

# ***Tara: Tara's Research***

**Evlin invited Tara to dinner, ostensibly to continue their talk. What secrets might she discover?**

## **Part 4**

Are you hungry? Me too!  
But don't be too greedy, or  
you might ruin your treat.

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Later that evening...

What am I even doing here? Why did I accept her invite? What is it about her that I can't seem to say, "No"?

We resume our story several hours later. It is the evening of the same day, after Tara's encounter with Evlin at the coffee shop and the strange events that occurred there. It is just a little before 7:00 pm.



Here is your wine. If you don't mind me asking, "Man troubles"? If so, then he's an ass.

Thanks! I appreciate it, but I'm fine.

Tara sits at the bar of the steakhouse, waiting for Evlin to arrive. She isn't sure why she accepted the invite to dinner, or why she followed Evlin's instructions to dress nice either. She is definitely turning some heads in her tight dress though. While she waits, she orders a glass of red wine from the bartender.

Tara is still not sure why she even decided to show up. Eventually she stops struggling with the puzzle and shrugs her shoulders. It's a nice place, and she can enjoy herself whether Evlin shows up or not. Tara sips the wine and stops worrying about such pointless things.

It is a chance to enjoy a nice meal. Or, if she doesn't show, then I'll just enjoy my drink and head home.

Excuse me. Is this seat free?





No,  
I'm sorry.  
I'm waiting for  
some...  
boobs...

Her wine tasting is soon interrupted, however, by a voice behind her asking if the seat next to her is open. Tara does not immediately identify the voice and turns to respond. Her words trail off and her jaw nearly drops open at the cleavage that is rather blatantly on display.



**\*giggle\***  
Are you waiting for a particular set of boobs, or will any do?

I...  
uhhh...  
Sorry.

Evlin's spectacular rack is not the only thing on display. She looks absolutely stunning in a slinky red dress. It looks more like her ripe form has been poured into the sexy, little number, rather than that she is wearing it. Tara stares openly, while Evlin giggles at her reaction.



You just took me a bit off guard. You look amazing! That dress is stunning.

This old thing? Just something I dug up. Thank you though, Tara.


Tara stands up and apologizes for her reaction. Evlin really doesn't mind and graciously accepts her compliment. The two sexy ladies look gorgeous in their respective dresses. Any man would be very lucky to spend an evening with either of these total knockouts, though one of them is clearly dressed in a far more revealing fashion.

Before Tara can manage to embarrass herself some more, the bartender returns to let them know that their table is ready. She was definitely eyeing up Tara earlier, and now she does the same to Evlin. Rather than openly stare though, she gazes halfway between the two beauties.

Ladies,  
if you will  
follow me please,  
your table is  
ready.







Damn! Those are some really nice tits. I would not mind having a rack like that at all.

I am surprised that you aren't more busy tonight.

We're still operating at reduced occupancy.

Not bad. She's cute! Good base to start from. I could do quite a lot with this one.

Welcome to the new reality.

Fuck! I thought she looked good in a sweater and skirt. I could watch that ass all day long.

The trio of ladies walk through the steakhouse on their way to the table. They share some small talk on their way, but the thoughts quietly running through the head of each of them are quite different from their neutral and rather meaningless comments. The evening sun streaming in highlights their figures quite nicely.

It's so hypnotic!  
Come on Tara, snap  
yourself out of it girl.  
Sure she's sexy, but why  
does she affect you  
this way?

Maybe I will  
leave her one of  
my cards, though she  
isn't the best material  
I've seen.

I should  
ask who her  
plastic surgeon is.  
He does some truly  
fantastic work.

I will  
be happy  
once this disease  
stuff is over and we  
can all get  
back to  
normal.

I  
think we  
all feel that way.  
Which table is  
our's by the  
way?

It's  
just up  
ahead, in the  
private  
room.

As the parade of curvy figures continues, the camera angle shifts to show the large picture frame windows that are letting in the evening light. On the far side of the windows is a patio-like area. It's finished in stone, enclosed with brick, and has a fire pit. People mill about the cozy courtyard.

The bartender leads Evlin and Tara to their seats and then departs. The two lovely ladies "ooo" and "ahhh" over the decor of the steakhouse while they wait for their server to show up. There don't seem to be any place settings or menus on the tables.

Thank you for the invite. I've been meaning to try this place. It's lovely! Is the food good too?

Thank you for accepting! Oh yes! I just love this place. Everything I find here is just delicious. I come here often.





Good evening ladies! I am Brianna and I will be your server this evening. Would you like to hear our specials today?

I'm good, thank you. I will have a salad with seasonal greens and Italian vinaigrette, please.

I'll have a steak (rare), twice-baked potatoe, and some peas and carrots. Also, bring us a bottle of whatever she's drinking.

They do not have to wait long before their server approaches the table and introduces herself. It turns out that it is Brianna from the coffee shop. She must be a hard working lass to have a job here as well as the coffee shop. Neither Tara or Evlin seem to recognize her, and Brianna does not recognize them.



