



BOOBA TEA

Love; a fluid concept that came in many forms besides the typical understanding most souls across the world had come to agree upon.

Besides a mutual relationship borne of great interest and effecting between two people. Love could be represented in, say a parent's overprotective nature. Or maybe devout worship. A man's care for the artificial to sate his hobbies? Heaping endless praise for a brand or individual. If the meaning behind the word changes from person to person, it might not be wrong to say Love had no strict definition outside of the norm. A claim represented by a certain group of exceptionally gifted individuals that existed beneath the public eye, blending in seamlessly with the ordinary citizen.

Envision a coven of witches who drew power from their individual beliefs in what Love meant. A powerful sect of magically adept women who could bend and reshape the world around them as they saw fit. That was the basic concept behind the little known group that, even in the hidden world of fantasy and magic, were an oddity.

From the classic, light hearted Love Potions to dark Romantic Hexes, these Love Witches, as on-the-nose as their title was, had played a part in many revolutions within the wizarding world and beyond with takes of their exploits being warped and dumbed down into fairy tales and bedtime stories to be told to children and adapted into movies for entertainment.

Unbeknownst to most and quite contradictory to their namesake however, the Love Witches were a divisive faction. Prone to quarrel and disagreement like bad neighbors if they were to ever cross paths with one another, making them incredibly hard to get into contact with as the coven wasted no time in ensuring their members would never clash, spreading out across the globe. Living ordinary lives while others squirreled themselves away in isolated locales with some even setting up pocket dimensions, within which they would continue their work in secret. Developing new spells and magics relative to their respective ideas of the shared gospel they all believed in.

So strict was the Love Witches isolationist policy, that any new apprentice they took under their wing would eventually split away, becoming just as disillusioned and frustrated with their former mentors when the time came to develop their own sense of Love, striking out on their own just like their predecessors before them.

Some however, were not as stringent in their solitude and practicing of magic, doing so without a care in the world despite the laws that forbade openly casting spells in view of the normal populace lest they be clued in to their existence. They had suffered through enough baseless accusations and terrible witch hunts that did more harm to the world than the intended good to risk another foul pot of potential misery being unleashed upon the Earth. Not like the people that were included in this list could be bothered. After all, where there were rules, there would always be those who ended up breaking them, whether on purpose or otherwise.

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And one of these individuals would break any rule if it meant bringing Love to anyone that caught her eye. Especially if they were suffering. She'd seen it too many times to count now; the screaming agony of unrequited feelings boiling away in one's heart. The world ending despair wrought by broken relationships. Each one had been mended by her own hand, touching those in need with her magic.

But whether or not her 'help' was for better or worse, none could truly say. After all, her intentions were pure, devoid of malice. As long as she sensed a large enough concentration of negativity stemming from matters of the heart, the unusually devout Love Witch would do all in her power to fix the problem at its root, through any means necessary. And thanks to her experience as a seasoned witch in general, the power she had amassed over the years enabled her to work her magic whenever she wanted. Masking its effects from anyone who wasn't her equivalent in the wizarding world...and where she stood? Only a handful were included in that number, with even fewer still being privy to personal tidbits like her real name and identity.

Like any normal person, she worked a day job before retiring back to a rather humble apartment flat to rest and recuperate. And for a literal romantic, it wasn't too much of a surprise to learn that she had secured herself a well paying position as a tea master down at a local bubble tea chain conveniently called *Boba Luv*. The name had struck a chord with the witch when she first settled down in the city. And seeing how she didn't need that much money to live comfortably besides rent, had immediately decided then and there to make it her home away from home. Rising through the ranks under the alias of 'Suzanne' until eventually settling in as the de facto second owner of the beverage store when the then tea master had departed for greener pastures after managing to confess to the love of his life. Easily making friends with her colleagues and the actual owner, all of whom remained none the wiser to the powerful witch currently in their midst.

Almost a year had passed since she became Boba Luv's tea master, a position that saw her presence in the shop from opening hours to closing time in order to supervise the creation of the outlet's now famous selection of drinks that drew the masses like never before. A bonus that went both ways for benefactor and beneficiary for the lofty position gave Suzanne a lot of sway, particularly over the customer side of things...

