

## “The Pill” Classic Endings

# Belle’s Ending: Unstoppable

Belle grabs two more pills, making sure to get one of each and swallows them. You’re about to say something but she interrupts you, a cat-like grin on her face. She grabs another two pills, and tosses them into the air turning the event into something of a game, as she attempts to catch each in her mouth. Two successfully caught she quickly grabs another set, again throwing them in the air. Something in the back of your mind wants to tell her to stop – that this is too dangerous. But on the other hand, damn these results will be off the hook!

“That should do it!” she says, wiping her mouth after an uncountable number of pills later. “And I made sure to always take one of each, so there’s no chance of me losing this incredible balance. So... now we wait” she says casually. “Wanna play a game of ma- HIC!” she hiccups, the ferocity of it catching both of you off guard.

You notice the contents of both her top and bottom seem slightly more... full than before the hiccup.

Your suspicions are confirmed as she hiccups again, this time the size expansion being far more pronounced. A third hiccup shoots them outwards again. Her ‘figure eight’ physique now looking like two beachballs sitting on top of another set of beachballs.

A fourth brings her to her tiptoes with its strength, before bringing her to her knees due to the sheer weight of her new assets.

She hiccups again, pushing her off the floor, her torso now resting on her expansive bust.

Her size now so great that her legs must straddle her gargantuan buttocks and her arms rest on top of her enlarged breasts.

Trying to stand despite her obscene size, her feet barely touch the floor, before another hiccup dashes any hope of reaching it again. She lies there momentarily on top of her four globes, as if fearing what another hiccup would do.

“Okay...” she says “I think they’ve – HIC!”

Shooting up again she lets out a wail that echoes through the room. You can’t tell if it’s anger, anguish or ecstasy.

Standing beside her engorged nipples, now each the size of a small trashcan you shout “You okay, babe?” into the mass of boob and butt meat in front of you, Belle’s face completely obstructed.

A gentle, almost childlike giggle comes back at you from somewhere near the ceiling, followed by a single word reply.

“...Perfect.” She shouts.