

"I mean, if it fits, it sits." Alex said, amused by Sam's shocked look. "Though it's a little tighter than when I first got it."

"My head could fit in this thing!" Sam had a few "plus-sized" friends who had to have pretty big bras, but the way they were designed for Alex wasn't like any she had seen. The cups themselves were quite round, likely accommodating for her unusual bust, but they were tight enough to fit well around the fit woman's body. With that information, she realized just about all her tops were really distinct from any other design. They seemed to have noticeable creases around where Alex's bust would come out, yet were more firm around the back. Even the fabric itself felt a little odd, almost elastic.

"Well, I luckily have a place online to get 'em. You don't really find many of them in stores for my size." Alex said, pointing at her breasts. "Normally you have these big ol' grandma bras that look like a hot dog would fit them more than a boob."

For a moment, Sam visualized Alex with boobs fit for an elderly woman, tucked into that long sausage-y bra, shrugging at the idea.

"Hey Alex."

"Sup?"

"What would it be like to have grandma boobs?" Sam asked, posing the joke of a hypothetical to her.

She sat for a moment, taking in the image of her chest all flattened out and sausage-y.

“Bleh!” She groaned in disgust, as if she had thought about this before. Sam still giggled at Alex’s response, alleviating her own pain of the imagery.

As Alex finished her match, she got up and stretched her arms out once more, before following up with her legs. Sam couldn’t tell if Alex even knew that the foam cup was still stuck there until she picked it from her chest and threw it to the decorated trash can by the window.

“Alright, how about we get this one box here dealt with then we can call it.” A pose was made by Alex as she sought to finish the job.

Nodding, Sam looked at the box on the floor that they worked to carry up. She pondered what could’ve been as big as a fridge and heavier than a boulder while still fitting in that box.

As it opened up, the pieces came together to finally reveal...

A bunch of dumbbells?

“Oh shoot, I completely forgot to get back into my routine again. Things have been a bit rowdy since I got moved in last week!” Alex said, picking up some of the bells as she lifted them to the corners.

Sam and her took some time to get the dumbbells organized, alongside a barbell she brought along, but they managed to get a good corner of her room dedicated to the weights.

“Say, now that we got that through, you don’t mind me doing a lift, do you?” The blonde said, looking at the narrow pole.

Nodding in compliance, Sam sat on the bed again to watch Alex do her thing, curious to how much the girl could lift.

Alex stacked the first 55 lb weight, then another, and another, then a 45. Just one of these things would anchor Sam, but that many seemed beyond dangerous.

“She wasn’t about to break her arms, was she?” The girl thought to herself, her jade eyes focusing on the girl. The tomboy’s plump ass was more visible as she stretched, swaying as it caught the nerd’s attention.

Distracted by the bouncing butt, Sam could barely take in the fact that Alex was already lifting the entire course with such a natural pace. She struggled, but she continued to push the unreal amount of metal upwards with her thin, yet surprisingly toned muscles.

With push after push, the weight reached higher from the woman’s body, gracing her mounds as they raised to the heavens. One more pull upwards and Alex did it, wobbling a bit before slowly landing the 400 pounds of pure metal onto the ground.

As Sam heard the thud, she snapped back into reality as she saw Alex break into a sweat. She actually just lifted that much. Even for her sporty looks, you wouldn't expect her to be able to lift what most bodybuilders would dream of, all with a body that seemed impossible to even dream of nudging the weight.

"How the..."

"Having a good flow of energy helps, and just having a filling meal."

"But that... you just..." Sam was at a loss of words, unable to even comprehend Alex just becoming a superhero in terms of her strength. Before she could analyze more of this anomaly of an old friend, the beep of an oven threw her out of balance.

"Alex! Dinner!" The voice of a sibling said.

"Coming sis!"

Sam sat for a moment as she took in her environment, questioning if that even happened. Did a woman who had the curves of a goddess just lift 400 pounds in front of her? Shaking the thought off her mind, she went down to see what exactly was cooking.

—

The table was fit for 4, but considering only two were there, Sam felt obligated to take one of the vacant chairs. Some of the pasta in the pot was taken with approval of both sisters, with Sam getting about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a bowl.

Luckily, Alex's sister seemed a bit more generous to whom she thought was an intruder a bit ago. Wearing more formal clothes, having a nice striped shirt and a denim jacket, the older sister teetered the spaghetti she had on her plate, watching as Alex punched through the bowl.

She looked back at Vella, stuttering a little as she tried to catch her attention, only to be left with cold silence.

"So uhh... how's the family been... uhh..."

"Vella."

"Vella!" Sam said nervously. She had forgotten how long it had been since they even talked when she was a kid. Usually she'd see her in the background of the house, scheming something up to toy with her little sister or just being a slob. "Thanks for making the meal, by the way."

“Don’t worry, I made enough for all of us, especially Alex.” Vella said in a somewhat condescending voice. As she eyed the pan, there seemed to be not one, but three pans of just spaghetti. Sam went in for a bite, and was surprised to find that quality wasn’t outweighed by quantity. It’s ripe taste blended well with the cheese that melted into her mouth, and the noodles were the right blend between solid and gooey, having time to be chewed up but not feel like a slog to bite through.

No wonder Alex was tearing her bowl apart as they ate. She swallowed the noodles at a pretty fast pace as the bowl nearly emptied. The meal wasn’t just falling into a hatch, however. Munching through the meals was a cheery face, savoring each bite as it quickly was crunched down her mouth.

“No wonder this girl was so stacked.” She thought to herself. She didn’t want to admit it, but pretty much everything in the picture gave hints to the fact that her boobs have been stealing all the fat she got from her enormous meals.

“Yeesh, and you wonder why your boobs are bigger than life.” Vella said, biting into a fork full of noodles which felt small compared to what Sam just saw.

“Pah! If you weren’t such a snob, you’d be the next course!” Alex said jokingly, but not before she went to fill another bowl with pasta. She almost got lost in the pounds of the food going in her, crushing through chunks of her own giant bowl.

“She eats like a pig, but always gets so scared of packing a few pounds.” Vella said to the guest. Sam watched as her friend plowed through the meal in record times, spilling spaghetti into her mouth before piling up more.

After what was about 20 minutes since Sam finished her meal, Alex looked down to the finished bowl of pasta. A sigh of relief exited as she felt more lax, achieving her daily victory against her older sister’s meals.

Sam seemed pretty keen on the stomach Alex carried too. If it wasn’t insane enough to carry two boobs that each could fit two heads, the fact that she hadn’t exploded from that meal was astounding.

“Geez” she said to herself, looking at the mound of tight flesh. The sounds of groaning came from within as she slapped the overachieving stomach. Even though her breasts outweighed them, the gut still stuck out incredibly far, looking about the size of someone full term.

“Oh shoot, uh... you don’t mind me going this far with meals, right?” Alex said, a bit panicked as she looked at the shocked, bright red face of her guest.

“I mean, sure... but that’s not hurting you, right?” It looked like a pain to her skin. If a sharp object touched that gut, who knows what kind of horrible, tragic mess it would leave behind.

“Oh, I’m fine! Usually it’s pretty hard to tell how stuffed I am down here beyond my two boobs.” She said, patting the strung gut like a drum. “And besides, I don’t think anyone else would notice with these on top.”

The girl pointed to her chest again, just to give an idea of how much even her chest outmatched the bloated navel of her’s. Still, it was so extensively round, it was hard to avoid. She looked pregnant as the tight stomach stuck upward.

“Alright, well I hate to leave you here.” Sam said, a bit hesitant on leaving Alex behind at the moment. “...but I seriously do have to head back. It’s pretty dark, and my shift is tomorrow.” Sam proceeded to pick herself as she got her belongings.

“At Hole Haven?” Alex said, struggling to get up as she got weighed down by the pasta inside. She waddled along the way as Sam slowed down, keeping up with their conversation.

“Yea, the donut place, they have me wake up at 8 AM to the shift.” Sam said, opening the front door as she felt the breeze outside.

“I remember that place being great, went there every morning with my mom and sis!” Alex said, balancing herself as her bloated gut tried to take control.

“Yea, well things haven’t been so great since, not too many people visit there anymore since that new place opened up.”

“That sucks.”

“I know...” Sam said, realizing she talked herself into a corner.

“...Well, it was nice having you!” Alex said, surprising Sam with a sudden hug. The brunette felt like her gut was punched by the melons attached to her friend. She was a bit awkward with the hug, struggling to grip onto Alex, but was quickly pulled away as Alex looked her in the eyes with cheer.

“We need to spend some time hanging out again!” Alex said, not realizing how much of the brunette’s lungs was crushed by her gravitational pulls.

“Yea, it’s uh good to have you back!” Sam responded, though a bit quietly. She shivered a bit as her body put itself together from the hug.

As the two waved away, with the guest walking back to her place with a bit more of a pace, Alex waddled back to the depths of her home, going to work off all this food she stuffed into herself.

—

Sam entered the presence of her home, feeling a sweat build up around her that she hadn't felt in a while. Her mom was on the phone, chattering about with her business colleagues, leaving Sam to head back upstairs to check up on things.

The Orchid Mantis she fed earlier seemed to have finished the mealworm, leaving no traces behind as it sat on a leaf, calmed by its urges.

Sam laid on her bed, leaving a big thud as she let out a sigh again. Alex returning into her life just made things so confusing, and there was so little time to take it all in. She had become such a completely different being entirely. Whether it be how her boobs could fit an aquarium, or how she has an appetite of a fiend, or just that she found out her childhood friend was a girl this whole time.

Everything she had preconceived about her just felt like it was mashed apart in real time, but that wasn't to say she felt intimidated or scared by the changes Alex had. In fact, it felt fun to hang out with her again, really fun.

Ever since Alex left, there was this empty hole left behind by her, one Sam couldn't fill with finding friend groups, online friends, or that one boyfriend she had for a month or two during freshman year. However, that same spice felt like it had finally returned with Alex. She didn't feel like a shell of her former self, or like someone who developed into a completely different being, Alex had the same heart and soul she did as a kid, which Sam couldn't help but remove from herself.

It's just that she had no idea how to tell Alex that. It was clear from the day she arrived that she had a lot of work with connections. She texted about reuniting with people like Simon, or how she began hanging out with Erza and Kendall again. Sam kind of felt useless to Alex when in the grand scheme of things, yet she kept coming back.

Sam rolled around in bed more, but she got frustrated with herself as she thought about Alex. What did she even want from her? A friendship? Something like family? A relationship? She wanted to believe it was the two blobs that were attached to Alex getting to her, but that didn't feel like the most defining thing about her.

What did she think about Alex?

Shaking her head, she got out of bed to try and take a shower, which would hopefully put her in a good mood to rest.

Another week, another boring shift at the donut shop.

It was a nice store, cute merchandise, a good selection of coffee and donuts, and a swell environment. The only problem was that Sam absolutely hated working there. Spending nearly a year there, the excitement of having a part time job at a sugary wonderland slowly decayed as she felt the edges of her job creak like weak metal.

She sat by the counter on another dry day. Since that new breakfast place opened up nearby, a lot less customers were showing up, which sucked. Her boss usually cut her paycheck pretty hard without much activity, even with the vast merchandising or advertisements around the block.

About every hour or so someone would usually show up, though more people were obviously active in the mornings. She'd had her fair share of those who had glue for brains, asking multiple times if their stores sold something like "watermelon" flavored donuts, which she had to stay polite about.

The only other person of note in the office was the chef, who Sam talked to sometimes. It was a girl about a year older, named May. She was this tan asian chick who had a pretty work lenient family. With the 15 minutes or so she gave for breaks, she usually was pretty down to earth. There was always some talk about her life at home, or how she was built up by her dad to be a great cook. While the girl admitted to not liking cooking, she could bake a mean donut, and do it at a pretty impressive speed. May probably makes the best donuts in town, and if it weren't for her, the shop would be bankrupt.

While she didn't do this more than every week, Sam usually had May's "warm up" donut for breakfast, which was put on the house. The brunette wasn't picky, so she usually enjoyed whatever she baked. Still, it was a sweet worth savoring.

The blue-eyed girl patted the marble counter, which was covered in a pink tint. She adjusted the cap on her head, which shared her company's logo alongside her bubblegum colored uniform. The black pants she wore made her butt look a little too big, but considering what she had seen in weeks prior, she felt at least normal.

The ring of the door was heard as a middle aged woman walked in. She wasn't of too much note, blonde, likely dyed hair, overweight, what one would expect from a regular at a donut place.

"Welcome to Hole Haven, is there anything you'd like to order, madam."

"Yes, well I was thinking about getting simply a plain donut, no toppings or anything, I'm watching my weight." She said with a valley girl accent, pointing at them from behind.

“Alright, will that be all?” Sam said, spotting the plain roll of grain.

“Yes!” The woman said a bit hesitant. “Wait no! Can I get a... glazed too!”

“Yes, sure thing!” Sam said, spotting the glazed and adding it to a bag.

“And uhh... I’ll get a strawberry too! And another one with sprinkles!”

“Sure...” Sam said, grabbing the two donuts with the tongs.

“And a chocolate! Get me one of those seasonal sprinkled ones too!” She shouted, as if the two hadn’t moved more than 4 feet from each other. “And can I have the rest be vanilla kremes?”

“You mean like, in a box?” Sam said with confusion.

“Naw! Just put 12 in that bag!”

“I’m not sure if this will fi-“

“Just put ‘em all in, in any way you can!” The grotesque woman said as she slammed the counter.

Turning around and rolling her eyes, Sam nabbed enough Vanilla Kremes to make 12, before pushing the bag onto the counter.

“Alright, and your total will be around \$16.32”

Making the payment with some credit card that had some cheap stickers of bug-eyed puppies attached to it, the customer turned as she looked like she’d give Sam some peace, only to stop at a chair and dine on the donuts from a bag.

After 20 minutes of what felt like 8 hours, the customer finished, leaving the bag and a ton of crumbs everywhere. Taking a deep breath, she grabbed a broom as she cleaned up the pack of crumbs littered on the table, floor, and chairs. If she had the choice to refuse that woman from entering the store ever again, she would, but that was one of her regulars.

The mess took a bit of time, with some of the crumbs being too stubborn to leave the floor, but the table seemed clean enough, allotting Sam the ability to dispose of the crumbs.

“Hey May! I’m going on lunch break!”

The girl stepped outside the building to leave May to her own, taking a deep breath to relieve herself of dealing with customers.



Luckily, the sub place nearby had some good options, with Sam enjoying a turkey sandwich there, having the energy to go back and continue her shift on the 6 inch.

She put back on the cap she had on as she walked back to the building. She realized that the door was left unlocked the whole time. Barging in, she looked around to see if anything was particularly wrong, and to her viewpoint, she seemed to not see anything abnormal.

“May!” She yelled out to the kitchen.

“Yea!”

“You didn’t hear the door open before I came in, did you?”

“No, you’re the only thing here besides me.” May said, busy with her job preparing the pastries.

Sam kept her bag around, but looked about in case there was anything fishy, but it seemed to just be in her delusions. Back to her business, she placed her arms on the counter again as she waited, bored for something new to happen. She put her finger on a little coffee bean pack, sliding it back and forth to keep her mind entertained as the clock ticked.

The sound of the bathroom door was heard, with Sam sparking up as she looked over to the mysterious sound. She readied her bag as she tipped closer, fearing the worst.

As the figure walked by, striking a pose, Sam accidentally pushed herself into some belongings of the figure, before reaching down as she readied her arm for a slap.

“Woahwoahwoahwoah!” The figure responded, sending a cap to the ground as it wobbled around for a moment. As Sam got a better view, it itself was a bit more blonde in her range of sight. “The hell do you think you’re doing?!” As the voice shouted, it became a bit more clear who it was, and that those belongings were a lot more attached.

“Alex?” The brunette said, lowering her weapon. “The hell are you doing here?”

“I just wanted to stop by and check out what’s up?”

Taking a deep breath, Sam looked at her friend as she held herself back. Alex had an almost offended face as Sam lowered her guard.

“I’m currently on shift, but I could excuse you as a customer possibly. You’ll have to order something though.” The girl said, crossing her arms against her smaller C-cups.

“Alright, yea I can chat for a few then!” Alex said, raising her fists up with excitement.

“Cool, so is there anything you want to order?” The employee said, standing behind the counter as her friend looked at the menu.

“Well, I had a big breakfast already, so I think I’ll get just a Jelly Kreme?”

“Alright, and that’ll just be about 2 bucks.” Sam said, which Alex handed over in a jiffy.

Trading her cash for the donut, Alex sat at a table close by as she looked back at the girl. She had the nice gust of an air vent, which was surprisingly pretty big for a donut place. Still, it let warm air cook Alex’s legs as she rested her chest on the pink, pastel table. She used her boobs almost like a cushion, letting her hand rest on the mounds as it held the donut in the paper wrap.

It was pretty hard not to focus on Alex’s chest as she pulled out her phone, looking through her mobile games as she farmed goods.

“So, you heard much about that party going on this weekend?”

“Party?” Sam said, a bit confused as she leaned a bit further towards her friend.

“Yeah, up at that rich girl’s place. She’s throwing one with a bunch of people, and Erza’s inviting me along. Wanna come with?”

“Wait, which rich girl?”

“You remember Patty, right?”

“Oh yeah, that cheerleader snob.”

“Snob? I thought she was pretty alright.”

“Yeah, up until her dad hit it big with his business. Now she just comes to classes to flaunt how wealthy she is.” Sam said. “Like she saw this one friend of mine playing on their DS, and decided that the best way to tell them off was to bring in some limited edition DS in some attempt to put her below. Don’t even get me started on her shenanigans in Theater. Like, she always had horrible skits, yet people would cheer her anyways because she promised one of her ‘lucky fans’ a prize.”

“Jeez, that sounds awful” Alex said, drinking from the cup she refilled a bit ago. “Why would she, of all people, be in Theater?”

“I dunno, she seems, well, passionate from what my theater friends told me, but she almost always tries to involve her spray tanned bimbo friends with her classes.” The employee ranted about as she slid the tiny box of coffee beans.

As the two chatted, Alex went from bites to nibbles into her donut. She seemed more intact with their conversation than actually dining. She even forgot her phone, which she placed intending on checking for notifications. However, now it was engulfed by the invading mounds, blocking her ability to check.

“Oh yea” Sam said. “I need to pick up what May’s baked up, be right back!”

“Alright, I’ll just sit here.” Alex responded, placing her arms across her mounds as she looked at her friend disappear into the dark.

“Oh yea, Erza should be checking in.” Alex thought to herself. Instinctively, she leaned around to check where her phone was, but she didn’t expect the smooth metal table to slide her boobs so quickly.

The minor jump of tension quickly grew into fear as the blonde heard a thud against the wall. Panicking, she looked to the ground, trying to find the phone in an attempt to find any fractures, but she couldn’t even find the phone in its black and red casing.

Luckily, she had a little device on her keys which could locate her phone, pressing the button to let out a noise. Hearing a beep around the corner, she looked to see nothing, yet the sound just kept lingering. After some denial she soon realized what happened as she looked at the vent. It was a rather wide vent at least, enough to fit a person, but that also meant the grille’s openings were huge.

The light of her phone was visible through it, meaning it was trapped behind there. Sighing, Alex spent some time thinking, trying to understand how to get it out.

As Sam received the tray of different colored donuts, she looked to the emotionless May, who continued to shovel ingredients around as she worked herself to the grave. It was almost disheartening, even though the girl didn’t seem to mind. Still, Sam had her own job to do, and walked with the steaming tray as she organized all of the donuts.

Heading back to the front, the girl with the ponytail looked out to the tables, only to find her guest missing. Rustling could be heard from under the counter, causing stress to rise as she held the tray. Organizing all the donuts out first, she rushed to put the tray on the side as she checked on what exactly was going on. Had Alex gotten bored and left, did she leave some mean prank for her?

However, all of the ideas in her mind wouldn’t lead to what went on in reality. Where a vent should have been lies a plush butt, wiggling around as it tried to push deeper. The metal panel laid to the side, alongside Alex’s multi purpose keyring.

“Hey, so I got my phone lodged in here, couldn’t get it from anywhere else, so I had to dive in here.” A nervous eye was held as she winced at her friend.

“Oh god... tell me you at least have the phone.” Sam said, resting her burdened forehead as she heard the metal squish against the tight fabric.

“Yea, just a little closer and I’ll reach inside!” Alex said with some confidence.

The narrow metal corridor was really tight, and clearly wasn’t meant for her ridiculous form. Her boobs took up too much arm space, leading to her limbs not being able to touch the ground. As her butt slid near the opening, she could feel it pressing against both sides, compressing more of her fat against the superior metal walls of the vent.

“God, I can barely breath up here!” She attempted to relay to the worker, unsure of what to do. Her phone was just a few inches away, and all Alex needed was a few more pushes in before she could reach the destination. The only problem was that with her hips inside the vent door, she couldn’t really push any further.

“Hey, could you push me a bit deeper?” Alex shouted, leaving her ass open for all to see. The black sweatpants she was wearing only gave more attention, causing her to pause figuring out a plan as she stood next to the vent, watching the tush’s fat push tightly against the metal as her legs kicked around.

Sam’s hands crept closer to the vent, before mashing into the two cheeks. Her cheeks became brighter as she slammed her hands in. Alex didn’t seem too bothered, letting Sam do her thing as the butt passed into the vent.

“Ah ha! Gotcha!” Alex said. She finally had her phone in her hands. “Alright, go ahead and get me out.”

Sam pushed the girl’s feet from their sandals, feeling some nudging from the other side, but it was certainly difficult to get her butt out of the vent. However, with a popping noise, the lower half slid out just fine.

However, it was when Sam pushed again that she realized a major issue. The rest of Alex’s body wouldn’t budge for a microsecond.

She pulled and yanked, yet felt no signs of movement from the upper half of Alex.

“Uhhh... what’s the issue now? The blonde said. “and why is it getting so hot?” As she nudged her arms around, she realized that she was stagnant in the back. No matter how hard she pulled her body, nothing would keep her from moving a centimeter.

Sam tried once again to pull the legs of her friend, hearing the desperate calls for help as she thrashed in the vent. However, even as she pulled with all of her strength, there was little success.

“Sam?!” Alex shouted, muffled by her own flesh. Her boobs had so much mass in them, that they managed to engulf around the area, trapping her inside. Sweat had begun to cover her, trickling around her amorphous balls of flesh, alongside her curved lower half. Sounds of panting could be heard as the heat rose in the vent.

Realizing there wasn't much that pulling could do, Sam had to think of another option fast. Using the broom would only push her in, yanking her anymore would be futile, and just leaving her here would be a horrible idea. However, May could know a way to get her out. It was either that or nothing.

Entering the kitchen, there seemed to be her own issues she was dealing with as the room's heat rose, with the Vietnamese girl continuing to try and make donuts, despite the fact that they weren't cooling down, only ruining the things. She seemed aware, watching the glazed donut before she melted its contents outside of the oven. She herself was breaking up a sweat as she continued, with her work attire showing her arrow thin body.

“May, this is important.” Sam said, looking at the woman continue to work her way through the assembly line. Her hands motioned to the hard worker's arm as she spoke.

“Hey, I'm busy right now!” She said aggressively, pulling away from the hand as she continued to pour the sprinkles onto the frosted white donut.

“C'mon, I need your help with the vents, NOW!” Sam said, dragging her coworker to the tables.

As the two exited the kitchen, they saw a car, and not just any one car, but the one their manager owned. Sam freaked as she saw it, racing to show May the stuck woman before it was too late.

“Okay, what the hell.” May sad as she crossed her arm, looking at the bubbly ass bounce around in the vent.

“It's just, this customer got stuck in the vent, she says it's because her phone's inside, and now she's stuck.”

“No kidding.” May said, looking at her buck around. The butt wobbled and jiggled as the heat of the room got to her.

“I'm guessing she's a regular here?” May said, pointing at the butt fat bouncing around in the blonde's clothes.

“Oh shut up!” Alex shouted, insulted by the poke she made.

“Okay! I’m sorry!” May said, looking at Alex squirm around in panic. Her pants were more damp with sweat as fear and heat got to her. “But wait, if her butt’s out here, then what’s causing her to get stuck inside?”

“Well uh...” Sam stuttered, trying to keep a normal, straight face on Alex’s “body type”. “I guess she’s a lot more... prominent on the top than the bottom.

“My ass can still totally hear you both!” Alex pouted, agitated by the two joking about her bum instead of saving it. “I’m heating up here, I don’t want to die!” She said kicking with more panic.

“You’re not gonna die, not here Alex.” Sam said, stepping close to the ass before crouching down. There was a cold fear of what happened in the future, but the brunette gave it up as she grabbed onto the meaty legs of her baking friend.

Both grabbed one of the curvy girl’s legs, attempting to push the girl out with more force, but that still failed. As Sam freaked out more, she attempted to nudge her out herself again, doing it over and over but watching as Alex stuck in place. May quickly headed back to the kitchen, grabbing what looked like some grease that had been building up in a tray. Luckily, it had cooled off, but that didn’t stop the panic from rising as they sought to fix things.

May quickly rubbed the grease around the girl’s shirt, trying to reach inside to oil her up. It was rather difficult actually reaching Alex, as her back and chest made for most of the barrier for reaching her upper half. As May slipped her hands out, Sam tried once again, pulling the girl out with all her might, but seemed to be failing.

But once the sound of a door was heard from the back, a surge of force overwhelmed Sam, pulling Alex out completely.

This had unexpected consequences, however. As Alex went flying out, she crashed into a few nearby tables, breaking a few in the process. As she tried to get up before she regained her balance, she toppled more of the tables as they reached the counter, causing bins of coffee beans and accessories to fly all over the place as lost her footing in her legs. As she got up, Alex stepped on her cap, making the girl tragically fall to the floor as the folded cap ricocheted off of the wall, hitting the light above all 3 girls.

What was left of the corner of the restaurant was a complete mess. Goods spilled everywhere, broken chairs and glass littering the floor, and the sense of an uncomfortable heat wave from the kitchen.

The manager looked at his employees, his bald head looking more red as she saw Alex regain her balance, taking in the surrounding litter. As Sam looked at the manager, a face of

unadulterated rage sprouted from him as she looked with silent fear, seeing the fate she was forced into.

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“Well, uh... at least my phone is fine, right?” Alex said to the two girls, who looked down as they sat at their vehicles. Sam was looking out at the early evening’s sky while May seemed to be covering her face, slunched as she sat on Sam’s car.

Silence seemed to take them over, turning Alex’s nervous chuckle back into a downed face. She knew she was in the wrong here, but it was hard to say if she could really be forgiven.

Breaking the silence, Sam sighed as she looked back at Alex. “You know, I kinda did hate working there.”

No one seemed to deny her fact, with even May peeping her eyes out. They looked battered with emotional distress, crusty from the tears and sweat on her face.

“I don’t know, I needed the job experience, but I needed to go sometime soon anyways.”

“Honestly... same...” May said, her voice battered from her current state. “I j-j-just wanted my dad to see I was doing well in my j-job, i j-just can’t sss-s-stand it there!”

Sam, sitting between the two, comforted May, needed an arm to cry into for a moment. “J-just, w-what is my dad going to think of this?!”

“I’m sure he’ll understand it’s not your fault.” Sam said, patting her back.

“He just seemed really happy to know I could cook there, and that people liked my pastries, and how talented he saw I was, and now it’s all gone!”

“May, you’re still a wonderful cook! That donut I had is probably the best one I’ve eaten!” Alex said. “It’s ripe texture, the perfect amount of powder, you still have a great talent with making food.”

“It’s just... I don’t want to come home and disappoint him.” May babbled on about.

“Listen to me.” Sam said as she looked May in the eyes. “He thought you did well enough in here, it’s not like you’re on a record, I’m sure you can find somewhere new to work in.” The girl said, looking with a focused eye at the girl, who seemed to calm down a bit.

“A-alright...” May said, looking at her car. “I need to... go home...” She said. “I’ll see you guys in class.”

As May hopped in her white Sedan, all that was left was Sam and Alex. The blonde felt her shirt itch into her chest as she sat nearby, trying her best to look at Sam as a melancholy mood exuded from her. Her face was cold as her eyes dozed off into the sunset.

“Listen... I-”

“No, I understand.” Sam said. “You were just a guest, and I didn’t expect so much shenanigans, that’s all.”

“Still, I wrecked the place, made you lose your job...” Alex said, gripping the cap that Sam gave her long, long ago.

“But it’s not like you wanted to destroy the place, at least, and it saves me the trouble of wanting to think of being there again.” The brunette responded in a positive, yet overborn tone.

“You know, that party is tomorrow, I could probably take you to get a nice meal before we get there, what do you think?”

“Like a restaurant?”

“Yea, just something to raise you up a bit.”

“Alex, I’ll be fine!” Sam chuckled faintly. “I’m happy to go, but I’m just happy you keep company, that’s all.”

Alex blushed a bit, not expecting Sam to feel that way about her. She placed her hand over her chest, right around where her heart was, before looking down to what she could of her feet.

“Thanks, Sam.”

## Chapter 5-

It was a Sunday evening, downtown in Hometon. It was somewhat busy, but not enough to be a burden to drive down to. At the edge of the docks, Alex looked out at the coast of the place. The boats, ranging from casual ones wealthy people owned, to titanic cruise ships, reigned the area as gulls flew around. Kids were spotted teetering around the wooden bridges, while their parents stood by to make sure they stayed out of harm’s way. It was a soothing environment, one Alex took for granted as a kid, passing along it when her parents went downtown on the weekends, but as an adult now, she realized just how beautiful it was out there.



Luckily, she brought her compression bra for the night out, so she didn't look too much like a freak. Still, it was a bit ludicrous to see the girl with cantaloupes on her chest, having them dangle over the bars as her chest was separated between them.

"Yo..."

A voice from behind Alex was heard from behind as she expected Sam, but was greeted by Erza of all people.

"What the... what are you doing out here, girl?" She exclaimed, moving forward as she felt Erza's hand loom close.

"Oh, just playing some *Animal Saga*, some cool stuff here." The redhead showed her phone to the blonde as she looked a little shocked still.

"Neat, but what do you need from me?"

"Nothing, just saying hi, though why the hell are you dressed so fancy?"

Erza looked up to see Alex from the bottom up. She was wearing a nice, long dress, which touched the floor. It was a nice, cyan color that had an almost luminescent look to it. The dress made an A-line across her torso, covering her chest from outside the compression bra she wore. She also had some eyeliner on, alongside a nice brush of her hair. If Erza didn't have the eyes of an eagle, she wouldn't have guessed it was Alex.

"Dunno, just going to a fancy place, thought I'd look nice."

"Sure, but are you going with any guys? Kinda curious now."

"Not really, just hanging with Sammy, that's all."

"Dressed like a street whore?"

Alex blushed a bit as she looked back, somewhat shocked to hear. Her outfit did look a bit revealing, showing a bit of her leg under the dress, and though her breasts were pushed down, they still had an outline through the lightning blue dress.

"I... we're just hanging out."

Erza squinted a bit, but seemed to shrug whatever thought was inside off as she walked along the way. "Eh, to each their own." She said, walking along the path, wherever she was going. "I'll see you at the party!"

After another 15 minutes of waiting, Alex decided to go ahead and set up the tables. She was excited to see Sam there, but still, what if Sam just ditched going? Did Sam really care about visiting her if she was taking this long? Alex did screw up pretty bad with her the other day. Causing that mess, getting Sam kicked from her job. The girl had every right to be upset with Alex for the chaos she caused.

As she glanced out to get a view of her environment, she felt two thuds against her chest as they swung, causing innate panic as she tried to find the source. Some peeking around was made until she leaned down, citing the salt and the pepper running away. Quickly, she pounced at them, seeking not to ruin her dress as she kept her arms and knees just above the ground, giving her chest a bit more space than it used to. Maybe Erza was right about this bra, they seemed to be a lot more vibrant here than before.

A bulge of guilt was felt in the center of her lungs, swelling larger as the urge to scream rose. Alex screwed up, thinking about trying to impress her, having thoughts of her day, wanting to always tag along. Sam had every reason to leave her where she was.

But as Alex looked up, she saw a familiar brunette, wearing a rather shabby jacket alongside some cheap sweatpants. Her hair was unkempt, and she seemed to have some sag in her eyes.

“Sup!”

Sam could quickly tell the contrast between the two. Alex was all dressed up, wearing a fancy dress and showing a bit more clean skin than what she expected of her. Plus, Alex smelled kinda nice as she sat down.

She didn’t do much to prepare for the party. She wasn’t there to really impress people, so she got some of her trashy, older clothes to wear for coming along. Still, Alex’s eyes glittered as she looked straight at her. Alex had pretty low standards.

“Yo, so sorry I got here a bit late. Stayed up waaay too late last night.”

“Oh that’s totally cool, bro!” Alex said, acting more masculine despite her fancy, silky smooth dress.

“Heh, bro? Is that really a thing you say?”

“I mean, up in Pine, everyone else was pretty chill about it.”

“Oh yeah, Pine, you didn’t talk too much about living there, did you?”

“Huh, I guess I didn’t really tell you much about it.” Alex said, waiting on her waitress to ask for her order. “Yeah it’s fun up there. I met a lot of my good friends up there.” She blabbered about.

“You’d be amazed at how much is mechanically different from just a regular house there!” Alex said, motioning her hands to simulate a house. “Like, I can’t count how many times our heating broke, and I had to look for any possible way to stay warm overnight.”

“God, that’s gotta suck.” Responded the brunette. She never lived further than home, and her only major experience with the cold was her trip to Texas during the winter. “I’m assuming it kept you up at night?”

