

Emma sat at her desk, her fingers poised over the keyboard. The glow of the computer monitor cast a soft, blue halo around her face, illuminating the determined set of her jaw. The house was eerily quiet, the only sound being the distant hum of the refrigerator and the occasional tick of the clock on the wall. It was her favorite time of the evening—when she could finally sit down and tackle her ever-growing inbox after her long day at the office. She liked to keep the lights low to reduce the glare and allow her eyes to rest. Her boyfriend, Alex, had left for his night shift at the hospital hours ago, and she had promised to keep an eye on his laptop. He often forgot to close his tabs before rushing out, leaving a digital trail of his internet wanderings sprawled across the browser like a virtual to-do list. She knew it was none of her business, but curiosity had always been her weakness. Her mouse hovered over the taskbar, the little arrow dancing slightly with the shake of her hand.

With a sigh, she decided to close the tabs before she started her own work. The first few were innocuous—his email, a couple of news articles, a recipe for chicken parmesan that she'd have to ask him about later. Then she saw it. "BiggerBetterBooty.com." Her stomach lurched. The website's name was emblazoned in neon letters, like a seedy billboard on the side of a deserted road. She felt a coldness spread through her, a mix of shock and betrayal that made her pause. Her mind raced with questions. Why would Alex be looking at this? Did he think she wasn't enough? Her hand hovered over the 'X' in the corner of the tab, her heart thudding in her chest. With trembling fingers, she clicked on the tab instead of closing it.

The screen was suddenly filled with images of women with asses so large they looked unreal. Her own bottom, which she had always considered average, paled in comparison to these voluptuous figures. The sight was both fascinating and repulsive. Each woman was dressed in the skimpiest of lingerie, their bottoms bulging and straining against the flimsy fabrics that barely contained them. Some were posed seductively, others in various stages of undress, all flaunting their oversized assets for the camera. The thumbnails grew more explicit as she scrolled down, and she couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy.

Her gaze froze on a video titled "The Incredible Growing Ass."

The words were written in bold red letters that seemed to pulse on the screen, almost mocking her. The preview image caught her off guard—a woman's backside was the focus, so large it filled the frame entirely. Her eyebrows shot up in disbelief, and for a moment, Emma hesitated. The idea of clicking felt like a line she shouldn't cross, but a strange mix of anger, confusion, and curiosity stirred within her. She felt repelled, but there was something about it she couldn't ignore. Before she could talk herself out of it, her mouse hovered over the red "Play" button, her heart racing in her chest.

The video began with a close-up shot of a woman standing with her back to the camera. She wore tight, black leggings that clung to her skin, the fabric stretched so thin it looked like it might tear at any moment. Emma watched, her breath shallow, as the woman's backside began to grow. At first, it was subtle, a gentle shift, like a ripple of movement, but then it continued—slow, deliberate, and impossible. The woman's ass inflated, rounding and swelling as if the fabric

could no longer contain it. Emma felt a rush of conflicting emotions: disgust, fascination, arousal, and something darker that she couldn't quite place.

The leggings, once form-fitting, now creaked under the strain, the seams beginning to stretch and pop. Emma's pulse quickened as the material tugged tighter, the fabric struggling to keep up with the swelling mass beneath it. The woman's body seemed to defy physics as her ass continued to grow, expanding with each passing second. Emma felt her breath catch as the leggings, unable to stretch any further, began to tear. The sound of the fabric ripping was sharp, loud in the silence of the room, and Emma winced as she watched the seams burst open, revealing the woman's bare skin. The sound of the tears was a stark contrast to the soft moans that echoed from the woman's lips, her pleasure growing louder as her body transformed. The woman's ass grew to an impossible size, pushing the fabric beyond its limits. Emma could feel her own body responding in ways she didn't want to acknowledge. Her pulse was racing now, her cheeks burning with a mixture of embarrassment and something else—something primal. She couldn't tear her eyes away as the leggings began to shred under the pressure, revealing the thin black thong beneath, which too was stretched beyond capacity. It snapped, the thin elastic giving way to the force of the swelling flesh, leaving the woman bare to the camera. The sight was grotesque yet mesmerizing—an unnatural, erotic distortion of the human form. Emma's breath caught as the woman's moans grew louder, more desperate, matching the relentless expansion of her body.

