Be Story Ch. 5.1

**(Kinda alternate Chapter 5. Most likely won’t have any bearing on chapter 6.)**

Our scene begins with Jordan just returning home from her wonderful date with Timmy. Well skip the part where she spends five minutes squeezing through her apartment’s front door (use your imagination.)

*‘I can’t remember the last time I’ve had so much fun. I mean sure he didn’t kiss me, but it was like a first date; he was just being a gentlemen right?’* Jordan’s mental review of the activities occurring earlier that night were interrupted by a strange package on her living room table.

“There’s a letter attached to it.” Jordan identified a letter taped to the package and quickly ripped it open with the intention of reading it. Perhaps it could explain what this package was for.

‘Dear Jordan”

‘I just wanted to say how sorry I am that following my suggestion didn’t seem to solve your problem. If it makes you feel any better, your butt looks amazing! Despite it being freakishly huge of course. I wanted to try and make up for my bad advice so with a little research I came up with this. Incased in the box is a large bottle of capsules that I ordered online. What you need to do is break these capsules over your butt and rub them into the skin. You may need to use a lot of them to cover such a massive area. After doing so, you must perform a series of stretches focusing on the gluteus and thigh muscles. Do this every day till you start seeing desired results. I have to warn you that you might see the exact opposite of your desired results at first. I encourage you to stick with it till you run out of capsules. Trust me this really works.

You’re Friend

Jennifer

“Oh my gosh” exclaimed Jordan after finishing Jennifer’s letter. “After all those mean things I said and accused her of doing, she’s still trying to help me. She really cares.”

“Maybe we should see what’s in the box first before we jump to conclusions.”

“Oh fine Shadow.”

Jordan began searching the box for its contents, moments later pulling out a large pharmacy bottle. With an interesting title on the side.

“Fish Oil”

“Huh. I’ve never heard of this stuff before.”

Our next scene we find Jordan sitting in front of a recording camera with a red blinking light, set on the back part of a desk. Having nowhere else to set, as much of the desks real estate was takin up by her breasts.

“Hello Diary, this is Jordan. Obviously heh heh. I’ve decided to try a suggestion made by one of my friends that should help bring this monster I got behind me down to a more manageable size; and I would like to document what I am now calling: “My Journey to Happiness.””

After stating her intent with a smile on her face, Jordan rises from her sitting position and backs away from the camera. Allowing more of her to be seen; as much as the wide angle of the camera is able to capture anyways.

“Being freakishly tall, you will only be able to see the bottom half of me; including the butt.” Jordan emphasized as she turned to show us the main item of this diary.

“As you can see it is roughly about a foot and a half sticking straight out. And about two feet wide. Huge right?”

Yes, yes it was.

“The other part that I would like to keep an eye on over the next few weeks is the stomach.” Jordan continued as she turned back to facing the camera, rubbing her hands over her toned belly. “Can’t have that getting flabby now can we.”

“And depending on what bra I’m wearing you might see a little boob every now and again. I am wearing a minimizer, so you can only see the bottom of them while I’m standing.”

“Well, here we go” Jordan announced as she reached to turn off the camera; completely obscuring the camera’s view with her dangling breasts for a few precious seconds. “Wish me luck!”

“Hello again diary. This is the end of week one on my journey to happiness. No change yet, butt’s still bigger than holy hell. But I am doing everything Jennifer wrote in her letter. Pill rub, stretches, the works. Hopefully will start seeing some changes soon. Till next time.”

“Hey Diary. Week two and still no change. My favorite jeans shrunk in the dryer though so I can’t wear those again; stupid dryer. Anyways, I’m gonna do a quick spin.” Jordan said while standing to spin in a slow, complete circle. Her butt swaying and jiggling with the movement. “And see what I see. Fingers crossed for week three.”

“Ok diary. It’s the end of week three and I’m confused.” Jordan stated while leaning in close to the camera, breasts swelling up from being squished between her and the table. “I was reviewing the recordings for my “Journey to Happiness” journal and saw something off. I’m not sure because it’s hard to tell, but I think my butt has gotten bigger over the last several weeks. It’s slight but I swear: it looks wider, thicker, and I might even go so far as to say that theirs a little extra heft to it. Is this what Jennifer was talking about? I hope not.”

