

## Glorious Glutes

### Part 1

Sarah, a bookbinder by trade, was a creature of quiet habit, her life a meticulously ordered collection of historical texts and solitary days. A growing sense of dissatisfaction had begun to stir within her, a silent yearning for something more than the mundane rhythm of her sedentary existence. One afternoon, as she strolled through the streets of the city, she had the unfortunate reality of catching her reflection in a shop window, she saw a thin, indistinct figure, a stranger she barely recognized. What was once a petite but positive woman bursting with bubbly energy, was now a burned out, drained, exhausted woman who had let go of her self care, and a sudden need for change surged through her.

Looking up at the sign of the store, she noticed where she had come to a halt.

“Vic’s Vintage Emporium” a store filled with second hand trinkets and memorabilia from nostalgic days of past. Sarah didn’t know what it was, but clocking just exactly where she had stopped, a strange impulse overcame her. Perhaps in here she’s find some strange, forgotten relic of decades gone by, that would provide her some much needed positivity, or at least...a momentary distraction, to take her mind from the dwindling self confidence she had in herself.

This impulse led her to enter the thrift store, a place she would normally have avoided.

Immediately upon entering, the thrift store certainly seemed to be aimed at serving all sorts of customer needs and desires, not one specific niche, but rather, a collection of multiple niches all rolled into one, to the left, immediately upon entering was the awkward welcome of a rack of old Playboy magazines, in the far right corner, a small little book aisle, dedicated to the hand me down’s from the personal libraries of those who either donated or sold their wares to the store owner. Movie posters, memorabilia, dolls, models, old DIY equipment, the store seemed to have it all. It had it in a strange, disorganised, scrambled and careless manner, but it had it all. From nerd culture to vintage clothing, from collector’s items to useless garbage. As she meanderede the aisles of the store, Sarah found herself asking...

*What was she doing here?*

This realisation dawned on her as she passed the area dedicated to old movie posters, “Attack of the 50 foot woman imposing itself upon her on the wall by the cashier’s desk. She had come in here under some strange impulse of hoping to find something, with no idea what to look for. A strange whim, but one easily remedied, back to reality, back to the streets of the city. As she turned to make her way toward the exit however, that is when the voice of the store clerk spoke up.

“Need help finding something ma’am?”

Sarah, startled, turned to face the voice. Leaning against a dusty countertop, surrounded by a chaotic assortment of vintage radios and forgotten board games, was the store owner. He was a small, wiry man with a face like a crumpled paper bag and a neatly trimmed gray beard that

seemed a decade older than the rest of him. His eyes, however, were surprisingly bright and sharp, twinkling with an almost childlike mischief from behind a pair of thick, horn-rimmed glasses. He wore a faded band t-shirt from some obscure 80s rock group, the logo barely visible beneath a thin film of dust, and his worn jeans were held up by a belt buckle shaped like a cassette tape. A faint, nostalgic scent of old vinyl and stale popcorn clung to him, a fragrance that was as much a part of the store as the cluttered shelves themselves. He seemed to embody the very essence of the place—disorganized, peculiar, and yet, holding a strange, undeniable charm.

“Oh uh...I don't know really...” Sarah sounded embarrassed, it only emphasised the absurdity of her situation, coming into this store without any purpose other than some weird impulse she rather keep to herself.

“Yeah that happens a lot.” Vic chuckled, adjusting his glasses slightly. “People tend to wander here without a clue what they really want.”

“I don't think anything in here could help with what I want...” Sarah admitted with a melancholic sigh. “I've been...pretty burned out lately.”

“Ah! You need a good pick me up huh?” Vic thought for a moment as his eyes surveyed the store, recalling where everything was to specific detail “Well. There might be somethin' over in the VHS section? Someone came by and dropped off a couple “Motivational” tapes a couple weeks ago. I think they were a therapist if I remember right?” He shrugged “Well anyway. I don't think anybody has bought them yet. Not many people own VHS these days and those that do? Well that stuff is kinda dry for them if you know what I mean?”

