

Nozomi's Behemoth Butt Technique

"Nozomi Kaminashi, please come in."

Upon hearing her name, Nozomi stood up from her seat with her long, black ponytail hanging behind her. Sticking her hand into her pockets, she wondered what was so important that she would be called away from her daily practice. She paused for a moment, wondering if she had done something wrong or if Ujibe had come up with a cruel way to train her to become a better Keijo player. Tightening up her white hair ribbon in attempt to keep herself calm, she opened up the door.

Stepping into the office, she found herself standing in front of a woman in a pristine, black suit and a head of short, blonde hair. The woman had taken her spot behind the desk, putting down a stack of papers as soon as Nozomi closed the door behind her. Folding her hands together, the woman smiled as she surveyed the body Nozomi had cultivated from her intense matches and training.

"Yes, you'll do nicely," the woman said, unable to hide her lustful gaze.

"What are you talking about?" Nozomi asked.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," the woman quickly dismissed. "Please sit down. I have some important business to discuss with you regarding your future in Keijo."

Whatever sinister things Nozomi suspected of the woman were pushed aside at the mention of her life's goal. "What kind of business?"

"My name is Bernice Telwin," the woman said, putting her hand to her chest, "I represent the Beyesta drug company, which that has taken particular interest in the sport of Keijo. We have been developing a vitamin supplement to increase the overall mass of one's lower body to promote strength training and a sharp increase in performance when it comes to Keijo races."

Nozomi tilted her head. “And that means...?”

Bernice smirked as she reached inside her pocket to pull out a pill bottle filled with dark blue capsules. “To put it simply, these will make your butt bigger.”

Flooded with imaginary images of her as the Keijo prize queen, Nozomi’s eyes gleamed as she reached out towards the bottle, only to have it snatched away.

“Of course, they’re still experimental,” Bernice explained, holding the bottle just out of Nozomi’s reach. “We’ve only gotten the bare minimum certification to let it be used in the field. I chose you after looking over your performance in battle and medical record. You make for the perfect test subject.”

“Then why don’t you hand it over?” Nozomi asked, reaching out for the bottle again only for Bernice to pull it further away.

“Because as I said, its experimental. We can’t have you taking the supplement until you’ve agreed to our conditions.”

With a sigh of defeat, Nozomi sat back down. “What are they?”

“Nothing too out of the ordinary, typical business stuff and some waivers saying you won’t hold us accountable for any side effects. Most importantly, you must agree to go through the entire trial period. Giving up partway through might have some unintended consequences, both physically and legally.” Putting the pill bottle back on the desk, Bernice slapped a stack of papers in front of Nozomi and held out a pen. “Do we have a deal?”

“You betcha,” Nozomi replied, snagging the pen out of Bernice’s hand and jotting down her name on each page. Blinded by her own delusions of victory, she skipped past most of the legal speak and paragraphs warning of the drug’s possible dangers. Reaching the final page, she signed her name one last time before letting the pen roll across the table.

“Everything seems to be in order,” Bernice commented as she read through the papers.

“When can I start?” Nozomi asked, standing up from her seat to properly show her excited smile.

Bernice put a finger to her chin in thought. After a few moments, she popped off the top of the bottle and rolled out one of the pills. “Since the paperwork has been signed, I don’t see any problems doing the first dose now. Do you?”

“Nope. I was born ready,” Nozomi replied, eagerly snatching the pill from Bernice’s hand and swallowing it. Her hands immediately shot to her backside, her fingers groping her rear through the fabric of her jeans. “Oooh, I think I can feel it working already.”

Bernice didn’t even attempt to hide her sinister grin. “That’s excellent to hear.”

Nozomi couldn’t stop staring at her reflection in one of the dressing room mirrors. It had only been a month since she had started taking the supplements, but she was already making amazing progress. Sliding her fingers down the fabric of her one-piece, black swimsuit, she silently rejoiced in the curvature of her grown rear. Putting her hands to her hips let her properly appreciate that her backside had nearly doubled in size to mimic a set of beach balls. Shaking her lower body back and forth and watching her bubble butt jiggle, sent an ear to ear smile to her face as she thought about how it would carry her to new heights.

Done admiring herself and noticing the late start time, Nozomi strolled out into the training field with the other Setouchi Keijo students. She couldn’t stop smiling as she watched her fellow players unable to avert their gaze from her impressive derriere. Her good mood lasted until she felt a familiar, foreboding aura emanating from one side of the field.