Emma felt her chest tighten as her gaze locked onto the woman's impossibly large backside. She could feel a strange heat rising in her, her own body reacting despite the nausea churning in her stomach. A twinge of jealousy twisted deep in her gut, but it was more than that—there was a visceral ache, a pang of inadequacy that spread through her like wildfire. Why was Alex drawn to this? What was it about this grotesque fantasy that caught his attention? Her hand—unbidden, almost like a reflex—drifted down to her own ass. She squeezed it, comparing the softness of her flesh to the image on the screen, feeling the difference in size, in firmness, in shape. The comparison made her feel small, insignificant. She hated how easily she slipped into this self-doubt, how quickly the images before her began to dominate her thoughts, replacing everything she thought she knew about herself.

Her breath was shallow now, her chest rising and falling in uneven intervals as she watched the woman's body continue to grow, each second more impossible than the last. It was as if time itself had slowed, the video stretching into a grotesque eternity. Emma couldn't look away, even as every instinct told her to shut it off. Her body responded against her will, her mind a whirl of jealousy, anger, and disgust. The pleasure-filled cries of the woman in the video seemed to mock her—mock the reality of her own body. The woman was everything Emma felt she was not: desirable, exaggerated, impossible.

She wanted to stop. She wanted to close the laptop and walk away. But instead, her eyes stayed fixed on the screen, and her fingers, trembling, pressed against her own body, as if to confirm what she already knew—that she would never measure up to what was being shown to her.

That's when she felt it—a strange sensation, a tingle that started low in her belly and spread outward like electricity. Emma's gaze snapped back to the images on the screen, the enormous, unreal asses of the women glowing brightly in the dim light. A peculiar warmth washed over her, as if the very essence of their voluptuous curves was seeping through the screen and into her, infiltrating her body and mind. It wasn't just a passing thought or moment of arousal; it was something far deeper, something primal. The energy surged through her like a magnetic pull, and she could feel it, a strange, undeniable force, pooling at the very seat of her being. Her breath caught in her throat as she looked down. The leggings she was wearing, once comfortably fitted, now felt tight against her skin. She watched, wide-eyed, as her own ass began to slowly, imperceptibly, swell. At first, it was a subtle shift, a barely noticeable stretch of fabric. But then, with each passing second, the sensation deepened. Her backside began to expand, her hips widening, as though her body was responding to the imagery in a way she couldn't control. The warm pressure in her rear continued to build, like a balloon inflating, stretching the fabric of her leggings taut across her curves. The waistband of her leggings pressed harder against her skin as it followed the curve of her growing body, the elastic of her panties digging in more sharply as her flesh filled out.

Her fingers trembled, drawn almost instinctively to the waistband of her leggings. She slipped her fingers underneath the elastic, feeling the fabric of her panties straining in sync with the expanding flesh beneath it. The sensation was overwhelming, both discomforting and exhilarating. The tightness of the fabric against her swelling body felt like an external manifestation of the growing pressure within her. The leggings, thin and form-fitting, now clung desperately to her skin as if fighting to contain the relentless expansion. Each breath she took seemed to echo through her as the material stretched further, until she could feel the fibers of the fabric protesting against her flesh, refusing to stretch any further.

A chill swept over her as she stood up, her legs slightly unsteady. The movement sent a ripple of sensation through her, waves of pleasure and discomfort mixing into something almost unbearable. Her body, now alien in its proportions, felt both too large and yet not quite enough. The tightness in her legs, the pressure on her hips, the heat in her backside—it was all too much and not enough at the same time. As she pushed herself away from the desk, the change seemed to slow, as though her body was reaching the apex of this transformation, each moment drawing it closer to completion.

She stumbled toward the bathroom, her legs unsteady, the weight of her body shifting with every step. It was as though each movement sent waves of pleasure and pain rippling through her, the sensation of her growing body becoming a physical force in itself. The cool marble floor of the hallway sent a shiver up her spine, its chill in stark contrast to the heat building between her legs. She gasped as her hips swayed with a new weight, each step causing the tight fabric of her leggings to stretch more across her backside, the seams creaking slightly with each shift in her weight.

