

Bubble Butt Blow Up

“No,” Laura whispered to herself. “Why did she have to come here?”

The cause for Laura’s distress was the sight of a woman with blonde hair making her way through the house as she weaved between the other college students at the party. Her name was Christine, and she was an airheaded girl that was known for searching high and low for her perfect match. She was never short on suitors thanks to her slim figure adorned in a pink crop top and a white skirt. Even now, all it took to get a guy’s attention was a single wink of her blue eyes.

Seeing the popular girl casually stroll towards the living room, Laura made her move. Her intention was to use this party as the perfect opportunity to finally make Keith her own. In an effort to make the college football star fall for her, she had gone out of the way to style her neck length, black hair and put on a cute white blouse adorned with a black tie for flair. Upon seeing her target of the man clad in his football jersey, she swayed her hips adorned by her blue mini skirt to try to get his attention. Unfortunately for her, having to force her way past a group of drunk frat boys led to her being a few seconds too slow.

“Like, hi there, hot stuff,” Christine said, taking a seat next to Keith on the couch. “I’m totally bored. Would you mind keeping me company?”

Upon seeing the blonde put her arm around the jock’s shoulder, Laura could feel her chances slipping away. Thankfully for her, Christine’s reputation of snatching up eligible bachelors had given her a chance to prepare for this very scenario. Sifting through her pockets, she pulled out a pack of gum labeled as “Malevoberry Bubble”. Though there were momentary concerns about what the sweet treat’s lingering effects would be, all it took was the sight of Christine pressing her chest up against Keith’s to force Laura’s hand. Unwilling to lose her man,

she followed the packaging's instructions by locking her eyes on Christine as she popped the pink stick of gum into her mouth and began to chew.

Mashing her teeth over and over again, Laura waited for the moment that the curse would take effect. To her dismay, Christine remained comfortably pressed up against Keith, turning his face red by whispering into his ear about what she would do to him. Whispering a tirade of insults towards both the blonde and the shopkeeper that had sold her the faulty gum, Laura tried to ease her frustration by blowing a small bubble.

Laura froze in place as she watched Christine start to wiggle in her seat. Curious, she blew more air into the sphere of gum. Right on que, the blonde shifted her position to try and make herself comfortable. Though Christine was too distracted trying to convince Keith to follow her back to her place, Laura was given the opportunity to see the way the woman's skirt was just a little tighter around the hips. Using the bubble to cover up her malicious grin, Laura continued to blow.

"Hey is everything alright?" Keith asked as he watched Christine squirm.

"Er, yeah," Christine said as she pulled at the straining fabric. "I swore I got this at the right size. Maybe they mislabeled it or--"

A sudden puff of air was enough to send Christine toppling forward onto Keith. As much as Laura detested the blonde getting more hands on with her man, the position did give her a chance to see her rival's butt cheeks swell with each breath. While a few of the other party goers started to cast curious glances over at Christine, the blonde remained steadfast in trying to play off that everything was alright.

"Sorry about that," Christine said, quickly picking herself back up. "I don't know what's going on with me tonight."

“Do you want to maybe head up to my room and rest?”

“That would be gre-AH!”

If people weren't paying attention before, Christine's little yelp as Laura forced another layer around her rear certainly got their attention. As more of the crowd turned their attention towards the girl, Laura slowed the pace of her puffs to let everyone see what was happening. Shuffling back from Keith for fear of falling over again, the look on Christine's face let it be known that she finally understood what was going on.

Ever so slowly the blonde let her hand slide towards her hips. Any former sign of her upbeat personality was replaced with worry as she felt the way the fabric tightly constrained around her waist. Daring to let the palms of her hands reach out towards her backside, she pressed them into her cheeks to feel the extra heft Laura had so graciously given to her.

Finding twisted glee in the fearful look on Christine's face, Laura decided to increase the speed of her bubble blowing. The effects were made apparent almost instantly as the swelling spread from the blonde's ass to incorporate her thighs. The added blubber around her upper legs should have been a boon for helping her move her bubble butt, however she was too embarrassed of revealing her heftier hindquarters to even attempt to stand up.

Seeing Keith reach out to offer some kind of support, Laura decided to put a stop to any attempts at aiding the accursed woman with an abrupt puff of air. The sudden rush of extra fat around Christine's lower body surged to cover up the entirety of the couch cushions. Keith's helpful attitude had earned him the privilege of being sandwiched in-between the armrest and the wealth of blubber clinging to Christine's ass. Forcing herself to stifle a laugh for fear of putting the show to an early end, Laura continued her mission to see just how big she could go.

“H-hey, can you get off?” Keith asked.

“I’m trying,” Christine replied, each attempt to get up hindered by her ever increasing mass.

Christine stopped trying to escape the moment she heard a ripping noise echo through the room. Unable to withstand the burden of her swelling rear anymore, her once dainty skirt tore at the seams to try and stay intact. This gave the party goers a good look at the wealth of flesh being layered onto her lower half with each passing second. A few of the luckier ones even got to see the moment her pair of pink panties were stretched out into a thong that sunk into her ass crack as it clung to life.

Upon Christine’s butt cheeks reaching the size of a pair of bean bag chairs, her skirt was relieved of duty as its shreds were scattered across the room. The impact from the explosion of fabric was barely heard over the collective gasp of the crowd. The lingering ripples from the event cascaded through her lower half to send her butt cheeks into a wobbling fit. While the constant jiggling was entertaining for Laura and the other party goers, Keith wasn’t having as much of a good time.

“Keith, I’m so sorry,” Christine said, trying in vain to get her butt to stop jiggling against him. “I don’t know what’s causing this.”

