

Author's Note: If you are under 18 turn back now! This is NOT for you.

This one is a little more standard, especially for this site. I really enjoyed putting it together! Feel free to follow me on deviantart at [a-spooky-ghost](#), which coincidentally is also the best place to contact me.

# Drop The Bass

Yuna sat alone in her room, swaddled in a blanket, staring at the only source of light: her computer monitor. A slender hand was extended from the blanket clicking the mouse every so often. The monitor rolled through scenes of dialogue on the same erotic visual novel she had played to completion many times. The game had released only in Japan and its name translated roughly to "Can giants find love?" in English. For Yuna, the main draw of the game was that the protagonist was a twenty-foot-tall giant and all of the romance routes involved normal-sized people.

Through the fantasy of this game Yuna could escape a world she found both disappointing and terrifying. On her best day she stood at 4'11" which when coupled with her utter lack of curves had her constantly mistaken as a child when in public. Such excursions had become increasingly rare over the years until, now at the age of twenty-two, she hardly ever left her room much less the house. The majority of her social interaction was with the roommates with whom she was renting the property.

Both housemates were sources of jealousy for Yuna. Grace was a year or two younger than her but was so much taller it seemed they were a different species. The 6'4" red-headed athlete played volleyball for the local university, and thanks to her workout regiment boasted an athletic body and a firm ass. Even without the height difference Yuna couldn't bear to even set eyes upon her.

Yet, Emma provided no reprieve for Yuna. While a foot shorter than Grace at 5'4" she still towered over Yuna. To make matters worse, the blond had been blessed with the largest set of tits Yuna had ever seen on somebody that wasn't an anime character. Emma may have had G-cups but worked as a bartender and frequently did whatever she could to keep her gorgeous boobs on display. The final nail in the coffin was Emma's enormous bubble butt.

The confluence of having two people boast such, to Yuna, ridiculous proportions only drove her further into isolation. Thus, she chose instead the comfort of clicking through the same lines of dialogue she had read a hundred times before. Beyond her locked door the sounds of a gathering crowd began to build. Parties weren't an uncommon occurrence given her roommates' outgoing personalities.

Music began to play which caught Yuna's attention. She groaned, knowing she wouldn't be able to exit her room to seek water or food without colliding with the party. Comments about her height, questions about where her parents had gone all played out in her head. The rapid-fire assumptions had driven her to seething over an imagined slight.

Gradually, the music began to increase in volume. It was some kind of EDM that to Yuna's ears always sounded the same. The music began to build until it was impossible to ignore, and a bassline dropped that seemed to shake the entire house with each beat. Something about the sound made her feel physically uncomfortable, and to make matters worse she was feeling hot.

After a few seconds enough was enough. Yuna cast off the blanket and pushed out of the computer chair. She was wearing black oversized pajama pants and a black hoodie that was so large she could fit her

entire body in it if she tried. The only reason she knew this was because she had, in fact, crawled all the way into the hoodie when she was delivered an XXL hoodie instead of the XXS that she had ordered.

Yuna threw open the door to a scene of ten, maybe fifteen people milling about the house. They all seemed to be shouting which, given the intensity of the music, seemed the only way they could hear one another. For the moment neither Emma nor Grace were anywhere to be found.

“Excuse me,” Yuna attempted to get the attention of a nearby frat boy, “could you turn the music down?”

Not only was the man in the midst of a conversation but the soft timbre of Yuna’s voice was hardly competition for the ear-splitting music. Nobody seemed to pay her any notice, not even to ridicule her stature.

“Excuse me!” Yuna shouted firmly. Again, there was no response to her request. Her fists balled up while the music began reaching its apex once again. Heat built up from within until it felt like she was going to burst. The bass dropped and once more began pulsing the entire house. This time, however, each pulse felt like it was threatening to lift the short Japanese girl off of her feet.

Wearing such oversized clothing made the change nearly imperceptible at first. Each pulse of the bass shook Yuna’s body, driving it upward. She swelled up and up, finally breaking the 5’0” barrier that had eluded her for so long. Her head continued to soar upward until the loose-fitting pants grew tight on her legs. All she had noticed, however, was an odd feeling of vertigo over the course of the preceding minute. This lasted until Yuna felt her breasts, previously lacking the need for a bra, started to jiggle along with the beat.

“Wait...is this...” Yuna muttered as realization washed over her. She ran her hands over the hoodie, grasping what was definitely flesh instead of the flat chest to which she had become accustomed. The beat continued onward and so did her boobs. Her nipples stiffened and brushed against the jacket’s fabric, eliciting a soft moan. Again and again the bassline blasted the house, the conversational murmurs and occasional fits of laughter peppering the beat.

