

6. Breakthrough

“Another round member of your fan club is here again today. You should stop eating all the bon-bons they bring you or you will need to massage your own gut.” “You look like a gourd at the harvest festival. Are you eating rice and seaweed like I told you to?” “I was thinking of buying you a nice dress like mine, but at this rate we may need to throw a bed sheet on you with that figure.” “You lack discipline and self control, my niece.” Auntie Ti said and it mentally barraged Lin more and more. Mrs. Mable was true to her word and recommended Lin’s skills to *all* of her friends and they had started to come in.

Lin was showered with gifts by all of them and they were all sugary treats. It seems that Mrs. Mable’s friend group each had a sweet of choice that they adored and had them in plentiful supply. At first they were all going to Bruce since Lin was really trying hard to work at the gym and stick to her diet, but when she started gaining even more weight despite the efforts she indulged deep in spite.

‘I am going to the gym almost every morning and feel like I am getting stronger. I am on a diet of salad, rice, and seaweed. And I am still gaining weight almost everywhere. My comfortable floppy sweatpants are starting to feel tight on me.’ Lin’s thoughts swirled around in her head as her displeasure mounted. She was doing everything right and still getting thicker and heavier. It came through in her massages as well when Mrs. Mable’s friends could complain how hard she was pushing and that the oil she used was just too hot to bear. She’d apologize and move on. The women she massaged were thrilled because her results were getting more and more effective and they could see a clear difference between when they walked in the door and when they left.

They’d come back days later begging for another and throwing money at her tipping her generously and touting how they had lost weight and looked so much better. And they all did. It would take months and months of work on ladies with their body type even with the kind of results that Lin was getting, but they were ready to join in for the long haul.

Lin’s auntie couldn’t complain because of all the business that was coming in, but it meant that auntie Ti was the one who had to do more and more of the early evening massages for men which grated on her. Because of how busy Lin had become over the following days, she even thankfully avoided giving a massage to *him*. Instead of waiting or accepting a massage from her aunt though, he said he would be back in a few days. A chill went up her spine like there was a ghost preparing to visit her or something after she heard that.

By the time she gave up her diet seeing that no amount of exercise or healthy eating was going to help her situation, she was joining Bruce and sharing the week’s goings on as usual. They were both enjoying a greasy meal of far more calories than either of them needed.

“Well at least you didn’t have to go through *that* again with *him*.” Bruce said. “And you know what? I don’t care how chunky that butt gets, you will be my bestie no matter what.” His sincerity

was clear to her, but she was downtrodden. She had never been this heavy in her life and the pressure her society and her family, especially her aunt, put on her about her weight and shape was becoming damaging on a daily basis. "I honestly don't get it though. You've only eaten seaweed and salad and been going to the gym everyday. Working a full time job on your feet on top of it. It don't make no sense is all." He shook his head at the pitiable situation.

"That is exactly how I feel. Yet every big round belly and fat thigh that I massage ends up looking beautiful and shapely when I am done with it. It's not fair." Lin said taking a big bite of a sloppy burger and long draw on some soda shewing angrily.

"It's like you are sucking up all that fat off them old ladies and taking it on yourself. Could you imagine?" Bruce said laughing while flipping through his phone still eating. Lin dropped her burger and began to stare blankly in recollection of the previous week or two. Of when her butt actually started to get big a few months after moving here. All the changes. And it snapped in her mind. She finished chewing quickly and took another drink and stood up pacing back and forth.

"Then there was that customer..." She said under her breath and turned hard walking to the window staring down at the floor. "That was about when auntie started making comments about my ass..." She smashed her fist gently into an open palm and walked to another part of the room. "And after the last week my customers skyrocketed..." By this time Bruce had put down his phone and was sitting forward on the chair getting worried.

"Girl are you OK? What's going on? It was just a joke, honey." He said in a concerned voice reminiscent of a mother hearing about her daughter's bad day at school. Lin was blinking quickly and broken free from her concentration as her attention slowly drifted to her roomie.

"I... It might sound crazy, but I think you are right, Brucey. I *might* be taking on that weight. This is unnatural." She said looking down at her own legs and thighs which seemed twice as thick as she could remember them. She had to glance over her belly that hung over the waistband of her sweatpants. She looked back up to Bruce who was staring down at the same thing.

"Like, you are using some ancient dynasty kung fu massage techniques or something and absorbing all that goodness from those big ladies?" Bruce's expression was of utter disbelief, but there was a wanting of confirmation. Lin had to pause at Bruce's colorful and imaginative language as always, but nodded slowly holding up her hands and looking at them.

