

Date or Doom!, Part 2 (Expansion, Bleach)

With a click, the cameras resumed filming.

For a second or two, the stage remained dark, unlit, hidden behind a thick curtain of shadow. Finally, just as it seemed things would stay that way forever, the spotlights snapped on, revealing two terrified contestants, and between them:

“Hi, everybody! Welcome back to *Date or Doom!* I’m nyour host, the adorable Prin– Wait, shouldn’t it be hostess, nya? Isn’t that the right word?” Frowning, Yuri put her finger to her ear. “It’s nyot? Oh. What is it then? It’s just host. Oh, okay. ...I’m nyour host, the adorable Princess Yuuuuuuuri! And it’s time to begin Round 2! Let’s say a quick hello to our contestants, nya!”

She spun around, aiming her mic at the two terrified young women behind the podiums: one tall, busty, and red-haired, while the other was short, slender, and dark. “Let’s have a big cheer for Orihime and Rukia, nya!”

Out in the stands, the crowd cheered. It should have been encouraging, but there was something distinctly sexual about it that left Orihime and Rukia shivering.

“R-Rukia?” said Orihime, struggling to control her trembling. “O-one of those catgirls has a really big p-p-penis...!”

Rukia followed her gaze and found herself staring at the largest penis she’d ever seen. Admittedly, she hadn’t exactly seen *hundreds* of them, b-but she was still certain it was pretty large. Tatsuki’s rubbery new vagina certainly seemed to think so, based on the sounds it was making as the catgirl slammed into it.

And it wasn’t just the one catgirl either. Half the feline women in the stands had an equally gigantic erection threatening to tear through their skirts or short shorts. And some of them were even *bigger*.

Rukia took a deep breath and swallowed. They had to find a way out of here, and fast. The last thing she wanted was to end up as some kind of cheap sextoy. Especially if it was going to be used by someone as well-endowed as– She swallowed.

“Nyow,” continued Yuri, happily ignorant of their fear. “Let’s get to the point, nya. Round 2, nya! It’s time for Round 2!” She paused, hand going to her ear. “What are we doing for Round 2? ...Oh, I see! Hehe, that’s really fun, nya!” Grinning, she dropped her hand and turned her attention back to the crowd. “It’s time for *Truth-or-Twist!*, nya! The round where things get a little purrsonal for our contestants! Oh hey, that was a pun!”

“P-personal?” said Orihime, trembling.

“The rules are very simple,” said Yuri. “In a moment, I’m going to ask our contestants a question, at which point they’ll have a choice to make. They can either answer the question

honestly... Or they can face a 'twist'. What exactly is a twist, nya? Well, that's a surprise! It's up to them if they want to find out!" She giggled. Up in the stands, the crowdmembers nudged each other knowingly.

"We'll start with Orihime!" Spinning back, Yuri flung the microphone at her mouth. Orihime flinched back so hard she almost fell out of her podium. "Orihime! Question 1! When was the last time nyou masturbated, nya?"

Orihime turned as red as a bottle of ketchup. "E-eeeeeh?! I can't answer something like that! N-not in front of all these people!" Rukia stared at her, squinting suspiciously.

"Hmm, is that nyour final answer, nya?" Yuri looked a little disappointed.

"Y-yes!" cried Orihime, after a moment.

"Okay, nya! Well, it's time for our first twist then!" Grinning, Yuri gave her mic a twirl and thrust it at Orihime's chest. Its tip flashed, and with a crackle of pink lightning, Orihime's boobs bloated into a pair of jiggling sacks, stretching her top tight around them. She screamed, hugging them, as if this might make the process stop, but if anything it only seemed to make it go faster.

At last, Yuri lowered her mic. And with a moan, Orihime dropped to her knees, hugging her swollen new breasts and moaning, her eyes tight with pleasure. It looked as if they'd doubled in size—and perhaps sensitivity as well, based on the way she was whimpering.

"Wh-what have you done?!" cried Rukia, struggling not to rush from her podium.

