

“Late again...should probably stop doing this...” Katherine muttered as she sped to work. She shrugged, brushing off the comment. “Not like I do all that much anyways. The place basically runs itself at this point.” This was indeed true. Katherine was a manager at an automobile dealership, a position she had “inherited” from her father. After his retirement, he found a way to get her into the ranks of manager in no time. She looked down at her watch. 30 minutes late. Someone would probably notice, but she didn't really care at this point.

Going to a place that was basically filled with all men was a chore every day. She never serviced the cars or any of that nonsense. She merely assisted customers and ordered parts, managed finances, took money to the bank, all of that sort of stuff. Though it was good money, sometimes she couldn't stand being gawked at for almost the whole day. She always felt at least one pair of eyes burning into the back of her butt. The thought made her shift in her seat, now driving into the parking lot.

Looking up at the rear view mirror as she pulled in, she made sure she looked decent. She took a long time to get ready regardless of her tardiness, but she still wanted to make sure she was presentable. Very subtle purple eye shadow with a muted red lipstick, she tied her brown hair in a ponytail to keep it from draping down past her shoulders. She moved her slender form out of the car. Gathering her belongings and heading into the building.

The smell of oil, leather, and a plethora of other aromas smacked her in the face, but she was used to that by now. Making a beeline towards the back room, she saw one of her employees lounging in the break room on the way there.

“Dale?” A man in a blue jumpsuit covered in grease and oil stared up from his feet, which were propped on the table in front of him.

“Hmm?” He responded gruffly. He looked as if he hadn't showered (or bathed) in months.

“Mind getting your dirty shoes off the table where people eat?” Katherine sharply ordered to the employee. Dale subtly rolled his eyes and brought his shoes back down. Satisfied, Katherine nodded and said no more, heading back to the back room to drop off her belongings. Dale was lucky enough to catch a glimpse of her rear before it glided past the doorway. It wasn't by any means HUGE – but it was near perfection. Round, pert, and sticking out a good four inches, supported by her foot wide hips, it commanded total attention. It totally made up for the fact that she wasn't exactly as “gifted” upstairs.

“You better watch yourself, Dale. You're gonna get yourself fired.” One of the fellow employees remarked at him while sliding money into a vending machine, picking out what he would be having for lunch. Dale scoffed at him.

“Puh-lease. No way she could do that for some stupid shit like that.”

“You've been on her hit list for a while.” The man picked out his bag of chips and sat down onto the armchair near the door. “I'd watch yourself.” Dale chuckled, reaching into his pocket.

“I'm not the one who has to watch themselves.” He grinned, pulling out a small blue glass container, no bigger than a quarter in diameter, a perfect sphere. Inside of it was a strange purple looking liquid, swirling about ominously.

“What the hell is that?” The man looked at Dale inquisitively. “Are you...are you trying to drug Katie?”

Dale said nothing and returned the mysterious substance into his pocket.

“Let's just say...she'll be in for a surprise...it'll knock her off of that high horse of hers. Trust me Stephen, it'll be a good ol' time.” He propped his feet up once again, placing his hands behind his head with a smug grin on his face.

He thought back to the words of the woman that had sold it to him. Some old antique store in a back alley somewhere. The woman there was a knockout – but for some reason he didn't have the nerve to put on any of his moves that he usually did. And without saying a word, the woman held out the strange substance and told him “I know what you're looking for. This is the answer to all your problems, Dale. I only require 20 dollars for it, and revenge will be all yours.”

Dale wasn't alarmed by any of this. He wasn't alarmed at her knowing his name. He wasn't alarmed at her knowing his intent. Hell, he wasn't even paying attention to the woman's heaving chest, looking like two cantaloupes desperately trying to escape her blood red corset. No, he merely pulled out his wallet, paid for the odd drink, and went along his way.

