

# STACKING THE ODDS

*for Cap Djinn  
by Rack-Coon*

When Alejandra entered the locker room her teammates rejoiced. “There’s our star!” one called out. As Alejandra placed her bag on the bench, she found herself surrounded by athletic, half-naked women. Some were already in their outfits, sleeveless red tops and shorts, while others were still in underwear or putting on their sports bras. “Ready to kick some butt, Ale?”

Though trying to play it cool, Ale couldn’t help but smirk as she took off her shirt, exposing her tanned and fit torso. “You’re acting like I’m a celebrity.”

“Well, you are the star of the lakeside Lionesses!” Grinning, her teammate Mika, a dark-skinned woman with wild dreadlocks leaned on her shoulders, her curvy rear poking out under her top. “You scored HARD in the last game!”

“And every game before!” another one added while pulling her shirt over her head. “You swept the court with them.”

Her little chest swelling with pride, Ale took her tricot out of her bag.

“Although, today might be... tough” someone chimed in. A redhead called Narla, she breathed in sharply while trying to close her bra, her large breasts daring to spill out as she pulled the straps over her back. “The Great Plains Hyenas... haven’t lost a single game this... season.”

“I heard their star player is a real beast, and fast as lightning.” Stepping into her shorts, another player pondered for a moment, sticking her firm rear behind her. “What was her name again?”

“Tabatha” Ale flatly said.

“Right! Um...” After pulling her shorts over her butt, she looked bashfully at Ale. “Of, of course she got nothing on you, Ale.”

“We’re so close to winning the championship” someone murmured, stopping as she tied the laces of her shoes. “But against the Hyenas, even with Ale...”

Suddenly, her gloomy teammates jumped as Ale slammed her fist into a locker. “You even listening to yourselves? We’re the Lakeside Lionesses, the queens of the court! We’ll crush anyone in our way and chomp them up!”

Their spirits lifted, her teammates cheered on her.

“You’re right, Ale!”

“Let’s slam them to the ground!”

“We’ll make sure you’ll score until their hoop shatters!”

After showering her in praise, Ale’s teammates one by one left the locker room. “You coming, Ale?” Narla asked.

“One sec” she replied while tying her shoes.

Narla nodded and left. Ale waited until she didn’t hear their footsteps anymore, then dropped the laces, alongside her attitude. She dropped against her locker, sliding down until she sat on the ground, and huddled up.

“Fuck... they are all relying on me... thinking that I can win this.” Her forehead leaning on her knees, she clenched her chestnut hair. “I can’t let them down! Or I... I can never look them in the eyes again...!”

Getting back up, she grabbed into her bag. From it, she pulled out a wooden necklace with colorful flyers. Her abuela had given it to her, saying it was a charm that used to bring the women of their family good luck. Not being superstitious, it had been lying around at Ale’s place for years. But for some reason, she had packed it for today’s game.

Grasping the pendant with both hands, she kissed it, then held it against her chest “Please” she whispered, eyes closed, “let me win this game!”

As she held the charm, almost like she was praying to it, it glowed for a second. Deep inside the pendant, something was awakening, a conscience emerging from a deep slumber.

“Urgh...” In a mystical space inside the pendant, a woman was groaning. Regaining her senses, she sat up in the shapeless void, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes. Suddenly, she was wide awake. “Wait... did someone... call me?”

At first, she thought it was a dream. But as she felt the warmth of Ale holding the talisman, she beamed in excitement. “Oh my gosh!” The spirit, going by Budanta, rejoiced as she floated to her feet. Her heavy, almost comically huge chest bounced, almost spilling over the frayed neckline of her orange dress, while her skirt flipped up to reveal her naked butt. “FINALLY! It’s been AGES since someone in the family needed my help! Not since the, um... incident at the engagement party.” She coughed, then composed herself. Her hair, shoulder-long and wild, was a shade darker than Ale’s, just like her skin. Even when closing her mouth, one of her sharp fangs stood out, like the tooth of a crocodile. “But now’s my chance! I will redeem myself and prove I’m worthy to be the guardian spirit of the family’s women!”

Stretching out her arms, she tapped into the world outside the talisman. The first thing she saw was the nimble chest she was pressed against, before her vision extended to Ale's face.