Some might find it strange that Boba Luv had never once found difficulty with rowdy customers or rivals looking to besmirch their name ever since their new tea master had taken over the reins. Some attributed the fact to her strangely soothing demeanor, saying how she spoke as if she could see someone from the inside out despite her dark, brooding appearance. Others just placed the cause on the outlet's delicious drinks, citing how only the most depressed individuals on the planet could wear a frown on their face after sampling a taste from their wide assortment of boba tea...oh how little they knew...

Ultimately, the Love Witch had her own code to abide by besides those of Suzanne, the sociable tea master of Boba Luv. And with a job that saw thousands of people pass her by everyday, there was seemingly no end to the people stricken by matters of the heart, attracted to the store's reputation for the tastiest drinks in the city

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like moths to a flame, an unknowable fire whose touch would invite change for the better in those who drew too close.



And on a serene Saturday evening where the air outside was nice and cool, Suzanne could already sense the arrival of not one, but two wayward souls approaching her store. Piquing her interest in more ways than one as her magenta tinged eyes immediately locked on to a couple walking through the entrance of the store to join the row of customers already waiting in line, and even without her mystical third eye, the tea master only needed a single glance to tell something was obviously wrong with the two.

Their uneasy gait, the way they stood apart rather than together, their faces haggard and shifty...those weren't signs of a couple...they looked more like estranged siblings than anything else! And in the eyes of the Love Witch, this couldn't stand, preparing to dish out her brand of love in an effort to fix the frayed strand holding the two together before it would irreparably come apart.

A quick peek through their minds, and Suzanne knew just what they needed. They were an item, but they had yet to do anything that warranted such a label. Maybe they each had their own personal issues to deal with, but at the end of the day, weren't they supposed to be a couple? That meant solving things *together*, not alone! That revelation alone made Suzanne slightly miffed. To think a man and woman had come together out of supposed love, only to keep everything bottled up, unwilling to let their significant other shoulder the burden...

But she couldn't let that turn her smile upside down. After all, she possessed the means to fix that twisted relationship whether they liked it or not. It was her duty after all as a Love Witch; to bestow true love upon those in need. And Suzanne's brand of love was something irresistible, a definite guarantee to forever unite the distant couple in a way they could never imagine...not like they would even be aware of it in the first place, witches creed and all that...

And so, right before the two approach the counter, Suzanne turns her back to them, uttering an incantation under her breath, charging the simple milk tea based brew she stirred up with a custom spell tailored

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towards wayward couples like the one that awaited her services by the time she was ready to greet them, wearing a bright smile on her face that, as always, had their eyes focused on her.

"Welcome to Boba Luv! Here, why not have a sample on the house? You two...look like you could use a boost~"

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Balling his hand into a fist in an effort to suppress the heavy sigh that almost slips out of his mouth, a haggard young man in a moody hoodie and slim jeans trudges on down a street painted in the saturated orange of an evening sky, hand in hand with a woman slightly shorter than he was. Dressed in a modest, long sleeved blouse and a long, obscuring skirt, the plain Jane looked undecided and awkward, as if she wasn't quite sure what to do or say. Clearly aware of her partner's apparent dissatisfaction despite the purpose of their outing today.

They were supposed to hang out today and enjoy the weekend together. Instead, all they had done was wander the streets of the bustling city, loitering in malls, sharing silent meals, freezing in a theater, before walking home...having done nothing productive and their relationship still teetering on the edge of destruction.

The man, going by the name of Devin, had been a successful graduate in the field of business. A dreamer with ambition, he sought to start climbing the ranks in an influential firm he'd managed to sink his claws into, earning a hefty paycheck every month. More than enough to begin saving up for his future together with Catherine, who spent most of her time at home working on commissions from clients all over who sought out her talents as a designer from complex interiors to simple posters.

All seemed to be going well for the young couple. Without the overbearing weight of university bearing down on them and their lives secured and stable, their plans to go beyond simply being boyfriend and girlfriend were finally within arm's reach. A wedding, expenses set aside for the children's education, maybe even a new house down in the suburban areas where there'd be plenty of other kids for their potential offspring to play with!

But dreams weren't real, and reality wasn't often so kind. And in a sudden blow that no one could have seen coming, Devin and Catherine's hopes for the future were dashed almost overnight.

A market crash affecting many sectors including the company Devin worked at had resulted in a large number of layoffs, himself included since they saw no use in keeping a new hire on hand when they had plenty of experienced expendables to use. But the fact that the crash had affected more than just that one firm meant that Devin was hard pressed to find another job that paid as well as his first one did.