When she finally reached the bathroom, she flicked on the light, the sudden brightness throwing her reflection into sharp relief. Her breath caught in her throat as she faced the mirror, her eyes widening at the sight before her. The change was undeniable. Her once-average backside had grown significantly—her hips now flared outward, the curve of her ass pronounced and rounded in a way that was almost too much for the leggings to contain. The fabric stretched tight over her new curves, the waistband digging deeply into her sides as if it couldn't quite hold all of her. She reached behind her to feel the firm swell of her ass, her fingers brushing over the taut fabric of the leggings. The pressure was exquisite—painful, yes, but in a way that made her pulse quicken. The denim-like material of her leggings seemed to cling to every inch of her, outlining the newfound size and shape of her posterior. She could feel the outline of the fabric digging into her skin, and the sensation was overwhelming, almost intoxicating.

"I don't... I don't understand," she whispered, her voice trembling as she stared at herself in the mirror, as if hoping that the reflection might offer some explanation. Her fingers traced the tight waistband, the seams stretched and protesting with each movement she made. She could feel the warm ache of her expanding body, the pressure of the fabric against her skin, the unbearable yet strangely pleasurable sensation of the leggings hugging her new shape. She let out a low moan before she could stop herself, the sound foreign even to her own ears. Her body was still growing, but at a slower pace now, as if it had reached the peak of its transformation and was now gently tapering off. The pressure remained, but it was no longer escalating in the same way—it was as though her body had finally caught up to the image on the screen, the visual influence slowly fading as the physical sensation of change diminished. She was no longer growing exponentially, but the impact of the transformation still echoed in the tightness of her clothing, the flush in her cheeks, the confusion clouding her thoughts. She stood there, trembling, trying to make sense of it all, her hand resting on her enlarged curves, the sensation of the material pressing tightly against her flesh still overwhelming, but finally beginning to slow.

She took a moment, looking at herself in the mirror, looking over her shoulder at a shelf of booty that looked... and felt incredibly real. A knot of confusion tightened in her stomach, but the allure of her transformation was undeniable. She couldn't stop herself from marveling at how it felt. "I don't understand..." she murmured, her thoughts a jumbled mess as she tried to regain her senses. Her hands lingered on her hips, as if she could stop the growing if she just held still long enough.

She shook her head, trying to clear the fog of confusion clouding her mind. "All I did was look at the... the photos and videos on that website, and then... and then this happened." The words felt hollow as she said them, like they made no sense at all. The silence stretched out around her, heavy with disbelief. Emma was lost in the feeling—something she had never experienced before—something beyond her control.

With a deep breath, she took a step back from the mirror, pushing herself away from the counter. She needed to calm down. She needed to think. But as she turned toward the living room, a strange pull tugged at her, a magnetic force drawing her back to the computer. The

glow from the screen seemed to call to her, its pull almost hypnotic. She could feel it, like an invisible thread connecting her to the very source of the transformation.

Her leggings clung tighter to her skin with each movement, the fabric stretching across her now-enlarged curves. She took a tentative step toward the living room, feeling the unfamiliar bounce of her swollen ass with each stride. Her hips swayed with exaggerated grace, her movements more fluid than they had ever been before. The sensation of her enlarged bottom shifting and settling with every step was intoxicating, sending waves of pleasure and power coursing through her. She felt different—more confident, more aware of her body, as if the very act of walking had changed.

Emma hesitated for only a moment, her breath shallow, before she continued toward the computer. Each step felt like an unspoken declaration of her newfound strength. The closer she got to the screen, the more the pull intensified. The quiet hum of the computer seemed to hum louder, as if urging her onward, whispering to her to embrace what was happening. She didn't fully understand it, but part of her didn't want to resist.

The power was intoxicating, a feeling she couldn't push away. And as she stepped back into the glow of the computer's light, Emma knew, deep down, that this moment was something she could never take back.

As Emma sank back into the chair, she couldn't suppress the gasp that escaped her lips. The fabric of her leggings stretched even tighter across her skin, pressing uncomfortably against her growing curves. The sensation was intense, a physical reminder of the transformation she was undergoing. She glanced at the screen and immediately noticed the changes. The images before her hadn't just shifted—they had evolved. The same women were still on display, but now their bodies were even more exaggerated, their asses inflated to sizes that seemed impossible. It was as if the very essence of the website had leaked into her reality, turning the room around her into a surreal digital landscape, a playground of carnal desire.

The women in the photos were now caught in various stages of expansion, their faces a mix of bliss and distress. Some were frozen in mid-moan, their expressions twisted in ecstasy as their buttocks bulged out, pushing violently against the remnants of their clothing. The fabric strained and tore, disintegrating like paper as their bodies grew, stretching beyond what should have been physically possible. Other women wore expressions of simultaneous fear and arousal, their eyes wide as their asses expanded at an alarming rate, defying both logic and gravity. Emma could see the thumbnails growing bolder, each one more extreme than the last, each one a visual story of uncontrollable lust and transformation.