*"So that's my patron, huh? Alrighty, time to get cracking! When I'm done with her, the boys are gonna turn their... huh?"*

Footsteps approached the locker room. Quickly Ale hid the talisman behind her back. "You okay, Ale?" Mika asked as she poked her head into the room, one hand on her wide hip. "We're already lining up."

"Coming." Her teammate looked a little skeptical but shrugged. As she left, Ale grabbed the talisman even harder. "They are all counting on me... I can't let them down!" Again, she held the talisman against her chest. "I've gotta win this game! I... I can't afford to lose!"

Hearing Ale talk, Budanta blinked with her hazel eyes. *"Wait, this... this isn't about love? She wants to... win in a game?"*

The spirit got nervous. Her powers were meant to help maidens impress suitors, not win competitions. But as she saw how determined, yet frightened Ale was, Budanta gathered herself.

*"Well, times change – and I am family guardian of all the family's women. Also, I can relate to her not letting anybody down... alright!"* Her cleavage jiggled as she pumped her fists. *"No idea if my powers can help here, but I'll try my best."*

*"No idea if I got a chance against the Hyenas, but I'll try my best!"* Psyching herself up, Ale kissed the talisman once more, before putting it back inside her bag.

*"Uh-oh, gotta stay close to her!"* As Ale grabbed a sweatband from her bag, Budanta quickly jumped from the talisman into it, too fast for the eye to catch. *"Urgh, I've been in underwear that smelled better!"* Floating inside the void of the sweatband Budanta held her nose.

After putting the band on her wrist, Ale headed for the exit. From her pocket she pulled out another band and tied her hair into a ponytail with it. As she left the locker room, both she and Budanta shared the same thought:

*"I will show them what I got!"*

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The stadium was sold out, fans of both teams cheering as the players lined up. While happy about the support, Ale was tense like a bowstring as she faced her opponents. The Lionesses were wearing red tricots, each with a number on their back and a lionhead on the front. The Hyenas also wore shorts and sleeveless tops, only blue with the side-shot of a hyena. Right in front of Ale, their star player Tabatha was standing. A blonde with a messy bob cut, she grimly stared Ale in the eyes. Ale stared back with the same intensity, clenching her fist. *“This is it, Ale – don’t blow it!”*

Ale was so focused, she didn’t catch Tabatha taking a short glance to the side at Narla – more precisely, at the lionhead on her shirt, or to be most precise, how it was pushed out from the redhead’s shirt by her sizable chest. She also glanced swiftly at the shorts wrapped around Mika’s rear before focusing on Ale.

Inside the sweatband, Budanta scanned her surroundings. *“Huh. Guess I’ve been sleeping for a few decades. Everything looks so... different. Better make sure I didn’t get rusty!”*

Closing her eyes, Budanta channeled her powers. Inside the realm of the sweatband, the curves of the voluptuous spirit slowly were swelling even larger. The bodice of her orange dress grew tighter and billowed over the bottom of her breasts, while their crests were oozing out of the neckline. Similarly, the bottoms of her buttocks reached out under the hem of her dress, steadily lifting it as the desk of her rear pushed out her skirt. Her thighs were also growing thicker, accenting the round curve of her hips that steadily flared outwards. After letting her curves grow to the size of her head Budanta stopped, contently hefting the results of her growth. *“Hehe, still got it!”*

Meanwhile, all players got into position. Ale and Tabatha stood in the middle, the referee between them with the ball. Taking a deep breath, Ale stepped forward. *“Okay, here it goes.”*

*“Okay, here it goes!”* Her expanded curves wobbling, Budanta readied herself. *“No idea if my powers will be of use, but I’ll try my best to help her!”*

As the ref threw the ball into the air and whistled both Ale and Tabatha jumped at it. Ale reached out her hand, but her opponent was a nudge faster, punching the ball to her teammates.

*“Shit!”* Grunting, Ale turned and rushed for the ball. Just as an opponent picked it up, she hip-checked her. While the Hyena stumbled, Ale grabbed the ball and dashed to the enemy site. Dribbling past her opponents, she kept them at distance with her shoulders and hips, then slam-dunked the ball into the basket.

*“Yes!”* The fans’ cheers in her ears, Ale raised her arms. Soon she was surrounded by her ecstatic team, while the Hyenas glared at her, most of all Tabatha.