“Yeah, it’s honestly why I wanted to get into engineering so bad!”

“Is that so?”

“Yeah, it has a lot of uses, but I’d want to kinda go back there and help people stay warm and happy in those environments.” She said as she shook her thighs from the chair, sliding it a bit closer. “I’ve been looking a lot into interior design because of that as well, but OH YEAH!” The girl’s head rose up as she remembered something.

Sam looked a bit confused on what got Alex’s attention so suddenly, but it seemed to be about her as she loomed over. “I still owe something to you, can’t believe I forgot!” As the two talked, their meals both arrived. Sam got a chicken salad, while Alex ordered a prime rib.

“Oh yeah?” Sam said, turning her head as she forgot too. She took a bite from her chicken as she looked with intrigue.

“Yeah, you stuck out for me when I messed around with you at the exam, said I owed you, but never really elaborated.” The busty said, engorging on the ribs.

“Well, I could tell you right now what I want you to do?”

“Right now? Before the party?” Alex said, a bit shocked by that idea. “Don’t you think that’s a bit too far?”

“Trust me, it can be all handled before then.” Sam said, holding a confident voice as she prepared to explain what was in her mind.

“Alright, just tell me, the thought’s just killing me!”

“You sure?” Sam said. “Alright, I want you to do…” The girl leaned forward, looking directly at her friend as she tried to hold in the deal like a secret. The suspense was killing Alex, too. She could feel a cold sweat thinking what could happen. Having to swim in that old pond where all those minnows come around and molest you? Screaming a swear out loud while her family is with her? What could Sam even want this poor girl to do?

“Nothing.”

The blonde paused as she looked again, shaking her head as her short hair shook around. "I'm sorry, what?"

"Nothing, I don't really have any grudge to place on you, honestly."

"Mmmgh, then why did you play it along for so long?!" Alex said, annoyed, but with a playful tone.

"I dunno, I wanted to think of something but I don't really have any way to put revenge on you, not my thing." Sam said, looking back at the view.

"God, you suck!" Alex said, laughing with Sam as the two drank. They sipped through their water like a fine wine, even though they were still under the age.

"Though, I gotta say, I do appreciate you not taking all the shenanigans I've done to you too badly." Alex said, straightening her pose as she looked with a rosy smile at her friend again.

It wasn't too special, just some cars driving through at the edge of the sea, but there was something so vibrant about it. The ocean had an orange color that spilled through, with the cars gaining a bright, white outline as they passed through the area.

"No, I'm just happy to be here with you, Alex!" The brunette said. She had her own feelings she wanted to admit to Alex. How her life was so boring since she left, how she became a shut-in because she couldn't find anyone that really suited her interests, being with people she didn't need, watching her old childhood friends leave her life.

Sam just felt like she was a product of her time, left on a shelf as some kind of dusty, rotting accessory. But with Alex, she felt needed again. All the fun adventures the two have gone on, the conversations Alex talked about, the interests they share, the time they spend. All Sam really wanted was to just have more of it. But with Alex, it was just so hard to admit to. She already was settling in better than her, meeting old and new across her classes. She knew Erza, but she had been talking to people like Brody, Larry, Kendall, people Sam wished she had been able to talk to, but just broke her ability to connect with them.

"Yea, have you been dating since you got back?" Sam said a bit recklessly. Almost immediately, she wanted to slam her palms to her mouth in anguish as she looked at Alex, expecting an answer.

"Well, I've had a few people on my mind..." Alex said nervously.

Sam, hearing her voice, realized that she probably wasn't on that list. Alex was stacked, and any member of the sports team would probably call priorities way before her.

“Yea, I’d imagine with a... body like that.” Sam said, her voice withering as she came to reality.

“Uhh... what are you trying to say?” Alex said, curious about the intentions of Sam.

“Nothing!” She responded. “Nothing to upset you.”

Sam tapped her fingers on the ground as she thought. “I just... I have a friend who’s erm... looking for a date, he’s pretty lonely.”

“Oh...” Alex said, carrying a neutral face as she heard Sam.

“Yeah, he’s just an old friend, and I thought you could be of interest.”

“I uh... guess I could meet him.” Alex said, tapping her foot with some unnerve. “Is he going to be at the party?”

“Probably, a lot of people are coming, you’ll probably have the whole crowd looking at you with that rack of yours.”

“Yeah, like some kind of freak, probably.” Alex said with a nervous chuckle.

The two paused as they looked at their finished meals, trying to find some way to distract the other.

Luckily, their waiter was nearby, so Alex was able to call for a check. However, the wait to pay for it felt long and grueling. Sam had wanted to tell Alex how she felt, but she slipped up hard. Alex probably thought she was a giant ass for trying to use her like this. It’s not like she was a standout girl, just another loner that could be pushed aside, but now Sam had a reason to be off the spotlight.

As the two drove off to Patty’s, the two sat silent, not even able to look at each other. Alex looked pretty bummed, and Sam just wanted to slam herself into the woods as she saw the upset face in front of her. However, after another 10-20 minutes, the two arrived at the Gene residence, a large, almost mansion-like household. It had an ivory colored wood engulfing the house, mixed with various shapes that meshed perfectly. There was plenty of space to park, too.

As the two got out, they saw the two pools that were behind the corners of the gate, with countless of their other student companions swimming, chatting, being reckless, you name it. It was rather impressive that there were two pools, and they each had their own two jacuzzis, occupied by half a dozen students.

“Yeah, this sure is a high school party...” Alex said, expecting a laugh, though Sam still felt disappointed about how Alex probably felt with her to respond.

As the two walked along inside, they were stopped by a certain someone. She seemed taller than Alex, but slightly shorter than Sam. It didn't take long to guess who it was.

"Yo, Erza!" Alex said.

"Sup!" She said, her ginger hair shining from the lights, high fiving her short buddy. "You ready to fuck bitches and drink cola?"

"Hell yea!" The short haired one responded, stancing up as she posed her back up, strutting in a goofy way as the fancy dress she wore waved along behind her.

"Yea, let's go and..." Before Sam could travel alongside them, she felt the crowd of people nearby obstruct her view, leaving her to sit dumbfounded as she realized she didn't know where to go from here.

"...party."

Sam looked around as she stood lost in the torrent of people. Conversations she couldn't comprehend overwhelmed her, looking around as she passed through the lines of face both familiar and new. It felt like some weird dream to her.

She made her way to the living room, finding a vacant chair. The only issue was this cheerleader girl yapping about her "open mindedness" as she criticized the rest of her team to her boyfriend. It was obnoxious, but at least she had somewhere to sit.

She sat buzzed, looking out into the open sea as she looked for someone she at least recognized. However, what did Sam have, anyways? A few measly people she could get around to connecting to through her years? Sure, a lot of the faces here she grew up with, but how many did she really know? There were so many people here, there had to be someone that she at least got along with.

"Chandler!" Sam spotted the girl in the crowds as she surfed the tidal waves to meet the girl, hoping for some kind of guidance as for where to go. Her dyed cyan hair was enough to nab the girl's attention. She felt her cheap clothes get pushed around as she slithered towards.

"Hey! Sup!"

"Sup, didn't expect to see you here."

"Yea, Erza invited me here but I kinda got uhh... I went missing." Sam said.

"Huh, you're buddies with Erza?" Chandler asked.

"Well we go back, hung out a lot in middle school. So, what's been up with you?"

“Well, I’m trying to find my boyfriend here, but it’s just kinda crowded.”

“Yea, I guess we could try to find them on the way, if you want.”

“Not much of a better plan.” Chandler said, sweeping her foot across the floor as she looked about.

The two began searching around the house, passing along every other oddity around. Some mormon kids drinking root beer and pretending it’s the real deal, that one kid sitting in the corner that wishes he wasn’t there, the bimbos acting like swinging their arms around is some big, “crackhead” moment. It all sort of rang into Sam’s mind as she continued to push forward, weakened by the forces of sheer annoyance.

“So uhh... you been doing much in Theater?”

“Not really, our final play of the year was last Thursday, so we’re just getting some advice from the teacher now.”

“Nice, kinda wish I did some theater classes.” Sam said as a half truth. She started to step upstairs as she failed to find her friend on the first floor, with Chandler following just behind.

“Yea, I met a lot of my friends there, including you. It’s honestly a great place to meet people since you have to be forced to interact and plan stuff with people you’d never think to be friends with.” Said the girl with blue hair, almost in a flaunty way towards Sam. It wasn’t like she was trying to be rude, just having that tone of voice, Chandler just tended to come off as rude thanks to the way she talked.

“Yea, I’d have joined in, but I was too busy with classes to really handle much outside of it.” The brunette responded.

“Well is it worth it to just live through ball busting classes for the sake of being deemed ‘good?’” She said, turning her head.

“Well, it’s good to have a resume worth showing to an employer, and I’ve always wanted jobs somewhere in math or chemistry.” Said Sam.

“I guess.” Chandler responded. “Just know that you probably need to think about what you want to do soon. There’s only so much time nowadays to decide your gamble.”

“Oh hey! Nestor!” Chandler said, hopping along to the figure ahead.

As the girl skipped along to her boyfriend, Sam saw the familiar face of this made. His scrawny, but tall posture, his hunched pose, and his sharp, angular nose that made him look like a crow. He looked almost like a caricature.

“Oh hey, Sam’s here too, what’s up?” Nestor said, popping his curved back as he looked down to the girl with a ponytail, his big nose pointing at her like an arrow.

“Not been... up to much. I was actually looking for you.”

“What about?” He said.

“Oh, I just have a friend I wanted you to meet. You’re both big fans of shooter games and she needs some friends with that.” Sam said with some truth.

“Oh, well I guess.” Nestor responded, sniffing his comically large nose as some dust flew by.

“Cool, let me just... actually there she is!”

Sam saw the busty woman passing along the hallway, chatting along with Erza as she raised her fists up about something, obviously deep into the conversation. However, she didn’t seem too rushed, just passing along the rooms upstairs as she tried to find somewhere to sit.

Pushing Nestor along, Sam reached over to Alex as she was stopped to a halt by the birdlike man, hunching over to look at the tomboyish girl in the unfitting, cyan dress.

“Sup.” He said, with Alex feeling a little uncomfortable as he lurched towards.

“I’m uh good.” Alex said, feeling intimidated by the lanky freak in front of her.

“You play Battlefield much?” He said, looking her down as she gulped.

“Uhh, a fan of 4 and One but not much else.”

“Do you want to uh... share our Friend IDs?” Nestor said, beginning to note the discomfort in Alex’s eyes as she looked off to the side.

“Yea, sure Waluigi, it’s just uh...” Alex muttered her code in secret to the man, who curved back like a stork, writing the code into his phone.

“Cool, we can play some later, peace.” He said, walking back towards Sam, looking somewhat frustrated.

The brunette tried to hide behind some people as his face grew mildly more annoyed. He wasn’t furious, but by the look of his face he knew something was up.

“Uh, do you know what her problem is?” Nestor said, “I don’t think she’s really wanting to play.”



“Yea...” Sam said awkwardly.

“You’re not trying to set me up with her, right?” Nestor said. “You know I’m dating Chandler.”

Sam froze for a moment as she missed the major cog in the system. “When did you begin dating her?”

“For the past year, I thought you knew this.” He said, looking down at Sam with some mild disappointment that she didn’t know.

“Yea, I just thought... it’s just... I don’t know.” Sam said, watching Alex step downstairs as she went along.

“Is it because you still feel bad about not having any interest in me?” Nestor said a bit hesitantly

“No it’s not that, and you look fine.” Sam said, sitting down on a chair where a nice family piano was located. “It’s just... weird, and complicated.”

“Well, I don’t mind hearing.” Nestor said. “I may have only been your boyfriend for a month in 8th grade, but I know enough about you to at least ask.” He said, his nasally, sharp voice providing a temporary sense of comfort to her.

“I don’t know, you remember how I had that friend of mine back when I was a kid?”

“I think that story comes to mind, the one where you had a whole trampoline battle over that pokemon doll?”

“It’s called Butterfree!” She said in a playful anger. “But yea that’s uhh her. I was an idiot and realized that “he” was a “she” the whole time.

“Like in the sense that this friend of yours realized it?”

“No, like she’s always been one, I just didn’t realize she had the parts.”

“So uh... what seems to be the deal?” Nestor said.

As some guy raised himself from the couch, Sam rested down, continuing her talk. “I dunno.” The brunette said as she twiddled her ponytail. “It’s just this weird feeling of trying to imagine her as a boy, but I know she’s a girl, and it’s never more clear she’s a girl.”

“Are you saying you’re a...” Nestor said. “I mean, that’s fine, it’s just...”

“No!” She shouted, looking with some frustration at Nestor. “I mean... I don’t know.” Sam continued. “It’s just ever since she left to move somewhere else, I’ve just felt so empty. But now,

she's back, and it feels like there's this giant barrier that feels so close yet so binding between us."

"I mean, you mentioned having date issues before." The long-nosed man said. "Just from everything you've told me before about that thing, it kinda just made me get the assumption."

"Still, I just think we're friends. I've known her like that for as long as I know." Sam rubbed her arm, trying to pass her thoughts away. Even though she had her emotions and feelings about others, it would be best to keep those feelings locked up. The only people that really mattered were the ones she could bond with, anyways.

-and **He** wouldn't want to know she was feeling for someone else, right?-

Nestor watched the girl blabber about her emotions, obviously upset about her whole ordeal. "Well, you've still been a great friend to me. Even if we aren't dating, you still make me feel whole in a way."

Sam looked with some confusion as he spoke, giving a weird smile with his birdlike face. "I mean, you and I still meet when you go to those slumber parties with the theater kids. You have funny conversations at lunch, you help a lot when I have an upcoming exam. To say you're completely empty without her feels like it wouldn't be entirely true."

Despite Sam's own frustration with herself, she saw a little more perspective on her own loneliness. She looked down at her palms as she kept to her thoughts for a moment. She wasn't necessarily pushed away for her feelings, but every time she was left to herself, it just felt like she had more of a reason to believe no one wanted to be around her.

Of course, there were plenty who didn't like Sam, but she wasn't explicitly some four eye nerd to punch into a wall. It just felt like she was doing this to herself, but didn't know how to truly escape the hole she dug into. However, she looked to see Nestor, holding his hand out.

Lifting the girl off the couch, he turned his head down to the brunette, his almost paranormal look felt comforting in the sense that he did care about how she acted. Sam wanted to see him as some creepy ex, but despite his odd looks, he had a heart of gold. Even though Sam wasn't right for him, he was a good man. "Whatever it is you feel for that girl, you've got this." He said, nodding his head.

Nodding back, Sam passed down the stairs as she waved goodbye to him, ready to do more to try and understand the situation with Alex.

But where was she to look?

The place was still crowded, Sam looking around the area as she searched for the girl. As she kept her head raised, peering around for any oddities. Nothing seemed too different from when she left, but something felt odd, really odd.

Shrugging it off, Sam looked to the dining room, expecting something of interest. Unfortunately, the busty little blonde didn't happen to be there. However, what did happen there was a guy in sunglasses throwing a chair out the window.

The sounds of shattering glass could be heard echoing from the room, with the fancy wooden chair being busted as it hit the grass outside. The dozens of people in the room stared for a moment, watching as the cold wind from outside oozed its way into the house. Everyone went quiet for a moment as the violent sound destroyed the rhythm the room currently had.

Within seconds, the room had erupted into havoc as people cheered, frightening the already shocked Sam. Arms raised and people danced. The sound of someone's stereo was heard blaring music as she covered her ears, rushing out the room. She looked at the stairs as Nestor and his girlfriend left, him holding on as they looked awkwardly at their surroundings.

In the kitchen, there was littered potato chips as dudes blew the bags up, playing beach ball with them. One guy, who seemed pretty reserved in the back, looked like he'd be just another nasally, stuck up wallflower, but he suddenly grabbed a glass bottle of soda from the fridge, chugged the whole thing before Sam could read the bottle, and shattered it across the floor. The girl slipped across the walls as she tried to avoid conflict, watching guys make the house into a playground as she slipped to the living room.

In the corner of the velvet colored room, Erza was spotted experiencing some kind of stomach pain as she groaned against the wall. Sam rushed over to the redhead, looking at her writhe in pain as she held her gut.

"You good?"

"Ugghh..." Erza groaned, obviously in pain.

"Jeez, are you already drunk?" She responded, angry at the downed girl.

"No, I'm not, swear on it." Erza said as she unzipped her leather jacket. Her breath had become more hot as she rubbed her gut in an attempt to relieve the pain. "I can't even have it now that I'm on this program, as much as I'd want to."

Her cheeks went red as she panted more, looking at the girl's grey, metal themed T-shirt damped with sweat. What looked like a beer belly was beginning to show up.

"You're drunk."

"I swear to you I'm not drunk." Erza said, before feeling another jolt of pain, lowering her to the knees.

"I'll get you to the car in a bit, just let me find Alex first."

Erza didn't have the will to respond, sitting at the corner as she watched the guys on the table fall on the floor as they attempted to do flips. A little weak laugh exited her as she watched Sam leave the vicinity. Heading back around the dining room, there was more furniture thrown out, but this time everyone had Mickey Mouse costumes hastily worn on, making guttural noises as they threw chairs out. It felt like a weird, chaotic nightmare as the brunette continued to lose her consciousness as instinct took over.

Rushing upstairs, she had to dodge a bunch of passed out people being rolled down the stairs, all tossed down by someone in a gorilla suit. Each step or so Sam would jump to the side, before slipping to the next. After dodging the one donning the gorilla outfit, the girl in the ponytail visited the room she was just in.

It was a bit more quiet, but not by much. There was a crowd of people playing beer pong in the corner, alongside what looked like the owner of the house, Patty, passed out drunk. Her perfect, bright blonde hair spilled like water onto the couch, wearing a fancy suit that seemed torn to shreds. If some wear on the fabric like that tore it in pieces, there's only imagining as to how Alex's suit could look. Vella would likely beat her to a pulp if she saw the custom made bra and dress torn and ruined.

Exiting the room, she avoided more shenanigans, and peeped into a room that was completely dark. It seemed fine, until she heard a giant wail from the girl inside. The lights turned on, with Sam looking straight at the bed, seeing two girls sprout from the covers. Slamming the door shut, she looked in the only other room nearby, opening it to find Alex, whose dress was surprisingly unscathed.

Her bra was shut tight, dancing to some familiar music on top of the table as partygoers screamed with cheer. Even with a bra as compact as her's, she still had a rack to grab a man's attention from a mile away. She kicked and slid on the table as she gave a surprising amount of energy. She wouldn't be able to move like this if she was drunk, which gave Sam a sigh of relief, but it was getting too chaotic. People were taking photos, making jokes about her boobs, which were still the size of cantaloupes, and Sam was getting frustrated. Despite the awkwardness the two had been burnt into, it was too much for even Sam to handle.

"Hey, Alex?" The girl said with some force. "I think we should get going, it's late!"

"Naww! It's getting fun!" Alex said as she raised her arms, hyping up the audience.

"Seriously, it's just Erza, she's-" before Sam could elaborate, the soft hands of the dancing girl grabbed onto the woman, catching her off guard as Alex lifted Sam onto the table. Sam jumped around on the table as the brown haired girl sat idly, refusing to go with the schtick.

“C’mon, they wanted someone to join in, I had to go with you to dance!” Alex shouted, calming her beats as the song died down, almost waiting for the girl in baggy clothes to move along. Sam didn’t want to at first, but it seemed like Alex wouldn’t budge unless she followed. A deep sigh was let loose, finally giving into the hypnotizing song as the beat hit its drop. Awkwardly swaying her hips in her sweatpants, Sam tried to grab her attention as she clapped and swayed her back around. The table could be heard creaking, but she would only do this for a little while.

The music grew louder as the two danced together on the table, hyped up by at least a dozen others cheering them on. Sam kicked and spun awkwardly as Alex sprouted life from each step she made, the two twirled around, with the taller girl getting some excitement as she began to lose herself to the life of the party.

The pumps against the table grew louder with each step, losing to the power of music. Sam felt a little hesitant as she continued to stomp. Alex seemed not to care, bouncing about on the table as she wiggled her hips. Her sizable jugs didn’t seem to sway as much as expected, but that was probably for the better as Alex twirled like a ballerina. However, with one climactic spin as the song reached its end, Alex spun towards Sam with a jump, and before long, the table was shattered to pieces.

Sam came back to reality as she stood in the rubble, looking up as her back touched the beaten wood. She was mostly calm, until she felt a warm weight against her. She would’ve stayed fine, until she looked to see Alex, regaining her conscience as she laid upon the girl, covering the brunette with her tightened chest. Even though they were smaller, they didn’t feel it’s compressing into her body as the sheer mass could be felt around Sam. The girl winced as she felt the boob, but more anxiety swelled in her head as she felt her own left hand, holding onto the bra as it laid between Sam’s chest and Alex’s breasts.

Alex jittered up in shock as Sam did, both feeling awkward as they escaped from each other’s grip. Sam whipped her hand around as she spouted a cluster of incomprehensible words, gaining her reality again. However, Alex still gave a chuckle as she looked at Sam, obviously enjoying the whole ordeal.

“That was fun!” She yelled. “C’mon, let’s keep dancing!”

Sam, however, seemed a bit concerned as she shook back to reality. “No, let’s not get too occupied, we need to go, now.”

“B-but.”

“It’s Erza, now c’mon!”

Understanding the issue at hand, Alex reluctantly followed Sam downstairs as they relocated to the living room. Luckily, Erza was still fine, but she was passed out like a baby, sleeping as she

crumbled in the corner. Groans could be heard seeping from her mouth, obviously not well from this situation, which led to Alex lifting up the resting Erza as Sam led the way, keeping an eye out for any funny business.

The two made it to the car, before letting Erza sleep in the back seat. With their friend safe in the car, Sam jumped in the driver's seat as Alex went shotgun.

Once their little partnership was over, the two sat as they had a barrage of questions to ask the other, looking out the window as they saw the lights of the neighborhood.

"Sam..." Alex said with some hesitation. "Did you really just hang out with me because you wanted me to hook up with that weird guy?" She said, continuing to pant as she looked towards the moon.

"Honestly, no..." Sam panted out. "I just had something else on my mind, I just had another thing- I- uh..." the girl stuttered as her hands shook, realizing she made a mistake with wordplay.

"Another thing, huh?" Alex said, looking down as she glared at her thighs. The girl paused as she kept to herself, feeling bad that she knew Sam wasn't being honest with her. To think that she had finally reunited with Sam, someone who just enjoyed being around her through and through, couldn't be felt to trust her.

"I understand why you wouldn't want to trust me." Alex whimpered.

"No, that's not, I-"

"I just stuck this all out because I thought you liked it! Seeing me bash around, going on all kinds of adventures, and despite all that, still liking me!" Alex shouted, taking her hands to her face. "It's just, I just... I just hoped you could enjoy being around me. I like an audience, someone just sitting around." She said, "But I know it's probably obnoxious to you, we are adults now, after all."

Sam hoped to respond, but she felt too cut off by guilt to say anything, looking out to the driver's wheel as she sat. All she could concentrate on was the ambience of the party, and a likely drunken Erza passed out on the seat. If Sam had the courage, she would just tell her everything. How she felt, how much she liked getting out, knowing she could have someone to talk to, to appreciate, to feel. For once, Sam felt like she had someone who truly cared about her again.

And she blew it.

—

Sam dropped Alex off at her place, leaving little room to see more than the pathway towards the porch. It was past midnight, leaving it difficult for much issue to be brought by just a walk along the sidewalk. However, Alex turned around, looking as if she was holding back

“S-see ya.” She said, looking back at the girl with a downed face as she walked along into the house, ready to be in her bed.

Leaving Alex to her business, Sam nudged at the passed out girl in her back seat, until by a miracle, Erza rose her head as she yawned, desiring to sleep again.

“Uhhaahh” The girl shouted as she yawned ugly. Her arms raised, hearing a pop in them as they fell to the ground. “Where the hell is every...” Erza said, struggling her battle to pass out in the moment.

“I took you home, remember? You got so drunk you couldn’t even stand up? You had enough to make your stomach bloat out?” Sam said, looking through the rear-view mirror in her car.

“Wh-wha?” Erza said, looking with some confusion at the locks of brunette hair, obscured by the darkness of the night. “Sam, I said I’m not drunk, and I really don’t know why I have this fat all of the sudden.”

“If you look like a drunk, act like a drunk, and pass out like a drunk, you’re a drunk.” Sam said with some smugness to the more aggressive girl.

“Well if I were a drunk, I wouldn’t remember that sappy argument you two girls had, if you’re that emotional about the other, just go ahead and kiss or something! You both are acting like fucking idiots!” Erza yelled, slouching in the corner.

“Trying to interpret your feelings as some kind of insult, pushing her onto someone like Nestor, you’re a whole dumbass and a half, Sam!” She shouted. Even through the minimal shadows making out the shape of the redhead, her burning colors could be made through the few shadows. “If you really felt the way you did about her, you’d just say it! She spends enough time with you, you like the same stuff, and even though she has those things in front of her, she’s not trying to make herself some whore to be slapped around and you know it!” Erza said, feeding the mouthful of insults to Sam.

The driver hesitated, jittering as she took the realization of so many mistakes into her mind. She felt her hands pass out on the wheel as she melted her face into the horn, hearing a loud honk before quickly slipping it off.

“See, you just act before you think.” Erza said.

"I don't know, it's just when so many thoughts are in your head, you feel like the worst one is what frees itself first." Sam said, resting above the horn, having her breasts grace against the honker as she tried her best to keep herself both steady and relaxed.

"Then just stop thinking what the worst one is and go for the first!" She shouted. "Yeah, it's not gonna yield the best results, but it's better than just letting a thought always rot!" As Sam looked again, Erza was sitting with her palms making a pillow for her head, the girl resting as one knee lifted itself. "Don't be reckless, but just take a risk with what you think first, I promise you'll feel a lot better than just constantly doubting yourself."

"Yeah, that's sorta why I kinda just dipped in terms of hanging out with people through high school." Sam said, looking out again as she saw the moon rise further. "Just sorta felt like if I went back in, I'd just slip up and ruin everything again."

The two paused as Sam looked down from the moon, pent up with thoughts as she felt her skin rise. "It's just I WANT to tell her this, I want to say that she's the hottest guy I know, and how I want to go on all kinds of adventures and vacations and battles and activities with her. I want to feel more than a part of her life, I want to feel in sync to her! Not just some lonely neet who just sits around and worries about bugs and when her next Pokemon game is gonna come out! I want to just feel like this person of my dreams is someone that I feel like another half with!"

"Okay, maybe a little too personal at the end there, but I get it." She said, "Relationships aren't something that you just easily find the matching partner for." She said, "I mean, I've dated both men and women but still felt that emptiness."

"You mean with s-" Sam stopped herself before she said the word, but Erza analyzed for a moment, realizing what Sam was about to say. At that very moment, Erza froze, before chuckling with laughter, amused by what the brunette asked.

"What's so funny?" Sam said, feeling like a 12 year old finding out about sex again.

"No it's not you, I was just gonna say I haven't actually done it yet!"

"You haven't?" She asked, now curious by the statement.

"Yea, but that's for another story. Anyways, I should probably head back home soon, Mom's gonna stab me in the throat for being this late."

"Jeez..." Sam murmured.

"Figure of speech!" Erza said, laughing with some worry. "She's probably worried sick though."

"Yeah, let me get you back home."



“Just remember though, there’s always plenty of fish in the sea, but if you’ve found a catch that’s a one in a lifetime, cherish it.”

—

Alex entered her home, her mood wrecked by how overwhelmed she was dealing with Sam. Her face felt like it would fall off as she lost all ability to care about what came next. The sense of screeching like a maniac built up in her as she paced up her room. She wanted to burst open like a big balloon, letting out the spirit of anger that laid within.

Detouring at the living room, she stopped her walk upstairs as she sat on the couch, letting out a big sigh as she sat in the empty room. She didn’t want Vella to see her like this, and waking up the cat, which lived in the guest bedroom wasn’t a good idea, so the best option in her mind was just to sit in the dark room, pondering everything that went down.

“Why did she do that?!” Alex thought, hearing her own answer in her mind. She thought about Sam, and how Alex just kept pushing herself onto her. There wasn’t much she understood about the town she came back to. Sure she recognized Erza, and Sam, and a few people at that party she got in contact with, but it never felt like she had much to feel like she bonded with anyone.

Sam was probably the closest bet to that. Erza was fun to be around, but it wouldn’t be too long before she got sidetracked. She talked to a few boys at the party, but she just got frustrated after they would pause mid conversation, or show nothing in common with her, or just get annoyed after a while. As much energy as she had, it wouldn’t take long of her talking to fry anyone’s brain.

But for Samantha, there was finally someone to care about her problems. She didn’t feel like some therapist she had to pay, or someone who wanted something out of her. At least, that’s what she thought. It was just so frustrating that she put together all those nice clothes and tried make-up for the first time in a while, only for Sam to just tell her she had someone who wanted to date her. She got set up with that bird beak, who didn’t even seem like he wanted to be around her, and for what? So Sam didn’t have to think about her? So she could be someone else’s accessory?

It’s not like she didn’t deserve this, but she felt such frustration as she thought about that punishment.

All of the sudden, the light turned on, and Alex looked up as her taller sister walked down the steps. She took slow steps down as she saw the moping girl, hearing a single snuffle as she spiraled down her thoughts. The sister walked over with her wider hips, holding a blanket over her as she covered as much as she could over body.

“Ohh, Al...” Vella said, noticing the sadness rather quickly. “Did something happen to Sam?” She said, sitting on the arm of the chair as Alex continued to hunch over.

“It’s just I wanted to impress her some way, but I kept messing up, and it’s just she keeps pushing me but I don’t blame-“

“Hey, calm down, it’s okay.” Vella said, patting the girl on the head as she rubbed her cheek, with Alex stubbornly looking the other way. “I understand, you wanted to do your best. That’s all that matters.” She said, smiling at the girl, but that didn’t seem to satiate the issue, with Alex turning the other way in sorrow.

“I still messed up pretty badly, made her lose her job...” Alex said, raising her knees and pushing her breasts in, using them like a pillow to keep her face from falling over.

“No, I get it, Alex.” Vella said, placing her hand away. “Work’s a nightmare.” Vella said, crossing her arms as the sheet folded around, revealing her undergarments unintentionally. “She’s still a kid, it’s not like she had a sudden shift in career after joining.” The girl continued, brushing her hair to try and relieve her guilt. “It’s a lot, living in a suburban area with only you here, dealing with management, paying rent and bills on my own, there’s just so much on my mind that I can’t begin to hold on!” Vella said as her voice cracked. “It’s nice to have control over the company, but it’s just so much at the same time...”

The two stayed silent, awkwardly looking as they both felt in a corner about their emotions. Their feelings fell deeper into the pit of the antlion as they tried to find a way to forget.

“I’ll go back to my room, things will get better... Alex.” She said, holding a weak smile in an attempt to raise her up. The younger, however, sat frozen, leaving Vella to ponder her fate as she walked upstairs, fading into the darkness. She needed a way to try and hold back how she felt.

Maybe a snack would help soothe her...

Alex headed to the basement, it was more cleaned up, though for now worked as a storage room of everything that still needed unpacking. Luckily though, they managed to turn one of the rooms down there into a freezer room. As Alex unlocked the steel door, she saw the countless bins, sealed as she shivered around, sniffing as she reached into the closest one in her reach. Opening it up, tubs of ice cream containers could be found inside the meter long chest. Countless flavors spilled from it, ones she liked, ones she hated, either way, it would satiate that aching feeling inside. She needed to be filled, to feel whole, and if this was the way she needed to go to forget about Sam, so be it.

The only thing she wanted at the moment was to feel something be a part of her again.

## Chapter 6 -

A fuzzy feeling was surrounding the environment, feeling both day and night as the realms of sense and instinct became broken. Colors faded from a void black to a vibrant color as the desaturated dull colors slowly battled.

As the short girl woke up, she wanted to urge herself to fall back in bed, her senses unable to feel ready for the day ahead. She hadn't spent her couple of nights well since she had that awful interaction at the party. Sam broke her heart, and her mind fought back to keep those feelings away, seeking to doze her off into the deep sleep as she mumbled and groaned.

However, the growls in her stomach were overcoming her. She had few tubs the night before, satiating the broken heart, but she went too far as she woke up from last night. She certainly had her fill of ice cream, rubbing her stomach as she felt last night's dose of it against the gut that could fit triplets, but she needed more. Her mind was still caught up by her feelings. Her childhood with Sam felt ruined as she sat up, feeling her stomach weigh her down. The blonde nearly fell on the floor as she twitched her foot back up, holding the gut together as she felt it punch through her flesh.

The problem was that she was still hungry though, feeling the gut gurgle around as she weeped, knowing her sorrows were still taking her over.

Steps were made toward the freezer room, stomping against the dusty basement floor as she slowly made her way to the freezer room again, staring at the door with a tired, yet willing look. Did she really want to do this again?

Yes...

—

Sam laid on her bed as she looked towards the ceiling, pondering her own thoughts in the packet room. She looked at the bugs in their own assorted spots, safe from putting harm in way. The orchid mantis was still satisfied, sitting and looking its head around on the flower she placed in its area. Her tarantula was hiding under its artificial log, alongside the mulch as the heater stood nearby. She always wanted to try beekeeping, but the amount of manpower that would take in her backyard would be too much for her. Still, she liked the little bug collection she had going.