If you don't mind a suggestion, we have an excellent strawberry vinaigrette dressing. It's a speciality of our chef.



That sounds great! I will try that then. Thank you, Brianna.

It turns out that menus were not needed. Both Evlin and Tara know exactly what they want. Tara orders a simple salad, and Brianna makes a small suggestion for an adjustment to her order. Evlin orders a much more robust meal, and Brianna finds herself almost staring at the voluptuous woman.



Might you have a suggestion for a topping for my steak, dear?



Some people like mushrooms and gravy, but I think our steaks truly shine on their own.


Wow! She is really hot! Her breasts are awesome! Kind of makes me think of Alysa.



Brianna makes a couple more suggestions on how the two ladies can improve their meal, and then walks away to put in their order. Both Evlin and Tara watch her go. It is difficult not to with that spectacular ass stuffed into her tight pants and shaking its way across the floor.

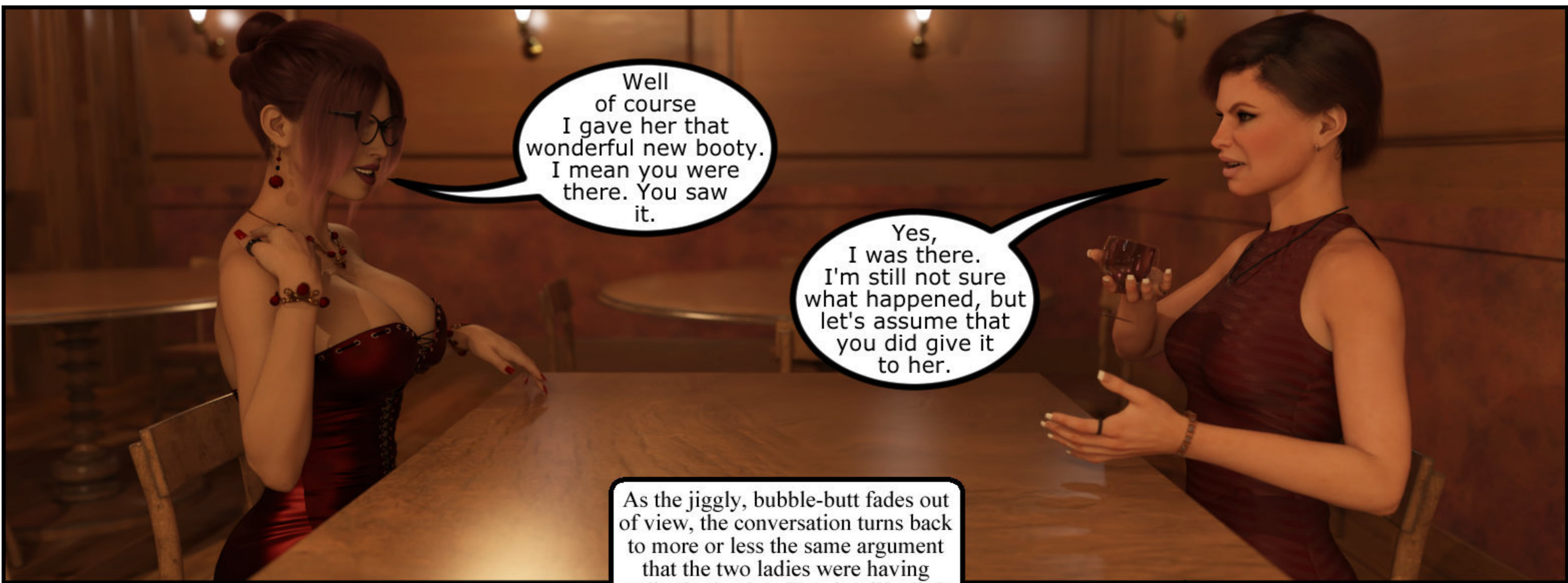
A woman with short reddish-brown hair, wearing glasses and a red strapless dress, is sitting on a wooden chair at a table. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Her right hand is near her face, and her left hand is resting on the chair. She is wearing a necklace and a bracelet.

Now that is something to watch. I really do great work. She looks simply scrumptious!

A woman with dark hair, wearing a dark red halter-neck dress, is sitting at a table. She is holding a glass of dark liquid in her right hand and looking towards the camera with a neutral expression. She is wearing a necklace.

So am I supposed to believe that you gave her that enormous ass? How'd you do that?

It soon becomes clear that both Evlin and Tara do, in fact, recognize their server from the coffee shop. Evlin truly enjoys watching her walk away and admires her own handiwork. Tara does enjoy watching Brianna's fantastic butt, however she still doubts that Evlin had anything to do with it.



Well of course I gave her that wonderful new booty. I mean you were there. You saw it.

Yes, I was there. I'm still not sure what happened, but let's assume that you did give it to her.

As the jiggly, bubble-butt fades out of view, the conversation turns back to more or less the same argument that the two ladies were having earlier in the day. Tara is still a little indignant that Evlin is seriously talking about magic, while Evlin just smiles and looks at her like it's obvious that magic is real.



