

“Hrrggh, come on damn it!” Christy grunted as she tugged on her leggings, fighting as hard as she could to pull them over the twin globes resting atop her legs.

Their bloated round forms wobbled as she jumped, trying to inch her leggings up as much as she could until, *schoomp*, they finally slipped over her wobbling cheeks. The stitches strained and creaked at her slightest of movements. She could see that even though she was technically covered, there was nothing left to the imagination.

Due to the sheer size of her butt, the idea of any of her underwear fitting was nothing but a distant fantasy. Her leggings were pulled so tight that they were almost completely transparent even in the front. She gently tried to adjust them, hoping to reduce the amount of visible cameltoe, but was unable to do so. She turned around and saw, to little surprise, her ass was still clearly visible. She tugged down on her form-fitting striped shirt, desperate to do anything to cover herself.

“Fuck, this isn’t working.” She looked at her side profile in the mirror and sighed, gently placing her hand on one of her plump cheeks. She squeezed it and savored the slight increase in sensitivity of it. *Maybe I could make it bigger again.* She smiled as she began caressing her other cheek. *It would go back to normal if I just enjoyed myself a little.* She squeezed and pressed her swollen orbs together, shuddering as she tilted her head back her eyes now closed.

She opened her eyes and shook her head. *What am I doing? If I do that again I’m probably going to pass out, just that first one took a lot out of me. Plus Erica’s still waiting for me, I don’t have time.* She looked back at her disproportionately huge ass and frowned again. *For now, I just need to figure out how to cover this.* She looked down at the skirt sitting next to the sink and sighed.

Alex scrolled on his phone while standing by the door, waiting nearly 20 minutes for Christy to finally be ready. He looked up as she turned the corner looking down at her phone.

“She still hasn’t texted me back. We need to get over there.” She was very clearly trying to not acknowledge what Alex now had his eyes glued to as she appeared from around the corner.

Alex didn’t even try not to look, and Christy just looked at him with a visible sense of frustration, less at him and more at the fact that her best efforts weren’t enough to conceal her gigantic rear.

“Is it really that noticeable?” She grumbled, tugging down on her skirt as much as she could.

“I mean...” Alex said trying to find some way to bring her comfort without lying.

Christy just groaned again looking once again back at her behind. Normally her entire outfit would have been a perfect mismatched representation of her personality, but with her current altered form, her options were limited. Her top half was dressed in a fashion that was normal for her. She wore a maroon bucket hat that had a big yellow floral design along its side. The hat seemed in some odd way to fit perfectly with her round glasses and light hazel eyes. Her top was a form-fitting white and red striped shirt that she normally liked to wear with one of her

pinafores, but due to the limitations caused by her bottom half, she had to settle for her longest skirt and largest pair of leggings she owned.

Her bottom half was what threw off the cute and quirky aesthetic that she seemed to be nailing with her top half. Her butt was so large you could see it being pulled up in the back from the front. The skirt she wore, which normally reached her knees, was pulled far up her thighs, exposing the taut clear fabric of her overtaxed black leggings. From the side, her butt stuck out far enough that you could probably balance a glass on it, and her skirt did absolutely nothing to hide this fact. If anything the visual of her skirt being pulled up so far that the bottoms of her legging-clad cheeks were slightly visible only added to the disproportionality of her frame.

She grabbed a sweatshirt hanging by the door and tied it around her waist which slightly aided in obscuring her enormous rear. "Let's just go," She said, as she moved to walk past him to open the door but stopped abruptly and quickly turned to face Alex, causing her butt to smack against the door frame creating an audible *thud*, which she chose to ignore, "You are not going to lay a hand on my butt until we get back and I say you can, got it?"

Despite her serious tone, Alex could tell the thought of returning home later and making her ass grow again excited her as much as it excited him, but he nodded and said, "Yes ma'am," giving a quick sarcastic salute.

She tried to repress a smile and said, "Good, let's hope that Erica's figured out how to shrink back down by the time we get there." She glanced back at Alex as they walked to their car, "And if she hasn't, be sure to mind your eyes."