'Finally, revenge for that stupid broad...' Dale thought as he walked home. 'I'll teach her for stealing the managerial position from right under my nose...fucking ruined my life that little...' Dale snapped out of his daydream, realizing that Stephen had left to return to work. He yawned and continued to rest, imagining what the mystery liquid could possibly do to his target...

Meanwhile, Katie placed her stuff down, adjusting her pants as they had ridden up a bit, giving her a slight wedgie. She plucked it out, then looked down, brushing herself off.

“Another day, another pain in the ass...” Katie sighed. It wasn't that she hated her job. The money was fantastic for her, and it was amazingly easy to get thanks to her father's connection. It just...wasn't what she wanted. She wanted to get into something artistic. She loved painting murals and drawing sketches of the things around her – but in her adulthood, she accepted the reality that this was safer, even if it wasn't what she wanted in her life. Brushing off her gray work pants, she softly placed her hands on her hips, then her firm bottom.

“How many looks will this thing get today...” She almost despised her butt. It had won over many guys in her college days, but now that those days were long gone, it was nothing more than a nuisance. Sighing and picking up her belongings, she stepped her way back over to the break room.

Dale still sat there, moving his feet back down as he saw Katie enter. She merely stared at him, not in the mood for any of his nonsense. She stepped towards the coffee pot and poured herself some into a Styrofoam cup. Mixing in a few small cups of milk and a bit of fake sugar, she took a sip, letting out a exhale of mild relief. Dale kept his eyes to himself, but he knew what he had to do. He stood, walking over to his boss.

“Oh, uh...Katie. I needed a bit of help with something, would you give me a hand?” Katie groaned.

“What is it Dale?”

“Just a little help with the paperwork. Could I meet you over by the registers for a sec? I think there's like, an error or something.” Katie rolled her eyes and set down the coffee onto the counter, heading to the register. As she reached the doorway, she looked back at Dale.

“Well? You coming?” Dale nodded, stepping over to the door.

“Yeah, lemme get the paperwork real quick and I'll meet you over there.” Katie said nothing more, making her way over. When Dale was sure she was properly out of sight, he made his move. Slipping the purple liquid into her drink, he grinned evilly as it swirled into it, mixing perfectly and showing no traces of its existence.

“Have fun, bitch...” Dale tossed the bottle into the trash and made his way to the register, opening the drawer near one of the chairs and pulling out a few papers before doing so.

“Alright, let's take a look...” Katie looked it over, her eyes scanning across the paper, finding a few blank spots. “What are you confused about here?”

“Well, its asking for a certain serial number, and I'm wondering if its the SKU or the Reference number?”

“That's all?” Katie almost let out a laugh. “Dale, it tells you right there.” She pointed to the word SKU next to the slots that were for numbers. “Also, reference numbers have four digits. Our SKUs have 12.” She walked away, leaving him to do his work. Dale didn't mind. The fun was just about to begin.

She stepped back into the break room, picking up her coffee once more.

“There. Now maybe I can actually enjoy this...” She took a few sips, letting the bold flavor tingle within her mouth. It tasted almost stronger than her first sip, but she shrugged the thought aside and continued sipping on it, taking it to her office while she filled out some forms. She locked herself away, wanting to finish up her work in peace.

Money, money, money. That's all it was ever about. She sighed as she finished off the last few sips of her coffee, tossing it into the trash. She swiveled casually in her chair, a habit she had developed from her boredom as a teenager. Her butt fit snugly into it, squishing against the armrests.

“Alright...dividends, dividends...” She read through the document, looking over the portfolio and charts and goals and blah blah blah...she knew how to do it. She was intelligent. She went to college for a while. And her father taught her well before he retired. But it didn't make her any more interested.

A few minutes and pages of paperwork later, Katie was fidgeting in her seat a bit more than usual. She tugged a bit on her pants, thinking that her position might be yanking them upwards. More pages, more paperwork, more pant tugging.

