

Soaked: Epilogue

Three weeks after the storm

It was hard to believe I was sitting in the same cafe a dozen women had once filled to the brim with their curves. Now devoid of the water-sloshing tits and ass, it had been remodeled into a shining example of the new world.

“There they are!” I heard Amy call from the front door. She and Justine entered with happy grins. I don’t think I had seen those smiles leave their faces once since the storm transformed their bodies. Like all the other affected women, they were finding endless joy in their new figures. As was I, as I watched them approach the table.

Jon nudged me with his elbow and snickered at Justine. Her blouse looked particularly ready to blow open. Apparently she’d done a little extra growing and water was still continuing to settle. Local department stores were scrambling to provide suitable clothes for women in Amy and Justine’s position. Concealing breasts and hips like beach balls wasn’t an easy task.

Claire, the cafe’s manager, headed off Amy and Justine. Her figure was one of the main attractions now. “Ah, my two favorite water balloons! You’re not going to destroy my cafe again, are you?”

They laughed at the joke. I detected a tinge of nervousness as they recalled just how massive they had managed to swell.

“We’re just here to meet our friends,” Amy informed. “No explosions from us!”

Claire’s eyes flashed with interest. “Some blossoming romances after the ordeal, I see... Well, I’ll leave you to it. Let me know if there’s anything I can get you.”

She left to assist two customers waiting at the counter. I could barely contain myself as my new girlfriend approached. I had always liked Amy, but now there was more of her to love than ever.

“Can you guys believe this place??” Amy whispered. “It’s totally different!!”

Jon winked at Justine. “I noticed you were still giving that door a run for its money.”

Deep red blushed Justine’s cheeks. “S-Shut up...”

Amy and I stared at each other. We still weren’t sure if Jon and Justine were officially dating. We weren’t sure they even knew. However, they had spent an inordinate amount of time together since the storm. Jon had been more than helpful in assisting Justine in her new life. Hardly a night went by when Amy didn’t tell me about Justine coming back to their apartment early in the morning with tousled hair reeking of sex.

The city was in the middle of a rapid transformation. Claire’s cafe wasn’t the only thing destroyed by overgrown girls. Given the extreme growth of the majority of the female populace, the mayor had deemed it necessary for businesses to accommodate their new curves. Doors had to be widened. Chairs had to be reinforced. Elevators were limited to a maximum of three women due to weight concerns.

The girls sat with visible relief. Carrying such bodacious assets around was exhausting work.

“*God, that’s better...*” Justine sighed, leaning back and massaging her shoulder. “Damn things feel heavier every day.”

Amy shook her head. “I keep telling you not to wear such tight jeans. It’s pushing water into your tits!! Give your body time to settle!!”

“They make my ass look incredible, though...” Justine huffed.

Jon smiled teasingly and stared into Justine’s cleavage bulging over the table. “I’ll say.”

Playing footsie with Amy under the table, I took a sip of my iced tea. “So, Justine, you said you wanted to talk to us about something?”

The mood changed. It quickly became apparent that she hadn’t gathered us here just to reminisce about when they were the size of semi-trucks.

Justine looked over her shoulder. Lowering her voice, she leaned in to the point of her chest covering half the table. “I’ve been doing some research... About the storm?”

“And by research, she means she’s been watching videos non-stop of women blowing up.” Jon chided. “She’s developed a *reeeeaaal* taste for people inflating like water balloons. You should look at her porn history! ‘Body expansion’ and ‘water inflation’ everywhere!”

I’d never seen Justine’s face turn so red. “*J-J-Jon!!! SHUT UP!!!*”

The table waited for her to deny the claims, but she never did. I watched Amy try to hide her secondhand embarrassment.

“A-Anyway...” Justine continued, still beet-red, “I’ve been looking into what happened, namely, women’s bodies inexplicably expanding out of control.”

I sipped on my drink again. “Why? It was a freak accident of nature! The first of its kind! There can’t be that much to research yet... Scientists barely know where to start.”

She shook her head. “Actually, it’s not the first time this has happened.”

The table grew quiet. Given the scale of how much the rain impacted the city, it was hard to believe something of that nature could go unheard of.

Amy looked nervous. I watched her legs shift back and forth. “W...What do you mean?”

Justine withdrew a small notepad. “It wasn’t because of the rain, but it was an eerily similar situation. About a year ago, an hour to the south of here, there was an incident on a train. A woman was on her way to work and later said she remembers feeling a sudden sharp pain in her side, like she’d been pricked by a tiny needle. Before she knew it, her boobs started expanding!! Just like ours!! The only difference is that it didn’t affect her entire body. *Only* her chest swelled up. And it was filling with milk, not water. *Gallons* of milk.”

“How big did she get??” Jon asked with high interest.

