

## Heatwave

An extraordinarily hot summer morning beat upon Annabelle's house. In an attempt to save money, she'd opted to turn off the AC during the night. She needed only to wake up to see how poor a choice this was given her body's proclivity to absorb heat and convert it into growth.

"Nnngh..." She roused in a mess of thrown-off covers. A row of fleshy mounds bulging between her pajama buttons was the first thing to greet her upon opening her eyes. The rest of her body was hidden from view behind her chest, though even with her legs spread, Anna could feel her thighs pressing together and her feet bumping against the bed frame.

"Great... Barely woken up and I'm already about to break out of my clothes."

Groggy, Annabelle hugged an arm across her engorged M-cup breasts as she rolled onto her side to find her phone on the nightstand. Its screen only confirmed what the bright sunshine coming through her blinds already told her.

"Nnngh... Eleven in the morning and it's *already* ninety degrees...??"

POP!!!

A button exploded from the front of her chest to strike the ceiling. Anna threw her phone to the mattress in frustration.

"I have this heatwave!!!! I'm going to be out of clothes before Summer is halfway through!!! I can't even wake up without my bed being too small!!!"

POP!!

POP!!

POPOPOPOP!!!!

Her eyes widened when the rest of her shirt gave up in a show of mockery. Buttons burst in all directions, releasing her breasts as two bloated mounds eager to flatten and roll to the sides of her torso. Finally her feet were visible, if only through the chasm of Mt. Anna. A pair of once loose-fitting shorts now clung tight around her pelvis like a pair of silk underwear.

"A girl like me shouldn't have to worry about using her AC too much!! I NEED IT TO KEEP FROM OUTGROWING MY HOUSE!!!"

Thus began her normal morning routine for the unusually hot summer. The bed groaned from the rolling weight of a girl grown to an eight-foot-tall goddess of curves. So far the only solution she'd found for such a morning was an excessively cold shower. A rush of chilly water forced the surplus heat from her body and reduced Anna to a natural size.

Carefully undressing, she pulled her shorts over her hips.

SHRRIP!!

"Please don't rip, please don't rip! You're the only pajama bottoms I have left!"

The silk strained and folded, digging into her butt and thighs with high resistance.

"C-Come on, please just--"

SHHRRRIIIIP!!!

"...Dammit."

The garment fell uselessly to the floor around her ankles, as had so many other articles of clothing over the past month. It would join the pile of tattered shirts and shorts momentarily.

“I get it, I’ll sleep naked,” Anna grumbled to the listening fates.

Squeezing into her shower was another challenge, though after a symphony of squeaking cheeks, mounds, and limbs against the tiles, a rush of water brought relief. Ten minutes passed before Annabelle found herself diminished to her naturally voluptuous figure.

Now came the time to prepare for battle. While drying herself, she stared out a window to the backyard below.

“*I’m coming for you,*” she said with determination before absentmindedly clutching a bottle of sunblock.

Outdoor chores were the bane of Anna’s existence. During the especially hot summers such as this, her yard taunted her by growing wild and unruly. Bushes encroached in all directions as if it were the 70s. Weeds peppered the rocks. A lone tree begged water the sprinklers were unable to provide. She’d put off maintenance for two months in hopes the heatwave might end, but time was up.

“Ok, let’s make this fast.”

*SPPLRCH!!*

An excessive amount of sunscreen filled her palms. Naked, she applied the lotion to her entire body. No inch was left untreated or massaged. The measure was important for anyone spending time in the sun, but in Anna’s case, it was a simple task that led to a drastic reduction in her heat absorption.

“Twenty-minute chore day; in and out,” she told herself as if preparing for war. “The goal is to fit through the doorway by the time I’m finished.”

A simple, cooling outfit was her final weapon: ass-hugging jean shorts, a breezy tank top, an extra-sturdy sports bra, and a sun hat.

The sunblock jammed lovingly into her back pocket, Annabelle stood at her backdoor with her yard waiting beyond in direct sunlight.

“Ok, Sun, so your worst.”

The door slid open.

*WHOOOOSH!!!*

Heat flooded into the house like water. Annabelle immediately felt her body react, growing plump and aroused with excess heat. The sudden rush was almost enough to drive her to her knees.

“*MMMNGH!!! I-I didn’t mean it!!! I take it back!!!*”

Anna could feel herself growing ever so slightly as she walked into the overheated, dry backyard hellscape.