Dropping her confident smile, Nozomi slowly turned to face the heavyset figure approaching her. Long, orange reddish hair partially hid the furious look on the hefty, former Keijo player's face. As Nagisa Ujibe stomped ever closer towards her, Nozomi shivered at the sight of the wooden ruler clasped tightly in her hands.

"H-hello Ujibe-sensei," Nozomi said, standing completely still for fear of angering her.

"Bend over," Ujibe commanded, slapping the palm of her hand with the ruler.

"Yes sensei," Nozomi replied, promptly presenting her engorged posterior.

Placing the ruler across Nozomi's prominent butt cheeks, Ujibe took her measurements.

"The growth rate is impressive, but I'm still shaky about the method."

"Bernice said it was completely safe."

"Wouldn't be the first time someone lied in order to sell some crazy wonder drug," Ujibe replied, slapping the ruler against her hand and watching Nozomi shiver at the sound it made. "I read over the report of the possible side effects. To prepare you for whatever these drugs might do, I'm going to be putting you through some special training."

"What? Come oooooonn you already have me-"

Ujibe slapped the ruler on the back of her hand again.

"Yes Ujibe sensei," Nozomi said as she stood at attention.

"Good. Now give me one minute of butt figure-eights on the double."

"Yes Ujibe sensei," Nozomi replied as she began to gyrate her hips.

Everyone in the training area stopped what they were doing to watch Nozomi's exercise. The constant rotation of her hips created a loud clapping noise as her butt cheeks repeatedly bounced against one another. Her movements were significantly slower than usual, her body

growing tired after just a few reps. The exercise came to an early end as her ass ripped open her suit, showing everyone the bare skin underneath.

“Just as I thought,” Ujibe said, putting her ruler to Nozomi’s exposed rear to stop it from shaking. “You’ve gained plenty of mass to increase overall power, but the speed and maneuverability lost nowhere near makes up the cost. I’m going to advise taking you off the drug.”

“Ujibe-sensei please,” Nozomi said, turning around and tearing off more of the bottom part of her suit. “I know I can handle this. Please, teach me how to use it properly.”

Ujibe stood in silence for a moment, tapping her foot against the ground as she looked into Nozomi’s pleading eyes. “Do you promise to do whatever I say?”

“Yes.”

“To never give up no matter how hard it gets?”

“Yes.”

“You’ll keep striving to use this butt to reach new heights in Keijo?”

“Yes!”

“Then run to the locker room, put something on to cover yourself, and meet me back here for more training.”

“Yes sensei!” Nozomi shouted before running off of the field, her wobbling butt cheeks leaving a trail of astonished looking expressions on her fellow students’ faces.

The irritating alarm buzzing through Nozomi’s ears let her know it was the bright and early hour of four in the morning. Even after two months of serious training, she still hadn’t gotten used to her strict schedule of training from sunrise to sunset to learn how to use her new

body. Letting out an annoyed sigh to vent her frustration, she reached over to the side to hit the snooze button only to feel her hand sink into something big and soft.

As Nozomi laid there staring up at the ceiling, her eyes gradually adjusted to the dark room to see she wasn't on her bed. Judging by the mess of pulled down blankets hanging off her mattress, she must have gotten into another one of her fits of tossing about in her sleep. With that realization, it didn't take long for her to figure out what she was laying on.

The lights suddenly turned on to illuminate Nozomi's peculiar predicament. Her main body was lifted several feet in the air, her head coming up to where her pillows resided on her bed. Reaching her hand behind her, she felt her barrel-sized butt cheeks doing an admirable job of keeping her cushioned. Despite the comfy feeling of her self-padding, she began to curse her exponential butt growth as she attempted to get back onto her feet. Thankfully her savior came just as someone hit the snooze button for her.

"Here, let me help," Sayaka said, the white haired girl reaching out her hand.

Accepting Sayaka's hand, Nozomi pushed off the ground with her feet to stand up. Using Sayaka for balance, Nozomi wobbled back and forth to keep herself upright. In the process of balancing herself, her butt cheeks wobbled about freely, unrestrained by any form of clothing. Feeling safe to move only after a minute of watching her rear end jiggle, Nozomi let out a sigh of relief.

"Thanks Sayaka," Nozomi said, shuffling her way towards the bathroom to avoid falling down again and waking her other roommates.

"You're welcome, but I wish we didn't have to do this every morning. Have you had any luck getting control of the extra weight?"

