

This story contains some big ol' boobs (again, see part 1 for context), and a large growing rump. Enjoy!

Cassie stood in the fitting room of the upscale lingerie boutique, arms crossed tightly under her new, ridiculous chest, glaring at her reflection with daggers in her eyes. The morning after her..... *transformation* had brought no relief like she had hoped. Her breasts had settled at an absurd, gravity-defying scale and size that made even basic movement a significant effort, even leaving her center of gravity significantly altered with every movement she made. Every step sent them swaying and bouncing, drawing stares from onlookers she wanted to murder.

Her friend Mia, a busty brunette who'd worked here for years and knew better than to ask too many questions, knelt in front of her with the measuring tape. "Okay, babe. Let's do this properly. Arms up."

Cassie lifted her arms with a sigh that made her massive tits rise and fall, jiggling thunderously as a result. The soft, stretchy top she'd thrown on strained obscenely across her chest, the fabric already riding up from the sheer volume. Mia wrapped the tape under her bust first, then across the fullest part. Her eyebrows climbed.

"Underband is still 32... but the overbust..." Mia pulled the tape snug, double-checked, then again. "Jesus, Cass. We're looking at... O cups? Maybe pushing P in some brands. These things are monsters."

"O cups," Cassie repeated flatly, staring at the ceiling so she wouldn't have to meet her own gaze in the mirror. "I started yesterday with normal, reasonable B-cups and woke up today with fucking beach balls. And they're still... sensitive. Heavy. Every time I breathe too deep they feel like they're reminding me they're there."

She cupped the undersides instinctively, wincing at how easily her hands sank into warm, yielding flesh that overflowed her palms. A spark of heat shot through her nipples at the contact. "This is Lena's fault. That creepy little gremlin actually did it."

Mia sat back on her heels, trying and failing to hide her grin. “You said it was some kind of... prank? Viral filter thing? Because these do not look like padding or implants, honey. They look real. Insanely real. Frankly, I’m still an awe of what I’m looking at.”

“They are real,” Cassie growled. “And they’re still tingling sometimes, like they want to keep going. I caught myself staring at them in the shower this morning, just... holding them. They’re so soft. So heavy. God, I hate her.” She squeezed once, harder than intended, and had to bite her lip to stifle the moan that tried to escape. The weight, the warmth, the way they shifted and jiggled with every frustrated gesture—it was maddening.

“I’m plotting revenge. Something nuclear. Maybe I’ll slip something in her coffee. Or maybe I’ll sign up her number to a bunch of spammers. Oooh, you know what? I’ll crush her laptop with these massive milkers. That’ll teach her! She’s going to pay for turning me into a bulbous titty cartoon character.”

Mia nodded sympathetically at Cassie’s plight, but couldn’t hide her amusement as she chuckled softly at her rambling.

“Alright, let’s try some options. Start with this reinforced one, it’s supposed to handle up to K-cups.” She helped Cassie into the first bra. The moment the cups slid over her breasts, it was obvious it wasn’t enough. The fabric stretched tight, deep cleavage spilling heavily over the top in two thick, creamy shelves. The band dug in painfully.

“Too small,” Mia said, already reaching for the next. “Way too small. Look at that overflow.”

Cassie stared down in disbelief. “You’re kidding me. This thing is supposed to handle K-cups??” She jiggled slightly on purpose, watching the excess flesh wobble and spill further. “God, they’re so heavy. I can feel them pulling on my back already. And they’re still so sensitive, every brush of fabric makes my nipples ache. Please be careful.”

Mia nodded, swapping it out for a larger industrial-style bra, hooks reinforced with extra rows. They wrestled it on together, Mia taking care to not provoke the added sensitivity as she did so. Cassie winced as her massive tits were compressed, only for the cups to fail again the moment she relaxed. Flesh bulged dramatically over the tops and sides, the straps cutting red lines into her shoulders.

“Still not enough,” Mia laughed softly, stepping back to admire the ridiculous sight in all of its glory. “These things are defying my sizing chart. I’ve never seen anything like it.”

Cassie groaned, turning side to side. The mirror showed an obscene profile: two enormous, round orbs projecting far from her slender torso, deep cleavage that could swallow a hand, nipples faintly poking through the strained material. “This is insane. I look like one of those girls in Lena’s stupid videos. The ones I mock her for making. Now I’m living proof of it.” She bounced experimentally on her toes and immediately regretted it, the heavy slap of breast against breast made her knees weak in response. “I hate how they feel. So full. So warm and soft... and I keep catching myself wanting to touch them more. It’s humiliating.”

Mia stood, grabbing a reinforced bra from the display that looked more like industrial equipment than lingerie. “Try this one. Custom order territory, honestly, but it's better than nothing, no? And hey, if they’re this big and *still* perky? There are worse curses to have.”