"I'll do my best, but depending on what makes her grow, she could be hard to miss by the time we get there," Alex said as they both got into the car.

Christy took a moment before responding as she was just now finding that sitting with her new ass was a completely different experience than it used to be. She shifted in her seat, not used to the feeling of her butt spreading over the seat. She was also uplifted by more than an inch of what she was used to. She pushed her seat back slightly before deciding that she'd settle for barely uncomfortable.

"In all honesty, I wouldn't care if you saw her tits. Without a magic tattoo blowing them up they're a sight to see, but based on her texts she seemed super freaked out, so for her sake, try not to gawk at her."

Alex waited for Christy to buckle herself in before pulling out of the driveway and saying, "Like I said, I'll do my best."

Walking up the stairwell of Erica's apartment building, Christy felt that all eyes were on her, even though the only other set of eyes present were her husband's. In reality, she just felt generally off and self-conscious due to her mind wandering as the sensations of her overly sensitive, inflated buttocks were sending her overstimulated brain. Everything felt different than normal. Not only was every shift or pull from the tight fabric of her leggings annoyingly arousing, but the feeling of all the added weight and the way it shifted with every step felt so foreign to her.

She didn't even have to say anything to Chris, he could tell that she was clearly flustered. As they made it to the top of the steps and were finally approaching Erica's front door, he stopped to look at her and said, "You alright?"

She was so lost in thought she didn't realize he had said anything, "What?"

"I said, are you alright? You look a little flush."

Christy just now realized she was also breathing a little heavy for just standing still. "Yeah, I'm fine, just not used to carrying all this junk upstairs is all." She didn't want to tell him how horny she was increasingly becoming. She found herself zoning out, imagining Alex ripping her overtaxed leggings off and squeezing her juicy ass while it grew. Lifting her off the ground while she wrapped her legs around his waist while he sli-

Knock knock

She shook the perverted thoughts from her head and looked at Alex, who had just knocked on the door and was giving her a weird look.

"You sure you're alright?" He asked, a slight hint of worry in his tone.

"Yeah, no, I was just about to knock. Just needed to catch my breath is all." She could feel the front of her leggings clinging to her bare crotch as she became slick with lust. She nervously tugged at her skirt, trying to hide her excitement.

They both waited a few moments before giving the door another knock while shouting, "Erica? You okay in there?"

After another moment of silence, Christy said, "Alright, something's definitely wrong." She looked up at a light fixture next to Erica's door. She slightly bent her knees, careful not to split her poor leggings, which already felt as if they could burst at any moment. She jumped up and grabbed a spare key that was hidden on top of it. It was a very simple and slight jump that Christy could have easily completed even while inebriated, but the new wobbly mass sticking out behind her had introduced new weight to the equation that she had not accounted for, causing her to quickly fall onto said wobbly mass.

"Ugghh, I can't wait to get rid of this thing." As she went to stand up, she tucked her legs closer to her chest and pushed off of the ground, rising from a bending position, pulling her leggings so tight that-

POP!

They burst right down the middle of their seat. The skirt and sweatshirt she was wearing had prevented her from being exposed, yet she couldn't stop herself from instinctively shooting a hand to her backside to try to cover herself. Both her and Alex's eyes went wide as her hand collided with the fabric of the sweatshirt, causing a slight jiggle to the cushiony cheek hidden beneath them.

Her eyes shot back to Alex, and their shocked gazes met just as her ass exploded outward, causing her leggings to rip down to her calves. She leaned forward and spread her legs to keep her balance as she gripped the sweatshirt tied to her waist before it could slip off. Her skirt now did nothing to hide her absolutely, ridiculously disproportionate lower half. Both of her cheeks now rivaled medicine balls, the lower crests of each visible from beneath her sweatshirt.

Neither said a thing, Christy being too preoccupied trying to remain upright while Alex was entranced by every shift and jiggle of her partially visible backside. Just as Christy found her balance, she was about to speak before a door down the hall opened, and a woman walked out while talking on the phone.

Both Alex and Christy looked at her as she stuttered and turned away, looking back as she walked away at the insanely pear-shaped woman standing with her legs spread in the middle of the hall.