With most of Keith’s body buried beneath Christine’s ass fat, the most he could muster was a series of muffled shouts. As she tried to discern what he was trying to say, her ears picked up the sound of something straining. Looking over her shoulder at the likely candidate, she was able to see a very thin string of fabric making up her still surviving panties. Her attention was drawn away from the distressed undergarment by a more wooden creaking noise. Now more than ever she wanted to get up, but any progress she made was undone by her worry of suffocating Keith. It was a bittersweet gift when Laura finally gave her the freedom she sought.

No longer able to hold the weight of Christine's backside, the couch came crashing down to the ground. The destruction of the furniture managed to get the crowd to momentarily back away for fear of being hit with splintered wood and wayward cushions. As the dust settled, everyone watched as Keith crawled his way out from beneath Christine's ass cheeks. Taking deep breaths to recover, he stood back up to offer her a hand.

Seeing the way Christine so casually accepted his help, Laura's malicious intent increased tenfold. Watching as Keith struggled to get the blonde to her feet, Laura prepared herself by taking in a deep inhale of air. Waiting and watching for the right moment, she merely observed as Christine managed to get herself into a standing position. Though she had to admit that she was impressed, Laura wasn't ready to end the blonde's torture so soon.

All at once Laura pushed the air out of her lungs and into the bubble. The resulting quakes going through Christine's body proved to be the final push needed to send her panties flying across the room. Yet again her butt swelled to leave her backside to loom over the scattered remains of the sofa.

So concerned with her lower half growing outwards, Christine didn't notice her other changes until her head bumped up against the ceiling. To compensate for her widened hips and thick calves, her body had seen fit to increase her height by several feet. While the extra length helped maintain balance, there came the issue of her trying not to burst through to the second floor.

"Please, someone help me!" Christine shouted, each panicked step wildly shaking her butt cheeks and sending tremors through the building. "Like, someone call a doctor before I destroy the house!"

Christine's plea for assistance went unnoticed by the party goers as they all watched her lower body continue to expand. Desperate to find some way to stop her rapid growth, Christine swung about her body through the living room. The end results were her butt cheeks putting their wrecking ball-sized selves to work recklessly slamming into the walls. Fearing for their lives, most of the guests ran for the exit before she brought the place down. Laura, however, was willing to stay behind just for the sake of watching her rival suffer.

Moving past the fleeing crowd, Laura boldly stepped forward with the bubble still perched in her mouth and her phone at the ready. She managed to snap a picture of the very moment Christine purposefully fell to the ground to avoid causing any more damage. Though this did stop her from slamming against the walls, her ass persevered in continuing to grow to meet Laura's wishes.

Hitting record on her phone, Laura watched as Christine's rear swelled to enormous proportions. Each cheek was easily larger than a car, with a bevy of pieces of broken furniture buried beneath the massive mounds. Even with the threat of the encroaching ass inching ever closer to her, Laura continued to film. Too obsessed in basking in her own glory, she didn't even try to move as she the massive ass cheeks slowly encroached towards her.

Laura's enjoyment turned into fear as a fit of maniacal laughter caused the wave of ass fat to fall towards her. Moments before she was slammed into the wall, her teeth ended up popping the bubble she had managed to grow as large as Christine's original body. Wincing as she scrambled to scrape the gum off of her face and torso, she cursed herself for not being able to grow the blonde large enough to demolish the house. However, she did take pleasure in the knowledge that despite the burst bubble, most of the added mass on Christine's back end had lingered.

No longer under the threat of being crushed, Laura casually squeezed her way out from betwixt the ass cheeks. Pushing herself out to one of the few open spaces left in the living room, she began to shuffle towards Christine's head. The slow pace gave her plenty of time to consider what she was going to say. Her mind was already filled with a bevy of insults to toss out with the hopes of bringing her rival to tears.

Laura came to an abrupt stop a few feet away from Christine's head. Kneeling down in front of the incapacitated girl was Keith, his face pressed up against Christine's. Though it was difficult for Laura to see from this angle, she had been to enough parties to recognize the sound of two people sharing a passionate kiss. Just as she reached a hand into her pocket for a second piece of gum to stop the moment of intimacy, a slight shift of Christine's body buried Laura beneath one of her ass cheeks.

"Wait, did you hear something?" Keith asked, prematurely breaking off the kiss.

"Sorry, it might have been one of the walls cracking against my huge...well you know," Christine replied.

"Nothing to worry about. My parents are loaded. Should be an easy fix."

Christine paused for a moment, putting her hefty hindquarters to good use by tapping her fingers against them. "Are you really okay with this? With having a girl who has an enormous...?"

"Butt?" Keith blatantly replied. "Totally. It's something I've dreamed of."

"It feels more like a nightmare to me," Christine commented, wincing at the feeling of her gigantic rear wobbling back and forth. "Like, I wonder if getting this reversed is under my student health plan."

“Don’t be so hasty,” Keith spoke up. “This is something most people would kill for. I thought the only way I’d get to experience it was through online art and stories.”

“Like, people make stuff out of people’s behinds growing? I don’t really get it.”

“They sure do,” Keith said, sitting down next to her as he pulled out his phone. “Here let me show you some of my favorites.”

As Keith scrolled through his phone to show off his secret stash, Christine’s eyes went wide as she was exposed to a world of people that would find her gigantic backside attractive. Though it was the last thing she expected for a date, she found it surprisingly comfortable hanging out with Keith as they looked through one strange picture after another. Save for the slight discomfort from something moving beneath one of her ass cheeks, she considered this the perfect start to her rather unique relationship with Keith.