

Good Neighbors

Chapter One

In my experience, no matter how a relationship works out in the end, you wind up learning a lot from it. I'd just gotten out of one, more or less, and I'd definitely picked up a few choice lessons.

The first one was to not to shit where I eat, as the saying goes – or more precisely, not to date my neighbors. It was how I'd met Warren, actually, chance meetings in the elevator that acquainted me with his face, then seeing him again at a mixer someone threw for the tenants of our building. I'd been drinking a bit. (OK, I'd been drinking a lot.) And he seemed pretty into me, said some flattering things (I think, anyway; I didn't remember them the next morning), and before I knew it, I'd spent the night with him.

Before you go forming opinions about what kind of woman I am, I swear that's not the kind of thing I normally do. At the time, I'd just gotten out of another bad relationship (with still more lessons) and was just feeling desperate and vulnerable. Maybe even a little horny, which doesn't happen too often. In fact, that night with Warren was the first time I'd ever had a drunken one-night stand in my life.

So what did I do? I decided I wasn't That Kind of Girl, and turned that one-night-stand into a relationship so I wouldn't have to feel skanky about it. Never mind that I was now dating a guy who lived two flights of stairs down from me, or that I knew next to nothing about him, or that in the light of day I was having a little buyer's remorse over my purchase of man-candy.

But screw all that, right? At least I wasn't a skank! (Nice going, Kelly.)

Warren and I never got all that serious. The whole relationship only lasted a couple months – though living in such close proximity, it felt more like years. Any time he texted me about what I was up to and I didn't have a concrete plan not involving him – which was most nights; I'm not that interesting – there was no good excuse not to hang out. It was easier to kick myself out of his place than to kick him out of mine (and play another round of “why don't I just sleep over?”), I spent countless nights lounging around Warren's place, watching Netflix and being groped and sucked on.

Not that it was all bad. I'm not a total prude either. I'm just, as one ex-boyfriend put it, a “sexual camel” – I load my hump once and I'm good to go for a month or two. I have friends who juice up over every cute guy who winks at them in passing, but me, I'm just not built that way. One or two good lays a year is all I really need, to be completely truthful. I'll do more, to keep my boyfriend happy, but Warren wouldn't be the first guy who complained I wasn't randy enough.

(Then there's the complaints I wasn't adventurous enough; a guy finds out you're a gymnast and apparently you're supposed to be a gold medalist in the sexathlon.)

Funnily, that's not even why I wound up breaking up with him. Nope, that came from the second lesson my fling with Warren taught me: don't snoop. It had just been a curiosity thing, and he'd brought it on himself with some joke about needing to clear his browser history. So when he'd headed off to the bathroom one evening, I flipped open his laptop, and... wow.

Really, with what he was into, I was really surprised we were even dating. All kinds of sites with videos and pictures of girls with enormous tits. Bordering on freakish, some of them.

And the kinks, all sorts of crazy stuff – bondage, spanking, anal, S&M... Hell, there was stuff I literally didn't even know the word for it.

Then there was me, the girl who'd be fine going another few months without more than a good kiss goodnight, a body of minimal curves and hard angles. (I'm kind of a fitness buff – it's my living actually, fitness instructor and physical therapist by day, and I actually teach yoga classes at the Y a few evenings a week.)

Anyway, I guess I got caught up in my snooping because Warren caught me red-handed, and it became a whole big argument. He yelled that I was invading his privacy, and I was a little upset over him keeping all this stuff from me. We eventually made up, but things were different after that. He interpreted my curiosity about his sexual appetites as an invitation to push them on me, and so as I rebuffed them, we saw less of each other.

So when this guy, Brad, in one of my yoga classes asked me on a date, I said yes. I hadn't heard anything from Warren in over a week, so things were basically over between us in my mind. I really didn't think twice about it. I don't live my life for anyone but me. That's something I learned in my very first relationship, way back when I was just a dopey teenage girl.

You gotta look out for number one.

What a bitch, right? She goes digging in my personal affairs and makes this whole big deal about it, then acts like I'm the one who did something wrong by "hiding" stuff (as if every guy in America doesn't have their secret stash somewhere). So I try to be more open about it, and she withdraws.