“I’m definitely making progress with Ujibe sensei, but it’s slow.” Stepping out of the bathroom with a fresh shirt on, she tugged at the pair of panties stretched across her lower body to provide a modicum of decency. Done futilely attempt to rid herself of the wedgie lodged deep within her ass crack, she held out her blue pill for the morning and swallowed it.

“Are you sure you should still be taking those?” Sayaka asked.

“Have to, it’s what that suit lady said,” she replied, approaching the door. “Besides, you know I’m not the type to give up so easily,” she added, a reassuring smile helping to ease Sayaka’s nerves and motivate herself. Waving goodbye to her roommate, she took a step out into the hall only to be stopped as her butt got wedged in the doorway. “Um...could you please help me?”

Letting on a long sigh that conveyed her lack of sleep and aggravation with Nozomi, Sayaka stepped forward. Getting a running start, she crashed into Nozomi’s bottom. The impact got Nozomi through the door, her jiggling rear threatening to bring her crashing back down to the ground. Just as she was about to tip over, Nozomi stomped her feet. Giving a thumbs up to Sayaka just as she closed the door to go back to sleep, Nozomi went waddling down the hall towards the training field.

Under the early morning sunlight, she was met with a frustrated looking Ujibe sensei. “You’re late.”

“Sorry, I got stuck on the floor again,” Nozomi said, her backside bouncing about as she did her warmup stretches.

“All the more reason I think you should move to another dorm. One that can accommodate your special body.”

“Come on, it’s not that bad,” she said, raising her rear into the air as she bent down to touch her toes. “Besides, if it wasn’t for Sayaka I wouldn’t even be here this morning.”

“That’s because you haven’t trained enough. Your overall progress is too slow for how fast your butt is growing.”

“But I-“

“Stop complaining and start running,” Ujibe commanded.

“Yes Ujibe-sensei!” Nozomi shouted, breaking off into a sprint.

Nozomi ran across the track at a glacial pace. Each step brought with it the loud clap of her butt cheeks slapping against one another. In a very short time and even shorter distance, Nozomi was already showing the signs of exhaustion from hauling her massive backside. Knowing the scolding she would receive if she stopped, she powered through her tiredness to force herself to continue.

Reaching the turn, Nozomi’s attempt to maneuver herself backfired. One misstep sent her toppling to the ground. Getting a mouthful of dirt, she felt every pound of her double-wide rear pressing down on her. From the opposite side of the field, Ujibe shook her head as she started walking over to try again to convince Nozomi to give up on the pills.

Ujibe stopped dead in her tracks as she watched Nozomi lift her butt into the air. Digging her fingers into the ground, Nozomi powered through the added weight and her own exhaustion to get herself upright. Letting out a primal yell, she took off running, her rear wobbling up and down at a magnificent speed. Reminded once more of the stubbornness of her student, Ujibe couldn’t help smiling.

The roar of the crowd was deafening as the Setouchi students walked out into the arena. After months of training, the day had finally come to show off what they had achieved in a series of exhibition matches. While the other girls were busy taking in the sights or warming up for their matches, Sayaka was preoccupied with looking for someone.

Sayaka's concerns about Nozomi had grown alongside the peppy girl's rear over the past three months. This all came to the forefront a month prior when Nozomi was transferred to a special facility to better accommodate her condition and give her the proper space to train her unique form. Having not heard or seen her longtime friend for so long, Sayaka began to fear the worst.

That was when she heard it. Coming down the entrance on the opposite side of the arena was something that sounded like two heavy slabs of meat constantly being slapped against the concrete. As the noise grew louder, the audience's cheering silenced as they stared in awe at what Nozomi had become.

Making it out of the entrance with mere inches between her posterior and the wall, Nozomi made her appearance. In replacement of a standard swimsuit was a two-piece, black bikini, not that anyone could see the lower half of her outfit. Two butt cheeks, each of which could be classified as a small car wobbled behind Nozomi. The people seated above the entryway got front row seats to see the thin sliver of fabric wedged between her crack sinking deeper with each motion of her rear. Each step sent tremors of motion through her ass, the sound of the two massive mounds clapping together deafening.

Reaching her spot in the arena, Nozomi flung back her ponytail to leave it resting on her rear so she could give her captive audience a friendly wave. While everyone else was engrossed with the daunting derriere, Sayaka noticed a pair of women following in Nozomi's wake. The

first was Ujibe sensei, keeping her eyes trained on Nozomi's legs to watch out for any sign of weakness. Bernice Telwin followed behind her, unable to hide her hungry eyes as she watched Nozomi's ass wobble back and forth. Upon reaching Nozomi, the two women stood to either side of her as Bernice was handed a microphone.

