

“I’m baaaack!” Christy loudly proclaimed proudly as she drunkenly stumbled into the bedroom. She awkwardly slipped out of her heels and giggled as her husband Alex rubbed his eyes as he sat up in their bed.

He looked at his phone and saw that it was 3:00 a.m. “I’m guessing you two had fun?”

“We had so much fun!” Christy said while trying to pull her short party dress over her head, completely forgetting about the zipper on the back. “I can’t believe it’s been so long since we’ve gone out. We’re not even old yet!”

Alex watched and smiled as she finally managed to remove her dress leaving her in just a pair of black lace panties. “So was Erica actually able to get you guys into that club?”

“Yes! It was sooo cool!” She said as she stumbled to the bathroom, she wet a towel and rubbed it on her face in an attempt to remove her makeup, only to smear it across her face. “There were these crazy ice sculptures and dancers everywhere, the drinks were super good and there was this guy that bought us drinks and gave us these temporary tattoos. He was kinda creepy so we just took the tattoos and drinks and left.”

“That was probably smart.” Alex grumbled as he laid his head back down already almost asleep again.

Christ continued explaining the events of the night. “Then we went to Erica’s place, I threw up there, and then we put on the temporary tattoos.” She staggered out of the bathroom and stood in front of the bed before declaring, “And now I’m back here!”

Alex opened his eyes and looked at her, she was now fully naked and her makeup was smeared. She was trying to be sexy, but she was clearly unaware of how she looked which only made Alex chuckle slightly while he laid his head back down.

“Hey! What’s so funny?” She said crawling onto the bed towards him. She pouted and then used her arms to squeeze her perky C-cups together which was enough to draw his gaze back to her. “You didn’t even ask me where I put the tattoo.”

“Fine, where did you put it?”

She giggled and said, “It’s a secret! You’re gonna to have to find it.”

He grabbed her and pulled her under the covers causing her to cry out before giggling some more. He held her close and wrapped his arms around her waist. She pressed her butt into his crotch as he began to slide his hand down her abdomen.

“Is it here?” He said teasingly.

She shuttered before saying, “You’re getting *warmer*.” She was now breathing deeply as she closed her eyes.

He ran his hand across her thigh and up to her butt before giving it a squeeze. “Is it here?”

She mumbled something in response, but it was obvious that she was already asleep. He held her close as he too laid his head back down and fell asleep.

Christy rolled out of bed, exceptionally hungover. She groaned as she made her way to the bathroom. Alex woke up as she borderline slammed the door behind her. He sat up and stretched before rising and getting out of bed. He went to the kitchen and filled a glass of orange

juice. He brought it over to the bathroom door and waited to hear the toilet flush before knocking on the door.

Christy opened the door, still completely naked, her curly brown hair was all frizzy and sticking out in all directions, and her eyes were barely open. "I forgot to take my contacts out last night." She said as she turned away from the door to face the sink. "I look like a fucking clown," she said as she removed the contacts from her bloodshot eyes.

Alex couldn't help but smile, even hungover and visibly a mess he couldn't help but find her adorable. "I got you a little something." He said, handing her the glass.

She groaned before taking a sip, "Thanks." She set the glass down next to the hand towel she had wiped her face with the night before. "Damn it, this was a good towel. How fucked up was I last night?" She reached for a package of makeup wipes that she was clearly too drunk to have noticed the night before.

Alex walked past her to turn the shower on, removing his boxers. "I'm not totally sure, you woke me up at 3 last night and tried getting frisky before almost immediately passing out. Oh yeah, you also told me about the tattoo."

"Tattoo? Oh, that's right! I forgot about the temporary tattoos. If I'm being honest I don't even remember where I put it, I just remember thinking it was hilarious."

She leaned forward over the sink as she began wiping her smeared makeup off with the wipes. Alex felt the water and was about to step into the shower, but really quick he went to steal a glance of Christy's butt before he stopped for a moment. He noticed there was something on her right cheek. He stopped for a moment and leaned to get a closer look. It appeared to be a small image of a peach with big letters on the inside of it that said, "SLAP HERE".

Christy looked at him in the mirror and saw that he was staring intently at her butt while taking a few steps closer to her. "Can I help you with something?"

Alex just grinned before saying, "Found it." He reared back his hand and slapped her playfully on the butt, directly where the tattoo was.

