

Tina and Tiffany look up and see Bernadette Cinder sneering down at them. “Now what do we have here?” she asks, snatching the Bimbo Note off of the table before either of the others could stop her. Bernadette quickly scans over the inside of the Bimbo Note before laughing. “God, you two are such losers! Do you really think that you can grow a pair of tits by writing in a notebook?”

“Give that back!” Tina yells, trying to snatch the Bimbo Note out of Bernadette’s hand but missing when she pulls it out of reach.

“Oh come on, don’t be such a sensitive little bitch,” Bernadette says. She sees the intense blush on Tiffany’s face and leans in to taunt her. “What, cat got your tongue?”

“Um, p-please just...” Tiffany tries to stammer out a response before falling silent before the intense gaze in front of her. She looks down in shame and tries to gather her courage to speak up.

“Give me back my notebook and leave us alone,” Tina growls at Bernadette, standing up and attempting to look as menacing as possible. Unfortunately for her, she is too small to be intimidate the tall, curvaceous blond in front of her.

Bernadette gives Tina a nasty look before turning back to Tiffany, making sure to stick her full, round ass in Tina’s face. Despite how angry she is, Tina can’t help but stare at the sight in front of her. The butt that she likes more than any other captivates her attention, and she has to swallow a mouthful of drool to prevent herself from making a mess.

Satisfied that she won’t be interrupted again, Bernadette refocuses her attention on Tiffany. “So, you think that writing in a notebook will make you grow bigger, huh?” she whispers, tauntingly. “You want that, don’t you?”

Tiffany simply squirms in her seat, wanting Bernadette to leave her alone but unable to speak up for herself. She starts shaking a little under the pressure, tears beginning to form in her eyes. “*Why is she still doing this?*” Tiffany thinks to herself. “*Why can’t she just leave us alone?*”

“If I were you,” Bernadette continues, “I’d want to change my small, pathetic body too. After all, I couldn’t live with myself being so ugly.” Bernadette turns around to mess with Tina, but sees someone approaching. “Well, I won’t keep you any longer. Ciao!” she says, leaving with the Bimbo Note still in her hand.

Seeing Bernadette leave made Tina snap out of her trance, but before she could do anything to her a chubby waitress in a pale blue uniform comes to their table. “Hi, welcome to Creamy Delights! Do you know what you would like to order?” the waitress asks with a wide smile on her face, but it falters a little when she sees Tiffany. “Are you alright Miss?” she asks.

“Y-yes,” Tiffany manages to squeak out. She looks up and rubs the tears out of her eyes. “I’d like a s-small bowl of ch-chocolate ice cream p-please,” she orders shakily.

“Okay, and for you?” the waitress asks Tina.

“Um, I’ll have what she’s having,” Tina replies, trying to move things along so she could go after Bernadette.

“Okay, two bowls of chocolate ice cream coming up!” Their waitress turns around and goes to send in their orders, leaving the two girls alone.

“Huh, I didn’t expect someone to come serve us,” Tina says, trying to figure out what to do about Bernadette. She doesn’t have to think long, as she sees Bernadette coming back to their table as soon as the waitress leaves. She throws the Bimbo Note back on the table before either of them can say anything.

“I think you’ll like what I wrote for you, you little freak” Bernadette tells Tiffany before leaving the restaurant. Tina nervously opens the Bimbo Note to see what Bernadette did and her jaw drops open.

“What does it say,” Tiffany asks shakily, afraid of the look on her friend’s face. Tina doesn’t say anything, rage filling her as she hands the Note to Tiffany. Once she takes it she can see what made Tina so mad. “*Tiffany Burke will count every calorie she eats as double for the purposes of gaining weight.*” Tiffany stares at those words before starting to cry.

“It’s okay Tiffany,” Tina says, forcing her face to make a more sympathetic expression for the benefit of her friend. “Nothing horrible will happen.”

“But-but-but, I don’t want to turn into a blob!” Tiffany wails. She puts her head in her hands and cries even harder. Tina stares at her, lost for words. She opens her mouth to say something comforting, but closes it when something fails to come to mind.

“Here you are ladies!” their waitress says as she sets down two giant bowls of ice cream.

“Woah, we ordered two *small* bowls,” Tina says, alarmed. Tiffany just stares at her bowl as if unable to understand what’s in front.

“Now don’t worry, you’ll only be charged for two small bowls,” the waitress says. “I just know that this isn’t a time for a little ice cream. Trust me when I say that I have experience in these matters,” she says, patting her soft tummy. “Just eat what you feel like, and don’t hold back if you don’t want to.” She winks at Tiffany before leaving the two girls to their ice cream.

Tiffany looks at the ice cream in front of her, tears streaming down her face. Slowly she picks up her spoon and starts to eat her dessert. “Th-this is deli-delish-” Tiffany can’t finish her thought, unable to form words. Tina goes to the other side of the booth and hugs her friend. They stay like that for several minutes until Tiffany begins to calm down.

“Thank you,” Tiffany croaks out. She sets down her spoon and pushes her still mostly full bowl away from her before turning to look at Tina.

“Hey, it’s going to be okay,” Tina tells her. “Nothing has happened that we can’t work through, alright?”

“But I’m going to get fat,” Tiffany complains, opening the Bimbo Note back up to what Bernadette wrote. “It says that the calories I eat will only count double for weight gain. I still need to eat the regular amount for sustenance.” Tiffany looks up at Tina. “I won’t have any choice but to get fat.”

“That’s not necessarily true,” Tina replies. “There was a study I read about the proved that if you keep up with the nutrients that you need, then you don’t need calories to live as long as you have excess fat to burn.” She smiles reassuringly at Tiffany. “As long as you’re okay with being a little hungry, you can manage your intake without getting fat. Plus, we can modify how any extra weight settles on you with the Note.”

Tiffany sniffs and wipes her eyes. Her face breaks into a small smile. “Well, maybe I won’t become a fat blob then,” she says.

“That’s the spirit!” Tina replies, glad that her friend’s mood is improving. “Before we do anything else though, we should deal with Bernadette.”

“I think it’s best if we don’t mess with her,” Tiffany says, practically shouting. “Who knows what she’ll do once she figures out what happened.”

“Tiff,” Tina begins, leaning in to prevent anyone from overhearing “the Bimbo Note only works with sexual statements, and I doubt that that bitch has a fat fetish. I think that she gets off on humiliating others. I won’t let her enjoy that anymore, and I have a good idea of how to prevent that.” Tina takes the Bimbo Note and writes down “*Bernadette Cinder’s butt will grow whenever she insults someone.*” “That should show her, and it will only hurt her if she’s hurting others.”

Tina watches Tiffany’s face light up when she hears Tina’s plan. “That’s brilliant!” she exclaims before giving Tina another hug.