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<The Curse>

by <Growing Desires>



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*Thank you for three wonderful years*

*-Growing Desires*

## Chapter One

Living on campus was always the dream, I had been living with my parents for so long that when the time came I knew I needed to live on my own. Looking around the campus, I couldn't believe I even thought this was a good idea.

*Look at them all...*

The students were everywhere, like vermin, half drunk or high and just generally being nuisance.

*I thought Daddy said he got me into a very prestigious university...*

The reality was that he had, just that even in the most elite universities you would still get.

“Oi Steeeeeeve, come on, you're going to miss Steph getting her tits out!”

*Neanderthals.*

Living at home, in the countryside, in my parent's huge house was vastly different to this. Here everything seemed cramped, I was close to people all the time. Even in my private room there was still so much noise from the surrounding rooms and campus. I learnt that Daddy's money couldn't buy everything.

I headed to the lift to take me up to the top floor of my private “penthouse” room.

*Penthouse... They're having a laugh...*

The room was big compared to what the other's had on the campus but despite the kitchen,

bathroom, living room and king size bed with an amazing view overlooking the nearby town. A penthouse it was not.

Having just finished classes for the day, I was stressed, something I rarely felt. The professor was so mean and kept piling work on me, I was in awe at how these buffoons were able to study and party so much. It made me want to take a look at their test scores.

*Test!*

“Shit.” I muttered.

I remembered that there was a test tomorrow, I had hardly prepared at all.

*I've just been so busy... And those noisy lot next door have been keeping me up!*

I could cry.

*Big girls don't cry.*

I told myself, taking a deep breath and strutting myself over to the lift doors. I pressed the button and watched more rambunctious students make their way towards the on-campus bar.

*I bet they make a killing...*

The lift door opened, and I tapped the button to my room. Seeing the last of the reception area was nice. I was looking forward to getting in the sanctuary of my room. Leaning against the back wall, the lift was thankfully empty, I closed my eyes and felt the motion of the lift take over. I felt the breaks turn on and the lift came to a halt.

*That feels quicker than normal.*

That was because it was, the lift had stopped on floor five instead of floor twelve. The door opened and I saw an overweight goth girl slink into the lift.

The girl was adorned entirely in black, the only other colours she had on were from the silver shine of her metal clasps and buckles. She was chunky, she didn't care about her size, in fact, with her corset that looked like it was more for show than actual purpose, it only really outlined her chubby midriff more. Although her very low-cut black top did show off her sizable tits with a distastefulness that I loathed. The collar she had on was almost digging into her thick neck. The collar had a pentagram that hung just above the corset assisted perkiness of her cleavage. Her face

was chubby, her chin had undergone mitosis and become a double with the implied threat that if she continued her trajectory it would double once more. She was pale, naturally from what I could tell from the skin on her neck, but she applied a lighter shade of foundation to cover up her blemishes. This woman's black hair was long and slick, it was flat and trailed down her back, her face was adorned with piercings.

She was wearing a long flowing dress that covered her lower half, but it was clear to see from the corset that she had a considerable tummy, her rear was hard to gauge but it was rather large at a good guess. Her legs were likely large like tree trunks, if her thick arms were anything to go off of.

She was the polar opposite to me and my slender frame. I scoffed as she turned around. Her hips were wide, it was easy to tell from the front, but it was truly a sight from the rear. Her butt was huge, it had taken a large portion of her meals for the past few years no doubt, even after stopping I could see it jiggle for a few seconds afterwards.

*She must be going up. Hopefully not far...*

I saw her press the button for the ground floor and the doors closed, expecting it to take me up, the lift started to descend.

“Huh?” I verbally said out loud, in annoyance.

“What’s wrong princess?” The girl spoke up.

I was taken aback by her words.

“What?”

“Wha- Wha-, I said what’s wrong princess.” Her tone was harsh.

“The lift should be going up, not down.” I stammered, off balance from her verbal attack.