Immediately Christy gripped the sink and gasped as her butt blew up. Her normally petite, perky ass was now double its normal size. Alex's eyes bulged out of his head as Christy began to breathe heavily.

"What did you just do?!" Christy asked, her heart now racing.

Alex was at a loss, he just continued staring at her swollen ass. It jiggled as Christy shuddered, her mind and body flooded with strange new sensations. She opened her eyes and realized her hangover seemed to be completely gone, replaced with something completely new, although not unpleasant. She looked at Alex in the mirror and saw that his eyes were wide, and glued to her butt.

"What?" Feeling off she had a sense something was different. She brought a hand to her butt as she craned her neck. She squeezed much more than she was used to and quickly turned to the side and looked at herself in the mirror. She brought her hands to her mouth as she gasped, seeing that her butt now stuck out several inches.

"What's going on?" She looked back at Alex, "What did you do to me!?"

"I-I don't know! Your tattoo said slap here!"

She turned more, causing her butt to jiggle, trying to get a look at the tattoo planted on her rear. It was reversed in the mirror, but she could still make out what it said. She was confused, worried, and also considering the idea that the temporary tattoo of a peach was the cause of her unusual swelling.

“You don’t think?” She said lifting her cheeks with her hands, testing their new weight. “You don’t think the tattoo did this do you?”

Alex was at a loss for words. It didn’t make any sense, yet he had seen her butt grow before his very eyes. “I really don’t know. It shouldn’t be possible, but your butt hasn’t ever grown any other time I’ve slapped it.”

Christy raised her hand and nervously looked back at Alex who realized what she was about to do. “I guess there’s only one way to know for sure.”

She quickly brought her hand down, and as fast as her hand hit her already large backside it shot outward in all directions. Both her cheeks exploded in size, she now looked like she had two medicine balls attached to her hips. Her thighs had also swollen, albeit only slightly, to accommodate her now disproportionately large ass.

Both Christy and Alex’s jaws dropped. Christy stumbled slightly before grabbing the sink again and widening her stance. Its massive form was constantly wobbling and jiggling. Christy let out a moan, the sensitivity of her ass seeming to increase with it’s size. She squeezed her cheeks together eliciting a moan of pure ecstasy from her.

“Oh fuck! How is this even possible!?” The look on her face blatantly showed that she was enjoying it regardless of her worry.

Alex knelt behind her and squeezed her butt, her flesh burying his fingers as they sank into their massive rounded forms. He kneaded her ass, causing Christy to moan while her knees quivered, causing her lower half to jiggle incessantly. Christy was lost within her lust-filled desires, and without thinking slapped her ass again.

She screamed out in ecstasy as her butt ballooned out rapidly. Alex’s arms were pushed apart, and his head became pinned between her two beachball-sized cheeks. He pushed against the fleshy prison entombing his head until he slipped free, gasping for air as he fell back. He looked up at her in awe, her enormous butt wobbling as she swayed. Her legs began to buckle under their immense weight.

She let go of the sink and fell backward, unable to withstand the weight any longer. Her gargantuan booty engulfed Alex’s lap and waist. He was stuck beneath her, and judging by the way she turned and looked at him, he could tell she didn’t have any plans on trying to move. She began to attempt grinding on him, her swollen backside just wobbling and rolling over him as his stiff member was rubbed between her cheeks.

He gave her butt another slap causing it to surge out and cover his torso up to his chest. She bit her lip while crying out in pleasure. She leaned back onto the expanse of her ass, causing it to spread out further over Alex. Her right cheek pressed against the wall, while her left began to press into their bathtub. She closed her eyes, threw her head back, and giggled before bringing both of her hands down on her twin blimps which were now nearly smothering her husband.

She opened her eyes as she realized her ass hadn’t grown any bigger. “Hey babe?”

“Yeah?” He replied after grunting, trying to lift some of the weight off of his chest so he could breathe easier.

“It's not growing right now is it?”

“Not that I can tell.”

“Maybe this is as big as the tattoo lets me get. This is so insane though, you alright?”

Alex gave up on trying to lift her cheeks off of him and let them drop back onto his chest, their gelatinous forms wobbling as they dropped. “I’m fine, just getting a little hard to breathe. Honestly, I feel like I should be asking you that question.”

“If I’m being honest I think I’m fine, if I’m being honest I was on the brink of an orgasm, but then it just kind of faded. Like I just feel all tingly and numb right now.”