*“So the goal is to get the ball into the basket”* Budanta concluded. From inside the sweatband, she watched the game, puffing up her cleavage as she crossed her arms under her chest, butt poking out under her skirt as she crossed her legs in the air. It didn’t take long for her to unravel the rules, like getting more points the further one stood from the basket, or the players having to dribble the ball while running. Ale scored the most points, giving her team a comfortable lead. Budanta also noticed Ale had a very aggressive playstyle – most prominently, she used her hips check her opponents and give herself space. However, she had a bit of trouble against opponents with a more robust build, as athletic as she was. At one point she tried shoving a sturdier opponent aside but almost fell herself.

*“Urgh, maybe Abuela was right”* she thought while dribbling across the court. *“I should eat more.”*

As Budanta saw this she grinned in mischief. *“Lacking a little junk in the trunk, huh? That’s something I can work with!”* Budanta clapped her hands, channeling her powers. *“Alright, let’s give you some oomph!”*

As her opponent caught up, Ale was suddenly blocked by three opponents at once. *“I can’t pass!”* While Ale looked for a way out, she didn’t notice her shorts, hanging flat and baggy over her buttocks, slowly were filling with her butt. Her panties stretched over the swelling surface, each cheek growing more defined by the second. Soon, the seat of her shorts started to bulge, its curve little by little cambering behind her and forming slight swells that stood off her leg pants. Even more subtle, her hips arched on either side, and her thighs swelled inside the slack of her pant legs.

*“Okay, that should do for now – don’t want anyone getting suspicious.”* Budanta stopped, Ale’s butt maybe projecting half an inch further than before.

*“No choice but to brute-force my way through”* Ale thought, unaware of the changes to her body. When the first Hyena came at her, Ale hip-checked her with such strength she didn’t just stumble but was knocked to the court.

*“That’s the way!”* Budanta cheered on her. *“Show ‘em these glutes aren’t just for show!”*

But as Ale slipped through the other two dashing at her, she also stumbled. The ball almost slipped out of her hand, but just in time, she dribbled it back into safety. *“Don’t slouch now”* she mumbled to herself, unconsciously shaking her slightly larger behind.

*“Whoops! Guess I messed a bit with her body’s balance – but there’s an easy fix for that.”* Again, Budanta channeled her powers. This time, underneath Ale’s baggy top, her sports bra slightly billowed. Slowly, the shape of her breasts appeared on the undergarment, their curves rising as they swelled into the space beneath the tricot’s folds. It was hardly visible as Ale dribbled the ball, but the wrinkles slowly smoothed

over the curves protruding against them. Between her breasts, her sports bra was starting to get peeled off, slight folds bridging her assets as they pushed it forward. *“That should do!”* Budanta declared and stopped the growth of her breasts, faint curves only noticed by those really looking for them.

Ale was too much in the game to realize what was happening to her. With the same aggressive grace as before she rushed towards the basket. Several Hyenas went for her, but Ale brushed them off with her hips. However, among them was the sturdy one from before, and while Ale’s checks proved more effective, it wasn’t enough to shake her. She kept going for the ball, constantly brushing the sweatband.

*“Hmmm...”* Budanta put a finger on her cheek. *“If Ale got thrown off by a little bit more butt, then maybe...”*

When the Hyena, a short-haired brunette with the name “Hunter” on her tricot went for the ball again, Budanta readied herself. The moment she touched the sweatband, just before Ale checked her, the spirit fired. As Hunter was knocked back, her top fluttered slightly over her chest. If someone had looked closely, they may have noticed the slack fabric suddenly puffing up, the random folds assembling around round bumps rising against them. When her top fell again, two bulges a little larger than Ale’s dented her tricot, long wrinkles hanging off the curves that popped from the fabric. As Ale tossed the ball at the basket Hunter jumped forth. Suddenly, she stumbled and fell, right on her swollen chest. Other Hyenas tried grabbing the ball, but it flew over their heads right into the ring, electing a cheer from the audience.

*“Hah!”* Budanta’s dress creaked as she stuck out her chest. *“I’m a genius!”*

While Budanta celebrated her idea, Ale celebrated her score. *“Fuck yeah! We are rocking this!!”*

The game went on. Budanta continued to grow the breasts of every opponent who touched Ale’s sweatband. Steadily, their flat tops billowed, cambering the wrinkles before slowly smoothing them. Little bosoms distinguished themselves, fabric fluttering from them the further they reached out. Nobody took notice, not in the audience, but also not the players themselves. All they realized was having trouble with their balance, especially when Ale brought them to the ground with her hips.

