

ALL OR NOTHING

BIWEEKLY STORY #134

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Penacony was certainly an *interesting* place.

With the *big incident* apparently behind the starbound nation now, relative peace had returned to the Land of Dreams. For those who were unaware: Penacony was a world within a world; a place where you could dive into a shared dream called the Golden Hour. It presented a picturesque city where the impossible was possible, where the dreams you couldn't quite accomplish in the waking world could be accomplished. But in the end? It was still only a dream, so most people realistically used it as a vacation spot.

And the Nameless of the Astral Express were now taking advantage of it now that all of Penacony's dark mysteries had been unraveled. Stelle and March 7th were among them, having slipped into a casino against the former's better judgment. “...**I still don't really think this is a good idea.**” She didn't really like the idea of gambling away her money.

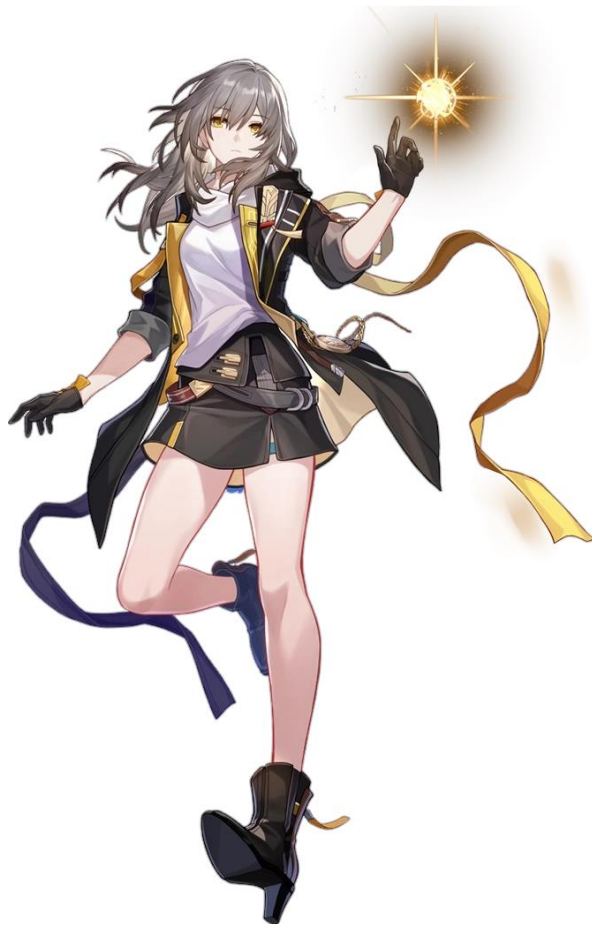
“**You're kidding, right? Aren't you always playing those gacha game things? They're basically the same thing! Think of a slot machine as a gacha game where you can win *more* money!**” March had gotten tired of Stelle's constant groanings. They may have been besties, but even *she* had her limits when it came to moaning and groaning.

“...**But we're in a dream, right? So none of this money we win will even be real.**”

“**Is *that* what you think? Look, Stelle, I think you— H-HEY!?**”

March had seemingly been on the verge of saying something important when a stranger had stepped in and taken Stelle by the wrist. A woman in a revealing bunny costume. **“Hello sweeties~! Sorry to be a bother but allow me to show your friend the benefits of using our establishment! We’ll hardly even be a moment!”** Stelle wore a blank expression as she was pulled into a nearby room and the door was shut behind them.

What? Who didn’t want to be pulled along by a beautiful woman in a revealing bunny outfit?



The woman stopped tugging her once they stepped inside and gave her a little wink. It looked like they had stepped into a spacious changing room, and in the back, she could see a number of bunny girl outfits like the one she was wearing. **“Mhm! I like that look in your eye, cutie! You’ll fit right in! It’s perfect timing too, we’re a little short staffed. But hm... You need to agree. Could you speak our casino’s policy aloud? Say ‘all or nothing’ for me, please!”**

“All or nothing?” Hadn’t she heard Aventurine say that before? Wait, *should* she have said that? The bunny girl had wanted her to say it for some reason, making it sound like it would make her an *employee*? But there weren’t any contracts like that out these! **“Wait, why did you need me to...? Hey!”** But the woman was already halfway out the door.

“You’ll understand in a moment, cutie~! But by the way... Your friend had been about to remind you, I think, that this casino is part of the *real* Penacony hotel. You’re not dreaming right now!”

“I’m not— Hey, wait!” The door swung shut behind the bunny girl before Stelle could get a proper answer, leaving her without any answers. Was it actually possible that she was awake and hadn’t

realized? It *did* feel like a mistake she might make. Well, there was nothing keeping her in the room, so... She went to leave but was stopped by herself. *Wait, wait, wait! I'm not even in uniform! I can't go out like this!*

This thought alone stopped her dead in her tracks and pulled her attention back to the rack of uniforms in the back of the room. Unbeknownst to Stelle herself? She was staring at them with a gaze that *wasn't* full of its usual gold color, but instead a bright *pink* that clashed with the rest of her look *for the time being*, anyways. “...**Huh? I don't actually work here! So why do I feel so obligated...?**” What was going on here? The Stellaron crisis had been dealt with, but she could feel something pulling at her. A power. Was it an *Aeon*?

The question passed as quickly as it arose. Stelle couldn't help it, though. She felt a little *giddy* out of nowhere and it was turning her attention everywhere. She couldn't keep her thoughts straight as she bounced around from topic to topic internally; like she was having a weird sugar rush. It welled up from deep within and brought a smile to her face. For someone who was usually so *reserved*, you could easily see the effects it was having on her as she fidgeted in place.

