

My E-Girl – Part 3

For SeriousSentence

By TheSpiralledEye

It turns out, the stages of grief were for more than just death and Tyler, now Tiffany, went through each one in turn. After the high of that first orgasm had worn off, she'd flown into a panic, spending almost an hour in the shower trying to find the seam where her breasts and pussy attachments used to be. She failed of course, they were as real as her girlfriend's and there was nothing she could do about it.

She'd raged at Pip, demanding a cure or explanation. Who did she think she was, making this sort of decision on her behalf without asking? This angry stage didn't last very long, Tiffany simply didn't have it in her to stay mad at Pip, especially when she gave her that sad face and handed her a fancy mini chocolate cake from the expensive bakery down the road as an apology. In a daze she'd taken to the internet in search of answers but soon hit several bumps in the proverbial road.

The first being that no matter what parameters she put in the search she ended up with transitioning or fantasy stories written to titillate. Nothing remotely close to what Pip had done. When she'd finally gathered up the courage to ask her where she got the outfit she'd only winked and refused to say. Tiffany knew that was a dead end, when Pip wanted to be stubborn there was no way to change her mind.

The second major issue she was dealing with was her own short attention span. It seemed this change was not limited to her body but her mind as well. Tiffany it seems, really was a bit of an airhead. She was constantly forgetting what she was doing, getting distracted by an ad for hair dye or a new café opening in town. It was hopeless, she was going to be stuck like this forever.

All self-control around food went out the window and Tiffany drowned her sorrows in chocolate and sugar. If she was going to be stuck as a woman, the least she could do was have as many sweets as she damn well pleased. And she certainly had no shortage of them thanks to their kind viewers.

"Big thanks again to Yankee1991 for sending me these Japanese chocolates!" Tiffany smiled, popping one of the tiny pink strawberry shaped sweets on her tongue, "They are soooooo cute! And tasty!"

'dude Tiff is so cute'

'With all the sweets she eats I am pretty sure she's made of sugar'

'Petition to rename her to SugarTits? Lol I feel like that is her whole personality'

Tiffany smiled, looking at the chat fill up with compliments about her, both body and personality wise. She had to admit, it was nice being the centre of attention for once, she never got this kind of attention when she was Tyler.

“Aw, you guys are so nice.” She beamed, “I’ve never gotten so many compliments before!”

‘step on me pls’

‘Tiff I don’t believe that for a second!!! You are so cute I bet all the guys drool over you in real life too!’

‘Eat another chockie!’

Tiffany happily did so, letting the tiny chocolate dissolve on her tongue with a happy sigh. Pip cleared her throat making Tiffany jump, she had almost forgotten she was there, as had much of the audience judging from the chat. Tiffany flushed, how embarrassing and rude.

“Sorry Pip, I didn’t mean to steal the show!”

“Oh, that’s okay, our fans are right you are cute when you eat, here I bought more bubble tea for us to drink during the Q&A.”

Tiffany squealed happily, she could see the honey coating the inside of the sweet tea, Pip really knew her tastes! Eagerly she snatched up the drink, popping the straw between her pursed lips and sucking up the delicious drink. It coated her tongue and made her smile, causing some of it to dribble down onto her shirt causing her to blush further.

‘that’s our ditzy tiff’

‘I love when she does this.’

As usual, Tiffany swiped a finger along her skin, scooping up the mess and sucking it off her fingers one by one much to the delight of their viewers. This happened at least once a stream, her tits were so big now that she was indulging it was inevitable something get on them. Once again, the chat log filled with messages of adoration and suggestions for a stream where she make her own bubble tea, an idea that made Tiffany smile even wider. This whole streamer girl lifestyle may not have been her

idea but you know, she could get used to it. She was so caught up in her snacks and fans she didn't even notice the way Pip's eyes narrowed at her as she was once again, forced into the background.

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To say Pip was annoyed was an understatement. She had first noticed her viewership dipping a couple of months ago and in an effort to liven things up, had transformed Tyler into her co-host. At first, it had been perfect; Tiffany Tate brought a bit of variety to her streams and her numbers went back up. She had been sure Tiffany was too dumb and submissive to ever truly steal her spotlight, it had been a perfect plan right up until it wasn't.