Her eyes locked onto a new video titled, "Getting Too Big?"

A rush of heat coursed through her as she clicked on it, drawn to the title with an almost magnetic pull. The video began with a woman on all fours, her naked bottom raised high in the air like a mountain of flesh, swollen and straining against its confines. The woman's hands were

desperately pressed into her cheeks, trying to hold them back, trying to prevent them from expanding any further. "Make it stop," she pleaded, her voice thick with both pleasure and frustration. But every word she spoke only seemed to fuel her body's growth. With each plea, her ass grew larger still, filling the frame as the camera zoomed in on every quiver of her skin, every subtle shift of her body.

Emma leaned in closer to the screen, her breath shallow, her pulse racing in her throat. The woman's cries grew more frantic, her voice rising in desperation. "Oh God, make it stop!" she gasped, but her hands could do nothing to stop the relentless expansion. It was as if her body was a vessel for this uncontrollable transformation, each wave of growth pushing her further into a realm of impossible proportions. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the room, echoing in the stillness of the living room like an unsettling symphony. Emma could almost feel the vibrations of the woman's moans in her own chest, resonating through her body as she watched, mesmerized and helpless, as the woman's ass grew to a size that seemed to fill the entire screen.

The energy inside Emma's body swelled with an urgency that was almost unbearable, coursing through her like an electric charge. The warmth began deep within her, spreading outward, and she could feel it tightening around her hips, her thighs, and especially her ass. Her leggings, already snug, were now stretched to their absolute limit. The fabric clung desperately to her skin, as though it was trying to hold her in, but it was no match for the growing pressure beneath.

A tightness in her lower back drew her attention. Her body felt as if it were expanding from the inside out, the growth radiating outward with each passing second. The waistband of her leggings dug painfully into her sides, the elastic pulling tight, fighting to contain her swollen form. She could hear the subtle hiss of strained fabric as it tightened, the seams along her thighs groaning under the strain. The smooth material stretched slowly over her burgeoning curves, but it couldn't keep up.

Her breath hitched when she felt a strange sensation in her panties—tighter than before, the elastic barely holding on. Her fingers fluttered toward the waistband, but before she could even touch it, she felt a sharp snap. The sound was unmistakable, like a rubber band snapping under too much pressure. The elastic cut into her skin with a stinging pop, the waistband giving way with a violent, almost shocking finality. Emma gasped as the remnants of her underwear clung to her hips for just a moment longer before they unraveled completely, the soft fabric now useless, falling in tatters around her feet.

She staggered, half-waiting for the pain to follow, but instead, the relief of her growing body moving freely was overwhelming. The air seemed to cool against her bare skin as her underwear gave way completely, leaving her exposed. But that was only the beginning. The real battle was with her leggings, which now seemed to resist her every movement. As she stood, she felt the pressure building even more. The waistband of her leggings, still intact, stretched further, but it wasn't enough. The thighs of the leggings, once sleek and tight, now felt as if they were wrapped around a balloon that was expanding at an alarming rate.

Each step she took was a reminder of her transformation, the fabric of her leggings straining around her thighs, the seams along her hips trembling with the weight of the change. The sensation was maddening—her body had grown so much that it felt as if her skin was pulling in every direction, unable to keep up with the size of her new form. The fabric creaked audibly, a soft but insistent sound, as if it were trying to tear itself free from her body.

As her hips flared wider, her ass began to stretch the material so taut that it felt as though it might snap at any moment. The waistband dug deeper into her skin, a subtle burn of friction where the fabric couldn't stretch fast enough to accommodate the growing curve. Her breath became shallow, her chest rising and falling with the rhythm of her growing pulse.

The leggings stretched and strained under the pressure, the fibers pulling painfully against her skin as if they were being torn apart at the seams. Emma's eyes widened as she felt her ass push outward, feeling every inch of her skin being pulled taut against the material, the fabric threatening to burst apart at any second. The sensation was almost surreal—a strange mix of pressure and pleasure, discomfort and exhilaration.