“Ugh, why are these so tight today? Shit, am I bloated or something?” Katie sighed, passing it off as “that time of the month” coming soon, and resumed her paperwork. Try as she might, she couldn't help but notice how pinched her hips were in the office chair. She wiggled her caboose again, trying to keep her focus on the job at hand. Her pants felt even tighter, now around her legs and crotch.

“Fuck, what is going on?” She attempted to stand up, but didn't get far. Her butt was slodged in the chair. “What the hell? Did I gain weight yesterday or something?” She tried twisting and turning her body in order to get some freedom, but none came. She was firmly pressed inside the chair. It was then that she felt what she was ignoring for the past five minutes.

A numb, pulsing sensation flowed throughout her butt, matching the rate of her heartbeat. It felt as if every pounding beat brought a millimeter of new meat to her tush. She brought one of her hands down, her mind now completely distracted now that it had registered this new feeling. She brought a hand tentatively to her upper thigh, then to what she could of her hip. She left it there for a second, feeling as her heart pounded away. It was then that her idea was confirmed.

Her ass was growing.

“Ho-ly SHIT!” She attempted to stand again, but only lifted the chair off the ground, its wheels dangling before its weight dragged her down back onto it. “What the fuck? What in the holy fuck? What is my ass doing right now?!” Katherine still hadn't fully registered her situation as her heartbeat increased rapidly in shock, only promoting more growth within her booty. She felt her hips pressing harder and harder into the armrests that surrounded it.

“Crap...gotta...get this stupid...chair...off!” She pulled and pried at the chair, but it was useless. It was firmly stuck, her cheeks wedged between the now miniscule space of its seat. Her butt began to bulge out of the holes where the armrests were separated from the seat of the chair. Soon she heard small pops and creaks emitting from her pants.

“OHMYGODITSGROWING!” Her panic now through the roof, her heart racing, her butt ballooning, Katie rolled backwards into the wall behind her, writhing and tussling with the chair, feeling more and more flesh ooze outwards and around her. Even in the tight space, she felt her body slowly being lifted upwards by the ongoing addition of mass. After several more minutes of tugging and growing, Katie stopped, breathless as her hips broke the two foot mark in width. She breathed in deeply, gathering herself.

“Calm down Katie. Deep breaths...” She coached herself, her small chest heaving up and down as she took in her long, heavy breaths. Her heartbeat slowed, and thus, so did her expansion. “...I must be dreaming or something...my ass can't grow this huge. What did I eat yesterday anyways? Hmm...some yoghurt...Mac and Cheese...might have been that leftover ham from Christmas...” As the growth slowed to an unnoticeable crawl, Katie wheeled herself back over to her desk. She placed her hands onto the smooth wooden surface, gazing upon it.

“A dream...all a dream...waking up now...” She hesitated, still feeling the tight pressing of arm rests against her thick thighs. “...waking up now...!” She muttered anxiously, still rubbing her hands over the desk. A few minutes passed and nothing. It was still growing. Her butt was still charging in all directions, her whole body shuddering as she felt more and more sensations pulsing through her.

Suddenly, she felt a sharp spike of some sort hit her hard inside her booty. “OOOOOOOOH WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!” She soon had her answer. The growth had leveled up. For every beat of her heart, her butt now pushed out a centimeter every time. “Oh...I don't...don't think I'm dreami--” She was interrupted by a loud SHRIIP! Her pants had torn greatly across the side of her left thigh, its seams giving up. The next side followed up, the flesh of her hips and thighs pushing out of the gap that was made.

“NO! NononoNONONO!” Still completely to the chair that held her prisoner, Katie felt her heartbeat shoot through the roof again, which pushed her butt into the 2 and a half foot range of width. “What do I do? Do I call someone? Who the fuck do I call? Mom? Dad? They wouldn't get here in time. One of

my employees? No, no, they'd just..." Her mind raced to lewd thoughts of her and numerous co-workers. She shivered. "911? God, what would I say? 'Help, my big butt is growing bigger and I'm stuck in a chair, please send help--'" Another loud ripping sound shot into the air as the back of her pants soon gave weight, a whole appearing in the center, allowing flesh to pulse out of it slowly and steadily. Her now ill fitting white cotton panties were now on display, if only slightly, But that was slowly changing as more and more flesh piled into her butt.