“Did the creepy guy that gave you the tattoo mention anything about shrinking?”

“What? Oh right, yeah the guy that we got them from. If I’m being honest I don’t even remember anything he said, it's all just a blur. There has to be a way t- *OH FUCK!*” She screamed her eyes rolling back as her ass quickly grew pushing into the back of her head. She fell back into it convulsing as her body was immediately rocked by a mind-numbing orgasm. Meanwhile, Alex didn’t even have enough time to ask what was happening as his head was buried beneath her room-filling ass, which was now beginning to do just that.

Her left cheek overfilled the side of their tub and quickly filled the space, now being pelted by the water still running from the shower. Her right cheek grew against the wall pushing it upward and towards the far wall with the toilet. The toilet was quickly engulfed in the wave of flesh that quickly met the ceiling. All Alex could hear beneath the giant globes was the muffled screams of his wife, along with the creaking of the floorboards he was being firmly pressed into.

But only a few seconds later, even faster than it had grown, her ass shrunk back down. The force of her receding backside had caused Christy to fall forward as she gasped for air. She was still reeling from what was the most intense, as well as strange, orgasm she had ever felt in her life.

Alex sat up and stared at Christy, both relieved and slightly disappointed her ass had returned to its original size. He on the other hand was still “enlarged” in a certain place. Christy pushed herself up and turned to face him, smiling.

“That was awesome.” She said, before standing up and turning to look at the tattoo in the mirror. “I really hope this washes off easily.”

“Really?” Alex said as he got to his feet, “You’re going to get rid of it already?”

“I’m sure it's just going to wash off in the shower, what do you think I should just stop bathing so my ass can get bigger?” She said putting her hands on her hips.

“You know what, you’re right. It’s your body, I was just hoping that since you know you were able to enjoy it so much, maybe I could too.”

She glanced down at his erect member and grinned. She began approaching him slowly as she said, “Well maybe if you were to help get it off, I could return the favor and help *you* get off.” She put her hands on his face and said seductively, “How does that sound?”

Alex grinned back and said, “Sounds like a plan.”

He quickly brought one of his hands down to grab her ass, the force of which triggered the tattoo causing her butt to swell up again. She gasped and brought both of her hands down to feel it, craning her neck to see it jut out behind her by several inches.

“Asshole!” She said shoving him.

“Hey! It was an accident.”

“Well too bad, your invitation to help me has been revoked.” She turned around and bent over to fix the shower curtain which had been messed up by her ass just a couple minutes before. When she bent her swollen butt grazed Alex’s erection, he leaned slightly closer so that it rested between her cheeks. She straightened her back and turned her head to look at him, “Why don’t you go make us breakfast while you wait for your turn, instead of poking me with that thing.”

“Yes ma’am.” He said, still smiling as he stared at her ass as long as he could before turning the corner out of the bathroom.

She stepped into the shower and called back, “You better hope this thing shrinks back down after I wash the tattoo off. There is no way any of my pants are going to fit me.”

“I mean, it wouldn’t be that bad, would it? We could always just get you new pants, right?” He replied before his attention was drawn to Christy’s nightstand as he heard her phone start buzzing.

“I guess it wouldn’t be too bad,” Christy quietly said, as she smiled slightly while she bit her lower lip while giving her swollen butt a testing squeeze.

Alex picked up Christy’s phone and saw a text from Erica, in all caps it read “CHRISTY YOU NEED TO GET OVER HERE NOW”.

His eyes went wide as he realized that Christy said they both got temporary tattoos. “Hey Christy, you said both you and Erica got temporary tattoos right?”

“Yeah, why?”

“Well you just got a text from her and she seems pretty freaked out by something. You didn’t get the same one as her did you?”

“No, I remember she got one completely different than mine. It said some dumb joke you’d only find funny when you’re drunk and it had-” She gasped as she realized what was on it.

Alex looked back down at the phone as it buzzed again, the message said “I NEED YOUR HELP RIGHT NOW”.

“Hey babe, she’s saying needs your help. What was her tattoo?”

“Alex, hers had two melons on it!”

Alex’s eyes went wide at the realization of what that implied.

“Well, in that case, we should probably get over there ASAP. To help her out I mean!”

Christy just rolled her eyes at his response. She also began to feel a twinge of worry as she had been scrubbing at the tattoo for a little while now, and it showed no signs of washing away or even fading.