“Just...Just gotta water the tree, pull a few weeds, and trim the bushes...” she breathed, trying to fight her inner temptations. “*Easy.*”

Dragging the hose to the tree was simple enough, though the time required ended with Annabelle sweating profusely. Perspiration glistened over her face before dripping from her chin and nose to her exposed cleavage below. Already it was noticeably plumping out of her sports bra.

“Oooooohhhh no you girls don’t.”

*SWWWSHHH*

A spray of the hose was enough to beat back her swelling, though soaked her clothes into a second skin, accentuating her curvy figure.

“*Stay down,*” she commanded, wiping her troublesome bust dry.

“Morning, Anna!! Cooling off?”

“*Ahh!*”

Her neighbor, Ryan, greeted her from over their fence. Being caught dousing herself and with clinging wet clothes was more than slightly embarrassing.

“H-Hey, Ryan!” Anna blushed while trying to peel her shorts and top away from her frame. “Gotta make sure you stay cool, you know? Looks like it’s gonna be another hot one today.”

Ryan stared at her dripping form and swallowed. “You can say that again...” It was more of a view than he’d anticipated so early in the morning.

The hose was thrown to the base of the tree. “I-I better get to work before it gets any hotter!”

“You and me both!” He waved goodbye before the sound of a weed wacker churned in the distance.

Annabelle stared at the back section of her yard along the fence ran a rocky burm with ten flowering bushes. Trimming back their overgrown volume would be the hardest task of the day. Grabbing her sheers, Anna decided to tackle them first.

Within several minutes of clipping, the need to work faster became evident. Denim dug into Anna’s thighs when she bent over, a sure sign she was beginning to thicken. The additional fleshy weight hanging in her bra wasn’t reassuring either.

*SSTTRRRRTCH*

This didn’t stop the durable garment from stretching when she straightened her back after the first bush. A hesitant glance downward revealed the hose’s work already had washed away as two swollen tits sloped away from her collarbones. Sweat poured down her neck and she wiped her brow.

“*Oh come on... Can’t a girl just get some damn yard work done...?*”

Anna had to steel her mind. She couldn’t let herself be carried away by the heated masses pushing against her clothes. Moving on to the next bush, she bent forward with a groan.

*STRRRRTCH*

*CLIP!*

*SSTTRRRRTCH*

*CLIP!*

*STRRRRTCH*

*CLIP!!*

*“Hah... Haaah... C-Come...on... I’m not THAT big already...”*

Chores were quickly turning into torture with the sun beating down overhead. Every time she brought her arms together to work the sheers, her breasts found themselves squeezed between her biceps. The pressure alone was enough to reopen the clippers for her. Coupled with her legs inching out of her shorts and pulling the denim tight, Anna was wondering if she may be in over her head.

*“I can’t soak myself again with Ryan watching...”* she whimpered. A glance over the fence showed him clearing dog toys from the lawn. He passed a happy wave, one Anna returned and regretted upon the obscene wobbling of her chest.

The bushes were nearing halfway done. Anna could feel her shorts approaching Daisy-Duke status. At the size of basketballs, her breasts actively voiced their dissatisfaction of their spandex prison. Everything was plump and swelling larger by the minute.

*“I haven’t even been out here that long! W-Why am I...already so big?”*

Sweat showered from her face. The slipperiness of her cleavage rivaled dousing her breasts in lube. Desperate, Anna lifted the front of her shirt to wipe the waterfall of perspiration from her face. Glancing down proved to be a mistake. In the reflection of her clipper blades, Anna found an immense amount of underboob falling from her sports bra.

*“H-Holy tits... I’m really soaking up the rays today...”*

She couldn’t help but bring a hand to touch their firm underbellies. Taut and full, one was more than enough to fill her grasp.

*“M-Mmmngh... They’re really...engorging fast... I can’t remember the last time I felt so...full...”*

An absentminded Anna started caressing them in the sunshine. Fingers slipped between her cleavage and tugged at the bra. In a head flooding with heat, it would be easy to justify freeing her burgeoning melons from their prison and--

*VRRRRR!!!!*

Ryan started his lawnmower, snapping Annabelle out of her lustful trance. Rapid breathes displayed her unwillingness to free her hand from the slippery chasm.