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But he wouldn't...no, he couldn't let it affect him. Persisting in his search for an alternative, he had hid the bad news from Catherine, who was likewise suffering from a slower than expected income of new commissions to work on, a dry spell she hoped would come to pass. But a week would turn into a month, and by then the two were still nowhere near successful in resolving their respective issues.

Devin was terribly out of luck, forced to give up his suit and tie in exchange for a drab uniform in some convenience store downtown while Catherine could only manage two to three jobs at a time instead of the usual flow of over a dozen. In the span of a month, what should've been an idyllic romance had devolved into a nightmare full of dread for the next day, wondering what else would stab a skewer into their already messed up situation.

Any hope for saving up for their future was gone now that they had to resort to eating into said money, and when the two stopped communicating once their individual stress levels began to peak, conflict was inevitable. And so they fought, arguing and bickering about what each side saw as a negative in the other, venting their frustrations as the road from simple couple to married duo slipped further and further away...

But Catherine didn't want such a thing to happen, even when she popped the cork and blew steam off sometimes. She hated what their relationship had become, and with her side of the family soon coming over for a visit to check up on how she was doing with Devin, the flustered maiden, at her wits end, had decided on this impromptu trip to the city in an effort to relax and just...forget the burdens of everyday life just like an ordinary couple would on a fine weekend.

Except things hadn't gone to plan at all...they didn't speak with each other. The romantic comedy movie they'd seen elicited no response. And even though they had toured two entire malls, neither one had bought anything for each other or themselves...and now they were headed slowly down the street that led back to their apartment, Devin's face as dark as a thundercloud, his mind no doubt embroiled with thoughts about work and what to do next to improve things instead of focusing on what was supposed to be a date with his girlfriend...but maybe they could end the day off with one small spark instead of a pathetic fizzle...a mild hope Catherine harbors in her dampened heart upon sighting the neon lit sign of a familiar drink store she hadn't been to in a long time, tugging softly on Devin's sleeve to get him to stop moving on ahead of her.

"S-Sorry there...I wasn't paying attention...did you say something?"

"No it's...fine...could we, maybe get a drink? I'm starting to get thirsty with all this walking."

Pointing with a finger at the store ahead of them, Devin's gaze sours a little at the sight of the boba tea store she was intending to visit, clearly not enthused by the idea.

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"Couldn't we just get water or something? We're almost home anyway..."

"C'mon dear...no need to be so frugal...look, I'll pay alright? For the *both* of us...alright?"

"But it's...the place is...ahh fine.."

Acquiescing to Catherine's offer, Devin exhales, freeing the ball he'd trapped inside of his lungs with his shoulders drooping in defeat, following after her as they stuck to the right of the walkway, pushing past the doors beneath the decorated Boba Love sign and into a bustling interior. All the seats were occupied with people enjoying a snack or two with the store's signature drinks to go, wearing bright faces that were in stark contrast to the moody vibes the two newcomers brought with them.

"I heard this place is popular...and popular joints always cost way too much to be worth the hassle...not too late to back out now..."

"And I told you I'd pay, didn't I? Just...just stop alright? We're supposed to be-"

"-on a date...right, I get it..."

Now it was Catherine's turn to sigh in frustration as she struggled to bite back the caustic words she wanted to throw right back at Devin, standing in awkward silence beside a man she was starting to feel alienated by. She wanted to see him smile, be the bright goofball who looked towards the future without a care in the world. Because the person he was now...wasn't the same man she'd fallen in love with a few years ago.

'If only...isn't there something I can do to help us get back together? Make it all just...go away...'

Shaking her head at the futility of hoping for change to happen overnight, Catherine focuses her mind elsewhere, gazing around the quaint little cafe with mild envy, looking at all the people enjoying themselves, increasing the heavy weight in her chest as the sight stirs the fear of never being able to experience such a thing.

Until her gaze falls upon a peculiar woman working at the far end of the counter, meeting the piercing gaze of her striking magenta eyes for a second before she turns her back to her, tending to the machinery and preparing another batch of that sweet, aromatic brew she could smell all the way from where she stood behind the last row of customers before it was their turn to order.

Dressed in moody purple the shade of ethereal night while sporting a head of lustrous black alongside a bevy of accessories reminiscent of goth fashion, the young lady stood out from the other employees for more than just her appearance. It was almost like looking into the eye of a storm, as if the bubbly atmosphere of Boba

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Luv came from the presence of the mysterious woman, finding herself entranced once again by those eyes of hers as she turned toward the counter. Approaching with both hands holding on to what looked like plain, milk tea with a bit of boba bobbing around at the base.