So do I blow up at her? No I did not. I just gave her space to acknowledge her fuck-up and to apologize.

Then I find her and Brad, this buff asswipe that has to be a client of hers, riding up the elevator together. Even if I were stupid enough to think there was nothing going on, Kelly's poker face is for shit. I knew then and there she was cheating on me – or if she hadn't, she was on her way to.

I swear, for all her talk about having a mild libido, she sure the fuck moved on to the next guy in a hurry.

I admit it, I was pissed. Hurt, even. I'm allowed, right? Maybe I should've taken it easy, given it time to heal. Moved on to another girl. Jerked off into an old sock, even. But I didn't. One thing that's always been true about me – I'm a karma enthusiast.

So, I maybe might've put a little curse on her.

Maybe two curses.

Don't you worry over the how or why of it. Suffice it to say it didn't come cheap, and I'll be paying for it in more than one way for a good long while. Still, I was convinced it was worth it, and so help me, I wanted my Kelly back. Hell, you could even say I was doing her a favor – by the time I was done with her, she'd probably be happier than she'd ever been in her boring, flat-chested stick-in-the-mud make-'em-beg sex-camel life.

She just had to know what she was missing out on. And my curse was going to do just that. I just had to be give it time.

I was really nervous when Warren saw Brad and I in the elevator. Luckily, he was actually really chill about it, just said hi and got off at his floor. I don't think Brad even knew there was anything amiss.

I found myself watching my phone pretty closely after, waiting for him to call and demand an explanation, or officially break up with me, or just say something hurtful. Nothing. Maybe Warren was more mature than I'd given him credit for, and he'd been all right letting me move on. I guess I can be a bit pessimistic sometimes. Days passed by without so much as a Like on one of my statuses. I was in the clear.

Then I woke up the fourth day, and something was different.

I guess I should be clear – at first, I didn't think Warren had anything to do with it. I mean, how could he? It was impossible. But when I sat up in bed that morning, there was a sudden weight on my chest that had never been there before. And I don't mean that figuratively either – I woke up sporting a set of honest to god boobs.

While I'd never really needed to get myself measured, I had no doubt I was an A cup – which is to say, no cup at all. Heck, I did my job in a leotard or a sports bra for pre-teens, so I seldom even bothered with the real bras. Uncomfortable as hell – I'd always sort of pitied girls with boobs for the inconvenience. My little speed bumps had always done just fine by me.

There were times when I retained a little water, or when I put on a little weight in college where they got a little padding. (A very little.) That was not what had happened today. These things were *tits* – perky, curvy, sexy fucking tits. I didn't have a great concept of what exactly constituted a cup size, but I'd spent enough time in locker rooms to know that these were probably about a C. I found myself cupping them, hefting them, testing to see if I could feel something fake about them. But they felt every bit as real as the rest of me.

I had no idea what to do. I mean seriously, what's the protocol for waking up with unexplainable jugs? Should I see a doctor? I didn't feel any lumps or anything, but I didn't see any other choice. I called my doctor's office and made an appointment for that afternoon, thanking them for seeing me on short notice. Then I hit the shower – I still had things to do that day.

Only... OK, it's kind of embarrassing to admit it, but I sort of stayed in the shower for almost half an hour. I'd never had tits before, and when I touched them, they actually felt pretty good.

Well no. That's not quite it. They felt great. Not like clit great, but five times better than anyone touching my chest had ever felt. Even just turning up the water pressure and letting the jets run across them got me breathing hard – and like I said, I don't get horny easily. It caught me by surprise, but once I noticed, it was hard to stop.

Confession: I've never really masturbated. (I tried it when I was young and it just never did much for me.) So naturally, I didn't own a dildo or anything. By the time the idea hit me, my fingers were so pruny that they didn't feel good at all down there, and I was honestly starting to eye my shampoo bottle pretty hard to see if it might be a substitute.

Then my stupid alarm rang. Damnit. I was supposed to be on my way out the door.

My first appointment of the day was with elderly Mr. Morris, doing a little physical therapy after he'd taken a fall down his front steps early this year and nearly broken his hip. To try to quell the heat still blooming from my nethers, I pictured old Mr. Morris naked; when it didn't do the trick as well as I'd like, I just turned the water all the way to cold. Of course, that made my nipples even harder, but it mostly made me forget about how lovely they felt.