Yuna withdrew her hands, staring in awe as she watched what must have been C-cup breasts bounce freely from under her jacket. The music had fallen away to the back of her mind, and as a result she didn’t notice that the bassline itself seemed to be building to another apex. Bewildered, she looked up at her surroundings. In the time it took her to explore her burgeoning tits she had neglected to notice her body had kept swelling upward.

The frat boy whose attention Yuna had failed to grab no longer towered over her. She found herself head-level with his shoulders, but as the beat proceeded, she stretched higher and higher. Further did her sweatpants stretch as her hips and ass began to fill out as well. Then, the bassline reached its apex and dropped once again. The sound overwhelmed the house, scared animals in neighboring homes and even rattled the cars parked outside.

When the ear-shattering bass went off Yuna let out an aroused yelp. Her hips and ass burst outward, straining her sweatpants’ elastic. Inch after inch of delicious, soft flesh poured into her jiggling tits. She stretched upward despite standing still, meeting the frat boy’s eye level and then eclipsing it. Her hoodie became ill-fitting once again, lifted from her torso both by her increasing height and her mind-boggling N-cup breasts.

“Yes...more...” Yuna mumbled quietly. The beat continued pushing her to greater heights; her hips and ass piled on inches until her pants’ waistband snapped. Each pulse seemed to quicken her growth, pushing

her breasts further until they could no longer be contained by the formerly-oversized hoodie. In the span of a few minutes, she had gone from wearing oversized clothes to wearing capris and a crop top that were comically small.

Arousal completely overtook Yuna's train of thought. Without regard to the party happening around her, she cupped a breast with one hand and began feverishly tending to her crotch with her other. In her current state she couldn't notice that not only had the other partygoers taken notice of her—they were all watching her expand in quiet awe.

"Louder," Yuna said breathlessly, "more bass!" she then cried out.

At the back of the house stood Emma and Grace. As with the other guests they watched their mousy roommate grow larger in rapt attention. When the command was given Emma seemed to snap out of her stupor. The tall ginger made her way to the custom sound system that one of the partygoers had brought and helped set up. As Yuna commanded, Emma placed her hand on the touchscreen and increased the volume to maximum. She fiddled with the equalizer until the bass overwhelmed the other settings by an order of magnitude.

Such incredible sound in such a confined space should have deafened all those nearby. The pulsing bass boomed like a gun going off every second. Cars from outside the house were rocked until their alarms went off. Sound disturbances were reported to the police from every neighbor on the block. Anything on an elevated surface not nailed down shook and rattled.

Nothing else compared, however, to the sight of Yuna tearing her pants and jacket off with both hands. All that remained was an overtaxed pair of underwear whose integrity was tested more each second by her swelling thighs. Despite her immense size, not a single blemish or stretch mark was anywhere to be seen on her body. As her breasts ceaselessly expanded outward, they remained high and firm on her chest. The power of the bass caused nearly every inch of her soft, supple, growing body to jiggle and bounce.

When Yuna's panties finally snapped off she wasted no time in massaging her clit. Her head smacking into the ceiling did not register with her on any level. Pieces of plaster began to fall, as she continued ever-upward until her shoulders made contact with the ceiling and soon after, her back. The speed of her massage increased as her legs stretched further. Her ass made contact with the ceiling, jiggling softly from the impact.

The bass let out one final burst, which at such increased volume could only be registered as the sound of an exploding bomb. Yuna's entire body grew, uninterrupted, for a full minute. An orgasmic shout competed with the sound of the pulsing bass. Relative to her own body, her breasts were beginning to dwarf even a T-cup. To the average person, however, her breasts alone were the size of a king-sized mattress.

An ear-piercing cry rang out from the massively overgrown Asian. Yuna had brought herself to orgasm at the track's final peak. Her growth slowed to a stop, leaving her tall enough that her tremendous ass left an impact in the ceiling and her torso alone long enough to nearly run the entire length of the ceiling. Panting, sweating, and in the afterglow of the most powerful orgasm of her life she took a moment to regard the party of which she had become the center.

"Damn, girl," Emma called out. Murmurs of admiration and arousal broke out from amongst the crowd. A few of the attendees had pleased themselves to the sight, or begun having sex right on the spot, or had passed out in part due to the heavy drinking. The reprieve afforded by the gap in music nearly left enough time for the party to resume.

Then, the next track began playing, filling the house with a distinct but rhythmic bassline. Both Emma and Grace locked eyes at that moment. Something about either girl's clothing was starting to feel uncomfortable.