So much so, that she had missed the words that came out of her mouth, coming to with a yelp after Devin had to nudge her on the shoulder to snap her out of the brief spell she'd been sucked into.

"Weird time to blank out? C'mon, the good lady's offering you a drink, isn't that what you wanted?"

"R-Really? B-But we haven't even ordered yet!"

"Come now dear, like I said, it's a freebie. You really must've been out of it if you missed what I said! Not to worry though, one sip of this baby and you'll be perked right up...and if it doesn't, you'll know it's not filled with Boba Love~"

Brushing by that cheesy advertisement while accepting the drink from the woman's pale hand, Catherine stares down in silence at the milky drink sloshing around to the movement of her grip, stirring up the fine drink and it's spherical contents, the sweet smell of the broth stronger than ever now that the source of it was in her hands, an already inserted straw just waiting for her to latch on to.

"I'll go first then, can't wait around forever right?"

Seeing as how Devin had already begun to slurp down on his drink, Catherine follows suit after one final glance over toward the exuberant goth, still putting on that bright smile of hers while she waited for them to finish with a knowing smile curling her lips as she watches the pair quickly empty out the miniature sized bottles of boba tea, none the wiser to the extra ingredient packed away inside of it besides milk and tea. Except her eyes weren't focused on the drinks but rather the bodies of the consumers as their meager forms began to bloat and change the more tea they imbibed, curiously oblivious to some of the more drastic alterations beginning to make themselves known across the bodies of the couple with the most obvious being that of Devin's, seeing as how he was supposed to be a man.

But the more he drank, the more that statement was beginning to seem wrong. With each gulp, his skinny, gaunt form would reverberate like a flimsy water balloon being filled up; gaining mass all over in the form of supple flesh and pudgy fat that builds in prominent regions that further emphasizes the change. Blessing spindly arms with health and vigor as the boney fingers that tip them begin to thin out, rejuvenating chipped nails until they were just as polished and alluring to look at as the dexterous digits they grew out of. But that was nothing compared to the way his once rigid legs were beginning to thicken, gaining gradual curves as the fabric that contained them easily begins to strain and rip apart at the seams, forming pseudo hot shorts while exposing khaki tinted skin bereft of body hair and other blemishes that had once plagued

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Devin's nethers the more his attire begins to shift in accordance to its wearer's rapidly distorting form, looking more like a well built tomboy than the skinny man with a temper now that his hair had begun to grow out, cleansing itself of grease as the individual threads begin to pour out of his scalp in an uncontrollable mess of silken chestnut.

'I can't believe how great this tastes! And to think this kind lady would offer it to us for free...what a steal!'

Similarly, Catherine had not been spared from her own metamorphosis as she continues drinking the delightfully sweet tea, too addled by the delight of having her thirst quenched by such a delicious drink to realize how the lips wrapped around the straw were beginning to thicken alongside her skin gradually darkening with a natural tan, stopping for a moment with a choked groan once the material that formed her collar splits away from the main article, tightening around her neck to form a simple band that causes a brief interruption that goes ignored, too busy thirsting for more to notice how her modest bosom had begun to tent her blouse, peeling the secured hem of it away to reveal an increasingly burgeoned navel that seems to fill out with each gulp, gaining toned musculature that wasn't there before, bringing emphasis to her core where a cute belly button sits nestled in the middle, flanked by broadening hips that were about to brush against Devin's.

And when combined with the fact that immaterial pumps had begun to turn their bums into sizable balloons to rival their chests, brushing was an understatement when gelatinous thighs began to squish and knead into each other.

'Oh em gee! I can't believe I didn't want to try this out! Catherine was totally right in wanting to come here! This stuff's totally sweet!'