While setting the Hyenas off-balance, Budanta continued to “upgrade” her patron. Slowly, the seat of Ale’s shorts bulged over her rump, stretching across it. Similarly, her panties were pulled taut underneath, a large fold forming between her cheeks. The more her curves arched behind her, the sharper they transitioned to her leg pants. While their diffuse wrinkles turned into tube folds as they were dragged up, her thighs swelled underneath them, filling the leg pants from her butt to her knees and growing wider in accordance with her hips. The waistbands of shorts and panties stretched across her cheeks, each bit they gained strengthening her checks as enemy after enemy fell.

*"They're dropping faster than usual"* Ale thought as she dribbled across the court. Alongside turning her flat butt into a modest caboose, Budanta also expanded Ale's breasts. Inside her sports bra, their curves steadily reached over, bulging from hemispheres into small globes. It looked like steadily larger oranges were stuffed into her shirt, tenting it up as they protruded from her. They peeled her bra and shirt off on the sides, before making the fabric latch on to their edges, slight creases appearing on her tricot. While lifting her bra from her sternum, the inner curves of her breasts swelled towards each other, slowly closing their gap. Ale was too focused to notice any of this, safe for her underwear slowly riding up.

While Budanta expanded her and the chests of the Hyenas, Ale steadily expanded the Lioness' lead. *"Okay"* Ale thought, her slightly voluptuous body going for the enemy basket again. *"A few more hoops and we got this-"*

Suddenly, a flash appeared before her. Before Ale could react, someone grabbed the ball from her and blitzed over the field.

*"Tabatha! I totally forgot about her!"* Ale turned around, but it was too late: Zigzagging past the lionesses, Tabatha jumped and slammed the ball into their hoop.

*"Damn it!"* As the Hyenas celebrated their star and their fans cheered on her, Ale clenched her fists. *"She must have held back and analyzed my playstyle. She'll probably focus on me now..."*

*"Ay! That chick's quick."* Though Budanta was impressed, she also smirked in mischief. *"But that means just a bit more up-top will already make her stumble – hehe!"*

However, Budanta's idea proved tough to realize: In the following plays, whenever Ale got the ball, Tabatha immediately stole it back. Her movements were razor-sharp, leaving no time to defend or counterattack. And once she had the ball, it would only take seconds for her to cross the court and score. The more the lead of the lionesses shrunk, the more frustrated Ale was growing. *"Fuck, she's too fast! I can't counter like this!"*

*"Fuck, she's too fast!"* Budanta's coyness shattered since the blonde's movements were so fast and precise, she didn't touch one bit of Ale when attacking her, least of all her sweatband. *"I can't grow her like this!"*

Desperate, Ale tried to counter while Budanta searched for an opening. But Tabatha gave them no chance, raging across the court like a hurricane. Eventually, their lead turned into a tie, which Tabatha broke with another slam dunk. Although the Lionesses scored some more points, the Hyenas slowly got ahead of them.

*"Crap, crap, crap, I gotta do something!"* Budanta panicked in the sweatband, her skirt flipping as she leaned forward in the void. *"But all I can is grow women's curves! How can I... ah!"* As Ale dribbled over the court, Tabatha came at her again. Narla tried to

block her, but the Hyena was easily one step ahead of the busty redhead. *“G-gotta stay focused!! If I get a chance to grow her, I must take it!”*

Tabatha’s hand shot for the ball. Her senses on the edge, Ale turned, trying to defend it. Seeing this, Budanta immediately focused her energy, thinking Tabatha would smack the band. However, her hand simply went under Ale’s arm, snatching the ball and dashing away. Flustered, Ale tried going after her. But as Narla also chased her, the two bumped into each other.

“S-sorry!” Narla squealed, clearly embarrassed.

*“Yikes!”* The bump shook the void inside the sweatband, rocking Budanta’s curves. Ale’s sweatband smacked Narla’s chest, Budanta accidentally releasing the energy. *“Uh-oh...”*

The already prominent bump of Narla’s bust suddenly pushed out even further. Her shirt was stretched tight over the rising swells, pulling the lioness’ head across them. From slightly swaying past her torso, her bosom grew to visibly protrude into the pit under her arms.

