

Hungry

Chapter 2

Monday morning and it is miserable outside, here you sit, soggy from the walk to class at an empty chemistry bench. The seat beside you is usually occupied by Emily but with 2 minutes remaining it is still empty. *“That is strange, she is never late”*. You pull out your phone from your pocket and send a message to Emily

Matt: Morning, where are you at Em?

Emily: Running late! Should be about 15-20 minutes, long story, I'll fill you in later :)

You nobly inform Mr Fletcher that Emily is running late, he grumbles something about “Kids these days” as you retake your seat. After 15 minutes Emily enters the lab and apologizes to Mr Fletcher as she hurries to her seat next to you.

“Everything ok?” you ask

“Peachy... yeah, fine... not a good time” she says with almost a nervousness in her voice

“Ok.... maybe later?”

She nods

“What did I miss?” she changes the subject

You catch her up and continue the class as normal. You can't help but notice she looks absolutely wiped out. Heavy bags sit under her eyes and she looks a bit pale. Finally the lesson ends and Mr Fletcher dismisses us. You grab your stuff and head out the door with her just behind you. You turn to meet her face when you feel a tug at your wrist, she is leading you out of the main campus building.

“Where are we going?” you ask, she doesn't respond. You decide to just go along for the journey.

You arrive at her dorm and she quickly rushes you inside. The place is a lot messier than you remember from the party.

“I'm sorry for being weird and the mess, I'll explain everything, let me just get something”

Before you can reply she rushes from the living room to the fridge and returns with a vial of a pink liquid.

“This is why I was late to class. After I left your place yesterday I couldn’t get that asshole Brad out of my head. I wanted to show him who is a flat chested nerd”

“Has she lost her mind?” you think

“I can see that look in your eyes Matt, I’m sane I promise. My passion project has been to create a chemical or potion if you will that can help alter people’s appearances”

You look at her like she has just told you Santa isn’t real

“It’s not as insane as *Poof* I’m now a model, it alters your metabolism and redirects fat around your body. In future I hope it can alter DNA and maybe allow it to change more than just where fat is stored”

“Surprisingly that scientific reasoning doesn’t make me think you sound any less insane” you chuckle, thankfully she smiles

“I know it does sound crazy, I’ve been working on this for years. I have been so close for a few months to finishing it but yesterday I threw myself into the work as I wanted the distraction and I started having some breakthroughs and then without realising it was morning and I saw your text and here it is” she holds the vial high triumphantly

“Wow. Em, that is super cool and it can be incredibly beneficial to the world. You could change so many people’s lives and in a much less invasive way to surgery and I’m sure you can make some money off of it too” you exclaim

“Yeah I guess... truth be told, I’m doing this for me right now” without any hesitation she downs the vial

“EM!” you shout

She lowers the vial from her lips and looks at you, your shocked face must’ve been quite the sight as she starts laughing

“Hey? What’s so funny?” you ask

“You should see your face” she continues to chuckle

“I mean you did just drink a potentially dangerous vial”

“Give me some credit Matt, I’ve spent years on this”

“Do you at least feel any different... or like how will you know if it worked”

“I guess we need to just wait” she shrugs “could be a few hours, days or even weeks”

“Quite anticlimactic I suppose. Why did you take them anyway?”

“I am tired of being that “Flat chested nerd” I want to be sexy” She blushes “Move some fat around and suddenly I’ve got plump rear and more padding up top” she shakes her hips and chest.

You watch her shake and imagine her changing. She notices your eyes becoming a bit blank. “Sorry Matt... a bit inappropriate but you must admit it would be nice. Anyway I’ve got to get some shut eye. Please keep this a secret and I’ll keep you updated on my progress”

“Secret is safe with me. I do worry though Em, what if something bad happens?”

“I’ll be fine, I’ll message you when I get up, how about that?”

“Sounds good to me, I’ll get out of your hair, get some sleep”