

ROGUSH ENDS GOING BUST

THE PROBLEM WITH BEING AN UNDERWORLD ROGUE WAS OCCASIONALLY ONE OF YOUR 'NORMAL' LIFE FRIENDS GETS DRAGGED DOWN INTO THE CRAZY WITH YOU. ONE WEEK AGO JESSIE HAD TAKEN HER FRIEND JUDY TO THE CLUB "THE PLACE TO BE", CYBER CITIES PREMIER BREAST EXPANSION SPOT. JUDY WAS A SHY SECRETARY WITH A MODEST BUST WHO SHOWED SOME INTEREST IN BUMPIN' UP A FEW CUP SIZES JUST FOR A NIGHT. THEY HAD A BLAST, AND JUDY ENJOYED HER TEMPORARY D-CUPS. WHEN JESS WASN'T LOOKING THOUGH, JUDY BOUGHT SOME SHADY BOOB-BOOSTERS. YOU KNOW, JUST TO HAVE THEM IN. JUDY, JUDY, JUDY... WHAT WERE YOU THINKING? SEVEN DAYS AND A HUGE OVERDOSE LATER, AND JUDY COULDN'T GET HER BOOBS TO GO BACK TO NORMAL. THE EFFECTS WERE STACKING AND SHE WAS OUTGROWING HER BRAS, HER JOB, AND HER LIFE. HER LAST HOPE WAS THAT HER SPUNKY STREETWISE FRIEND COULD TALK TO THE DEALER AND FIGURE OUT A CURE. SO HERE THEY WERE, CRAMMED INTO THE BUSTY UNDERWORLD HOT SPOT, ON A HUNT FOR A FIX.

WHAT JUDY HADN'T TOLD JESS, WAS SHE HAD BECOME QUITE ADDICTED TO THE GROWTH. SWELLING HER MELONS TILL SHE HAD BLIMPED UP BOOBS PERMEATED HER THOUGHTS DAY AND NIGHT, MAKING HER SWEAT AND WHIMPER. A SLAVE TO THE NEEDS OF HER TYRANT TITS. WOULD THEY FIND A CURE, OR JUST GET ANOTHER ROUND OF ILLEGALLY PERMA-PLUMPIN' PILLS?