“What the-?” Narla stumbled backwards, staring bewildered at the pair of fleshy cantaloupes bouncing on her frame. “What happened to my-?”

However, Ale didn’t pay attention, already going after the ball again. Budanta stared after Narla, hands over her mouth. *“Oh my gosh, I’m so sorry!”* She covered her face, turning around. *“I didn’t mean to handicap any of Ale’s... huh?”*

As Ale approached Tabatha, Budanta saw the Hyena was looking over her shoulder. But being trained in catching the glances of suitors, the spirit noticed Tabatha wasn’t looking at Ale. Instead, she was glancing behind her at Narla grasping her swollen assets in embarrassment.

*“Ooooh!”* Recognizing the look she was giving the busty redhead, Budanta’s smirk returned to her face. *“So she rolls THAT way, huh? Well, I can work with that!”*

With her momentary distraction, Ale caught up to Tabatha. As she attacked, the blond turned on the heel.

*“Oh no you won’t!”* Budanta thought, focusing on Ale’s breasts. The creases running between them suddenly surged forth, pushed by her rapidly inflating bosom. Wrapping her top around them, the curves rounded her top while pulling the lioness head up, partly tucking it under their swells. As they pushed her bra against her tricot, the gap between them closed, squeezing each other on a growing surface. *“Just a bit more!”*

When the sides of Ale’s breasts bulged past her torso, it finally happened: As Ale jumped at Tabatha, her breasts bounced.

It wasn't much. But while Ale didn't notice the shift of mass inside her top, her opponent clearly did. Stuck on Ale's chest Tabatha's eyes bulged. And that was all Ale needed. Ramming her shoulder into Tabatha, she pushed her aside and grabbed the ball. At the same time, her sweatband touched Tabatha for a moment.

*"Finally!!"* Immediately Budanta redirected the energy from Ale's into Tabatha's chest. The plain board of her bosom suddenly swelled, rising like bread in an oven. Quickly, her breasts tented her top, first billowing the creases, then flattening them, before new ones appeared on their edges and bottoms, running from the hem of her shirt to the gradually protruding domes of her bust. Within seconds they had distended into a pair of large oranges, jiggling slightly as Tabatha stumbled backwards.

*"Yes! I did it!!"* Budanta squealed in joy. *"Now let's see her try to snatch the ball!!"*

But as Budanta jumped and whirled so her skirt and bust bopped merrily with her, she suddenly realized she was falling. Thrown forward by her own momentum, Ale had lost her footing and tripped.

*"Oh crap, I forgot to balance her!!"*

Dropping the ball Ale fell on her hand. She gritted her teeth as her wrist was twisted, not realizing a pair of cantaloupe-sized breasts cushioned her fall. She jumped back up, but an opponent had already taken the ball. After passing it to a recovered Tabatha, it only took moments before she dunked it in, breasts swaying as she hung on the ring.

*"Fuck!"* Ale groaned, rubbing her swollen wrist under her sweatband. *"What was that? It suddenly felt like my center of gravity... argh, no time to think about it! Gotta focus on the game!"*

*"Gotta focus on Ale's ass!"* While everyone got back in position, Budanta upgraded Ale's rear to match her rack. Steadily, the seat of her pants was pulled taut as her cheeks filled the fabric, the wrinkles on her hips stretching across the gradually rounder sides of her backside. While swelling against her leg pants her thighs slowly pushed them up, shortening their cover. Her panties receded over her buttocks, uncovering the ever-firmer corners of her behind that firmly hung over her thighs. *"Okay, that badonk should stabilize her bust and send everyone smacked by it to the floor!"*

But as the game went on, things didn't go in the Lioness' favor: Though she tried to hide it, her twisted wrist hindered Ale. This also gave Budanta less opportunity to grow the opponents. And although Tabatha was distracted by everyone's swollen assets, she slowly advanced the Hyenas' lead.

*"Urgh, this isn't good – I need to change my strategy!!"* Budanta drummed on her cleavage. With Ale playing less aggressively, growing her butt further wouldn't help. She also couldn't grow the enemy if she didn't touch them, and Ale's wrist kept her away from the ball...