But at that point, calling him her boyfriend was no longer possible. In fact, the masculine term of address could no longer apply, not when Devin had developed breasts that were a cup size behind Catherine's ever growing pair. And from how tight the newly formed hot shorts were beginning to get as they pushed themselves to contain the immense girth of an hourglass figure with an increasingly heavy butt to contend with, it was clear that Devin's time as a man had come to an end from how flat and empty the void between her legs was after the morbid bout of activity down there had come to an end, something the woman who was still monitoring them delighted in as her eyes warmed at the sight of Devin's manhood struggling to resist the inevitable, wriggling in its leathery prison, struggling to stay erect even as an unrelenting force pulls it inward, receding into a rippling gash of sensitive skin and equally irate flesh. Coalescing into damp folds of pink flesh, forming a blanket to nestle the shrunken penis into while a hole widens just beneath it as the former man's body wastes no time in testing it's modifications, releasing a trickle of fluid to hasten the formation of Devin's brand new vagina once a tight, well oiled passageway of sensitive muscle links itself to her heated womb, flanked by repurposed testicles that wastes no time in pumping her bodacious form full of female hormones in an effort to ease her mind through the next steps, releasing a pleasant sigh a few octaves

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higher than normal once her throat begins to bulge with activity in arousing fashion, going after the boba bubbles now that she was a quarter away from finishing up with her drink. Blissfully ignorant to the blonde ponytail tickling the exposed nape of her neck after her jacket had unwound itself, sending serpentine threads across smooth, glistening skin to grant her thickened body fitting attire that would suit the new life ahead of her perfectly. Something she seemed to look forward to with glee as her rugged face finally softened, beady eyes slanting into foxy slits that were a perfect match for her inflated suckers, having gone from dry and cracked to damp and cushioned. Caked in pale pink gloss to contrast the bronze hue of her darkened skin.

With a side hanging ponytail of her own made up of hair that, in contrast with Devin's luscious mane, grew in flayed yellow curls and spikes tipped with vague hints of faded magenta. Catherine too, had suffered a drastic change that left her unrecognisable, trading reclusive modesty for daring sex appeal in the form of a semi transparent, knotted shirt that did little to hide the majority of her chest, tenting the flimsy fabric as her once inert nipples flared up, becoming swollen pink nubs that stand erect just like her partner's. A testament to the intense arousal both women welcomed with open arms as they moved on to the last bits of tea left inside their respective bottles. And as if testing the limits of what was and wasn't possible when it came to a woman's defining features, Catherine's already immense bosom gains yet another boost to their size, retaining their heft and natural perkiness even as they ballooned into a comical size beyond the E cup range, accompanied by the faint whine of a tortured bra that stretches itself to support her melons. But they weren't like the sculpted fakes of a porn star, far from it in fact. Everything, from her meaty, drumstick thighs, an ass that had grown so big that it's rotund cheeks rendered the point of her pleated miniskirt null to the cushioned lips that sucked and smacked greedily against the plastic straw for more resplendent boba to send down into her fiery tummy were a hundred percent authentic, just like the heated feelings for the lady by her side she was beginning to feel now more than ever as she turns to put the cup down on the counter, pulling the straw free from her mouth with a wet pop and a noticeable increase to how *jiggly* Catherine had become ever since taking the first sip. Shivering in delight as the skin of her legs brushes by Devin's stocking clad calves. Bedazzled eyes enamored by the sight of her girlfriend finishing up her last sips, marveling at the way the evening sunlight from outside dances across those strawberry flavored cushions as they squeezed tight around the plastic funnel, almost as tight as the shredded shorts that bit into that juicy pussy of hers she could remember fingering with...wait...that didn't sound quite right...

Before her mind could catch on to the error, Catherine's eyes glaze over, becoming half lidded and lax as her brain begins to falter, realizing too late how Devin wore a similar, vapid expression on her face, suggesting her former boyfriend was undergoing something similar albeit without much resistance judging from how she motions her mouth around the straw in a perverse fashion far removed from how she should've been behaving...but how exactly *should* she be acting around her? She couldn't remember...

'Getting hard to think...like...my head's all...itchy and stuff...'

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As memories of her old life slowly vanish without notice, all Catherine could do was believe in the new ones currently playing out in her brain; an alternate take on her life that took a drastic turn during her highschool life. Instead of meeting Devin in university, she would instead acquaint herself with **Deni**, a girl hailing from the local clique of queen bees that 'governed' the student body with a bit of a reputation for being the school bike.

One thing would lead to another, and instead of being repulsed by Deni's outlandish behavior, Catherine would find herself enthralled by it. Initially starting out as chat buddies before eventually observing her perversion...and then taking the next step to indulging in it, trying, and loving her girlfriend's lifestyle. Instead of school, her mind would drift to thoughts of getting a mani-pedi with Deni, or what they would do the next time they shared a bed together. To her, they were like a match made in heaven, and it didn't take long for her to ditch her studies entirely, eloping alongside Deni to make their own lives together, adopting the simplistic title of **Candy** to mark her rebirth alongside a physical, unexplained natural makeover that would take years until the two of them had become the bodacious bimbos sharing a drink together in the city's best boba tea outlet. Living life without a care in the world...