“Yeah...” Sarah trailed off slightly, putting on the pretense of civility, feeling like she'd been trapped into a conversation she really didn't want to be a part of. A salesman, looking to get some cash out of a hapless impulse buyer. “Well I don't have a VHS player either.”

“Oh that's alright I got plenty of those. Tell you what. You find something you like? I'll hook you up with one at a discount.”

Damn it. There went the excuse Sarah was hoping would get her out of the store. Fine. If it meant getting the guy off her back and stop trying to make a sale. She'd head to the VHS tapes, pretend to browse, act disappointed and leave. Simple. Frustrating...but simple.

Heading down a narrow, cluttered aisle, Sarah found herself surrounded by a library of forgotten media. The air grew thick with the scent of aging plastic and magnetic tape. She ran a hand along the spines of worn VHS tapes, their covers boasting faded promises of blockbuster hits, cheesy comedies, and forgotten documentaries. Each case was a tiny tomb of pop culture, a relic of a time before streaming and digital convenience. Her gaze skimmed over titles like “Friday The 13th” and “Rocky,” a silent chorus of nostalgia. She was about to turn back, to admit defeat and escape the conversation with Vic, when a single tape caught her eye. It was tucked away on a lower shelf, its label a stark white with bold, black lettering: “Glorious Glutes”. The

image on the cover was an absurd, almost grotesque illustration of a woman, her back turned to the viewer, peering over her shoulder with a smirk on her face. She was clad in what only could be described as “80’s Spandex” from those ridiculous work out tapes that are strewn across old thrift stores like this one. What was different here was the woman herself and how...up front the cover of this VHS was. She was tan, looked about late twenties at a guess, with long black raven hair and those piercing green eyes which gazed over her shoulder and down towards the main event of the VHS cover...a backside so unnaturally large it seemed to defy the laws of physics. Thick, round, but impossibly perky. Stretching her spandex tights to their limit. If clothing could feel pain, those tights would be in agony. Yet at the same time, despite its impossible proportions that most would declare “too big.” it seemed to command Sarah’s attention.

Sarah found a similar sensation wash over her as she stared at the cover, with a mix of confusion and fascination. It had the same hypnotic quality that had intrigued her in the first place, an uncomfortable blend of fascination and revulsion. It was a bizarre, almost comical find, a ridiculous artifact of an age obsessed with physical perfection, and yet, Sarah couldn’t tear her eyes away. It was a ludicrous answer to a serious problem, and a morbid curiosity compelled her to reach out and pull it from the shelf.

“Find what you were looking for?”

Sarah jumped, holding the VHS close to her chest in shock, as she turned to find Vic suddenly standing by her, one hand leaning against the wall, with a look of genuine curiosity in his face.

“I...I think so?” Sarah responded, somewhat embarrassed, unsure whether or not to reveal the VHS to Vic, or just quickly put it back and make a beeline for the exit. “It’s not exactly what I would call motivational...”

Vic peered over and glanced over the spine of the VHS, sure, he might not see the cover, but he could read the title, and that was embarrassing enough for Sarah.

“Ah!” He chuckled “Yeah that one is an attention grabber. Girls who stroll in here like yourself tend to find themselves just...staring at it. I mean I ain’t no lady...” He gestures to himself in an obvious manner, as if he needed to emphasize he wasn’t of the female persuasion. “But improving your body? I’d call that pretty motivational. Wouldn’t you?” He asked with a raised eyebrow, and to Sarah’s surprise, a complete lack of judgment. Perhaps the sale mattered more to him. Or perhaps as an owner of a store like this he had seen and facilitated weirder purchases in his time.

“I guess?” Sarah shrugged, unsure how to deal with this strange, eccentric man.

“Absolutely! Besides, that thing comes with a guarantee!” He grabbed the VHS from Sarah and turned it around, pointing to the big bold letters on the back that began the synopsis of the tape’s contents “GLORIOUS GLUTES GUARANTEED! Join Coach Roxanne as she guides you in sculpting the Glorious Glutes you deserve! No gym membership required!”