*“Y..You almost had me...”*

Things were getting out of hand. Grown nearly six inches since leaving the house, and sporting an excessive hourglass figure, Anna knew she had to adjust her clothes or face the consequences. If her breasts were to fall free, there would be no stuffing them back into their prison. The underboob could not be allowed. Making sure to time it when Ryan’s back was turned, she pulled the bottom of her bra.

*STTRRRRTCH!!!*

*“Nnngh!! Hoooold... Hoooooooold...!!”*

*FWIP!!!*

*“EEP!!”*

It concealed her overflow, though with the tradeoff of freeing her nipples from the neckline. Plump strawberry areolas stood puffy and hot into the air with finger-thick nipples.

*“Shit!! I’m bigger than I thought!!”* An arm quickly threw itself over the watermelon knockers. Hoping no one had seen, Anna shivered as she felt herself actively growing under the sun. The speed was unprecedented even when taking the temperature into account. “It might be time for more sunscreen. It’s *never* been this bad.”

Removing the bottle from her back pocket proved challenging with a massive cheek engulfing the container. It was deformed and hot to the touch with her radiating warmth. A healthy serving filled her hands as Anna pondered worryingly.

“Usually this stuff does a pretty good job... I knew I would grow *a little*, but I shouldn’t be this big already! Especially when I’m actively trying to resist gro--”

Anna looked closely at the bottle of sunscreen for the first time that morning. Where it should have said ‘block’, the word ‘tan’ was in its place.

*“S-Sun...tan...lotion...?”* she squeaked, already having coated herself with a second later. *“NO!!!”*

The bottle sailed across the yard with disgust.

*“BALLS!!! No wonder I’m blowing up!!! I turned myself into even more of a sun sponge!!!”* Anna struggled for breath when her anxiety enhanced her absorption. *“Why did Issabelle leave that stuff at MY place?!?! That’s like me hiding water balloons all over her house!!!”*

*SSTTRRRRTCH*

Anna could feel herself growing larger by the second. Inches would soon turn into feet, and then meters. Stopping the ball from rolling was far more difficult once it had traction, and her body was on a highway towards giantess city.

“Ok... Ok, I can do this.” Annabelle stared at the remaining bushes needing to be trimmed. “If I go fast, I can be back inside before this gets out of hand. I haven’t grown *that* mu--”

*SHRIP!!*

*“MMNGH!!!”*

A small tear opened in the crotch of her jeans.

*“O-Oohhh... Ok... So I’m ready to...mmngh...blow out of my shorts...”* It took everything she had to resist inspecting the small tear. *“I n-need to hurry.”*

Anna’s sheers flew across the bushes with no regard for the bulbous hanging mounds in her way. It didn’t matter how much they squished or heaved; her one and only goal was to finish the yard work.

*“N-Nngh... God, they’re getting so heavy...”*

At the start of her day, Anna had to bend forward only slightly to reach the bushes. Now, she felt as though she were trying to touch her toes. Curves and skin squished out of her shorts upon doing so. Every second spent battling the sun only pushed her further away from the shrubbery.

*“I must be seven feet tall... A-At least...”*

Sweat poured from her body in curtains. No longer did she need the hose to douse her; perspiration already soaked clear through her clothes. Shiny cleavage blocked any view of her work below. Something told Anna her work was shoddy, though she only cared about finishing. Upon coming to the final bush, she was forced to one knee in order to reach it.

*CRREEEAAAAAK*

*“Ooohhhh God... My pussy...”* If not for Ryan’s lawnmower, the entire neighborhood might have heard her moans.

Everything wanted out. Far too small for an eight-foot-tall woman, her shorts sank into her hips like a speedo. Weighty cheeks heaved over the waistband as the leg holes squeezed her upper thighs. Between her legs sat the bulge of a fist-sized pussy aching for freedom. Bright pink cotton squished through the tortured hole where her pillowy flesh was compressed.

*POP!!!!*

The clasp on her shorts exploded from her stomach. Looking down, Anna had to stifle a moan upon seeing her navel spreading her shorts wide open and her panties gushing over the zipper.

*“N-Nnngh... Not good... N-Not...good...”*

An arm wiped sweat off her brow with a sigh of relief. The bushes were done, though they had left their mark on her body. Anna tossed the clippers aside, not wanting to waste a second. She didn’t need a mirror to see she was nearing the realms of a mini-giantess. Everything felt ready to burst free.