That didn't stop her from thinking about last night though. She wanted to avoid her feelings about Alex, but only pushed her further away because of it. It's not like she wanted to avoid her, but she didn't have any idea what to say about it. Her brown hair was undone, spilling onto the

bed as she felt her hand caught in it. Gently spilling it away from the locks, she placed it under her chest as she stared away from the idle bugs as she looked out her window. The forest green walls darkened her environment as she stayed too stubborn to switch on the lights during the cloudy day.

Suddenly, a knock on the door woke Sam up, shooting out of the bed as she sat shocked, wearing only her panties as she looked straight. She felt embarrassed as she looked to see she had no top, letting her nubs feel the breeze of the fan in the moment. Realizing she couldn't be seen like this, she dashed to the room to put together some clothes as she hopped out in yoga pants and a half attached T-shirt.

Pulling it on as she jumped down the stairs, she went to open the door not to see the face of her locked out mom, but that of Vella, placing her hand against her waist as she looked with both concern and annoyance at Sam.

"Listen, can you help me out?"

"Hey, uhh... I don't know if I-

Sam was quickly cut off by the taller blonde as she prioritized her own issue. "I said listen! Alex has been up all night and morning and it's driving me nuts, she keeps moping about this party." Vella was clearly frustrated by this, not even caring as a button fell loose on the blouse she wore, and her purse dangled out as she lost her temper. "I swear, she hasn't been this upset since that growth spurt she had in middle school. She's crying!" The disturbed woman shouted as she seemed visibly annoyed.

"Well, I don't know if I really would feel welcome at the moment-"

"She keeps calling for you!" Vella interrupted again, shocking Sam as she looked with some noticeable curiosity. "Talking about how you didn't care about her, or how you ditched her for pleasing some guy. Can you just come over and tell me how to deal with it?"

Sam looked with some pause, frozen in time as she felt on the edge of two cliffs. Either she stayed in her pit of depression and clouded thoughts, not being around anyone, or losing that sliver of a chance to finally free herself.

"Please..." Vella said with more distraught in her voice. "She told me all about how she wanted to talk to you on our way here, bring up stuff like volleyball games and trampoline battles. Do you not remember when you brought her to Disney World?" Sam scratched her back as she felt her emotions escape, only to close them back in "For whatever reason she's mad, can you at least try to help out. I just can't think of any other options to soothe her down. She is your friend, right?"

The very question had drained Sam's heart. Feeling no other option, Sam nodded to the well dressed but poorly kept woman. Before the hermit could make a step, however, she felt her hand gripped by the mature woman as they went to the house adjacent to her own. She was dragged along as the tall blonde yanked at the palm.

Faint noises of metal clambering could be heard that raised Sam's senses, slowly entering the house as she looked around. A glance was made at the kitchen, before looking in the dining room for no trace.

"Here, basement." Vella said, arrowing her fingers to the door at the center of the house, calling her to head down the dungeon-esque stairs. She made slow steps as the sound of tingling metal was heard getting louder when she went lower, the light from the room at the end got closer and closer, calling Sam as she reached the destination. The sounds of some kind of guttural noise were heard, but it was muffled, as if inside something. Was Alex sick?

As she stepped to the end, Sam looked around as she tried to spot the girl. Fridge, no. TV, no. Office, after a quick check beneath the chair, no. She had the sound, but it felt missing as soon as she reached the place. Its presence was sensed, but the location of it became unclear.

The brunette walked around idly, looking for the friend of hers as she kept her arms crossing, scared by the dimly lit underground. Sounds felt close, but from where did they appear? As she kept her pace, she kicked into a spherical thing. It jiggled around as the darkness took over, obscuring what exactly it was. Sam tried to move it out of the way, but was met by a pull as it stayed static against her foot. Passing away from the unfamiliar object, Sam kept looking for more clues in the room.

Before long though, a weak belch could be heard. While it wasn't recognizable, Sam found the location of the sound, at the darkened ball again. What was this thing? A waterbed Vella stored down here? Some exercise ball? She kept looking around it, squatting as she tried and pushing it to see where the ball was leading to.

"Ugghh... what the..." a voice said, speaking right beneath Sam's crotch as it regained consciousness.

Then that meant...

Sam jumped up like a cat as she saw the meaty ball before her, with Alex remaining on the ground as she sat below this balloon. It had kept defeat on the girl in the room as it asserted its power over her weakened state.

"Alex?!" Sam shouted, both distrubed by the extreme stomach that exploded out, yet intrigued. She stared down at the belly as she turned the light on, seeing the blonde's chest push against her neck as they billowed out, making space for the belly. A black T-shirt could be seen blocking out where the head was, leaving out a form of belly and boobs with legs in the way.

“Who is that... I can’t...”

Kicks and nudges were made as she tried to get a reasonable position, striking away the discarded plastic bins as she got to her weight, the enormous gut kept her from being able to smoothly raise herself as she kept putting more weight in her arms. Before long though, the face of Alex was seen above the rounded out T-shirt, unable to hold the flesh colored orb as it spilled out to her knees. A look of shock suddenly appeared as she saw the guest, looking with a blue fear.

“Sam?!”

“What the hell, Alex!” Sam responded, pointing out the elephant in the girl. “How did you...” Sam paused, unable to think of an answer to this absurd situation. It felt like a cartoon, yet here it was. She stared at the belly that stood almost 2 feet in diameter, somehow outclassing her own massive breasts.

“I... uhh...” Alex tried to get up, succeeding in the first part, but as her legs trembled when she got away, she plopped to the ground. Hardened ice cream was spotted on the girl’s mouth, giving her a beard as she looked like a sweet covered pig. “What do you want?” She said, looking with aggression.

“I just wanted to see if you were ok.” Ignoring her senses of this absurd situation, she felt her body act first to Alex before the environment.

“Sam, you just wanted me away, now go.”

Some heartbreak took Sam over as she heard the hurtful words, with Alex struggling to reach a nearby ice cream tub to throw the lid. Her belly weighed her down though, throwing the lid by only a little.

“No, Alex, I...” Sam felt herself get a bit tense as her friend grew angry

“Yes you did, you just wanted me away from you the whole party, isn’t that why you just ditched me without a care last night?” Alex said, resting her hands in between the chest and the stomach, attempting to hold both. All she wanted was to be alone, but Sam felt too frozen to leave.

“Alex-I... but..”

“You did, it’s because I’m a freak!” She said, grabbing another tub, before noticing it still had some scraps left. She grabbed her spoon as she bit into the semi-melted chunks.

"I don't!" The brunette shouted, her undone hair swaying by the echo she made, causing Alex to drop the spoon she bit out of.

"I didn't ditch you, and I never wanted to ditch you. I just... wasn't sure what to do." She said, pulling her eyes away as she refused to look at Alex again. "I just... I got distracted, it wasn't your fault."

"Then why did you try and set me up with that creep?" Alex responded.

"I just... I dunno, I had emotions in my mind, and didn't want you to know, so I just said something stupid on the fly to forget and I just... went with it for too long." Sam said, sitting down too. She looked at the globe that splayed itself, with the two orbs shrouded by the black fabric stood towering above, almost like a pair of eyes and a mouth.

Alex's head tilted around as she nudged, pushing herself towards the girl's own face. It was hard to see under the massive mounds in front of her, needing to pull her neck around to see Sam visibly upset about this.

"Sam?"

The brunette quickly responded, seeing the tower of flesh tilted as Alex's face peered over, noticing an arm holding the titanic, beach ball sized belly as the pumpkin sized breasts teamed up, battling Alex's sense of emotion. Her eyes seemed to water up as she looked at Sam, clearly upset by what to feel. "Are you sorry?" She would've instantly went back to say if Sam forgave her, but the message seemed clear from her blue eyed friend as the pupils glittered.

Sam felt herself begin to tear up too as she felt a weak snuffle exit her. Her body seemed too overwhelmed by both acceptance and remorse as she heard the response, her jaw barely strong enough to answer.

"I am..."

As Alex scanned the response, her arm gained leeway over her body as she tried and lifted it up, feeling surprised by her ability to get to her knees. With a heavy push up, she rose, reaching the ground as she nearly lost her balance again against the heavy gut. It splayed itself bright against the sun's glow, with the square beam from the window forming in the center of her stomach and breasts, giving faint light to the girl's body. Her cheeks blushed as she smiled, sniffing a bit more than Sam, but feeling better about herself.

"I'm sorry too."

Sam gave a quick and sudden hug to the girl, who looked shocked by the affection given to her, feeling her squish into the fruits stuck to her torso as the hands delved into her back. Sam's face hovered at the shoulder as Alex looked out the window, feeling a pat on the back to help wash

away the emotions filling her up. She closed her eyes, happy that she understood Sam in some way.

—

Vella heard heavy stomps as she continued her work. It had only been a month since she had been promoted to working in PR and fundraising. In a sense, she had partially become a manager of the company itself, even though she was an intern about a week before she was handed all of this.

She was a useful tool for her company, her side talent of photography helped well with her ability to give clear images to her coworkers and customers. However, her charisma was enough to win countless deals over. She felt the need for her outfits to look sharp, alongside business casual. A nice suit, a skirt, a big belt that wrapped around her waist, she tried her best to look both fit for the job on both assertion and formality. Still, with her waist, it made keeping a distinct image of her necessary as she sought the right fit for them. Meetings with big company executives usually went smoothly thanks to her soft voice and quick ability to negotiate. Still, anything she said could grab an investor's attention.

The company she worked at, specializing in cyber security, played a major role in transporting information safely across servers, and was a handle for a lot of business today. Her work was very valuable, yet it pitted a lot of pressure against her.

She was always a successful student, graduating before she even got out of high school. Still, despite the cramming of information for a job, she still wasn't prepared for all of this. All these papers to write, meetings to attend, customers to help.

Sometimes, it was too much.

And she heard a crushing noise from the basement, it pierced her focus on the tasks she had at hand. She could feel herself snapping as she heard the noise getting louder and louder, wasting her time as she prepared a letter to a tech company which was rising among public knowledge.

As the sound of the white basement door was heard creaking across the kitchen, Vella watched as a mass of flesh that could fit a person entered the room. Alex stepped through next, her back hunched as the steps echoed through the kitchen, struggling to stand as Sam came last, supporting the belly as it spilled to Alex's upper thigh.

She waddled her way to the next set of stairs as Vella looked in awe, before shaking her head, waving her golden blonde hair around.



“Alex, you can’t just keep doing this when you get stressed.” The businesswoman responded, as if this cartoonish appearance was an occurrence she was used to. Sam looked concerned as Vella acted normally with this girl, who could be considered a stomach more than a woman.

“I know, mom!” The tomboy said to her sister. “ I’ll just... get some time to rest it off.” The mass waddled up the steps as Sam stood behind. Vella looked with frustration as she got back to her work.

Sam looked with focus, keeping her friend moving upwards and keeping herself ready in case she fell. She still couldn’t believe what she was looking at. Sure, Alex already broke records with her chest size, but her enormous gut looked like it would explode any second. It was hard not to have her lose focus. She looked down as Alex stepped up. Her belly billowed out from behind, spilling to both sides of her leg. It bounced and jiggled with each movement, but was tight enough to have a constant feeling in the girl. Still, what somehow stuck out more was Alex’s butt, now highlighted by the enormous belly in front of her. Her gym shorts bounced around as her hips swayed, guarded by Sam’s hands as she gripped to the air, kinda hoping her friend needed support on the way up.

That seemed unnecessary now, as Alex reached the final two steps. Noticeable drips of sweat exited from the gut, going drop by drop as they spilled down the blimp. Sam watched as Alex’s t-shirt grew damp from the back, watching a tiny drop of sweat spill down the spine. It almost left her in a trance, which was when Alex began to lose balance.

Her arms spun and legs lifted, holding a balance that didn’t last long. As she plummeted behind, Sam made a quick swipe with her hands, quickly ensuring Alex safety as she kept in place, breathing clouds as she was graced with Sam’s help. The brunette felt the curves as the bottom squished into her, her eyes widening as the tush squished into her own. That thing wasn’t as squeezable as it was when she got stuck in the vent, was it? Still, she was happy to save her friend. “God, you’re a lifesaver!” Alex said, relieved that didn’t send her to the hospital.

As the second floor was reached, Alex sighed with relief, and Sam seemed proud to know her skills carrying heavy objects up stairs were improving.

“Phew, alright. \*huff\*” I’m gonna go stick in my room for a bit if that’s okay.” Alex said, waddling at a slightly quicker speed as she stomped on the floor, huffing as she gripped onto the enormous gut.

It was certainly cleaner since Sam last checked, no more boxes afloat, and while her room was still a mess, junk food and cords across her computer, a water bottle laying around the barbell, and her bed being scrunched up, it was certainly less kept. However, analyzing it seemed too much for now, as a wail of pain could be sensed.

More rumbling was made as Alex entered the room, stopping her in the tracks as she felt jolts and shivers across her body. Sam watched from behind as the stomach growled and grumbled

again. Alex groaned as her gut vibrated from all of the junk inside, which released a cacophony of quakes as her breasts and ample butt wobbled to the vibrations, all while the brunette watched from behind. Alex looked at her gut as she gripped, hoping this would stop.

“Ooof...” she groaned, taking a few steps before falling to the ground. “God my stomach hurts.” She said with restraint in her voice, laying on her knees as she fell to her rug, feeling the gut gurgle more. “Yea, never having ice cream again when I’m in a food bender.”

Sam could only watch, seeing the spherical mound bump and kick with sadness as it failed to take out the meal. The owner reached her hands out in an attempt to hold onto the end, but to no avail. She tried again and again, but simply slinked by as the stomach growled. “Oh god, I can’t take this... Sam!” Alex said with some force. “I need a favor...”

—

Sam paused as she sat in front of the planet, looking at Alex as she breathed heavily, suffering from the upset stomach. The grumbling continued as they jittered Sam’s hand back, unsure of doing this. She had touched Alex’s boobs before, sure. But why did it feel so much more different rubbing the stomach?

Another groan was made as Alex cried out, growing tense from the lack of attention. After doubts were thrown in the trash, Sam made a reach as she pressed softly into the sides of the tummy. It was certainly tighter than expected, but considering there were at least two dozen tubs of ice cream in there, there was a reason why. The bloated one’s breathing got longer as the mound was caressed and touched, giving lots of care to the fine bubble of meat.

Slow pushes up turned into rubbing her hands around the gut they circled the area, taking in the tight, yet soft skin. It was like leather made from marshmallows, tight, yet felt like a pillow. Her hands couldn’t stop, continuing to care for the body as they mowed what they could. If Sam had the ability, she would use the gut as some kind of pillow, keeping it in her own room.

“Phew!” Alex sighed, ventilating as she felt the belly decompress. Sam did a good job massaging it, pressing in all the right spots, figuring out what felt jammed, what felt tight, etc. However, this didn’t seem like enough. Sam’s skin began to feel rougher on the tight gut as she continued, with more displeasure growing as the skin burnt in.

Both stopped, with Sam cooling off her damaged hands, while Alex rubbed the back of her ballooned belly. There seemed to be a red sore across it, painting shapes and colors along that made the blonde wince.

“God... I can’t believe I forgot...” she said, feeling the gut explode with rage as it was left unoccupied. Growling and pushing ensued once more and it left Alex with an upset face. “There’s some lotion in my bathroom, it’ll help.”

Following instructions, the taller girl headed in and out with a large white bottle, making it clear this was body lotion. It was a huge container of it, the bottle having to reach a gallon.

As Sam lifted the bottle and carefully placed it to the floor, she seemed to have a clear image of what to do. Squirting the white paste into her hands, she rubbed it until it became a transparent goo. "Let me guess..." Sam said with a smug face to Alex. "Been having some fun?"

"Hardy harr harr" Alex said, buzzing at the crude joke. Still, she would've definitely used it on Sam in this situation. "I just have this just in case my gut swells out like this. If internal pain was the 1st, the skin stretching would probably be second on the pain scale. Gotten some pretty bad rashes from it." She said, looking as Sam prepared for the worst.

After a long breath, the girl slammed her fists into the blimp, turning her circles into hypnotic spirals as they spun out of where they hit. A sigh was let loose from Alex, relieved to have her pain eased as she felt her stomach pushed around as it became more flexible. Her friend's hands pushed so easily against it, becoming squishier and shinier as she slid her hands across it, hoping to paint the belly in the shiny gel. It felt cosmic, like she was getting some kind of grooming over the planet she bore. This globe of hers felt cleaner as it squished and pushed around with Alex's various maneuvers. She was by no means a professional, but Alex didn't seem to mind, happy to have the pale, bulbous gut of hers be treated.

It almost felt like she would fall into a trance, closing her eyes as she continued to get rubbed, her muscles retracting as her breathing gained a new form. The droplets that barely touched her shirt felt like a lake as the sensitivity of it rose. One single groan of relief softly exited her poor soul, grateful someone could handle her so well. She had never gotten her stomach massaged, especially after such a large meal, but this especially felt nice for her, turning into a puddle as the strung fat became looser and calmer.

About 10-15 minutes passed of the caressing, with enough lotion on Alex's skin to call it a day. The blonde relaxed as she rested on her gut like a pillow, ignoring the breasts as they touched into the oil, leaving a stain on the shirt. Still, she felt bothered by how Sam was doing all this. She probably had better things to do on spring break, her Mom had that lake house she went to, and Sam could just appreciate it there with her friends, but she stuck here, dealing with more of these chores. It agitated her. Why should Sam be doing all of this?

"Sam..."

The taller girl turned back in the bathroom, wearing a pink apron as she kept her clothes clean. She was washing her hands at the moment, scrubbing the lotion and sweat from her hands as she turned off the faucet. "What's up?" The brown haired girl said as she dried her hands using the green cloth.

"You're not... grossed out by this at all, right?"

Sam paused as she looked at the downed girl, holding her hands on her belly as she looked up with insecurity.

“I mean if you want me to be honest, this IS a bit out of my comfort zone, but no, I’m happy to help.” Sam said, giving a genuine smile at her friend.

“Mmgh...” Alex grunted to herself as she curled her feet up, feeling wronged by that answer.

“What’s wrong?” Sam said, sensing her upset speal.

“No, this is all wrong, you shouldn’t be fine with how I look. I’m a freak.” Alex said with more sorrow.

“I don’t know...” Sam said, holding her hand against her own shoulder as she stepped out of the restroom. “It’s my fault we’re even dealing with this, I shouldn’t have pushed someone who cared about me, it’s a miracle you even survived something like this.”

“No, it’s not like I haven’t done this before.” She said, patting the tomb of many tubs of ice cream. “In fact, I’ve eaten way more than this, actually.” She said, awkwardly chuckling at her comical size, but it stopped as she made a silent whimper internally. She felt extremely bloated, her stomach hadn’t been in this much pain in a while. In fact, her chest seemed to hurt a bit too from this specific occurence, seeming tighter against her T-shirt than usual, likely from being pushed back by her enormous belly.

“I do this a lot when I get frustrated, chowing through countless meals, dozens of pounds added on. It helps me forget about my problems a lot of the time, trying to see how far I can go without bursting into a bunch of boobmeat and ice cream. Sure, it hurts a lot by the end, but whatever stops the feelings...” Alex said, rubbing her stomach to itch out more of the rumbling feeling. Another grumble was heard, almost satisfied with its rubbing as it stopped ever so quickly.

“Do you need me to get back to work?” Sam said as she crouched down, almost on command reaching for lotion.

“No!” Alex said happily. “But... I don’t think it minds the rubbing.” She said, smiling back at her friend as she gave the offer to help. Sam couldn’t help but hide a face as she resisted to smile back for her actions, but was glad to know her friend cared.

“You wouldn’t mind spending more here, would you?” Alex said, rolling her stomach as she lifted herself up somewhat. Her waist sticking out as she raised to her knees. Sam sat for a moment, weighing her actions. She had some preparing for college to do, but that would be a while, and her bugs needed some feeding, but none were in dire need. Still, as she held back, the truth felt itself awaken from inside as it spilled out.

“Sure.” She said, letting the air out. “Just stay there and get some rest.” Quickly, she got a bean bag and a blanket for the bloated woman to rest on as she tucked her in. Her one and a half foot wide gut would easily break that bed of her’s, so it would be best to lay on the floor for now. She didn’t seem to mind anyways, adjusting the bed as she felt the softness get to her. As Alex slowly closed her eyes, Sam quietly exited the room, but before she could, she peeked at the massive rack as it spilled from the tip of the blanket. They were held together by the shirt, but their ruckus still continued as they spilled to the floor like a fluid. If only Sam could go snatch them, grabbing onto them and lifting them under the blanket. Shaking the thought from her head, she closed the door, going to fetch some water and TUMS for the worn girl.

Stopping by the kitchen, the brunette looked at Vella, who sipped a cup of joe as she continued writing through papers and reading through difficulties by her customers. Nothing breaking, just a server room running a bit behind. As Sam stopped to grab a cup of icy water and some of her stomach medicine, Vella gently stopped what she was doing, looking at Sam with some concern.

“Is everything okay with her up there?” She said, too busy to leave the chair.

“Yeah.” Sam responded. “Just remember to keep the ice cream room on lock down from that girl of your’s, okay?”

## Chapter 7-

The day Alex had before was intense, both emotionally and physically. She had stretched her skin so much she could’ve sworn she would burst, and eaten enough ice cream that she swore she felt it peeking up her neck. It was a painful day since then, but it eased out. Her friend Sam provided good company throughout her agony, adding skin lotion to the stomach and giving it a good massage. There was this tingly feeling Alex felt as it happened, but it just was hard to tell exactly why, or even tell Sam for that matter. Still, as she became enamored in her deep dream, she felt comfort in the tightness being gone.

She was having a dream where she kept going through rooms, seeing strange occurrences before moving on. However, with each door she shut, her tight, latex clothes felt the bit closer to her skin. She would enter rooms to see a grand piano falling on a rabbit, to a printer growing arms and running at the door, to a T-rex trying on bow ties. There was a lot to take in, but the pain of her outfit went from bearable to digging into her skin. She did everything to try and pull it off in the room of different pinks and tropical yellows, tearing it, pulling it against hooks, pulling it.

It seemed like the more she did it, the more tired she got, feeling her dream self panting as she reached one final door.

It had golden arches, and a white metallic frame as Alex reached for the handle. As she looked in, she saw the face of a woman, bearing a ponytail as she looked out to the expanse of both nothingness and everything in a white kimono. Alex made a step forward, seeking to get closer, but as the familiar looking woman turned around, an alien, bug eyed face appeared, with it opening to reveal what looked like a cow's udder, sparing four "tongues". The four teatlike appendages raced towards Alex, who made all her effort to shut the door in panic, hearing a thud as the monster grew quiet again.

She seemed safe after that, breathing as she held back from the final door. All of the sudden, she felt her latex bump somewhere on her back. Then, another bump sprouted on her butt, then her knee, then her chest, then her chest, then her chest, then her stomach.

Panic began to intensify as the suit began to feel like it had a mind of its own, itching into Alex's skin as it pulled itself off, making any effort to break free. After what seemed like an eternity, Alex looked down to her form. There was a loud shredding noise, but no sign of a tear. Then, in what felt like a second, a bug flew from the suit, then another, then another, then another. Swarms flew out of her body as Alex screeched in the wilderness, blinded as bugs flew around her that she couldn't describe. They latched to her, the environment, everywhere as they overtook her. Her last moments of vision were bugs fading her sight to black.

The blonde woke up in a cold sweat as she panted, looking up at the beige ceiling as her fan blew by, cooling her environment under the comfortable, fossil grey blanket. She tilted her head to the left, looking at the Five Nights at Freddy's poster she had since middle school, before staring at the digital clock on her drawer. It was 10:00, 2 hours later than she usually gets up.

For some reason, she felt odd since she had that strange dream, like part of her had changed under the flurry of thoughts in her head. She feared ripping off the sheets for a moment, but throwing those feelings away, she knew the realization of what felt so wrong had to be seen.

With a quick whip, the weighted blanket and the army green sheet sprang from the girl's body, laying open as Alex's body steamed from the area inside. There, the horror of what she had become was in full view.

Her belly, while certainly shrunken from her night before, had become flabby as it stuck out under the weight of her chest. She felt a love handle spill out from her sides as it touched into her hips, of which were noticeably wider. If her shoulders had challenged her hips in width before, there was a clear winner, but now it wasn't even a contest as it reached about a foot and a half in width. The waist they were born on was a few inches wider too, accommodating to her expanded shape as it swelled outwards. It made the change in size feel far more natural against her bloated body.

In addition, her volleyball sized ass cheeks now felt even bigger, spilling down into the mattress as they made a soft curve around her body. Not only did her thighs also gain in size, but even her knees and ankles were bloated out, feeling flabbier as she lifted the heavier leg. Still, despite the added size, they managed to keep their clear tightness that her muscles stuck, keeping the added fat in the same shape as before.

That wasn't even describing her breasts, which swelled out far beyond the reaches of her normal bra. While her new lower half could outmatch her boobs in size, this addition in size made her chest stay ahead of her waist by a mile. It was so tight she could feel it push into her even bigger boobs, which gained a few more inches in fat. It attacked the undergarment as the upper half of her breasts engulfed the tip, spilling out in extreme volumes. Even from the back ends of her mammaries, she could feel some flesh stick out against the strings as they banded to her back.

Alex looked at the body, which was once fit and active, reduced to its disgusting, slobbish figure. A shocked expression was locked to her face, anguished by the appearance of her new fatty form. Luckily, her arms and general upper half seemed to retain its regular weight, alongside her general upper body strength, sparing no issue with putting her palm by her mouth in shock.

All that she could muster was one word, raising her thin arms to her muzzle.

“GOD DAMMIT!”

—

Sam watched the girl adjacent to her, having a lazy look at the blown out woman. The blonde sat on the black couch nearby, holding a pillow over her stomach as if to hide the sad truth. A small trickle of sweat exiting her as wear was seen in her beady black eyes.

She didn't look truly uglier by any means, no fat sagging out of her arms, no extra chin fat, no cankles. Her ankles seemed bigger, but the fat didn't seem relegated towards anywhere further than the lump behind her kneecaps.

Still, Alex held a dreadful blue face, obviously unhappy by the increase in size.

It was impressive to Sam, who wanted to appreciate how she kept her curves even after such a massive turn in health, but understood that at this current state, Alex wasn't looking healthy.

The brown haired girl adjusted around the chair as she observed the girl more. From her body, to her face, or the shy movement she made as she looked to the side. Alex had called her over after she screamed over having a “freak accident” and while she expected the fat to go somewhere, this wasn't the results she was expecting.

“So... what could I do?” Sam said. She should’ve felt surprised by this, noting how massive her chest was, now touching into her chubby round stomach, but there was just so much that had shifted about since she met Alex that the feeling of shock slowly dimmed.

“ ‘What could I do?’ , GET ME LESS FAT YOU SMARM!” Alex shouted, loud enough for her sister to hear from outside. She adjusted her legs out of frustration, obviously uncomfortable by the changes done to her lower half.

“I mean, is there anything you want me to do to help?” Sam said, a bit worried her advice would be heard as sarcasm.

“Well, you could help me set up a plan...” Alex said with some hesitation. “I know my body isn’t gonna want to go along with the ride, so I figured you could help me convince it.”

“And I’m guessing you’re just gonna slouch if I don’t force you?” Sam said with a brow raised.

“Yes!” She responded, dramatically falling onto the couch as her fatty thighs bounced up, slamming into the arm of the couch, giving enough resistance to not break the thing.

“I mean, I can withstand some intense workouts, but this is gonna take a while to knock out.” Alex said, using her two hands and the force of gravity to raise her fruits up to the air. “Still, my boobs feel really sore after all that, never had that happen before.” The heavy girl said with some concern.

“It’s not gonna stop you from workouts, is it?” Sam asked.

“No, it doesn’t feel horrible at least.” Sam said, raising herself as she attempted to touch her toes. “It’s like my boobs got a stomach ache too.”

“Huh...” Sam said, looking at the bloated out chest. “It’s probably just that your whole body feels stretched from all that you ate last night.”

“Yeah, my hips kinda hurt too, I just went with my chest because it’s the most sensitive.” She said, raising herself from the couch. She gave a quick and sudden slap to her left cheek as the expanded glute bounced around, leaving Sam frightened a bit as the slap quaked. “So we should probably find a gym since it’s hot on our mind, any ideas?”

“Well, I do have a place I could take you to.” Sam said as she gestured her keys.

“Huh!” Alex said. “Well how far is it from here?”

—



After about a 10 minute drive, the two stopped at the gym that Sam usually went to. Alex, however, seemed to have a frustrated face as the two walked into the place.

“Something wrong?” The taller one asks. She seemed concerned as she looked down to the pouty face of the chubby girl. She barely noticed her own chest taking up the door handle as she sat with her hands under her thighs. Her cheek bubbled out as she kept to her thoughts.

“They really built this over here?” Alex shouted with frustration. A flabby noise was made as she adjusted her arms to cross under her newly sized mounds.

“Built wha-ooooohhh” Sam said, remembering just exactly what used to be where the big lot was. That was where Thomas Tarantula’s was.

She remembered the birthday party she had there, where she invited Alex and all her buddies there. It was an arcade/restaurant place, where they spent all the time they could imagine playing Bomberman, Frogger, Doodle Jump, the X-Men arcade game, all while those robot monsters were on stage doing their performance.

Before Alex moved, she went there for every birthday party, playing all kinds of minigames, eating that greasy, unhealthy, yet surprisingly delicious pizza, and winning all sorts of fun prizes. Sam had a memory of the time she was in the ball pit, and Alex thought it would be a good idea to bite on her leg, which causes Sam to run out in panic, hitting the ticket dispenser and having a ton of the things fly everywhere. Needless to say, the staff didn’t seem to be happy. Still, Alex walked home with a Pokemon Doll, a giant slinky, a water pistol, and lots, and lots of candy.

But now, those memories were lost, left with only a disgruntled Alex as they walked through the automatic door.

“C’mon Alex, aren’t you 18? You really think you’d still be going to Thomas Tarantula’s?”

“No... but it’s fun!”

“It’s okay, I miss it too.” Sam said, patting her on the shoulder. She was caught off guard as the force caused Alex’s expanded breasts to wobble from the action, reflexing the palm back.

“Really wish we could go back and do some more, but now we’re grown ups.” Alex explained with sadness. Her mind immediately went to her chest as she looked down. This wasn’t the body of a child anymore.

“Yea...” Sam said, lamenting the fact that she was finally going to move out soon. “But c’mon, there’s no use dwelling in the past, only adjusting to what problems it left behind, right?”

As Alex looked down at her exceedingly bloated form, she sighed, feeling conscious about how fat she had gotten. There's only guessing where this fat would take her if she didn't act fast. "Aye, I guess you're right." Alex said, following Sam as she scanned her gym pass.

Beyond the glass frame was a facility not too crowded, but with enough to give the gym some life across the marble floors and stylized wooden walls. Barbells, lat towers, bench presses, leg curls and more were laid out, with plenty of men pushing their lungs out in their exercises.

It made Alex feel envious, pulling some of her gut up under the extra large sports bra. She only wore this top for occasions like this where she bloated out, but even then, it felt crushing against her chest as the shorts she wore challenged how much of her butt could fit inside.

"Yeah, I need to think of something fast." Alex said, nervousness spilling out of her voice.

"Well, the best place would probably be weights and some basic stretches, right?" Sam said. A simple nod was made back.

Walking over to a vacant spot, the two got their dumbbells as they began their routine. Sam lifted her weights in sets of 10, lifting them above her shoulders, then raising them from her waist, then raising them out. She made sure to stay calm through the exercise, but it became increasingly difficult as she continued her first set. It was embarrassing to her. She imagined herself as the one to fix Alex, yet seemed to be the only one who needed fixing.

Alex, however, looked ready to break a sweat as she took on the two clearly larger bells. If Sam was lifting 20lbs, Alex was supporting 40. She lifted them in plenty of poses, lunging, lifting, and raising the bells that could cause Sam to crumble. Alex's face was red though, clearly out of shape as her mouth opened up with panting. As she squatted with the bells in her hand, they pushed into her even more oversized mammaries, threatening them with spilling out of the bra as Alex became aware. She almost punched her own boobs as she did certain exercises like curls, a ripple escaping each time she set her weights upwards.

Squats seemed to be the most difficult part though, more specifically, she tried squat presses. The girl's arms tucked right into her chest fat, with her elbows making center directly at her love handles, which seemed to be getting a bit extra love.

Her legs lowered as her thighs touched her ankles, feeling unnerved by the extra fat blocking her way. The face of a girl who was experiencing genuine horror as she became the thing she feared approached her as the leg folded, "a big bloated idiot" as she would say. Her chest had also become familiar with relaxing onto her knees in this exercise, with even her belly touching her oversized gym shorts by the front.

Her squats increased in speed and power following her next set, desperate to try and burn the fat off in some way. She seemed frustrated about more than that though, as her face puckered at the sight of the weights..

Once her sets had been completed, Sam looked at the sweaty blob of a girl lying on the bench, hearing a groan from it as she crushed her meaty ass into it. Sweat melted across her body as she lost her focus. Still, despite the wear, Sam looked with shock, amazed that Alex could withstand that all.

“Wow, Al, how did you even do that?”

“Ughh... that was only my warmup and I’m already worn out.” Said the puddle of fat that resembled a girl. The flabby, yet curved chest rose to the heavens, with glistening light from the damp body highlighting her to the nearby men.

“Well uhh...” She didn’t expect Alex to achieve as much as she did, looking at the weights near the corner.

