

Disclaimer: All individuals in this story are eighteen or older. This is intended as a work of fiction. The author does not condone sexual acts with non-consenting participants. Please enjoy. Constructive feedback is appreciated.

This story contains breast expansion and ass expansion. If you're not into that, you probably won't enjoy this.

A cool, yet arid night has just fallen upon the small Arizona town. The town's police force and fire department crowded around a small, brown, one-story rambler, with off-white trim. Not half an hour past, the structure seemed as ordinary as any others on the street. Now, the roof had been replaced by a flesh-colored mass, the tops not visible at ground level, showing the innards of the walls as they bent to their limit to contain the pressure. Rubble dotted the yard around the building as well as atop the neighboring homes. | | As the crowds continue to form, nosy neighbors poking their heads where they know it doesn't belong, an investigator in a beige tailored suit bends his knee and picks up a small pink and red book. The man brushes off the insulation and dust from the cover. It reads "Erin's Diary", with stickers from pop culture plastered on the front. Half of the diary is entirely soiled with something- certainly not water- and has decimated whatever text had been there. He flips it open to the first legible page, about halfway through the total pages:

January 12th, 2033\ \ Dear Diary,\ \ Today, as a (LATE!) Christmas gift, my parents paid for a bunch of private lessons with some beauty guru downtown. Bo-ring! They COMPLETELY ignored my wishlist! Sure, they got me a car (not autopilot BTW), but they didn't get me the newest PearPhone LXL, which was what I really wanted. Not only that, after I told them I wasn't going to attend the classes, they told me that as long as I live under their roof (despite graduating(JOB MARKET IS SHIT Y'ALL)) then I'd be going to the damned class. The least my parents could do is just tell me they think I'm ugly if they're making me go to a beauty guru. I swear you tell your parents ONCE that you like doing people's hair, they think you're gonna make it your career. I don't have time for that! Plus, I'm not even ugly! If anyone who doesn't know me reads this, god forbid, I'm 5'2" (1.6 meters if you're a nerd) with a super cute bust (30B) which I guess could be bigger. My blonde hair goes down to the small of my back, usually kept in a ponytail. My *[only]* *{.underline}* downside is that I have a small ass ☹️. I hope whoever reads this is salivating by now (teehee!). I'll go to the lesson but I'm gonna let the instructor know that I'm not gonna bother learning anything. It's two days from now, Friday, so I get to dread it for all of tonight and tomorrow. I'll update this after the "session". LAME!!\ \ At least my parents are going out of town (another one of dad's business meetings), so if I decide to cut class, they'll never know. Too bad I'm an honest bitch ~_()_/~

January 14th, 2033\ \ Dear Diary,\ \ Okay- maybe I was a *little* hasty in my judgment of the class. I was anticipating a haggardly old lady straight from the year 1960 to tell me that I'm a whore and need to cover up. Imagine my shock () when the teacher of the class was a young HUNK! He was a few inches taller than me, maybe even a foot taller than me, and he was very well built. He wore a clean cotton shirt and some athletic shorts for our meeting which was- get this- a one-on-one meeting. Just me and him!\ \ He started by asking me how I felt about myself in

terms of beauty. I told him I was pretty happy, which was true but wasn't the *whole* truth. He could tell, too- he looked me in the eye and said "What if you could be happier? Why settle for less than perfection?". I just about melted when I heard that. I couldn't begin to imagine what we were about to do. Admittedly, I was a little nervous about his demeanor. This dude was acting like he was about to cast a spell, as though he was my fairy godfather. \ \ Instead, he led me through some stretches- most of them just normal yoga poses, nothing crazy- but in the end, he did something different. He had one of those diffusers, like the ones from the pyramid schemes. On the back, there was a dial ranging from 1 to 12. He handed me the diffuser and a small container of oil. When I asked what the oil was, he said it was a "home recipe", whatever that means. My homework for the class is to leave this on overnight, adding just one drop to the basin before bed, making sure to keep windows and doors closed so as not to let the vapors get out. I'm not sure what it's supposed to do, but he promised that I would "feel the results in the morning". I'm hoping it'll relieve some of the tension from my muscles-- I haven't worked that hard since high school! \ \ I'll update this tomorrow on how I'm feeling. Good night, diary!