With one final, undeniable moment, the tension became too much. She felt the slow, inevitable tear, a soft sound that built to a snap—a sound of freedom, of release. The fabric of her leggings gave way, stretching and splitting at the seams along her hips and thighs. Her ass, now free from the tight confines of the leggings, bounced slightly with the weight of her transformation. The remainder of her leggings, now torn and useless, fell away, leaving her completely naked from the waist down.

The cool air hit her exposed skin, but Emma barely registered the sensation, her focus instead entirely on the fullness of her transformed body. Her breath was ragged as she stared down at herself in the mirror, stunned by the sight of her ass, now completely unleashed, a massive, rounded curve that seemed to dominate her reflection. Every inch of her new form was exposed, the curve of her hips and ass jutting outward, impossibly large and yet undeniably real.

She ran her fingers over the skin of her now bare backside, feeling the firm flesh beneath her fingertips. The size of her ass was incredible, something she had only imagined before now—but there was no mistaking it. This was happening. Her body was irrevocably changed, and she couldn't look away.

The room spun around her, a vortex of sensation and disbelief, the air thick with the heady mix of lust and confusion. Her breath quickened, and her hands moved instinctively to her hips, desperate to steady herself as the tremors of transformation pulsed through her. The weight of her growing ass made its presence known with every beat, each new ripple causing the floorboards beneath her to groan in protest. The walls seemed to close in, the heat rising and thickening, pressing in on her as she stood at the center of her impossible transformation. Emma's hands reached back cautiously, exploring the unfamiliar landscape of her body. Her skin was almost feverishly hot to the touch, and the sheer size of her ass felt overwhelming. Her

cheeks were so large now, she could no longer cup them with her hands—each globed curve felt like it belonged to someone else, something more, something beyond her control. They were like two overinflated balloons, straining against their limits, quivering as if they might burst. When her fingers sank into the soft flesh, she was flooded with a sensation so intense it nearly took her breath away—bolts of pleasure shot up her spine, sparking something primal within her.

For a moment, she couldn't believe it was real. But then, without thinking, a spark of daring flashed through her. With a sharp slap, her palm collided with the swollen flesh of her ass, the sound reverberating off the walls like a thunderclap, loud and deafening. The shock of the impact jolted her entire body, sending ripples through her cheeks that sent a shiver up her spine. The tremor of pleasure and pain was almost overwhelming, making her stumble forward, her legs unsteady as she struggled to keep her bearings. Her mouth parted, but no sound escaped, a silent scream of ecstasy echoing in her mind as her body reeled.

Her breath hitched, and before she could catch it, her hand moved again, slapping the same flesh, the sound reverberating like an addictive rhythm through the space. Each successive slap grew more forceful, each hit turning the pressure up, sending shockwaves of pleasure through her. The room, once familiar, now felt alien—oppressive with the thick, musky scent of arousal that clung to the air, mixing with the pounding beat of her own heart. Her cheeks bounced with each slap, the flesh clapping together with an almost musical precision, as if every movement was choreographed by desire.

In the mirror, her reflection became a blur of motion, but Emma couldn't tear her eyes away. The transformation was undeniable—the sight of her ass swelling, becoming larger, rounder, more pronounced with every slap, each jolt of movement a testament to her growing obsession. The power the website had over her was undeniable, and as she watched herself, a wave of intoxicating power surged through her veins. It was as if the very act of watching her body change was a form of worship, a sacrament to the online images that had consumed her. Her hand seemed to have a life of its own now, striking her ass in a fevered rhythm. Faster, harder, the slaps came one after another, echoing like a drumbeat, matching the frantic pounding of her heart. Her breath came in ragged gasps, her chest rising and falling with each wave of sensation that cascaded over her, as her ass quivered and jiggled, rippling with each strike. She was losing herself in the movement, in the pleasure, feeling as though she was becoming something more than human, a creature of pure sensation, driven by desire and the need to feel more.

The room around her began to blur at the edges, the air thickening, pressing down on her as if it were closing in. Her vision wavered, her thoughts fraying at the edges as the pleasure consumed her, drowning out everything else. She was no longer just Emma; she was a creature in the throes of transformation, shaped by the power of the images, of the website that had awakened this hidden, powerful side of herself.