Alex could hear the comments of the gym bros as they talked about her oversized form, resting her hand on her chest in a feeble way to hide it. It felt like flies pecking at her body as they kept glaring at her. If only she had something more fitting. “Ughh” Alex groaned again, this time with more annoyance than wear. “Can we go somewhere else in the gym?”

“Sure thing!” Sam responded. Alex did mention that she wanted to be pushed towards her workouts, causing the blue-eyed girl to quickly get. “There’s definitely still options, like how about some ab workouts on the second floor?”

Not so far away, Sam and Alex sat by a row of mats, bearing black, spongy folds and a company logo at the corner. Sam stood with a confident look as Alex took a sip of water from her bottle, cooled with some ice.

“Alright, you feeling ready, dude- I mean girl?” Sam said, looking at Alex straightening her back out. It made Sam wonder how Alex managed not to break her back under all that weight.

Still, if she withstood it then, she can withstand it now.

“Alright!” Sam said with a peppier voice than usual. “Pushups are a good start, let’s start with a few.”

With her arms and legs raised, Sam used her upper body to lower all the way down to her chest, then lifted herself all the way up. It was a simple process, but it wore her faster as she progressed. The agony only seemed worse on Alex. She pushed as much chest meat as she could out of the way, before lifting her thin arms downward. It wasn’t necessarily the weight that bothered her, moreso the mass. Her curves spilled onto the ground as she attempted to make her stomach touch, her breasts causing havoc as the sweat shined against the floor. They bounced and squished with each pump down, dangling as they raised up, surrounding her

forearms as they slid down it like a pole. Still, she went, and went, doing 60 whole pushups in one set, surpassing Sam's 20.

Sam looked down at Alex as she laid her arms out of the mat, panting as her head plopped onto her chest, gasping for air. Her butt didn't need to try and stay prominent, with the gym shorts giving no help to hide the juice bum as it gained a black, shiny glow. However, her pant break was over as she got up on her knees, similar to her workout buddy.

"Alright, ready for sit ups?" On command, Alex seemed to get into position, groaning as she rested on her back. With enough force, she pushed, lifting the enormous pair of breasts, but soon realized that this wasn't taking her far, only getting about a 30 degree angle. It didn't take long for Sam to realize either, watching the boobs devour her own knees. Even worse, after the first slam her back made to the ground, her mammaries followed by spilling onto her face. Sam heard a muffled scream as Alex pushed her own boobs off her face, her face bright red as they wobbled and spilled onto the floor like a fluid.

"Alright, then how about planks?"

The two rested in the position as Sam raised her body, challenging her palms. While Alex looked down and kept to her own thoughts, Sam couldn't help but to peek over at the abundance of chest flesh. It bloomed from out of the corridor her arms made, spilling onto the ground. They were certainly bigger than the night before, and there's no wonder they hurt. It was probably because they interfered with each and every hand movement Alex made.

"Hey!" Alex said, a playfully annoyed look on her face. "No peeping." As she yapped, the brunette whipped her head back, causing her ponytail to wave around as she positioned her head straight.

After 2 minutes, Sam finished, drinking her water before doing a second set, while Alex continued her push, going into 5 minutes of planking. Her face was clenching as Sam watched, Alex's arms gripped to the floor as she withstood the pain. Even her butt seemed to push itself together as the cheeks crunched down on each other. Sweat was falling like raindrops, making Sam only more mesmerized by the form as she pushed forward.

After another long 10 minutes of planking, Alex was done, wobbling as she regained her balance. Sam had already done some other ab workouts in the meantime, leaving Alex to her own beasts. Still, despite how worn out and sweaty she was ready for some more as she motioned her fists in the air.

"Alright, so what do we do next..." Sam said, leaving herself to her thoughts for a moment.

"... pull ups?" She thought. She imagined Alex raising on the bar, only to snap it like a twig, breaking her spine. The thought stabbed in her mind for a moment as she moved that idea aside.

“How about... the treadmill, you think that’ll wo-“

“No!” Alex said, her fists lunging down like arrows as she showed her denial. “I can’t run like this! What if I trip and bruise myself? I’ll just keep smacking myself with my boobs! There’s no way you can make me d-“

“Alright, alright no treadmill.” Sam said, getting the point as she waved her hands to keep the girl’s yelling away. “Any alternatives you got in mind? The bike won’t slap your boobs.”

With the rise of her shoulders, Sam took that as a yes, sending her to the area with running equipment.

While Alex mashed her legs to mush using the stationary bike, Sam opted to simply run on the treadmill. Unlike Alex, Sam was actually quite the runner, doing cross country and track since she went into middle school. Because of this, she kept quite the pace on the treadmill, being used to the one she had back at home. She’d use it any day where it was too dreary to go outside and run, having a good idea about keeping herself together while running.

For once, Sam finished at a similar time to Alex, after around half an hour of nothing but running. The two did some stretches as they finished their exercises, with Alex rushing to her bottle of water once done. Sam followed with less despair, appreciating the liquid. As the two finished, a clear stain was made as the liquid spilled on Alex’s chest, making the breasts shine like it had its own light source.

“Alright, anything else?”

“Ooh! I gotta get some deadlifts, been killing to do ones here.”

“Yea, sure thing.” Sam said, looking at her clock. However, that compliance turned to reluctance as she saw the clock. 4:15. She had her shift in 45 minutes.

“Oh shoot, uh...” Sam looked down at the disappointed girl. “You don’t mind if we make this quick do you?”

As the two stepped down to the first floor again, there was the same crowd of jocks, each hogging their own bench as they sat taking selfies, with only one actually doing the bench press, letting some steam build up in Alex.

Luckily, at the center, there was one lone bench, which oddly had no one at it. I guess the gym bros were busy spotting, or trying to stroke each other’s ego. Still, time was bleak, and Alex needed some exercise, so she placed her arms on the bar as she slipped into the bench, looking above the bar as Sam stood by.

However, as Sam loaded the weight onto the bar, one of the jocks pulled over to the girls. Alex slowly lifted the 200 pounds, paying no mind to the airhead above.

“Hey, so you were in OUR seats while we were away, not cool, shawty!” He shouted, getting rather close to Sam as she attempted to ignore. As he stared with aggression, the fact that he wanted something out of her was clear, and he wouldn’t go away unless he was given an answer.

“T-there wasn’t... any indication.” Sam muttered.

“Yeah you don’t NEED that when the crew is around!” He said with more aggression, turning his cap backwards as Alex sped up her lift.

“Take your time, assbag! I’m only doing a few quick sets.” Alex said, cooling her arms off for the moment.

As he took clear notice of the girl below, he realized the two abnormalities between her. Within seconds, his eyes blew out of his sockets like a cartoon character before raising his brows, a creepy smile raised as Alex’s second step was stopped by a hand above trapping her down.

“Sooo... what’cha doing there, lass?” He said, looking with a chimp-like grin at the busty woman below.

“None of your business, creep, now back off!” Before she could lift the weight, she felt a burly hand push it down, stopping her from lifting the heavy metal.

“Now, now, now. I wouldn’t be saying that to a girl as fine as you, would I?” The grimacing ape said as he flexed his tan, almost orange muscles.

“I said, back off, mate!” Alex said, attempting to overpower the man, lifting the bell upwards, despite his resistance. However, it seemed to still be futile as he tipped the weight, risking her balance. “Say.” The sly man said. “You seem to be a bit heavier, right?” He said with a snarl. “Why don’t I take you back to the restrooms and I can show you some workout advice?”

As his cronies cheered him on, Alex growled, letting go of the bar as she lifted herself off the seat, paying no regard to the extra weight pulling her in her stomach. “Listen, bub! I’m just here to do my set, and leave, I got better places to be than dealing with you.”

“C’mon, I wanna at least see how fat you’ve gotten.” He says, grabbing a fair share of meat from the market as he fondled the girl through the tight sports bra. It didn’t last, as she pushed away from the hand with a quick slap, before jumping on the hunk’s abs, kicking the man in his bald face, knocking the cap off his head.

He looked with shock, and seemed to clench his fist, but as Alex prepped for a fight, he saw a tear leak from his eye. In an almost complete 180, the man went from a hovering menace, to becoming a crying baby, his voice puckering up as it grew more nasally. He slowly teetered away as he cried like a child, with Alex only left with a smirk as she walked out, turning again at the men being comforted by his jock friends, calling him “king” and patting him on the shoulder.

“Well, I guess you still have some energy in you, right?” Sam said, walking out the building laughing as her friend followed along.

—

The silver sedan pulled up to the cul de sac, opening its door as an overblown short haired girl exited the car, looking back at the driver inside.

“Hey, remember the routine.” Sam said from inside the car.

“Yeah, 40 push ups, the bench, and some leg work, right?”

“...about so.” Sam said, at least happy her mind was occupied with the workout material. Even she couldn’t remember the exact words she gave Sam, only hoping she followed along.

“Anyways, my shift starts in about 15, so I’m gonna have to move pretty quick, good luck on those sets.”

“Thanks!” Alex said, waving back at the girl. As Sam drove around, she looked back at Alex, who seemed to share that same stare towards each other.

She didn’t feel necessarily ready for this first job at the pizza place she was working at, but she knew it wasn’t about feeling ready, it was about understanding the job. Plus, it was a pizza place, there wasn’t a better place to be direct, right?

She stopped at the parking lot of the parlor, it was located right near the grocery store, but places like the game store or the hardware store weren’t far away. It was an area she was familiar with, even if she had never touched the inside of this place.

The company attire she wore gave her some admiral blue polo shirt, complimented by a pair of black jeans and some tennis shoes. That wasn’t to forget the company’s signature visor. By all means, she looked ready for the job.

Sliding inside, she saw the look inside the Domino’s, being not too shabby. There was a person by the counter, looking at their phone as they waited for a customer to show, some nice wooden tables for the one or two who thought eating in was a good idea, and the big red outlines that highlighted across the building.

As she headed to the staff only room, she was already treated by a staff member, tapping his foot impatiently as she pulled out her phone.

“Alright, so we have 5 different locations for you, and each pizza will have their own identification in that corner right there.” The red-haired boy exclaimed, pointing at the box as if Sam didn’t get it before. “Pizza’s all cooked, so here’s your boxes, have a good day.” He said, quickly getting back to preparing more of them as he stayed occupied in the kitchen. He seemed pretty loaded, caring more about his job than the actual directions he was given. Still, it gave a good message that Sam should probably get to delivering. She looked at the names, nothing too familiar, but this was a job, not an alleyway for making friends.

As she headed out of the kitchen, she went to pull her keys out, lighting up the car that was dimmed by the sun outside. The one behind the counter seemed to notice this, quickly stopping Sam in her tracks. The brunette seemed a bit agitated being pulled over a second time, but listened closely.

“Hey, so we have a policy where we can only use company provided vehicles to drive customers.” She said, her own brown hair mixed with red streaks. “Don’t worry though, the mopeds out here will give plenty of room!”

As the two entered the back of the building, they were met with the two mopeds, which looked to be in pretty good shape. It was a white, rather slim vehicle, enough to house plenty of room for Sam and her belongings.

“Alright, and just turn it on like this, and you’re good to go!” The coworker said, flicking a button that caused the motor to come alive.

Sam, taking this a bit literally, hopped onto the vehicle with her bags, almost instantly chasing off as she headed behind the building complex. Sam didn’t feel more than neutral before about the moped, but as she waved goodbye to the unnamed coworker, she felt life spill from the pores as she drove out the parking lot.

It was so freeing, blasting through into the roads as she sped across. The engine screamed as the bag gripped hard across her neck, zooming along the road as she let her ponytail fly like a flag. It was so exciting doing this, almost imagining herself as a biker, roaming the desert nights as she looked for nothing but adventure.

Sadly though, as Sam entered the first neighborhood, the realization she had a job to do kicked in. She had her fun looking for directions to each residence, but didn’t try to deviate too much. After all, she was only now riding a moped for the first time. If she wasn’t careful, who knows what could be totalled.

As she stopped at the first place, she hopped up to the doorstep as she held the box requested. It was a rather nice house, a 2 story building with a bluish black color theme. The doorbell rang,



and within a few seconds, the door opened up to a woman with a worn face, holding a bottle of soda in her hand as her glasses loosened against her face. It was hard not to stare at her hourglass shape through the suit, but things were made difficult as she looked down to see the suit unbutton to reveal some cleavage. A tired, winced expression stared the delivery girl down, pulling her suit further up as she tried to make herself look more rational.

“Your pizza, Miss err... Veronica! Veronica Lavoy!” Sam said, placing the pizza box in her hands as she placed down the pepsi. From the look inside, it seemed to be a nice place, furbished, tidy, and comfortable, but it felt almost too clean, as if the reason was more that she underutilized the house for some reason. The only thing with some occupation was the nearby computer, spread with papers and gum. She looked back to the mature woman, who had an embarrassed face. “Err... thank you.” a snarky, confident voice said. “And here’s your tip.”

Rustling in her wallet, she pulled out a full \$20 bill and a few extra dollars in tip for the girl, before groaning again in her weary tone. “Alright, have a good day ma’am.” Within a second, the door shut, leaving Sam with more cash than expected.

As she hopped back on the moped, she decided to bend her back more, her butt raised as she tensed up, arrowing out of the area as she found her next client nearby. However, as she drove, an ominous sound could be heard from nearby, always seeming just around the corner. It probably was just some raccoons

The next house was a beige-ish grey color. It seemed to be occupied by a bunch of flashing lights, which made Sam somewhat curious. Knocking on the door, she was met by a bunch of men in some kind of game. The sounds of smacking and gusts of wind could be heard as the guitar riff played from the TV. There, a familiar woman showed up. A blonde woman, with hair bearing a shiny golden color, stood below the delivery girl, her guy friends playing the game in the background.

“Bella?!” She said, “Don’t you have an essay?!”

It was true. The off-track customee had complained about having work all break, but here she was, goofing off at some party.

“Oh relax... it’s just the first day of spring break.”

“Yeah but that essay is due next week! Most people are done!”

“Eh... I’m on my break from school right now. Here, just... don’t worry about it.” Bella said as she handed a tip of \$15. “I’ll be returning to business with the boys now.” She said, shutting the door. Sam looked at the bill in her hands, disappointed, but accepting of the cash.

Sam rolled her eyes as she headed back to the moped, putting the money in her pockets. If she wanted to face her demons, she’d do it herself.

Heading to her vehicle as she stepped down the sidewalk, the same rustling could be heard, grabbing the woman's attention as she gave a stern look. She wanted to turn on her phone's flashlight tool, but as she looked around, there was nothing. Shrugging, she entered the moped to the next stop.

Her next stop... wait a minute.

This is Erza's house! Located at the far end of the neighborhood, there sat a brick covered house that had its garage separate from the rest of the house, donning a second floor that not many knew about. The house itself was rather standard looking outside of the garage on the right, with a door at the center, with a window for each room.

Sam skipped along to the door, then rang, waiting to see her friend. As the door opened, there was Erza, waving hello to her pal.

"Erza! I haven't seen you since the party, what's..."

As Sam looked down, there was a considerable bump in the girl's stomach, filling out plenty of the white t-shirt she was wearing, holding a small company logo Sam couldn't read.

"Ok what the hell." Sam said, now even more confused, staring at the swollen gut. This wasn't a beer belly.

"Now, uh..." Erza said, shocked by her "delivery boy" being her friend in her signature ponytail. "It's a uh..." She paused as she swept her feed on the slippery wooden floor. The sounds of what felt like a nasally, inbred troll could be heard from the television, followed by fast pitter patters and a crushing noise. It felt awkward combined with the silent stared of the two as Erza looked away, her face tomato red. "I'm just uhh... watching Smiling Friends. Alex recommended it! Uhh..." Sam looked again at the rounded gut. It wasn't like Alex from what happened yesterday, but the suddenness of this enlarged bump on Erza of all people left a red flare across her cheeks. "Alright, listen. This probably isn't the best time to talk about this, but I got in a *little* experiment which offered to pay off most of my student loans if I accepted, and well... uh..."

"I see..." Sam said. She would've thought of something, but the shock and time she had to stop by was already pacing on her, leaving her only enough time to stare at the pregnant-looking gut. "Well I uhh... hope you're okay and have a good night!" Sam said, shutting the door.

"Sam, the pizza." Erza said, a growl coming from her stomach as she opened the door back up.

"Oh!" She shouted, shocked by the noise. "Right! Erm..." she shuffled around the bag, grabbing two large mushroom pizzas as Erza grabbed a sum of money from the pockets. As Sam traded the boxes, Erza slid the \$10 bill in tip to her friend, before shutting the door with a wave goodbye.

Sam made a mad dash to her moped, debating on calling Alex from this fiasco, but refusing, focusing on the job. Before she turned on the gas though, she could've sworn she saw a figure crawling by the moped. Looking around, no figure in sight, to her relief. It was almost like someone had been stalking Sam, but why? What could she give?

Passing along, she used her time on the moped to make sure nothing was watching, keeping her eyes locked in case something like a creep was following from behind. Her lungs felt like raisins as they wrinkled up, hoping this chore could be over.

The fourth was up next, with the creeping force looming behind as she rang the door, unable to see anything but the light in what she assumed was a dorm complex that was located near the neighborhood. As the door unlocked, a woman who seemed about 2-3 years older hopped from the door.

She had brown hair tied up in a ponytail that was a tone lighter than Sam's, but also it was much curlier, with two bangs going down to her shoulder. The woman seemed a lot more pleasant than her surroundings, standing out as some homely presence in such an unpleasant apartment complex.

"Why thank you!" She said in a peppy voice. "I haven't been able to get much talk with my classes, so thanks for stopping by with some food!" She said, grabbing the three boxes of bacon, ham, and sausage pizzas.

"Yeah, it does feel like things are more compact nowadays." Sam said with a faint smile.

"Well, at least I have some good plans through the summer!" She said, "I'm gonna finally see my friend Riley back in my hometown! Haven't seen anyone back home in a year!"

"Well, that's good to hear. I hope you have a good day!"

"You too! Oh and here's your tip!" The similarly heighted girl slapped a tip to the more toned woman, handing her a whole \$25 tip. Sam smiled a bit as she received it, with the nice college girl closing the door. It was amazing seeing the tips people gave in this town, something she never really thought too much of.

Once that door shut though, the suspicious shadows of the dark crept again. Sam crept to the moped as scuttling and scratches could be heard, a presence felt so near, yet the shadows hid it just out of reach. Nothing in Sam's mind could guess what was out there, but it felt like a threat. She carefully hopped onto the moped, her legs tightening as she prepared her self-defence mechanisms, but the darkness simply let her take all the time she needed. Her eyes looked around, not citing anything of too much worry, so she cranked on the gas.

As the headlights turned on, a full swarm of raccoons appeared from front and behind, cornering the girl as they circled her like vultures. Their eyes glowed as some growled, some standing up in aggression. Their feral, angry looks cornered the girl as she saw them crawl closer, smelling the bag full of greasy pizza boxes. She only had one more place to go yet only her gut could know if she could make it.

With a kick on the pedal, the moped made a dash, leaving the raccoons in a cloud of gas as the girl sped off.

Sam rushed across corners and crossroads, seeking to outpace the things. It didn't seem to halt their chase though, as dozens of them scurried across the road just behind the delivery girl, carrying the heavy bag as it dangled across the wind.

The screams of hunger occupied her mind as they shifted her feelings towards panic. She moved as much as the gas could handle, passing the swarms of wild beasts chasing her. She felt heavier all of the sudden, and as she looked back, one was trying to gnaw into the bag, biting into it as it latched on. Being careful with one hand, the girl smacked the raccoon, which didn't nudge the first time, but as she hit it again, its anger got to it. It seemed more ready to pounce than it was to hit the ground, falling face flat as its buddies continued their chase.

The seemed to be heading into territory as her phone GPS reached her destination, a house that was to her left. The vehicle came to a halt, not even bothering to switch it off as she ran with the bag in both hands. She was this close to scoring a touchdown as at least 20 raccoons followed just behind, growling and hissing as they seeked their fine dine on the boxed cuisine.

Stepping up the stairs with fear in her eyes, the raccoons cornered in on the girl as she hit the door, ringing it, banging it, grabbing the handle, anything that would keep her from the unhinged beings. Their eyes glared in the light as they came closer to the steps, crawling one by one to the helpless girl's legs.

However, as the door slipped open, Sam entered the home with no time for a proper greeting, following along by slamming it shut. Utter shock and panic slowly exited her body as she held her arm at the door, relieved that the fiends couldn't get her from inside. For all she knew, she was safe.

"Oh god, I thought I was a goner." The brunette wheezed, she looked out the window as the furry little monsters scattered, seeing no point in trespassing the home. "Well, here's your Domino's pizza, miss..."

As Sam looked up, she saw some familiar shapes before she saw a familiar face, smiling as she grabbed the pizza from the girl.

"Oh, it's you." Sam said. She should've been shocked, but there were better emotions to feel right now, such as relief.

“Yeah, sorry if this is kind of cheating on my diet. Vella couldn’t fix anything so I figured I’d take things into my own hands.” Said the blonde, opening one of the boxes up.

“I mean, I guess this could be considered a reward.” Sam said, unloading more of them. However, she reached in and pulled out another box, then a third one. One by one more boxes of greasy pizza were laid out as she placed them on the nearby table. After laying 6 whole other boxes, she looked at Alex, pizza in her mouth, chewing loudly as she walked over.

“What?” Alex said, noting Sam’s disgruntled look as she took another bite. “It’s got protein, right?”

“And how much under all that grease?” Sam said, looking at the boxes with some disappointment.

“Hey, I mean this isn’t bad, it’s enough energy from the other workouts I did.”

“And how much did you do?”

“Well, let me think...” Alex said, tapping her foot as she pondered her work out. “Spspsps situps, spspspsps, spspsps that much weights.”

“So... what would that be in total?” The deliverywoman asked, brushing her ponytail off her shoulder.

“Well, I did 18 different ab workout every hour or so in sets of 5, each in about sets of 100, followed by some upper body workouts which were sets of pull ups, some squats, deadlifting my 600 pounds and a few others, which were about 5 sets, took a 10 minute water break, started anew, started some more leg exercises with the rowing machine-“

Sam was simply dumbfounded as Alex blabbered on, going into detail of each outrageous amount of exercise she did for the simple 2-3 hours Alex had been left to her own. Sam didn’t want to believe it, but the sweat pouring down the sports bra Alex was wearing seemed to make a point, spilling down the center as she went on about doing workouts Olympic athletes would be envious of. Maybe she did earn this pizza after all...

“Well, you at least did some running after I left... right?” The nervous girl said, intimidated, but at least hoping she had been able to do the bare of what she anticipated Alex needing.

The athletic girl paused, looking away as she seemed to think of her answer, before taking a deep breath. As the warm air exited her body, she seemed ready to give a clear answer to her friend as she hoped for any kind of progress in that regard. Following another long inhale, Alex pulled the trigger of what her answer was.

“No.”

Sam paused for a moment, before her eye began to twitch with frustration. Once again, she took a deep breath in, and a deep breath out. Then, a loud smacking sound was made as Sam threw her hand out, sending the bouncing chest soaring in every direction, confused about where the pull of gravity was taking it.

“Hey-w-what the hell was that for?” The customer shouted to the delivery girl.

“Those things ain’t getting any smaller if you’re just gonna keep eating junk, girl! That’s what cardio is for!” Sam said to her gluttonous friend.

“Okay, but I’ve worked out enough, and I can show you I’m thinner today! I know it’s a strange thing, but let me grab a ruler!” Alex said, creating quakes in the ground as she ran over to the desk. Before she reached the girl in the blue shirt again, the girl couldn’t help but prove her point already, wrapping her ruler around her gut.

“Look, see! Smaller!”

Alex was right. From what the stomach said, she must have already lost an inch or two in her stomach. It was hard to believe, but as Alex motioned her hand at the stomach, it did seem the bit less jiggly. She wasn’t even sucking it in, yet it seemed just the slightest more reasonable.

“Now let me eat my pizza.”

Alex took another bite as she stared at the brunette, who was simply dumbfounded at this. First she bloated out in all of the right places, and now she was just as quickly shrinking. Even if it was only another inch or two lost, she was still shaving off more than Sam thought was even possible. Still, was it even safe for Alex to even keep living like this. Did Sam even know if she wanted her to stop?

A thud was heard from the window, causing Alex’s attention to be shot at the porch. Sliding over in her socks, Alex peered along to find a lone raccoon, pacing around the area as it looked for something. It could sense the smell of pizza inside, but it didn’t know how to reach it.

What was a threat to Sam seemed like a pet to Alex, rubbing her cheek as she saw the adorable little creature grumpily walk back and forth, like a British palace guard. “Daww, he’s so cute!” The girl said with another bite. “I’d love to give him all the pizza he wants!”

Sam looked back down at the troop, likely still preying out there on the girl inside, waiting for the moment she’d come out. A sigh was let out as Alex appraised the demon, not knowing what lurked behind it. Sam looked around the confines of the house, at least happy it barricaded the beasts out. Only one could tell what could happen without those walls.

The only question left was how she'd be able to get back to the pizza place.

## Chapter 8-

Sam woke up as her conscience pieced itself together. Her eyes, slightly weary from the days she spent staying up playing games online with Alex. Her arms, eager to rest more after writing pages upon pages for her countless essays.

Still, those days were soon to end, as classes began again Monday. She had just a few more weeks of school to deal with, all with the idea that she was going to be leaving it all behind in that little amount of time left.

It all felt like too much to handle. Graduating, parties, going to a college, the whole situation with whatever Alex has become. She wanted to just take a moment to relay the information in again, yet wasn't that all she had been doing during her break?

Even since last Saturday, when Alex turned into some kind of storage unit, she still couldn't get the image from her head. Even Erza was becoming all rounded out, judging by when she visited on her delivery shift. It felt like reality was just wrapping around her, and yet she was paralyzed by its scaly grip.

She couldn't just keep laying around to worry about that though. After all, a full day was ahead of her, and she still needed to keep up with Alex losing all of that excess weight from the week before.

After a cold shower, the girl put on her ponytail as she grabbed her workout clothes, a sports bra that went to her stomach and some yoga pants, before adding a light, cyan-colored jacket. She did her morning stretches, twisting her back, pulling her arms to her toes, and letting her leave the room in flexible shape.

Before she could exit the house, she was stopped by her mother. She wasn't too active in the house, raising her daughter alone, but whatever allowed the two to stay together worked for the best of her situation. She was a professor in the field of Nuclear Physics at Hometown University. The woman was a skilled worker, who managed to have decades of knowledge and experience under her sleeve. Many people needed her, in terms of both her skills in understanding the safety using nuclear energy, as well as the means to contain it. Countless lives have been saved by her mother's work, including the time a leak nearly caused a nuclear disaster if her mother hadn't noticed a fault in the reactor, citing some faulty design in a new type of control rod used. If not for that, the town likely would've had a horrible event.

Still, here she was, doing dishes, and cooking Sam breakfast. The woman tilted her glasses as she let the biscuits warm in the oven. As Sam walked in, she pulled out some sausage and eggs from the pocket oven she had, laying them on a plate.

“Sorry about the biscuits, dear.” She said, looking at them closely in the oven. “You usually don’t wake up this late, so I didn’t expect them to be ready by 8.”

“It’s fine...” Sam said, her voice sounding weak after not using it in a while. “Just had a lot on my mind, Ma.” A yawn was let out as she laid her arms on the oak table.

“Like that Alex girl?” She said, washing her hands as she nabbed the oven mitt. “I saw that she’s moved back, and changed quite a bit.” The mother pulled the baked goods from their den as they cooled on the stove. “She’s definitely changed, but you two seem to still be getting along.”

“Yea, I’d say.” Sam said, dancing her finger on the table.

“I remember when you two were real little, and you went down that creek treasure hunting.” She said, looking out the backyard. “I remember you saying you found something special, and you brought your father’s old shovel.” Her sweet mother said, reminiscing of the past. “But to believe my shock when I saw the girl with an old rusty gun! She spoke more nervously as she thought of the past. “I could’ve sworn she was gonna shoot us, but I was more amazed to find out that it was a 1864 war rifle!”

Sam remembered the trek, and how she spotted that “buried treasure” and called over Alex to help dig it out. If it weren’t for her, something like that would probably be stuck in the past forever. She remembered the old picture she had of the two of them holding the musket together. Sadly, it was shipped off to a museum, but at least she had the memory. Plus, keeping a dirty old rifle in the house seemed pretty gross.

She enjoyed her mother talking, but she had been thinking of Alex and her body. It was just so strange having her go from immobile to back to thin. She had shown a picture of herself through a selfie she sent and Alex had slimmed back down to just a little chub. After only a week of working out to chow through, the fact that she mowed through 100+ pounds of fat was ludicrous.

To think that Alex had so much energy, and the fact that she could eat that much without a single issue. There was something so anomalous about it. She was like some kind of steam engine, chewing away at whatever resources were thrown at it.

After about 10 more minutes of waiting, Sam looked at the plate of biscuits, almost grossed out by their delightfulness. She imagined herself gaining as much as her friend, but never having the ability to burn it all away. It felt indulgent, but still, her mother made this. She had enough to appreciate just by the fact that she made her meal.

—



Sam knocked the rose-tinted door adjacent to her's, waiting patiently as she kept her hands to her waist. 9:30, the time Alex wanted to try running once more. Or at least, what Sam wanted Alex to try.

It didn't take long for the other side to be occupied, with a few stomps signifying who was at the door. Unlike Vella's more elegant steps, bearing a more motherly figure, Alex wasn't afraid to make herself present in her home, with a thud the other side stopping as the sound of the door knob turning could be heard.

For whatever reason, the knob halted, with another turn being imposed with some frustration. A muffled "Hold on!" was heard from the other side as the sound of metal turning was heard, before another strike at the knob.

Opening the door, Sam got a good look at Alex once again.

Compared to last week, when her body had bloated far bigger than Alex could imagine, Alex had definitely trimmed. Sam reminded herself of how Alex was before. Her beach ball sized boobs gained another half in their size, with her waist building far more butt fat than Sam could imagine, while her stomach became a flabby round bubble as its love handles spilled through.

Now, she had reached back to around where she was before. Her chest now raised slightly above her slightly pudgy stomach, while her waist seemed to be back to normal. She waved her blonde hair to the side as it covered a bit of her face, before she looked at Sam and gave a pose, whipping her left arm across her as she stanced her hips.

"What's up?" Alex said, greeting her buddy.

"Oh not much, you remember how we made that deal with the treadmill?"

"Where I'd spend the night again if I used it?"

"That was our deal."

Alex made a groan as she crossed her arms, hesitant to share her part of the trade.

"Oh... but what if I trip and break my arms?" She said, trying to sound worried about her current state.

"You'll be fine..." Sam said. "And if you want, I can catch you if you slip."

"Mmmghh..." Alex tried to shun away the option, but Sam seemed very supportive of her at least trying. She was her friend after all, no use in not at least trying it, right?

“S-sure!” Alex said, trying to sound gruff. “But let me get some stuff before we head to your place!”

Leaving the door open, Alex zoomed up to the stairs, faster than Sam could even find where she was. In the matter of just a minute, Alex kicked open the door, bouncing downstairs with more bags than Sam could count.

“Alright! Ready!” She shouted as she headed over to the open door. She had duffle bags, shopping bags, a bookbag, and whatever was too small for her hands was lodged into her cleavage. From what Sam could see, a Switch alongside a few cords were seen hanging from the top of the two flesh colored spheres.

It was hard for Sam to keep her eyes away from the Switch, before looking back up at the tomboy above, who gave a peppy smile as her eyelids squeezed up with joy. Her arm readjusted as it caught one of the bags that seemed to be slipping. Sam was gonna have to try her best to entertain this guest of her’s.

-

Opening the door, the interior to Sam’s place was more aware, it’s dulled out colors in the atmosphere matched with more vibrant furniture. Blankets of many textures placed on soft leather couches that resembled thrones, couches that were jet black sitting by fine glass tables, and a fine, velvet rug rolled across the floor. The office seemed to be full of books and computers, shut off by a large door confusable for a castle gate. On top of all that, a pool table seemed to be to the left, with its poles tucked neatly as the balls were lined up. It wasn’t too different from last time, but Alex didn’t take in how elegant the house looked.

The fan was seen running quietly in the background as Alex looked closely at the pool table. It seemed clean, yet it seemed to not be too active in its use either. The sticks felt as if they were placed there the day before. “I see this place has had a lot of changes since we last met.” Alex said, snooping across the room as she reached the living room.

“Yeah, no kidding.” Sam said, not too phased by her environment. “Just been up to my own business as my Mom’s been decorating the place up.”

“Any reason?” Alex said. “Also, can I put my stuff anywhere?”

“I don’t know, I think we’re having a higher up visit, and also yeah to the second! Just come up to my room!” Sam said, luring her friend over with her calling hand. Without realizing it, the stairs were spiraled as she tapped her bare feet across them, more graceful than the unfamiliar friend. That didn’t stop her though, as even with the chest of her’s in the way, she walked up the turning steps with little issue, other than the overblown balloons on her chest pressing into the rails as she made each jump. After a quick turn to the left, they arrived, with Alex getting a good glimpse of Sam’s room as she laid her stuff down.

The room felt angular. It gave space, but also interesting choices to the room layout. There seemed to be some posters and toys out of old games they used to play, for things like Kirby and Pokemon, but they felt like just decor for the room, with Sam's busywork being more occupying. Papers and awards, as well as the collection of bugs Sam had told about. Still, the TV in Sam's room occupied a dock for her switch, which gave hope they could do something that night. Even the cap Alex lent for so long seemed to rest well on her desk.