"I think so." Lins voice was thoughtful as she reflected on everything she had been through in her life. "Maybe I really am..."

"Well girl if that is the case, how much money do I have to give you to take a little off the top over here because mama ain't giving *up* these cheeseburgers." Bruce said not missing a beat. Lin's thoughtful moment was shattered like a pane of glass.

“Bruce!” She said stomping towards her roommate feeling the wiggle of all the extra weight she had put on throw her steps off balance. “You realize that I am the one that is going to end up ballooning up. Look at my gut for god’s sake!” She pinched it and wobbled it around shuffling the fat up and down sending ripples through taut plump flesh. “If this keeps up I won’t even be able to give massages anymore! Then what?” She raised her voice. In response, Bruce lowered his not wanting to escalate things further.

“Well. Girl. My dar-Lin. *Can’t* you just do some of those boob and butt massages on yourself? Take all that thunder from those thighs and bing-bam-boom ‘em into a ballin’ badonk?” They both laughed a bit because sometimes Bruce outdid himself and even he knew it. “Well, I’m not a math teacher or nothing, but you subtract all that fat from them legs and plus it onto that butt of yours and Kardashian’s are going to start suing for plagiarism is all I’m saying.”

“I. Well, I can do massages on myself, but. Well.” Lin’s desire to contradict her roommate and fall further in self sabotage was derailed. She had been trained to massage other people back in her home country of course, but performing self-massage was also standard fare. She *could* attempt the same massages. Bruce could see her thinking it out and nodded thankful he finally struck a chord.

“What do I have to do? Let me help you if I can, I’ll do anything.” Bruce said and stood up triumphantly. Lin smiled, looked at the clock and then right back at her roomie.

“We are going to need a table, oil, candles, music, incense, and towels.” Lin stated plainly and Bruce began to run around in circles. Lin let him scramble a bit and then held up a hand. “It’s all downstairs. I will bring it up, just hold on here and clear off the coffee table if you can? Move it over there or something?” She asked nicely and Bruce saluted. Wearing sequined booty shorts that looked like something Aquaman wore in the summertime and a tank top that showed off his belly button and a headband made from a silken sash, that was a salute that would stick in her memory for some time.

Before long the atmosphere in the room had shifted from off-hours disco that smelled of grease and beer into one of peace and tranquility matching that of Lin’s massage room. She was on her back wearing only a panties and a bra on the portable massage table with one leg up in the air grunting. Bruce was holding her by the ankles so she could use both hands to work her magic, but he also managed to provide play by play commentary as well between being shushed. Leaned up and essentially touching her ankles and pulling down towards her thighs was a lot of work as her new gut squeezed and she felt out of breath.

“Call me crazy, but I think this might be working. You got like a low key donut going on around your upper thigh, girl. Like one of them wonky flipping implants or something. You ever seen that?” Bruce said making conversation and moving his head around to get a good look at her doing her work. She was pulling and massaging with the special oils and she felt the burn all her clients complained about. She wasn’t annoyed or pained by it and just let it flow through her and it all moved so easily. - *like clay*.

“Nah, I have never seen that. What are you even talking about” Lin strained between hard grunts pulling down. Fatty thighs being smoothed over like someone carving away the unnecessary part of a statue, but instead of the excess falling to the ground it just melted further along down towards he butt.

“There’s this chick right? She got a butt implant, but like, before they did them good and stuff. And it got all hard like them old implants always did.” Bruce explained while Lin struggled.

“Why are you telling me this?” Lin complained.

“So long story short she could flip the implant around *inside* of her butt cheek and man it looked freaky. Like the donut of fat you got going down there. Little sexy wedding day garter belt donut.” Bruce nodded with his mouth scrunched up to one side.

“Bruce, what the hell dude?” Lin scolded.

“My b, girl. Not used to being present in a magic butt massage.” Bruce gently lamented.

“You’re fine. But this is just the first part. It works in stages, just relax and quit saying weird shit. But please show me that video later that sounds crazy.” Lin said and refocused on her work after they shared a giggle. Bruce watched on as she worked her magic and in seemingly no time at all her flabby fat thigh had been smoothed and toned revealing all her hard work at the gym. The excess fat and weight she took on was moved slowly but surely towards her ass as the cheek thickened and rounded out.