Then she froze, as in the corner of her eye, the glow of the computer slowly drew her gaze back towards the laptop that had caused all of this. A moment of hesitation washed over her, twice now her attention had been drawn to the inexplicable hypnotic effects of the website. That was seemingly magic in every way that it worked. The changing pictures, the videos of women getting larger and of course, the growth it had triggered in her and yet. Now more than ever, she could truly feel the pull that it had on her. She did not just want to return to the laptop. She needed to return to the laptop, if for no other reason than to close the tab, right? Yes. That was it, just sit down, close the tab and go about the rest of her day figuring out how to accommodate this drastic change in her life. That's all she needed to do.

Yet, the moment she sat down, the chair creaking beneath her due to the enhanced weight of her buttocks, the rippling of her cheeks meeting the chair causing Emma to bite her lip in a moment of weakness. She knew she wouldn't be doing anything like that at all.

Once again, the site had changed, but not how Emma had expected it, instead of a string of explicit photos and videos, all there was, was a giant pop-up style ad, flashing in its neon excess. The neon letters of the ad pulsed with a hypnotic rhythm, the words "Become a Bigger Better Booty Girl!" echoing through her mind. The cursor hovered over the button, the words "Join Now" begging to be clicked.

Emma took a deep breath, her heart racing in anticipation. What was she getting herself into? The doubt was there, but it was quickly drowned out by the siren's call of the website. Her hand moved almost of its own accord, and with a single click, the button disappeared, replaced by a page that washed over her in a wave of pink and glitter. The screen was filled with a form, asking for her name, email, and a password. Her fingers danced over the keys, typing in the information almost automatically.

The final question on the form was simple, yet loaded with gravity. "Do you wish to experience the ultimate transformation?" It was a question she had never thought she'd see, let alone answer. But here she was, her cursor hovering over the 'Yes' button. Was she really going to do this? The room grew quiet, the only sounds were her own shallow breathing and the distant tick of the clock. She hesitated for another moment, the weight of her decision hanging in the air like a storm cloud.

With a trembling hand, Emma clicked 'Yes'. The screen flickered for a moment, the images of the women with their monstrous asses briefly disappearing into a sea of digital static. When it cleared, she was back on the homepage of BiggerBetterBooty.com, but something had changed. The models' expressions had morphed from passion to pure terror, their eyes wide and frantic, their mouths open in silent screams. Each woman's ass was now three times the size it had been, their bodies straining to support the massive weight.

Panic began to set in as Emma scrolled through the galleries, searching for a hint of the pleasure she had felt earlier. Instead, she found only images of pain and despair. The women's faces were contorted in agony as their clothes shredded around them, their skin stretching taut

like overinflated balloons. Their asses had grown to such an extreme size that they were now grotesque, a twisted mockery of what they had once been.

Her eyes fell upon the video titled "It's A Trap!" A woman with a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes was standing in a narrow hallway, her body framing the doorway. The walls closed in around her, the pressure of her ass against the wood of the door almost palpable. "You think it's all fun and games, don't you?" she began, her voice a mix of seductiveness and warning. "But it's not. Whatever you do, don't give in to the temptation. It's never enough."

Emma watched, transfixed, as the woman's smile faded into a grimace of pain. Her ass grew larger and larger, pushing her hips out until she was stuck in the doorframe. The wood creaked and groaned, bending inwards as if trying to escape the monstrous weight that was being forced upon it. The woman's hands gripped the frame, her knuckles white with the effort of holding herself upright. "It feels so good at first," she panted, her breathing heavy and labored. "But it never stops. You'll never be satisfied."

The woman's words sent a chill down Emma's spine, but the sight of the unbridled growth was too much to resist. Despite the horror etched into the woman's expression, there was a hint of desperate pleasure that shone through, a silent testament to the addictive nature of the transformation. Her eyes remained glued to the screen as the wood splintered, giving way to the relentless expansion. The woman's moans grew louder, the sound a haunting symphony of pain and pleasure.

"Mmmmmh oh God..." the woman's groan grew in intensity, her body a battleground between agony and ecstasy. The doorframe cracked and bent, the wood splintering as her ass swelled through the narrow opening. Her cheeks spread wider, the flesh stretching taut as it filled the entire space. The sound of snapping wood was the only response to her desperate cries for relief.

Her eyes, glazed with a mix of horror and hunger, searched the room for an escape from her own desire. The pressure grew unbearable, the walls seeming to close in on her as her body rewrote its own boundaries. But as the doorway gave way completely, and her massive ass was free from the confines of the hall, she found no escape. Instead, she was faced with a stark realization—she didn't want one.