“But even if it is I will not be discouraged. I will not be defeated. I am gonna keep this up until I see some desired results. Quick spin.” Jordan does a slow spin for the camera. “And I’ll be back in a week.”

“Sorry it’s been so long diary. It’s the end of week six, but don’t worry I haven’t missed a day. But….well…..you’re not gonna believe this.”

Jordan stands up from the table to back up and turn profile. As she spends, with almost a noticeable delay in arrival, a monstrous posterior sways into view.

“It is three and a half feet in every direction now. That’s more than twice its original size. I was walking towards the bathroom to take a shower a few days ago, and I was prepared for the workout this time. I leaned down so I wouldn’t hit my head, got my whales through no problem, and was ready to force my butt through.”

“I got it about half way and it just stopped. No matter how I pulled, or pried, or tried to turn, it just wouldn’t budge. I backed out to try it sideways, but of course with my boobs I couldn’t do it that way either. My butt is now too big for my bathroom. I had to drive to Timmy’s place and use his.”

“And boy was he surprised to see me. We haven’t gotten to hang out since I started this thing, and to see me squeeze out of my Prius with this massive thing.” Jordan emphasized this with a solid slap to the ‘massive thing’; causing it to ripple like gelatin. “Man I thought he was gonna faint. Of course he let me use his shower, sweet, kind stud muffin that he is. But he had to help me get into the bathroom. It was so embarrassing; buuuuut…..also a little fun.” Jordan had a devious smile on her face.

“I was able to wedge myself in the doorway, that part was easy. The fun part was when I was able to beg him into pushing my butt the rest of the way through. Quite the chore for the little guy. With all the grunting I heard behind me you’d a thought he was trying to push a semi; pretty accurate description actually. Though in his defense, I wasn’t helping……at all. Wanted to prolong the physical contact as much as possible. His hands felt good on this bum, and momma wanted it to last.” ‘Mamma’ delighted in the memories of that night, sensually rubbing her hands over the spots of her butt that Timmy nearly lost his arms in.

“Anyways, long story short I’m not sure this “Journey to Happiness” is all I’ve cracked it up to be. However, and against my better judgment, I’m gonna continue with the fish oil. Call me optimistic but I’ve come this far. Mine as well go the whole nine yards.”

“Hey diary; week ten has ended, surprisingly no changes were the bum is concerned. But I would like to make an announcement that it’s official.

**I. am. In. love.**

“Timmy came over a few days ago with a friend and a bag a tools. He’s going to widen all the door ways in my apartment. Yes. Timmy is officially the most amazing man I have ever meet, and he will be mine.

“I don’t care how clueless he is. I don’t care how long it takes. He will belong to ME; one way or another. If I have to freaking tie him up and drag him to my home like a caveman then that’s just what’s gonna happen.”

“I haven’t decided how to proceed from here, but don’t worry I’ll think of something. Till next time.”

“Alright so it’s the end of week twelve and Jennifer is dead to me. Why? Well just look!”

Jordan finishes her ranting by backing away from the camera to show the finale results of her “Journey to Happiness.” As she slowly turns in a circle for the camera, we see that her butt has gone from triple to nearly quadruple in size since the beginning of the exercise. Jordan emphasizes the reality of what we see with plenty of pokes to her cheeks; where her fingers almost disappear into the flesh. A couple of lifts and releases with both hands causing her butt to bounce uncontrollably. And a few slaps for a ripple effect; only with her new found mass, it’s more of a wave effect. The shelf of her butt now appears to be a table.

“And less my butt feel like it’s all alone, my thighs have decided to stay consistent with it. Must be from those stupid stretches I’ve been doing.” Indeed her thighs are exact representations of what you’d expect from a woman with a butt like Jordan’s. The perfect pear shaped figure; except for the massive breasts of course. She continues to poke and bounce her bum, as if to convince herself that it is real, before plopping herself down at her desk with a grunt of frustration. “UGHHHHH! So diary, no more fish oil and no more taking advice from Jennifer. It would seem that my butt was right about her all along.”

“Looks like my ‘Journey to Happiness’ is a big, fat, MASSIVE dead end.”