I still don't see how you did it. Are you going to tell me it was magic?



Naturally. I mean how else do you think you make a woman spontaneously grow such a tremendous tushy?





That is ridiculous. There has to be another explanation, though I can't think of one and this salad does look yummy.

If you have a better explanation, then I am all ears. Let's put it aside for now though and enjoy our meal.

Brianna returns, but it doesn't stop the conversation this time. She sets the table and serves the food, while her two customers chat away. The conversation seems very strange to her, what she hears of it, and she isn't sure what or who they are talking about. It's none of her business though. She finishes setting the meal and steps back.



Do you like what you see, dear? If you want to do more than look, all you have to do is ask.

Oh my gosh! I am **so** sorry! I really didn't mean to stare. Please excuse me!

However, Brianna can't seem to help herself and stares none too subtly at Evlin instead of leaving. There just seems to be something about the woman. Evlin enjoys the attention, but eventually calls her on it. Brianna realizes what she is doing and stammers out an embarrassed apology.





That was rather rude of her, and I had planned to give her a good tip too.

I really don't mind. When you look like this, you learn to accept a certain degree of attention.

Brianna practically flees from the table, and cannot believe what she just did. She hasn't ever openly stared at a woman like that before, no matter how sexy she was. Things just seem different since earlier that afternoon. Meanwhile, Evlin excuses herself from the table to reassure the waitress.



If not outright welcome it. I should go check on her. Assure her it's OK. If you will excuse me?



Ummm, sure. If you say so.

Is she going to go seduce her or something?

Brianna retreats to the washroom and tries to cool off. For some reason, all she could think of when she looked at Evlin was her new girlfriend. Except that Evlin looks nothing like her, other than having an equally nice pair of breasts that are practically spilling out of her tiny dress.

Gawd!  
What is wrong with me!?  
All I could think of is Alysa, and how I'd rather be home right now snuggling in that amazing rack.





Oh shit!  
It's her! Did she follow me in here?



I'm sorry if I embarrassed you. Are you all right?

Oh! Ummm... Yes, I'm fine. I'm sorry that I stared.


Brianna can't believe it when only moments later, the vixen in the red dress walks into the bathroom. She can't help but wonder if the woman intentionally followed her in there, and she is even more surprised when it's clear that she did. Not only that, but Evlin has quite the proposition for the bootyful waitress!



Mmmm. Trust me, I **really** didn't mind! I meant it when I asked if you wanted to do more than look.



Uhhh... what did you just say to me?



I said, "You're such a lush"! Do you like your new ass? How about Alysa's new tits? You can be honest with me, Brianna. You've got a thing for big breasts, don't you?

I...  
I don't know what to say. I... I do like Alysa, I always have, and just couldn't admit it. But those breasts she has now... I can't...

But something seems a little odd when Evlin moves in extremely close. Brianna inhales deeply of the luscious lady's heady scent and the entire scene suddenly seems a little unreal. Evlin moves behind Bianna and lightly places her hands on her shoulders. The touch is exciting and electric!



Evlin presses her ripe body up against Brianna, reaches around, and cups her firm breasts. Evlin lightly teases her nipples as she caresses her chest. She asks Brianna if she would like to know what it's like to have a massive set of jugs. Brianna can't seem to deny her and moans out her agreement.





Brianna's boobs begin to rapidly swell and grow. They climb through the cup sizes as her shirt attempts to contain their increasing mass. As she reaches Alysa's size, she moans out for more. Evlin is more than happy to accomodate her, and Brianna's top pops open as her tits suddenly surge to twice their size!





When the growth subsides, Brianna is left with two mountainous mounds bulging out of her shirt and jutting from her chest. She leans back and moans in pure, unadulterated pleasure. Evlin leans in closer, resumes, and even redoubles her efforts to grope and fondle Brianna's bloated monster-jugs.

These are simply marvelous! You are a **very** busty slut now, Brianna. Men and women are going to absolutely **love** these... and you.

Oh gawd!  
I had **no** idea!  
**They** feel so fucking amazing! **I** feel so amazing. I never knew that this is what I was missing. What I wanted. What I...

**Grope!**


**NnnnEeEeedDd!**

**Fondle!**

Miss?  
Excuse me,  
Miss? Are you  
all right,  
Miss?

**Squeeze!**





I said, "You seem a little *flush*". I also asked, "Do you want a good *book*"? I'm a librarian after all. I'll just leave my card with the bartender.

Wha... what happened? Where did my gloriously large breasts go? Was it all a dream?

But Evlin's voice suddenly intrudes on Brianna's enjoyment, because it has a much less huskier tone to it. The fantasy (or whatever it was) vanishes just like that, leaving Brianna feeling much lighter and also a bit empty - like a part of her is missing (a very **big** part). She looks up from her chest with difficulty to see Evlin walking out.

The story will  
continue in  
the next part.