She had never planned for Tiffany to be so popular, some of her viewers were even suggesting she do solo streams! A PeachyPip stream *without* PeachyPip, what sort of madness was that? Jealousy burned inside her every time they logged on and she saw the constant stream of praise for Tiffany's body, she should have made her boobs smaller. Not that they would have stayed small; the way Tiffany ate had already added to her cup size significantly. One time on stream, she decided she wouldn't speak at all until somebody asked why she was being so quiet; she had a whole speech ready to humbly voice her insecurities about her new co-host that would surely guilt her audience into giving her more attention. Except she never got the chance to use it. Not once during the stream did anybody notice anything was amiss with her, they were all too busy fawning over how adorable Tiffany was getting cream on her nose trying to eat a slice of cream cake. It was *infuriating*.

No matter, Pip was still in control, whether Tiffany and the viewers realised it or not. The crowd seemed to love watching a cute girl eat things, so she encouraged it. It was only a matter of weeks before she could see the fruits of her labour with Tiffany packing on the pounds. In a few months' time she would be a fat blob, too unattractive to bring in the numbers and after that PeachyPip could 'regretfully' announce her departure from the show due to audience request. Until then, she just had to keep up.

"Oh Tiffany!" Pip called, "Check this out!"

Her airheaded roommate literally skipped into the room; she was only wearing one sock having clearly forgotten to put the other on. Her eyes lit up when she saw what Pip had just placed on the table; a brilliant white cake, piled high with icing swirls in the shape of tulips and roses. Art made edible.

"It's ah-mazing!" Tiffany gasped, "So cute! Can we eat it now?"

"Not yet, it's for the stream later." Pip smiled sweetly, "It's your two month anniversary after all! We should celebrate."

For a moment Tiffany just blinked, those big, blank eyes shining under the harsh kitchen light.

“Two months? Already?”

“Uh huh.” Pip felt her eyes narrow in victory, “Come on Tiff, I know you’re not the brightest but even you have to know the date!”

“Of course! I just...didn’t realise I’d been this way for so long.” She pouted, looking conflicted for a moment before the cake caught her eye again and her body relaxed.

“Come on, let’s go get dressed, we only have a few hours before we start!”

Pip had picked out their outfits to compliment the cake, giving them both a gothic exterior juxtaposed by flower accessories. She made sure to give herself the more flattering red ones and the pale blue flowers to Tiffany in the hope they would wash her skin out. They didn’t, in fact she looked even cuter than normal. Though she did take solace watching her co-host struggle to find a skirt that still covered her increasingly rotund ass.

“Everybody will be able to see your thong in that thing.” Pip teased, “You’d better make sure to stay seated the whole time.”

“I didn’t realise my ass was getting so fat.” Tiffany sighed.

“Nothing to be ashamed of hun.” Pip grabbed a cheek firmly with her palm and gave it a squeeze, “People love a girl with some jiggle and Tiff, you sure do have a lot to jiggle.”

“Thanks Pip, you’re so nice.”

God, she really was a little puppy. So naïve and easily manipulated, Pip barely even had to try anymore. Her insecurities began to vanish, it wouldn’t be long till PeachyPip was queen bee once again.

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They sat down to start the stream, cake positioned perfectly between them; as soon as they went live the chat went wild.

'omg look at the cake'

'Do you think Tiffany will be able to eat it all???'

'lol bet they picked white icing for a reason'

'omigosh Tiff's earring match!!!'

Pip felt her smile go tight; not one mention of her matching outfit. She'd even positioned herself leaning over the cake slightly to show off her tits, nothing. But then:

'Pip's boobs are in the icing lol'

She looked down and indeed, as she leaned back her cleavage was smeared with white icing. It may not have been part of the plan but she wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth.

"Looks like Tiff isn't the only one with a clumsy streak." She giggled, wiping the icing onto her finger and sucking on it while smouldering at the camera. The chat was going crazy for her for the first time in weeks and she basked in it. Take that Tiffany Tate.

"Oh no Pip your lovely shirt!" Tiffany cried, looking genuinely sad. Before Pip could stop her she was reaching forward, gently pinching an icing petal from her collar and popping it in her mouth.

'Tiffany is so sweet.'

'Does she even know how sexy that was? She is either a maniacal genius or a complete dope, I don't know what's hotter.'

'You guys should eat off each other all the time'

Pip's blood boiled. Less than thirty seconds and Tiffany had already stolen the limelight back and what's worse, she didn't even mean to! Pip's eyes locked onto Tiffany's ass, the way it was almost too big for the stool she was sitting on; patience, she just needed patience. Perhaps simply getting Tiffany fat wasn't enough, lowering herself to Tiffany's level got her back the attention she craved, if only briefly. If that's what she had to do, so be it.

