

This story contains some big ol' growing boobs, and TWO large growing rumps. Enjoy!

Cassie stood in front of her closet at 6:47 AM and wanted to cry.

Every blouse she owned had been designed for a woman with B-cups. Now, staring at the row of sensible work shirts hanging in neat rows, she felt a deep, throbbing resentment toward her past self for not having the foresight to buy anything with even a hint of stretch. The industrial bras Mia had sold her were a lifesaver. Genuinely, they were the only thing standing between her and total wardrobe catastrophe. But they could only do so much when the tops layered over them refused to cooperate.

She pulled a navy blue button-down from its hanger and held it up in front of her. The fabric looked like a handkerchief compared to what it needed to cover. She tried it anyway, threading her arms through the sleeves and beginning the slow, careful process of buttoning from the bottom up. The first two buttons closed without incident. The third strained. The fourth gaped open over the swell of her cleavage, the two sides of fabric unable to meet. The fifth simply refused to even close in the first place, leaving the rest of her massive rack wide out in the open, and certainly not appropriate for a work environment.

"Great. Fantastic." She stared at herself in the mirror, the shirt pulled tight across her enormous breasts, a deep wedge of cleavage visible from chin to sternum, the straining buttons casting tiny shadows across the stretched fabric. Every breath and minuscule movement made the material creak in protest. "This is professional. This is definitely what 'business casual' means."

She settled for a stretchy black camisole under an oversized cardigan that she told herself looked intentional and modest.

It didn't, but she had to make do somehow, alright?

She looked like a woman trying to hide boulders under a blanket. The camisole clung to every curve, the fabric stretched so thin across her breasts that the

faint shadow of her areolas was visible if you knew where to look. And at the office, people were definitely going to look.

The walk to the bus stop was its own issue first, however.

Even in flats, each step sent her chest into a heavy, rhythmic sway that she could feel all the way down to her lower back. The industrial bra did its job, kept things lifted, minimized the bounce, but there was no escaping the weight. She walked like a woman perpetually leaning into a wind that wasn't there. Every few steps she had to consciously correct her posture, pulling her shoulders back, which only thrust her chest out further, which made her overcompensate by hunching, which made her back scream louder. It was a cycle. A stupid, heavy, jiggly cycle.

A man walking his dog did a full double-take on the sidewalk. Cassie kept her eyes forward and pretended not to notice. The dog, a golden retriever, barked at her. She couldn't tell if it was the dog's usual enthusiasm or if even animals were confused by her silhouette.

"On the bus," she muttered to herself angrily. "Get on the bus. Sit down. Don't move. Don't breathe. Don't exist. That's all I need to do."

The bus was crowded. Of course it was. She squeezed down the aisle, her chest brushing the back of seats as she passed, each accidental contact sending a spark of sensation through her hypersensitive nipples that made her jaw clench. She found a seat near the back and lowered herself carefully, feeling the enormous weight of her breasts settle heavily against her torso as she sat. They spread slightly to either side, pressing against her upper arms and heavily into the seat in front of her, squishing her nipples and the clothing flat against it, the sensitivity buzzing and making her head swim. The man beside her glanced over, did a visible double-take, and spent the next six stops staring pointedly at his phone with the least convincing nonchalance she had ever witnessed.

She tried to read a book to distract from the ogling and the sensual feeling. She couldn't hold it far enough from her face because her breasts got in the way of her arms. She tried holding it to the side. The bus lurched, and the book dropped into her cleavage, wedging itself there like a shelf. She fished it out with two fingers while the man beside her very carefully examined his lock screen.

By the time she reached her office building, her face was flushed, her back ached, and she had already decided that today was the worst day she had ever had in her entire life.

And then she had to get in the *elevator*.

She stepped in alone (a small mercy) and caught her reflection in the polished metal doors. The woman staring back at her was almost unrecognizable. From the neck up, she was the same Cassie: sharp cheekbones, dark hair, tired eyes. Below the neck, she was someone else entirely. Her breasts dominated her frame, projecting forward in two massive, round orbs that the stretchy cami could barely contain. Even under the cardigan, their shape was undeniable. Full, heavy, absurdly proportioned. She turned slightly and watched them shift with the motion, the fabric pulling and releasing across the swollen mounds. The weight of them was a constant, warm, pulsing presence against her chest, and despite her frustration, she felt that traitorous tingle of arousal simmering just beneath her skin.

"Stop it," she hissed at her own reflection.

The doors opened on her floor. Cassie squared her shoulders, which made her tits surge forward dramatically, and walked in.

The reactions were immediate and varied. Greg from accounting did a spit-take with his coffee. Denise from HR made a sound like a stepped-on cat. Her supervisor, Marcus, stared at her chest for a full three seconds before remembering he had a face and dragging his eyes upward with visible effort.

"Cassie," he said carefully, leaning back in his chair. "You, uh. You look... different today."

"New bra," she said flatly, dropping into her desk chair with a heavy thud that made her breasts bounce and settle. They kept moving for a beat longer than felt natural, a delayed secondary wobble that she could feel reverberating through her ribcage. "Had a... growth spurt, recently."

"A growth..."

"Marcus." She fixed him with a nasty look that could have curdled milk. "I have a report due by noon. Can we discuss my mammary situation later? Preferably never?"

He raised both hands in surrender and swiveled back to his computer.

Every movement at her desk was calculated to make her body and chest move as little as possible. Reach for the mouse, brace the weight. Lean forward to read the screen, feel the breasts swing pendulously beneath her. Type, and feel the subtle vibration travel up through the desk and into her chest, each keystroke a tiny tremor that her over-sensitive nipples registered as a faint, maddening flutter in her boobs. She caught herself crossing her arms beneath them for support and immediately uncrossed them when the pressure made her gasp softly.

