

A LIFE WITH HER ASS

BIWEEKLY STORY #163

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“That’s a very *convincing* recreation, Belle.”

“You too, officer Zhu Yuan!”

Both women exchanges compliments and smiles as the two passed each other in front of one of *many* booths that had been set up along Sixth Street in New Eridu City. Without context, it might have seemed like a *very* unusual sight. Both women were dressed up *exactly* like each other, but that was the point! *Everyone* walking down the city street that evening was dressed in a costume of some sort. Was it Halloween? No, it was the middle of July!

But Tinmaster had put forward an idea for a fun little event. Who said costume parties needed to happen during Halloween alone? So, they had decided to have this little festival: the *New Eridu Costume Jamboree*! There had been a much better turnout than anyone had expected honestly, with people visiting various stalls dressed like everything from monsters to public servants.

The reason that Belle and Zhu Yuan had chosen to address each other so playfully, however, was because they had collaborated from the get-go, even making those costumes together in the first place. Belle was dressed *just* like Zhu Yuan, wearing a mockup of her specific uniform that was very convincing, whereas Zhu Yuan was up exactly like Belle. They’d helped one another make those costumes, with Belle thankfully still being able to get larger versions of all of her clothes to give to the police officer.

Well, they’d at least left their hair the same.



“I’d feel *way* more convincing if I was allowed to wear a badge too, but *obviously* that wouldn’t fly.” Belle joked to herself after slipping back into Random Play for a moment. The store itself was closed for the festival, but Wise was manning a booth on the streetside. She had just wanted to pop in to grab her wallet, since more booths had caught her eye on the streetside than she had expected. **“Though, there are other ways where this costume is kind of lacking too...”**

Funnily, Belle blushed at the thought while approaching her bedside. Her ‘uniform’ had naturally been designed to fit her body, and it definitely *looked* convincing. But compared to the real deal? She was lacking in height and... *weight*. Belle certainly would never have admitted it aloud, but the fact that she wore such tight pants with such a *big* ass had led to her absent-mindedly gawking at her butt numerous times in the past.

What *no one* that attended the jamboree knew, however, was that an enchantment had been cast over Sixth Street unintentionally by a cursed object that had been in Nicole’s possession. And it was going to have some very *unusual* ramifications for anyone that Nicole considered to be a friend or ally due to the enchantment’s nature. Of course? This *definitely* included Belle herself.

“Oh. Huh. I guess I put the wallet in the drawer...” The item she had been looking for hadn’t been on *top* of her nightstand like she’d expected, which meant it was certainly in the drawer below it. It was low enough that she had to bend forward a little bit to open it, and though the costume she was wearing was a little tight, she wasn’t exactly worried about anything damaging it. And yet?

RIIIIIIIIIIP!

Belle shot up so that her posture became straight again without even grabbing her wallet. She blushed furiously and twisted her back so that she could look over her shoulder. **“That sounded like... HUH!?”** It had been hard for her to say for certain at first, but from the angle she was looking from, had the back of her pants *split*? She reached a hand back to feel around, and there very much was a *big* tear right down the crack of her ass, but... *Squish, squish. Squish, squish.* **“Wait...”**

She reached her second hand behind her and used both to grab the cheeks of her ass. **“There’s no way that they’re *bigger*, right?”**

They felt a little fuller than she remembered, but at the same time she didn't exactly make a *habit* of grabbing her ass like that. Even so... "**Woah!?**" She cried out again, this time as her knees buckled and the waistline of the pants suddenly dug into her *hips*? Were her *hips* wider, too?

That was *exactly* the case. Her hips had swung out nearly four inches, which in turn provided additional real estate for her cheeks to swell behind her. Unfortunately? The pants she was wearing were several sizes too small. The swell of her cheeks flowed over even the raised waistband that had been tugged down, pulling her panties into the deepening canyon of her ass so that you could soon see the pale cheeks through the big tear in the back. Her discomfort only grew with those panties digging into the front of her pussy, and with her thighs stretching the pants of her legs so that addition tears formed down their sides.

"Th-This is impossible! I'm so *thicc*!" Belle was on the internet enough that she knew the lingo, clearly. She grabbed at her ass again; it having grown until it was shaped like a heart – large and perky – but it was as juicy as a peach. She tried to take a step, but that only worsened the wedgie she was feeling. **"What's causing this? Some sort of aether corruption?"** No, that didn't make sense. If there was aether present then someone would have felt it, not just her.

But wasn't that ass of a familiar size? If her pants had fit, then maybe... "**Hey!**" The woman ended up barking at her own posture, namely because she had begun to tilt forward all of a sudden while her heavy rump kept her lower body pinned. At first, she'd been a little confused about *why* her posture was shifting. But it didn't take long for her to notice the cause. And it shouldn't have been that unexpected when she considered what had happened to her body down below.