*“Just get through the weeds!”* Anna breathed and fought a cloud of intense desire to touch herself. *“Finish the weeds, then I can go inside... A-And I do...anything...I want...to relax.”*

*THUD*

She fell to her knees at one edge of the fence with weed-ridden rocks in front of her.

*BWOOOMPH!!*

*“A-Aahhh!?”*

Such forces proved too much for her bra. Though tough enough to stay intact, it could not contain her volume. Anna’s mammaries refused to stay contained and lurched free of the garment. Beach ball knockers slapped against her body in full view through the large holes of her tank top. The joy her nipples felt at such a release sent lightning tingles through her body.

*“S...Stupid thing...!”*

*SHHRRRRIP!!!*

She didn’t care anymore. Grasping the back of the bra, Anna’s hands tore the spandex in two as if it were paper and pulled it from her torso. It fell to the ground in a tattered heap.

*“Just finish fast... Just finish. I can do it. There’s a cold shower waiting for me after this.”*

She embraced the grass on her hands and knees. Dangerously tight denim heaved across her ass. Seams popped in warning of the curves waiting to explode into view. Grass blades tickled her mammoth breasts through the shirt’s armholes.

*“Mmmngh... M-Mmng!! Why do they have...to get so sensitive?! Issa, I’m gonna KILL you!”*

She grabbed at a group of weeds. Enlarged hands made gathering the clumps easy, and even the deepest roots proved easy to pull. It was enduring the pressure of her shorts that was the challenge.

*SSTRRRRTCH!!!*

*CRREEEEAAAK*

Denim stroked and massaged her pussy like a dozen hands. The soft mass squeezed between her thighs, bloating like two oblong balloons of lust.

*“I-It’s too...tight! My shorts are rubbing against me!”* Sweat fell to the rocks below as she cried and panted. *“I feel like my crotch is going to--”*

***POP!!!***

*“MMNGHAAHHH!!!”*

The jean’s crotch split open. In a display of fantastical engorgement, her pussy flooded the hole to balloon into the world with only her panties for cover.

*“Keep going... Keep pulling!”*

There was no time to worry about Ryan or any other neighbors catching sight of her. The weeds were becoming harder to pull by the minute as her body grew and her hands became too large to maneuver in small spots. When they could find their target, her fingers couldn’t pinch the roots. It didn’t help to feel her breasts squishing between her and the ground like two giant pillows.

*“Mmng! Mmngh...!”*

Sweat blinded her vision. The sun beat upon her back, thighs, and raised ass. Non-stop creaking sang from her hips at the jeans threatening to explode. Even with the massive tear going down the middle, her crotch had deemed it necessary to squeeze itself between her shorts and inner thighs. Perspiration and juices of lust raced down her legs.

She barely heard Ryan’s lawnmower stop over the sounds of her own labored moans.

*“How ya doin’ over there, Anna? Hanging...in.....there.....?”* His voice trailed off upon finding not Anna, but a woman three times her size on her hands and knees fiddling delicately with the bushes.

Stranger to her true size and drowning in boiling desire, Anna smiled teasingly in reply. She knew she must have been a sight, though Ryan’s expression told her the reality was far worse. If what she felt was accurate, her tank top must have looked like a sports bra stretched across her massive chest. *“Doing just...f-fine!”*

Ryan's eye twitched at the sight of her pussy quivering through a massive rip. This wasn't the first time he'd seen Anna fall victim to her condition, though it was his first time seeing her react in such a way. "Are you sure? You look--"

*CRREAAAAAK*

He froze when her shorts quivered and Anna's face contorted into an expression of intense pleasure.

*SHHHRRRRRIIIIP!!!!*

*"Mnnghhhh!!!! FINALLY!!!"*

Anna's shorts split completely up the middle like a fleshy firework. Spreading wide with frayed edges, they burst over her ass and thighs to show what little visibility remained of her panties. Jiggling cheeks blossomed into view as if they had been marshmallows kept under pressure. Ryan's eyes only continued to widen as Anna's ass filled out to its true size, refusing to stop until it matched her bust.

*"Ooohhh it's so big... I feel MASSIVE!! I-I probably shouldn't have been holding it up to the sun...mmngh...for so long!!!"*

Amidst her uncontrollable moaning and seeing her arousal running down her thighs, Ryan suddenly felt his mouth go dry. "I'll... Uh... I-I'll be right back... I think I need some water..."