"You know guys," She announced, carefully lifting a piece of the cake to her mouth and taking a delicate bite, "I've been thinking, how about a Mukbang Monday? You all love watching us eat."

'fuck yeah'

'DREAM COMING TRUE'

"Mukbang?" Tiffany cocked a head to one side, "What's that?"

'she's too pure what a cinnamon roll'

"It's where people come to watch us eat huge meals!" Pip explained, "We will set up a poll and each week you all can vote on what we try! Maybe once a month one special viewer can send us something too!"

Their viewers were ecstatic, Pip couldn't even keep up with the chat the messages were coming so quickly. Her smile turned wide, yes; this is exactly what her channel needed. She'd make sure Pip was getting the lion's share of the snacks they ate and in no time, she'll have killed two birds with one stone. Pip sat back, brimming with confidence as she enjoyed her dessert while Tiff talked animatedly about all the things she'd love to try for their first mukbang stream next week.

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It was funny; after several months of constant streams and coming to terms, Tiffany was finally beginning to fully accept herself as a woman. Not only that, with the constant adoration from her viewers she was even feeling confident and cute for the first time in her life. As she stepped into the convention centre, all that self-assurance evaporated in an instant. She knew she had been getting a bit plumper since they started doing their mukbang streams; it was inevitable especially with all the extra treats their fans sent her in the mail to try on their regular streams, but she hadn't realised quite how much weight she'd put on.

This was her first time at a convention for online streamers and she'd been excited to attend and even host a panel with Pip but now, seeing all these other waifish, beautiful e-girls milling about

surrounded by fans, she felt even stupider than usual for letting herself go so much. Pip of course, seemed to be feeling none of this. She'd struggled with the sweet eating a little, having such a small stomach, so Tiffany had been eating some of her share as a favour. It showed; Pip while looking a little bigger than when they first met still looked good. When Tiffany looked down at herself all she could see was her fat thighs and hips, not to mention her overflowing bust. She had just been able to ask Pip if they could go back to the hotel when a voice rung out.

"It's Tiffany Tate and PeachyPip!"

The reaction was instant, they were swarmed on all sides by fans all clambering to talk and take photos. Tiffany felt elated laughter bubble in her throat as gifts were thrust at her; chocolate, lollipops and all manner of confectionary were soon piled high in her arms.

"It's so amazing to see you in person!"

"I watch all your streams!"

"I love this outfit, so cute! You look amazing!"

Self-consciousness slowly eroding she did her best to answer them all, barely greeting a fraction of the group before Pip was pulling her away to attend the panel. Tiffany couldn't help but notice she'd not received even a card from their fans. It was almost *Tiffany's* panel honestly, almost every question was for her and loads of people just wanted her to try their homemade sweets. Tiffany gushed and cooed over every gift, genuinely touched that people loved her so much they would do something so nice. When she tripped and fell, flashing her panties at the whole crowd she'd expected them to laugh but instead they cheered. Well, some people laughed, but there was no cruelty in it. One person shouted "moe", whatever that means.

By the time she wandered off stage she was light headed from adrenaline and exhaustion. So much so that she walked straight into one of the stagehands and knocked him to the ground.

"Omigosh I am so sorry!" She blushed, scrambling to her feet and awkwardly offering the young man a hand.

"Don't be." He was red in the face; it highlighted his dark cheekbones. "Most guys would kill to have Tiffany Tate sit on them. I would. I mean-no I don't mean I'd actually kill somebody I just...fuck."

Tiffany giggled, completely oblivious to Pip rolling her eyes behind her back.

“I’m sorry! I am such a motormouth when I’m nervous.” The stagehand explained, his ears now bright red to match his face. “It’s just, I am such a big fan and you’re so pretty.”

“You think so?” Tiffany demurred. “I thought the sweets were going to my hips a bit.”

“No! Those skinny e-girls are a dime a dozen, you’ve got curves for days and you make them work. That’s pretty cool. I’m Frankie, by the way.”

“You’re so sweet, Frankie. Did you maybe want to go get a bobba or something?”

“Absolutely.”

Had she been paying more attention Tiffany may have heard Pip gagging in the background.