She couldn't reach her coffee mug without her breast knocking the stapler off her desk. She had to slide her chair back farther than usual to give her chest room when she leaned in to type. The desk itself pressed against them whenever she got close, and the pressure was equal parts uncomfortable and distractingly pleasant. She adjusted her posture seven times in ten minutes and found no position that worked completely.

By ten o'clock, she'd dropped a pen on the floor and spent a full minute staring at it in defeat because bending over to pick it up would mean her breasts hanging free and swaying heavily beneath her, visible to anyone who walked past her cubicle.

Lunch was worse. The break room was crowded, and every pair of eyes tracked her as she walked in. She could feel the weight of their attention pressing against her from every direction, compounding the actual physical weight of her O-cups. Getting her food from the fridge required crouching, which sent her breasts straining against the camisole neckline, and she had to press her forearm against them to keep them contained. She sat in the corner, arms crossed defensively over her massive breasts, and ate her salad without tasting it.

"So, Cassie," said Denise, sliding into the chair across from her with undisguised curiosity. "That's... quite a change."

"Yep."

"Did you... get work done?"

"Excuse me?"

"I mean, are they... real?"

Cassie set her fork down with deliberate precision so as to not just punch her in frustration. "Denise. I'm going to say this once. If you ask me one more question about my body and my massive boobs that I am quite OBVIOUSLY not thrilled about, I will file a harassment complaint so fast your head will spin. Are we clear?"

Denise fled the table immediately with a squeal of fear, not uttering (uddering?) a word to her the entire rest of the day.

Cassie returned to her desk, seething, her heavy breasts heaving with angry breaths that she immediately regretted because the motion made them strain against the camisole in a way that sent a warm pulse of pleasure straight down her spine. She pressed her forehead against her desk and groaned loudly.

Two more hours. Just get through two more hours, that's all she needed to do.

Surely Lena had a fix by now, right?

She **better**.

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Meanwhile, back at the apartment, Lena was having her own problems. Two humongous cheeked ones, to be exact.

She sat cross-legged on her bed, carefully, because her enormous ass required careful positioning to avoid toppling sideways. She scrolled through her laptop with frantic, trembling clicks. The file directory for her hypnosis projects stretched before her like a minefield: "Breast Expansion - Gentle," "Breast Expansion - Extreme," "Ass Expansion - Intense," "Ass Expansion - EXTREME," "Hips & Thighs - Ultimate." She'd been prolific. She'd been creative. And now every file felt like a loaded gun pointed at her own body.

"Okay. Okay, think." She bit her lip, feeling the weight of her massive rear pressing into the mattress beneath her, the two enormous cheeks spreading out under her like twin pillows of warm, hypersensitive flesh. Every tiny shift of her hips made them jiggle faintly, the soft smack of flesh against flesh a constant, maddening soundtrack to her panic. "There has to be something in here. A reversal. A shrink file. Something, anything."

She opened folder after folder. The expansion files were meticulously organized, labeled by theme, intensity, duration, subliminal layer depth. She'd put real effort into cataloging her work, of course.

What she *hadn't* done was ever create a file that undid any of it. Why would she? The whole point was growth. Bigger, fuller, more. Nobody who watched her content wanted to *shrink*, that would be STUPID. Until now, anyways.

"Fuck. Fuck." She closed the last folder and stared at the empty desktop. Her reflection stared back from the dark screen, a woman with a panicked face and a lower body that belonged in a cartoon. She could see the edges of her colossal ass even from this angle, the swollen cheeks spreading out beneath her on the bedspread like rising dough. They were so sensitive that even the texture of the sheets against them was distracting, a constant, low-level stimulation that made it hard to think clearly and to find a solution to this mess.

Getting off the bed was a great effort she had avoided until now. She uncrossed her legs and rolled to one side, feeling her ass shift and cascade outward, one cheek pressing flat against the mattress while the other rose up in a mountain of soft flesh. She pushed herself up and stood, and the weight of her lower half made her stagger. Her center of gravity had moved so far back and down that she had to lean forward at an angle just to stay upright.

Walking to the kitchen for water was a waddle, no other word could quite describe what it looked like. Her thighs were so thick they rubbed together with every step, the friction sending little sparks of sensation up through her hips. Her ass clapped softly with each footfall. She could feel each cheek rise, separate, and crash back together in a continuous, rhythmic cycle that she could not make stop. no matter how she stepped

She filled a glass at the sink and stood there drinking it, staring at the wall, feeling her own body settle around her. The cool tile against her bare feet was the only normal sensation she had left.

"Fine. I'll just make one. A shrink file. How hard can it be, right?"

She waddled back to the bedroom and sat down on the edge of the bed, which creaked ominously under the redistribution of weight. She opened a new project. Stared at the blank timeline. Her finger hovered over the media library.

She'd never made a shrinking video. She had no template, no tested frequency ranges, no subliminal scripts for reduction. Every file she'd ever created was

designed to inflate, to trigger growth responses in the viewer's body through carefully layered audio and visual cues. The neural pathways she knew how to stimulate were the ones that said more, bigger, fuller. She had no idea what the opposite would look like, or worse, what it would actually do.

What if a badly made shrink file just caused more growth? What if the reversed spirals confused her body into expanding further? What if she accidentally made her ass even bigger? The thought made her stomach drop even as a traitorous pulse of heat flickered through her enormous cheeks at the idea of growing more.

"No. No, that's insane. I can't risk it, this thing is big enough already." She closed the project and shoved the laptop away, pressing her hands against her face. "Think, Lena. Think. There's gotta be something."

