

Tara: Tara's Research

After a long and fun night out partying, you just want to go home, crash in your bed, and sleep.

Part 5

Just be careful who follows you home and crawls into bed with you. There might not be much sleeping...



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A woman in a red corset dress stands in a restaurant, gesturing with her hands as she speaks. She is wearing glasses, a necklace, and a bracelet. The woman sitting at the table is looking towards her. The table is set with a bottle of wine, a glass, and plates of food. The background shows a wooden wall with a light fixture.

Thank you for your patience. Now where were we?

Welcome back. So did you seduce that sweet young lady?

Not exactly, but something like that. More like laying some ground work.

With her short break in the bathroom completed, Evlin returns to the table. Tara finds herself smiling despite all the weirdness that's been happening since meeting her. For one thing, it is truly enjoyable to watch Evlin walk in that slinky dress of hers.




So back to our discussion regarding magic.

Yes, I gave that barista the great, big, bulging bazooms she's always wanted. I also gave our waitress the incredible ass she's been striving for.

And I definitely used magic, but I would be happy if you simply accepted that there are things you can't explain.

Evlin seats herself and the two ladies resume their dinner. Evlin digs into her sumptuous meal with reckless abandon as she finally gives Tara a straight answer about the events at the coffee shop. Tara quietly listens to her monologue.


A woman in a red dress is seated at a table in a restaurant, eating a large meal. She is looking towards another woman who is seated across from her. The woman across from her is also wearing a red dress and is gesturing with her hands as if in conversation. The table is set with plates of food, a bottle of wine, and silverware. The background shows a wood-paneled wall with a sconce.

I am going to be completely honest with you. I think what you are saying is absurd.

I mean, why are you even trying to convince me, a scientist, that magic is real? I don't see your motivation in all this.

Regardless, I am willing to admit that there are things I can't explain. I believe I even said that before. So we can agree on that.


Tara nibbles away at her salad. She is stunned as she watches Evlin eat her meal. Tara can't help but wonder where the woman puts all that food. She certainly doesn't look like a person who feasts on a huge meal like this. Meanwhile, she concedes a point to Evlin in their argument in hopes of ending the debate for now.



So what's it like to be a Dentist? Is it gross sticking your fingers in people's mouths all day long? Do you get a bunch of people with really bad breath?

It's not as bad as you might think. Mostly I enjoy that I am helping people, though I have had a few odd encounters. What's it like being a librarian? You must like books!

Accepting the concession from Tara, Evlin turns the conversation to more mundane topics. The two ladies enjoy their meal as they chat about more day-to-day things. Dinner is cleared away, and they order dessert as they get to know one another.

A woman in a red dress is seated at a wooden dining table in a restaurant. In the center of the table stands a bottle of Brunello di Castelvécchio wine. The bottle label is clearly visible, showing the brand name and the year 2008. The woman is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is softly blurred, showing other diners and the warm lighting of the restaurant.

I can't believe I've waited this long. I've been meaning to ask you for a while. What's your name?

They also drink quite a bit of wine as the evening wears on. Tara does finally remember to ask Evlin her name though, as the two talk about their jobs, hobbies, and various other small talk. There is even some discussion about men and their respective relationship situations.

Later that evening...

Here we are, Tara. Welcome home to your bedroom.

After another bottle of wine, Tara is far too drunk to get home safely on her own. Evlin, seemingly unaffected by the alcohol, is kind enough to help her return home. The scene cuts to Tara hanging off of Evlin as she opens the door to her bedroom.

hic
Yay! Back to my comfy home, but... **hic**
how did you even get in?



Don't you worry about it, Tara. Everything is going to be fine. Look! Here is your bed.

For that matter, how did you even **hic** know where I live, huh? Evlin?

Drunk or otherwise, the two of them still look ravishing in their dresses as they stumble over to Tara's bed. They look almost as inviting as the big bed itself, covered with its fluffy comforter and lots of plump pillows.



Oh look! It is my beddie. Hello beddie. You look so comfy. **hic** I'm just gonna lie down. Thank you, Evlin. You're so nice, and you're really pretty too. So sexy in your dress.

Thanks! What am I going to do with you? You're so drunk! I'd better get you out of those clothes.

Tara flops onto her bed and begins pushing cushions out of her way. She starts babbling nonsense to Evlin, which she's being doing most of the way back to her place. Evlin just shakes her head at her drunken friend.