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Pip looked at her own reflection in the mirror, seething. Nothing was going to plan; for once in her life, she was not in control of the situation and even more concerning, she had no idea how to get it back. When it became apparent their fan base wanted more than just cute girl chats, she acquiesced, joining in on the sweet eating. But while Tiffany only got more and more popular and pretty with every pound, she slid in the opposite direction. Somehow, Tiffany made the weight gain look good; her bust and ass were huge, only accentuating her large hourglass figure; why didn’t Pip look like her?

Pip’s belly was round and full, making her constantly look bloated and making her breasts appear smaller in comparison. Her thighs were thick but her ass didn’t seem to grow in the right way to match. She didn’t look cute, she just looked fat. No matter what she tried, none of her old style of clothing seemed to fit her properly. The material stretched and warped in the most unflattering ways.

She felt salt rub into the proverbial wound as a moan filtered through the apartment. Frankie was over, *again*. She hated watching him fawn over Tiffany, he treated her like a princess and while he was always polite to her, Pip could see the disgusted look in his eye when he looked at her. Nobody ever looked at her with disgust and got away with it. She’d bring him down a peg when she finally ruined Tiffany, he’d see he picked the wrong girl. Though even she had to admit, her plans for ruining her co-host were going nowhere fast. The door opened and Tiffany walked in wearing nothing but her underwear, blushing when she spotted Pip by the bathroom sink.

“Pip! I didn’t realise you were home.”

She said it with such innocence too, Pip knew it wasn’t a dig but that made the comment sting all the more. If there was one thing PeachyPip never wanted to be, it was forgettable.

“Well, we need to stream soon.” Pip gave her a tight smile, “You’d better send your boyfriend home.”

“Oh, I forgot sorry, I did an extra stream last night and-“

“You what?”

“Well, people have been messaging me about some solo streams.” Tiffany blushed, “I thought I’d better give it a go, y’know? It’s not much to ask really and our fans are so nice.”

Pip’s hand clenched, only just managing to keep her temper in check.

“You did a stream without me? On *my* channel?”

“Oh no! I’d never do that to you Pip!” Tiffany gasped, “I started my own! It’s already pretty popular! Isn’t that great! I’ve even started this OnlyFans page where people pay to see me eat specific things. You should try it, super easy and really fun, plus they pay sooooo much.”

Pip’s teeth threatened to shatter she was biting down so hard.

“Yeah Pip, isn’t it great how good Tiffany is doing?”

Frankie appeared behind Tiffany, throwing an arm around her lazily. The audacity of this man, walking around her apartment in nothing but his boxers like he owned the place.

“It’s wonderful.” Pip replied, with just the right level of snideness that it went right over Tiffany’s head.

She exited the bathroom to let Tiffany shower and was both pleased and annoyed Frankie followed her. At least she wouldn't have to deal with the sounds of them having freaky shower sex.

"What's the matter Pip, thunder thighs giving you trouble?"

"*Excuse me?* You have the nerves to say that to me when you're dating that hippo in there!"

"Never call her that again." Frankie replied, "And we both know she wears her weight like an absolute champ. She looks beautiful, you don't. Ha, now you're as pretty on the outside as you are inside, that is to say, not."

Nobody had ever spoken to Pip like this in her entire life and she wasn't about to take it lying down.

"Who do you think you are? Talking to me like that. Nobody would even know who Tiffany Tate was if it weren't for me."

"Yeah well, like it or not, her star is rising and you're is plummeting down. Did you really think people couldn't see how you were treating her on camera all this time?"

"She wouldn't even have a star if it weren't for me!"

"Yeah well, once your audience saw somebody with some actual personality, they realised they'd been slumming it with you. I know I did."

She opened her mouth to retaliate but Frankie pushed past her to get dressed, slamming the door in her face when she tried to follow. Whether or not he knew it Frankie had just done the one thing she had no solution for, ignored her completely.

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Pip was not about to let her star fall so easily, she threw herself into the roll, eating twice the cakes and sweets, even copying some of Tiffany's mannerisms. It was hard though, eating nothing but sugar had her feeling so sluggish. Half the time she was streaming she felt herself slipping back into her chair like a bloated mess; where did Tiffany get all this energy from? It was like she was on a permanent sugar rush while Pip only had the crash. Pip tried sneaking the most unhealthy, calorie

laden foods to her co-host to ensure she stopped being “plump and pretty” as so many called it, sure that any day now she would cross the threshold into a sad fat girl.