As Alex tipped up, she saw the face of an orchid mantis, taking its time eating a mealworm that had recently been deceased. Its beautiful floral colors seemed to fit well to the flowery environment of its tank. The same could be said about the other bugs. The varying beetles, a stick bug, and a tarantula. The 6 bugs minded their own on the table and windowsill, occupied in their tanks. "So, who's your favorite?" Alex said, making sure not to have her boobs damage the tank as she stared closely at the mantis inside.

"Probably the one you're starting at." Slowly, the girl passed along as she reached her hand out, which the mantis seemed to latch onto on command. The petit bug rose up as it saw the view of the giants staring at it. Alex focused in on its sharp eyes, looking up at this unfamiliar entity. Curious, it fell forward, landing onto the girl's bosom. The shirt managed to keep a good platform, letting the mantid crawl around this unfamiliar red space.

"Her name's Lura."

"Huh, like the Pokemon?"

"Yeah, I haven't played that new one but I love that one that's a mantis!"

The bug looked down at the fabric, somewhat uncomfortable as it sensed it's unfamiliar setting. It clamped down on the unfamiliar material, unaware of the image of the DOOM protagonist as it crawled through the endless cleavage. Citing its confusion, Sam guided her hand towards the bug as she let it back into its confines. "Sorry, she just gets stressed from being out too long."

"Nah I get it." Alex said, tidying her shirt as her chest accessories squeezed the slightest bit. The note caught Sam off guard for a moment as she stared down to where the collar began, before looking up at Alex's face.

"Anyways, let's not get distracted, you need to do the treadmill."

—

As the two reached the basement, the treadmill was in clear sight. It was somewhat dusty, laying in the unfinished basement, but very functional. The underside of the house was a little more refurbished since Alex last visited, for the damage Sam had done the first time Alex came over, with books and storage more organized than it once was.

“So, not much has changed here, has it?” Alex said, remembering the times when Sam moved in here back when she was 4. Alex had met her in preschool, where they babbled about their favorite pokemon back then, arguing about whether Scyther or Pikachu was stronger. She smirked as she remembered her pronunciation of Scyther. “Skith-hurr~”.

As the girl stepped on the black mat below the treadmill, she looked at the thing. Not in bad shape, pretty standard, the only issue being a large skid mark, which didn't seem to be much of an issue by the long run. Still, the weapon itself wasn't dangerous, it was how it was used. The thought of the hard rubber skidding on her boobs echoed once more, thinking of tripping onto the mat and breaking an arm, or worse, what if she flew off and ran into all those vintage items. Panic struck her thoughts as she tried to push them away. Before long though, a push against her shoulders knocked her back to reality, with Sam looking over her.

“C'mooooon!” Sam shouted playfully. “You'll be fine!” A reassuring smile appeared on the girl as she tried to win her trust. “You just need to stay focused, and you won't have to worry about anything. Plus, I'm right behind you in case you fall.” Sam said, walking behind the treadmill before splaying her arms, as if giving a hug.

Some hesitation spewed about from Alex, but as she shrugged it off, she clenched her fists as she stepped onto the machine, taking a deep breath as she pushed the button.

As the screen lit up, the trail started moving, forcing Alex to slowly walk as she familiarized herself with it.

“Alright, now let's get a little faster.” Alex, with less resistance, tapped the arrow button, walking faster as she went up in speed. Her legs weren't getting tired, but her chest wasn't getting any less used to this charade, wobbling the slightest more as she walked at a reasonable pace.

“Faster!”

Tapping once more, she went at a speed far faster than she anticipated, wanting to go the slightest faster. But now, she was stuck, running at the speed of light as she paced the spinning wheel. This was more running than she had done before puberty. Her legs scurried along as her breasts bounced and swung around the air with each stomp on the ground. She feared them punching her own face as they bounced scarily close to her own neck. Sweat spilled as she refused to touch the buttons anymore, trapped in a fight or flight stare. She could feel the drips of sweat trickle down her chest and thighs as she ran, ticking her sensitivity to the max as she boosted up in speed, catching up to the treadmill.

Her eyes shut, her hands pacing, her legs moving faster than she could ever imagine. She even ignored her own engorged chest as it crashed around the handlebars of the machine, going quicker and quicker. Her thoughts had been only on the idea of reaching a goal, all until...

\*Schloop\*

Alex felt her body lose control, fearing the worst as she braced for impact. Her body crashed to the ground, collapsed as it pricked against some kind of force. As her consciousness came together, she looked around to see the basement, but had no signs of Sam emanating nearby. Now where could this woman be?

The sound of a smack against her thighs jolted her to her feet, hearing her boobs clap as a presence felt itself aware from her ass cheeks. The yoga pants she wore felt some kind of wave of movement as she looked down to see two pairs of legs, one of which wasn't her's.

"Oh god, are you okay?" The runner said, looking to see her lower half pressing into Sam like a mat. As the arms went more limp, her fear only skyrocketed. She quickly jumped off of the unusual cushion, leaving Sam barely conscious as the weight of a butt fit for a queen bent her in. Her face was red as the marking of two circles enveloped her head.

"Yeah, just... be careful next time..." Sam said, regaining her senses. Her hair was a mess as she struggled to get up, the power still having its effects.

"Well you promised to catch me if I landed on my uh... ass." Alex said, an embarrassed smile exiting as she looked away, noticing Sam's buzzed expression. "I think I got over my fear of treadmills at least!" Alex said, patting her arm on the machine.

Sam couldn't even hold an appraisal of the jiggy butt as it wobbled in the tight yoga pants, recovering from the sudden pain the girl's heavy body gave. The fact that she was unscathed was a miracle.

"That's great..." said the broken girl. "Now how about a tea break?"

—

In the bedroom, Sam had been huddled up in her blanket on the bed as she exited her house in Animal Crossing, moving the controller around as she got her mail, picked up the weeds, and collected her fruit. Alex sat at the airport, already loading the game up while Sam boiled the water and mixed it all together. The boiling hot mug sat in Alex's hands as she laid peacefully, wrapped in her own weighted blanket. Sam would've used it herself, but the heavier woman argued her massive size would call for the larger piece of fabric, so she forked it over.

The tea itself was quite soothing, with Alex feeling her bones popping back to place as she let the porcelain cup burn her hands. She would've been in pain, but the desire to feel the comforting warmth counteracted that need, pushing her elbows into her breasts as the steam fumed into her face, feeling relaxed by the soothing hot air.

“Say, you don’t have to be the one joining in on the island, you know, you have anyone else you could bring in?” Sam said, talking to her neighbor Raymond the Cat.

“I mean, I think Erza has it, let me ask.”

The girl grabbed her mammaries as they rested over her stomach, opening the slit in between as she pulled the phone out. With a few presses of the button, the sound of the phone cawing was heard, waiting for the response on the other end.

“Hello?” The crunched voice said back.

“Hey, I was just wondering if you wanted to play Animal Crossing with me and Sam. We’re on her island.” She said, her ear rested on the phone nearby as she moved her spine forward, pushing her breasts outward.

“Uhh, sure. Need to dust off my Switch first, hold on lemme.” The sounds of doors creaking and buttons pressing were made as she turned on the console, but not before some window pulled up on Alex’s phone. Curious, she peeked back at the screen to see Erza turning on the game, her red hair giving it away, but something else was noticeably off about her. It didn’t take a second longer to recognize the enormous bulge on Erza, leeching off of her as she turned on the console. Reaching her hand back to the camera, Erza grabbed the phone as it toured her whole body, not long enough to notice any changes, but enough to see a size-up from her stomach.

“Uhh... your facecam is on.” Alex said,

“WHAT!” Erza said, grabbing her phone faster than lightning.

“No it’s okay, we’re not gonna rag on you.”

“Shut up!”

“It’s fine, like look at me, you can be a freak to me too.” Alex said, turning on the webcam to reveal her own enormous pair of fruits. “It’s fine. Trust me” Alex repeated, using a soothing tone that caught Sam off guard in the moment.

“Ok... fine!” Erza said, calming down her mannerisms. As she adjusted the camera while it set up near her PC, giving a full view of her body waist down, things became a lot more clear about this woman. There was a giant, round lump on the girl, which looked like triplets could fit in.

Erza had a bright red face as she crossed her arms, looking back to see Alex with her brow raised as Sam crawled over, making sure her blanket didn’t come apart.

“So... I may have been involved in a little... test.” The girl straightened her arms to her lap, unintentionally giving more attention to her chest, which seemed a few cup sizes bigger. “I was told I’d get some pay off my student loans, and the people who recommended said you’d get a nice rack from it all, so I figured I’d just bear through...” She covered her belly with her arms, but slowly revealed the round attachment as it bulged from her, jiggling around as it touched her thighs.

“I mean... sure! Sam and I aren’t here to judge. Though I have to ask...” Alex said, shuttering a bit. She wasn’t gross out, but the situation felt strange, even for her. “Is it really...”

“Ohh you mean that!” Erza said, looking down to hold the stomach with care. Sam’s eyes raised higher as she saw the stomach bounce, not comprehending any of this being real. “Well, the answer is...”

Within a second, Alex’s phone was cut off as a ring was made on her own phone. The sound of some kind of jingle played as her attention was cut off. Looking at the phone, Vella of all people was calling, causing some confusion.

“Hey Erza, I hope you don’t mind me putting you on hold.” Nodding through the camera, Alex pressed the button as she clicked the answer, with some mild grainy noises coming from her phone. “Hey, Alex, you don’t mind if I join in on your island, right?” Said the second woman through the phonez

“Sure! But I’m having friends over if that’s okay!” Alex whispered back. “Plus, you’re interrupting my face time!”

“Mmmmpfh!” Vella made her grumpy grunt through the phone, but eventually accepted as she shared her face too, unfreezing Erza to see her using a measuring tape. She zipped it away as she realized the camera went back on, seeing a second window show up as Vella appeared.

Before the businesswoman could realize anything, the redhead nabbed the phone and sent it to her face, panicking as she searched for a new position for her phone. Placing it somewhere that only showed her up to her chest, Erza lifted the controller as she spun around in the airport.

“Alright, I’m opening gates everybody!” Alex shouted, talking to her pilot partner as he lifted the doors to the airport.

After about a few minutes, everyone joined in. However, it was already bound for chaos as before Alex could greet anyone, Vella rushed off, with her little sister stuck in a dilemma of keeping other guests happy or dealing with the rowdy one. “Vel! You hog!” the girl continued to twirl, before running off to finally get the once confident, mature woman.

Leaving Erza and Sam to themselves, the two walked around as they stayed mute, deafened by the arguing Alex was giving as Vella shook trees and dug fossils. “Hey, losers weepers, right?”

“SHUT UPPP!” Alex said, fire in her eyes as she pushed Vella away. Erza silently hung up as she switched over to Sam’s phone, as the argument between the two sisters was simply too much.

Erza took this time to be surprisingly more straightened than her other friends, simply going around and greeting the villagers that occupied this small town. She greeted Maple the bear, Carmen the rabbit, Clay the odd-looking hamster, and Kyle the dog. They minded on their own, wandering the village as they fished, sat out on furniture, or listened to the dog with a guitar sing. Things seemed pretty alright, up until they saw one very specific villager.

Violet.

Both of the girls gave a synchronized shrug as they saw the snooty, magenta colored gorilla, making her way across the village. A sense of disgust emanated from them as they looked at it like vultures. Grabbing a net, Sam whipped the thing, causing it to run off as Sam and her friend continually smacked the mistake of nature.

With a sudden lunge, Sam was knocked over on the bed, looking around to see what caused this force. As she eyed Alex to the left, she adjusted her shirt as she looked with frustration at Sam.

There was a round red mad on Sam’s face, and an agitated look on Alex, who saw her own villager getting bullied.

“Don’t EVER mess with Violet!” She said sternly, running over in-game to the two as she swatted the harassers with nets. Sam looked at her face as she puffed up her cheeks, disgruntled by her aggressive actions.

Feeling bad for bullying a favorite villager of her’s, she stepped over to the girl’s avatar, before reaching into her pouch as she dropped a few thousand bells, about 50,000. Swiftly picking this up, Alex’s pouty rage dimmed into a grunt of frustration as she accepted the offer, running off in search of her sister.

Having no reason to stay behind, Sam, and not too soon after, Erza followed along, entered Nook’s Cranny one by one. As they reached the older woman, they saw her packing away the thousands of bells Alex had in her village, making an audible groan as her belongings spilled away.

“Awww, I needed those bells! You know I have rent to pay off” Alex whined.

“Yeah, but this stuff’ll be super useful for tomorrow’s turnip stocks.” The woman said, happily taking the bells from her raccoon compadre.



“Well, I do have something for you, just to keep you quiet about this.” As Vella’s avatar rummaged in the pockets, she pulled out a stack of tickets, each for the three girls.

Alex squealed as she looked at the tickets, realizing they were Nook Tickets. Sam and Erza also followed with excitement, but not as much as their short haired companion. “Oh thankyouthankyouthankyou! I thought you needed these for your villager hunts.”

“Oh it’s fine.” Vella said, slouching on her office chair with the Switch in her hands. “I have all the villagers I want now, so you can have these.”

“Wow, that’s really nice of you... Alex’s sister?” Erza said through the phone.

“Vella.”

“Ahhh I see.” She responded, snooping around to buy the Amazing Machine nearby. The older sister turned her avatar to the redhead, with the blank smile of the villager showing only sorrow. “Well, what else do you guys want to do?” Erza said, running around the shop in curiosity.

The four had some more fun as they cooperated around the village. Alex greeting her animal buddies to her new friends, including the reluctant Violet, going fishing, visiting Alex’s complete museum, to taking a nice view at the sunset in game.

After some hours of just talking and playing around in the game, the four got back to their own lives as they left the game, enjoying the time they spent hanging around in this digital island.

Sam looked out at the sunset outside as she realized something. The orange glow from the sky grew closer as the sun dipped itself into the realms beyond her. The question that bugged her about this ever so normal scenario as she took a second of her consciousness. Wait a minute...

It was already 6:00?!

“How is it evening already?!” She exclaimed to Alex, who simply raised her shoulders in her own confusion.

“I mean, I’ve wasted more valuable time than this.” Alex said, thinking of the online games she’d binge on weekends overnight. “Plus, the sun’s technically out, we could go sit out by the porch.”

“That works.”

“Alright, just meet me down there, I need to get some stuff.” Alex said, heading over to unzip one of her bags, cuing Sam to make her way.

As she stepped down the spiral stairs to the backyard, she looked out to see the area she was always so used to, yet couldn’t help but appreciate.

The oak planks made a slight creak, but gave a good amount of comfort as the feeling under them was tough. The straw chairs took some space, as a grill occupied the edge next to the screen door. The screen frames would've looked ugly seemed near transparent as it dissipated into the evening sky. As Sam sat on the sun-baked chair, she felt the warmth this white, waterproof cushion occupied, grabbing the remote as she turned on the television, looking for something worth watching. The screen stayed sheltered from the sun as the roof extended to shelter the television in case of storms. As she clicked through channels, her palms froze at a news station as she looked to the glass door, but saw nothing.

Part of her swore she heard stepping nearby, but shrugged it away as she walked back to the television, looking at an odd article. She wondered what exactly Alex was doing up there, and why she just wanted her to stick her there for the time being. The brunette would dwell on this more, but the report that was going on had been hooking her attention away rather quickly as she pointed her eyes at the screen.

It was a woman being charged with cannibalism. However, the culprit behind it seemed odd, not fitting that sort of deranged look of one. She had a pale face, but one that was elegant, combined with black locks that spilled down to her waist. She seemed more like a model or a celebrity than a psychopath. According to her defendant, she knew nothing of the victim, or how/why they went missing, which made Sam only more intrigued. There didn't seem to be evidence she was in the area the last time the victim was around the area he disappeared, leaning this suspect towards the innocent side. After all, the pictures on screen showed a rather fair lady. What reason would she have for doing this?

A picture was thrown onto screen, showing the woman exiting some kind of public area, completely filled in her stomach. The belly that woman had bumped around as she heaved herself out of the vicinity, which made Sam's teeth grit. She leaned in as she tried to come to terms with what she just saw. A belly that was larger than Alex's when she ate all that ice cream, but it was moving around as if something pushed from inside. It seemed to be fluid in nature, but it looked like way more than just a person. Yeah, there was no way that wasn't the killer, but what? How did she fit an entire person inside? That wasn't even possible by any logical human standard, yet here the girl was, with what seemed to be perfect evidence that she did it.

Another squint was made, looking at the woman's record. Despite her soft looks, she had several cases of public misdemeanors, alongside aggravated assault. Yet for the record listed, it didn't seem to match up with a cannibalism case. Especially from her mental and medical record.

What even was up with all these cases recently. First Alex eating an impossible amount of ice cream, then Erza becoming the size of a full term in a week or two, now this? Was she just transported to an alternate universe? She didn't remember so many people being this stacked before, yet all of the sudden it felt inescapable. Was she just a magnet for this kind of thing?

Was it all just a strange coincidence? Is she destined for some kind of sexually charged epic quest?

Still, despite her concern about this abundance in more... endowed people, it was fun analyzing crime cases like this. Having your own bets on a court case, what knowledge was necessary to understand how to escape those kinds of cases, and what information was needed to truly persecute the truth. Sam could only imagine becoming someone like a detective or an attorney, challenging the crooks she had to investigate. However, another sudden creaking from behind caught Sam off guard again, causing her to stop her speal and curiously find the source of the sound once more.

“GGRRHHRAAAHHHHH” A sudden noise came from behind her, it was a monster, a big, yellow, scary monster.

“EEEEEEPPP!” Sam yelped, pushing herself as the metal hand nabbed her palm, yanking her as she saw the masked face of a smiling, robotic monster, grinning as it spelled death.

She hid behind the couch in instinctual terror, begging for freedom from this monster in the one spot she could recognize. One thing pulled her back out of her fight or flight, being the sound of laughter coming from the terror. As she slowly raised her head onto the chair, she saw the monster again, its yellow coloring shining about as it chuckled. Examining further, the face of the beast seemed to have something inside. Something human and touchable. As she heard the immature giggles, the frustration kicked in as she saw the person behind this scheme.

“Alex!”

“Phff, sorry. Couldn’t help it!” She said, her eyes peeking through the dark holes of the helmet. “I had this Toy Chica cosplay lying around and I thought I could give it good use!” She said, stancing out as she splayed the costume in its full glory.

The face seemed quite authentic, even down to the fluorescent white light at the center of the mask. The plates were laid across the costume, with even the hands and feet covered by the suit’s compact shapes. Her whole body had been layered with an acrylic yellow as it neatly spread across the suit. The only part that looked different was in her bosom, which stood out easily compared to the rest of her body. The suit was surprisingly accurate other than that, keeping the bulky, yet somehow curved design as the material remained a similar texture. It felt almost alien seeing Alex’s melons not bobble around in the porcelain-like casing.

“Uggh” Sam said, wobbly as she got up. “Where the hell do you get one of those to have one just lying around?”

“Oh, one of my friends back at home makes costumes!” Alex said. “I actually have a few costumes she made, they’re really cool!” She said, giving Sam more time to appreciate the horror-themed costume. It made her wonder how someone could fit a chest like Alex’s into a

suit. "Hold on, let me show you! And here!" A box flew by, which Sam caught with catlike instinct, before looking to see a DVD. "C'mon, now slip that in while I get this off."

As Sam turned on the DVD player, the movie began to play. It was some kind of zombie film from the cover, one Sam hadn't heard of before. There was a girl who was running from some zombie monsters, firing her weapon as she wore some kind of police outfit. The rotting monsters collapsed as the bullets tore their dry limbs off in the abandoned building, but it wasn't enough for the woman to get cornered.

The scene that followed if her jumping off the building had its tension cut off by Alex, who slammed the door open in something else, eating a family sized bag of Lay's potato chips as she sat on the couch. With closer inspection, the costume became a bit more clear.

"Is that a Dark Souls character or something?" Sam said, looking with some confusion.

"Sure is!" She said, sporting the witch outfit. "It's Karla, I think!" There was a gruff, dirty look to it, sporting a messy black robe of some kind as an extra layer of brighter fabric ran down to just the tip of her chest. It seemed like the costume wanted to obscure it, but the two mounds underneath seemed to disagree, happily billowing out as the dress, which looked almost feathered, grew down to her legs. The costume, despite its craggy, almost impoverished look, had a sense of beauty as Sam imagined it in a time of Medieval. However, that immersion soon broke as the sound of a fistful of chips could be heard entering Alex's mouth as the witch's hat obscured her eyes.

As Sam looked back, she looked to see a completely new scene where the girl was trapped, getting some kind of modification on her by some scientist, only to come out of the tank and kill him, draining his life like a can of soda. She was guessing the man was evil from the dialogue and his stature, so it was fine, probably.

"Hang on, gonna get a refill!" Alex said, crumpling up the three bags she just ate. She sat up and let her chest wobble quicker than her body could react, charging towards the inside. The door slammed as Sam returned to her regularly scheduled program, looking at the strange movie get even stranger.

In what was about 20 seconds of time away from the screen, the woman was already in some hijinx in the jungle. Her outfit had been torn to look like a crop top, as she held a pistol out in the open wilds. Things seemed normal until a giant zombie gorilla showed up, throwing an entire tree at the girl as she opened fire. The whole exchange felt absurd, watching the woman fire a pistol at a 10 foot mutant ape. Each scene of this movie barely connected to her if she spent more than a second away.

After somehow killing the beast, it combusted into flames, with her walking away like a badass. Only then, she discovers some building which just happens to have a helicopter on top of it, which she adventures on to.

Almost as a test to see what would happen, Sam turned over to the side, seeing if Alex was back. Nothing. Then, as she turned her head back after about half a minute, she saw the girl suddenly grow demon claws and tear through a bunch of soldiers who were there. "There was no reason for them to be there!" She thought to herself, dumbfounded as the heroine massacred them with cheesy cgi action. As she faced the helicopter, she saw who was likely the villain of the story. Some blonde woman who had a big trench coat, alongside a chain that lagged behind.

Hearing the cheesy dialogue exchange, she found it funny, with the blonde talking about immortality or something, but it panned on for too long, wearing on the brunette's attention span. Sam looked back to the door, bored of this conversation, and finally saw what had been taking the girl so long to head back to the porch.

With no care of seeking to immerse the owner of the house, Alex made a "RAWR" as she walked back out with a few more bags, including some packed frozen goods. Sam could see her in some kind of tight, desaturated, purple uniform, which highlighted her waist as a large, purple tail sprouted from her.

Sitting down, and laying all the snacks out in a vague offering, Alex looked up as to grab Sam's attention.

It was definitely more highlighting than the last few cosplays. Red, segmented sleeves covered her as two gauntlets that looked like claws grew out, sharing the same purple color as the rest of her body. Not only that, but a spiky cape was wrapped around her, going down to her waist as she spread her arms out like a bird, asserting its dominance with the grace of its wingspan. The girl's chest bounced around in the tight red space carrying her torso, with a moon-shaped piece of EVA foam serving as the chest plate. Getting a closer look at Alex's face, she saw the hat she was wearing, sporting pointy, cat-like ears as two glaring, evil eyes rested below them, only for Sam to realize this was simply a cap on top of the girl's face. As she looked down to see the real face, it gave a smile as she did another cheesy, yet charming pose.

"What do you think?" She said, "It's supposed to be Gliscor, one of my favorites!" A moment after, she flapped her claws upward, bouncing her mammaries upward as the cape raised out. Her legs kicked into the sky as she tried to pose midair, all combined with the replica tail offering a faux sense of balance.

"You're certainly athletic today." Sam responded, watching the protagonist of the movie slay another zombie. She seemed to be in a high tech underground base as she sliced open zombies, growing a long, scaly tail.

"Yea, I guess you were right about that treadmill, I feel a lot better!" She said, sitting down as she ate through the bag of Doritos and Chex Mix at the same time, moving her tail out of the

way to make room for her butt. “Oh god, this movie...” Alex said, zoning in her attention as the mutant heroine fought the zombie dragon.

“It’s so bad...” Sam said with a smile, watching the cheesy fight scene.

“Wait what? This movie’s great! I don’t know what you’re on about!” Alex said, pointing her pincer at the screen. “It’s super cheesy but I always loved the fight scenes.”

“I mean, the scenes are nonsensical, but I’ll give you that.” Sam said, watching the girl slash through the scaled beast with a fit of rage. She seemed nearly finished by the monstrous reptile, but it had a trick up its sleeve. It pinned her down with an evil glare as its rotten maw heaved. As it opened its mouth to cast a blue flame, the lair turned blue. Its light was so powerful as the powerless girl stayed there, struggling to move. Was she truly done for? Was this the end of our protagonist?

Suddenly, reality snapped in as the door outside opened, with Sam greeted by the face of her mother. She stared for a moment as she tried to recognize who the guest was, lost by the monster costume. After some glances, she soon had a snap as she saw her face.

“Oh my goodness, Alex!” Her mother responded, running up and hugging the girl, seeming similarly shocked by the magnificence of Alex’s breasts, but still accepting as she patted her on the back. If anything, Alex felt the more uncomfortable as she never expected a hug from Sam’s mom. “Ohh I wish I could hear about how you’ve been doing, but there’s already so much on my plate!”

“What, with your job?”

“Oh not today, Sam!” She responded with a motherly chuckle. “I’ve got a lot of guests over today, actually.”

“Guests?!” Sam thought to herself. Well that explains the decor. Looking inside, she saw countless family members. Aunts, uncles, grandparents, ones she didn’t even recognize. There was a lot to take in, internally screaming as she saw the plethora of people.

“Well, good to know...” Sam said. She didn’t feel like dealing with this all tonight, not with this many people. All that she wanted was a day she could spend with Alex, but it happened to land on the only one she had.

“Oh if you don’t want to talk to anyone, that’s fine. I won’t force you to.” Her mom responded, walking back inside to continue her hosing. “Hope you girls have fun together!”

A sign emitted as Sam turned off the TV, not wanting to use it while company was around. “Well, I guess there’s no better option than to go to my room, right?”

Alex nabbed the DVD from the disk player as she held it in her hands, grabbing the junk she had on the table too. "Don't see why not."

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Alex hogged the bed as Sam sat to the edge, sliding through her phone. The sounds of family chattering were heard from below. She looked through different fanart and memes of her favorite pokemon, cool artwork by that one Japanese artist she follows, and more. But it easily got boring to her, looking at another social media app as she rolled out another piece of candy.

Sam, curious as to what exactly the girl was engorging on, leaned up the bed to see a yellow popsicle in the girl's mouth, slowly savoring the flavor as she licked and sucked on the frozen sweet. She pushed her mammaries inwards as the elbow squished into the tight red shirt. As it exited her mouth, Alex watched as the drool from her own mouth spilled out, which seemed to keep its balance as it narrowly missed making a mess anywhere.

"I've got another if you want." As Alex leaned into her pouch, decorated on the inside with an aluminum texture, she pulled out a similar stick of popsicles, and it didn't take long for the host to realize to see what Alex was so keen on devouring.

"No, not Spongebob's face!" Sam said with sadness, horrified anyone would bite into the fruit punch flavored face of everyone's favorite sponge.

"C'mon, give it a shot, you won't regret it!" Alex said, laughing as she stuck the half eaten popsicle back into her mouth. Seeing no reason not to, Sam looked at the mockery of Spongebob's face as she opened the plastic wrap, seeing a face that could barely be recognized as one, deformed as the pupils formed to the left of the eyes. Having no reason not to, Sam bit into the popsicle.

Immediately, she felt the sense of a frosty sensation as she chewed the popsicle, only to have her teeth sting in agony as she covered her mouth.

"Jesus, Sam, biting? Really?" Alex said, looking at the girl covering her mouth. Realizing her mild sense of pain, Alex scooted closer to the girl. Her chest bounced in the T-shirt as she didn't bother to notice the juicy droplets falling to her cleavage, looking to see the woman curling up. "You eat it like this."

Sam watched as Alex continued to devour the popsicle, sliding it in as her tongue made an image through her cheeks, giving Sam the idea. It was hard to see, though. After all, her vision was blocked by someone's underboob.

As Sam positioned Spongebob, now partially munched into, she gave a bite into it using only her lip, before pulling it in, letting the tongue enjoy the brittle feeling the sponge gave. She could snap his face in half like a twig, yet she continued to enjoy the fruity taste he provided with joy.

Her back straightened as she pulled in and out, happily letting her tongue ice skate around the sweet as her eyes winced from the cold. However, the feeling of letting the sweet, yet ripe taste flow in her mouth only kept her land deeper into the trance.

“Ok, now you look like you’re sucking a dong.” Alex said, rolling forward as if her breasts were wheels. She looked with a confused but amused look down at the occupied woman.

“Oh c’mon, at least I’m enjoying myself.” Sam said, chuckling as she nervously bit more into the Sponge-cicle. “Not like you didn’t either.”

As Sam felt the sweet melt more and more in her mouth, she only knew the sweet sense of release would be better for him than suffering in the mouth. With one bite from her teeth, the sponge was chewed up inside, with the flavor exploding in her mouth as it heated up. Something caught by the throat before she could swallow all of the pop, with Sam feeling it around her tongue. As she chewed the anomalous object, she felt it turning into a paste.

All of the sudden, she blew a bubble out from her mouth, surprised by the release of the pop. She didn’t expect there to be gum inside, but it wasn’t unwelcome. She walked to her bathroom, trying to open the door, but found it already occupied by Alex.

“Cha-I mean hold on!” Alex said, leaving Sam unsure what could be going on inside. As the door quickly opened, Sam nearly swallowed her gum from the shock, but looked even more surprised as Alex left the room.

A blue, latex suit was covering her from the neck down, shining as Sam’s bedroom lights casted a shine. Her chest billowed and bounced as she strutted out, with Sam looking from her juicy bubbly butt down to her built legs as she saw the heels she wore. The alien markings on her back looked like they could glow as their saturated colors popped out, emphasized by the metallic, aquamarine color. Her right arm crossed as she posed from behind, her breasts wobbling from behind as she struck position with her hips. Sam could definitely recognize it as Samus’ Zero Suit. “Pretty cool, huh?” The bounty hunter said, trying to sound tough.

“Where do you even get all of these?” Sam said, confused, but curious with her morphing friend. The fact that she had 4 of these costumes just laying around in her luggage was already impressive.

“Well, one of my pals back in the mountains actually was a really good seamstress, and she made me a few costumes for conventions held there!” She said, spinning around the costume for a good view. It felt odd with Alex’s short hair, but it didn’t feel unnatural somehow. “Have you got any costumes?” Alex said, looking at Sam’s closet.

“Yeah, just one.” Sam said, looking at her still online computer as she held her music paused. “It’s really stupid though, I dunno if I-“



“C’mon, stupid’s great!”

“Oh.. but...” Sam paused, rubbing her shoulders at the thought of dressing up.

“I mean, I have a thousand stupid costumes I’ve done, you’re not gonna make me feel bad. Alex said, pulling the strings of the blue suit. “I’m not gonna make fun of you for anything, I promise.”

“Ok, fine.” Sam said, her face turning a hint more red. “Just... don’t tell anyone about this.” She said, heading into her closet as she decided on her outfit. Her closet was decently sized, enough to fit her arms in, and she had plenty of outfits to choose from inside. However, one suit in particular was what Sam had on her eyes. She looked in the secret space of an old drawer, blocked off by the new white one. As she spotted inside, it still looked clean, without much more than a day’s trace of dust. Some hesitation was made as she held it and the head accessory to her, but knew she was too far from the deep end to quit here.

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After a few minutes of changing, Sam exited her room, holding a flustered look as she wore this joke of an outfit.

It was a playboy bunny suit. Her smaller C-cups visible as the latex suit cupped into her chest. It flowed down to her waist as it covered her just barely, shrouded by the white suit. The leggings she wore added a darker tone, which made her slender, but healthy legs visible, shyly pushing them together as she tried to cover the beauty mark on her breasts with her palm, sensing the cuff at the end of her hand. The ears bobbed as she edged closer to Alex as her face held back every sense to rush back in, gulping as she felt her choker and bow tie on the neck. However, while the suit was everything people didn’t want to see of her in public, especially her family, what she saw Alex doing was far, far worse.

She was on the computer, looking at a certain tab in Incognito she forgot to click off. A big smirk and a red face was showing as it turned to panic as she saw Sam’s face boil red. Almost instantaneously, Sam pushed the chair out of the way as multiple tabs were clicked off one by one, sporting buff figures of some kind.

“Heh, looking at *Man and Womanhood: His Life with Giant Breasts*, huh?”

“SHUTUPPPP!!!” Sam shouted, closing more tabs of men with meaty, spheric boobs as she looked to see the browser, it’s Incognito icon missing. She screams internally as she realizes all of her stache was on her public history. Alex saw literally everything.

As the final tab closed in a futile attempt to hide, Sam looked up to see Alex throwing a fit as she watched her friend freak out, her chest bouncing up and down as she giggled like a kid. “Oh my god, bustyboys? Really?!”

“Oh my GOD will you can it?”

“Nonono, you aren’t making it out alive this time!” Alex said, almost ignoring the suggestive suit Sam had put on. “You’re out there looking at men with boobs! What the hell’s that all about!?”

“Shut up!” Sam shouted in response. “It’s just... my thing!”

“Sam, liking boys with boobs isn’t normal.”

“YOU’RE not normal!” Sam said in a quick response. “And also the man-part make it less gay shut up.”