"This is fucking awful..." Katie almost had tears in her eyes. She had no one to call and couldn't pry herself from the damn chair. She heard another creak and a slow snap and she glanced down. The arm rests were beginning to give weight to her flowing form. "No fucking way..." She put a hand to the loosened arm rest and tried pushing on it. It didn't budge.

Just then another spike came right out of nowhere. Katie let out a loud, long moan in response, covering her mouth so no one would hear. The growth had built up again. Now an inch was added for every rapid heartbeat she had. She could visibly see them puffing outwards, her thighs touching more and more as her hips flared outwards, the armrest cracking once more. She held back a shriek, and instead applied herself better, putting both hands on the cracking armrest and pushing with all her might. After another foot of growth, the armrest finally snapped off, Katie falling to the ground with a large OOF!

She turned around and landed on her now enormous backside. She took a few moments to catch her breath before assessing the damage. Her hips had to be at least four feet wide, her butt spreading out from beneath her, its form soft, but firm enough to maintain a bit of its form, even from a sitting position. Her pants hardly held on, tears forming all over the place, but not big enough to actually allow them to shred to pieces. She held her hands to her hips and realized: the growth had stopped. She let out a sigh of relief.

"Thank God...now maybe this will go back to normal?" She asked her arse politely. A few minutes passed and she just sat there, big badonk and all. It finally dawned on her that this was most likely a permanent development. The idea horrified her and she was near the brink of tears before she heard her office door swing open.

"Hey Katie? Can I get your signature real quick?" The employee caught one glance at Katie, her butt the size of beach balls, keeping her a good three feet off the ground. Katie looked up at him pitifully, a sorrowful look on her face, mixed with horrid embarrassment. "Oh...uh...shit, what happened?"

"I don't know Stephen. I was just...sitting in my chair. Doing paperwork, when all of a sudden..." she gave her butt a light tap. "This..." Stephen stood there, dumbstruck. Bulges of flesh squished out from all sides of her pants. It was a miracle they were still together. "I don't even know how this could happen..." She began to lightly sob, the situation finally setting in. "Oh fuck...fuck! Goddammit!" Stephen looked down at her until a thought finally connected to another.

"I think I have an idea."

"Dale, come to my office please" Katie's voice rang out from the intercom. Dale pulled himself forward out from under an SUV, wiping his grease covered brow with a snarl.

“Dammit, what does she want?” He stepped through the hallways into her office to see her standing there, only able to see her from her slim waist upwards, the desk covering up the rest. “What is it? Kinda busy right now.” Dale snapped at her. She merely smiled back at him.

“oh, don't worry about that Dale. You don't have to work anymore today. Or ever again. You're fired.” Dale stood at her dumbfounded. A few seconds passed before he scoffed.

“On what grounds? I do my job, I get shit done.” Katie stared needles into him and made her walk away from her desk. First, her thighs showed, then her thick, juicy hips, then finally the side of her butt, which stood out proudly 3 and a half feet from her body, its mass dipping downwards to the middle of her thigh, its crest resting on on her lower back. Dale stared at her, awestruck, unable to say a word. He thought she looked like a bowling pin in shape; slender up top, but exploding with width as his eyes trailed further down.

“On the grounds of turning me into a blow up doll.” She stated bluntly. “Pack your stuff and get the fuck out of my shop.” Dale shot a glare right back at her.

“Prove it. Prove that I did that to you! How could I even do that to you?!”

“By spiking her drink.” A man's voice rang out from the far wall. Dale hadn't seen Stephen standing casually, a grim look on his face. “You're a sick fucker, you know that Dale?” Dale's face turned a shade of red. Fury built up from his gut, up through his throat and into his lungs.