The girl held her hand up and the lift stopped.

*Did she do that?*

“Yes I did.” Her words were harsh, and she took a step towards me. I backed up and felt the cold chill of the metal wall against my back.

*Did she read my-*

“Mind.”

Her eyes were almost glowing, she was staring at me with an intensity I hadn't seen, not even in movies. I was paralysed, the lift was stationary and time felt like it had almost stopped.

“I've seen you, prancing around here. Daddy's little girl.” The stranger's words oozed venom, she entered my personal space, her body towering over my petite frame. “You think you're better than everyone here...” She pressed a chubby index finger against my forehead and pushed my head against the wall. “You ain't shit.”

I was shaking, the paralysis wearing off and allowing fear to take hold.

“Even now you are wondering how to get out of this, how to avoid this fat, disgusting, bitch.” She tutted. “I think you think you're better than everyone because of many reasons but the one I take umbrage with the most is...” She stood back and pulled her top down, exposing her cleavage more. “Sex.” She moaned.

“I've seen inside that head of yours and you think the partying is bad, you think the drugs are terrible, the noise intolerable but the Sex, Sex appeal, anything to do with it. Your stomach churns.” The woman spreads her arms wide apart and takes another step back. “I'm nothing if not a person who loves irony. So, let's get you to loosen up, now is the time to find yourself, explore your body, with someone.” She winks at me.

I feel a pressure emanating from the side of my skull. The goth bounces towards me and her palm touches my forehead and my eyes see an explosion of colours, even closing my eyelids does not save me from the vibrant explosion. The pressure builds as the colour shifts throughout the whole visible spectrum and as quickly as it all started, there is a white flash and my vision turns to black, my body numb. I feel my senses kick in all at once and I see that I am still in the lift, it is going up and the goth girl is standing before me with her back towards me.

*What...*

I look around, inspecting my body and casting my eyes over the girl. She was motionless, I didn't want to engage her, but I had to know what was going on. I tapped her shoulder, and she turned around with a disgusted scowl, popping a single headphone out of her ear. I can hear the

blaring metal thumping from here.

“What?” She looks at me confused and annoyed.

“N... Nothing... Sorry...”

The girl put her headphone back in and turned around.

*Must've... imagined it...*

The lift slowed down and the ping made me jump. I was still on edge. The door slid open, and I slinked around the girl, not wanting to bring back whatever the hell had just happened. I turned around and gave one last look as the doors were shutting, and the girl gave me the middle finger.

I wasn't sure if that eased me or not.

Rushing down the hall, I could hear some music pumping in the room next to mine, it wasn't too loud, but the walls were quite thin, that or my hearing was that good.

*How am I going to study with that going on...*

I got into my room and opened my bag, pulling out my laptop and firing it up on the dining table. The pressure from earlier was still a very vivid memory for me, I rubbed my head and put the kettle on.

*Tonight's going to be a long one...*

I tried to let everything from earlier slip my mind, but I felt weirdly vulnerable, like I had been violated or something.

“It wasn't real...” I told myself; I wasn't sure I believed the words.

The kettle flicking itself off made me jump.

*Why has this rattled me so much...*

I poured myself a cup of tea and sat down at my laptop. Looking at the time it was almost 6pm, it gave me a good amount of time to cram in some revision before tomorrow's test.

The first hour I was alert and actively taking in bits, but it became clear that after sixty minutes that my focus was shot from the day. I got up to make myself some food, pulling out a

prepared meal from a health food supplier online, it was quick and easy to make.

*Where would I be without Roots?*

The meals were expensive but healthy.

*Probably weighing more than that goth bitch.*

Her face flashed in my mind, and I felt that pressure return in full force for half a second. The sound of a giant crash filled the room, a shattering of a bowl and the slow methodical sound of a large, curved piece of ceramic rocking back and forth.

*What the fuck was that...*

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