Cassie wrestled the bra on, hooks straining, cups barely containing her. The mirror showed a woman who looked built for the kind of videos Lena made. Deep, endless cleavage, nipples faintly visible through the thin material, breasts that dominated her silhouette. She hated how good the support felt. Hated even more how her body responded to it. “Worse curses. Right. Tell that to my spine tomorrow.”

She bought three of the sturdiest bras they had, plus a couple of stretchy sports things that might actually close, all while mentally drafting increasingly petty revenge schemes. By the time she left the store, bags in hand and her chest bouncing with every step toward the parking lot, her bank account was now down several hundred dollars from the purchase. The bitterness she held inside the store had crystallized into cold determination.

Lena was going down.

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Back at the apartment, Lena sat cross-legged on her bed, laptop balanced on a pillow, headphones half-on as she edited. The new project file glowed on screen: “Massive Ass Expansion Hypnosis – Extreme Edition.” Swirling purple-pink spirals overlaid footage of a woman in tight yoga pants, her

backside inflating dramatically, rounder, heavier, the fabric stretching to its limits while a sultry voice whispered suggestions of growth, thickness, irresistible curves.

Inspired by Cassie's spectacular results, she felt bolder. This new file would push limits she'd only hinted at before—ass expansion on a massive scale. She layered the final elements: deeper heartbeat thumps, wetter stretching sounds, a commanding voice urging the watcher's glutes and thighs to swell enormously, heavily, uncontrollably. She tweaked the spiral intensity throughout the video, added a looping trigger phrase throughout, and rendered the master file.

"Perfect," she murmured, leaning back. Curiosity gnawed at her, but so did a flicker of unease.

*This one is way stronger than the others*, she thought, biting her lip. Her finger hovered over the play button as a small wave of anxiety tightened in her chest. *What if it's too much? I made this one to be intense on purpose.*

She pulled her hand back for a moment, then shook her head. "If I only watch for like... a second, I should be okay, right?" she whispered to herself, the excuse feeling flimsy even as she said it. The temptation won out despite her internal protests, and she hit play.

The screen bloomed with spirals. The voice poured through her headphones, smooth and intimate. "That's it... feel your ass growing... heavier... rounder... let it fill... bigger... so much bigger..."

But the spirals held her. The layered audio, those subliminal pulses she had so carefully crafted, sank deeper than she expected them to, and her mind was enthralled at the engagement. A slow flush of heat spread through her lower body, concentrating in her buttocks and hips like molten honey being poured under her skin. She shifted on the bed, thighs pressing together from the feeling, visibly squirming.

"Oh... shit." Her hands moved instinctively to her ass, cupping the still-modest curves through her tight black yoga pants. The flesh beneath her palms was warming rapidly, softening, beginning to push outward with a gentle but insistent pressure. "No, no, wait—stop the video. Pause—"

The command died in her throat as a powerful, rolling surge moved through her. Her yoga pants tightened immediately as her ass cheeks began to inflate.

The growth started slow and exquisitely sensual, plumping her from within. Each breath brought a new wave of plush expansion across her butt, and she couldn't get enough of it. She rose onto her knees on the bed, craning her neck backwards to catch a glimpse of her rump's transformation.

Her normally toned, athletic backside was already rounding out noticeably. The curve deepened with every heartbeat, the fabric growing taut. "Fuck... it feels... so good," she gasped, despite the rising panic. The pressure built inside her cheeks, pleasurable, relentless, addictive. Her ass swelled larger, heavier. She reached back with both hands, fingers sinking deep into the yielding, expanding flesh. Every squeeze sent electric sparks of pleasure racing up her spine and triggered another lush surge of growth.

"*Mmmh*—oh god, they're getting thicker..." Her voice came out breathy and unsteady. The yoga pants creaked in protest. Seams strained audibly as the material stretched thin over rapidly ballooning curves. A tiny rip appeared at the top of the back seam, exposing a sliver of smooth, warm skin. Lena moaned softly, unable to stop touching, kneading, exploring the way her body was reshaping itself.

The growth accelerated in stages, just as she had intended. First came width—her hips flaring outward, forcing her knees farther apart on the mattress. Then came depth. Her ass ballooned outward in a smooth, heavy wave, each cheek gaining volume that made the pants dig painfully yet erotically into her flesh. The rip extended downward with a slow, audible *rrrrrip*, threads popping one by one. The cool air in the apartment kissed the exposed skin as two enormous, perfectly round globes began to spill free, still swelling.