With a weary sigh of resignation, Sarah nodded.

"Fine. I'll take it." The words felt heavy on her tongue, a concession to a fate she was trying, and failing, to avoid. Vic's face, however, lit up with a genuine, almost paternal smile.

"Now that's what I like to hear," he said, gently taking the tape from her and placing it on the counter. "You know what? I'll do you one better. Consider the player on the house. I've got plenty of 'em gathering dust in the back, and frankly, a woman like you deserves to feel good about herself. It's a gift."

He disappeared for a moment, and returned with a surprisingly well-preserved VCR, its black plastic gleaming under the dusty fluorescent lights. He meticulously wrapped both the VCR and the tape in layers of old newspaper, as if they were fragile treasures. Sarah felt a blush of embarrassment and gratitude, the absurdity of the situation now mixed with a strange sense of being cared for. She was no longer just a hapless customer, but a project for the peculiar man behind the counter, a lady in need of a self-esteem boost. She paid for the tape, and with a final, paternal wink, Vic handed her the bundled package.

"Just remember, progress isn't always pretty. And sometimes, you gotta break a little sweat to get where you need to be."

With the heavy package in her arms, Sarah felt a strange mix of relief and unease as she stepped out of the store and back into the late afternoon light. The world outside seemed suddenly brighter, louder, and more vibrant than the dusty, timeless space she had just left. The city streets were a blur of colors and sounds, a stark contrast to the quiet, introspective life she had been living. She clutched the VCR and the tape closer, the strange weight of them a tangible reminder of the impulsive decision she had made.

It was a ludicrous purchase, a ridiculous solution to her deep-seated anxieties, she was feeling low and detached and somehow some relic work out tape making some fake promise of a giant butt was going to solve her problems? God, what an idiot. She'd been had, lured in by the charm of a salesman who saw an easy mark surely...but a new positivity seemed to emerge to combat her cynicism.

Vic's strange kindness had somehow made it feel... right. As she walked, a new sense of purpose, a foreign and almost exhilarating energy, began to build inside her. It was a nervous energy, a tremor of apprehension mixed with a flicker of genuine hope. She was no longer just a passive observer of her own life; she was an active participant, and this absurd, gloriously glutted VHS tape was her first, terrifying step. Even if this tape wasn't going to deliver on the guarantee, exercise is supposed to help elevate mood. Fuck it. What harm could it do? Maybe this impulsive purchase would bring more good than harm. It was, at least worth a shot.

Back in the quiet solitude of her apartment, the heavy package felt even more alien in her hands. She set it on her coffee table, the layers of newspaper rustling as she unwrapped it. The

VCR was a blocky, black relic, its buttons and dials yellowed with age, but it had a sturdy, utilitarian feel. The tape, still in its crisp case, was a stark contrast to the modern, minimalist decor of her living room. It was in strangely good condition for its age, almost as if it had been bought new.

With a nervous energy, she knelt on the floor and began to set it up, carefully connecting the jumble of old cables to her sleek, modern television. The process felt absurd, a ritual from a different era. She was sure the cables wouldn't fit, the modern TV wouldn't be made with a VCR in mind, old and new would not meet. Yet the cables provided little obstacle outside the need to untangle them and figure out what connected where. Maybe Vic had set her up with cables that would make the connection easier?

Finally, she slid the "Glorious Glutes" VHS tape into the VCR with a decisive click. The television screen, which moments ago had been a clean, black rectangle, flickered to life with a blast of static and a burst of electric color. The screen stabilized, and she was confronted with a grainy, pixelated image of a woman.

It was the same woman on the cover, above average height and pretty petite aside from the obvious, glaring hips which suddenly jutted out and stretched her neon pink spandex tights, with a wild mop of raven black hair and a blindingly white smile. Her piercing, emerald green eyes almost seemed to meet Sarah's who was looking on in awe at the impossible figure he was witnessing on the screen.

"Hello, gorgeous!" the woman's voice boomed, full of an impossibly cheerful 80s exuberance.