Anna's body heaved larger. As she grew and gained more surface area, her heat absorption would only accelerate. *"Mmm... Water sounds nice..."* She couldn't say for certain how large she'd become, though as she was forced to press her face to the ground to simply be able to see the weeds, she knew she was out of control.

*SSTRRRRTCH*

Tight fabric complained around her bosom.

*"O-Ohhhh... So it's almost time...nghh...for my shirt to blow too, huh?"*

Flesh wobbled with every motion. Depressions sank into the grass under her elbows and knees. As if to torture her to the fullest extent, grass ran across her nipples as they billowed out from the sides of her shirt. What remained of her underwear had managed to floss itself between her lips and cheeks in a thin strand of cotton.

*"I'm almost there..."* Annabelle panted. *"Just a few clear more spots before--"*

*SSTRRRRTCH*

As the sound of growing flesh reached her ears, Anna felt a shadow stretch over her back. Turning around, she gasped; her own butt stood looming over her atop her thighs. The heat of the sun burned against her presented loins, which were eager to drink and swell.

*"Oh... Mmnggh, uh-oh... I-I better hurry before I get too...mmngh...big."*

Anna moved as fast as possible. Even with her arms fully extended against the ground, her breasts refused to leave the surface. Dragging them along was her only option. Every spot saw her lying across them as if they were fleshy bean bags designed to support her body. Skin rubbed against her cheeks and chin, slick with sweat.



*“Stupid little weeds...”* Anna squinted in an effort to grab the annoying plants. She felt as though she were weeding a Barbie Dream House. *“If I could just...get a hold of you, I could... Nnngh!! There we go!”*

She held the plant up between her fingers in delusional victory. It looked different than the others lying in the wake of her destruction. Staring hard, she saw the difference.

*“W-Wait... Isn't this one of my bushes?”*

To confirm, she found a large hole in the ground where the bush used to live. Mounds of dirt sat pushed aside where her fingers had grabbed the plant at the base.

*“I-It came out so...easily...”*

Anna blinked. Suddenly dropping the bush, she realized just how large she'd allowed herself to grow. Frantic embarrassment caused her to sit up only to fall back under the girth of her chest.

*“W-Whoa!!”*

*THUD!!!*

The ground shook from the collision. Coming to rest on her elbows for support, Anna saw the true extent of her growth.

*“H-Holy shit... I'm fucking huge!!”*

Anna gawked at what she'd become. Well over twenty feet tall, she dominated her backyard. Her pussy could have filled a small hammock with its over-swollen arousal. Gouges cut through the grass where her heels and fingers dug in for support. A crater could be felt under her ass where she'd fallen. Refusing to give up, what remained of her tank top squeezed her breasts together like a series of cables.

*“I... I-I went and got too big again...”* she whimpered. There was little she could do to resist the temptations welling within her now. Gazing upon the shiny, sweating surfaces of her sun-flooded breasts, she watched them slowly plump large and full with heat.

A hand crept across her hips and between her thighs.

*“N-Nnngh, I can't!! I-I shouldn't!”*

Anna looked around. Anyone could see her at any moment. She was impossible to miss, even by a simple glance out a window.

*“I... I-I...”*

The giantess bit her lip. There was little conscious control in her fingers. Leaning against the hot siding of her house, she watched her hand slide across the plump pillow between her thighs.

*“Mmmm... M-Mmmmgh...”*

Helpless whimpers floated from her yard. Few things were as soft and inviting as her pussy at such a size. Finally slipping inside drove her pleasure to monumental heights.

*“Aaaaugh!! F-Fuck... Fuck this feels good... What am I doing?? I-I can't do this...out here!!”*

*STTRRRRTCH!!!!*

Anna's body heaved with growth. Thighs engulfed her thrashing hand in searing warmth as if to trap it in place. Regardless of what her conscience screamed, her body was not about to relinquish control.

*"Hah! Haahhhh!! Mmmngh!!!"*

Juices coated her hand. Lungs capable of inflating a bouncy castle heaved beneath king-sized breasts. Taut fabric cut into her from the shirt and deformed her nipples into halves. She didn't care. Everything was driving her to a single point: mind-rending orgasm.