The ball!

*“That’s it!”* Budanta slapped her bosom, grinning upon her idea.

When Hunter had the ball, Ale attacked her. However, while she managed to kick away her opponents using her thick butt, the pain in her wrist made her wince before she could grab the ball. But as she reached out her hand, a glimmer jumped from her sweatband into the ball.

*“Sorry Ale, but I gotta switch strategies!”* Budanta thought as she entered the void of the basketball.

As Hunter sprinted past Ale towards the basket, Budanta worked her magic on her. Since she was dribbling the ball, Budanta had to send large bursts with each touch. Every shot tightened her top further over her breasts as they rounded the blue fabric. Steadily, their flanks reached beyond her body, starting to sway left and right, before also jiggling up and down. At each bounce of the ball, her breasts bounced higher, causing her shirt to flutter around them. When Hunter was about to throw the ball and pulled her arms against her she paused, feeling the soft mass. Seeing as she hesitated Mika went for the ball, her dreadlocks swaying as she snatched it and stormed back across the court.

*“Maybe I should upgrade Ale’s teammates too.”* Again, Budanta sent her powers through the ball. Since Mika was naturally bottom-heavy and used to her body balance being lower, Ale concentrated on her butt as she dribbled across the court. Her shorts steadily tightened over her behind, her leg pants fluttering more rigidly as she ran. Their wrinkles gradually froze in position as friction with her bulging buttocks slowed their swaying. Eventually, the seat of Mika’s shorts was riding up between her cheeks, while her shorts steadily got pulled up by her thighs, revealing their swelling girth. When a Hyena attacked her the lioness hip-checked her like Ale. The extra inch sent her opponent stumbling, far enough Mika could shoot at the basket and score.

*“Yes! If Ale is no option, I’ll just expand everyone else - muahaha!!!”*

Her chest swollen with pride and mischief, Budanta continued growing everyone who got hold of the ball. The shirts of every player on the field puffed up, outlines of breasts becoming clearer as fabric was wrapped around their bottoms. Lion heads and hyenas got pulled up their busts, while the numbers and names on their backs tightened as their chests occupied the fabric. Especially the shirts of the Hyenas became ill-fitting, slowly getting a couple of cup-sizes ahead of the Lionesses. In return, Ale’s teammates turned into hourglasses, their butts sticking further behind them every time they dribbled. As the curve of their hips arched outwards, bulging into pear- and amphora-shapes, they steadily got an advantage over the Hyenas in close combat, also because their opponents struggled with their balance.

*“Something weird is going on.”* As Ale played more supportively, mostly passing the ball, she noticed the clumsy performance of the Hyenas, and how her own team got more of an edge in pushing them. She also noted Tabatha was playing more passively as well. *“Did she also injure herself?”*

But while Ale was still too focused on the game to notice the gradually curvier shapes around her, Tabatha was well aware of all the jiggling, bouncing, and tight fabric. She tried to brush it off, but her eyes constantly glanced at all the bopping meat buns, straying her focus off the game.

Others also were catching up as lips of flesh seeped out of their bras, their shirts tented up from their midriffs, and their panties rode up in their butt cracks. Seams got pulled taut across hips, formerly loose leg pants grew tight on thighs, and ribs ached from breasts bouncing against them. Murmurs also spread through the audience as the players grew more curvaceous, everyone wondering if they were seeing right. Still, the game continued, with the lead of the Hyenas shrinking until they were only one point ahead.

*“Yes! Almost!!”* Still inside the ball after it went through the Hyenas’ hoop, Budanta’s breasts and skirt flipped as she celebrated. *“Just a bit more and we got this in the bag!”*

“This is probably the last play” Narla said as the ball rolled to her feet.

Immediately Budanta froze. *“Wait what? NO!”*

“Yeah, we’re already way overtime” Mika said, looking at the clock. “Ref was generous with all the people falling, but after this attack it’ll be over for sure.”

“Well, let’s just do our best.” Hefting her breasts, the redhead let them overflow her palms. “I’ll be glad when this is over.”

“Me too” Mika agreed, looking down her back at her sizeable rump. “This game has been fucking weird...”