That is, until I put on my leotard. I'd never really paid attention to the subtle friction of the thing, the way it sort of holds in place as you move, so your body is constantly squirming around inside it, rubbing softly against the fabric. I'd noticed, I guess, but it had never mattered.

Not until today, anyway. I was halfway down the hall before I saw myself in the shiny chrome elevator door and realized I could see my own nipples from a hundred feet away. I turned back to my apartment and scavenged up an old t-shirt and donned that over it, then spent my whole drive over willing the pesky things to behave.

By the time I got there, they mostly did. It was partially my own fault, because I kept checking by touching instead of looking, and when I began touching it wasn't so easy to stop. Still, it was manageable.

Happily, the sight of wrinkly old Mr. Morris really did help calm them down. He was kind of a pervy old buzzard to begin with, and his crone of a wife as always flitted around the apartment pretending she wasn't watching us. I think she suspected her husband had hired me through an escort service rather than being recommended by his doctor just because I was young and pretty. Relaxed, I ditched the t-shirt and walked him through my usual routine, hoping he wouldn't notice the sudden growth spurt.

Boy was I wrong. I think I was down to just the leotard for maybe thirty seconds before his eyes locked on my chest like they were laser guided, and they didn't leave the whole time I was there. What was really crazy, though, was how the attention brought that arousal right back. Here I was, still the fresh-faced young fitness instructor I'd been every other meeting, only now... I had tits. Boobs. An honest-to-god *rack*. I'd gone from being that girl on the pretty side to being his fantasy girl overnight.

It shouldn't have turned me on, I know. But it did anyway.

I made myself do some of the exercises facing away from him just for a respite, but then I could feel his eyes glued to my ass. That was why I'd never done it before, because whatever you wanna say about my front, I got a killer little caboose going on back there. Knowing he was enjoying the sight of that frankly made me just as horny, only it made me also have to worry I'd get the crotch of my leotard wet. And worse, that he'd see. Just the thought of it was mortifying.

Nonetheless, I was a professional, and I did what I was being paid to do. Mr. Morris got some exercise, maybe even got his heart rate elevated a little higher than usual thanks to my big new boobs.

Mrs. Morris escorted me out, handing me my usual check. "All right, see you guys Thursday, OK?" I said as I stepped outside, grateful to once more be covered.

"Don't bother – we'll find someone else. Tramp." Mrs. Morris slammed the door in my face before my jaw had fully dropped.

I knocked once I'd collected myself, but she didn't answer. Not knowing what else to do, I shuffled out to my car and let myself sulk. I'd never been fired by a client before. Stupid boobs.

I couldn't wait to get to the doctor and have him prescribe something to get rid of them. No matter how fantastic they felt.

Or looked.

In fact, my next client – the only other one I'd be seeing today, as I canceled my afternoon to make room for my doc appointment – was just the thing. Darrin Flynn. Darrin was a partner at his law firm, and he was one of my steadiest clients. Honestly, I think he got a power trip out of having a personal fitness instructor meet him for sessions in his office – he even took calls on speaker phone sometimes while I was in there, tuning out my existence as he had me keep pace in the exercises while he heckled the DA. Maybe he had urgent business, but to me it always felt like he was getting off on reminding me I was a low priority to him.

He was rich and powerful. Moreover, he had a wife, a secretary and I was pretty sure a mistress, all of whom were positively gorgeous. If he was older than me, he was still handsome, and he took excellent care of himself – I saw to that personally. Nobody else in my life made me feel quite so invisible. If I had a client less apt to notice my new assets, I couldn't imagine who.

Turns out, I might just have a sucky imagination.

"Kelly, come on in," he said, gesturing the large open space in his luxurious office where we did our workouts. He was taking a phone call, but I saw him glancing at me conspicuously as I waited. He was probably trying to pin down what was different was all, I told myself. Then he excused himself to his private bathroom to change into his workout clothes, and his attention was entirely on me.

Somehow, that was enough to start up my fires again. In my whole life, I couldn't ever remember being turned on this easily. And of course, my stupid new boobs were only too happy to advertise the fact.