A woman with dark hair is lying on her back on a bed with a patterned white duvet and a green sheet. She is wearing a salmon-colored lace bra and matching briefs. Her arms are raised behind her head, and she has a content expression. The room features a white headboard with intricate carvings, a bedside table with a lamp and a rotary phone, and a floral rug. A second woman, partially visible on the left, is wearing a red dress.

Mmmm.
Big, fluffy
pillows. **hic** Like
your big, fluffy boobies.
Tara wants to snuggle
your big chest
pillows.

Well
that was
sort of the plan,
Tara. I'm surprised at
your lingerie. It's so frilly
and lacy! I thought
you'd be more
reserved.

Evlin slowly and carefully strips Tara out of her evening dress. She places it off to the side as she admires Tara's salmon-colored underwear. It looks almost as tasty as Tara herself. Stripped nearly naked, Tara stretches out on her bed.



Well, I think it's time that I make myself comfortable as well.



Standing at the end of the bed, Evlin continues to survey Tara's luscious form for a while. Then she decides that Tara shouldn't be the only one attired in her comfortable lingerie. With a gesture, flames pass down her body and transform her dress into the sexy bra and panties from Tara's daydream at the library.

Now
it's time
for us to have
some fun, Tara. You
look good enough to
eat! But first, let's
explore your
fantasies.

Hmmm? Eat?
Yeah, we ate so
much food tonight.
It was so yummy,
like you.

Looking smoking hot in her red bra
and panty set, Evlin crawls into bed
with Tara and practically wraps
herself around the nearly unconscious
woman. She leans in close and starts
whispering in her ear. Tara mumbles
out her reply, nearly asleep already.



Tell me. Who was your first love, or your first crush? Who was the first person to break your heart?

First crush?
Her name was Giada. She was my friend in school. she was an exchange student.



Tara responds quietly to Evlin's whispered question. With the answer in hand, so to speak, Evlin gets out of bed and stands to one side. Her form starts to alter and change. Features slide and move, while her body grows smaller. Even her skin tone changes, until she is an identical copy of Giada.



She was always so pretty. Such long, lovely, and curly hair. Always styled so nice, with such bright and vibrant colors.

She is a tiny, little thing. Hot though. Lithe and sexy. I like her! What else can you tell me, Tara?

Nice! But what if she were here now, Tara? She would not be so young. She would be all grown up, a woman.

How would she look now? What does she look like in your dreams?

Evlin, now in the form of Giada, crawls back into Tara's bed and keeps pressing her for more information regarding her young crush. Evlin clearly has some information, since she changed into her, but now she is exploring how Tara remembers her.



Grown up Giada?
Mmmm. She'd be a
big girl now. Prolly still
have perfect hair. Long,
curly, and bright.



Tumble!

Evlin delves not only into how Tara remembers her old female flame, but how she fantasizes about her in her adult dreams. The drunk and half-asleep woman mumbles out replies with no real understanding of what she is saying. It is almost like she is under the effects of a truth serem or something similar.



Lengthen!



Longer!



She had a great ass too. She always walked and biked so much. I bet it would be spectacular now.



She answers Evlin's probing questions happily, reminiscing about her former friend and first crush with warmth. A guilty grin spreads across her face when Evlin prods her to fantasize about how Giada would look now. Drunken Tara obliges her, and Evlin's body responds accordingly.





She woulda **hic** kept working on it, and it woulda kept growin. It'd be huge and awesome. She'd be all curvy, with a teeny waist and wide hips.



Shrink!

Swell!!

Each description that Tara provides causes a corresponding alteration in Evlin's figure. No, Giada's figure. With a little prodding, the slim and tiny "girl" begins to rapidly grow and develop into a woman. She is soon an extremely voluptuous one with a tiny waist, child-bearing hips, and an incredible heart-shaped ass.



Pinch!

Thicker!

Wider!



Pinch!

Bubblyfy!

I bet she'd have **hic** nice boobies too. Great, big ones! It was the one thing I thought she could improve.

How big, Tara? How enormous are her sumptuous breasts?

Bulge!

In addition to a mind-boggling booty, Giada begins to grow a very respectable set of breasts. That isn't enough for Evlin's plans though, so she prods Tara's fantasies just a little more. Tara giggles out the thought, and Giada's full, fat DD cup boobs double in size. Giada moans out her pleasure as they then double again.

