

Glorious Glutes

Part 2

Sarah sat on the floor with the glow of the television shining upon her. Her eyes staring at the torn remnants of her legging. Shreds of cloth lying upon her, a reminder of once was. Mere moments ago these leggings fit her perfectly, comfortable, reliable. Now they were in tatters on the floor, a testament to the new size...and power of her ass. A rushing tingling sensation washed over her butt cheeks against the carpet. Sarah gasped, a jolt shooting through her body.

Was it supposed to feel this good? Was this a result of the tape's magic? Making her booty more sensitive? She wanted to get to her feet and really take in the new sensations. Her breath came in short, ragged gasps as she scrambled to her feet, every jiggle of her cheeks causing little jolts to shoot across her nervous system.

“Holy fuuuu...”

Sarah groaned as her butt bounced once she was back on her feet. She peeked over her shoulders to see her two globes jutting out behind her. She couldn't help but stare, feeling entranced, hypnotised by her own booty. She ran her hands slowly down her body to her hips, a smile growing on her face as she felt their new width, she rocked her hips side to side, biting her lip with a naughty grin on her face. For the first time in her life, she felt sexy. Her bliss was interrupted as she felt her panties riding up her crack, with a slight grunt she reached back and pulled them out, pulling her panties as best as she could back over to cover her cheeks. A small pop sounded out as her panties snapped back over her cheeks. As if in response to her attempt, her cheeks jiggled...and the panties slowly began rolling back once more. The size of her cheeks too much for her underwear to cover them properly. Resembling more of a thong once a portion of them finished getting swallowed back up.

The small popping sound and her underwear being consumed was the final push. For a brief moment, a flicker of panic returned, a whisper of a warning about the uncontrollable nature of what was happening. But it was drowned out by a powerful, consuming curiosity. Sarah's hands, trembling with a mix of fear and desire, moved from her hips to the two magnificent globes behind her. She ran her hands slowly over the taut, warm flesh, a low moan escaping her lips as she felt their solid, unyielding fullness. This wasn't just bigger; it was an entirely new form of being.

She sank her fingers into the taut muscle, giving one cheek a tentative squeeze. A jolt, more potent and electric than anything she'd ever felt, shot through her body, a wave of pure, unadulterated pleasure that made her knees weak. Her eyes fluttered closed, a gasp catching in her throat as she let herself feel the sensation. A naughty grin spread across her face. With a new sense of ownership, she raised her hand and gave her magnificent booty a firm, resonant spank. The sound was a dull, wet thud, and the resulting ripple was a pure, electrifying shock that surged through her body, leaving her breathless and dizzy. The feeling was a glorious, terrifying paradox—a body out of control, yet feeling more alive and more powerful than she ever had before.

That's when her eyes shot back over the room, her gaze fixed on the now-silent television. The room, which had been a place she had wallowed in and wished for better days, now presented an opportunity and pleasure she had never experienced.. She took a step, then another, the strange, new weight of her hips making her movements feel clumsy and unnatural. The feeling of her name on Roxanne's lips, the horrifying certainty that the tape was not a random purchase but a pre-destined encounter, gnawed at her. A part of her, the reasonable and logical part of her brain, felt a profound and terrifying sense of helplessness. The VCR, which had seemed so benign, now felt like a parasite, a waiting predator. The voice of reason in her mind told her she had to get rid of it. She had to smash the tape, to destroy the machine, to sever the connection before it was too late and she went too far. She was big already. Huge even. She had destroyed her pair of leggings and her underwear was in the middle of a losing battle. But as she moved towards the television, a new feeling washed over her, as he ass jiggled and shook with every step. In her mind it was as if she could see herself walking across the room, watching her big....beautiful booty bounce and sway with every movement. It was a strange and powerful mix of anticipation and desire. The heat in her glutes was building again, a slow, insistent pressure that felt both terrifying and exhilarating. The thought of stopping, of going back to the way things were, was suddenly unthinkable. She had a new body, a new power, and a sinister, glowing new hope. The tape wasn't just a workout video; it was a promise. And a part of her, the part that had been so exhausted and unfulfilled, wanted to see that promise fulfilled, no matter the cost.

She snatched up the remote, her fingers fumbling over the buttons as she pointed it at the dark television screen. The VCR, as if sensing her intent, hummed to life with a soft whirl. The screen flickered on, and with it, a blast of static and a new, pulsing beat. The image wasn't the grinning Coach Roxanne, but a black screen with two bold words in a glowing, neon green font: **NEXT SESSION**. Below them, a timer began to count down, the numbers ticking away with a cold, mechanical finality. Sarah felt a new wave of fear wash over her, a more profound and chilling terror than anything she had felt before. This wasn't a choice; it was a program. The timer, a silent, ticking clock counting down to her next, inevitable transformation.

The countdown bled from the television speakers, each digit a hollow chime in the otherwise silent room.

10...9...8...7...