She dug deeper. Past her own project files, into the raw media folders themselves. The downloaded stock footage, the licensed audio tracks, the reference materials she'd collected over two years of making content, and anything else she referenced so rarely that cataloging it would simply be a waste of time. It was completely disorganized and sprawling, she discovered, with gigabytes of spirals and voice tracks and ambient sounds dumped into folders with names like "STUFF" and "OLD" and "idk.", among other useless monikers.

"This is hopeless," she muttered, clicking through folder after folder. Her enormous ass shifted restlessly beneath her, the cheeks rolling and pressing together with every movement, the sensation making her bite her lip hard. "I'm going to be stuck like this forever. I'm going to have to explain to my mom why I can't fit through her front door at Thanksgiving."

She was deep in a folder labeled "ARCHIVE\_OLD\_BACKUP\_2023," a graveyard of abandoned projects and half-finished experiments, when something caught her eye. Buried between a failed "lip expansion" prototype and a directory of unused heartbeat audio files was a single video file with a plain, unformatted title:

"REVERSAL"

Lena stared at it. The file was small, much smaller than her usual projects, barely thirty megabytes. The creation date was over eighteen months ago, from

a period she barely remembered, when she'd first started experimenting with hypnosis techniques and had been messier about organization.

"That's... that can't be what I think it is, right?!?"

She hovered the cursor over the file. Her heart was hammering. Her massive ass quivered beneath her with nervous tension, the swollen cheeks pushing together softly at the micro-movements she couldn't control.

"A reversal file. An actual reversal file. From when?" She checked the metadata again. It indeed was from 2023, March, in fact. Before she'd ever published anything. Before she'd refined her techniques. Before she'd turned Cassie into a titty monster and herself into... This.

She glanced back over her shoulder at the absurd scope of her own rear end and felt a desperate, clawing hope rise in her chest.

"Please," she whispered to the file out loud. "Please be real. Please be what I need."

She didn't play it. Not yet. That was how she'd gotten into this mess, careless clicking, impulsive curiosity. Instead, she opened the file's properties and scanned the metadata. Audio tracks: three. Visual layers: two. Duration: four minutes, seventeen seconds.

And in the comments field, in her own younger, less careful way of notetaking then, a single note:

*experimental reversal protocol, untested, do not use without backup*

Lena's finger trembled over the trackpad. Untested. Do not use without backup. Two phrases that should have been warning signs of course, but against the alternative, spending the rest of her life with an ass the size of two yoga balls, warning signs felt almost quaint.

"It's something," she breathed. "It's something."

She glanced toward the door. Cassie wouldn't be home for a bit. She had time. Time to think, time to prepare, time to figure out if this file was actually going to save them or make everything catastrophically worse.

She closed the laptop gently, as if it might explode, and pressed both hands flat against the mattress. Her colossal ass shifted beneath her from the movement, the skin still tingling faintly as it had been doing for the last few hours.

"Okay," she said to the empty room. "Okay, Lena. You made this mess. You're going to fix it."

She opened the laptop again.

What could possibly go wrong?

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Cassie arrived home looking like a woman who had survived a long, long war.

Her cardigan had given up any pretense of coverage about three hours ago, hanging open to reveal the black camisole stretched to its absolute structural limit. The fabric had ridden up somewhere around her ribcage, exposing a band of pale, strained skin between the hem and the waistband of her pants. Her hair had fallen out of its clip. There was a coffee stain on her left sleeve from when Greg had walked into her desk chair because he'd been staring at her chest instead of watching where he was going. Her back hurt so badly that she had briefly considered just lying down in the office parking lot and letting death take her.

She opened the apartment door and found Lena standing in the hallway with the manic energy of a golden retriever who had learned to speak.

"I found it."

Cassie dropped her bag on the floor. "I don't wanna hear it."

"No, no, no, listen to me." Lena waddled toward her, her enormous ass swaying behind her like a pendulum made of flesh, each cheek bouncing heavily with the rushed steps. She grabbed Cassie's arm. "I found a reversal file. In my archives. From 2023, before I published anything, it's an experimental reversal protocol that I—"

Cassie pulled her arm free and walked past her toward the kitchen. "Lena, I have had the single worst day of my entire life. My boss stared at my tits all DAY. A man on the bus watched me drop a book into my own CLEAVAGE. I

knocked a stapler off my desk with my BOOB. I cannot entertain another one of your 'solutions' right now. I just can't."

"But this is different! This is an actual reversal file!"

"You said the last one was all fine and dandy! You said 'oh Cassie, just watch this, it'll be fun, nothing will go wrong,' and now I have tits the size of medicine balls and you can't fit through a fucking doorway!"

Lena winced. "Okay, fair. That's fair. But this is from before I was even making content professionally. It's raw, untested, yes, but it's a genuine reversal protocol. I checked the metadata, I checked the layer structure, I checked everything I could check without playing it. There's nothing else like it. I've never made another one. Nobody in the community has ever made one, that I know of, because why would they? But I did, once, and it's right there, and it could work."

Cassie leaned against the counter and stared at her roommate. Lena's face was earnest, desperate, pleading. Her enormous rear end was pressed against the refrigerator behind her, the two massive cheeks spreading out visibly on either side of her body like she was sitting on invisible pillows. She looked like someone who knew she had caused a catastrophe and was genuinely trying to fix it.

Cassie closed her eyes and felt the weight of her breasts settle heavily against her chest as she exhaled.

"Is it going to make things worse?"

"I don't... I mean, I can't guarantee anything one hundred percent, but—"

"Lena."

"But the structure is sound! The frequency layers are configured for reduction, not expansion. The visual patterns are reversal spirals, inverse geometry, the exact opposite of what I use for growth files. It should work. It should genuinely work."

"You said 'should' twice."