“So what, you’d just want to grope a man’s boobs?”

“Yes, what’s wrong about a man having a pair of impressive boobs?” Sam said, trying to sound smug.

“They’re like girl boobs, you boob!” Alex said, slapping Sam playfully in the arm. The brunette nearly spit her gum out as she got smacked.

“Not when they’re on a cute boy!” Sam said, crossing her arms as she ignored the panic she once had in the scanty suit.

“Alright, whatever you say, Ms. Boobboy.” Alex said as she crossed her arms above her chest in the blue suit. “Keep living your weird big boob fantasy.”

“Shut up, I’m not gay!” Sam said as she brightened her face to the heat of the sun. “Bleh!” She said, sticking her tongue out as she brushed her hair, checking to see if any other tabs leaked on her desktop. Sam heard her friend giggle a bit, her chest heaving as she chuckled. However, the two shared a blush as they broke the conversation, too nervous to continue.

Alex grabbed her third bag of chips meant to feed a family in the past hour as she drank her soda, enjoying the unhealthy meal as she turned on the TV, plugging in her grease-covered Switch as she started up Resident Evil 4. Jumping onto the bed once more, she let her butt dig into the green sheets as she looked to see the opening.

As Sam looked for a moment, there seemed to be a swell in Alex’s stomach beginning to show, looking in the late stages of pregnancy with the bump. Alex didn’t seem to mind it though, or even acknowledge it, starting the game as she shot through a horde of zombies. Sam felt a little confused though, since this was a game about zombies, yet she swore she heard the speak as Alex dominated the battlefield.

After a few more minutes of Alex passing through caverns, she topped the game as a cutscene played cheesy dialogue like the movie before as the blonde stretched her arms.

“Hey Sam, I got a question.” The blonde looked at her friend, noticing that her office chair was scooted closer to the flat screen TV. A phone holding what seemed to be a discord server of some kind was placed in her hand, neglected by her own curiosity. “You ever touched another girl’s boobs?”

“W-what?” Sam said, a red flush appearing as she barely expected the question to escape.

“Yeah, I was just curious, that’s all.”

“I mean, that’s not something I’ve ever been too active in doing.”

“Oh, so you HAVE done it!”

“Nononono I just mean I’ve never really done that type of thing! I mean Nelly invited me and we compared cup size that one time with the volleyball girls, but that’s it.”

“Pfh, I was just kidding. I’ve had sleepovers and the girls back at my old town used to measure each other, I was just wondering.”

“Like... by grabbing them?” The girl nodded with intrigue.

“Yeah, it was mostly just for fun then, and the sense of envy.”

“Jeez, you’re an egomaniac.” Sam said with a smile.

“Nonono, I just mean like I kinda envy the fact that most of my friends were way smaller!”

“I mean... they’re not uh...”

“Well...” An awkward red stripe appeared on Alex’s face as she answered. “I mean honestly it’s just for the fact that they’re huge, and if I didn’t work out, these things would kill me.”

“Not any reason you’d still keep em’ tightened up whenever we go out.”

“No, like there’s a difference there!” She said, the bodysuit swaying her chest side-to-side as she lifted her legs to the bed. “Like, if I went out in public with boobs that size, do you really think some jock like the ones at the gym wouldn’t try and take a grab?”

“Fair.” Sam said, thinking of the horrible scene Alex put into her mind.

“Still, you’re not some HORRIBLE sex pervert, so I don’t mind you giving them a test drive.” Alex said, curving her back to splay her boobs. Sam looked up to Alex’s face, then back down to the bodysuit as her chest glowed in the light, like some crystal orb. “You sure?” The brunette asked.

“Positive. It’s not like these are outlandish anyways for you, Ms. Boobboy.”

The game resumed as Alex returned to a lake-like area, with her mindlessly collecting chests and barrels of resources. Sam looked at her breasts, with their owner’s hands taking care of the controller below. Even with the slightest of movements, her breasts still jiggled around, even under the compact suit. They were at least the size of beach balls, curving out to reach near her legs as the beholder focused on shooting the undead-looking enemies.

Raising a hand, the brunette shivered as she looked down to the valley of chest meat at hand. No rational woman in the world could ever even think of reaching the sizes she had, even ones with implants, or secret lab experiments. Yet here she was, some of the biggest boobs in the world held by some anomaly of a woman. Sam’s hand jittered over the light blue latex suit, which practically asked for some attention as it moved up a bit as the blonde fought some salamander monster which raised itself from the lake.

Taking her hand, she gently edged it towards the chest, nervously questioning her actions as the hand reached its destination on the blue planets. They shined and glared through the fabric, flickering as the lights moved with the mammary.

However, within a second, Alex nabbed one of the hands, quickly overpowering it as it was yanked in. Sam felt the edge of death as she got the palm jolted towards her, but stopped as she felt something pillowy.

It was touching Alex’s breasts!

“ohmygodohmygodohmygodohmygod” said her inner voice.

Sam panicked on the inside, thinking to herself that she was trapped between a rock and a hard place. Sweat began to trickle as she looked with fear at the girl above, who gave a disgruntled look before returning to the monster battle. She wanted to pull away, too skittish to drag herself to this, yet it seemed like Alex didn’t care. Who was to stop her if she was for it, anyways? The girl stuck herself back to the screen, watching more of the game as Sam was left to her own choices.

“This is so wrong don’t do this Sam even if you reall-SHUT UP!”

The right hand waved around the top of the cleavage, making circles as her left stood by her waist, unsure about joining in. Her face was on fire as she felt her wrist touched by the cleavage, her hand occupied with the adjacent breast. She focused in on the shape of them, their enormous, yet elegant form as they billowed from her chest, sensitive to each movement as she mindlessly acted on her own. There was something about them that felt so lively, reacting to each sensation Alex had as they wobbled by the inch.

After not too long, the other hand, spoiled by her right's fun, decided to join in, with the two grabbing each breast. The hands cupped from the bottom as they tested her gravity, surprised at just how much Alex had been carrying in her. The boobs bounced with a splash as they landed in the safety of Sam's focused hands, making sure the blobs of shiny blue meat didn't crash to the floor as Sam felt them through their skin tight prison. They were too big, easily indenting across her hands as they sunk even into her wrist, enveloping a sensation in Sam's hands as she held herself still.

Then, she tried something new, reaching her hands back, before jabbing them lightly into the two balls of shiny flesh. The orbs met the hands with little resistance as Sam gripped just a little harder. Her palms jittering a little as she circled around. Suddenly, a hand was felt above her own, with Alex giving a bit more of a concerned face towards Sam as she awoke to her own reality, squishing a bit too hard into the melons.

"Jeez Sam, maybe your boob fantasies are getting to you." Alex said, looking down to the paused hands. Without realizing, Sam must've been touching her nipples. A bigger flare appeared on her as she pulled away, frightened again as she didn't seek to get too deep into this, yet here she was, groping away.

"Yeah! Sorry! They're just super big, a lot of girls would be jealous!"

"Yeah no it's fine" Alex said, breaking the awkwardness as she continued her game and eating another handful of Goldfish. "Just uhh... don't lose yourself in them. I don't want to see you getting addicted." Sam seemed to be getting the same message that maybe they both went a little too far. But hey, at least she knew what Alex's breasts felt like. It made her the slightest less scared as she realized she tamed the beast.

"Uhh... hey Sam." Alex said with some hesitance.

The girl, lighting up, looked over to the one on her bed, sharing a similarly nervous look as she rubbed her shoulder.

"You want to play some Smash Bros?"

As Sam looked up, the screen was definitely different, being that basic grey with some game logos popping out of the center. The logo of all those characters popping through the icon made itself distinct from the rest.

—

"Lucina? Really?" Alex said, looking at the noodly woman at the corner of her eye.

“Aww, but she’s fun though.” Said the woman from under the bed, tucked into the corner as she used the bed’s leg as a wall. She sat in her pajamas that she just adjusted herself to. It felt less embarrassing than the bunny suit at least.

“She’s a scummy character!” The girl reiterated. “Her aerials are a nightmare and her F-Smash is a cheap win. Only worse option is Marth”

“But I love her, she’s super cute!” Sam said, hesitating for a moment to slide off of it.

“She’s super ASS!” The girl dug into her pile of snacks she brought as she chewed through the aluminum foil of the Cheeto bag. A massive bite mark was left as the fuzzy orange chunks of the snacks were left out. “By the way, I know I hate you right now but you want some?”

“I’m not too hungry…” Sam said, raising her hand out.

“Aw C’mon! You gotta have some! I brought this many snacks, you have to try at least one.” Alex said, hovering over Min Min.

“Ohh, fine!” The host replied, rolling her eyes as she grabbed the crisp from the bag.

As the stage loaded, the masked swordswoman and the noodle shop superheroine landed on some kind of stadium. The Pokeball logo made itself distinct as the crowd raised on, giving the two some boost in morale as the duel began.

Almost immediately, a dragon-shaped fist launched towards Sam, who dodged with two quickly timed jumps, dashing towards her blonde foe. With the arms out of the way, the blue haired woman swung her sword downward, slamming into the foe as she flew to the edge. Sam then jumped towards her as she left another flurry of slashes, taking Alex closer and closer to the edge.

“You’re pretty good!” She said, watching Min Min fly near the corner of the stage. “But have you seen this?”

Before Sam could send the final strike, the girl slammed into her with a strike from the arm, sending Lucina plummeting to her doom as she hopped back on stage. The girl dashes around the stage as Sam respawned, Alex giving an evil laugh after her counter.

“Yea, yeah, very funny.” Sam said, quickly preparing for another strike. Before Min Min could reach for a grab, Sam rolled, grabbing the girl herself as she threw her into the air, slicing and dicing as Min Min remained helpless.

“God, I thought you sucked at this game!” The girl shouted in anger.

"I mean, I don't play it often, doesn't mean my theater buddies don't." Said the confident girl, countering a quick jab Alex made as Sam closed in on another swing in the air.

With one last swing in the air, Sam made her comeback as Min Min lost another stock. Alex looked to see her stock counter match her opponent's, shrugging a bit.

"Hey, at least we're even, right?" Sam said with a smirk, causing Alex to simply shrug as they continued to play.

Punch and swipe was exchanged as the two fought, with damage rising, but not intensity, just one waiting for the other to put down their guard.

"Do you think Min Min has a fat ass from all the noodles she eats?" The brunette said as she swung the blade.

"Who the fuck starts a conversation like that?" Alex shouted back, looking with a surprised giggle at her friend. She juggled Lucina with kicks as she spun around to rack up damage.

"Well, those fatty noodles have to go somewhere!"

"Sam, No! She- that's not how that works!" Alex said as she watched Min Min get another punch into Lucina.

"You literally ate an entire truck's worth of ice cream and it all went to your tits and ass!" Lucina casted a shield breaker at Min Min's guard, and within a moment, popped the bubble.

"It's different!" She said, watching her character teeter around in a spell. "She's like a superhero!"

"You literally ate enough to kill 4 people, Alex." Lucina grabbed Min Min once more.

"I get hungry, you've seen me eat like that!" She responded, trying to dodge the slashes to no prevail, before getting slashed into the plummets of the stage.

"Alex, you're literally a dumpster truck."

"Ok, really funny. Insult me and take my stocks." Alex said, looking at the final life. "How about this for a change!"

Alex adjusted herself on the bed as she went on autopilot in Smash, lunging above Sam with a surge of energy.

In an instant, her vision went dark as a mass enveloped her eyes, blinding her instantly. She heard the noises of the game as her character was left helpless, wriggling out of the wool covered boobs as they pushed her into the bed.

“Ngh! Let go of me you bastard!” Sam said as she reached out and grabbed the chest, trying to knock the jugs out of the way. They crushed her as the pillows dug her deeper, sinking her face deeper into them.

Sam tugged her way out of the mounds, looking at her character, who was a stock shorter. An audible groan was made as she continued to attack her friend. The sword swung, and Min Min hesitantly dodged. It was only a matter of time to where she got the rhythm, slashing the blonde and her noodly arms with another blow off the edge.

Both were down to their last stock, with Lucina reaching 150% in damage. Stakes were rising, but Sam refused to let herself be put down. Carefully dodging each push from her rocketing fist, the girl spun around the reaching girl with little to stop her.

Closing in on Min Min with a flurry of sword slashes, she waited for her guard to go up once more, watching the blue bubble cover the girl. Aiming for another shield breaker, Min Min collapsed, dizzied once more as Sam prepared the final blow.

Alex, however, wasn't having that. Failing to such a poorly planned attack, how could she? She couldn't just lose like this! Unless...

As Sam prepared her thumb, she pulled her finger to the right stick of the controller, ready to claim victory. However, the same blob of mass as before closed in, shoving itself deeper into Sam as she struggled to throw it off, failing this time as the breasts snuggled in deeper. Her face was completely engulfed, feeling her breathing get harder as the fabric of Alex's onesie pulled her closer to the light.

All of the sudden, a door was also heard as the pushing stopped, with familiar footsteps from the left of Sam's area of vision.

“Alex? What exactly are you doing?”

“Oh, hey!” Alex said, jumping up in panic as she saw Sam's mother, looking at her trying to slam her boobs into the innocent girl. She yanked the chest out of Sam's view as she let out a giant huff of compressed air.

“Oh, uh... hi Mom!” Sam said, her voice worn by the cushions in her face. The girl above slid up as she tried to look inconspicuous, rubbing her back with a cheeky smile.

“Don't mind me, not trying to kill your daughter or anything!” Alex said, hiding the red blush of embarrassment. She may have gotten a bit too playful with Sam in the moment.



“Well, don’t do that!” The mother said with a sarcastic voice, laughing a little at the peril Sam was in. “Our company’s gone, but just remember to keep it down a notch if you’re gonna do this every night, got it?” The brown haired woman said. Compared to Sam, her hair color was a tint more golden than her daughter, but it was enough to make her feel a lot different.

“Yeah, sorry if I got a little too loud, Mom.” Her antsy daughter said, sitting up to look at the screen. On it, there was Min Min, celebrating her win over the swordswoman.

“Alright, by the way, I got a little gift for Alex.” The mom moved her hands out of the room as they reached for something, sliding back out with a familiar looking cap. It had a black, detailed fabric crown, with the bill keeping a sturdy bumblebee yellow texture. The golden outlines of the cap glowed as Ms. Anderson handed the familiar cap to Alex.

“Oh shoot, you really shouldn’t have!” Alex said with a smile. She looked at the hat, an exact replica of the one she had before. Appreciative of this gesture, Alex jumped out of the bed to run for a hug at Sam’s mom, pushing her arms around her as hard as she could to grip every feeling of love into her. Even Sam’s mom, who could be a bit overbearing, seemed uncomfortable by the added senses of pressure. Luckily, the mother could live another day as Alex pulled back, freeing her of the pillows.

“How’d you even know where to find one? They stopped manufacturing these like a decade ago!” Sam said, chiming in as she remembered trying to purchase a replica online before.

“Well, back when you bought these at the Hometon Eagles store all that time ago, I figured I could buy one myself, just like a time capsule!” She said to Sam, looking at the cap with fond memories. “But, I noticed the one that was beaten up in Sam’s room, I think I realized where that old one was all this time.” She said, now looking at Alex.

“Well, thank you!” Alex said to her friend’s mom. She took the hat, not sure if it necessarily fit in regards to her own onesie pajamas, but gladly accepted the hat with a warm welcome by snapping it on her head. It fit like a glove around her head, its texture feeling nice against her skull.

“I’m glad you liked it! Ever since you left, Sam had been dying to see you again, so I figured you both could share that memory!”

“Well, I’m sure as hell living it!” Alex said, smiling as she took the cap out of her head, holding it gently under her bosom.

A gentle chuckle came from Sam’s mom, happy both of them were still connected in some way. “Well, I’m off to bed, work needs me out early so I should probably rest before then.”

“Alright, well goodnight Ms. Anderson!” The blonde said as she waved her hand.

“You too!”

Within a second, the door was shut once more, leaving the two to their silence. Alex sat upright, holding the cap she was just gifted as Sam stared at the door for a moment. They laid in place idly for the moment as they took in their environment, trying to recapture what was going on.

“Really?!” Sam said as she heard her mom step downstairs. “Trying to choke me as my mom came in?!”

“C’mon, it was funny, plus you deserve it for touching my n-“

“You did it so you could get some cheap victory, tits for brains!” She angrily explained, looking at the victory screen still. “Look at you, that stomach’s blown out again, eating all those snacks while we hung out, no wonder you can’t think, all that junk’s on your mind!”

Alex looked down to her stomach, she was certainly stuffed, looking like she held triplets in her, but she didn’t feel like she was going to explode at least.

“Yeah, and you were over there talking about Min Min with a fat ass like that’s a normal thing people do. At least I don’t have a fetish for moobs!”

“Oh, so now you’re gonna keep judging me for this, that’s TOTALLY U- oh shoot I just realized it’s 11.” Sam said, breaking her argument as she looked at the time.

“Oh yeah, we should probably be in bed now, huh?” Alex said, watching at the clock on her phone.

“Yeah, let’s just settle our differences, and go to-“

\*FWOOMP\*

As Sam turned her head to the bed, she looked to see her stacked friend, stuck on the bed in her onesie as she oozed to her destination. Her chest divided as it melted onto each side of her torso, while her belly stayed steady, splaying itself as a peak to a mountain as it carried endless amounts of snacks inside. Her hands crept over to clap the overblown stomach like a drum, marking a signal that this was her territory now.

“You’ve gotta be kidding me.” She said, accepting she couldn’t nudge the immovable object. She attempted to budge the girl off the bed, pulling her to the edge, but Alex stayed dormant, barely even recognizing Sam other than the jiggling in her gut. She pulled and gripped onto the mound of tightened fat, but it had not to do anything other than make it dance as it swung from each pull Sam attempted. The only response it gave was some kind of gurgling noise, rising as Sam made more of an attempt to fight back.

Something did finally react after a while, building up as Alex seemed to notice, her breathing changing its beat. "Oh god..." Alex said nervously. Sam began to panic as she watched the girl's legs aimlessly move around, her arms preparing for something about to happen. "Oh no..." Sam thought to herself. "Is she going to burst?"

\*uuuuuuuuUUUUUUUOOOOORRRPPP\*

The ear piercing belch echoed through the room as Sam looked with shock, the stomach vibrating as she let out a guttural, yet feminine sound.

As it subsided, Alex slapped her own hand on the gut once more, showing signs of relaxation as she felt comfort in her stomach's contents becoming more organized. Her breasts relaxed onto the gut more as it became less strained. "Ahhh... much better." A tone of comfort exited her body as she closed her eyes.

"God..." Sam said, at a loss of words by how gross Alex was. "If you're not gonna budge, where am I supposed to sleep?" The girl said as she threw her hands out in frustration. "There's no guest bedroom, my mom's not gonna let me sleep in her bed, the sleeping bag got busted during February's hiking tri-"

"I mean the bed's still open." Alex said, patting the other side of the green mattress. Her other hand kept to her stomach as she dug into the pillow's surface. "I never said you didn't have to join in."

"Yeah, but you're greasy and gross, Alex." Sam said, looking at her mantis in order to avoid looking at her bloated buddy. "At least wash your hands or shower."

"Ugh, fine. If you really want to sleep there." Alex said, pulling herself up with 1000 weights as she cradled the huge gut. Waddling was made as she crawled towards the shower room, clearly not adjusted for her body.

As the door shut, the already bathed Sam almost immediately crashed on the bed, clearly worn out by the charades left by her friend. It was certainly a fun night, but still. Was she going to really make a fool out of Sam and tell her about her secrets. She didn't have time to react to the bunny suit, but her own kinks. What if she told all her friends about her weird busty boy fetish? She'd be a laughing stock, no one would ever want to even be close to her after that. Even worse, the other things Sam had open, what if Alex read them too... what if she realized...

\*PLOMP\*

"Wha-what the?!" Sam said with shock, looking around only to find the room's lights turned off, and what felt like a limb wrapping around her back. She panicked for a moment, but as she realized the soft, yet gamey skin it bore, Sam took another breath as she cooled off again.

“What are you freaking out about? You said there was nowhere else to sleep?” Alex said, giggling as she pulled the arm away, giving her space to breathe. Her short hair showed the slightest signs of her golden locks as she rested on the pillows once more, with Sam falling back to her thoughts as she drifted out of her conscience.

“Goodnight.” She said, her voice comforted by being near her friend. Just by saying that, Sam could feel more tension blow out like steam like an engine, satisfied with her environment at the moment. She leaned over to see Alex, her blubbery flesh pushing towards her as she looked with a drowsy, yet warmed smile. Sam could feel the pounds of boobage push into her, but she didn’t care, happily laying to sleep as she was comforted by her friend’s face and figure.

—

A red sting was etched into her head as she awoke again. Her head seemed worn from being woken up in the middle of the night. No sound or smell seemed to be particularly alarming, rather just her poor habit of waking up so late.

She looked around, too tired to get up. It was hard to really move anyways as she felt Alex’s chest bury into her arm. All she could do was look at the television that buzzed in the background.

Flashing it to the next HDMI, she browsed through some channels, spotting some old cartoons and dumb 3 o’ clock alien conspiracy shows. Not much was really interesting. Switching over to that news station from earlier, surprisingly they were discussing something.

It was pretty usual stuff, an elementary school’s mini-horse as a mascot allegedly saving a kid, stuff about taxes rising, the usual samey content. However, she felt her drowsy, squinted eyes open up as something she didn’t expect popped up on the screen.

There was a report about a girl, one who looked gothic in appearance. Her vampiric appearance striking Sam with deja vu. She felt Alex’s hand press from behind, catching Sam off guard for a moment, until she realized the girl was still unconscious. Looking back, she saw as the station said something about her being not guilty on all charges. After digging for another second, Sam realized this was the girl who ate a person earlier.

“But why?” Sam pondered in her head. What made this person who had a literal person sized stomach attached to her frail body not a man-eater? She especially looked like one, but all of the sudden the verdict was clean?

As she watched more, the report said that there was “no DNA evidence the two were in the same area at all.” It was also traced to some homeless person, which made a little more sense

to the drowsy woman. She had some lingering doubt deep in her mind, but her conscience was too busy being tired to grab it.

Her mind was led astray once more, feeling another arm crawl its way behind her neck. Sam nervously looked back again, slowly tracing her turn as she tried to guess who was behind her.

There rested Alex, a bit too close for Sam's liking. She could hear her gentle breathing as she pushed her breasts in and out from the pajamas. They made a nice pillow, but it felt so strange. The chest rubbing against her, Alex's face that close. Still, for the first time, it at least felt like Sam was trusted in a while. Alex was happy enough to be around her, and that's all she could want, right?

As she closed her eyes, turning off the television. She felt herself pass out into the mist of dreams, her conscious digging into her mind as she tried to keep her mind away from other thoughts. However, she heard one final movement that seemed a little unusual. Almost like a lip opening.

"Goodnight, Sam..."

## Chapter 9-

The classroom was rather bright, thanks to the morning colors illuminating the background. The shadow green carpet underneath let its flaws get obscured as it flashed its colors.

Sam wanted to study this feeling, this warmth and happiness the feeling of just being there gave. Mornings were a gem, but why did she feel them to be treasured? She wanted to study this beautiful, poorly understood light, its colors reacting in too many ways to take in. However, her own fascination with the light had to take a stand by as she wrote through the paper. Sam had a lot to recuperate on since she got back from her break.

Sure, a lot of it was wasted on trying to "fix" Alex, but at least she had a good time warming up to her. Still, after everything that happened Saturday night, she couldn't shake the feeling of nervousness out of her head.

The teacher talked on, discussing different types of mining in her Environmental Science class, noting their effects on the area. Hydro-mining for example, was a method involving using high amounts of water pressure to extract coal more efficiently, but risked the effect of damage via the aftermath draining into nearby water. Strip mining often is the cheapest method, passing horizontally across a landscape, but often has the most dire effects. Underground mining is more expensive, but yields more ores and has less damage. While the field wasn't Sam's forte,

it was certainly interesting to listen to. She didn't even notice the hour passing by as it nearly hit 11.

However, time ran short as the teacher called her students off, with the bell ringing for them to head to the next class. Dozens of students, both familiar and unfamiliar, exited the classroom as Sam followed suit, packing her notes as she headed along the way. Behind her, a shorter girl passed along, carrying a bit more than she needed to. She hustled out the classroom, catching the door behind Sam, but what caught her by surprise was her stopping, giving eye contact to the girl.

"Hey Sam! I just wanted to let you know that the college volleyball auditions are coming soon, and we'd be happy to have you join!" She said, almost like an advertiser. It wasn't like Sam didn't know who she was. The rowdy girl from middle school, the one who she remembered for getting suspended by doing rodeo on Ms. Moller's 60 year old back.

"I mean, I could likely join. Any reason you're asking?" The taller girl asked. "You know I'm not an athletic one."

"Well, I was in the track team, and you were certainly a help there, so I figured you could be useful for us, especially since one of our other key players quit." The tan girl said, talking to Sam like an old pal. "After all, you're super tall, and a pretty good contender for the crew!"

"I'll uhh... think about it..." Sam said, forking a path in the highway, leaving her shorter friend to her own pathway. As Sam looked back, she could sense a negative energy from the girl as she looked back, her fake smile returning back to normal as she passed along.

Sam wasn't one to put herself out there. She had her friend group, but that was it. The brunette didn't want to actively make herself a face of the school, or become some infamous character of the area. She had her friends, nothing else to bother with. Still, it felt like more people were reaching out to her than before. Again, she didn't try to pull people toward her, but so much was happening that she didn't seek to instigate. First Alex, now something like this.

Still, she at least had lunch break, now could be a good time to relax and think about just what her friends were up to.

As she got to the usual spot, she already saw two of her buddies chatting, hearing their buzzwords through the crowds of people.

"Have you not really seen Redtail gain that much weight overbreak? It's unreal!" The sandy, olive haired girl said. A concerned look gathered around her as she talked to her blue-haired friend.

"You don't think she's pregnant, right?"

“No, it’s like she just suddenly started getting fatter one day, like... unreasonably fatter.” The girl continued on with, trying to imagine the alien way that this girl swelled out.

“Is everything good?” Sam said, opening her lunchbox as she looked at her two friends.

“Yea.” The olive haired girl said. “I’m just telling Chandler about how Redtail has suddenly become a hog.”

Sam looked somewhat bothered by that phrasing, especially with the enigma of Erza being on her mind. “Teegan, rude.”

“Not rude!” Teegan said in retaliation. “Like, she’s a force to be reckoned with. She slammed that one kid so hard that he had to get hospitalized, and when he came back, his face was almost completely masked up!”

Sam looked as a kid walked by the three, he had a crooked nose, and his face looked a bit funny. He rubbed his jaw as he passed along the students. His skull shirt and buff physique would seem more threatening if not for the whimpering face he had.

“Still, didn’t he throw a chair at that one girl because she wouldn’t let him, and I quote ‘touch her ta-tas?’” Sam said quietly, making sure the kid wasn’t near.

“That’s besides the point!” Teegan said, crossing her arms across her grey T-shirt.

“What’s besides the point?” A voice said entering the vicinity. Immediately, Sam looked behind her chair, biting into the chicken alfredo she had in her lunchbox as she looked to see the one person she wasn’t expecting.

“Alex?!” She exclaimed, looking at the blonde, who bore a tight jacket once again. She placed her hands on the table without an invitation, making herself welcome among the outcasts. “I thought you got kicked out of here!” She exclaimed.

“When the hell did I say that?” Alex said, looking with some confusion as she looked at her friend. The brunette felt some uncanniness about the busty girl as the jacket pulled her down a few sizes, now looking at least a little normal with her chest. It was a far cry from her howling beach ball sized breasts. “I guess my “emotional support student” card still works, right?”

“I mean... sure?” Sam said, her cheek reddening as she barely expected the anomaly of a friend to show up. “But uhh... we were just talking about Erza.”

“Oh yeah, We played Animal Crossing with her this weekend!”

Teegan and Chandler both looked like their hair bounced from their heads as they looked at Alex, the woman who tamed the beast. "But yeah, I guess she's been going through a lot, she's been gaining a lot of weight."

"You're FRIENDS with Redtail?" Shouted Teegan, her eyes widened.

"You mean Erza? I guess we're on pretty good terms."

"B-but, she's the girl even teachers fear, she's been getting in fights and breaking bones since middle school! You can't just suddenly be friends with her!"

"Guess I'm just lucky?" Alex said, looking with confusion at the panicked girl.

As Alex sat down, the four had a nice conversation as lunchtime passed, talking about gossip, boys, etc. Alex and Chandler never really got to interact through the party, so the two meeting one to one made the two happy.

"So uh... what classes do you have?" Chandler asked, looking down at the girl's larger than life rack, then looking back up. She could never guess in a million years they were only half the size they should've been."

"Oh, I'm just doubling as an emotional support student." Alex said, giggling a bit. "I'm surprised I could get past the records just fine!" She said quietly, as not to alert the administration. There was a chicken sandwich she had been chewing into mid conversation. It was quite dry, but she blew through it at quite a pace.

"Huh, that's an odd thing to be doing." Replied Chandler. "And they just let you in even though you're not a student."

"I mean, the staff that let me in always seems a bit distracted, so I guess that lends well to me weaseling my way in." Alex said, finishing the chicken before biting into another. "But yeah, I just figured I could find a way to see what's up with everyone since I haven't been around anyone in my grade since I left at the end of elementary school!"

Chandler scratched her head a bit. Moving in around high school, she didn't really know anyone, with Nestor being the first person to help guide her around. Without him, she'd probably be a different person entirely. It mostly felt odd for Sam to just be a normal kid in her theater classes and then just suddenly have her busty friend show up in school.

"So uh... do you have any experience in theater? Sam has a lot of those classes with us, though she's not deep into it like me and Teegan."

Teegan, hearing her name, perked up a little to chime into this new, alien girl. "Yeah, I'm actually the star of the play coming out this Friday, why don't you come along and check it out?"



“Heh, I’ll think about it.” Alex said, not having much else to extend onto with it.

—

As the bell rang, Sam left the lunch table. Alex followed along, trailing a bit closer than she usually did. It was strange hearing her steps from behind, used to her chest keeping her body further away. However, the compression bra truly showed its work as she skipped behind. Even with her shape altered though, there was certainly a noticeable amount of glares from other students, clearly fascinated by the amount of boobage she had.

If Alex had a boyfriend back home, that man would be the luckiest guy in the world. 75% of the boys passing along, no matter how short or big, nor nice or rude, couldn’t help but at least glimpse at the huge pieces of meat before their eyes. It was easy to tell who had a girlfriend and who didn’t by their eyes alone. Sam saw Nestor passing by, talking to his guy friends, before waving over. While he kindly waved back, with his elongated nose bobbing as he raised his head like a toucan, all but one of his friends seemed to give at least 5 seconds to stare down the mammaries to their left.

Sam kept walking, heading to her Calculus room as she sped up the pace. She happened to feel like she was being watched, feeling like she was about to have a tomato thrown at her or something. It was hard to focus under the crowd of students waiting for their next class, so she passed along, heading straight to the room.

Mrs. Ko’s class was pretty average sized, about 20 people or so. As Sam sat down, she watched as Alex slid through the doorway, her chest challenging the narrowness of the door. The sides of her mammaries nearly touched the iron frames of each side as she looked patiently. After slowly walking in after the challenge of her size, Alex looked for a vacant spot as the rest of the students walked in. She happened to see people like Brody, or Sarah pass in, but also... May? From the donut shop?

She seemed better, more calm in her blouse and skirt, but there was a ring of discomfort as she saw Alex awkwardly wave at her, sitting in the desk to the bottom-left of Sam.

To another surprise, Erza walked in, rubbing her distended gut as even more people stared at her, even the teacher. However, the eyes spoke words not of lust, but of fear. The crimson redhead held her gut with the polyester hoodie she sat down, her matching black sweatpants moving around to give clear signs of discomfort. A faint “Oh, god” was heard in the mix of sickening moans that subsided as her body cooled down.

Sam motioned a question of Erza’s health as she cradled the belly, who simply looked back with a thumbs-up, a little too worn to use words. The only thing coming out of her mouth was panting.

“God, why do they make these chairs so small, anyways?” Alex said, jostling her legs around the chair.

Ms. Ko spied around to make attendance, easily spotting everyone who was and wasn't there to put into her computer. As Sam waited patiently, Alex adjusted herself in the chair, letting her mounds sink in a little more into the plastic seat. It felt like the sides were folding in on her, preparing an attack at any movement. She only had time before they snapped, but she did her best to at least spread out.

The girl behind her seemed to get distracted by this, watching Alex's butt bouncing around as she tried to get into her seat. The blonde looked behind herself for a moment to see the donut shop worker from a week or two before, holding a more bothered, yet smiling face, as if holding something back in a mask of kindness

“You good?” Alex whispered, another jiggle from her butt seen from the hole in her chair.

“Yeah, yeah I'm fine. Just focus on class.” May said, looking back up at the teacher.

Calming down a bit when struck with reality, she looked over to the teacher, who was lecturing about something involving range and domain, showing the students some kind of fraction being reversed into a multiple. She didn't need to really focus on it, but she couldn't just talk to Sam either. Plus, being on her phone would be rude.

All she could do was sit and watch the equations be solved on the projector screen. The number flew by as Alex reluctantly watched the teacher, writing out how to answer the homework bit by bit as Ms. Ko scribbled on the paper. It would be more fun if Alex at least had her own notes to write on, rather than sitting in the class she didn't belong in.