“Holy shit girlfriend, but you have to see this.” Bruce said letting go of her leg with one hand and snapping a pic with his phone of her essentially spread eagle on the table wearing nothing but panties. Her left thigh was toned and sexy, nicer than it had ever been before, but her right was comparatively a flabby thick waddle-ridden appendage. Conversely, the butt cheek under the sexier toned leg was larger and rounder to the point her hips were diagonal on the table as well. Lin protested when Bruce snapped the picture, but when he showed it to her her jaw dropped open.

“No way. That is ridiculous. How is that...” She managed to say.

“Girl I think you may be on to something. Now get on with it, I want to see you when your ankles ain’t in my face. More oil?” Bruce said grabbing the other ankle and urging her to get on with it. In less than twenty minutes she had performed the massage on her other leg and was sitting on the edge of the table. Bruce was standing a few paces back staring at her with hands on hips.

“I already know this is going to be ridiculous.” Lin said holding a temple after having done a few tentative squeezes and rubs around her backside.

“Well, I know you know this, but them panties of yours are absolutely being eaten right now. I’m not trying to be weird or nothing, but I think I can see your clit, girl.” Bruce said holding curled fingers up to his teeth. Lin ignored it and slid off the table. Immediately the feeling of more meat being pulled across the soft cushioned top of the massage table clued her in to the changes. When she put her weight on her feet she took a step back to balance herself now that she had so much more fat flesh behind her.

“My panties are just tight. You are imagining things. Woah!” She said slowly taking steps to regain her balance and doing a steady lap around the room. The jiggle of her thighs and buttocks was unlike anything she had ever experienced. It was pronounced and her hips flared out from her pot belly kind of down playing how big her gut had gotten. Anyone looking in her direction would be focused on her beautiful and shapely dump truck of an ass anyway.

“Now *that* darling, is a big ol butt. I’d need three or four couch cushions to even come close to that.” Bruce said fanning himself off and shaking his head in absolute disbelief. “You got some real deal kung fu massage powers. Can’t ignore that. An hour ago you looked propped up on two barrels of cottage cheese and now you have one of those mega asses girls slave for in the gym for years. FORTY MINUTES and you could use that ass to get rich old men to show you the world in a yacht baby. Dang that is a sweet booty.” He was beside himself and the compliments flowing made Lin blush.

“Is it *that* noticeable? That big?” She said twisting around and looking at her own behind. She knew the answer, but looked back to him for a response anyway.

“If you slapped that thing you could hear it across the street and it wouldn’t stop wobbling around until the sun came up, darling. Look!” Bruce said getting all excited and slapped Lin’s brand new ass with practiced gusto and it rang out into room nearly as loud as they thought and it wobbled. After the initial pain passed, Lin remained still and they watched her butt finally settled down after a good few seconds. She took a deep breath and felt her heart racing. Her body wasn’t just the ‘acceptable’ slim gentle curves the women in her family were known for, it was a full-blown erotic fantasy from the waist down. It *was* erotic. *She* was erotic.

“What does this mean then?” She said rubbing and squeezing her cheeks getting used to the new sensations and how far the back of her ass was from her central mass.

“Besides needing to buy some stretch pants? It means You need to tell me how much money I have to pay you to do *that* to *this*.” Bruce said pointing to his own hips. “If I had even half the hips you had I would have them da-rooling for this caboose, honey. I made good on my room and board so you just name your price and get me on that table next, Kimmy K.” Lin laughed, but was caught off guard at how much her roommate stared at her ass. Bruce realized and brought his eyes back up to hers. “Listen, I can apologize all you want, but that ass is a work of art and I am going to be *watching* that thing bounce around this apartment. You better take me when you go shopping for new pants.” Lin was blushing and didn’t know what to do. There was

so much possibility before her.

“This is amazing. I think. Will I just keep getting bigger, though? What happens when I have another week of giving constant massages to those ladies?” Lin worried aloud.

“Then you just shove that mess up to that chest of yours and get you some titties next. You’d own this whole town, Lin.” Bruce smiled supportively and gave her a hug. “But we should probably get you some more substantial undies first, girl. You’re breaking *out* of them ones.” Bruce put his hands on his thighs and took a closer look. “I swear you got a little bump going on down there. None of my business though. So you wanna do your boobs next?” The look on Lin’s face told them both she was more than game, but right as she grabbed the bottle of oil she swayed a bit and Bruce had to catch her.

“I think... I think I need a little rest.” She said, head tilting back and forth with arms reaching out for support. She was guided to the couch which became her bed for the rest of the night.