"Please, Cassie." Lena's voice dropped, and for the first time, she sounded less like a hypno-content creator trying to pitch a product and more like a woman

who was genuinely scared. "I can't live like this. I literally cannot fit on my toilet comfortably. My ass is so big I can hear it clap when I walk and it's making me insane. I'm not trying to trick you, I really need this to work. We both do."

Cassie stared at the ceiling for a long, agonizing moment. Then she looked down at her own chest, at the two enormous mounds of flesh protruding from her torso, the camisole stretched so thin across them that she could see the outline of her industrial bra through the fabric.

Cassie narrowed her eyes. "Why don't you just test it on yourself first?"

Lena's expression flickered, and for a moment the manic energy drained out of her. "Because... because I'm scared, okay?" She looked down at her own enormous lower half, her voice shrinking. "What if I'm wrong? What if it makes things worse? I can't.... I can't handle that happening again, not alone. I just can't."

Cassie stared at her, seeing genuine fear in her roommate's eyes for the first time since this whole nightmare began.

"Fine," she said. "Fine. But if this makes things worse, I am going to kill you, and I will figure out a way to do it even if I have to smother you with my chest."

Lena waddled to the living room with her laptop while Cassie followed behind, watching her roommate's colossal ass swing from side to side with each step, the two cheeks rolling against each other visibly even through her sweatpants, which were stretched so tight they had become almost semi-transparent, much like her own top. She heard the soft, continuous sound of flesh pressing against flesh with every movement Lena made, and felt a mixture of pity and irritation so intense it was almost spiritual.

The living room was small, just a couch, a coffee table, and a TV mounted on the wall. Lena connected her laptop to the television with an HDMI cable, her fingers shaking slightly as she navigated to the file.

"Maximum effect," she said, backing up to sit on the couch. "Bigger screen, better immersion, stronger response. That's how it works with my regular files most of the time, so the principle should be the same."

Cassie lowered herself onto the couch next to her, feeling her breasts settle heavily against her torso as she sat, the two massive orbs spreading slightly to

either side and pressing against her upper arms. She crossed her arms beneath them for support, then uncrossed them when the pressure made her inhale sharply. There was no comfortable position. There would never be a comfortable position again if this didn't work.

"Play it."

Lena hit the button.

The screen filled with color. Not the flashy, pulsing patterns Cassie had seen in Lena's regular files, not the rapid spirals and moaning silhouettes she'd been subjected to before. This was different. Slow. Simple. Concentric circles of soft blue and pale gold expanding outward from the center of the screen in long, unhurried waves. No imagery of women. No suggestive shapes. No audio moaning. Just shapes and colors, moving with a patience that felt almost meditative, like white noise.

"Is this it?" Cassie said flatly. "It's a screen saver."

"Shh. Just watch."

The audio was minimal, a low ambient hum beneath the visuals, like white noise filtered through warm water. Cassie stared at the screen and felt nothing. She watched the circles expand and contract, expand and contract, and thought about how stupid this was, how stupid all of this was, how she was sitting on a couch with breasts the size of her head watching a screensaver while her roommate sat next to her on an ass the size of a couch cushion.

And then, gradually, she felt something.

It started as a looseness in her shoulders. A release of tension she hadn't realized she'd been carrying. The weight of her breasts didn't change, but her awareness of it softened, became less sharp, less immediate. Her jaw unclenched. Her hands, which had been gripping her knees, relaxed.

She glanced at Lena. Her roommate was staring at the screen with glazed eyes, her mouth slightly open, her posture slumped. The enormous mass of her ass had settled beneath her, and she looked almost comfortable for the first time all day.

"This is..." Cassie started, and was surprised to find her voice came out soft and slow. "This is kind of nice."

"Yeah," Lena murmured. "Yeah, it is."

The circles on screen shifted, the colors deepening to warm amber and soft violet. The ambient hum layered in new tones, subtle frequencies that Cassie could feel more than hear, vibrating somewhere behind her eyes. Her whole body felt warm and heavy, not unpleasantly, like sinking into a bath.

And then the voice began.

It was female, low and smooth, not unlike the voices Lena used in her own videos but gentler, less directed. It didn't command or suggest. It simply spoke, woven into the ambient sound like another instrument.

"Feel the energy moving throughout your body," the voice said, calm and unhurried. "Feel it flowing. Warm and fluid. Moving through you."

Cassie felt it. Or rather, she felt something. A tingling that started in her fingertips and spread inward, up through her arms, across her chest, settling in the heavy, swollen tissue of her breasts. It wasn't arousal, not exactly. It was more like the sensation of blood returning to a limb that had fallen asleep, that pins-and-needles prickling, but softer, warmer.

"Allow the energy to move freely," the voice continued. "Allow it to flow where it needs to flow. Feel the excess energy beginning to release."

The tingling intensified. Cassie looked down at her chest and watched, eyes widening, as the massive mounds of her breasts began to... shift. Not growing, not this time, but contracting. Slowly, gradually, like bread dough settling. The camisole began to loosen and the pressure against her upper arms eased. The weight on her ribcage lightened by degrees, like someone was slowly removing sandbags from her chest.

"Oh my god," she whispered. "Lena. Lena, look."

"I know," Lena breathed. She was shifting on the couch, and Cassie could see why. The enormous shelf of her ass was shrinking. Not dramatically, not all at once, but visibly going down all the same. The sweatpants that had been stretched skin-tight were loosening, the fabric wrinkling around cheeks that were slowly, steadily deflating. Lena's hips, which had been forced wide by the sheer mass of her lower half, were drawing inward. "I can feel it. I can feel it working."