Christy handed the key to Alex and said, "Open the door! Hurry!"

Alex didn't hesitate to open the door and step aside for Christy to waddle in as fast as she could, both of her hips grazing the door frame as she squeezed through before stumbling into Erica's apartment. Alex quickly slipped in closed the door behind him and turned to see Christy bent over Erica's couch, lower half fully exposed while she slipped the tattered remains of her leggings off from her ankles.

Her hips were now over a foot and a half wide, with two pale globes that were just barely smaller than beach balls. She was breathing deeply and began moaning as she arched her back and bent down even lower, gently bringing an inspecting hand to get a good reading on how expansive her ass now was. As she gripped and lifted one of her weighty cheeks she revealed her visibly glistening pussy, unintentionally tempting Alex beyond belief.

Before either could even stop to acknowledge what had just happened, or the current scene unfolding, a weary voice came from the bedroom down the hall across from the living room, where they were. "W-wh-who's there? Christy is that, *mmhmm*, you?"

"Erica?" Christy said before pushing away from the couch and taking a couple of testing steps, her thighs now rubbing together, creating an unusually pleasurable sensation that Christy couldn't fully ignore.

Alex carefully followed behind her, making sure to steady or catch anything she bumped into or knocked over. Christy peered her head into the bathroom and saw the pile of discarded clothes and lingerie.

"*Over here.*" Erica groaned from behind her.

Christy turned around, gasping as she rushed into Erica's bedroom hitting the door on the way in sending it loudly into the wall.

"Shit! Sorry." Christy said as she now stood before Erica's daunting chest, realizing how big she truly was.

Her boobs were now lifting the rest of her body roughly 5 feet off the ground. She had her arms bent and her hands up away from her breasts and was awkwardly trying to keep her head up to talk to Christy. Her legs were spread and her womanhood was bare, slick with lust, begging for any sort of stimulation.

As Christy struggled to comprehend the sight of her friend's massive globes, Alex turned the corner and stepped in just to fall into the same state as his wife. After a few moments, she quickly turned to look at him, but he had already averted his gaze and put up a hand to block his view.

“C-christy? I-I need...” Erica said between gasps, her eyes fluttering. She seemed almost delirious, it had been nearly 40 minutes since she had originally texted, and nearly 35 minutes since she lost her phone in her cleavage.

“Erica, how did you even get this big? What makes you grow?”

“I-I need help, they won’t s-stop! My tatto- *MHHMM*” She gently brought a hand down and lightly pressed it into the top of her breast, causing them both to pulse outward, “I-it makes, *mmm, feel my melons!*” She surged outward as she pressed both hands into her chest causing her bed which was already engulfed by her left tit to creak. She gasped and stuck her hands up, causing the growth to cease. It had taken all of her focus for the past half an hour just to keep herself from climaxing.

“I-I’m sorry, I didn’t get any of that. You get any of that Alex?”

“Nope.” He replied, sheepishly.

“Wait!” Erica propped herself up on her elbows uncomfortably, trying to turn around as much as she could to see behind her. She could just barely see Christy’s face, as well as Alex who was turning to face the door.

“Alex don’t look! Get out!” She yelled at him.

“Yep, already on it.” He said as he was already out the door.

The jolt of embarrassment was able to push away the orgasmic feelings she had been running from long enough for her to regain a few moments of lucidity.

“How much did he see?” She asked, her head buried in her cleavage.

“Well if he just saw what I saw then I’m guessing it was probably,” Christy paused for a moment hoping to think of a more delicate way of putting the truth, “Everything you could possibly have to hide.”

Erica just groaned before saying, “Why did you even bring him?”

“Well, I don’t think it’s safe for me to drive with my current, uh, condition.”

“Why?” Erica’s eyes lit up as she tried to turn her head around again, but still failed to see Christy’s body. “Wait your tattoo had something to do with your butt, didn’t it! How big is it!?”

“It’s not as big as it was.” She looked down at her cartoonishly rotund butt before redirecting her attention to Erica, “Which speaking of, you should be able to shrink them back down to normal.”

“Really? How?” Her arms were getting tired.