She leaned into the student in front of her, not seeking to bother her own friends. Poking the shoulder of the kid in front of her, her rear raised itself in order to let Alex slide out, looking with her hand cared by her palms as her butt raised.

The Vietnamese girl behind her looked with a fuse striking, leaning to the left as the mound popped into view. The faint whispers with the classmates in front of her only furthering her annoyance. As she wrote the notes in the position, she looked to see the tight jeans Alex wore swing to the left, snapping another fuse as she jostled her pencil. A sigh was wept as she leaned once more, only to have the butt take her sight. Turn by turn was made as the mounds in front bounced around, beating May's own endurance.

A small “thanks” was then heard, before the blond blob grabbed the pencil, leaning back to the desk as she sat back down, the sound of some kind of meaty clap as the thousand pound butt rested once again. It jiggled as the fat bounced in place, adjusting once more to the desk as another creak was made. Feeling tranquil once more, May focused on the teacher.

“Alright, now it’s time to do your assignment. I’m sure with your notes it will be an easy time.”

A groan was made as May reclined on the desk to the most of her ability, looking at the papers being passed across the desk. As she looked at her own sheet, she eyed in on the assignment, seeing the minimal notes she was taking match up to only a question or two through the 20-30 math problems she had on her plate.

Sam looked to her right, hoping to get some dialogue out of Alex as she breezed through the assignment. However, as she looked at a covered girl, she saw something she didn’t expect at all. She watched as Alex squished her arms down her breasts, still shrunken by the tight jacket. For everything Alex has done, this was something completely out of her wrap on reality, watching Alex’s face point down to her chest.

She was doing the actual math problems.

“I never expected you to be a mathematician.” Sam said, surprised by the dexterity of Alex as she jabbed through the tower of problems.

“Well, you learn a thing or two when you’re preparing for engineering.”

As she wrote through the paper, the questions flew by in an expert's touch, as if she had mastered every bit of the Calculus class. Many people dropped the class on first notice, with just the first exam failing a few. However, this felt like another Monday for the blonde.

—

Alex walked along with Sam and a rather bummed May, who was right in the middle of them as she stepped along to her final class of the day.

“So, anything you guys are doing?” Alex said, her arms folded as she passed the herd of kids. Even though she graduated only a month ago, she felt like an adult with all of these kids, despite Erza being older than her.

“Well, I’m thinking about doing a thing for the volleyball auditions after school.”

“Ooh! Ooh! Let me join, I’d kill to try that out!” Alex said with a burst of excitement, rocking her fists to Sam.

“Uhh... sure! Though I don’t know if I can guarantee you’ll get in since your not a student.”

“Fair.” The tomboy said, backing away from Sam. “And you two?”

“Well, I figure I’m probably just gonna work on my skills with the keyboard when I get back. I have a song that’s been itching in my mind.” Erza said, looking up to imagine the song in the bubble of her thoughts.

“Hey, why didn’t you mention that before?” Alex said, enthralled by this hidden talent.

“Well, it’s just a hobby, though I’d want to be a big music artist in the future.” Erza said with a smile.

“I’d be happy to hear whenever.” Alex said, happy to hear what Erza had been cooking. “Oh yeah!” Alex said with another pop up. “What about you, May?”

“Oh me?!” She said, almost forgetting she was involved in the conversation.

“Yeah, what are you doing after school?” The blonde said in a cheery voice.

Part of May panicked as she struggled with an answer. She could say she was just going to work her ass off on exams and student president meetings. Not only that, but Alex’s tush swayed like a pendulum, jiggly as they drew the black haired girl in. “Well... I guess I plan on...” She looked around for a moment to think of something she could relate her later day to, only to spot a grumpy short face walking by.

“Wait! I actually am having this super nice steak tonight. I get to have it with my family and dog!” May said, scraping the bottom of the barrel of interesting things. “Hold on, lemme show you guys my dog.”

Sliding through her phone, May passed through all kinds of memes and content she wouldn’t show her friends and family, only to stop at one picture of the pooch. The three girls loomed over the phone at once as they looked to see the dog on screen. It was a Great Pyrenees. A big, fluffy dog that one could confuse for a sheep. Yet here May was with her family, sharing a meal and giving it boops on the head.

An excited squeal left the girls as they looked at the dog, with several “Oh my God!”s and peeks at the wooly dog.

“Yeah, he’s a sweet thing, isn’t he?”

“You know, I’ve actually heard some rough stuff about those things. Aren’t they supposed to be farm dogs too?”

“Well, we lent her from a farmer friend of my dad’s, and he’s been really sweet. Though you’re right that I probably shouldn’t recommend them.”

“Do they not suit well with people?” Sam asked.

“No, they just get fur everywhere.” She said, reminding herself of the times she had to clean up pounds of the stuff from her room in the summer. “A LOT of it, too.”

“Well, I at least want to pet one.”

“Oh Snowy is super soft.” May tried to visualize hugging the living pillow. Her arms wrapped around the peppy dog. “Still, he gets super hyper about the house.” Seeing her classroom not too far away, May peered in as she stopped by the Social Studies hallway. “Well, this is my stop. Erza, you coming?” She responded, not wanting to have her miss class again.

The redhead hesitated for a moment, pushing her drumlike stomach inward as she built her anger, before huffing a cloud of air as the steam dissipated from her mind.

“Ok, fine. I’ll see you two later.” She said, heading over to her Economics class. May passed along to her seat as Erza watched those around her keep a distance.

The two walked to their next class, awkward from the transition between group talk to solo. Sam spied Teegan nearby, looking at the corner of the classroom as she walked along, the clear third wheel for Nestor and Chandler. She seemed curious about Erza’s antics in the classroom, and how Sam and Alex just blended in with the infamous delinquent.

Still, it wasn’t in the two’s minds to care, walking past the hallway as they entered the next. Students bumped around like angry fish, ready to reach their destination. Alex could feel a few people unintentionally bump into her jacket. A sense of fear dwelled inside as she felt an elbow bounce across, letting her chest puppies jiggle around. She still didn’t like being in crowded areas with them. Even with her compression bra, there were still plenty of weird looks from guys around her, eyeing her mounds as she looked nervously.

She could stand hiding that feeling around friends, but as she attempted to start a conversation with Sam, the anxiety kept building, especially with the fear that her jacket could explode any second.

Still, just one more class before she could take it off. She didn’t have to worry about the buildup of pressure in her chest, or the people watching. She could just try some volleyball and get some physical activity.

“Hey Sam, are you excited to try out for volleyball?”

“Sure am, though I’m not sure you’ll be able to come.”

“Huh?” Alex said with shock. “But you said I could join.”

"I never said that!" She said with some confusion. "I just said that you could maybe come in. Not get in a team."

A frown bloomed on Alex's face as the reality of life struck her. "Aww.. but... I really wanted to..." she said, half faking her invisible tears.

"I mean you can still come if you want. I just don't guarantee it will go anywhere." The ponytailed girl responded.

—

After classes had ended, Sam headed by herself to the gym as she carried her bookbag and gym bag. She brushed her ponytail as she popped her back, wanting to look fit in front of the rest of the team. She did a few stretches as she looked at the gym, bearing a second floor where an audience could be held. There were four basketball hoops lined across the multipurpose gym as she saw the 10-20 girls sitting by the official players. The ones who were auditioning seemed to have one noticeable difference, with most of the players being tall.

Sam, being around 5'8", seemed to fit well into the group, with the girls not only being tall, but having a healthy figure to stand alongside them. Strangely enough, she didn't seem to see Nelly, who offered for her to even come in the first place. She just looked around at the several high school girls chattering as the crew watched on, with a few giving an eye on Sam.

Compared to Sam, it was clear they had a bit more meat in their diets than her, boasting larger than average chests. If Sam had to guess under the gym outfit, some would have to be a good E-cup. Of course, Alex and even Erza could outmatch them, but it was still far from average. It almost made Sam envy her own chest, looking down to see her figure. Quickly though, she realized why she was getting looks. Not because she was fit, more that she was unfit, seeing everyone but her wearing a volleyball uniform.

She made a B-line to the restroom, quickly changing to her gym uniform, but was stopped by someone familiar.

"Yo! So you decided to come in!" Nelly said, her tan hand patting Sam's shoulders. "Our team's been needing a taller one since the last girl left, so we're happy to see someone new in the house."

"Well, I'll be happy to take that place." Sam said, happy to join this new hobby.

"Yeah, I've always wanted to see you play volleyball, it fits you like a glove!" Nelly said, showing energy as she sported her gym clothing. She was a lot more animated compared to Alex, happily jumping around as seemed to be ready to fill a hole the team needed. She had been in PE classes in high school, which were more just glorified break classes. Sam had taken one last

semester, where she played around with Nelly on the court. Her skills in there were clear, but she was always a sore loser if she was put in the wrong field, easily screwing up.

There was a quick slam of the gym doors as another guest arrived. The two spheres peeked through the door as a fully figured woman followed behind.

“So, what’s up?” Alex asked, looking at the new girl, who seemed to have a cocky look on her face. Her hair bent back almost like angry cat ears as she gave a more aggressive look.

“Oh not much, I’m just about to get dressed.” Sam said, looking at her.

“Ooh! I need to join in too. Can’t be out wearing this, after all.” Alex said, looking down at the jacket she bore, not needing it now that classes were dismissed.

“Yeah, uhh... I think we’re just at the cap of how many people can audition at once. Soo...”

“But the gym teacher gave me a fitting uniform so I could meet here during auditions. She said there would be plenty of space.”

“Yeah, but with those things...” Nelly pointed at the larger than life chest, bobbing even with the gust of wind by Nelly’s hand. “You’re probably gonna have to count as three people.”

“I mean, I can fit them in the changing room if you need?” Alex said, sensing aggression in the girl’s voice. She would be able to take whatever joke was thrown at her boobs, but putting her down because of them was too far.

“Yeah, good luck with that.” Nelly said, giving a cocky look back at the girl. She crossed her arms around her own chest, appreciating the treasures Alex never had. As the blonde walked over to the room, attempted to keep all of this off her mind. A deep breath was born as she held the zipper, ready to let out the jacket. However, one last mutter was heard from behind her.

“I guess you’d make a good volleyball anyways, sugar tits.”

“Uh, excuse me?!” Alex said dramatically. Her tone sounded prepared for fighting back, stepping back as she made an aggressive stance. “Yea you’d love to be pinned down under 50 pounds of boob meat, right?”

“Yeah if you can actually catch up to me, meat for brains.”

“At least it’s more than the tiny bones left in your husk of a body?”

The two pinned aggressively looked at each other as they stood a foot apart, growling insults back to back as they prepared to fight.

With lightning speed though, two hands fell from the sky to chop both girls in the back of their necks. "Ok shut up, both of you." Sam said, holding some frustration in. "I said Alex could come along and I already said I was joining Nelly. Do you two want me to leave or just stay around to watch you fight?" Nelly paused, looking at Sam with a sense of fear, before pulling away from this cow of an enemy. She cradled her arms back and forth as she thought about her actions.

"Ok, ok, I'll let her stay, at least do the auditions, okay?" The tan girl said as she walked back, rubbing the part of her that got a beating.

As Sam and Alex walked into the locker rooms to get changed, she turned over to her friend to reassure her mellowed face. "Hey, if you need help, I'll be around to help you change if needed."

As Alex nodded in agreement, Sam headed into her stall, quickly going into her bra and panties, which had a Hello Kitty pattern. She was glad that no one saw them in public, fearing the worst if she was caught wearing them. Still, at least she knew the gym uniform fit, with the jersey and tee going around her smoothly, alongside her thin shorts.

As she stepped out, almost on command Alex began making sounds. "Nghh, stupid thing..." sounds of tugging against fabric was made as she pulled more, giving the elastic bra a bad day.

"You mind if I come in?"

On command, the door unlocked, lazily sliding open to reveal Alex, trying to wrap the tight piece of fabric under her chest. Luckily, her parts seemed safe inside, but considering how big Alex already was, this was gonna take a while. At least her shorts stayed on, which seemed a bit thin around her open stomach and thighs.

"Yeah, I guess I need a little help with this." Alex said, looking at her friend, sharing an awkward face with her as the scenario continued.

Sam hesitated, feeling herself hold back as she stared at the resting chest, uncomfortable by what was atop it. It was hard to nudge her fingers without getting a large amount of the chest flesh buried around her knuckles, only following her as she bent her fingers down. There was clear resistance from Alex as she bent upwards, letting Sam give her the time to push the uniform enough to engulf more of her chest.

It was quickly getting tiring, pulling on the girl's arms as they grew weaker. The top seemed to be budging less and less as the creases stopped unfolding. The expression Alex bore of the excitement of relief grew to annoyance as Sam struggled to yank the uniform over.

"You know what?" Alex said, Sam continued to push into her chest without much success. "It's good enough." She stood out of the stall as she made a few stretches.



“But-“ Sam moved out of the way as Alex passed through, nearly slamming her boobs into the brunette. “It’s not completely on, your underboob’s completely o-“

“It’s fine!” She shouted back. “I can feel it staying still, it won’t go anywhere.” The girl stormed out with Sam sticking right behind, seeking not to anger the girl anymore. “C’mon now, let’s not waste any more time.”

“But Alex, you have more in your chest than probably all of us combined. Don’t you think that would still be a bit too much to look at?” Sam said as she caught up.

“Listen, I don’t care if I make it on the team or not, I’m honestly just here to have a bit of fun. Surely you’d feel the same way?” The blonde replied, playfully pulling her uniform. As she let go, the chest bobbed around like the door spring. Sam felt her embarrassment rise as she played with her boobs like a kid, but simply accepted this antic as she reached the exit.

The door opened up, and almost immediately it seemed like a voice could be heard announcing something. Rushing over to the stand, Alex and Sam passed through the few auditioning girls as they tried to view the instructors. A particular woman, bearing a ponytail and unsaturated black hair, talked on, keeping her arm crossed.

“So I can see everyone brought their uniforms, which is good. We luckily have water bottles already supplied, in case anyone needs them. However, I’ll let the team leader take it away.” The taller lady stepped by, with her leaving some room for the team leader to speak.

It was hard to see whatever was now in front of the woman. But it didn’t seem like they were presenting anything, just making more space. Was this some kind of guest that would walk out on stage?

As the two looked closer, the leader seemed to make herself loud and clear as they looked down, seeing none other than Nelly take the lead.

“Alright, we have a lot of people here today, and we want you all to know every one of you has the potential to join.” She shouted, pointing her nimble hand to the audience. “However, what you all need to exceed is optimizing that power! Do your exercises before you play, remember what strategy you have when playing, and be sure to work every inch of your body!”

Nelly, standing down with the rest of the crew, left the audience to their own. The auditioning girls split into four corners. Each one had a net set up against the group adjacent, leaving the teams matched against each other.

“Alright, we’re gonna start with the first round to test out each other’s skills. Remember to keep quick feet girls!” Nelly said, shouting through her comically sized megaphone.

Sam and Alex looked at their environment, a bit dazed from getting thrown into this setting all of the sudden.

“You sure that you’re gonna fit in that thing?” Sam said, looking at the underboob revealed itself under the top. There wasn’t enough space to keep the rest of the chest hidden, but Alex didn’t mind as much. As long as she could switch back later, she’d be okay.

“Yeah, fits like a glove, and all because YOU helped me get it all settled in.” Alex said with a giggle. Sam felt a bit nervous with her friend saying that, not wanting to look weird for pulling those enormous boobs into somewhere safe.

“Okay, cool, let’s get to the game now.” The brunette said, finding a position, but keeping Alex a bit closer than she needed. She was pretty adamant to keep her stance, with Alex standing close by.

“What? You *did* keep my goodies safe and sound, I have to offer SOMETHing...” Alex said, slathering the tightened chest against the side of Sam.

“BACK to the game, Alex.” The taller of the two said. She was a bit annoyed by the girl’s joke-flirting, but needed focus for the game.

As the volleyball was thrown in by the first serve on the other side, Sam quickly got prepared to send the volleyball back, it bouncing once as another girl sent it back. The two sides exchanged the ball for a moment, keeping a steady balance in their battle. Both sides had two confident women ready to send the ball back, tracking the movements from the other side of the net.

All of the sudden, a punt was made that neither girl expected, watching as the ball sent itself flying past the two, aiming straight towards someone on the right. Alex, seeing an opportunity to be helpful, raced the ball’s shadow. Her arms folded as she prepared her body, stopping as she watched the ball fly close, her legs crouched as her arms prepped, but all of the sudden, the ball bounced out of her arms, not even feeling the ball scrape it. It fell quickly to the ground, with Alex curious as to what caused this.

Everyone around her was looking at her, her body breaking a sense of awkwardness in the gym as she felt a bruise between the spheres on her chest.

“Oh, sorry!” Alex said, trying to hide her own breasts in embarrassment, then squishing only more in the tight suit. “ I’m not used to these when playing volleyball!”

“When was the last time you played volleyball? Sam abruptly asked, attempting to brush the awkwardness away.

“Oh, about when I was 11.”

The brunette slapped her face into her hand as she looked down, sighed, confused at why Alex would even show up if she was barely qualified? Getting back to the game, the ball was served once more on the other side. Sam quickly countered the ball back to the opposite side as she repositioned herself, a sense of tension emanated from her. Punts and swipes were exchanged once more, with the ball occasionally being hit by other girls in the ring. However, Sam and another brown-haired girl seemed to keep dominance in the field.

The two managed to keep a good routine, even scoring back enough games to step a point or two above her opponents. Even Alex managed to help, getting more used to using her knuckles to send the ball back, even if the more experienced teammates took it from there.

As the team played, the runt of a leader watched from afar, judging Sam and Alex as they played along. Alex, while not the most useful, made herself valuable as she offered more defense. However, she became uncomfortable as the game progressed. Her movement slowed as she gave more of a worried look. On the contrary, Sam was doing great, offering perfect pinpoint strikes and beginning blows, filling a good spot in the team. If only that freak of hers wasn't attached along the ride.ong the ride.

After a while, the referees called each game off, calling over the teams to the front as the professionals took stand.

"Alright, we've made very careful note of your activities on the field, and have been deciding on who to let into the team. In the meantime, we'll be having each of you face the official team to get a good taste of how you will play on the team." The stout, stubby girl said, her tan skin reflected against the clipboard as she tightened her grip. "Starting off, we'll be going with..." Her fingers pointed around the girls, who kept to their teammates, aiming the pointer near Sam as it slowly scanned slowly. Alex felt her uniform get tighter as her body grew panicked, the finger aimed directly at her. She wasn't ready to get demolished by the team of volleyball supersoldiers, not today...

"That one!" Alex jumped a bit, but was calmed by Sam as she directed her to the leader, who had her finger pointed at the group on the opposite side. It seemed that she could live another day.

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The teams passed through as matches came and went. Most of the girls stood no match to the experts. While they usually fumbled around at the start, the official team knocked over each team piece by piece. The opposing girls attempted to keep a good defense, but the speedy movement and flexibility with the ball only furthered the playing field towards the experts. It was brutal, like watching a tiger blow through a bunch of kittens. Most of the girls stood helpless as their team got knocked out, having little hope on what to do.

Sam and Alex watched from the sidelines, a nervous sweat spilling from the two as they dreaded facing this fiend. Sam could feel Alex's grip from her right, digging into the bleachers. They were really going to be picked to the bone, weren't they?

"So uh..." Sam stuttered as she lost her train of thought. It was a common occurrence, thanks to her social anxiety, but it wasn't this bad until she got distracted. "So what's you're... how are you feeling?" She jumbled together.

"God... my tee is really, really tight. I can't even get air through."

"But I thought you could handle tight clothes?" Sam was intrigued. "You've worn those clothes that make your boobs smaller before, what's different now?"

"Yeah, it's easier when you're wearing designer built clothes, at least that stuff tries to be comfortable. Alex said, nudging down the chest. "This just hurts."

"Do you want me to help pull it down?" Sam asked, reluctant to do it, but willing to help her friend.

"No, that won't be necessary, really." She said, holding back her pain. "I can handle this for the final round."

The sound of a loud gym whistle was heard as the third team walked out of the court, bruises found on the players and groans from the failure just witnesses. Sam and Alex were the last bastions to fend off the beasts behind the net, with them brushing away the team like they were just an appetizer. Was this really an audition or a power trip for the girls?

Either way, tension arose in both girls, but ended up standing up anyways to the terror ahead, with Samantha taking the ball as she readies for the first hit. Nelly looked at the two, giving an evil laugh as she stood by the team of goddesses.

Almost immediately, Sam made for the aim, pointing it at the shorter Nelly. Taking everyone by surprise, the ball smacked her right in the gut, caught off guard as she taunted her heavy breasted friend. She stood shocked for a moment, but quickly got together as the ball bounced across, the team keeping their control over it. Quickly, the ball was sent flying back, aimed at Alex as she tried to ready her arms, her upper half condensed as she attempted to ready her arms. However, the ball had a mind of its own, as when a teammate sent it to her, she felt it slam directly into her mammaries, tightening the suit way more than it already had.

She was paralyzed by the move, her arms stuck in place as another girl took the ball and sent it back, eventually somehow scoring again. However, the damage was clear on Alex's end, her breathing rising as she felt her body pull itself in.

Sam upped her game more as Nelly did too. She did a surprisingly good job handling the ball, being the glue that kept the ball in the ring as the other teammates. She jolted across to make sure the ball didn't fly too fast, or too slow to not bounce, and the crew knew just when to retaliate the ball back. Caught off guard, Nelly fired the ball at Sam, quickly reflexing as she punted the ball upwards. As she saw the ball on the edge of the court though, she realized just how dangerous this mistake was.

A punt was heard from the left, which would be fine, until the taller girl realized she was on the left of the court. The ball bounced to the side, with her reluctantly picking it up to give another point to the opposing team. Taking the ball and aiming it, Sam tried to calculate how she could fight back against the pack of wild women against her. While they stanced up around her, Nelly stood with her arms crossed, looking at Sam as if a lower being than herself.

The anger seemed to get to her, ignoring her own calculations with a strike directly at Nelly. A counter was instantly made, with Nelly swinging it upwards, before firing the ball back to home base with a jump. Alex, who was already fumbling as she tried to keep her cool in the suit, was left completely open as she tried to fan in some air through under the top. However, the ball spoke more than her panic, striking her hard enough to slam her to the ground.

"Alex!" Sam said, quick to her feet as she lay on the ground, jittering for a moment. Then, she passed out, with her friend feeling an intense rage build up. Grabbing the ball, she quickly got the team back together, before shooting the ball towards Nelly before she could even react. A jolt ran through the girl as she lost her balance for a moment, with the ball rolling across the gym as she stood there, stunned. The tan girl's face went red for some reason, before running off in a panic. She seemed to twitch around as she ran to the locker room, with a panicked face on the stubby little girl. She made a stifled moan as she entered through the door.

Everyone else paused the game, looking at the passed out woman Sam sought vengeance for. As she rushed back, she kneeled over to the girl, her skin red, feeling swollen as her body lost air.

"What could it be?" "How did this happen" "Did she choke on something?" The crowd said as she laid silent. With Sam looking panicked as she feared not knowing what to do. Alex never had any lung issues to her knowledge. She hated running, but she never said it was due to breathing. Was she still suffocating from her chest? What could be causing this?

Wait a minute... the outfit! But she couldn't just rip it off here, not with everyone watching. She'd look like a giant perv! She could get herself expelled, or worse, arrested. Sweat ran down as she peeked around, looking at the girls as they watched with panic as this strange, malformed girl suddenly pass out. The sounds of dialing were heard as one of the volleyball players dialed 911.

There wasn't much time to think about what other people thought though, with Alex's skin changing color as she suffocated under the tight top. It was either live or die for the poor girl.

She gripped onto the jersey with a bright sign of panic on her face, surprisingly quite a few around her as she tried to pull the top off. However, the reveal she was expecting never came, tugging the poor shirt. However, one of the girls happened to run to get a pair of scissors, sharing the idea Sam had. Pacing back, she gave the scissors to the shy girl. She stayed careful, making sure not to run into any skin as she snipped, and only cutting into the fabric. She slid the blade across the girl's cleavage as it reached her burning neck, before hearing a breaking sound, signifying her compacted skin was finally free.

Still, she wasn't breathing, and even her usually vibrant, expressive breasts simply plopped to the ground, with the fabric of the leftover bra covering her nipples. Sam panicked even more, trying to think of a way to rebound from this. Thinking of no better option, she got closer to her chest, panicking as she placed her hand in between her lungs. She lifted her legs onto Alex's waist, making sure not to touch it in the process. Even her own embarrassment having to deal with Alex's enormous boobs were lost as she took her life as a priority. Placing another hand, she began to push, manually giving the lungs power as she pressed in. The mounds on the side began to flop alongside as she pressed with just enough power. Her shoulders stayed up as she dipped down to the girl, feeling some of the naked chest flesh against her hand.

After enough pushing was done, she stopped to see if there were any signs of movement. Nothing. There was one more option, but it felt like it would be embarrassing to do. She already got a few looks for hopping onto Alex and thrusting into her, but now she had to do the unthinkable. Alex's mouth laid agape, her lips open as she spotted it, desperate for air.

Leaning in, Sam looked as she breathed in and out from the mouth, staring down at the unconscious girl. Her eyes shut as Sam leaned forward. Putting all her doubts behind, she pulled her lips into Alex's own as she puckered up. She breathed in and out, giving what breath she could to leave inside Alex.

Pump after pump was made in attempt to save her, pulling harder and harder with each exhale. She could feel her own body lose weight as she sacrificed her air, pushing it into Alex's body.

Something felt different as she continued her mouth-to-mouth CPR. There was a sensation in her own chest, pushing her out in some way. Before long, it could be felt pulling back, surprising Sam. Slowly rising off the girl, she looked down, checking on her top heavy friend.

To her surprise, heaving was made once more. If it weren't for the breasts suddenly bouncing again, the gentle movement of Alex's lips would tell. The lungs pushed softly, getting more paced as they regained their senses. Finally, two eyes opened as Alex looked up, finally free from this spell.

Not even having time to react, Sam lunged forward as she pulled her revived friend in for a hug, making sure not to squeeze too hard. They stayed cheek to cheek as Alex tried to recollect what

just happened, feeling Sam's hand rest behind her back. Sam barely noticed she was engulfed by Alex's naked chest as the jersey spilled into the sides, both feeling comforted by the hug.

As Sam lifted herself off, she left out a giant gasp of air as most of the other cheerleaders began to pack their things, realizing it was about time for the auditions to be dismissed anyways. "Oh my god I thought you were a goner!"

"God..." the blonde coughed a few times as she got to her knees, Sam sliding off her lap as she realized how nervous she felt on it. "Yeah, I need to think before I just wear clothes like that." The girl chuckled to herself, which Sam couldn't help but follow along with.

The two walked north, heading near the steel doors as they happily walked along, grateful for one another's company. "By the way, thanks for taking my first kiss!" Alex said, raising herself from the ground.

Sam froze for a moment as Alex chuckled, laughing at her own friend's fit. "W-well I had to save you! There wasn't any other choice."

"Tch, I'm just messing with you, thanks for saving me though, I couldn't owe you more for that!" She said, focusing on Sam's own eyes.

Sam blushed a little, losing her focus as Alex appraised her. However, the look of some agitated professionals stared her down. They didn't seem too happy with the auditions being interrupted, crossing arms as they pinned the two down with looks alone. Despite nearly suffocating, being conscious was enough to make it seem like little issue, nonetheless by Alex casually clad topless.

"So uh... are we still qualified for the team though?"

Chapter 10-

"Don't think about those weird videos you saw on Instagram today, don't mention something political, don't bring up the 'two guys on a moon' hypothetical, don't act like a weirdo." Several horrible scenarios swirled around Sam as she drove in downtown, her head spinning as she tried to mash together her mind. She planned on spending some time hanging out with Alex downtown, but she never imagined having this much anxiety about seeing her.

Her fingers tapped on the wheel, feeling the temperate leather smack in synchronization. A lot was weighing down on her, and how she felt.

She was able to accept Alex for her more abstract body, alongside her quirky antics and problems, but deep down, there still felt like that bug inside her was lingering, telling her to shout out to Alex how she felt. Of course, doing this to an impressionable guest to the town would feel

wrong, but the more she was with Alex, it felt like she had more to say, more to ask, more reasons to feel alive. Still, she couldn't say that to Alex. She was a girl after all... a caring, sporty, peppy, pillow-shaped girl.

As traffic subsided, and another green light unlocked her path, Sam drove along in the car her mom lent her, passing the road as she reached the hill towards the vast buildings, driving to the right as she turned left.

There was barely even a plan, thinking of ways she could try and impress Alex. There weren't any parties or the likes this weekend, and no events that were that big to her knowledge. College league football ended a few months ago, and it was still too cold for tourists to march in. Still, she could only hope the blonde had somewhere specific she wanted to go. The dread of simply idly walking around was something she feared doing.

The car parked, with the brunette simply looking out the front as she saw the view ahead of her. The early evening sky, the buildings that felt so industrial but so nostalgic, with their brick coverings and well painted walls, bushes and trees fit just the right spots as she looked along, with some kind of lights tied between them, dimly lit as they prepared for the night.

She had a lot in store for tonight, yet she had no idea what she had to do. There were plenty of attractions here, stores, shops, the college campus, yet she had no control of how she wanted to deal with it all, tying together her schedule with glue. Hopefully she could think of where to begin with Alex, who was always a loose cannon when it came to these schedules. Still, what would she think of her, dressed up like a date, acting all flustered and jittery, it wasn't going to raise suspicion, was it?

"Hey, Sam?"

The girl jolted in her car, forgetting Alex had been in the shotgun this entire time. Her blonde hair was a little more brushed, and in one of the more rare occurrences in life, she seemed to have some kind of blush and eyeliner on. Alex didn't really fit into them like a glove, looking better without, but there was definitely some beauty in how she blended into it. The jacket she wore also looked nice, pushing in her chest like the outfits she wore in school, but still retaining her elegant, hourglass form under her chest. Despite having a waist bigger than her shoulder-width, she managed to look thin all the same, having a flat stomach visible under what looked like P-Cups, rather than whatever monstrous size Alex was used to.

She wore a blouse that wrapped around her chest, black in color, and clearly a more expensive one. Beyond that, there was this crimson jacket she had between her arms, which took some attention from even her mounds.

"You good, you've barely talked on the drive here?"



“No it’s fine, don’t worry! Just been a bit occupied in my own thoughts, anything on your mind?” Sam asked, her cheeks turning a little red as she realized how awkward she was already.

“Well, I don’t know, I was just thinking about... do you remember that time we caught that raccoon that got in the school back in like... 3rd grade?”

“Oh yeah, that!” Alex said, opening the car door as she escaped the parked vehicle. “That was such a wild ride! I remember it was just me and you going after it. I got it with my bare hands until animal control came by.”

“Yeah, most of the teachers were scared out of their lights when that thing passed around the classrooms, even Mr. Slider.”

“God, I hated Mr. Slider.” The blonde responded.

“Him?” She said, tapping her foot for a moment before the name finally rang. “Oh yeah! That twat!” She looked out to the buildings beyond.

“Yeah, like if you giggled once in the class he would throw some giant fit while he looked at his computer all day.” Alex said, remembering that class with a rotten eye.

“He chased a student out of his class because he said something about shotguns, but not before his giant rant about not learning about guns in our elementary class.” She remembered more, visualizing the scene of the overweight man who sat out to watch kids go to class, but not before pulling over certain ones he didn’t like.

“Yeah, guns are cool!” Alex said, reminiscing about the collection her dad had. Vella didn’t want any in the house, but Alex had fond memories about learning how they were used. She days of target practice back at the old house in the mountains bloomed memories.

“No I just mean like he was just really against anything too violent being told about wars, like saying all the adults were put in timeout when captured by enemy troops.”

“Oh my god, what?” Alex responded, even her compact chest bouncing a little as she stared in awe. “You can’t just say that!”

“The dude was a total freak about being within parental advisory. Always talked about kids needing to always have their parents guiding them or something.”

“Yeah, luckily I never got in trouble with him.” Alex said, hiding the fact that she got pulled in every other class to hear him ramble about being against all violence. She and especially Erza were always pushed aside by him during lunch or even in another class because he thought they did something. “Oh shoot, is that the mall?!” Alex exclaimed, pointing at the big building, surprised it was still around.

“Yeah, it’s been a while, even for me, I can’t guess what’s going on there.”

“Well, it’s a perfect time to go in if you wanted?” The girl suggested, her crop jacket sliding as she pointed her thumb to the expansive building. She was never one to really care about the mall as a kid, only really going when Vella wanted, but now, she felt more than interested to figure out what could be lurking inside.

“Eh, I don’t see why not. I didn’t have better plans for tonight.” The taller one admitted, looking at one of the many entrances to the white building.

After entering through the sliding doors, they were met not with an entrance, but with a field of clothes. There were all kinds of outfits in stock, like a cute skirt with a ivory colored jacket, that one teal turtleneck, all those different fancy jeans and shoes. Sam had the urge to stop in her tracks and try and see if she could grab a peek, but Alex was too eager to see the rest of the mall, pulling her friend along the expansive clothing store to see the full mall. It’s not like Alex would care anyways. After what happened at volleyball practice, it was pretty clear why she had no reason to want to try regular clothes under whatever size she was at right now.

The entrance was reached, with Alex halting her pace, fascinated by the environment she walked into.