“Good day ladies and gentleman,” she addressed to the crowd. “What you see before you is the culmination of raw Keijo talent and the Beyeesta company's miracle vitamin supplement. While I'm sure the rest of the students are more than willing to show off their skills, I would like to start today's activities off with a handicap match between Ms. Kaminashi and three others. Do we have any challengers?”

“I'll go,” Sayaka said, raising her hand.

“Let me fight her too,” Kazane said, her light brown ponytail being pushed aside as she held up her right hand. “I haven't seen Nozomi in a long time and I want to analyze the kind of skills she's learned.”

“Alright if I fight Nozomin?” Non asked, the clumsy redhead stepping forward.

“I'll take you all on,” Nozomi replied, smiling as she gave her butt cheek a hearty smack. “Me and the behemoth are willing and ready.”

“Then it's settled,” Bernice announced. “Players, please get in position and get ready to fight.”

One by one the other girls took their place on the land. Despite the platform's larger than average size, that didn't stop Nozomi's backside from taking up half of it as she stepped aboard. The land sank several feet into the water for a moment, threatening to knock the other girls off their feet before the match even began.

“Sorry, but I don’t intend on holding back,” Nozomi shouted out, sinking her fingers into her hindquarters to stop it from shaking.

“We weren’t planning on it,” Sayaka said, waiting for the match to begin.

At the sound of the starting bell, Nozomi whipped around her backside at astonishing speed. While Sayaka and Kazane ran to dodge it, Non stood her ground. Presenting her ample bust, Non kept herself firm as the imposing rear slammed into her soft chest. Her plan of bouncing back Nozomi’s mass fell apart as her legs wobbled underneath the immense strength behind the attack. With one final push, Nozomi sent her careening over the edge and splashing into the water.

Reaching behind her, Nozomi somehow managed to stop her jiggling rear with a single hand. “Who’s next?”

The next attack came charging at the two remaining challengers. Sayaka managed to run out of the way, but Kazane had other plans. Leaping into the air, Kazane landed atop Nozomi’s backside. She used her vantage point to observe Nozomi’s movements and try to come up with a way to overcome the insurmountable obstacle. However, it was hard to think as her entire body shook from the tremors going through the gigantic butt.

“Gotcha,” Nozomi said, doing a quick hop into the air to bounce Kazane into the pool.

Having watched her fellow teammates go down so easily, Sayaka didn’t want to take any chances. Reaching towards her own behind, she grasped her swimsuit and sunk the fabric deep within her butt crack to activate her special technique. When Nozomi came around for her next attack, she was more than ready.

Sprinting off at incredible speed, Sayaka effortlessly dodged each of the elephantine ass’s attacks. Circling around the land, she only dared to approach Nozomi to get in a few butt jabs

before retreating to a safe distance. The tactic took a lot out of her, but it showed its results as Nozomi's will started to waiver with each successful attack she landed.

“Sorry,” Nozomi said, breathing heavily from a combination of Sayakay's assault and swaying around her lower body, “but you leave me no choice.”

Stomping her feet into the ground, Nozomi squatted down. Getting the under cheeks of her butt dangerously close to touching the ground, she took a deep breath. She began shaking her hips up and down, showing exquisite control of her backside as it jostled up and down. Moving her gigantic rear like a jackhammer, she leapt into the air. “BEHEMOTH BUTT BOMB!” she shouted, coming back down with all of her weight.

Nozomi's landing transferred all of her rear's built up momentum into the land. The platform dipped several feet into the water, threatening to send Nozomi overboard. Her legs remained steadfast, able to keep herself standing even as her butt continued to reverberate. The incredible force was too much for Sayaka, the impact sending her careening into the air and diving into the water below.

The crowd erupted into loud cheering as the victory bell was rung. When Sayaka climbed out of the water, Nozomi was there to lend her a hand and a friendly smile. Graciously accepting her help and returning the expression, Sayaka stood up alongside Nozomi and her fellow players.

“I say the results speak for themselves,” Bernice announced. “This is the future of Keijo. Combining technology and human willpower to create the ultimate fighters. For all of the investors in the audience, I would be more than willing to talk to you once the event is over. As for the players,” she said, turning a hungry gaze towards the girls congratulating Nozomi, “the Beyeesta company is more than happy to accept more test subjects.”