"It's working," Cassie repeated, and she almost laughed. The tingling in her breasts was intensifying, the warm, pleasant prickling radiating through the tissue as it contracted further. She watched her cleavage shallow, the canyon that had swallowed a book on the bus that morning narrowing, softening, becoming merely large instead of absurd. The industrial bra, which had been straining heroically all day, suddenly had room to spare. She could breathe. She could actually breathe fully for the first time in days.

"This is it," Lena said, and she was grinning now, a wide, relieved, slightly unhinged grin. "This is actually it. I made a reversal file, and it works!"

"Don't jinx it," Cassie said, but she was smiling too, a tentative, fragile smile that she was afraid to commit to.

The voice on screen continued its gentle encouragement. "Feel the energy redistributing. Feel it finding its natural balance. Your body knows where it needs to be."

Cassie's breasts were down to what she estimated was a D-cup now, still larger than her original B-cup but manageable, almost normal. She could see her feet again. She could reach forward without her arms being pushed wide by the sheer breadth of her chest. The tingling was fading, replaced by a warm, comfortable numbness that spread through her entire body like a blanket.

"It's almost done," Lena said. Her ass had shrunk to something that was merely very large rather than cartoonish, maybe twice its original size instead of fifteen times. She was shifting on the couch with more ease, no longer pinned in place by the sheer mass of her own lower half. "We're almost there. We're almost—"

The voice on screen changed.

It was subtle at first, a slight shift in tone, a deepening of the frequency layers beneath it. The colors on screen shifted too, the warm ambers and violets cooling to something deeper, richer. The concentric circles reversed direction.

"Feel the energy moving," the voice said again, but this time the emphasis was different. "Feel it moving downward."

Cassie frowned. The numbness in her body had deepened, and she tried to sit up straighter, but her muscles didn't respond with their usual urgency. She felt heavy, anchored to the couch.

"Feel the energy gathering. Lower. Deeper."

"Lena," Cassie said, and her voice came out slow and slurred. "Something's... something feels wrong."

"Feel the energy settling into its new home."

Lena looked down at herself. The shrinking had stopped. Her ass, which had been steadily deflating, was now perfectly still.

"No," Lena whispered. "No, no, no, no—"

But her body didn't listen. She could feel it, the tingling returning with twice the intensity, concentrated entirely in her body. But that wasn't what made her scream.

What made her scream was that she could feel the same tingling from the ass growth that ballooned her cheeks and got her into this mess, the same warm, pulsing growth, in her chest.

"Lena," Cassie said, and her voice was higher now, edged with panic. "Lena, I can't move."

The numbing effect of the hypnosis had settled into her limbs like concrete, holding her in place. She could feel her body, could feel everything happening to it, but she couldn't move a single muscle. And something was happening to her.

She was rising.

Not floating, not levitating, but rising in her seat, her body being lifted by the swelling mass of her own ass. She could feel it expanding beneath her, the two cheeks inflating like balloons, pushing her upward and outward. The couch cushion beneath her dipped and groaned as the weight distributed across it. Her hips, which had been narrow and trim even when her breasts had been enormous, were now spreading wide, forced apart by the sheer volume of flesh accumulating on her lower half.

"Lena, turn it off! Turn it off!"

"I can't—I can't move my arms!" Lena was in the same state, frozen in place, watching helplessly as her own body betrayed her. Her chest had already surpassed several cup sizes and was still growing, the two enormous

mammaries spreading across the couch like rising dough, pressing against Cassie's thigh on one side and the armrest on the other. As it grew, it was pushing outward against her t-shirt, the fabric stretching as two mounds of flesh inflated from nothing, growing rounder and heavier with each passing second.

The voice on screen continued, calm and serene, utterly indifferent to the chaos it was causing.

"Feel the energy finding its natural distribution. Feel the balance being restored."

"THIS ISN'T BALANCE!" Lena shrieked. "THIS IS THE OPPOSITE OF BALANCE!"

Cassie sobbed. She could feel her ass still growing, each cheek now wider than the cushion beneath her, the flesh pressing against the couch arms on both sides. She was perched on top of her own lower half like it was a beanbag chair, her legs splayed at an impossible angle, her feet barely touching the floor. The tingling was almost pleasurable, and that was the worst part, the warm, pulsing sensation radiating through the swollen tissue of her enormous ass made her body hum with satisfaction even as her mind screamed in horror.

The file ended.

The screen went dark.

The numbness faded slowly, like ice melting, and sensation returned to their limbs in a wave of pins and needles.

Cassie looked at Lena. Lena looked at Cassie.

Lena's chest had exploded. Her t-shirt had ripped open down the front, and two enormous breasts, each as big as a yoga ball, hung from her torso, resting on top of her body, dominating her frame. Her nipples were visible through the shredded fabric, the areolas wide and dark against the swollen flesh. She looked down at herself and made a sound that was somewhere between a laugh and a sob.

Cassie tried to stand and couldn't. Her ass was so wide, so heavy, so absurdly proportioned, that she was effectively trapped on the couch. She craned her neck to look behind her and saw the two massive cheeks spreading across the

cushions, each one nearly two and a half feet wide, round and firm and stupidly, impossibly large. She couldn't reach behind herself. She couldn't even see her own lower back.

"Lena."

"Yeah."

"You made it worse."

"Yeah."

"You made it SO much worse."

"Yeah."

"I'm going to KILL you." Cassie's voice was flat, calm, the kind of calm that preceded acts of extreme violence. "I'm going to kill you, and then I'm going to roll your body into the river, because that's the only way either of us is going to be mobile enough to dispose of evidence."

"Cassie—"

"You have tits the size of yoga balls. I have an ass wider than a doorway. We can never leave this apartment again, do you understand that?! My ASS is wider than a DOORWAY, Lena!!"