“You uh, you have to...” Christy started blushing, she had always been kind of shy talking about anything sexual, without a few drinks of course.

“Christy you need to hurry and tell me, I-I can feel my brain melting. Fuck I’ve never been so horny in my life!”

“You kinda have to...” She trailed off before quietly saying, “Orgasm...”

Mooooaan, “Are you sure!? Look at how big I already am. I’ve been *oOOhhh*, growing faster the hornier I get. What if when I cum I get so big I fill the whole room!? Or break down a wall!? *Mhhmm* How do you know it’ll shrink me back down?!”

Christy's glasses had fogged up as she grew an even deeper shade of red. She and Erica had known each other for years and had both seen each other fully nude many times. Yet this was different, there had never been this much sexual energy in the room with them. Erica would only ever bring up sex to jokingly make Christy uncomfortable. This was far beyond that, this was new territory Christy never imagined she would ever find herself in. Half naked, ass swollen, standing in front of the mountain of flesh that was her best friend's tits, hornier than she had ever been in her life.

"It's how I got small enough to even get here."

Erica's eyes were closed as she was once again losing her grasp on reality, as she returned to fighting the urge to let herself climax.

"Look I know you're trying to fight it, but holding off is what's going to make you bust through the walls!"

Erica's bed creaked, causing the already frazzled Christy to jump, causing her to stumble slightly as her butt wobbled. She looked at Erica who was still too hesitant to embrace the sensations bombarding her. Removing her glasses and tossing them aside, Christy threw caution to the wind as she waddled forward and outstretched her arms before pressing them into the pillowy expanse before her, her arms sinking in. They were warm and slightly slick from sweat. Christy's initial hesitation had been drowned out as her raw unbridled arousal took control and she relished in the fact that she was pushing the nude woman before her to orgasm.

Erica couldn't even let out a sound as her head tilted back, mouth agape. She too began uncontrollably rubbing and groping her breasts beneath her, fully embracing the feeling of them growing. Their malleable shapes now pressing into her bed and dresser, the feeling of them meeting resistance was maddening. Her pleasure was already reaching a crescendo, she let out a stuttering moan as her left breast engulfed her bed.

Christy cried out as she slipped into Erica's billowing cleavage, with only her massive derrière visible jiggling along with the quaking wall of breast that now filled a fourth of the room. After a moment Erica's eyes shot open as a new sensation filled her chest. She let out a yelp as her breasts rapidly receded in a little more than a second causing Erica's nude body to drop and land on top of Christy.

"*Oomph*, sorry," Erica said as she rolled over and laid flat on her back next to Christy, taking deep breaths, reeling from the life-changing orgasm she had just experienced. Christy meanwhile was gasping for air, eyes wide, and covered in sweat. She pushed herself up and wiped a curled lock that was clinging to her forehead. She tried to shift into a sitting position, but quickly realized that couldn't happen without a much more significant amount of effort.

She opted to just roll slightly to lay on her side for a moment while she caught her breath, leaving her swollen rear to now face Erica in all its round glory. Erica was just now shaking free of the lightheadedness and was returning to reality, about to bring up how bizarrely incredible the past hour had been for her, but just froze with her mouth open as she sat up to see Christy's lower half.

Erica quickly sat up all the way and said, "Holy shit Christy your ass!"

Christy craned her neck and blushed as she looked at her butt, she whimpered as she said, "I know." She gently grabbed one of her enlarged cheeks and squeezed it before shaking it slightly, "It ripped straight through the only pair of leggings I could fit over it."

Erica leaned closer and tilted her head as she noticed the tattoo, "'Slap here'" She looked Christy in the eyes with a huge smile on her face, "That's what makes you grow!"

Christy scowled at her and said, "Yes it is, don't get any ideas. I'm big enough. What makes you grow?"

Erica's smile changed to more of a devilish grin as she brought her hands up to her breasts and said, "This." She then squeezed them in her hands before jostling them around. She giggled as she released them, letting them fall to reveal that they had already doubled in size. She turned so that Christy could see the tattoo, "See, whenever somebody touches my boobs they get bigger. Pretty awesome right?"

