

Order Up

“Christ, look at that girl.”

“Wow, I’m hard pressed to even call her a girl.”

“Don’t say that! That’s not very ‘PC’.”

“Well it’s true! I… wait. I recognize her! She’s, umm… that track star from high school!”

“Oh! Oh Christ, it *is* her! Kind of hard to see her face from behind those tits. Last I remembered she was like 40 kilos sopping wet.”

“She must be like 500 kilos now. God, she was so hot back then.”

“I mean, she still is.”

“Eh, sure. It’s only been like a year or two since I last saw her. Hyperization really happens fast, huh?”

“Yeah, no kidding. I still find it hard to believe it’s supposed to be “socially acceptable” to let them just… walk around like that. You know, baring everything. It’s different when you see one for real, though.”

“Well it’s not like they can fit into anything, I wonder why they even bother with clothes.”

“Why don’t you go ask her?”

“Hell nah. I’m afraid she’ll spurt or something and get cum all over me.”

“You say it like it’s a bad thing.”

“It *is* a bad thing. It smells like ammonia or chlorine or whatever. You know the smell. It bleaches your clothes, too.”

“Heh. Oh! I think I just saw her babies kick.”

“How many do you think are crammed in there? A dozen? Two? Oh gross, look, she’s just dragging her sweaty balls around on the ground.”

“Haha, do you think she knocked *herself* up?”

“Dude, haha, quiet down or she’ll hear us.”

“*Order number thirty-seven?*”

“Oh, that’s ours!”

“Great, c’mon, let’s get out of here.”

ORDER
NUMBER
THIRTY
SEVEN?

