

“Oh god, why me!” Darcy yelled. She wobbled into a hotel corridor, doing her best to keep away from prying eyes. Behind her, her wobble wagon of an ass wiggled and jostled with every turn she made. A blast of cold air from an A/C turned a little too high pimpled goosebumps over her back. Her ass particularly liked that for it sent a little blast of electric pleasure into her groin.

“Is it sensitive too?” Darcy said. She was beginning to tear up. The humiliation of what had occurred made Darcy want to curl up into a ball and die. She hoped, hoped, that none of the paparazzi filmed her and that it was only the less tech savvy in the crowd among her watchers. That then made her worry about her reputation among the older elites who were even more powerful than the paparazzi. Another groan made Darcy struggle to breathe as her fleshy slappable meat tightened around her ass, thighs, and waist.

The sound of feet on the ground made Darcy’s heart plummet into her big ass. She heard it close in, and instantly, Darcy tried to wrap her hands to cover her open buttcrack but her hands were struggling to cover herself. However relief came at the sight of her bodyguard, though even she looked different. Gone was her jacket, revealing her straining black undershirt looking ready to burst off her body. Down below her growth was straining her pants, though compared to Darcy, she was doing much better in the ‘not blowing clothes open’ department. Given the rate of growth though, Marshmallow may have another hour left before she popped her pants.

And her lips! Oh golly her lips were large suckers that pushed her nose up. Only the tip of her chin could be seen. Darcy couldn’t help but cover her own mouth in sympathy which made Marshmallow wince.

“Ehehehe.” Marshmallow’s eyes rolled in her head. She fumbled for her phone, she did her best to try and pull it out of her pants. Her swelling had viced-gripped it and for a second both women worried that Marshmallow couldn’t get it out. Thankfully she managed to and brought the phone up. After a few moments, which again were almost stopped by the width of her breast getting in the way of her arms, Marshmallows used the device’s text-to-speech.

“Ms. Ganache. There’s a room we can hold up in, I’ve asked the manager after my own swelling cuz cuz cuz my jacket almost rip open.” Marshmallow glared at her phone’s stutter. She slurred a word out but Darcy couldn’t make heads or tails of what her bodyguard tried to say.

Marshmallow beckoned for her ward to follow her to whatever private hovel she had scrounged up. Darcy nodded and followed along to the best of her ability. The way the material wrapped around her lower half, plus her continued swelling, itched some parts and bruised others. They rounded a corridor and were stopped by the appearance of a Japanese woman. Her body tucked nicely in a light brown suit jacket, a dark red shirt, and a pair of what appeared to be normal sneakers greatly contrasting with her otherwise professional appearance.

She had brown hair that floated above her shoulders. Her face was a bit round with soft doe eyes that took one look at Darcy and Marshmallow and barely missed a beat.

“Oh hello, I’m Ch**** Mi*****” The words came out of her mouth, both parties registered it, but every one of them was caught off guard. It was like the world was getting cloudy when she said the name. As if the woman had just spoken something so taboo that it shouldn’t have been heard. Whoever this woman was, her features twisted in confusion, she opened her mouth and silently mouthed her name. “Ch..Coco..coco...Ch..co...I’m; nevermind that’s not important. Ms. Dark Chocolate Ganache, I’m a reporter of Puffvale Gazette. But I’m here to ask you a question regarding Grant Hallows. I saw that you were too were...”

Before she could say anything more, Marshmallow walked in front of her ward. In one hand she held up her phone. The phone’s voice said: “Apologies, send an inquiry through email at GanacheFamilyE@mailboard.com or send an inquiry to the family’s main phone number for any other questions.”

“Wait, but I need to ask you about Grant’s....” But already the duo pushed past her to head deeper down the corridor, Darcy’s bare buttock briefly smacking into her causing the heiress to mutter an apology. Marshmallow made sure that the woman didn’t follow and breathed a sigh of relief, it seemed the reporter was scratching the back of her head. She seemed to be caught up in her thoughts.

Finally, they arrived at the room. Their apparent salvation was a room with barely any furniture or anything in the way of decoration. Being that this was a newly opened hotel, the room could’ve transformed into all manner of accommodations. Right now though it was the perfect place for the pair to dwell away from any prying eyes.