"Twisted her, nya." Yuri made it sound so casual. "That's right! Each time nyou fail to answer a question, nyou get twisted into even more of a perverted slut!" She giggled. "Gosh, that makes it sound so mean. I don't mean it in, like, a judgemental way though, nya. I'm pro-slut."

Rukia stared in disbelief. Just what had they gotten themselves into?

"Anyway," continued Yuri, "since Orihime didn't answer the question, I guess it's nyour turn, Rukia? (Can I call nyou Ruki?) Want me to remind nyou what it is?" Rukia swallowed, and Yuri took it for a yes. "When was the last time nyou masturbated, nya?"

Rukia took a deep breath. "N-never," she said. "I've never masturbated." She might have to answer, but she didn't have to be honest, did she? ...Did she?

Yuri shook her head sadly. "Ooo, I'm sorry, nya, but that's nyot the truth, is it? Which means..."

Rukia went pale. "N-no! No! Wait!"

Yuri didn't wait. Even as Rukia struggled to raise her arms and defend herself, a beam of vivid pink light crashed into her gut and left her doubled over in pain. Lightning surged

through her nerves, making everything inside her burn, but instead of settling in her chest as she'd expected, it coursed through her to her butt and made her cheeks bounce like a pair of beachballs as they swelled, straining to tear through her uniform.

As Yuri lowered her mic, Rukia grabbed her podium for support and looked back, her heart pounding. F-fuck. Her ass looked bigger than Rangiku's...

Swallowing, she struggled to turn her head back to Yuri, who was giggling. "Ta-da! Nyow you have a whole hourglass figure between nyow, nya! Isn't that nyeat?"

Rukia, panting for breath, wondered if she could get away with punching her.

"For anyone who's curious, nya. Their answers *should* have been: Three days ago. And three hours ago, nya."

Rukia and Orihime looked at each other and blushed.

"Nyow, let's head straight to Question 2!" continued Yuri. She thrust the mic back at Orihime. "Orihime! What part of Rukia's body makes nyow the most horny?"

"M-makes me the most-? Rukia's-?!" Blushing harder than ever, Orihime risked a glance at Rukia and immediately snatched it back.

"Remember, nyow you have to tell the truth, unless nyow wanna get twisted, nya." Yuri giggled. "Also, there's a timer, nya! But I can't quite read it, so I dunno if nyow nyeed to hurry or nyot yet. I'd guess nyes though."

"If-if I had to answer, I'd say..." Orihime swallowed. "Her petite chest."

"My what?!" cried Rukia.

"Oooh, interesting. Nyow you like them flat, huh, nya?" Giggling, Yuri turned the mic to Rukia. "Rukia! What part of Orihime's body makes *nyow* the most horny?"

Rukia swallowed. She flicked a glance at Orihime's chest and snatched it away, blushing. "Probably her fat cow tits," she said, eyes tight.

Orihime covered her chest and turned even redder.

"I think that's the best part of her body too, nya." Giggling, Yuri spun. "Okay, Question 3! Orihime, if nyow had to make Rukia orgasm, how would nyow go about it?"

"E-eh?" Orihime couldn't turn much redder, but she tried. "Wh-what do you...?"

"It's very simple, nya. If nyow want to make Rukia cum, how would nyow do it? Clock's ticking! (Again, presumably.)"

"I-I..." Orihime swallowed. "I... I suppose I'd probably start by playing with her nipples. A-and if that wasn't enough. M-maybe I'd put my fingers in her..." She looked down. "In her you-know-what."

Rukia crossed her legs.

"Nyice answer, nya!" Grinning, Yuri turned to Rukia. "What about nyou, nya? How would nyou make Orihime cum?"

Rukia took a deep breath. "Well," she said, after a moment of reflection. "First I'd grab her fat tits and squeeze them till they're sore. Then I'll spank her fat ass till she begs me to stop. And then I'd grab the fattest fucking strap-on I'd own and slam it deep into her tight, drooling—"

She cut off. Orihime looked like she might faint.

Yuri, on the other hand, looked disappointed she'd stopped. "That's her pussy, right, nya? Nyou'd slam it into her pussy?"

Rukia swallowed. "Y-yeah. I guess."