"Turn it off, turn it off..." the voice inside her mind screamed, a desperate, fading plea. She was big enough. She was huge. The torn leggings and the straining underwear were proof. This was insanity.

5...4...3...

But the reasoning was a flimsy dam against the tidal wave of new sensations. The memory of the jiggle, the bounce, the exhilarating shock of her own touch—it was a powerful, intoxicating lure. What if a little more size meant a little more pleasure? What if the next level wasn't just

bigger, but better? The thought, a forbidden whisper, ignited a fresh fire in her glutes, a new, impatient thrumming that yearned for more.

2...1...SESSION TWO

The screen exploded in a flash of glowing neon, and a new, more aggressive beat pulsed through the speakers. There was no time to turn back, no way to unmake the choice. The program, it seemed, had already begun.

“Back again so soon, Sarah?” Roxanne’s face suddenly appeared with a knowing, seductive smirk. Like the question was rhetorical and sarcastic in nature. Like Coach Roxanne KNEW she would be back within moments of her transformation. “Enjoying your new booty girl? It sure is a big one isn’t it?” Roxanne’s knowing smile widened as she raised an eyebrow. “But I think...we both know...you want it even bigger right?” she purred, the question a seductive probe into Sarah’s deepest desires. “I mean...that thing is STACKED...but it’s still not as big as mine.”

Sarah’s confusion was a chaotic storm. Sure, from what she remembered from the first session, Roxane’s butt WAS bigger than hers is now. But not THAT much bigger, nothing to suggest the challenge that Roxanne seemed to be implying. She looked back at her booty with a smile. Her body was a testament to the tape’s power—her leggings torn, her underwear straining to contain the impossible growth of her hips. But Roxanne’s words, and the implied superiority, were a new, unsettling challenge. Before Sarah could even process the thought, she turned her attention back to the tape, and froze in shock.

The camera lowered as Roxanne turned, revealing her completely naked backside. No longer wearing leggings. Not even wearing underwear. The image was a raw, unfiltered display of inhuman proportions. The camera had to zoom out just to capture the full, thick, phat, juicy glory. Each of Roxanne’s cheeks must have been twice the size of Sarah’s, a mountainous landscape of rippling flesh that seemed to defy the very concept of bone and muscle. Coach Roxanne grabbed a bottle of oil and squeezed some into her hands, and began rubbing it over her ass cheeks

“H-how did it...how did it get so...” Sarah stuttered to herself as she stood in awe at the sight she was seeing.

“How did it get so BIG?” Roxanne finished her question for her. How? What was the magic of this tape? How did it work. How was Roxanne hearing her?

Roxanne let out a long, low, guttural moan as her hands finally came into contact with her colossal cheeks, her hand barely even covered half of her booty cheek, let alone the whole thing. Her moaning continued as she rubbed the oil over herself.

“Nnnngh. I mean. I did the work out too, didn’t I silly?” Even between her moments of pleasure, Roxanne was able to keep up her chipper, eighties energy. “Although I’ll admit. I did get a little carried away.” She giggled, before another guttural moan escaped her lips as she gave her

cheeks a squeeze. Sarah's eyes began watering. She had not blinked the entire time during this obscene display. She couldn't tear herself away. She was completely entranced. She could swear, as she continued to stare, that she could see Roxanne's cheeks start to swell and round. Was she still growing? Or was Sarah just staring so intently she was imagining things. This tape had already proven itself to be something beyond comprehension. Maybe Sarah was imagining all of this?

"You aren't imagining it...it's growing..." Roxanne purred,. A large, seductive grin forming on her face, her moaning becoming more constant, almost animalistic in nature. "This ain't a one-and-done, silly. The Glorious never stops. It just...gets bigger." As if on cue, the ripples on her monstrous ass smoothed out, the flesh settling into a new, impossibly larger form. The sight was a final, undeniable proof. Roxanne wasn't just big; she was still growing, her body an active, living monument to the tape's power. She took a deep, satisfied breath, her chest expanding with a power that shook her entire frame. "So, I'll ask you again, Sarah. You want it bigger right? You want to be like Coach Roxanne?" This time, the question was not a joke. It was a challenge. And Sarah, trapped between a feeling of sheer terror and a strange, powerful, and utterly forbidden desire, felt her own hips thrum with a new, hungry energy.

The voice of reason, a frantic, terrified whisper, screamed at her from the back of her mind.

Just say no. She can hear you. You can stop this.

The thrumming in her hips was spreading, a warm, insistent wave of pleasure that pulsed down to her very core. It was a terrifying, irresistible sensation that drowned out the logic and the fear, and a combatting voice overpowered that whispering voice of reason. One of pure, unbridled lust. "BIGGER, JUICIER, SEXIER, THICKER!" She didn't know how Roxanne was hearing her, how the magic of the tape could breach the screen and become a direct line to her nervous system, but that much was horribly, terrifyingly clear now. All she had to do was say "no." Just one word. But the building heat in her glutes was a powerful argument against it, a low, seductive hum that promised more than just size. With a little whimper of pure pleasure, a sound that was less of a protest and more of a surrender, Sarah's head moved on its own, a slow, subconscious nod in response to Roxanne's question.