January 15th, 2033 \ \ Dear Diary, \ \ What. The. Fuck. \ \ Okay, I know this sounds crazy, but while I was sleeping, I had this INSANE dream. In my dream, I was back at the guru's studio, and we were stretching like we did yesterday. But UNLIKE yesterday, he began to caress my ass while I was bent over-- and I LIKED it. No, I LOVED it. Every touch of his sent sparks up my spine, my body *craving* his grip. As he took a firmer grasp of my cheeks, one of his hands wandered north and teased my nipple. I began to shake, nearing orgasm from just his touch-- then I woke up. But that's not the craziest of it: I could swear my bra fit differently yesterday, along with my yoga pants. Both seemed... a little cozier, to say the least. When I clasped my bra behind my back, I had significantly more spillage over the top than I had before, and my nipples were SOOO sensitive! I'm not ready to chalk it up to the oil, seeing as my boobs get a little bigger around my cycle, but I'm also not due for a visit from the "fairy" for another week and a half. I'll make sure I ask the guru about this, but I'm not superstitious. I doubt he has anything to do with it. Also... how EMBARRASSING will it be to ask him if my tits look bigger to him. Or maybe would he take the initiative then? \ \ After my wet dream (I didn't know those were real until today), I had to get creative in the shower this morning, using the detachable nozzle (best \$20 I've spent in some time) for some action downstairs. I sat down in the shower (try it sometime!) and began to work on my folds with my fingers, using the showerhead's narrowest setting to massage my clit. I found myself involuntarily bucking my hips up as my breathing shallowed.

Unable to take it anymore, I plunged two, three, four fingers into my pussy with my thumb teasing my clit. I started to yell as I finally peaked, abruptly convulsing at the hips and bringing my knees to my chest as I finished on my clit. I laid under the shower for a solid five minutes before I could bring myself to keep getting ready for the day ahead. \ \ I'm starting to wonder what's in that oil... I've never come that hard in my entire life, not even with real partners. Even after my orgasm I still felt like I could go again, but I had things to do. Once again, I REALLY hope nobody ever gets to read this but me-- I don't think I could take the shame 🙈🙈🙈 \ \ My next appointment is on Monday. It's going to be a long weekend while I think about him 🙈🙈. Updating this ASAP!

January 17th, 2033 \\ Dear Diary, \\ My initial suspicion-- as outlandish as it seemed-- was true! My session today confirmed IT ALL. I can't fucking believe he didn't tell me right away, but I guess it makes sense. As the guru said, if he had told me that first day that he'd make my ass and titties bigger, I'd file sexual harassment charges and he'd go to jail. This way, he says, I know that he's not bullshitting me and actually wants to help me get sexier. I decided to stay awhile and hear him out. \\ According to the guru, he used to be in the military and was stationed in what was formerly Madagascar. During the violent Brothel Wars (2024-2027) he was on patrol downtown when a small missile struck a building, knocking loose some of the bricks. My guru tackled a man in the path of the debris, hurting his legs in the process. The man, who my guru just called "Pimpo", was so thankful that he promised he'd do anything to help his savior. After Guru's honorable discharge, he came home and opened up this salon, receiving the oil from Pimpo to work his magic. Pimpo had told him how to use it, but nothing else, because apparently "Learning is half the journey".

After that *dumpload* of information (I'm sure I'm leaving out a ton of random stuff), Guru asked if we could start our session. It seems I'm not the only one Guru is fixing. We just did yoga again today, nothing sexual (unfortunately).

However, in the end, Guru told me something important. He told me "Turn the dial on the back of the diffuser up to 2, and use only one drop again". Unfortunately for him, I'm a dumbass, and as I was getting ready for bed, I put two drops in. *Oops*. I'm sure it'll be fine, though; I could certainly use a bit more up top and bottom, and maybe he'll like it. I don't see him again until Friday though... maybe I'll try experimenting with the oil later this week. I'm sure I have one of my old chemistry notebooks lying around. Maybe I can find out what's in the oil? \\ I'm getting sleepy so I'm going to finish this entry. I'll write again soon, diary. Good night!