"More..." she whispered, her voice barely a croak. The woman's words on the screen had become her mantra, a declaration of the insatiable need that now consumed her. She reached back, her hand tentatively touching the new horizon of her body, feeling the warmth and the weight of her transformed flesh. It was a strange and alien sensation, yet it felt...right. Her fingertips traced the curve of her ass, the sensation sending sparks of pleasure through her body like a live wire.

The video ended, the woman's screams fading into the digital void, leaving Emma alone with the pulsing beat of her own desire. But the hunger remained, growing stronger with each passing

second. The tingling grew into a crescendo, a symphony of need that played across her skin like the plucking of a million tiny strings. She could feel her ass swelling once again, the pressure building like a dam ready to burst.

Her eyes darted around the room, searching for an escape, but there was none to be found. The walls seemed to close in, the ceiling lowering as if to press down on her, to force her to face the reality of what she had become. The low hum grew louder, resonating through her bones like the bass line of a heavy metal song. It was coming from the computer, the screen now a pulsing, neon pink that seemed alive with a sinister energy. Emma's eyes widened, she could not believe what she was seeing. Smoke was coming from the laptop, not just any smoke, a pink smoke, and one whiff of it caused Emma's head to spin, a long sultry moan emanating involuntarily from her lips. Emma grasped at her mouth in shock and stepped away, getting away from the smoke which seemed to slowly float towards her. What was this? Was she tripping? Was she now so lost in whatever madness her trip to this website had caused that her very perception of reality was changing?

The smoke grew thicker, the room filling with a scent that was both sweet and cloying. It reminded her of cotton candy mixed with something darker, something primal. It filled her nostrils and made her head spin, the scent a heady cocktail that only served to fuel her burgeoning obsession. She stumbled backward, her hand reaching out to steady herself against the wall, only to find that it too was bending under the weight of her swollen flesh.

Her shirt was now riding up, the fabric stretched to its limits over the vast expanse of her new body. She could feel the cool air brushing against the bare skin of her lower back, sending shivers down her spine. Her hand slid down her side, the motion awkward and clumsy due to the sheer size of her ass. She needed to get away, away from the computer. That had slowed down the growth before. Maybe if she went far enough away from it, it would stop completely, and she could break the hypnotic hold it had on her. That was easier said than done however, as Emma had a whole new load of weight behind her that she had not counted for. Each step she took was like a dance with gravity, the floorboards protesting under the weight of her swollen body. The bedroom, it was the only place she knew that was far enough away where she felt safe. She made her way towards the stairs, stumbling and struggling to keep her balance, the shaking and jiggling behind her like an earthquake of flesh, getting stronger with each movement.

Then the stairs, each step up towards the landing by her bedroom seemed heavier with every bounce her butt took. She could feel it rubbing against the bannister of the stairs, whimpering to herself. Getting away from the computer was not seeming to have the same effect it had last time. Her growth was not stopping and it certainly wasn't slowing down either. Her bedroom door was a few feet away, and she approached it with the trepidation of someone entering a lion's den. Each step sent a jolt of pain and pleasure through her body, the clapping of her flesh against her thighs echoing through the hallway like a taunt. She pushed the door open with a grunt, the wood scraping against the floor as it gave way to the pressure of her body.

Emma took a step into the doorframe and froze. Her eyes widened in horror as she realized that she had become the very spectacle she had watched on the screen. Her ass was too big to fit through the narrow space, the cheeks pressing against the sides of the doorway like bread rising over the edges of a pan. The walls closed in around her, and she could feel the wood of the frame dig into her flesh.

Her heart hammered in her chest, the fear of a cold sweat breaking out on her skin. She pushed against the frame, trying to force her way through, but it was like trying to squeeze a watermelon through a donut hole. The pressure was unbearable, the pain a living, breathing entity that consumed her. She could feel the wood begin to splinter, the frame bending under the weight of her insatiable growth.

"No...please..." she groaned as she felt the pressure...and the pleasure started building inside her. Her ass cheeks pressing forward with their growth. The pink smoke from the computer made its way up the stairs towards her, a silent sentinel of the transformation that had claimed her. "Please...I'm big enough now! I changed my mind! I don't want to join!" she screamed into the void, her voice a desperate plea to the gods of the internet that had cursed her with this unnatural gift.