"Welcome to the Glorious Glutes workout!" Sarah sat back on her heels, mesmerized, a nervous tremor of excitement running through her.

Coach Roxanne had arrived.

"Are you ready to sculpt the body you've always dreamed of? Because with me, Coach Roxanne, we're not just working out... we're working *wonders!*"

Sarah couldn't help but crack a small smile. The sheer earnestness of the tape was disarming.

She felt the nervous energy begin to shift, a flutter of anticipation replacing her initial apprehension. This was it. Her terrifying first step. And it was starting with a woman in a leotard and spandex tights who looked like she could run a marathon and then do a perfect split without breaking a sweat.

The screen was a flurry of brightly colored leg warmers, glistening spandex, and perfectly feathered hair. Coach Roxanne began her warm-up with a series of vigorous stretches, each one more improbable than the last. She moved with an almost supernatural grace and power, her body a testament to the "wonders" she promised. She was toned and athletic all over, a striking, confident presence. Then there was the obvious, the unmissable, jutting, jiggling flesh

that was bouncing behind her with every step she made. Sarah couldn't help but look in awe at the hypnotic rippling globes that the Spandex were fighting to contain.

"Now I know what you're thinking dear..." Roxanne smirked as she placed a hand on her hip and looked over her side towards her booty which was still jiggling after she stopped, as if trying to catch up to her momentum.

"You're thinking there's just no way you can make your butt as big as Coach Roxanne's right?" Roxanne winked before turning around and giving full view of her backside. Swaying her hips side to side. Sarah couldn't believe what she was seeing, had she inadvertently bought a porno in disguise?

But those cheeks didn't lie. Round, Thick, Fat, Perky, unrealistically perky for their size. Each one rippling in visible waves through her tights. It was mesmerising, it was hypnotic...it was fucking huge!

"Well sweetheart. Stick with me...follow my instructions...and not only can you get JUST as big as Coach Roxanne, but hell...you might even get bigger..."

Sarah's mouth hung slightly ajar. The audaciousness of the promise hung in the air, a neon-colored echo of the impossible. She blinked, once, then twice, as if to clear the image of Roxanne's impossibly perfect form from her vision. This wasn't a workout tape; it was a sales pitch for a miracle. And a deeply unsettling one at that. A part of her, the small, cynical voice that had been her constant companion, screamed at her to eject the tape, to laugh at the absurdity of it all.

But another part, the part that had been drawn to the bizarre tape in the first place, was captivated. She was watching a physical manifestation of everything she had always felt she lacked, and now it was offering to share its secret. She swallowed hard, a nervous lump in her throat, and shakily got to her feet, mimicking Roxanne's pose with a clumsy awkwardness. The screen flickered, and the music swelled as Coach Roxanne, with a conspiratorial wink, launched into the first official exercise: a series of "Glute Greetings" that involved nothing more than exaggerated, rhythmic bouncing.

The "Glute Greetings" were a bizarre affair. Coach Roxanne's movements were fluid and powerful, her body a mesmerizing blur of neon and muscle as she bounced with an almost unnatural spring in her step. Sarah, on the other hand, felt every bit as awkward as she looked. Her hips, unaccustomed to such exaggerated movement, felt stiff and uncooperative.

Yet, as she continued to follow the rhythm, a strange sensation began to build. It wasn't the ache of a muscle being worked or the satisfying burn of a good cardio session. Instead, it was a tingling warmth that started low in her belly and radiated outward, a feeling of deep-seated energy stirring within her. It was subtle at first, but with each bounce, the warmth intensified, spreading through her hips and into her thighs. She glanced down, half-expecting to see a

physical change, but there was none. She was still just Sarah, a woman in her living room, following a ridiculous workout tape. But the feeling was undeniable, a subtle pressure that seemed to be pushing her from the inside out.

“Can you feel that girl?” Roxanne chirped up with a smile as she looked over at her back watching her butt bounce “That’s your booty waking up!”

