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1,023 words.

<Cosplay>

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Chapter Nine

Bigger is better was something that I believed, I didn't know the reality of it until now, seeing Louise inflate before my eyes it felt like it really hit home and I knew there must be a limit to it somewhere. I cast my eyes over her jiggling ass and gawked at how it rippled and shook in her extremely taxed leggings.

I can't see a limit...

“Well... Let's get to work...” She cooed, looking over her shoulder at me.

I was, of course, staring at her still wobbling ass. She had stopped moving a few seconds prior but the reverberations across her cheeks was more than enough to keep me captivated, hell if it was stationary my eyes would be glued to her giant rump.

I nodded, absentmindedly, she walked to the tills and started to count. I was getting more flashbacks to last night where she was standing and she was right; she wasn't bigger today.

I thought back and tried to make a timeline for her growth, hoping

maybe to work out how or why this had even happened in the first place.

There was the gym...

Slow gains over weeks, months even, her body became more refined over time. Her waist became thinner; she became more toned. There was clear evidence of her going to the gym, despite the fact I hadn't seen her there.

But that wasn't it...

Her ass grew in that time, swelling slowly and deliberately. She was working her glutes, and they grew as a result. There was no denying that her genetics gave her a head start when it came to her curves but the dedication to the gym was enough to push her into big butt territory.

But if that was the case, loads more people would look like her...

And thinking back to my social media feed, which had become a pseudo-porn and thirst trap den, there were lots of gifted girls with big butts like hers.

However, looking at how her ass looked bigger than anything I had ever seen, it was clear that something else had taken hold.

When...

I thought back to the previous week, she didn't look even remotely close to this in the last week, there was a definite plumping early on but it felt like yesterday was the biggest change in her figure, the biggest additive to her immense size.

What was different...

I couldn't really ever know probably, I couldn't ask her what she ate that day, was there anything different, or anything implicating her giant ass. It felt

wrong and I didn't want to ruin the budding... Whatever this was...

Then it hit me.

She only really grew here.

I could feel how close I was to the answer.

She grew at the start of the week too. Why...

“Hey, look at this, an influencer came yesterday, he posted a pic of me with him online!” Louise bounced over to me, turned the phone and showed me.

The picture was a re-enactment of the post that Penny made in the comic. Penny looks in shock at her butt, a side-on shot that really shows just how big it is in the costume. The cosplay really looked extra great for that moment and to immortalise it in a picture. It was perfect.

The suit!

I slammed my hand on the desk, the eureka moment had finally come.

It's the suit...

Having this information, what did I then need to do with it? What is the reasonable outcome here? What's next? I knew what I would like to answer but it wasn't really likely to be considered reasonable.

How do I get her back in the suit...

I stared at her globes that were on the screen, her expression was a perfect image of the scene, likely from lots of studying of that panel in prep for today. The influencer who posted the picture was clearly staring.

Hard not to blame him.

“Lots of likes! Let me check the comments...”

I felt my face blush red on her behalf. I was slightly shocked that she didn't blush the same as me, she looked at the screen with heavy eyes.

“Oh... Wow...”

“Hey Louise, you know the internet... It's kind of a-”

“I know.” She abruptly cut me off and then continued to scroll.

There was a seriousness to her voice now, she was focused on the screen and comments, I wasn't sure what she was reading but I was starting to worry she had seen some stuff that might've been hurtful or something.

“I think I have an idea...” Louise stared at me with an intensity in her eyes I had not seen before, before she started furiously tapping her phone screen.

“What's going on?”

“Ryan... How's your camera work?”

Camera work?

“Look.”

Louise flashed me the screen and showed me a modelling platform, it was one that I knew very well, it was exploding all over the country and if you haven't heard of it, you've been living under a rock.

I was dumbfounded; I was painfully naïve to her showing me that.

“What?”

Louise raised her eyebrow and placed a hand on her hip, her ass cheek highlighting the action with an extra few jiggles.

“Are you telling me... *You...* don’t know what Fanreon is?”

My eyes went wide, and my face turned crimson.

“I’ll take that as a yes...” She laughed. “And well, if you know what it is... Based on the comments on that picture, it might not be a bad idea.” She mused, placing her hand on her chin and looking up.

Is she serious?

Lifting her arm from her side she raised it. “And I want you to be my photographer...” Her index finger was pressed against my chest, and she was beaming. “What do you say?”

Unlimited and free viewing of her ass as she models, teases and a whole manner of things, right in front of my face.

My dick grew hard again, and I gave her another glance over, taking in her sexy curves again.

“Yes, I’d love to.”

How on earth would I ever say no?

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