They were easily twice their original size now, fat, plush, and impossibly perky despite the increasing weight. Lena's hands roamed greedily over them, feeling the skin stretch under her fingers. Delicate, lace-like stretch marks bloomed along the undersides as more volume packed in. "They're so heavy already... fuck, look at them," she panted to her reflection, voice trembling with arousal and awe. She arched her back experimentally, and the massive cheeks lifted and jiggled, the motion sending ripples across the taut surface.

Another deep, commanding pulse from the video hit her. The voice in her ears urged, "*Bigger... let it all out... become so much more...*" Her ass surged dramatically. The remaining seams of her yoga pants surrendered with a loud, satisfying series of tears—*rrrrrrrip... snap... pop*—fabric splitting apart further

down the center and along the sides. The destroyed pants slid down her thickened thighs in tatters, leaving her lower body bare. Her cheeks, now three times their starting size and still growing, clapped together lightly with the motion, the sound wet and obscene in the quiet room.

“Oh my god... they’re getting so big...” Lena was panting hard, face flushed crimson, hips instinctively pushing backward as if presenting to an invisible audience. The weight dragged pleasantly at her lower back, forcing a deeper, more pronounced arch that only exaggerated the impossible shelf of booty behind her. Her thighs had thickened to match, and every tiny micro-fraction of movement sent a bolt of pleasure and ecstasy through her body like a lightning bolt. The friction of those movements made her whimper in response, her body *clearly* enjoying the changes far more than she was.

She tried to stand up fully, gripping the bedpost for balance, but the sudden shift in center of gravity nearly toppled her forward. “Whoa—shit!” The massive, growing ass pulled her backward. She caught herself, moaning loudly as the movement caused her cheeks to sway and bounce heavily. Each motion sent waves of overwhelming sensation through her—pleasure so intense it bordered on overstimulation. The skin was hypersensitive now; even the brush of air felt erotic at the slightest gust.

The video’s climax built. The spirals spun faster. The voice grew more dominant. Another rolling surge hit, and Lena cried out in ecstasy. Her ass ballooned outward in one final pulse of growth, cheeks swelling larger and larger, rounding into true beach ball territory and beyond. They slapped together loudly with every breath, sending deep, jiggling ripples across the glossy, taut skin. Each cheek was now easily the size of a large exercise ball, impossibly full, heavy, and warm. The sheer mass her ass now took up made her knees buckle from the weight. She sank back onto the bed on all fours, ass thrust high, unable to stop the soft, needy sounds escaping her lips.

“Too big... fuck, they’re too big... but it feels incredible.... I think my video works a little TOO well,” she moaned, hands still roaming, squeezing, lifting the enormous globes only to let them drop and bounce again. The weight, the movement, the constant, shifting sensitivity, it all short-circuited her thoughts.

Part of her wanted to ride this wave forever; another part told her that she had gone too far, that she’d have to explain this to Cassie, that walking would be.... interesting going forward. But she didn't care right now, the video had her full attention at the moment, and she was gonna enjoy every second of this bliss,

no matter what distractions tried to snatch her away. Cassie wouldn't be back for a long while anyways, right?

She was still touching and squeezing herself, when the apartment door opened.

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Cassie stepped inside, still thinking to herself about the ridiculous bras she'd been forced to buy and how much overtime she'd have to pull next week for rent, grocery bags and lingerie bags dangling from her fingers. She froze mid-step.

There, in the middle of the living room, was Lena—bent forward over the edge of the bed, yoga pants shredded down the back, presenting the most absurdly oversized ass Cassie had ever seen in her life. Two gigantic, exercise-ball-sized cheeks dominated her lower body, round, heavy, and still faintly quivering from the final waves of growth. The smooth skin glowed under the lamplight, plush and impossibly full, with faint stretch marks tracing delicate patterns along the undersides where the apparent expansion had been most aggressive.

Cassie's jaw dropped. Then, slowly, a wicked, delighted grin spread across her face. She let the bags fall to the floor with a thud.

"Oh... my... fucking... God." Cassie burst into loud, unrestrained laughter, doubling over and clutching her own massive O-cup breasts as they bounced wildly with her mirth. "Lena! You absolute fucking hypocrite! Look at you!"

Lena's face burned crimson. She tried to push herself upright, but the enormous weight of her new ass made her wobble dangerously. The two gigantic cheeks clapped together loudly at the motion, sending ripples across the taut, velvety flesh. "Cassie—wait—don't. It was an accident! I swear to God, I was just checking the final render and—"

"An accident?" Cassie howled, wiping tears from her eyes as she stepped closer. "You turned me into a walking titty monster and now you've given yourself a dump truck that could block out the sun? This is the best thing that's ever happened to me." She circled Lena slowly, eyes wide with glee. "Jesus Christ, they're huge. Each one is literally the size of an exercise ball. Look at them wobbling... smack... smack... smack." She imitated the sound with her hands.