‘is it just me or is Pip looking kinda bloaty?’

‘Pretty sure Tiff’s boobs are twice as big as when I first joined’

‘Look at her tongue!’

No matter what she did, Tiffany effortlessly stole back the show with a cute giggle or a suck of a lollypop. On the best days Pip was a background character on her own stream, on the worst the chat lamented her fall, talking about the days before she ‘let herself go’. It made no sense! How was she getting so big and yet not beautiful like Tiffany? One day, when she leaned forward to show off her bust somebody had the audacity to post a sick emoji. She stood, ready to end the stream and storm off at the outrageous behaviour but didn’t get the chance. The sound of ripping met her ears and she felt her face turn red.

Her tights had ripped, right along the thigh and her skin was spilling out.

The chat went wild and all Pip could see was a flood of laughter emojis and ‘lol’s. When had her audience turned on her so completely? Was Frankie right? Had everybody been on to her this whole time?

‘Holy shit was that scripted?’

‘No way, Pip would never embarrass herself on purpose, if it was Tiff maybe’

‘Oh Tiffany you’re so nice, the world doesn’t deserve you.’

The last message was in reference to Tiffany’s genuine horror at Pip’s predicament, she turned the camera away to face her fully, announcing a quick break. The care and softness in her eyes made Pip want to throw up, the ditzy naiveite that had once been so sexy was now a source of ridicule for *her*. She’d locked herself in her room, logging on anonymously to watch Tiffany finish the stream. The chat wasn’t even talking about her departure! Desperate for any form of validation she opened up past streams and felt humiliation burn at her cheeks; watching herself on screen was awful. She looked like a fat, lazy blob next to Tiffany, sometimes she even spilt food on herself without noticing like a complete slob.

Anger, shame and indignation boiling in her blood Pip slammed the computer closed and threw a sheet over her bedroom mirror. She stayed like that for hours, vowing not to come out until Tiffany begged her to but she never got the chance. Her stomach rumbled, used to the constant meals that had become her daily schedule. In the end it was hunger that made her unlock the door; the realisation making the humiliation all the stronger.

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Tiffany mused over her different outfit options; she had a PeachyPip stream and she liked trying to match her outfit to the sweets she was eating. A lovely viewer had sent in some fancy sherbets from German she was very excited to try but it left her at a loss for clothing inspiration. Eventually she decided on white fishnets to start with, brighter than her usual fare but sherbet was white, right?

She slipped them over her feet and then began to difficult task of pulling them up her legs. Her skin was still silky smooth but the sheer wideness made putting on things like stocking, especially fishnets, quite tricky to manage. The last time Pip had tried her fat has pressed against the netting so unflatteringly even Tiffany couldn't find a nice thing to say about them, yet when she put them on herself, she looked amazing. Her wide thighs perfectly accentuated by the patterning. Not to mention the way they cupped her ass, now so rotund she often felt it jiggle at the slightest movement. She giggled, remembering how much money her last stream bought in when the viewers had convinced her to try a new dance making the rounds. Her ass had bounced so much her viewing numbers almost doubled overnight.

“Looking amazing babe.”

Frankie leaned against the doorway, looking just as proud as he sounded. Tiffany was so happy she met him; she'd never had a partner who lifted her up so much. At first, she'd been sad when Pip had announced they should keep their relationship professional since they now worked together but Frankie made that well worth it. She gave him a tight hug before pressing their lips together in a warm kiss, humming with happiness as his fingers raked through her long blonde hair. His tongue pressed against her lips and she moaned, allowing him entrance for a moment before pulling back.

“I have a stream.” She whined, unable to sound disappointed “You're distracting me.”

“We can be quick.” Frankie whispered, resting his hands against her wide hips before slowly moving them down to grab fistfuls of her fat ass. One upon a time, he could have grabbed a full cheek in each hand but she had long since outgrown any chance of that happening.

“But Pip is waiting...” Tiffany's resolve was melting away with each stroke of Frankie's hands against her skin, she could feel him tugging those fishnets down her silky skin with ease.

“Forget Pip.” He teased, “I want to see that body of yours move.”

She shivered, pressing their mouths together, ignoring how her sugar scented lip gloss smudged as she did so. Her hands moved to her boyfriend’s collar, unbuttoning and pushing it off over her shoulders between kisses before tugging him toward the bed. Save for her fishnets and panties, she was already naked, time to even the playing field.