But the smoke didn't care about her protests, it washed over her, caressing her body, wrapping her in a warm embrace that made her skin tingle and her ass pulse with need. She could feel the walls of the hallway closing in, the very fabric of her reality seemingly bending to the will of the website. The screams grew louder, a chorus of despair and ecstasy that seemed to come from every corner of the house, from every room she had ever been in. They were the screams of the women from the videos, their cries of pleasure and pain now a part of her own personal hell.

Her vision swam, the walls of her bedroom fading into a kaleidoscope of color and light. The floor disappeared beneath her, replaced by a sea of pink and glitter. She was falling, the wind rushing past her like a tornado, the sensation of weightlessness both exhilarating and terrifying. The world around her was no longer solid; it was a swirl of pixels and data, a digital playground that had become her prison. As Emma let out a scream of protest...the scream seemed cut off mid way...and the house fell silent. The doorway to her room stopped creaking, little splinters of wood gently falling to the floor now there was space for them to find a place to settle. The room was empty, the house was empty. Emma was gone...

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It was early morning when Alex returned from his night shift, six o'clock. Emma would still be fast asleep in bed. He let out a sigh as he dropped his bag at the doorway, locking the door behind him, cranking his back and stretching, preparing himself for the well-earned sleep he had ahead of him, as he looked over to the living room, he let out a sigh, the laptop was still on. Emma must have forgotten to turn it off again. He'd deal with that in a moment. The first thing was to get out of his scrubs and get into some comfy PJ's. He made his way up the stairs towards the room...and froze. His eyes wide with shock, having to do a double take to make

sure he saw what he saw. The doorway to the bedroom. It looked...it looked like maybe someone had broken into the room? It was cracked and splintered, busted apart with even slight dents being made into the plastering of the walls. This caused panic to rise, which only heightened as he peered his head into the room to see...no sign of Emma before him.

"Emma?!" He shouted out, running back down stairs "Babe? Are you okay?! Where are you?!" As he came to the bottom of the stairs, the mystery only deepened as he looked over to the living room to see there, lying on the floor, the torn remnants of leggings and panties. Emma's to be precise. It looked as if they had been stretched to their limits and then perhaps...cut with a knife? Oh god, don't think like that Alex. It can't be anything like that. The door was locked. There has to be an explanation for this. The laptop? Maybe there'd be some hint as to what happened or where Emma went on there.

He sat himself down and entered the password, and as the laptop sprung back to life, there he was on the homepage of BiggerBetterBooty.com. His heart sank. Oh god Emma had discovered his fetish site. Maybe this was all out of anger and she'd gone to stay at her mom's for the night? God. He'd have some explaining to do, and some nights sleeping on the couch to make up for it. He was about to close the tab and was getting ready to shoot Emma an apology text when in the corner of his eye, he noticed a video pop up in the feed, newly released, just this second. "Big Enough For You Alex?"

An eerie atmosphere surrounded Alex, one that caused him to peer over his shoulder. Was he being watched? Surely this...this just had to be a coincidence. I mean, Alex was such a common name. He had never had an experience like this on the site before. Curiosity got the better of him, and so, he clicked play.

The video began, the scene was a pink bedroom, a neon sign with the website's logo was lit on the wall. Laying face down on the bed was a woman, her arms and legs spread eagle, each arm and leg tied to one of the posts on the bed, keeping her restrained in place, the camera zoomed out to capture her tremendous ass, covering her thighs, slowly rounding out towards the sides of the bed. The shaking and jiggling of her booty was emphasised because she was crying uncontrollably.

The camera panned over to reveal her face pressed sideways against the pillows of the bed. It was Emma, tears streaming down her face.

"Alex!" She called out desperately "Alex where are you!? Are you watching?! Oh god please tell me he's watching!"

Despite her tears, Emma could not help but groan, arching her back, as if her ass was responding to her question by swelling outward, causing the bed to creak. Alex was dumbfounded. This couldn't be real? There's no way! Emma didn't have an ass that big! She couldn't have an ass that big! How did she even get there! This was AI...a deep fake...surely but...it seemed so real...

"They told me you could make it stop, baby! They told me it would stop when I'm big enough for you!"

Alex's heart sank, because he knew something that Emma did not know. He knew, with all the visits he had made to the site in the past, every picture he had seen, every video he had watched. Every fantasy he indulged in. He knew the fate of his girlfriend...and all he could do was sit there feeling sorry for her, no way of helping her, as she began growing once more...