*“Crap, this is the last shot!”* As the players got into position and the Hyenas picked up the ball, Budanta grew anxious. *“I gotta do everything so Ale wins! I can’t let the family down!”*

*“I can’t let the team down!”* Standing in position, Ale’s eyes were set on the ball. The world around her did not exist. All she cared about was one thing: Winning. *“Forget my wrist – I gotta grab the ball and counter, or it’s all over!”*

The moment the ref whistled, Ale dashed forward. The court was a festival of bouncing bosoms, everyone running on overdrive. Having the ball again Hunter stormed to middle, just managing to pass to Tabatha before Mika sent her to the ground with her butt, the Hyena falling on her breasts. Ale jumped to intercept. However, the pain in her hand made her just a little too slow to reach for the ball. Instead, it grazed her chest, about to fly past her into Tabatha’s hands.

*“Hrnnngh!”* Using all her power, Budanta sent a huge burst into Ale. Before the ball passed them, her breasts suddenly exploded against it. Her shirt was launched off her midriff, with such force under cleavage flashed for a moment. The hem of her sports bra was pulled up as well, her breasts oozing out under the restraining material.

“What the-?!” This time, even Ale realized as her breasts blew up into bowling balls. The explosive growth bounced the ball upwards before it landed right on the desk of her rack. “Wait a sec, what’s going – AH!!”

She shrieked as her butt also exploded in size. Her panties curved across her cheeks as they firmly hung over her thighs. While her leg pants smoothed across her swollen thighs, her wide hips pulled her shorts down, exposing the waistband of her panties.

*“Gotta keep her balanced!”* Budanta thought, too stressed to think about keeping it low.

“T-the hell?!” Shocked Ale stumbled around. The audience went quiet, everyone staring at her hourglass body with the basketball balancing on her bosom.

Suddenly, a blaze passed Ale and grabbed the ball from her chest. Immediately Ale turned around, her curves swaying as she watched Tabatha race across the court.

*“Oh shit, I can’t let her score!!”* But although her body was balanced, as Ale tried to run after her, the sheer mass of her curves made it awkward to move, so she trailed behind the speedy Hyena.

*“Wha-? NO!!”* Panicked, Budanta channeled her energy. But Tabatha was so quick, even her dribbles were too fast for the family guardian. A thin trail of blood flowed out of the Hyena’s nose, yet neither her “excitement” about having touched Ale’s breasts nor the bouncing around could distract her. The other Lionesses were too confused to stop her as she stood free in front of the basket.

*“No, no, no!! I wanted to help but only made things worse! I failed the family... again! Noooooo!!!”*

As Budanta spiraled, golden glitter surrounded the basketball. Tabatha didn’t notice, about to throw and score the winning points...

*Fwoomp!!*

Suddenly the ball was launched off her hands by her expanding breasts. Aghast, Tabatha stared at her bosom, her shirt fluttering as it was catapulted off her abdomen. “Wha-?”

While Tabatha gawked at the massive mammaries bouncing in front of her, the ball hit the pole of the basket. *“I’m so useless... a complete disgrace!”* Still glowing as Budanta drifted into despair it bounced off the pole, flying towards Mika’s butt who was staring with wide eyes at Tabatha.

“What in the- AH!” Hit by the ball from behind, Mika thrust out her pelvis, gasping again as her cheeks ballooned behind her. Her shorts rode down her bum, exposing her butt crack as her cheeks swelled gained a large desk. At the same time her leg pants were pulled right under her buttocks, bunching up on her thighs as they swelled into cones squeezing each other on their entire length. The expansion was so fast the ball was blown away again, right towards Narla.

“Eeep!” The busty redhead screeched as the ball hit her breasts. Beyond her shoulders they were flaring, tightly stretching her top across them. Creases spread over the backsides touching her shoulders, while her lionhead was dragged up and stretched across the front of her bosom. Her overstretched bra shined through for a moment, before the cups suddenly slid off as the string between them snapped, the release thrusting forth her assets and launching the ball again. While Narla’s unsupported bosom jiggled in front of her blushing face, the ball hit Hunter’s butt.

“Hngh!” She gritted her teeth as her hips billowed into the shape of a vase. Her shorts slid down her panties, their waistbands stretching into thin threads that cut into her sides, while her ballooning cheeks swallowed them in their abyssal creek. Again, the ball was catapulted off the massive curves, hopping from player to player.

