

Butt It Up: Picture Perfect

“I can’t believe someone tossed out a perfect good camera!” Felicia cheerfully remarked as she strolled into her apartment, “And it’s one of those fun polaroid cameras too! Really awesome find!”

A young woman with ravishing black hair had returned to her home after a nice walk through her neighborhood. It was a beautiful day after a series of dull, grey ones, so it was nice for her to finally get out of her apartment for a little bit. This time her little walk had her find something truly special.

Out of the side of the road, in front of a large house in a small neighborhood, there were a bunch of boxes labeled “garbage” on the side of them. One of them was opened, so when Felicia walked by, she glanced inside of it. There, she saw a small, polaroid camera with several containers worth of film that she could put into it.

It was an incredible find, at least in her mind. She was a fan of photography, often walking around the town just to take photos of animals and people with her cellphone and disposable cameras. She always wanted to try out a polaroid camera, but she could never find one easily or for cheap. That was until today.

“Let’s give this bad boy a quick try,” Felicia pleasantly spoke out loud after she loaded some film into the camera in her apartment. Glancing it over one last time, she noticed the initials, K.T., scribbled on the side in black marker. She assumed it belonged to the previous owner, but why he or she would toss out a perfectly good camera was anyone’s guess.

She aimed the camera at the wall, deciding to take a photo of her TV to try things out, she snapped a quick shot. There was a huge flash, much larger than she would have guessed from the size of the camera, and a small little polaroid popped out. She pulled it out and shook it a little bit before looking it over.

The photo showed her TV in crystal clear vision with no glare or blurriness at all. In fact, the quality of the actual photo looked like it could’ve been taken with a recent digital camera. *Well this is impressive*, she thought, looking at the photo and then at the camera, *did the previous owner modify it or something? Gees, why throw it out if it is this good?*

She tossed the photo onto her coffee table and looked over the camera a bit. It looked like a perfectly normal camera with no modifications as far as she could tell, but they could have been on the inside. Either way, she knew this camera was special for sure.

Smiling to herself, she lifted the camera up and aimed it at her face. She smiled and thought, *and now time for an old-school selfie!*

With a press of the button, the light flashed and the camera snapped a photo. Felicia’s world went blurry and wild after the flash in her eyes, the light so powerful that it made her

woozy and unable to focus on anything. Her legs felt weak and she stumbled over onto the sofa, the camera bouncing onto the one of the cushions.

“W-wasn’t,” she muttered, “Expecting that...”

She sat there as things came back into focus and once they did, she reached over and grabbed the photo from the camera. Bringing it to her face, she gave the picture an odd look. It showed her, obviously, but also bright purple eyeshadow, puffy pink lips, long eyelashes, and tweezed eyebrows.

What? She thought suspiciously, *I don’t have makeup on... do I?* It was hard for her to think straight, her mind still reeling from the photo. So, she grabbed her phone and check herself in it. Sure enough, she had all of the makeup on and even the very puffy pink lips to boot.

I could have sworn I didn’t have them, but whatever, she thought, tossing the phone to the side regardless.

She let out a small side and her eyes drifted over to the camera again. Looking at it, something deep within stirred. There was a desire within, craving and wanting another photo, even despite the problems it brought to her. I don’t know why, she thought slowly reaching over for the camera, but... but I want to... I need to take another photo.

Raising the camera into the air, aiming it at her face, and hit the button. The light flashed yet again, but strongly, it didn’t feel as powerful or as painful. It was certainly very annoying and she had to immediately rub her eyes after taking the shot, but it wasn’t too bad overall.

Felicia pulled out the new photo and looked it over closely like she did the first. The shot didn’t look too different from the last one at first. Same amount of makeup, same lavishing black hair, and pretty face looking back with a nice smile. However, looking closely, she caught two particular things that stood out: her cheeks and her chest.

Her breasts looked larger, tucked behind her gray t-shirt. They looked as if they jumped up two extra cup sizes, putting her in the D range, with how protruding and round they look. Her bra seemed to fit them in just fine though and her shirt seemed to wrap around them, almost highlighting their immense size and weight as they did.

Her cheeks though... they just seemed puffy. It was almost as if she had bee sting rash combo going on, her cheeks puffing up about twice their original size and bright red. They looked so strange to Felicia, but when she went to feel the areas, a wondrous, tingling feeling coursed through her body.

“Oh wow,” she moaned out, “That’s... nice. I... I wonder what’ll happen if I take another photo? ...frt.”

With that thought on her mind, she grabbed the camera yet again and tossed the photo to the side with the other. She looked into the camera, making a kissy face and winking at it as

well, snapping another quick photo. Like before, the flash seemed far less blinding than before. In fact, it felt rather comfortable and calming.

She yanked the photo out eagerly and looked it over again. Her cheeks had jumped up several sizes, bigger than the size of a fist. The color was far more pinkish and red than before, the texture very smooth and soft as well. Between their larger size, her lips seem to be pushing out a bit more as well.

“Like cute frt!” she giggled, shaking her legs and feet like a child, “I’m sooooo cute frt! I need to take more and more pictures frt!”

And with that, Felicia aimed the camera at her face once more and snapped another photo. The second the picture popped out, she instantly snapped another picture on top of that, the first photo being popped out by the new one that followed. She paid no attention to the first shot, instead focusing on the second one she took.

Her cheeks were gigantic looking now! They protruded from her face by several inches and looked about half as big as her head itself! They had a bright pink sheen to a part of them and seemed so smooth that the light glared off of them. Also, with any slight movement of her head, they seemed to wobble and shake a bit.

And with each wobble and shake, her body shivered, causing Felicia to rub her thighs together excitedly. “Like fffrrtt!” she said, blowing out raspberries left and right, “Totally kewl frrtttt! Frt, I should take... ffrt like one more photo! One frt frrtttt photo!”

She giggled and raised the camera up high, aiming it carefully at her for the final time. With one single snap, the camera flashed and the photo came out. The flash no longer bothered her at all, the whole world completely in focus for her as she took the new snapshot to look it over.

The photo was incredible. Her cheeks were even bigger, now nearly the size of her head and wobbly & jiggly. Her lips were squished in between the two large cheeks, giving her a permanent kissy face. Even besides that, a large, pink pair of panties was wrapped around her head, covering her lips and hiding her nose from sight.

“I’m fffrrtt such a ffrt buttfacet!” Felicia giggled, playfully rubbing and squishing her cheeks over and over.

However, there as a sudden knock at the door, drawing her attention away from the photo. Curious, she got up and head there, her cheeks jiggling and bouncing with each footstep. Her body felt excited and eager by the movement, to point where when she opened the door, she eagerly greeted the individual with a big smile and a cheerful, “Hiya fffffffrrrrrrttt!”

The person standing there smiled back, brushing his hand through his messy, glossy brown hair. Adjusting his lab coat, he said, “Hi there buttfacet. My name is Kobi. I believe you found my little camera that I “accidentally” left out. May I come in?”

THE END