Lena opened her mouth to respond, felt her enormous new breasts shift heavily against her torso with the motion, and closed it again.

"I know," she said quietly.

"You KNOW?!"

"I know."

Cassie pressed her face into her hands and screamed.

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The screen had gone dark, but the numbing effect hadn't fully released them. It clung to their bodies like wet concrete, heavy and thick, pinning them in place. Cassie slumped against the couch cushions, her enormous new ass spreading beneath her like a foundation of warm, trembling flesh. Lena had tipped

sideways, her yoga-ball-sized breasts pressing against the couch armrest, her still-colossal rear end wedged against the back of the couch. Neither of them could move anything below the neck.

"Well," Cassie said to the ceiling. "This is fine. This is great. I love this."

"Cassie, I—"

"If the next words out of your mouth are 'I'm sorry,' you don't wanna know what I'm gonna do to you."

Lena closed her mouth.

They lay there in the dimming light of the living room, breathing quietly. Cassie could feel the rise and fall of her chest, which was still mercifully unchanged from its pre-reversal size, and the corresponding shift of her colossal ass beneath her with each breath. The flesh was so sensitive that even the act of breathing created a low, buzzing friction between her cheeks and the couch cushion that made her teeth clench. Lena was faring no better. Her enormous new breasts rested on top of her torso like two overstuffed beanbags, the weight of them pressing down against her ribcage with every inhale. Her shattered t-shirt hung off her in ribbons, barely clinging to her shoulders.

"Maybe if we just wait," Lena said quietly. "The numbness will fade and we can figure out—"

The laptop chimed.

Both women turned their heads toward the TV screen with the same slow, dreadful look, frightened of what would meet their gaze.

The media player had auto-queued the next file in Lena's directory. The thumbnail was unmistakable: a swirling pink and purple spiral overlaying a silhouette of a woman with impossibly large breasts. The title, displayed in bold font across the bottom of the screen, read:

"Breast Expansion - EXTREME.mp4"

"No," Cassie said.

"No, no, no, no," Lena said.

The video began to play.

The screen erupted in color. Vivid, saturated pinks and purples spiraled outward in complex, layered patterns that Cassie recognized immediately, because she had already seen them once before, and once was enough to change her entire life. The audio kicked in a moment later: a deep, pulsing beat layered beneath a woman's voice, low and honeyed, speaking in rhythmic, soothing cadences.

"That's... that's my file," Lena whispered. "That's the one I used on you. The one you watched. It's auto-playing from my directory, the files are in alphabetical order and that one's first and—"

"Lena. Lena, turn it off. Turn it off right now."

"I can't move! Can you move?!"

Cassie tried. She concentrated every ounce of will she had into lifting her right arm. Her fingers twitched. Her wrist lifted a half-inch off the cushion. Then the spirals on screen caught her peripheral vision and her arm dropped back down like a marionette with cut strings.

"I can't," she breathed. "I can't move. The reversal file, it's still... we're still under."

"Feel your body," the voice on screen murmured continuously, warm and insistent to their listening ears. "Feel your chest. Feel the warmth building there. Feel it growing."

Cassie tried to look away. She fixed her eyes on the ceiling, on the crack in the plaster that she'd been meaning to ask the landlord about for six months. She focused on it with desperate intensity, tracing its length with her eyes, anything to avoid the screen.

But the audio was still there. The voice was still there. And the numbing effect of the reversal file had left her mind pliable, open, defenseless. The voice slipped past her defenses like water through a crack, seeping into the spaces where her willpower should have been.

"Feel the warmth in your breasts. Feel it pooling there. Growing there."

She felt it.

A tingle. A warm, heavy tingle that settled into her chest like someone had poured honey into her ribcage. She stared at the ceiling and felt her breasts begin to warm, the tissue flushing with heat, the skin tightening and then loosening as something deep inside began to shift.

"Don't listen," she said, but her voice came out thin and distant. "Lena, don't listen to it."

"I'm trying," Lena gasped. "I'm trying not to—oh. Oh no."

Cassie turned her head and watched Lena's enormous breasts begin to grow.

It was slow at first. A gradual swelling, like watching dough rise in real time. The two massive mounds, already the size of yoga balls, pushed outward against the remnants of Lena's t-shirt. The shredded fabric gave up immediately, falling away in strips as the flesh beneath it expanded. Lena's breasts grew rounder, fuller, heavier, the skin stretching taut and smooth as they inflated. The tops of them crept up toward her chin. The bottoms spread across her torso, pressing against her stomach, her ribs, her hips.

"Feel them growing," the voice encouraged. "Feel the pleasure of expansion. Feel your body becoming more."

Lena whimpered. Her eyes were glassy, unfocused, the spirals on screen reflecting in her pupils. She was trying to fight it. Cassie could see the effort in the tension of her jaw, the slight twitch of her fingers. But the hypnosis was too deep, the numbing effect too thorough, and the file was designed to be irresistible. Lena had made it that way. She had engineered every frequency, every subliminal layer, every spiral pattern to bypass conscious resistance and speak directly to the body. And now her own creation was speaking to hers.

"Feel the warmth. Feel the growth. Let it happen."

Lena's breasts doubled in size. Then doubled again. They spread across her body like a blanket, the enormous mounds of flesh pressing against her arms, her stomach, flowing outward on either side of her like fleshy rivers. Her nipples were the size of dinner plates, dark and flushed, visibly pulsing with each beat of her heart. The weight of them had to be staggering. She couldn't see her own feet. She couldn't see her own legs. She could barely see her own hands past the mountain range of breast tissue that had consumed her torso.

"Lena," Cassie said, and there was genuine fear in her voice now.