It was her *breasts*. **"Urk!? *Tight*—!?"** In the moment, she had mistaken the deepening of her voice as a side effect of it straining, but that *wasn't* it. She was more distracted with *what* was tight anyways. That being her *bra*. While she was dressed like Zhu Yuan, she was still wearing her own underwear, and the brassiere was digging into a bosom that was swelling larger than it could comfortably hold. Flesh peeked over the edges of her cups as the top few buttons of her button-up shirt popped off to reveal a deepening cleavage.

A deepening cleavage that couldn't be any smaller than *F-cups*.

"The size of my boobs, too. They're just like... W-Wait! My voice?" Her voice only added further fuel to the fire of her theory. That she was beginning to look like, and evidently *sound* like, the woman she

was dressed as. She couldn't see that this was also true of her *face*. Her lips had swollen upon a more angular jaw; part of a process that was meant to make her short, round face longer and thinner instead. The bridge of her nose lengthened, narrowing her nostrils in kind. And her eyes? They became more angular in the corner. More *Chinese*. As their colors darkened to red from green.

Yet, that wasn't the only place where flashes of red emerged. Strands of her hair inherited a more vivid shade of crimson, both in her bangs and in the back at seemingly random intervals. Much of her hair began to lengthen in tandem, as the blue that wasn't dyed red turned to a natural black as well. It didn't take long for a thicker mass of hair to reach the center of her back, voluminous and unkempt. "**Even my hair...**"

She didn't need to see any more to be certain of what was happening, but there was still a *major* difference between her and the woman she was clearly becoming somehow. *Height*. Belle was pretty short for a woman in her early twenties. She was on the lower end of the five foot scale, but not so much to her surprise at that point, she rose to the latter end.

"**I wish whatever was doing this would think about my clothes...**" The tight pants were *already* ruined, and growing over six inches taller until she was 5'9" certainly didn't help. They were yanked down from her waist until her ass was almost completely bare, because the legs were merged into boots that her feet became slightly too big for. Her top and jacket lifted too, revealing a tummy that had become just as toned as you would expect for a woman of her career choice. It was embarrassing, but... "**Huh?**"

It was *temporary*. Belle's boobs were so big now that she couldn't really see past them, but she was beginning to feel a lot of the tightness of her attire ease. She watched as the buttons of her shirt came together again, and as her sleeves lengthened and gloves grew to hold larger fingers. She adjusted her posture when her pants were *yanked up*, brought right back up to her waist just in time for the tears to mend and her panties and bra to switch into a lace thong and brassiere that fit her new proportions better. Even her hair was pulled up into a ponytail by a metallic phone piece.

What she was wearing didn't look like a costume any longer. It all looked like a *real* uniform.



“Wh-What? No way! I’ve completely become Zhu Yuan right down to even my clothes!?” While the woman said this with surprise, subconsciously it felt a little *strange* to say, as if she was talking about herself in the third person. She really *had* become *Zhu Yuan* from head to toe. She was even *acting* like her, using the same mannerisms with the same personality. But she didn’t have any of the officer’s mannerisms; only a vague tug at the back of her mind that left her feeling *weird* whenever she asserted her identity might be different.

Because Belle was still in there deep down? Maybe it wasn’t exactly *strange* that her first instinct had been to reach back and grab a handful of her *own* ass. It really *was* huge, and her hips were so wide! It was so each to fondle in such tight pants, that she felt like she could do it all night long! So long as nobody stopped her, she could definitely have all kinds of fu—

“OFFICER ZHU YUAN! I-I mean, *Belle*!”

“*HUH!?*”

Zhu Yuan’s little session of *fun* was suddenly interrupted by a much shorter woman running in through the bedroom door. The new police officer’s cheeks burned red and she ripped her hand away from her ass before pretending like she hadn’t been doing anything wrong at all. But then it clicked. **“W-Wait, are you the real Zhu Yuan!?”** It *had* to be. After all, she looked *just* like the real ‘Belle’. **“We need to tell someone about this!”**

Because they had to fix it, right? **“There’s no time! Whatever happened to us, it’s happened to some of the other guests as well! There’s a full blown panic going on outside, and we need someone to help keep the peace!”** It took Zhu Yuan a moment to figure out exactly what she’d meant by that. But then, despite her memories not changing? A number of *procedures* came to mind. Guidelines for how to deal with public unrest.

It was as if the moment she’d been expected to act as Zhu Yuan would, she’d been given the ability to do so. **“R-Right! Let’s calm everyone else down first, and then we can figure out what to do!”** And so, the two ran outside. However, the entire time? Zhu Yuan couldn’t help but lament just how much the skintight pants were digging into the crack of her huge ass!

...TO BE CONTINUED?