"Nyot her ass? Because I bet she'd cum right away if nyou slammed something up there. She looks like *such* a buttslut, nya. (Again, nyot in a judgemental way or anything.)"

As Rukia and Orihime tried to avoid melting, Yuri giggled as she learned the next question. "Question 4, nya! Orihime, how often do you fantasize about making love to Rukia?"

Orihime flinched like she'd been slapped. "N-never!" she cried. "I've never—!"

Yuri didn't even wait to confirm it this time. Spinning her pointer around her fingers, she aimed it straight at Orihime's chest and with a zap: Orihime screamed as her lower half expanded, buttcheeks fattening till they were almost as big as Rukia's. "Nnnn~!"

"Mmm, nyow she *really* looks like a buttslut. Rukia, how often do nyou fantasize about making love to Orihime?"

Watching Orihime's new cheeks clap, Rukia bit her lip. "A-all the time," she said, unable to meet the redhead's eyes. "Every time I wake up in the morning, the first thing I do is masturbate to the thought of grabbing her fat tits and..." She stopped, swallowing. "And every night, I do the same. I have a dildo that's the color of her hair, and I like to pretend it's a strap-on she's wearing as she—" She swallowed. "Sometimes I can't keep from screaming her name..."

"Okay, getting a little carried away here," said Yuri. "Let's skip to the next question, before you answer all of them. Orihime!"

Orihime flinched, her engorged new assets shaking. "What's your deepest, darkest fetish, and how does Rukia play into it?"

The redhead went pale very quickly. Standing there, she stammered, struggling to speak, and big beads of sweat spilled down her cheeks and dripped to the floor. When she finally opened her mouth, she seemed to have lost her voice.

"I... I..." She took a deep breath. "I want to be Rukia's cute little puppy. And— And—" She slammed her eyes tight, unable to look at anyone. "I want her to take me on walkies and rub my tummy and tell me I'm a good girl. And when we come home, I want her to take me to bed and—" She cut off, tears spilling from her eyes.

"Aw, that's so cute," said Yuri. She turned to Rukia. "And nyou, nya?"

Rukia leaned on her podium and covered her face with her hands. "I want to be Rukia's cute little kitty and have her stroke me and feed me and let me rest my head on her..." She swallowed. "...O-on her boobs."

"Aw, that's soooo cute!" said Yuri, practically squeeing at the thought. "But very lewd, too. And absolutely embarrassing to admit, of course. Nya. How do nyou feel about Rukia wanting to be nyour little kitty, Orihime? That's nyot an actual question—nyou don't have to answer that."

Orihime, who had been just about to answer, hid her face.

"Anyway, onto the nyext actual question, nya: Orihime, what would it take to make nyou eat Rukia out, right nyow?"

Orihime started to stammer, as did Rukia, for that matter. The former might not be the most intelligent woman in the world, but even she knew where this was heading. "I—I—I—N-nothing! Nothing could make me do that!"

"Me neither!" cried Rukia, though she slammed her hands over her mouth the second the words left it.

Yuri cocked her head and shook it sadly. "Nyo? I don't think that's true, nya. For example, what if we were to make nyou both really, *really* slutty..." She raised her microphone with a smirk.

"N-no! Wait!"

Zap!

As the microphone's beam slammed into them, exciting their every nerve, most especially the ones in the more sensitive parts of their bodies and blowing their already egregious curves to even more absurd proportions, Rukia and Orihime dropped to the ground with a scream, their nipples hard, their pussies pouring, and their minds dominated by one single, overwhelming urge: the need to get their tongues deep in each other's pussies.

Watching them work, Yuri sighed. “Aw, they make such a cute couple, nya.” With a laugh, she spun back to the crowd. “Well, guys, that’s all for this round! I did kinda wanna stay and watch them eat each other out a little longer, but they’re telling me we need to go to a commercial break again, or the station won’t be able to pay its bills so—What do you mean I’m running out of time? Um. Er.

“Th-thankyouforwatchingandstayedtunedformore*DateorDoom!*afteraquickcommercialbr—”