Sarah froze, a gasp escaping her lips. "Waking up?" The words felt foreign, impossible. But the sensation was undeniable. The tingling warmth, which had been a subtle tremor just moments ago, now surged through her with a new, powerful urgency. It was no longer just a feeling; it was a physical force, a deep-seated pressure that started in her glutes and spread outward. She felt a subtle, yet unmistakable, swell. The fabric of her leggings, which had been comfortably loose, now felt snug against her skin.

A flutter of panic mixed with a morbid fascination. She looked down at her thighs, then at her reflection in the dark television screen. There was no visible change, yet she could feel it—a slight, almost imperceptible rounding of her hips. Her body was responding to the absurd command from the screen, and the realization sent a shiver of both fear and intoxicating power down her spine.

The warmth deepened, becoming a slow, undeniable burn. It felt like her body was a furnace, and the heat was rising, pooling in her glutes. The fabric of her leggings, once just snug, was now taut, clinging to her skin with a desperate pressure. She could feel the seams stretching, the fibers protesting against the sudden, insistent expansion. It was a pressure that felt both constricting and liberating, a physical manifestation of her body rewriting its own rules. She could feel a subtle jiggle with every breath she took, a newfound weight that seemed to move with a life of its own. It was a bizarre, almost grotesque sensation, but beneath the fear and the confusion, there was a thrill—a strange, exhilarating rush of power. She was no longer just watching; she was a participant in the impossible, a living testament to the ridiculous promise which Coach Roxanne had made.

“Oh yeah girl! That’s it! That booty is awake! Now...we need to tell it to get into the next gear.”

The words hit Sarah like a physical blow. Her breath hitched in her throat, a sharp, panicked gasp. It wasn't just a feeling anymore; it was real. Roxanne's voice, full of an impossibly cheerful command, resonated through her very bones. The tingling warmth in her glutes intensified, spiraling into a focused, undeniable heat. Her leggings, already straining, felt as though they were being stretched by an invisible hand. A low, unfamiliar groan escaped her lips as her hips began to slowly, imperceptibly, widen.

The pressure was building, a slow, insistent ballooning from the inside out. Sarah stumbled, catching herself on the coffee table, her gaze locked on the screen. Coach Roxanne's smile was wider now, almost predatory, as if she could see the change happening, as if she were feeding on it. "That's it, sweetheart," she purred, her voice a low, seductive hum. "You're doing great. Now, for the next step..."

With a triumphant smile, Coach Roxanne shifted her weight, the music in the background pulsating with a new, heavier beat.

"Time to get serious, girl! We're moving on to the Booty Builder Bounces!" she announced, her voice a clarion call of 80s enthusiasm.

She launched into a new series of movements—a combination of deep squats and lunges, each one ending with an exaggerated, controlled bounce. Sarah, her heart pounding with a mix of terror and intoxicating excitement, attempted to follow. As she sank into her first squat, she felt the pressure in her glutes intensify to an almost unbearable level. The feeling was no longer a subtle warmth; it was a powerful, physical force, as if her muscles were being pumped up by a hidden air compressor. With each bounce, the pressure increased, and she could feel her hips and thighs slowly, inevitably, widening. The seams of her leggings strained, a faint, protesting whine echoing in the quiet of her apartment. She wasn't just working out; her body was actively changing, rewriting itself in response to the impossible commands from the screen.

Her leggings were now stretched to their absolute limit, the seams along her thighs and hips groaning with a soft but insistent protest. With each deep squat and exaggerated lunge, Sarah felt her body actively resisting the fabric's confines. The initial tingling sensation was now a powerful, constant pressure, a hot, pulsing force that seemed to be pushing her skin from the inside out. Her reflection in the darkened TV screen showed a figure that was beginning to look less and less like her own. The familiar curves of her hips were now pronounced, almost exaggerated, and the fabric of her leggings hugged her new form with an unbearable tension. A gasp escaped her lips, a mixture of pain and a strange, thrilling elation. She was no longer simply doing exercises; she was an active participant in a bizarre, physical metamorphosis.