I did my best to deflect attention, heading right into our stretches and then a vigorous routine that left no breath for small talk (not that Darrin Flynn often bothered chatting up his trainer), and as soon as it was done, I congratulated him on his good work and told him I needed to get to another appointment.

"You know, you do good work, Kelly," he said before I could jet out the door. Before I started rubbing my swollen clit right in front of him. Damn he was sexy. Damn I was horny.

Damn, he was still talking. "... think I didn't notice. I applaud you for it – a person should live in the body they want to live in."

"I'm sorry?"

"Forgive my being coarse, but we're both adults, and I confess, I did notice your recent augmentation. Amazed you could afford it in your line of work. Talk to Jessica on the way out – she'll arrange to boost your stipend."

"I... I... Thanks!" I ran out of the room. And then out of the office – leaving pretty blonde Jessica the secretary in my wake.

Darrin Flynn had noticed me. Noticed my boobs. Admired them. Wanted to pay me for them. (Pay for them for me?) Whatever. He saw my tits and wanted to give me cash. It was degrading and humiliating and sexist as all hell regardless of how he'd framed it and fuckitall if it didn't make my pussy flood my leotard before I could even get to my car.

I needed to get to the doctor.

I thought those words over and over. Pictured cold examination tables and uncomfortable gynecological implements. Thought about needles and x-rays and anything at all that wasn't ripping off my clothes and fucking my client until I passed out.

Except I still had like two hours to go until my appointment. So for now, there was nothing to be done but to go back home and... unwind.

Waiting for Kelly to get back home that day played with my patience and vigilance like having an appointment with the internet company to come set up your service between the hours of 8 am and next Thanksgiving. I glanced out the window at ten-second intervals, watching for that little red sedan of hers to pull in. To see if it had actually worked.

I was sure it had, but still. I needed to see.

Early afternoon I got my wish. I heard her little sedan zipping into the parking lot, then her door slamming as she literally ran from the car towards the building. I was too far up to get a good look, but her frantic pace definitely got my hopes up. I dashed for the elevator. I managed to just beat her there, and so when it reached the lobby to admit her, I was already aboard.

Holy fucking shit. It had worked.

There was an awkward moment, me staring at the unmistakable presence of two modest bumps beneath her t-shirt, her slowly noticing the expression on my face that I wasn't bothering to hide. We stood there staring at one another until the elevator door slid shut between us, which snapped me out of it.

I folded my arms and leaned back against the wall, waiting for her to hit the button again. Eventually, she did.

"Hi, Warren," she said as she scooted into the elevator and quickly tapped her floor, then positioned herself so her back was to me.

"Hey there, Kelly," I said. "You look... nice."

She was quiet a moment, then suddenly spun to face me. "Did you have something to do with this?!" she accused frostily.

"I had everything to do with it," I replied evenly.

"But... this is... you... how..." she stopped and started a few more times, then moved her hands to cover her chest as she objected to my staring. Then we reached my floor.

"Stop by when you're ready to talk," I said, swaggering down the hall.

"I... you..." She sputtered. The door shut, but I could just make out a defiant shout of "never!"

As it turned out, "never" wasn't so long. A little longer than I'd given her credit for, but still. Out my window, I saw her leave at one point wearing jeans and a baggy t-shirt (less baggy than before, though). She returned a couple hours later, and we made eye contact when she glared up at me from the parking lot. I waved. She looked away.

Two hours after that, there was a knock at my door.

"Who is it?"

"You know damn well who it is!" she shouted from the far side.

“Really? Because the person I thought it was would be asking politely to be allowed in, not banging on the door like a horde of vikings.”

“Open up, Warren!”

I put my feet up on the foot stool, knowing full well she could see me doing so through the peephole she was undoubtedly squinting at. Then I turned up the TV good and loud, and louder still when she started barking more orders to be let in.

I didn’t notice when exactly she stormed away, but it was maybe half an hour later when she knocked again. This time three crisp knocks only.

“Yeeees?” I called, muting the television.

“Can I come in?” I heard her ask. Still angry, but restrained.

“That’s ‘may’ I come in, and you forgot the please.”

“What! I’m not going to—” And I unmuted, drowning out the rest.

“FINE!” she yelled to be heard. “I’LL DO IT! Warren, MAY I COME IN, PLEASE!”