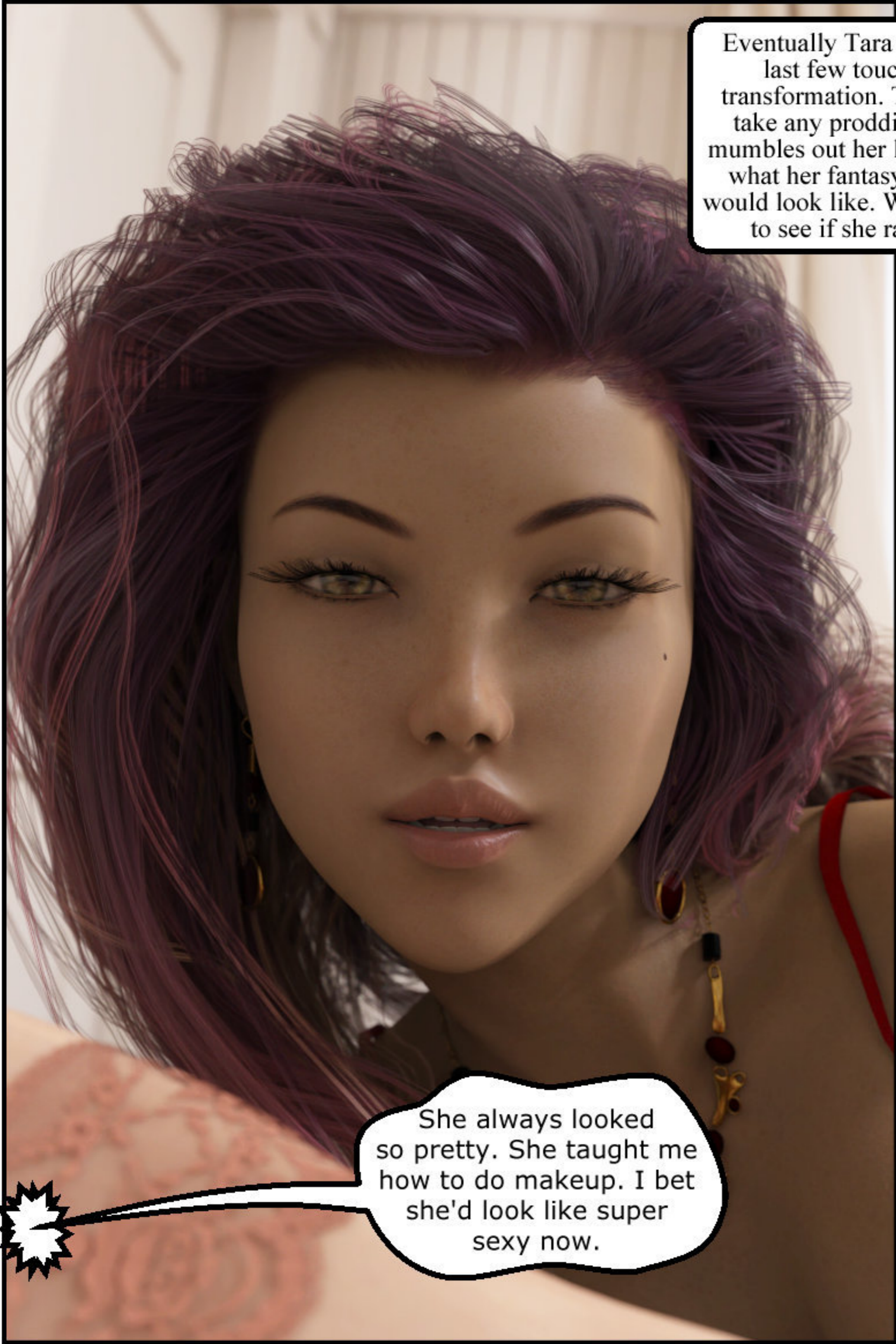
giggle
I bet they're huge now. Ginormous!

Englarge!!