*"I'm... I-I'm already...so close!!!"* Anna gulped and trembled at the ocean of heat stored within. *"I've never been so ready...to COME!!!"*

***CRREEAAAAAK!!!***

Her leg fought against the fence as her foot collided with the opposite corner. Space was scarce for the tortured girl. Never before had her yard felt so constricting.

*"G-Gotta... Gotta finish before I...outgrow everything!"*

***CRREEAAAAAK!!!***

Pillowry flesh heaped in front of her. Little could be seen beyond the titanic udders strapped against her torso like time bombs. Sunbeams reflected off them like mirrors.

Anna chewed on her lip and pleaded with her breasts. *"Swell! Come on, swell up!! Get as big as you can!!!"*

Desperation took over and frantic thrusting ensued between her thighs.

***SWWEELLLLLL!!!***

Her tits accepted the challenge. Heat flourished within, pushing her melons to the brink. They dominated even her gargantuan figure and pinned her under their weight.

*"Aahhhh!! Haaahhhh!!! A-Almost there... I'm almost...there!!!"*

A bottle of discarded tanning lotion caught her fluttering gaze. Plucking the container and popping it between her fingers, Anna coated her chest in the sun-absorbing cream. Bonfires reacted less violently when gasoline was poured on them.

***SSSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!!***

*"MMMNGGAAHHH!!!! Fuck my tits are big even for me!!! I'm blowing up!!!"*

Juices sprayed around her fingers. Vibrations shook her hips. There would be little to stop her destructive release upon arrival.

*"I-I'm gonna!!! I'm... MMMNGH!!! I'm about to...!!!"*

***SSSTTRRRRTCH!!!!***

The tank top screamed around her chest with impossible durability. Between its popping stitches and her screams of delight, Anna failed to hear Ryan's backdoor open.

*"Hey, Anna! You thirsty? I got a glass of lemonade if you--"*

***"MMNGHAAHHH!!!! I'M COMING!!! I'M COOOOIIIIING!!!"***

A writhing giant of a woman reaching into the sky filled his view. With a hand stuffed inside a pussy large enough for him to walk into, Anna tensed in an orgasmic release. Thighs and ass bulged against their fence in a creeping wall of jiggling mass.

*SSTTRRRRTCH!!!!*

Most eye-catching were the breasts. Jutting out from her torso like blimps, Anna's bosom remained within her shirt to the point of being separated into a bulging mountain range of flesh. A single breast would have been enough to fill her yard fence-to-fence, yet they stood against the sky like bombs ready to explode.

*"MMMNNNGHHH!!!!!!!"*

Riding a tsunami-sized orgasm, Anna arched her back as her crotch convulsed around her hand. The sun was momentarily hidden behind an eclipse of her bust, throwing Ryan's yard into darkness.

*CRREEEAAAAA-SNAP!!!!!!*

Ryan's face paled when a shirt snapped unseen within the folds of Anna's chest. Carrying so much weight, her breasts fell in slow motion to either side of her torso.

*BWOOOMPH!!!*

The ground shook from the impact and Ryan was thrown off his feet. Anna's yard overflowed with her curves. Such a small property never could have hoped to contain the giantess at peak pleasure. With a breast having smashed into the yards to the left and right, Anna slumped against her house in orgasmic relief. Plastic fencing sat flattened beneath her bust.

Ryan stared at the slippery slope of flesh heaving in his yard like a beached whale. At twice his height, scaling the mammary would prove challenging. A jutting nipple trembled overhead as if tempting him to use it as leverage.

*"A-A-Anna...?"* he called out.

A weary face turned toward him. *"Oh...! R...Ryan...!"* Swallowing and not yet lucid enough to process the destruction, Anna smiled weakly and removed a sopping hand from her groin. Glistening fluid dripped free as if she'd just washed it.

*"S-Sorry about...coming over uninvited...!"*

He ogled when she massaged the top of her chest with lubed fingers.

*CRASH!!!*

*"What the hell??"*

A relaxing leg shot a foot through the back fence, eliciting a cry of disapproval from an elderly neighbor. Anna was too preoccupied to notice.

She swallowed once more and loomed over Ryan in the swirling after-lust of growth.

*"Did... Did you say you had lemonade...?"*

A nod of confused arousal was given in return.

*"I-I wouldn't mind a glass...or two..."* Anna tried to rise but found her chest too heavy.

*"Could you...mmm...grab my hose too while you're at it? I think I'm ready to cool off and call it a day."*