"I can't stop it," Lena whispered. Tears were running down her cheeks. "I can't stop it, Cassie. I can feel it happening and I can't stop it. It feels so good and I can't stop it."

That was the worst part. Cassie could see it on Lena's face. The fear was real, but beneath it, woven into it, was something else. A flushed, helpless pleasure that made Lena's breath come in short, shuddering gasps. The file was designed to make growth feel good. It was designed to make the body crave expansion, to reward every new inch of flesh with a pulse of dopamine so intense that resistance became not just difficult but physiologically impossible. Lena had built a pleasure trap, and she was caught in it.

"Feel your own body responding," the voice said, and Cassie realized with a sick jolt that the voice was talking to her now. Or rather, it had been talking to her the entire time. She just hadn't wanted to listen. "Feel the warmth in your chest. Feel it building."

She felt it.

The warmth had been there for a while, she realized. A low, insistent heat in her breast tissue that she'd been attributing to panic. But it wasn't panic. It was the same tingle she'd felt the first time she'd watched this file, the same warm, heavy fullness that had preceded the growth of her O-cups. It was starting again.

"No," she said. "No, no, no, I already did this. I already went through this, not again!!"

"Feel them growing. Feel the pleasure."

Her breasts began to swell once more.

Cassie watched the ceiling disappear behind the rising tide of her own cleavage. Her breasts, which the reversal file had left at a manageable D-cup, surged outward with a speed that made her gasp. The camisole, already stretched thin from the day's abuse, tore open down the middle. Her industrial bra snapped. The flesh of her breasts spilled free, expanding outward and upward with a heavy, relentless pressure that she could feel all the way down to her stomach.

She was growing faster than she had the first time. The neural pathways had already been opened, she realized with dim, horrified clarity. The first exposure had primed her body. The second exposure was building on what had already

happened to her. Her breasts knew exactly what to do, and they were doing it with *enthusiasm*.

"Feel the growth. Feel the pleasure of becoming more."

She felt it. God help her, she felt it. A warm, pulsing wave of pleasure that radiated from the center of each breast outward, intensifying with every inch of growth. Her nipples were so sensitive that the stationary air in the room alone felt like caressing fingers upon her skin, lovingly touching upon each and every pore. The weight of her expanding chest pressed down on her ribcage, and each breath she took pushed her breasts outward, which triggered another pulse of pleasure, which made her breathe deeper, which pushed them further.

She was past O-cup size now. She could feel it. The breasts had exceeded their previous dimensions and were still going, the two massive orbs rising from her chest like pale, fleshy mountains. They pressed against her chin. They spread to either side, overflowing the couch cushion. The skin was taut and flushed, the nipples enormous and aching hard, every square inch of tissue buzzing with a pleasure so intense it bordered on pain.

"Feel the growth completing. Feel your body reaching its new truth."

Cassie's breasts finally stopped. She estimated them, with the dim, mathematically useless part of her brain that was still functioning, to be roughly S-cup size. Each breast was larger than her head. Larger than two of her heads. They rose from her chest in two enormous, round mounds that she couldn't see past, couldn't reach around, couldn't do anything about. The weight of them was staggering. She could feel her spine compressing under the load, the couch cushions deforming beneath her.

The video ended.

The screen went dark.

For a moment, the only sound in the apartment was the ragged, synchronized breathing of the two women, as they tried to gather their bearings.

Cassie couldn't see Lena. Her own breasts blocked her entire field of vision below the chin. She could hear Lena crying softly, or maybe it was laughing. It was hard to tell the difference at this point.

"Are you... okay?" Cassie asked.

"I have tits bigger than I am," Lena said. "They're covering my entire body. I can feel my own nipples on my kneecaps."

"That's... yeah."

"We need to turn off the autoplay. If another video plays, I swear to god—"

The laptop chimed.

Both women went rigid.

Cassie couldn't see the screen. Her breasts were in the way. But she could hear the audio kick in, and the voice that came through the speakers was different this time. Deeper. More resonant. With a rhythm that made her hips twitch involuntarily.

"Lena," she said, her voice very small. "What file is that?"

A long, terrible silence.

"It's... it's the ass expansion file," Lena said. "The extreme one."

Cassie closed her eyes. Beneath her, she could already feel her colossal ass begin to warm.

"We need to look away," Lena said, her voice cracking. "We need to not watch. If we don't watch, if we don't engage with the visuals, the effect should be diminished. The subliminals need visual engagement to fully—"

"I can't see the screen," Cassie said. "My tits are in the way. I literally cannot see the TV."

"Same. Same, my boobs are covering everything. We just need to not listen. We need to—"

"Feel your body," the voice said. "Feel your lower half. Feel the warmth building in your hips. In your thighs. In your beautiful, full rear."

Lena stopped talking.

Cassie felt the warmth bloom. It spread through her lower body like a slow tide, pooling in her hips, her thighs, and the already-enormous mass of her ass. The tissue flushed with heat. The skin tightened.

"Don't," Cassie whispered. "Don't, don't, don't."

But the voice didn't care about her protests. The voice cared about frequencies and subliminal patterns and neural pathways that had already been carved deep into her body by two successive exposures. The audio alone was enough. The subliminal frequencies buried beneath the voice, the ones that spoke directly to the body's growth responses in a language below conscious thought, those were more than enough.

"Feel the growth. Feel your body expanding. Feel the pleasure of becoming more."

Her ass began to grow.

Cassie cried out as she felt the flesh beneath her surge outward. The two enormous cheeks, already wider than a doorway, inflated further. She could feel herself rising on the couch as the mass beneath her expanded, the cushions groaning and then collapsing entirely under the weight. Her hips widened. Her thighs thickened. The flesh spread outward in every direction, pressing against the couch arms, flowing over the edges, consuming the space around her with warm, heavy, impossibly sensitive tissue.