With a final, protesting whine, the seams of her leggings gave way, ripping with a sudden, jarring sound. Sarah gasped as the fabric tore, a sharp pop followed by the soft sound of splitting cloth. The release of pressure was instantaneous, a wave of relief washing over her body. Her hips, now free from the confines of the material, swelled outward, her new curves bouncing with an almost comical exaggeration. The torn leggings, now useless, fell away from her, pooling around her ankles. Her panties were stretched out in agony, hanging on in desperation to keep her butt covered up. She stood in amazement, half-naked, in the middle of her living room, her breath coming in ragged gasps. The air felt cool against her bare skin, but the heat within her was still building, a deep, pulsing fire that seemed to have no end. Her body, now truly unleashed, felt both alien and exhilarating, and she couldn't tear her eyes away from the sight of her own transformation.

"Now THAT is a booty. Go on girl...take a minute to appreciate what you have..."

Roxanne's voice, a confident, knowing purr, seemed to fill the silence of the room. Sarah looked down at herself, a gasp catching in her throat. The sight was impossible, surreal. Her hips, once so slim and unremarkable, now swelled in a ridiculous, exaggerated curve. The torn leggings lay at her feet like a forgotten skin. The new flesh felt hot, pulsing with a life of its own, an unsettling

weight that she was only just beginning to get used to. A strange, intoxicating pride began to rise within her, a feeling so foreign it was almost frightening. She moved to her full-length mirror, her bare body reflected back at her. The reflection was not of the woman she had known—the thin, shapeless bookbinder—but of a voluptuous, almost cartoonish figure, her new posterior a testament to the impossible promise of the tape. She touched the new flesh, the skin warm and firm beneath her fingertips, and felt a strange sense of ownership, as if she had finally found something that was truly hers.

"Alright now girl. Our session is nearly over. So I don't have time to show this last one. But if you ever get carried away and want that butt to get out of gear? Here's what you need to do..."

Roxanne's voice, full of conspiratorial urgency, lowered to an almost-whisper. The upbeat music faded, replaced by a low, hypnotic thrum. The screen showed a close-up of her face, her eyes holding Sarah's gaze with an intense, knowing power. "This is a secret, just for us. The final move, the one you can only use if you need it." She then began a series of small, rhythmic movements, not the high-energy bounces from before, but a slow, focused contraction and release. The instructions were technical, almost clinical, as she explained how to engage a specific, deep muscle. "You're telling it to stop," she mouthed, her eyes wide with a strange mix of seriousness and exhilaration. "You're putting it back to sleep. You're taking back control."

Sarah, her new body pulsing with a life of its own, watched with a kind of terrified awe. Her mind raced, a chaotic swirl of relief and a new, terrible dread. Relief, because there was a way out, a way to stop the monstrous growth. Dread, because the very existence of a "final move" implied a danger she hadn't yet comprehended. Why wouldn't Roxanne have shown this from the beginning? The thought was a cold spike of fear in her gut. She focused on the movements, a frantic effort to memorize the subtle contractions and releases. This was the key, the one thing that would save her from this bizarre, escalating nightmare. She felt a profound sense of power and dread as she absorbed the instructions, a fragile hope that she would, at some point, get to use this strange, life-saving secret.

"Bye for now beautiful! Go enjoy that bouncing new booty. I look forward to seeing you for our next session. I will see you at our next session...won't I **Sarah?**"

The sound of her name, spoken so casually from the television, was a physical blow. It was a cold, sharp shock that cut through the strange, exhilarating haze of her transformation. Sarah's breath hitched in her throat. The world seemed to stop spinning, all sound and movement silenced save for the low, hypnotic thrum of the now-static television. The voice was no longer that of a generic workout guru; it was a personal, intimate threat. She stumbled back, the newfound weight of her hips throwing her off balance, a wave of cold dread washing over her. The name, her name, hung in the air, a chillingly calm question that was both a promise and a command. The tape wasn't just a video; it was a living, malevolent entity, and it knew who she was. The final, terrifying realization hit her with a sickening certainty: she wasn't done with the tape, and the tape was most certainly not done with her.