Tiffany knelt on the bed and reached forward for Frankie’s belt buckle only to forget it instantly as his hands found her tits. Rough finger tips brushing over her swollen, fat nipples and he teased and played. He hefted the enormous breasts up under his palms and squeezed them tight, sending bolts of pleasure through Tiffany’s whole body. She could sit here all day letting him touch her like this, a few weeks ago she might have but that newfound confidence her solo streams had gifted her kicked in. She pulled Frankie onto the bed, laughing breathlessly as they rolled together, kissing and teasing as she removed his pants and underwear.

“Hey,” he laughed, “How’d I get more naked than you so quickly?”

“Skill.” Tiffany grinned at him, finally sliding the fishnets and panties off before straddling his hips.

Frankie stared up at her in wonder; she could never get enough of that way he looked at her. With such pure adoration, like she was the most beautiful woman in the world, it was intoxicating. His arms reached up, resting on her shoulders before sliding down the curve of her body to rest at her round hips.

“How on earth did you keep an hourglass figure?” He marvelled, “God you’ve got the best curves in the world I swear, sweetheart.”

She loved it when he called her that, it made her whole body quiver. What’s more, she knew he meant it, she could feel his cock pressing against her already, hard and ready. With a moan she pressed her clit against the shaft, grinding her hips down so that her folds parted slightly as her desire built. She loved to draw this sort of thing out, she and Frankie had spent days in bed seeing how long they could tease an orgasm out of one another but she wasn’t kidding about needing to stream soon, she couldn’t keep the audience waiting.

With Frankie’s help she hefted herself up, sinking back down on that hard shaft with a deep moan. Good thing she didn’t have the time to be slow, Tiffany wasn’t sure she could have handled it today. Instinctively she began to rock her hips, back and forwards at first before slowly starting rise up and back down. That cock brushed against her G-spot and she whimpered Frankie’s name. Soon she was riding him hard, she could feel her breasts and ass bouncing, skin slapping against skin as she did so and Frankie groaned. He loved her on top, watching her whole body jiggle and move as she bounced on his cock. He never lasted long and today neither did she.

The orgasm came on quick and hard, the build up happening so fast she barely had time to prepare before she was shuddering and clenching around Frankie, trying to keep that bliss going as long as possible. Frankie followed suit right after, the sight of her cumming always pushed him over the edge. Tiffany collapsed down onto the bed next to him, sighing as she basked in the afterglow. She knew she only had a few minutes left to get ready now but she didn't care. Pip could wait a few minutes extra.

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"Wow, these fruit drops sweets and so cute and yummy, aren't they Pip?"

"Sure are!"

Pip was lying of course. She'd eaten twelve of the little balls and she could barely even taste them anymore, her whole mouth felt like it was rubbed raw from sugar. She had to keep eating them though, what choice did she have? Much to her humiliation, she couldn't stop; not only was her body used to all the extra food now but eating sweets and other heavy meals was the only way she ever made money on her streams anymore. Nobody came to the streams for her body anymore, the only way she ever got any attention was if she kept up with Tiffany's insane sweet consumption. It was a vicious cycle; the viewers only came to see just how much fatter she'd gotten now, never to adore her like Tiffany. She'd even tried starting her own OnlyFans in the same vein as Tiffany Tate, it had been a resounding failure that had even lost her viewers. The only ones that stuck around just wanted to see a fat girl getting fatter; they didn't think she was hot or beautiful, they just wanted to see how much further she could fall.

'anybody else think it's weird the stream is named after pip still?'

'I mostly just watch TiffanyTateTastes now but sometimes it's nice seeing her with a friend'

'how is so pretty when she eats so much?!?!'

'well...only Tiff really pulls it off'

Pip had accepted it now; she was the one riding on coattails, nothing she could ever do would change that her spotlight was now firmly on Tiffany. In desperation she had even tried leaking the

information that she'd once been a man to no avail, nobody believed them. If anything, the nasty 'rumours' only gained Tiffany more fans.

Tiffany smiled, she looked so pretty but what made Pip more jealous than anything was the light in her eyes; Tiffany, despite Pip's best efforts, was happy. Swallowing down another sweet Pip reluctantly reached for another. She could never go back to the way her body was before now either, whether or not she liked it, this was her life now. A mess of her own creation.