The pleasure was worse this time. It radiated through her lower half in continuous waves, each pulse of growth sending a cascade of sensation through her ass, her hips, her thighs, her lower back. She could feel every square inch of skin, every nerve ending firing simultaneously, the intensity building with each passing second. Her body was rewarding her for growing. Her body wanted this. Her body was collaborating with the voice, eagerly, enthusiastically converting the subliminal signals into flesh.

"Feel the pleasure. Feel the growth. Let it happen."

"I can't stop it," Cassie gasped. "I can feel it happening and I can't stop it. It feels so good and I can't stop it."

She understood now. She understood what Lena had meant. The helplessness of it, the horror of feeling your own body betray you, compounded by the fact that the betrayal felt incredible. Every inch of growth sent a jolt of pleasure through her that short-circuited her ability to resist. Her willpower was being eroded not by force but by reward, each pulse of expansion dissolving another layer of resistance until there was nothing left but the growth itself.

Beneath her, her ass had filled the couch entirely. She could feel the wooden frame creaking. The cheeks had merged with her thighs, creating a single, massive, continuous expanse of flesh that spread across the furniture and onto the floor. She was sitting on a throne of her own tissue, and it was still growing.

"Feel your body reaching its new truth."

The growth slowed. Stopped. Cassie sagged against her own breasts, which pressed against her own ass, which pressed against the ruins of the couch. She was trapped between two oceans of her own flesh. She could feel her heartbeat in both of them.

"Lena?" she called out.

"I'm here." Lena's voice was muffled. "I'm here. My ass is back. It's as big as it was before. Maybe bigger. I can't tell. I can't see past my tits. I can't move. Can you move?"

Cassie tried. Her fingers twitched. Her arms shifted a few inches. That was it. The numbness had deepened again, layered on top of the exhaustion and the sheer physical weight of her body.

"I can move my arms a little," she said. "That's it."

"Same."

They lay there in the wreckage of the couch, two women buried under their own bodies, breathing in the dark.

"Okay," Cassie said after a long moment. "Okay. At least it's over. The video ended. We just have to wait for the numbness to fade and then we'll figure something out. We'll call someone. We'll call Mia. We'll call a doctor. We'll call NASA. Someone will know what to do."

"Yeah," Lena said. "Yeah, okay. We just wait. We just—"

The laptop chimed.

Neither of them spoke.

Cassie couldn't see the screen. She didn't need to. She could hear the audio, and she recognized it immediately. The slow, concentric circles. The warm,

ambient hum. The gentle, unrushed pace of something that had been designed to relax, to open, to prepare.

"No," Cassie said.

The voice began.

"Feel the energy moving throughout your body. Feel the energy redistributing. Feel it finding its natural balance."

"It's the reversal file," Lena whispered. "It's playing again. The autoplay looped back to the beginning."

"Feel the excess energy beginning to release."

"It's not going to release anything," Cassie said. Her voice was flat, empty, the voice of a woman who had passed through panic and come out the other side into a strange, quiet resignation. "It didn't reverse anything last time. It just moved things around. It made my ass bigger and your tits bigger and then it fed us back into the expansion files and now it's going to do it again."

"Feel the energy moving. Downward."

"We're in a loop," Lena said. "The autoplay is set to loop the playlist. Reversal, breast expansion, ass expansion, reversal, breast expansion, ass expansion, over and over, and we can't reach the laptop, and we can't move, and every time it plays we're going to grow more, and—"

"Feel the energy gathering. Lower. Deeper."

"Stop listening!" Cassie shouted. "Stop listening to it!"

But they couldn't. That was the design. That was the insidious, meticulous, inescapable genius of Lena's work. The files didn't require cooperation. They didn't require belief or willingness or even conscious attention. They required only proximity. The subliminal frequencies operated below the threshold of awareness, embedding themselves in the body's neural architecture like a virus rewriting code. The voice was just the delivery mechanism, a soothing wrapper around a payload that spoke directly to the cells of their listening bodies.

"Feel the energy settling into its new home."

Cassie felt her breasts begin to warm.

"Feel the warmth. Feel the growth."

She felt her ass begin to tingle.

The breast expansion file hadn't started yet. The reversal file was still playing. But her body had learned the pattern. It had been through the cycle once already, and now, at the first hint of the reversal file's frequencies, it was preparing. Priming itself, almost. The neural pathways that the expansion files had carved were wide open, and the reversal file's numbing effect was making them wider. Her body was relaxing into the pattern, surrendering to it, because surrendering felt good and resistance felt like nothing.

"Feel the balance being restored."

The fight was draining out of her at this point, replaced by a warm, heavy lethargy that seeped through her muscles like warm honey. The voice was telling her to feel the energy, and she could feel it. The voice was telling her to let it happen, and she was letting it happen. Not because she wanted to, but because the distinction between wanting and not-wanting was becoming blurrier with every passing second, the boundaries dissolving in the warm, buzzing haze of the hypnosis.

"Feel your body reaching its new truth."

Lena was crying quietly beside her. Or maybe she was moaning. Perhaps both at once. The sounds were similar, and in the warm, heavy fog that was settling over Cassie's mind, they barely registered.

The reversal file ended.

The screen chimed.

The breast expansion file began.

Cassie felt her breasts surge outward, and this time, she didn't even try to resist.

The pleasure washed over her in a warm, relentless tide, and she sank into it, and she grew, and the autoplay chimed again, and she grew more, and the voice told her to feel the growth, and she felt it, and it felt like truth, and the truth was more, and more, and more, always more.

The loop continued.

Cassie stopped counting, and submitted fully to her new existence.