

Evlin: Tara's Research - Chapter 15

A little wine. A little magic. What else should the ladies enjoy before dinner is served?

**A Liquid Bimbocite
Story - Part 19**

Puff, puff, pass.
Puff, puff, grow?

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Well, ladies, are you just going to sit there with your mouths agape, or do you want to sample the goods a little?

Alysa and Brianna stare at the newly enhanced voluptuousness of Evlin, and they aren't really sure what to think.

Does this mean that magic is real? Would that also mean that Evlin is telling the truth that she is some kind of sorceress? And what would that mean, really?

I'll only do it if you do, but I **really** want to touch her.

No need to worry, I feel exactly the same way. So let's do this thing.



After all, aren't sorceresses evil in all the movies? If that's true, then Evlin is plotting something terrible for them, but what in the world could it be?

Mmmm, that's it. Touch me all you want. Make sure it's all real.

You're not kidding, Alysa. I thought she was hot before, but now...

Damn, girl! You have one hell of a killer figure!





Fuck!
They're so
big and firm and
perky. And real! I
think she might
be even bigger
than you
too.

Despite all the crazy thoughts
whirling through their heads,
though, they can't deny how hot
Evlin looks at the moment.

I'm sure she is, and this ass of hers is insane also! It's so big and juicy, but I bet I could bounce a quarter off of it.

Or how much they want to touch her all over. They can barely keep their hands off of her ripe and deliciously curvaceous figure.



Maybe you two should finish your wine. I need to go get something that will make this even more fun for all of us.

Oh? I think you're just worried we might ravish you right here!

Mmmm, we totally could, but she's got me curious now. Plus, it is really good wine.

But even though they both want to tear Evlin's clothes off and get an even better look at her obscene curves, the temptation of something more cannot be ignored by either of them.





Here we are, ladies. Shall we indulge in a hit or two to "enhance" the festivities before I crack open another bottle of wine?

Hell yeah! Now it's a real party! Where did you get this? It looks ancient, and so cool!

I haven't smoked up in ages! This is going to be awesome!

And their patience is rewarded. Not only do Alysa and Brianna finish their glasses of wine, but Evlin returns from upstairs with a hookah that looks practically ancient. It seems to work fine, though, as she fills the bowl and lights the contents.

This old thing? It's been in my family for ages!



Evlin takes the first puff, and then hands it off. Each lady takes a drag or two from the pipe before passing it on. More wine is poured, and consumed, to wash the smoke down and keep their throats from getting too dry, and because they can.



They finish the bottle of wine fairly quickly. Evlin clears the table almost as fast and hurries back. When she returns and sits down, she takes a long, deep drag from the hookah and then beckons Brianna toward her.


This is some really good stuff. You'll have to tell me who your supplier is.

I know what you want to do.



Brianna leans in close, and the two voluptuous vixens almost kiss. But they stop short, as Evlin breathes a heavy dose of the smoke straight into Brianna's mouth. Clearly the sexy fun is about to begin in earnest.





Now
tell me, Bri,
and be honest,
Do you love Alysa's
huge boobs? Would
you like to have a
pair of your
own?

Mmmm.
Yeeesss...
that sounds
lovely.

Brianna is pretty drunk from the wine, and reeling from the strong drugs of the hookah, when Evlin asks her question. She almost moans out her response. Alysa is already taking another drag, so Evlin grabs the other pipe.



She sucks on the pipe and inhales for a very long time, then pulls Brianna in for a kiss. Brianna is like putty in her arms and doesn't even resist. Once their lips are locked together, Evlin exhales with greater force than last time.





The powerful exhalation seems to force its way down Brianna's throat. At first she chokes a little and resists, but soon she relaxes into it and Evlin's breath flows deep into her chest unimpeded.



Swell!

Though it might have been more accurate to say that Evlin's breath was penetrating deep into Brianna's breasts, where it started to collect and push slowly outward on her chest wall.



STRETCH!

Bulge!

Evlin continued to exhale (that must be one hell of a breath she took), and Brianna's breasts kept on filling with air (or something).



POPI!

CREAK!

Expand!

PING!

Brianna's dress strains under the added pressure of her bloating breasts. Even a few of the metal studs popped off, as her tits become an almost perfect copy of Alysa's massive rack.


Meanwhile, Evlin turns her seductive attentions on Alysa, who has no compunction or hesitation in admitting that she would love to have a juicy booty to match her spectacular jugs.

Duh!
Of course
I have! Have
you seen the thing?
What woman wouldn't
want a perfect ass
to match her
perfect
tits!?




A desire that Evlin is more than happy to fulfill. Another long toke is taken from the hookah, another passionate kiss is shared, and another deep breath is exhaled into Alysa's lungs.






Unlike Brianna, Alysa does not resist the shared breath at all. She happily welcomes it instead, and the strong rush of air pushes its way down past her chest and deeper into her curvaceous body.



Alysa nearly swoons in Evlin's arms, as her perky little butt starts to inflate and fill with air, smoke, or the something else being breathed out by the woman embracing her. Her skirt slowly starts to ride up from her rapidly ripening ass.

Riper!



It almost feels like Evlin is pushing air down into Alysa's very soul, breathing new life into her deepest desires and most lewd fantasies - giving them new weight. Much like the new weight jiggling behind her and pulling her dress taugt across a copy of Brianna's ripe, bubble-butt!

Bubble!



So?
Are you two
happy with your
new assets? Are
you enjoying
them?

As the last of the drugs burns out, the pleasure thrumming through their bodies is too much for Alysa and Brianna to take. The two newly voluptualized ladies begin to furiously masturbate.

The alterations this time feel nothing like when they changed in the coffee shop. They don't know if it's the wine, the drugs, or a combination of everything, but the sensations throbbing in their new flesh are far more intense than last time.

♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀!!

Rub!

Rub!



Their hyper-ripe flesh ***demands*** their attention. It ***needs*** to be touched, caressed, and fondled. The new carnal cravings coursing through them require fulfillment. The filthy and libidinous thoughts flooding their minds drown them in a litany of naughty and lustful desires.

Grope!

Grab!

GpQppQpdPd!!





I'll
take that
as a, "yes".
giggle

Evlin looks on as her two guests try to adjust to their new reality. A giddy smile is plastered on her face, because she knows that her plans for these two **sluts** are only just beginning. The sounds of their moans, and furious rubbing, is delicious music to her ears.

The story will
continue in
the next part.