“*MASSIVE*. She completely filled the train car. Just like us, she thought she was going to burst open, but she ended up releasing her milk when her nipples couldn’t take it anymore. The train got flooded.” Justine gulped. “T-That’s when the other women started growing. Anyone who was exposed to her milk found themselves swelling uncontrollably as well. By the time the train pulled into the next station, there was no room left. Eyewitnesses talk about seeing flesh

bulging the ceiling and people pinned against the glass. They had to scrap the train because of all the milk when they finally blew.”

Silence followed. Somehow it sounded more horrifying than what our city had to endure. Being at the rain’s mercy was one thing, but being at the mercy of your own milk-producing breasts must have been a nightmare made worse by the cramped train environment.

Jon stared ahead in a daydream. “Wow... Talk about tits on a train...”

“T-They were all ok, right?” Amy whimpered. She placed a hand on her chest as if checking to make sure it wasn’t suddenly growing tighter with milk.

Justine nodded. “As far as I could tell.” Scratching her head with her pen, she added, “I just find it weird how nobody has ever heard about this. Why wasn’t it national news?? Or even local news?! Over twenty women blew a train car open like a busted soup can and there wasn’t a peep from the media! And we’re only an hour’s drive from where it happened! *Why did nobody hear about this?!*”

I offered my thoughts. “Maybe it was too fantastical to report? Or too explicit? No news station wants to run a story where they have to blur the entire screen.”

Shaking her head, Justine shot my idea down. “I don’t think so. I think there’s something else going on, something being covered up, and I think it’s related to the storm that hit our city. Whatever, or whoever, caused that woman to lactate so violently also messed with our weather and caused the swelling rain. I think someone is using our area for some kind of experiment.”

Amy and I stared at each other. What Justine was saying sounded crazy and far-fetched, but then again so did an entire city of women absorbing rainwater until they burst like balloons and emerged as curvy goddesses. At this point, I wasn’t willing to say anything was impossible. The glorious mounds stretching Amy’s t-shirt were proof.

“You don’t really believe that, do you?” Jon asked.

“Well... I...”

“Come on... If some mad scientist figured out the keys to the female body, he would be making millions and producing the world’s best pornstars. And if he’s into making women swell up to impossible sizes, then I think you would have come across him in those dozens of hours of porn you’ve been watching.”

Justine blushed and stared at the table. “I-I-I watch it for research...”

I saw her chest flush with color. Based on her breathing, it wasn’t a stretch to say all this talk of expanding women was having an effect on Justine. Amy’s eyes widened, seeing her friend’s thighs grind together to massage her pussy.

There was a tiny bit of movement in the corner of my eye. Strangely, a mosquito had settled on the corner of our table. I was about to smack it before it flew off. There was a strange blue tint to its body, as if it were made of metal. I thought I was going insane.

“Hey, did you guys see that--”

“Free drinks for my favorite cafe bombs!!”

We looked up to see Claire approaching with a wide grin. A tray of iced teas was balanced on one hand.

“Oh, Claire! You didn’t have to--”

THUD!

“*Whoa!!*”

CRASH!!!

She tripped, not yet fully accustomed to not being able to see her feet. The drinks fell upon the table in a cascade of ice and tea. As fate would have it, Amy and Justine’s chests took the brunt of the fluids.

“*Ah!! CLAIRE!!*” Justine yelled, stumbling back as her blouse soaked through.

Amy hugged her chest and fished several ice cubes from her cleavage. “*IT’S COOOOLD!!*”

Jon and I were both gifted with a spectacular view of their apple-sized nipples showing through soaked fabric. Watching the girls flail and bounce in front of us was a blessing from the heavens.

POP POP!!

Two buttons struck Jon in the face. The ordeal had proven to be the last straw for Justine’s blouse as her still-swelling chest tore through.

“*Dammit!!! I need to go to the store again!!*”

Jon jumped at the opportunity. “Need someone to accompany you to the dressing room??”

She glared, but did not refuse.

“Oh no... I’m sorry, girls...” Claire apologized. “I can’t see where I’m going anymore...”

Amy tried to be forgiving while her trembling hands grabbed her erect nipples through her shirt. The chilly drink seemed to have brought a sparkle of need to her eyes. “B-Brian... Is there a towel in the back you could grab me?”

I jumped up, feeling ashamed of not offering it sooner. “Yes!! Of course!! Hang on!! I--”

She grabbed my arm and hugged it into her soaked chest. It was burning up, despite the icy drink. “I’ll come with you...!” A teasing smile shined on her face and she sank my arm deep into her pillowy flesh. “I like what the rain did to me, but it’s a two-person job cleaning these water balloons! *I could use some help...*”

I gulped, hoping the rest of the café couldn’t see my rising excitement at my girlfriend’s teasing. “Y-Yea?”

“Mhm...”

“Well let’s get you back there and dry you off, then!” I nudged her playfully. “*Wouldn’t want you to start swelling up again, would we?*”

Color filled her cheeks and she giggled as we headed toward the back room. “Please no!! Once was *more* than enough!! These are great, but I don’t think I could handle another drop!”

The End