“Ah!”

“Uh!”

“Iihh!”

“The hell-?!”

Hitting breasts and buttocks the ball made its way across the court, leaving a path of sexy destruction. Lips of flesh lolled out under tops as they were wrapped around massive busts. Sports bras snapped, either at the lock or right at the front. Panties tore across hips that exploded in size, leaving upper sides of rears uncovered. Super tight shorts split over buttocks, showing as bare cheeks, flimsily covered by thong-like underwear, inflated in moments. Thighs grew so thick they ate their leg pants, turning shorts into hot pants. With butts seeping out of pants and bosoms out of tops, fabric was stretched skin-tight across curves, even the logos becoming see-through as breast and butt gaps showed through the taut clothes.

“The... fuck?” Ale looked in front of her, unbelievably watching her teammates and enemies blow up. Dumbstruck like everyone else, she didn’t notice the ball skipping from curve to curve towards her. Standing with her back to the basket the ball bounced off a player’s breasts behind her and hit her butt. Ale gasped as it compressed her firm cheeks, which suddenly swelled against the ball. The last creases on her shorts flattened while the leg pants were pulled under her butt, getting vacuum-wrapped across her thighs. The gap between her legs closed, her shorts getting pushed down by the bulk of

her hips. Her panties got sucked into her butt gap, bending over her cheeks into a T-shape, while the seam of her pants ripped over her butt, the fabric bunching up around the tear and exposing her almost naked rear.

“Ay!” Instinctively Ale thrust out her bottom half, giving the ball even more oomph as it flew into the air. It bounced off the ring of the basket right back at her. Waddling with her blown up backside Ale turned around, her massive ham shaking inside her ultra-tight shorts. “What the fuck is goin- AAAH!”

She was cut off by the ball hitting her chest. It squeezed her breasts to half their size before they bulged around the ball, creases spreading around the impact. Her shirt was pulled against her breasts, stretching the hem over their increasing circumference as they swelled out under it. Up her chin and beyond her shoulders they were reaching, obscuring her torso and arms. While outlines of her sports bra shined through her thin top, the bulk of her breasts exerted growing force on the ball.

“Ayy!!” Again, Ale tensed her body, this time thrusting out her chest. The mighty bounce sent the ball flying upwards, causing her bra to snap in the middle. As it split across her breasts, they jutted out even further, nearly slapping her face. At the same time the waistbands of her panties ripped across her hips, hanging out of her shorts. Her hyper-hourglass body stumbled about, Ale flailing her arms not to lose balance. With her breasts bouncing, she barely saw the ball go up and descend towards the basket.

*BLAAARE!*

Just as the ball went through the hoop, the fanfare declared the end of the game. While the ball bounced along countless other round objects on the field, the score on the display showed the Lionesses leading by one point.

“*Huh?*” Inside the ball, Budanta stopped freaking out. “*Wait, we... we won? WE WON!*” The ball trembled as Budanta burst with joy, skirt spinning around her naked rear while her breasts swung like war-hammers as she cheered inside the void. “*I did it! Finally! I’ve proven useful to the family!!*”

While Budanta celebrated, most players on the court didn’t even realize the game had ended. Half of them carried breasts as large as the ball they had played with, and the other equally huge buttocks. Some grabbed their curves in confusion or shock, though a few didn’t seem to mind the changes. Narla was poking her bosom in disbelief, while Mika spun her enlarged hips, not sure what to think. Hunter was similar, having the largest butt of her team. The Hyenas were generally more top- and the Lionesses more bottom-heavy, depending on where the ball had hit them and how much Budanta had affected them during the game.

However, Ale was the only one with a perfect hourglass. Half her bosom lay bare in her under cleavage, her sports bra bunched up at their flanks, while a huge tear went across

her butt, her shorts hanging so low her hips were half exposed as well, alongside her whole thighs. However, Ale didn't care, awkwardly smiling at the ball that rolled to her feet. "N... no idea what's going on, but if it means we've won... I'll take it!"

Still at the Lioness' basket, Tabatha dropped to her knees. Her hands moved under her shirt, a shy smile on her face as she firmly groped her breasts. Massaging her massive flesh, nearly ripping her shirt, she rolled up her eyes, about to faint in bliss. "Shit, we lost, but that game was fucking AMAZING!"