There was a soft glow to the whole mall, with the lights adding to every spot as the three floors of different stores surrounded her, nearly giving too many options. Toy stores, game/movie stores, stores for sunglasses and necklaces, ones for footwear, plus all of the different places to eat seemed to be endless, ranging from sweets, to asian places, to the countless fast food restaurants. It felt magical, staring down to the marble flooring of the first floor, it looked almost pink as the slightly lavender tinted colors shined with the glow.

Alex turned to the side, with Sam getting a new perspective on her as her outfit glowed in the environment. Her skin had a nice pink flare as her outfit absorbed the lighting. The scarlet jacket which sleekly touched her waist grew a pinkish color, and her blonde hair became a rose gold. Even her chest, wrapped by the shadows of her blouse, had a glow from the peachy colors invading her from the outside. Getting a closer look at her face, Sam saw a smile rise from her blushing face. “I never thought it would look as nice as it did, I feel like I’m in some kind of 80s movie!”

“Yea, no kidding.” Sam said as she walked alongside her friend. A similar sense of wonder was glued to her as she passed the lit up stores selling whatever she could dream of, those toy stores with their giant stuffed animals out as kids slid by on the first floor which had those toy vehicles they could ride around in, ranging from cars to airplanes to even lions. There even seemed to be a man conducting a train as she looked down, watching a kid hop on.

“So, is this the first time you’ve been on a date?” Alex said with a laugh.

“Oh, shut up!” Sam said, bumping into Alex’s breasts. She pushed her own shoulder a bit further than usual, expecting more meat to be in her way. However, instead of knocking the chest to the side, her arm simply squeezed in as Alex walked forward, halting at the sudden arm in her way.

“Uh, whoops, kinda expected more to be there.” The girl said, brushing her brown hair to push her mind out of the bubble.

“No, no I get it, it feels weird not having my chest touch my stomach.” The blonde responded in her peppy tone, looking down at her tightened chest. It was certainly uncomfortable, but she had done this enough times to feel used to it at this point. “But in all seriousness, you mentioned dating Nestor before, was there anyone else?”

“I mean, not really.” Sam said, looking over at the large fountain at the center of the area. “Well... uh...”

“Oh?” Alex shouted back, looking with a catlike demeanor at the girl. “So you DID date someone else!” She said as she leaned in. Her guess seemed to be right as the girl in the black skirt admitted defeated.

“Ok, well I don’t really know if I should talk about this, but yeah, I had someone... close if you would.” Sam said, feeling her own arm touch the adjacent. “It’s just... whenever I was around him, it just felt like I had no control. I kinda just went along with this guy for the sake of it.”

“What do you mean by that?” Alex said with a confused tone.

“I don’t know, just... sometimes people just get way too personal about things they shouldn’t, and it just felt like there were a lot of problems behind his back.”

“Is it someone I know?” Alex asked, her walking became more straight as she kept her mind focused on Sam’s thoughts.

“Not really, he moved in around middle school, we went on and off, then he graduated early. That’s about it.” Sam said with a weak tone. The girl laughed awkwardly, but Alex simply looked with an investigative face. She probably would just shrug off this event anyways.

The image of the man swelled in her head, almost leaving a scar open as she felt her mind try to shake it away.

“Anyways! There’s a burger place over there we could go to!” Sam said, interjecting her own awkward ramblings as she saw Ninjaburger, a place that was pretty popular in their state.

“Oh shoot! I haven’t had these in ages! You want to go?” Alex said, pumping her fists as her chest slightly jiggled. Sam didn’t even have to respond as the two walked in, looking better than they should at the greasy place.

It was covered in nice wooden floor tiles, ones that weren’t unfamiliar with ones you would see in Japan. The walls were black, with lights resembling candles coming from them. A bar was filled up as some guys watched an anime on the screen, one that got the attention of Alex. It seemed a bit too late, there weren’t a ton of kids roaming around, to both girl’s relief.

Without much wait, the two got situated at a table, one in the further end of the restaurant, and luckily next to a restroom. Alex sat with her breasts raised to the top of the table, pulling out her phone as she scrolled through her feed. Her eyes shifted between her social media and the show about some mecha with a drill. Sam seemed more interested in the menu, looking at the adult’s section her mom kept her away from for some time.

She missed the Genin menu, and how she got a little chocolate cracker shaped like a shuriken with it. Part of her wanted to get one, but it felt too childish to ask. The booth felt nice, and the red booth that she sat on squished into her butt quite nicely. She couldn’t imagine how Alex could even slide in with her figure. Her big bubble butt would be enough to break the bench entirely. Plus, she’d probably get a big meal, like she usually does, but then how would she even get out?

“Hey, have you seen this?” Alex said, leaning in a bit too far as she passed the phone to her buddy. Sam, breaking out of her thoughts, looked at the phone.

On the phone was a flock of pigeons, carrying some white pattern that seemed to indicate that they were bred, but one in particular seemed to crouch down. She watched, and saw as the pigeon did a flip midair as some kind of rock song played in the background.

“Oh shoot, wrong one, hold on.” Alex slid her chest across the table as she slinked back to her regular spot, scrolling once more, then handing the phone back to her friend. The intent her chest was making was hard to ignore, even with her jacket still on. Fumbling a bit, she handed the phone back, with Sam taking a peek once more.

Upon the screen was a fish, swimming around some area. Sam couldn’t figure out where it was, until the moment that she saw grass, and then a man’s shoes. The ripples of water soon made themselves present in Sam’s reality.

“Wait, what the hell?” She responded, looking at the leash attached to it. The catfish seemed to swim around with no issue, happily going across the sidewalk.

“Yeah I know, it’s just totally fine with being on the leash too!” She said, attempting to point at the fish as it accepted the embrace of the leash, swimming across the land as if it were floating.

As Alex leaned back again, she winced in pain for a moment, showing a clear wave in her lips as she halted, before yanking her chest. She mumbled her pain for a moment before taking some breaths as her chest reached back to the seat.

“Oh my god, are you okay?” Her friend shouted as she winced.

“Yeah, I’m fine, this happens sometimes it’s all good.”

“What happened?” Sam said with some concern.

“Oh I just slid by boob a bit too hard and I think it got scraped.”

“Even under that blouse?”

“It’s super tight, sometimes it rubs a bit too much into your skin.” Alex said, now laughing as she thought of her inconveniences. “It’s fine though, really. Like I have inconveniences like this whenever, and you get used to it moreso.” The boyish girl slouched over a bit as she popped her back, leaning into the corner. “Like at least once a week, my cat decides to sneak into my room, and he always uses my chest as some kind of bed.”

“Aww, that’s kinda cute.” Sam said, thinking of the white cat snuggled up to her owner on the bed.

“Yea it’s cute in picture, but once you get fur and claw marks on your, it isn’t as fun.” She said as she stretched her arm out.

“Okay yea, that doesn’t sound fun.” She responded, itching her back.

“I mean it’s not horrible. I used to get a bad rash from it but the older I’ve gotten the more resistant my boobs have become. It’s like they can heal themselves or something.”

“Is Wizard Boobs going to be your nickname of the week now?” Sam said, imagining Alex using boob magic to cure all boob related diseases.

Alex went on with the bit, joking about her fantasy-like boobs “Pah, yeah and I get a special boob staff too, use it to fight boob goblins, and get boob gems to sell to the boob merch-“

“Pardon me, your order is ready.” A voice to the two’s left interrupted.

As Alex looked up, she saw a freckled, worn out girl, her braces sticking from her mouth, and a beaten down ponytail filled with brown hair. Alex stared for a moment as she realized the girl heard everything, even if it was through those zombie-like eyes, holding the plates of burgers and fries against her thin figure.

She had somewhat of a shocked face as she looked down, her brows rising as she stared at the impeccable chest before her. Alex grew worried as she looked to see if anything was wrong, but her blouse seemed fine. That was until she realized she forgot she was still a lot larger than the average girl. Even though she went from larger than beach balls to volleyballs, they were still volleyball ball sized breasts.

“Uh... thanks.” Alex awkwardly said, covering up her mammaries. Sam winced as she saw the girl head back to the kitchen, leaving the two sitting with an awkward stare towards each other. Next time, Alex was going to remember not to drag out the boob fantasy tangents for too long.

“Uhh, anyways. Let’s dig in.” Alex said, attempting to forget. There was a lot on her plate anyways. At least a dozen burgers were ordered, each being at least double or triple patty.

Sam, on the other hand, decided to try the veggie burger on the menu. She wasn’t a vegetarian, but she heard that the one here was actually quite nutritious.

Alex, on the other hand, didn’t seem to care much for nutrition, chowing into the cheese slathered burger as the melted cheese slipped out from the buns. A face of bliss engulfed her as she bit in, its steamy warmth giving her the motivation to pull on.

“So, is there a reason you eat so much?” Sam said as she placed the veggie burger down for a moment, seeking to talk. She felt a little queasy, likely from the grease in the restaurant, but tried to listen.

“I mean...” Alex paused as she chewed through a massive chunk of burger, her throat bulging a little as it fell down to her gut. “I work out a lot, and also these boobs eat a lot of energy, so I kinda have to unless they feel horrible.” She said, before continuing with dipping a fry into her steak sauce. “Like, if I didn’t eat as much as I did, my back would snap like a twig.”

“Jesus, that’s horrible to hear.” Sam said, imagining the struggle of having a chest as big as Alex’s. Not being able to get in any normal sized clothes seemed to irk Sam. Remembering the clothes shop from the entrance to the mall, she couldn’t stand the idea of not being able to fit into any of those. But hey, at least Alex seemed happy with her lifestyle.

“Oh no, it’s fine! I enjoy eating a lot anyways, so I don’t ever feel sore from my chest, really.” She said in retaliation, smiling a bit as she continued digging in.

“Still, how do you stomach that much?” The girl asked, looking at the somehow still flat stomach. That blouse must be doing an excellent job.

“Oh, I have no idea, but my doctor said that my body may be a bit more adapted to stretching, ala...” the girl paused again to bite into whatever a Kinokurger was. “, my tits!” She said, looking the other way as she chewed, getting more wary of boob talk as she searched for the waitress.

Turning back, she continued on. "You'd be surprised to hear that I've actually eaten way more than just that ice cream."

"Wait, really?"

"Yeah, like there was this time I was pushed into some program to chow through some near expiration school lunch supplies, and you should've seen me by the end, my stomach nearly touched my legs!" She giggled, her chest indented into the booth table as she leaned forward.

"And you were able to recover?" She responded, curious about Alex's situation. Sam felt her arms weaken as she imagined holding in an entire cafeteria's worth of food.

"Oh yeah, I mean I got a day or two off from classes, but I managed to chew through that weight really fast. Only thing is that I think some of that pizza stayed around." The girl spied over her own chest, giving Sam a clear idea where the pizza lied. "But hey, I don't go as far into those stuffing sessions as I used to. That was probably my breaking point anyways." She said, looking at the fry as she shoved it down her throat.

"You sure that eating all of that's healthy though?" Sam butted in. Just looking at the greasy meals being sucked into her endowed friend made her feel sick, her lungs constricting as she imagined her own heart suffocating from the fat.

"I mean, I've eaten worse and been fine." She said, checking her phone for a moment. "Plus, you don't look to be in shape to really argue."

"What... are you talking about?" Sam huffed, her voice seemed a lot heavier than usual, feeling her own stomach tense up. It felt like something in her was going to explode. "Oh god, what the hell was in what I ate?" She said, feeling her own gut bloat out. It didn't inch out like Alex's would, but her body felt queasy from the alternative burger. "I need to go to the bathroom, I'm so sorry."

Rushing back, Sam shut the door to the women's restroom, leaving Alex to herself. All she could do was hope that Sam was okay.

She continued to chow through the other half of burgers left on the table, browsing her phone as she bit into more than one would expect to chew. The anime was still going, with Alex looking up to see another giant robotic monster for the characters to fight, fusing together some kind of mech suit created from smaller ones.

As Alex bit into her burger, biting in with both hands, she realized something unfamiliar was in the way. Looking down, she realized there was a plate, placed right under her cleavage as she took another bite. She didn't mind, though she slid the plate out from under anyways, hoping to not get any more grease into her boobs. She had it happen before, when she went out to get dinner with her family and was stuck in a car for an hour. It was painful when she realized there

was grease in between her chest, sticking the flesh together and leaving it sore the next day. At least the shower when she got home was one of the best ones she had in her life.

Still, it felt wrong eating all of this greasy food in front of someone as delicate as Sam. It's not like she wasn't some giant pig anyways, having those enormous sacs of meat that could barely be hidden. At least her blouse was doing a good job hiding them from beneath. Ms. Daria was an expert at making clothes like this. Women her size were one in a million, and she happened to be lucky enough to be situated where she used to live.

In fact, that didn't stop the fact that she had to go back home anyways. Her parents were out on their own vacation, so they weren't going to be home, so she and her sister would be going over in the next couple of days.

Still, she at least wanted to spend some time with Sam before she left. After all, there was a lot on her mind. She couldn't imagine how Sam felt dealing with some embarrassing, bumbling idiot for the past couple of weeks. Despite that, it was some of the most fun she had in a while. She got along with everyone back home, but she never really felt like there was someone who made her feel whole. Sure, Alyx kept good company, but even she was a little out there.

Sam finally put together that puzzle piece in her life that felt so distant. Even if Alex did shed a few layers of skin to get to Hometown, it felt like she finally had something worth being there for.

"Alright, I don't think I'm going to get a veggie burger here again." The girl said as she walked back, her slender figure stepping more elegantly than she could realize under her skirt.

"Wait, you're a vegan?" Alex said, almost wanting to humiliate her friend.

"It was a vegetarian burger, there was cheese on it!"

"So you're a vegetarian?"

"No? I had some of that pepperoni pizza you ordered a week ago, remember?"

"Then why'd you get a veggie burger?"

"I don't know, I thought it would be healthy, not another heartache!" Sam said as she held her stomach for safety precautions. "Why'd you just eat like 12 burgers just now? There were 6 when I was last here?"

Alex looked down at her plate, the meal was just about gone. One that could feed 3 families was now resting inside. The only thing semblant of the meal was a singular fry. As Alex spotted it, she quickly dipped it into the sauce before biting, crossing her arms in denial to her buddy. "S-shut up!" She responded. "At least I know I won't destroy my digestive system in one bite."



“Ok fine, you win.” Sam said, signing the check that was left there. As Alex got up, there was something peculiar Sam noticed, or at least, what wasn’t noticed. The blonde’s stomach looked to still be flat after that meal. In fact, she didn’t look any more different than when she first arrived. “Wait... where the hell did the burgers go?”

“Oh they’re in my stomach.” Alex said, patting her somehow flat navel region.

“But you had like 12 of them.” Her partner said in shock.

“This blouse can do a bit more than just hold back my boobs, luckily.” She said, happy that she can still move despite the meal that could kill a man. What would’ve been a stomach that was the size of a pumpkin looked like no more than a dent on her black blouse.

“Alright... sure.” Sam responded, unsure of how to comment on that. “I think that I’m stuffed anyways, anywhere else we could go?”

“Well, it’s around 6, we could go to the dock while it’s still evening.” Alex said, watching Sam give the check to the waitress.

“I mean that works.” She responded, smiling a little more as she thought of what it would be like over there. “It should be sunny when we get there, so it will be nice to get that evening view.

—

After the card was given back, Sam and Alex exited the mall, only to not be given the bright orange field in the sky they were expecting. As the automatic door opened, a stampede of rain droplets showed themselves, falling at speeds the two couldn’t even comprehend. They simply turned to puddles before they registered as raindrops.

Just stepping out of the mall dampened the two’s clothes, causing the two to have reasonable panic as they chased towards the nearest shelter they could, with going back in not being an option anymore. Luckily, the bus stop was only a few yards away, allowing the girls to run towards safety from the storm.

The two sat on the metal bench, heaving from the sudden jolts. Alex, having the larger meal, took deeper breaths as her panic increased. “I thought there wasn’t any rain!” She said in an upset tone.

“I don’t know why either, the forecast said it would be sunny all throughout!” She said, quickly opening her puddle covered phone. Dashing towards the weather app, she saw the forecast, which still said sunny throughout, though the tiniest notification could be seen from under. Peeking closer, there seemed to be a little text box.

\*Note: there is the chance of a small amount of rain in between these two hours\*

“Yea, so much for a small chance.” She said, putting the phone in her pocket.

“Well, at least it didn’t get damp enough to ruin my clothes.” Alex said, hugging her chest as a very slight indent of her lightly colored bra appeared. “So do we just wait this out?”

“I mean, up to you, no telling how long this will be.” Sam responded, trying not to look down. She got her purse out for a moment, searching for some trinket inside. After a few seconds of rummaging, she pulled something out of her purse. “But in case you do want to go...”

The sound of fabric sliding was heard as a mass appeared from the blue, expanding and unfolding as it kept a circular shape. From the quick transformation, an umbrella came to be. From the small piece of cylindrical plastic. “I do have this.”

The black umbrella stood before the two, a lot larger than what the base’s story told. Its jet colored fabric seemed new, and with the side that had unfolded, it seemed to make a good shield from the storm.

“So uhh... what will it be?” Sam said, trying to hold a confident pose as the umbrella rose. She turned to her left, spying on Alex as she. “Stick here or stick out?”

—

Deciding not to waste their time at a mall bus stop, Alex accepted, standing up as she stepped towards the shelter of the umbrella.

It was more difficult to get a good view of the town from outside its perspective, chewing up half of Alex’s sight without even including her bouncing breasts that took up the bottom. However, what she could see of this rainy mess was rather fascinating. The dull colors of the environment blended with the coal road, the seemingly infinite raindrops gave reflection to the chunks of asphalt, and each car that passed or traffic light they turned on felt all the more highlighted as its red glare came out.

Alex felt the inconvenience of her chest ten-fold in this, with even her shrunken down chest still being a pain as she crouched a little.

Sam on the other hand, had too many emotions to keep up with instead of focusing on the glittering rain. She passed along the rainy road with the shorter girl, her warming aura keeping her well-lit towards the direction. The dock was a few minutes away, but at least she got a good walk with Alex.

Still, her mind was so nervous. She had a lot backed up in her mind, dressed up and out with her friend like this. For once, she finally felt like she had a reason to get out of that house again, not able to worry someone was going to get her, or that she had better things to focus her time

on. She didn't feel obsessed, still giving herself time to get through her diminishing classwork in her final full month of high school, but she could get out of her hermitage and feel a part of someone.

Yet from deeper in her heart, Sam still felt some kind of urge in her. "What is this feeling?" Sam thought to herself. It wasn't one of fear, or anger, or even lust. It was something telling her to feel more involved with Alex. That urge to hang out, ask her how her day was, fix food for her, play games together, just something that could make Sam more with the girl. It felt not too dissimilar to the memories she had before, seeing her as a child. Her heart raced as she thought of her time spent with Alex, thinking of any way she could spend more time.

She could feel her breathing skip a beat as she snapped from her daze, slowly going back to the rainy weather as she held the umbrella, keeping Alex safe from under.

"You know, as much as I hate rain, it's pretty nice out." Alex said, her disgruntlement reversing back to her normal smile. "The harsh drips just become soft puddles, it's nice seeing that gentleness that life turns things to at the end." She said, Sam glanced back at her friend as she soaked in the sounds of the rain in the cloudy environment. "I'm honestly really happy you're still here, Sam."

Sam jumped for a moment as she looked over to her buddy, a bit startled by those words. "Uh... what do you mean by that?" She asked, the highlights of her face becoming more red.

"I don't know, I just expected you to move out or try and ignore me. I've pissed you off enough times to make me deserve it, like the whole thing with the pizza or choking to death at volleyball." Alex kicked her leg forward a little, letting the rain tickle the foot she couldn't see.

"Well, a lot of this all wasn't your fault." Sam butted in.

"But you still were willing to forgive me for being that annoying." Alex mumbled back, feeling some kind of embarrassment for the way she acted in front of countless numbers of people. Her own cartoonish chest and insatiable appetite had ruined enough friendships back in the mountains.

"Alex, for the first time in years, you're the first person to actually want to feel involved in my life." Sam shouted back, realizing what she just spilled out too. She became more cherry colored as she passed the street light, Alex seeing steam come from her head.

"Hey, uh Sam, it's totally okay you know." She responded back. "But you've got plenty of people who like ya! Why would you stick away from them?" She responded.

"I mean, I was never really big friends with Erza, or Chandler, or really any of those girls. It kinda just felt like I was an acquaintance, someone who was sometimes their friend when convenient."

“What does that mean?” Alex said back.

“Like, we never really hung out after school, we sorta just talked sometimes there and then left. Nothing too drastic.” The brunette said, feeling almost like the antagonist as she said that.

“Well, it’s still on you to try and talk to them.”

“And I’ve been getting better...” Sam quickly responded back. “If it weren’t for you, I probably would feel a lot more anxious, and I’ve been able to talk to people a lot more now, so uh... thanks.”

Alex looked over at her friend, pulled in as they stopped walking. Sam got a good glimpse of Alex’s eyes as she zoomed in. The amber lights coming from her pupils, the bubbly irises. The tough, adventurous girl felt soft to the touch, looking up at her taller friend, who just blushed back, overwhelmed just by maintaining eye contact.

As Sam’s eye tilted left, she glimpsed over to see the dock, a ray of sunshine gleaming at the edge and the boats afar grew more visible. The rain began to stop after a few minutes, able to freely look out at the cloudy Saturday evening, its orange lights baked into the environment.

“Damn, I never thought I’d appreciate that old dock before now!” She said, tipping along the two steps before looking out at the edge of the sea. The lined up boats made a neat order across the area. There were countless boats clearly owned by families, being smaller and having less than anything wrong with them, but far greater feats could be seen further away.

The ones owned by more wealthy individuals were seen from the left, well cared for, though small in number. A large yacht had its blankets unfurled by a few workers, showing the grand ship’s form. Its sleek windows and stylized shape, the floors it held, it stood larger than her own house. Sam could see the satellites from the top, imagining herself watching a nice movie on a cruise ship, just like that one time she went back when she was 7.

The brunette placed her hand on the iron bars dividing land and sea, looking out to see the start of the ocean, its many ventures waiting to begin. There was something that made Sam feel hesitant, like she was about to explode with her own emotions. Alex stood not too far away, looking out the edge to see the sun get closer and closer to the abyss. The blouse seemed a little more dry, though the occasional wet spot remained, while the water seemed soaked clean off of her jacket, remaining sleek as it slid to her wide hips.

“Hey, I brought something, hope you don’t mind.” Alex said, rustling through her own purse. Out of the purple leather bag came Sam’s beaten old hat, the one that she lent long ago.

“Oh hey, thanks!” Sam said, taking the rugged hat and placing it on her head. It didn’t match her outfit at all, wearing a fancy skirt with a black and yellow sports cap.

"I also brought my own if that's cool." Alex said, reaching into the purse to nab a second cap, putting it under her own pixie cut. Sam wondered if there would be a third one at this point.

"Huh, a bit of an odd choice to bring these out here." Sam said, looking back at her with some confusion.

"I guess..." The shorter one looked back with some nervousness pent up, hoping to say something that would blend to her next sentence. "I don't know, I just wanted to share a moment. It seemed like a nice spot here." She turned back to watch one of the giant yachts in the back turn on, with some rich person and their companions heading away from the dock, seeming to have some kind of party.

The ship's wake that stood behind it added extra motion to it as it headed out from the wide gates towards the ocean. The vermillion, wine-like sky gleamed with the ocean as the yacht exited, some kind of honk scaring away the seagulls resting around it.

"Actually, one more question I wanted to ask you." Alex said, splaying her back as she looked out at the still dissipating boat. Her chest hung out from the bars as she made sure to keep the lower part of her blouse in place. "How do you feel about, well... me?"

"Huh?" Sam rose up, a bit shocked by what she just said to her. She could feel her body tense up as she heard a question she never expected. Cheeks red and eyes unfocused, she tried to piece herself back as she looked at Alex. "W-what do you mean by that?"

"I just mean that... I guess I've been kind of a bother this entire time I've been back. Barging into your home, breaking things, just being really unbearable with your buddies."

"Unbearable?!" Sam said, bothered by what she meant. "Alex, I'm happy to have you feel "unbearable" sometimes! Just the fact that I can go out and spend time with someone willing enough to deal with me is fine by me." The girl said with a broken tone, unsure about how to express what she said. She slunk back immediately after.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have asked." Alex said, sliding away from Sam to keep her composure.

"No, no no no you've been great!" Her taller friend said with some enthusiasm, pulling the cap she wore down.

"No it's just, I mean, well..." Alex, not wanting to say the words directly, splayed her hands at her own enlarged chest, giving the message loud and clear to a rosy cheeked Sam.

"I mean, they're not always the problem, but sometimes it just feels like I only get grabbed up by people because of my chest, but then people kinda get agitated when I really let myself out, you know?"

“You mean like those guys back at the gym?”

“Well, no, I hated their guts, wouldn’t mind showing them my things aren’t just for attracting mates.” She said, Sam chuckling as she imagined the fight in her head. “It’s just that it’s enough of an anomaly to see me like this, and having people pick me up only to put me down... it’s just frustrating, like I’m just some report of the week.” She said, raising her elbows to her chin as she saw the spec of the boat, the sun nearing its conclusion. “But what made you stick around, or any of the other people for that matter?”

“I mean, at first, I didn’t know. You just sort of moved into my life when we got back again.” Sam said as she looked into Alex’s eyes. “Though now, I sort of realize that I value that time I can spend with people a lot more, I guess.” She said, kicking her left foot a little.

“But I mean, like my conversations, my antics, my hobbies, is it something you can sit down with and truly feel like you belong in?” Alex said, losing some steam.

“I mean, would I stick around for that long if I didn’t?” Sam responded, looking closer at Alex, who seemed to share a nervous face. She looked at Sam with a glimpse, before turning away, a little too flustered by Sam’s own desire to stick around.

Her head was steaming, turning her cap as if to push more out of her ears, blocking her own face from anyone’s view.

“If you wanted, we could go around the campus if you wanted to talk more about this.” The brown haired girl said, her blue eyes turning cerulean in the dimming sun.

Alex, sighing, stood up as she kept that flustered, nervous face to her. She didn’t expect to feel like this, yet that comfort felt like something she didn’t get for quite a while.

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The sky was a dark blue, just lit enough to let Sam and Alex pass through the many varied buildings and apartments nearby. A crow or two flew by as the street lamps lit up, allowing for some guidance across the maze of an area.

Sam walked with a scratch on her arm, while Alex seemed to let her thoughts subside, focused on the buildings around her. She saw the students all over having chatter, leaving their classes for the night. Part of her wondered what it would be like to be in that crowd.

“God, I’m really glad I got accepted here!” The girl said from behind, catching up as she sought Sam’s attention. “This has to be like the best engineering school in the state!”

“Yeah, I’ve heard. It was nice walking around here when Animal Saga was popular.”

“Oh that old game?” Alex said with a surprise, not expecting to hear about that old game. “Heh, I never got into it because it was released in Winter, and the thing froze my hands when I tried it!” She said, giggling as she flexed her hands, trying to unthaw her memories.

“But yeah, it was a good game, good memories to have.” Sam responded. “Though speaking of college.”

“What about it?”

“Oh, well it’s just been strange, knowing I’m going to be in college soon.” Sam said, looking out at the distance. “You kinda forget that you have to remove that skin of a kid once you graduate, think about things that aren’t just whatever will appease your time or whatever will impress your friends. You have to focus on just maintaining yourself.” She itched her arms again, reminded of her own future.

“Well, it’s not like you have to be completely self-sufficient right away. Plenty of girls get together in those sorority homes, your mom can help you get settled in a dorm, and I’m sure you can find a job somewhere, especially in the hands of her.

“I mean, sure...” Sam responded, not satisfied with that answer. “I just kinda fear the idea that once that’s all over, I’m not going to be able to figure things out.”

“What do you mean? Like working at Starbucks to pay rent?”

“I mean there’s that, which I also fear.” She said, looking up to the chemistry building. “But my fear is just... I don’t know... ending up as some trophy wife, just having some way of ending life where your purpose is having no purpose.”

“I think I see...” Alex said, looking with some understanding. “Well I mean, I’d be happy to try and help you out of that pit.” She said, looking a little closer to Sam as they continued to walk, her chest, though still shrunken down by her special blouse, still stood the size of a large fruit against her chest.

Still, Sam could almost sense the chest through the blouse, as if it were actually bobbing and swaying down to Alex’s stomach. The chest was certainly kept together deep within the confines of the blouse and bra, but that was only masking what should be making itself loud and clear.

“Hey, uhh... Alex.” Sam said, hesitant as she looked her friend in the eyes.

“What is it?” She responded, stopping as Sam halted her feet, looking out at the dark blue sky. Stars began to sprout as the view above grew darker.

“You know, you have things like your uh... b... buh... bo... uhh...”

“I mean you can say chicken titties if you want.” Alex said in response. Sam lit up as she heard such a foul way to describe the chest attached.

“Ok fine! Your boobs!” Sam said, shouting in an impatient, yet comedic tone. “I just wanted to ask if you ever felt, you know... bad about having them.”

“I mean, guys look at me funny, and exercising can be a pain with them, but overall, I’m happy with them.” She said, motioning to her chest as she let her friend observe, a drip of sweat passing the blonde’s view.

“I mean, I guess that makes sense, but I mean... it’s just something so odd, I’d imagine you’d feel uncomfortable about it, yet here you are dealing with it just fine!”

“I mean, do you think I should feel uncomfortable about my boobs?”

“Nonono of course not!” Sam quickly spoke back, waving her hands to brush away the implications. “I just feel like... I guess I feel a little jealous about how you can feel so good about yourself. I’m as normal as can be and still feel like I don’t have a place.”

The two paused, idly looking at each other and back, wanting to say something, but not knowing how. Some panic grew on Sam’s face as she felt her heart jitter. Her lungs pushed towards each other as she held her hands to her chin, thinking about what to even say anymore. Alex stood next to her, an innocent smirk from the compliment sprouted, yet she couldn’t help but feel her hands shake, almost wanting to let her instincts loose. Her compact stomach could be felt nudging against the edges of her clothes as she shivered.

“You wouldn’t m-mind... sitting down... would you?” Sam said, almost wanting to explode as a wave of emotions and stress built up all at once.

Not even taking the answer, Alex sat down, looking at the sweet gum balls laying around the bench, their spiny shells looking ripe for a shoe to step on them. Despite that, she spared the seeds, simply taking some breaths as Sam followed suit.

The two sat in the cold darkness, not illuminated by much other than a street lamp and the occasional star in the sky. The bench felt old, yet still comfortable, the wood feeling soft as Sam slid her back in. She didn’t know how to feel. Both anger and sadness fuelled herself as her mental state spiralled deeper. Despite that, a spec of sense held on, feeling someone next to her bothering to ask about her day, or wanting to come along with her shenanigans. That person let her break out of this chain that was left by her own ego, feeling free from her own isolation.

“Alex...” Sam said, brushing her leg into the shadows.

“Hm?” She mumbled, alerted by just the quiet words echoed from her soft voice.



“How do you feel about me?”

Sam looked so different without her ponytail. Once a confident, yet reserved voice of reason, now felt like an elegant woman drowned with her own guilt, fighting to see if she could feel something once again. Her blue eyes glimmered from the faint cyan light above, sapphire in appearance, with hair that spilled down her shoulders following along.

“Well, you’re smart, you’re understanding, you can make amends with even the worst of people I’ve met, yet you still feel somewhat human by the end of it all. It’s something that all combines into someone I’ve been wanting to see again.” She kept a smile as she spoke, feeling herself get vulnerable as Sam calmed down. However, it didn’t take long for her to feel awkward, letting out her emotions in a way that didn’t feel in tune. “Just uh.. nevermind.”

“No, it’s okay Alex, I... uh... thanks.” She said, leaning into the shorter girl’s view. “I’m glad you feel that way.”

“I guess with that answered, could I ask you something?” Alex said, scooting a little closer to the dressed up girl. “You know how I feel, and I guess this is a little redundant, but what about your thoughts on me?” She said, throwing the same question back at her friend.

Sam, tensed up, didn’t expect to be this close to Alex all the sudden. She could feel her body shake a little as her senses felt stronger than her own mind. Her legs folded as she raised her eyes, a warm blush filling her face. “I mean, you’re rowdy, but you manage to know where to take things. You’re always happy, and charming and full of life, and I just like seeing that, I love being around that kind of environment.”

Sam, accidentally realizing that last word, stood in shock, but Alex didn’t seem to mind, scooting a little closer to the girl.

Before long, something pressed on her shoulder, something nice and warm, feeling hair against her own breast. Without much to do, she gave up, allowing the girl’s head to spill onto her. The two sat together, warmed by each other’s side in the darkness of the street. Sam simply gave up, feeling her muscles soften as her lungs decompressed, her heart rate peaked before falling to a lower level. She could feel an itch between her own thighs, or Alex’s chest reached a little too close to her stomach, yet she couldn’t care less. All she had to worry about was looking out as Alex embraced her.

After a few minutes, the head moved up, surprising the calmed brunette for a moment, almost feeling drowsy as she was comforted by the girl next to her. Her body felt both tense yet satisfied, feeling like everything was activated at once.

“Hey, Sam?” The voice to her right responded, Sam quickly looking over at the face that seemed a little too close. Alex’s black eyes had little sparkles as her soft, young face looked deeply into her. Every stroke of her hair seemed visible as her breath became almost visible with each beat.

“Thank you.”

Before long, Sam felt her vision disappear as the face obscured her mist, the two eyes meeting as she closed her eyes, only needing Alex’s senses as their lips touched.