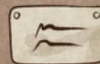
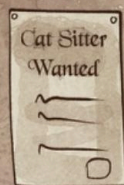
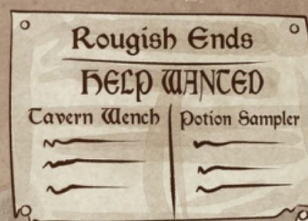
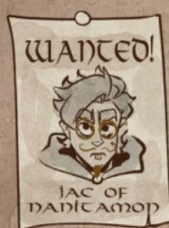


A Wench in the Works

chapter 1



an adventure by
Jessie Star
and **Jakal Ovid**



CHAPTER 1
Part 4



Jac's top creaked again, breasts rising like slick skin colored melons forcing their way through the now suffocating hole that was his neckline. Yes he had complained about his epic bill, and Jess offered to 'help' by pouring that pink potion down his top. "Bigger tits get bigger tips" Still echoed in his red blushing ears along with his heart beat, pounding like a drum. He remembered it soaking in, seeping into every cell of breast tissue and milk duct, collecting in his nipples, making them plump and form. It was such an intense feeling, Jac expected to see his skirt lift up from his boner. But he didn't have a boner any more. He just had a warm, velvety space between his legs that he was scared to death to explore, and "squeeked" when it throbbed. His epicenter of arousal is like a mysterious monster deep in a cave, growling to be fed.

That should have been the end of it. She boosted him, his tits grew, and now he was bouncing and swaying through the bar, getting more coins than before. Some stuffed into his cleavage, cold wafers of metal clinking and sinking down, down, down between his hot, tingling tits. But it was not the end of it, for the second time in an hour post initial growth, they surged upward and outward, just a smidge. The rogue's bosom ballooned an inch here, and inch there, the size and the weight noticeable. The grip of his tops neckline... overly snug. Overly stimulating. As if he didn't have enough to worry about. Dumb heels. Dumb suffocating corset. Dumb blimped up tits!



Jac has no idea when they would stop their annoying, arousing nonsense, or if they would stop. The constant arousal and center of gravity shift was just making the job harder, for every boost in tips, there was a rise in spilled drinks, knocked over stools, and accidental motorboating... which increased both tips AND spilled drinks.

He was so distracted by his own... upheavals, he barely heard Jessie's instructions as she handed him a feminine shaped bottle with great care. "Just... be careful with it, ok?!"

"Yeh yeh" Jac grumbled, tugging the lace of his top up for the fiftieth time. He walked over to the customers that ordered the strange curvy purple bottle, swishing his curved bottom away from any possible sneaky gropes and pinches, "Here's your... whatever." He let out a feminine sigh as he poured a few long, tall glasses of the glowing bottle's contents.

"This.. is a single serving? We only paid for um... one each." A tall elegant elf held the tall glass up to the light.

"Yeh, um... filled the glass" Jac shrugged and left the highborn, pointy eared clients to enjoy their drink. He got ten steps before he realized there were mugs of ale on his serving tray. "Who... who were these...?" He spun on his heel trying to remember where the mugs were supposed to go. *Gurgle Gurgle* His eyes went wide. His tits were tingly again. Heating up. But this time, way stronger than the times before. Stronger than the initial change. He minced himself behind a support beam to hide the red creeping up his neck to his face. "What the

frick... what the frick?!" His tits were bubbling. No, shuddering! His nipples puckered till they tented his Chemise top, like hard, tight plugs holding back a growing shuddering pressure swelling in his tits. "Go down, go down please, Pa-leeeaaase" But they didn't go down. His boobs were swelling inch after inch. Skin tight and itchy, buzzing with heat, his top creaking and popping a seam at a time!

"Why do you still have the beers?" Jess asked as she walked past Jac on the way to the store room.

"Wh-what?" A moan escaped through his soft feminine lips. One arm was trying desperately to squish the massive melons on his chest back down to size while balancing the tray of beers in the other. The pressure of them growing outward coupled with the pressure of him trying to push them back down was lighting up his nervous system, heat dripping down his spine into his belly... and lower. His fat thighs rubbed together as the air beneath his skirt got warm and humid.

"You drop the half filled glass into the mug with the beer. When it rushes in there's this big foam explosion... It's why it's called the Volcan-oh-Oh-OH" Jess shook her head like it was basic knowledge as she went through the door.

"Crap." Jac whimpered, he had given both those patrons three times what they paid for. That was going to come out of his "Hnnnnng" Marching back to fix the problem and put him right in the path of a sitting customer's elbow, his motion packed storytelling sliding it right between Jac's legs, bumping him gently in the lady bits.

"Oy, sorry miss!" It hadn't been hard, but neither is a small stone that gets tossed at a giant nest of hornets. Or in this case, a big batch of horny! The building arousal plus the contact was too much. The rogue's face went red as a tomato as the most humiliating, horny moan erupted from his body. His eyes rolled, his hand tilted, the tray of beers spilled. And a new surge of growth erupted. The poor brunette newly minted serving wench tipped. He had flown past top heavy and deep into "how is she standing" territory. As his focus returned all he could see was an avalanche of cleavage. "Oh I'm so sorry sir!" He said trying to recover. "I'll get this cleaned up right awa- QUE CARALHO!" He could feel it bouncing and surging and tugging him downward. So heavy, and hot... and sensitive, and STILL GROWING! Why was this happening?! Right in the middle of everything going wrong!

"Since you're so concerned with paying off your debt ASAP, I rigged your boobs." Jess gave him a thumbs up and a wink. "The bigger your DEBT, the bigger your set!"

Jac's eyes went wide from the info, right before he broke the table with his boobs.