"Awesome!?! Erica this is insane!"

Erica rolled her eyes and said, "Oh come on, magical temporary tattoos that let you grow your tits and ass is cool."

"Well, they might not be temporary."

Erica stood up and walked around Christy to help her stand up. "***Hrgh** fuck you're heavy.*"

Christy managed to get to her feet and held onto Erica's arm for balance. "I'm aware."

"What did you mean by 'might not be temporary'?"

"I took a shower after the first time I grew and shrunk down and tried to wash it off but it didn't budge at all. I even tried using rubbing alcohol and none of it came off."

Erica's eyes went wide as she began smiling again, "Really?"

"Don't seem so excited about it, I can't live like this Erica."

Erica squeezed Christy's butt and said, "You're right, I can't imagine living with an ass like this. We should really shrink it back down ASAP."

Christy pushed her arm off and said, "I'm being serious Erica, we need to go back to that club and see if we can find out more about the creep who gave us these tattoos."

"I was being serious too, you really think you can head out with an ass like that? That's one of the reasons you brought Alex right?"

"For your information, I was planning on going to the club as is or was. I wasn't this big when we left."

"Guessing Alex couldn't keep his hands off of you? Who could blame him though, I mean look at this thing." She quickly brought a hand down and gave her ass a playful smack.

Christy's eyes went wide as she looked Erica dead in the eyes before stumbling forward as her butt exploded in size. Her thighs thickened and her hips widened to support the two yoga balls now jutting out from behind her. She leaned forward and Erica wrapped her arms around her, catching her but also forcing Christy's face to land between her tits.

Christy's knees wobbled from the immense weight they now had to support, Erica was the sole thing keeping her up. She furrowed her brow and pushed Erica away from her and fell

back onto the pillowy expanse of her ass. She bobbed up and down on it before settling, resting a foot off the ground on it.

“What the fuck!?” Christy screamed as felt and squeezed her butt, trying her best to hide how good it felt.

Erica bit her lip and seductively strode over to her friend, before kneeling down and grabbing the hem of Christy’s shirt and pulling on it hard and fast, slipping it off before Christy could even resist.

“Hey! Erica what are you doing?”

“Come on it’s not fair that I’m the only one fully naked here, besides your shirt was all sweaty and gross.” She tossed it aside and said, “Alright hurry up, get your bra off.”

Christy shielded her breasts with her arms and said, “What!?”

Erica knelt back down to be at eye level with Christy, “Christine, there is no way you can even walk with all that junk inside your trunk, we need to get you shrunk back down ASAP. You helped me so I’m going to help you.”

“You’re the reason I’m this big!?”

“Oh please, by the time my tits were half the size your ass is I could barely form a single thought, you’ve been struggling to keep it together since you got here.”

Christy just looked away and continued to blush. She didn’t want to admit that Erica was right. Without saying another word Christy quickly unclasped her bra and slid it off, revealing the perky c-cups beneath it before she nervously crossed her arms to cover them.

“There we go,” Erica said before leaning in and whispering into Christy’s ear “Now how about we get Alex in here so he can help us both out.”

Christy’s heart began racing at the thought and she just shyly bit her bottom lip and nodded.

“Ohh Alex!” Erica coyly called out, “I know you’ve been listening, would you mind getting your dick out of your hand and joining us for a moment?”

Alex immediately turned the corner and said, “Okay I was listening, but I wasn-” He froze at the sight before him and immediately averted his eyes as Erica stood up straight revealing her full nude form.

“Aw, what a gentleman, but I don’t mind if you look. Christy what about you?”

Christy just shook her head still blushing.

“See? Everything fine.” She said as she sauntered over to Alex, stopping directly in front of him with her hands on her hips. “Permission to ask your husband something?” Her gaze remained locked on Alex as she raised an eyebrow.

Christy again just nodded while stifling a moan as she squeezed her hyper-sensitive rear.

“If you’re nodding I can’t see, gonna need you to speak up babe.”

“YES!” She exclaimed letting her excitement slip, before immediately retracting back.

“Perfect,” She smiled ear to ear before saying, “So, Alex, wanna feel my tits?”