“You son of a bitch! Why in the fuck did you tell her?!”

“Because I'm not a scumbag like you. Now get out of here before we call the cops.”

“Your last paycheck will be in the mail. Don't let the door hit you on the way out.” Dale growled, wanting to attack both of them, but knew better. He could easily be hired at any other store within the next few districts. He let out a snort as he went out the office door.

“I think you'll have a better chance of doing that than me, Kat.” he muttered, going to the back room to gather his things. Katie let out a sigh, letting a hand trace the circumference of her hip.

“Dammit...damn it all! That fucker. I should sue him or put him jail for this or...something!” Stephen looked over to her empathetically.

“Y'know, you don't look THAT bad.” He assured her. Katie looked at him quizzically.

“The fuck are you talking about? I could pass off as a sideshow with this thing!” She lifted her butt upwards, then dropped it, feeling it jiggle and wobble for a full twenty seconds. Stephen stared at it, mesmerized by it. He tried to keep his booty obsession to himself, but this was...something else.

“Yeah, its a bit big.” He stepped towards her, leaning on the desk nearby. “But bigger isn't necessarily...bad. You just have to adjust.” Katie wasn't convinced, but tried to brush him off regardless.

“Yeah, whatever...look, just...distract the employees so I can sneak out of here with my dignity, ok?” Stephen nodded and did what he was told, bringing all the men to the shop as Katie made her way through the back door. She wobbled and waddled her way to her car, shoved her plump caboose

through its door, and drove away, still choking down tears.

“Fuck you Dale. If I ever see you again, I'll fucking smother you with this thing...” She shook off the thought and continued driving home...

****ONE MONTH LATER****

Light shone through closed blinds, sending beams dancing about the room. Birds chirped happily as the sleeping woman stirred, groggily moving her hand to her face to wipe the sleep from her eyes. She finally collected herself and stood, making her way to her computer. She opened up the page and looked over her new site. She grinned, opening her e-mail and seeing all the donations she had gotten from Patreon.

“Ah, even more today than yesterday!” She said with a bright tone in her voice. Looking over her gallery, she admired all of her works of art. Her posing sexily, or solemnly, paint strewn all across her body in various patterns and scenarios. She got creative with some of them, laying down and making a small villa built on her hindquarters, titled “A Valley In Heaven.” Another of her cheeks making a large imprint on a canvas, its huge red form taking most of its space, and various other designs were drawn atop that. She giggled and closed her laptop, smelling the sweet scent of French Toast.

“Stephen?” She called out, stepping through the door and into the kitchen.

“Hey babe! Finally up, I see!” He chuckled, pushing some bread onto the grill. Katie smiled and walked over to him, getting the art of walking down, her walk now a sexy and seductive trot, her hips swaying this way and that, butt wiggling and jiggling, putting her pink panties to the test.

“Why didn't you wake me, silly?” She asked, gripping onto his arm. He smiled down at her and gave her a quick kiss.

“I wanted to surprise you this morning. I was gonna get you breakfast in bed, as a matter of fact.” Katie's smile broadened, her smile almost outshining the sun.

“You're too sweet, you know that?” Stephen shrugged humbly.

“I try.” She stuck her tongue out at him and sauntered back into her bed, butt first. Her plushy bum sank into the mattress, making it creak and groan in response. Luckily it hadn't given out, but she made sure it had more support than ordinary mattresses. She sighed contently, looked up at the wall and seeing her various non-butt related paintings strewn across the wall. She thought back to a month ago and all the changes and chances she had taken. Had it really only been a month for something like this? One month had changed her entirely. She was finally...happy.

“Well Dale...I guess what you did wasn't so bad after all...” She rubbed her caboose lovingly, letting out a subtle moan as her fingers sunk into its form.

“...he was still an asshole though.”

THE END