Lena whimpered, mortified, trying to cover herself with her hands. It was useless; her fingers couldn't even begin to contain the overflowing mass. "I

didn't mean for it to play the full file! I took the headphones off, I tried to stop it, but the subliminals had already kicked in and—fuck, they just kept growing. They're so heavy, Cass. I can barely stand straight."

Cassie reached out without warning and gave one massive cheek a firm, two-handed slap. The flesh rippled and jiggled hypnotically, the loud clap echoing through the apartment. Lena moaned involuntarily in response, her cheeks (the one's on her face) taking a deep crimson hue in response.

"Oh wow," Cassie purred, voice dripping with mock sympathy. "They're so soft. So warm. Just like mine were yesterday. Remember when you sat behind your door laughing while my tits ballooned into these ridiculous things?" She hefted her own enormous breasts with both arms, pushing them up until they threatened to spill out of her new top. "Karma's got a good sense of humor, doesn't it?"

Lena glared over her shoulder, her face still burning red hot. "Okay, fine. I deserve some teasing. But you have to help me fix this. There has to be a reverse file or--or something. I can't live like this. Every time I move they smack together and it feels... weird."

"Weird?" Cassie laughed again, stepping in closer. She placed both hands on Lena's colossal ass and squeezed, fingers sinking deep into the plush, yielding flesh. "This feels incredible. So heavy. So full. God, they're still a little warm from growing. How does it feel when I do this?" She kneaded firmly, watching the fat overflow between her fingers.

Lena's breath caught at the movement, her hand raising up halfheartedly to shoo her away. "Cass—stop. That's not helping." Another involuntary shiver ran through her as fresh tingles danced across her hypersensitive skin. "You're enjoying this way too much."

"Damn right I am." Cassie gave the massive cheeks another playful slap, making them collide heavily into each other. "You mocked me for thinking this stuff was fake, and you laughed while I was crying and begging in the hallway with tits the size of watermelons. *Now* look at you, bent over like a fertility idol with an ass that won't even fit through our doorways!" She leaned in, voice dropping to a teasing whisper. "Do they feel good? All that extra weight pulling on you? That deep arch in your back? I bet you're just **soaked** right now, aren't you?"

Lena buried her face in the bedsheets, mortified but unable to deny the heat pooling between her thickened thighs. “You’re such a bitch... Yes, okay? They feel intense. Sensitive. Every little movement makes them jiggle and it’s distracting as hell. Happy now?”

“Not even close.” Cassie grinned, still groping and exploring the new contours of her roommate’s transformed body. “I had to go bra shopping today, Lena. Mia measured me at O-cups. Possibly P. None of the bras in the store fit at first. I had to try on three different industrial ones while my tits kept spilling out the top like overfilled water balloons. All because of you.”

Lena groaned. “I get it. Revenge is fair. But can we please be adults about this and—”

“Adults?” Cassie interrupted with another laugh. She stepped back and folded her arms under her own massive chest, pushing her cleavage higher. “You’re the one who made magical tit-growth hypnosis videos in our living room. You’re the one who left that video playing on the TV knowing I’d see it. Now you’ve accidentally supersized your own ass. We are way past being adults, and I’m way past having *any* empathy for you.”

She gave Lena’s right cheek another firm smack, watching it ripple and settle heavily against its twin. “Here’s what’s going to happen. You’re going to stay like this for a while. At least until I’ve had my fun. Maybe I’ll make you walk around the apartment a few times so I can watch that thing clap and bounce. Maybe I’ll even film it, turnabout is fair play, right?”

Lena’s voice came out muffled and defeated. “You wouldn’t.”

“Oh, I absolutely would.” Cassie’s tone softened just a fraction, though the wicked amusement remained. “But fine. Later tonight we can look for a reversal file or whatever the fuck. Key word: **later**. Right now, you get to feel exactly what I felt yesterday. The weight. The sensitivity. The constant reminder that your body isn’t yours anymore, you get to feel all of it, and that’s final.”

Lena shifted her weight and immediately regretted it as her enormous cheeks slapped together again. She let out a pathetic little whimper. “I hate you.”

Cassie smirked, finally stepping back but still drinking in the sight. “No you don’t. Not yet. But give it a couple days of trying to sit in normal chairs with those things and you might.” She picked up her shopping bags, her own heavy

breasts swaying proudly. “Welcome to the club, Boob Fairy. Or should I say... Ass Empress? Your pick!”

Lena remained bent over the bed unresponsive, cheeks burning with humiliation and lingering arousal, while Cassie’s bright, satisfied laughter at her expense filled the apartment, clearly still enjoying herself.

The scales had finally been balanced, and it pleased Cassie *immensely*.