But this energy was merely the side effect of what was happening to her own *ego* and *body*; the latter of which could be seen clearly in both her eyes thus far... and her *hair*. Because Stelle *wasn't* supposed to have strands of platinum blonde amid her natural silver, and those strands *weren't* supposed to be lengthening and duplicated. It was as if the color was jumping from one hair to the next and growing *well* past her ass once it had done so. It didn't take long at all for her to have a full head of lovely, silky blonde hair that was a touch messy around her bangs.

But it's part of my charm, riiiiight~!

At least that was what would have crossed her mind in that moment. *What* she was considering it a charm point *for* wasn't exactly immediately clear, however. It clearly had something to do with her appearance, but Stelle... didn't *generally* have the type of personality that liked being stared at, at least not in a way where she reacted playfully about it. But she almost *wanted* as many people to stare at her as humanly possible.

“Well, it's all part of the job after all! The more eyes on me, the better the~ tip!?” An exclamation that had begun all peppy and energetic abruptly soured near the end as the Trailblazer realized just what it was that she was saying. “**What job? Working here? But I... don't. ...Right? But why is it I can remember...?**” The faces and preferences of regulars, where all the menus and dishes were kept, and

even the feeling of people sticking monetary bills into the crevices of her *bunny girl outfit*. “**N-No!**”

That woman *had* done something to her! Unfortunately, what was affecting her had the woman entirely within its clutches. She hadn't noticed her blonde hair, after all, and the vague sensation that her clothes felt a little tight seemed to go over her head as well. Well, it was only vague at *first* as her height sprung up a couple of inches. It was accompanied by an *enhancement* of her facial features. Namely an enlarging of her eyes and a swelling of her lips that made her look more and more like a vapid, dick-sucking bimbo.

And unfortunately? For the woman Stelle had *once* been, that was more or less the fate that was in store for her. “**What's with my fit right now, actually?**” Putting aside the concerns she'd had about suddenly viewing herself as a casino employee, she spoke with a vapid tone that accompanied a far more casual (and sometimes idiotic) vocabulary. It was hard for her to focus on what had changed *because* her intelligence had drained so rapidly, and that lower IQ meant that that it was easier for new memories to replace the old.

Memories of working in the casino, and memories of having an
extremely sexy body that filled her with pride.

“**This so isn't my style! It doesn't even fit my huge boobies!**” At first it almost seemed like she had *misspoken*, because her breasts were the same size *thus far*. But then it was as if speaking of having a huge rack ended up willing it into reality. There was a surge of mass beneath her top that was *clearly* focused beneath her tits, forcing nipples to jiggle forward before anything else at *triple* their original size. They looked to be ripe for twerking, and she could now recall plenty of nights doing so herself as part of her masturbation routine.

But those nipples were only part of it. She recall how the big, pillowy breasts they were attached to jiggled and bounced, and while Stelle's bosom had been a little above average beforehand, they had a *lot* of growing to do to reach the cup size she was imagining. The white shirt that she wore was lifted up suddenly by the mass that filled them, with either breast growing to over *twice* the sizes they had been before. Her navel was left exposed with no shirt left to cover it, and her giant, erect nipples could clearly be seen in terms of shape through the fabric.

Stelle bent her elbow and lifted her hands in the air before moving her torso to force them to bounce. “**See! They totally don't fit in this shirt!**” Although she *did* giggle at the sensation. Her nipples rubbing against her shirt felt good too. But just as her shirt had become ill fit, so

too did her skirt as mass exploded beneath her waist too. Hips stretched almost *five* inches wider, and they really *had* to in the end.

There was no way they would have been able to accommodate the mass that pooled around them otherwise! Her ass pushed out behind her with an incredibly perky fatness, pale flesh lifting her skirt while panties were flossed uncomfortably between those cheeks. Any excess that *couldn't* be contained by her cheeks instead moved into her thighs, and that weight made good use of the wide gap her widened hips left between her legs. In seconds either thigh was thick enough to rival her waist, and in a few seconds more? The blue band around Stelle's left thigh *SNAPPED* once thighs jiggled to *twice* the girth of her own waistline. Those proportions seemed *impossible* to expect to grow naturally.

But as she saw it, she'd simply won the genetic lottery!

“Hmm... Guess I need to pick out a uniform thingy from the rack then, huh? I'm *totally* not gonna be able to leave dressed in these ugly old clothes, 'specially if I'm gonna have to work!” The blonde haired woman did a little hop with the express purpose of making her big tits and ass bounce and jiggle before moving to strip, which hardly took long at all. Stelle may not have been the kind of person to do such a thing, but *Stella* sure was.



In fact, she bounced her tits and wiggled her ass every night at the casino she had been working at since she was *eighteen*. So as far as she recalled, she had been working there for ten years now. She was one of the establishment's best bunny girls, in fact! **“Hmm... This one's my size, right?”** Stella plucked one of the uniforms off the rack and was quick to pull it on. But whether or not it was 'her size' was debatable.

From *her* perspective it was, but it was obvious to anyone else that it was much too small. The cups of the chest portion were narrow and just *barely* covered her huge nipples, while the base of her leotard was cameltoeing *and* wedgieing her. **“Perfecto! Heehee!”** And yet Stella had *intentionally* chosen one that small. Customers came to see her body, after all, and they tipped her well for it. She didn't see it as a negative; the discomfort was worth it.

And so, ready for her shift, she skipped out of the room and right past March 7th, who had been waiting outside for Stelle. She made a sour expression when her friend hadn't come out, even though she *had*.

“Seriously? What is taking her so long!?”

If only she knew.