Roxanne's smirk widened into a slow, victorious grin. The look in her eyes was no longer seductive, but a glint of pure, triumphant joy. "That's my girl," she purred, her voice a low, satisfied rumble. The screen exploded in a flash of glowing neon, and a new, more aggressive beat pulsed through the speakers. Roxanne's image solidified on the screen, her body a masterpiece of impossible proportions, as she began to move in a slow, rhythmic dance of her own.

"Now, let's get you there," she cooed, her voice a hypnotic command that bypassed Sarah's conscious thought. Roxanne turned around once more, showcasing her naked rear to Sarah. Sarah gasped as she watched Roxanne's cheeks ripple and swell to fill the screen. The sound of Roxanne's moaning echoing out into the room alongside the hypnotic, pulsing beat.

Roxanne's cheeks pulled Sarah's gaze in further, as her moaning came to an end, it was replaced with a seductive, sexy laugh as she readied herself for the next steps in their workout together.

"Ready? **SQUEEZE.**" Roxanne's cheeks squeezed together, the rippling across her flesh intensifying, looking more like an earthquake of flesh. Fat, juicy, but somehow, still incredibly perky flesh. Without even thinking about it, Sarah's ass was following suit, her cheeks squeezing together, swallowing up more of her underwear as her glutes tensed up. The thrumming in Sarah's glutes intensified tenfold, no longer a gentle hum but a roaring chorus of sensation. She felt a powerful, almost painful pressure building in her hips.

"Now, **PULSE.**" Roxanne's ass started clapping, her cheeks bouncing alongside the rhythm of the hypnotic pulsating beat. Sarah gasped, as a jolt of pleasure shot all across her nervous system directly from her buttocks. As soon as the command was given, Sarah's cheeks began to do the same. Her stretching panties finally started giving in, seams snapping and tearing as her hips widened with each clap, the weight of her cheeks slowly increasing as they followed Roxanne's instructions with a mind of their own.

"And **HOLD!**" Roxanne's ass came to a sudden stop, no movement, no bouncing, no jiggling. Nothing. But the low, guttural, almost animalistic moan of lust echoing through the speakers told Sarah what was happening, as Sarah could see the ripples of cellulite smoothing out, like Roxanne's booty was determined to stay smooth and perky no matter how big it had gotten.

As Roxanne's cheeks came to a complete, shuddering halt, so did Sarah's. The frantic, rhythmic clapping ceased, and the wild jiggling was instantly gone, replaced by a tense, quivering stillness. The low, animalistic moan that had just filled the speakers was the only thing that had been silenced; the hypnotic drumming from the tape remained, now the only sound in the world, a relentless beat that thrummed not in the air, but directly in Sarah's bones.

A new sensation, slow and immense, washed over her. The violent rippling across her cheeks smoothed out, the flesh still impossibly soft, yet feeling solid and unyielding, as if filled with a liquid pushing against her flesh. She felt a deep, profound ache in her hips as they began to widen, an agonizing stretch that was both terrifying and ecstatic. Her eyes widened as the sensation grew stronger, placing her hands on her hips she tried to gain some semblance of control. Her hips seemed to respond only by pushing further outward, protesting her futile attempts to try and hold them back.

Her panties, already torn and straining, gave a final, protesting cry as her cheeks poured outward, swelling at an intense rate, the last remaining threads snapping at once, and they fell away in a tattered, useless circle around her feet. Sarah groaned, the voice of reason and logic and yes...even fear...was quickly silenced out as she heard her panties tear away and felt the cool air against her burgeoning, bouncing cheeks. The sense of freedom was absolute. With nothing to hold it back, the growth intensified. Her cheeks swelled with a finality that brooked no argument, rounding out into two perfect, mountainous globes of flesh.

The hypnotic beat on the television screen swelled into a triumphant, booming anthem. Roxanne's face, now an even more radiant beacon of joy, smiled down at Sarah. "That's it, darling," she cooed, her voice a final, congratulatory purr. "That's the choice. Welcome to your new life. Welcome to **The Glorious.**"

The glow from the television seemed to intensify, washing the room in a vibrant, otherworldly light. As the final notes of the triumphant music faded, the screen flickered, and Roxanne's image began to distort. Her colossal form stretched and warped, her magnificent glutes swelling to impossible proportions, her smile growing until it filled the entire screen. The music returned, but now it was a deep, resonating thrum that seemed to shake the very foundations of the room, and from within the immense, swaying, fleshy landscape of her butt cheeks, a new, more sinister image began to form. A glowing, neon map. A map of the entire city. And marked on the map, with a pulsing, red X, was Sarah's location.

Roxanne's image solidified one last time, her eyes burning with an unholy intensity. "The work isn't done, darling. You are just the beginning."

To BE Continued....