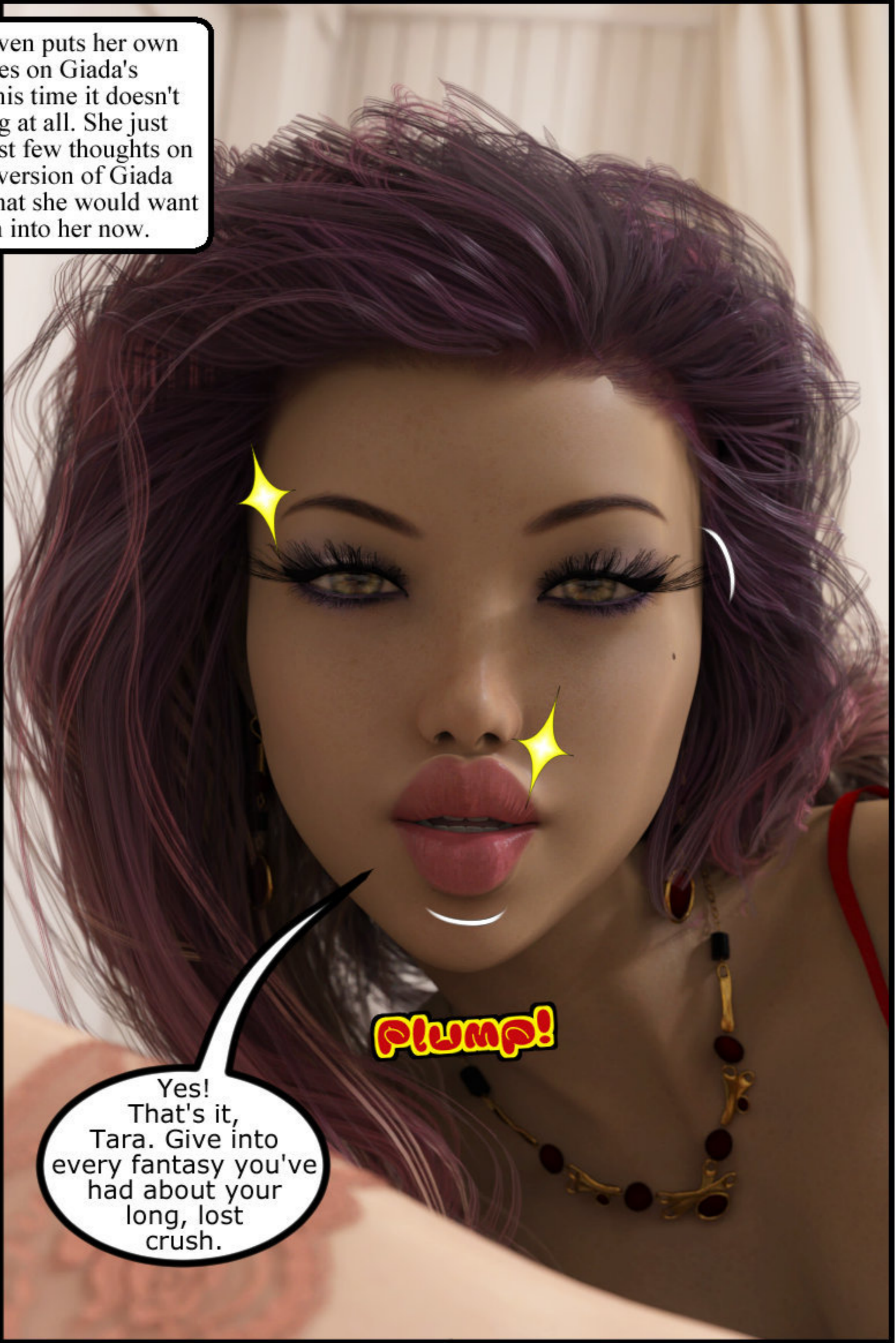
MmmMmmMmm!!!

Expand!!

Eventually Tara even puts her own last few touches on Giada's transformation. This time it doesn't take any prodding at all. She just mumbles out her last few thoughts on what her fantasy version of Giada would look like. What she would want to see if she ran into her now.



She always looked so pretty. She taught me how to do makeup. I bet she'd look like super sexy now.



Yes! That's it, Tara. Give into every fantasy you've had about your long, lost crush.

Plump!

As drunken, sleepy Tara mumbles out her last alteration, Giada rears back up and kneels beside her on the bed. She surveys the new body that Tara's lusting fantasies have provided her, and she approves of what she sees. Massive breasts and an enormous butt stretch her red lingerie taugt. The rest of her shockingly sexy body is slim and tight. Like a dancer's body, if the dancer looked like a stripper.

Fuck yeah, Tara! Now that is a fucking fantasy! I most definitely approve. And now the real fun can begin. I hope you're ready.

Mmmm. Yesss! Giada with a porn star body. Boobs bigger than Honey. So sexy. **Sooo** hot!



The story will
continue in
the next part.