'Abh~ How could I be such a big dummy and forget...like, all the times we had sex and stuff! Deni's my bestie after all! Forever and ever~'

With her head set straight, Candy pulls the empty bottle out of Deni's hand, giving her girlfriend a good jolt to the senses that had her balloon tits jiggling wildly with the motion, giggling like an airhead as the two girls exchanged laughs and quips with each other while the world around them seemed to 'update' itself to the fact that the awkward couple that once stood at the counter had been replaced by two buxom women, with the men behind them unable to help themselves at the sight of Deni's peaches squeezed tight by her woefully inadequate shorts while Candy didn't seem to care that her skirt was so short that even while standing, her privates were on show, giving eagle eyed viewers a good tease of her thong, never realizing that her cute, teddy bear print panties had been reduced into elastic rubber that left the lips of her labia on show as the rest slipped into her groin, putting her into a perpetual state of estrus only her lover could satisfy.



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Only one person in Boba Love knew the truth, and that person was more than happy with what she had done to fix the problem her clientele just couldn't get their heads around by themselves. Even if most of it wasn't quite intentional on Suzanne's part. After all, the magic of a Love Witch tended to act on the mind of the recipient, enacting changes completely out of the caster's control. But as always, the results she could see before her eyes were more than satisfactory.

Devin's concerns had been about earning enough money to keep them going all the way through both their own lives and that of their future offspring through a tireless search for a well paying job, so what better way to fix that than to remove his ability to bestow women with children? As for his job? Deni and Candy had that covered with their OnlyFans account. A place that earned them more than enough to make a living doing what they both loved as lesbian women.

On the other hand, the magic had sensed Catherine's urgency to present a livable home and proof that she wasn't stuck with a no good boyfriend who couldn't provide for their future. So in its own twisted manner of care, her family had now moved on from her. Unable to accept their daughter falling for another girl, Candy's parents were quick to retract all the love they once held for her, treating her like a stranger and even striking her name off of their contacts. Not like she cared much when she could live with the love of her life, making even more money than she would have if she had stuck with her old passion for design work.

Without the problems of lives long forgotten to hold them back, Deni and Candy were complete. Painting a smile on the Love Witch's face at the sight of the intertwining link between them, the undeniable proof of their unwavering love and loyalty for each other in comparison to the weak link between who they once were, leaning forward to interrupt their bubbly banter to tend to her duty as a Boba Luv employee.

“From how happy the two of you look~ I trust the drinks were satisfactory hm? You girls look right as rain now!”

“Oh soz for that! Deni can get like, *real* lost sometimes~ The drinks were totes amazing tho!”

“For reals! The milk was just so sweet and creamy it made my head all funny...but it went down so fast like...like water! We'll definitely have to come back sometime! You totally don't want us to like, drop cash for that?”

“Like I said; first rounds on the house! If you're really feeling grateful, then you two ladies can always come on back next time...and I'll be more than welcome to have you again~”

Waving the two girls goodbye, Suzanna heaves a sigh of relief, wishing the very best for the lovely couple exiting those doors into their new lives, just like the many others who had gone before them after being

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graced by her love, not missing a single beat as she immediately begins tending to the next customer as if nothing had changed...

Earning plenty of stares as they walked back down the remaining distance to their comfy apartment, Deni couldn't help but lean in for a kiss, pecking Candy on the forehead after her eyes remained glued to her dearest one's face for far too long.

"H-Hey! No surprise kisses!"

"Easy there gurl~ With a face like yours, you can't like, *not* expect me to stop! Besides...I've got a totes big surprise~"

"Ooo~ i love it when ya do stuff like this! Tell me!"

"Nuh-uh~ Gotta wait till we're like, all home and stuff without peepy eyes watching our asses."

Slipping her dazzling phone back inside the cleavage held tight by her revealing shoulderless top, Deni slips back into idle conversation with her girlfriend, putting away the notice for a successful delivery in the form of an expensive gem-studded ring she had made the other day in preparation to announce her unofficial marriage with Candy...with the added bonus of deciding who would be husband or wife depending on the outcome of yet another steamy night together.

And so the world moved on a little bit happier that night, although the same couldn't be said for the women's neighbors on that particular weekend...

THE END