I probably should’ve waited for her to sound more contrite, but I guess my impatience got the better of me. I turned off the TV and opened the door. She was still wearing her clothes I’d seen her leave in earlier. Not flattering at all, considering what I’d given her to show off.

And before I knew it, she slapped me full across the face. While I was reeling from it, she got the other side. I blocked the third, then darted back. She didn’t pursue, just standing there fuming with her hands on her hips. “What the hell did you do to me, Warren?!”

“OW!” I said, voice finally catching up with nerve endings. “What the fuck, Kelly!”

“Don’t you ‘what the fuck Kelly’ me, asshole – tell me what you did to me!”

“What, you don’t like?” I said, trying to smirk while still rubbing my stinging cheeks.

“Of course I don’t like! You... you gave me tits! These things are freaking HUGE!” She clutched at them through her shirt.

“Don’t be such a drama queen. They’re barely average – maybe above average for your tiny frame, maybe, but those are C cups at best.”

“Really?” she said, sounding surprised.

“Really. I considered going bigger, but I didn’t want you to totally freak out right off the bat.”

“*Bigger?!?*”

I laughed, sitting back down in my armchair. “You don’t think you’d look good with tits out to here?” I held my arms straight out in front of me, hands cupping the imagined boobs.

She took a deep breath, then came and sat down on my footstool across from me. “Tell me what’s happening to me, Warren. Right now.”

“Sure – not like it’s a secret. I put a curse on you. Every—”

“You put a *curse* on me?” she interjected with raw incredulity. “I’m just supposed to believe that you have some kind of mystical powers?”

“Not me – but someone, yes. And don’t interrupt, it’s rude. Now as I was saying, it’s a curse, and every—”

Kelly rolled her eyes. “You know what? Never mind. If you can’t just be honest about it, then there’s no point to having this conversation. I’ll just have a reduction like the doctor said.”

“Ah, so that’s where you ran off to this afternoon. I wondered. So what’d your doc have to say? Surely he gave you a solid scientific explanation for it.”

She glowered at me. “Well, no. Not exactly. He said it must’ve happened over the past six months or so, slowly, so I didn’t notice right off. He said all that happening overnight wasn’t... medically possible.”

“Oh. So if it really did happen overnight, it’d have to be some kind of – what’d you call it? Mystical power?”

“That’s *not* possible. Just tell me how you did it. Did you make a key to my apartment, slip some hormone pills into my food? Is that it?”

“Creative, but nope, I already told you. It’s a curse.”

“Bullshit!”

“And if you’d just shut your mouth and listen,” I continued, “I’ll tell you how it works.”

“Like I’d believe you. I just need to click my heels together and say ‘I do believe in fairies’ and it’ll all be better. Hmm?”

“Look, I didn’t invite you in to be a disrespectful little bitch, Kelly. If you don’t wanna hear me out, then get out.”

“Fine,” she said, taking her feet angrily. “Fuck you, Warren. When I figure out what you’ve done, I’m going to send you to prison for the rest of the century. You hear me? Good luck finding some big-titted bondage bimbo in there!”

She stormed out. Me, I just shrugged and turned the TV back on. She’d be back, sooner or later.

The nerve of that man! The second I saw that smug look on his face in the elevator, I knew he was behind it. Then he tried to play it off as a fucking magical curse? What did he take me for, a complete and total moron?

I took the stairs back up to my apartment, trying not to notice how my new boobs actually bounced while I bounded along. They were temporary, I told myself once again. Don’t get used to them. Don’t enjoy them. Don’t think about how good they feel.

The doctor had been truly baffled how I could’ve let them grow like this without noticing – which I was sure hadn’t happened, but whatever – but said they felt perfectly natural fine. He even did a scan that proved nothing was wrong with them. Actually he’d inspected them longer than was probably professional, but he was kind of cute, and having him touch them was like sending bolts of lightning into my pussy.

We had both blushed a little when he stopped.

So I’d just call the surgeon he recommended and have them undone. It was that simple. I’d made it this far in life without boobs, and I didn’t need the change now. Part of me was tempted to leave them, maybe spice things up a bit. I could get used to wearing bras. Especially if it meant I’d be able to know what it felt like to have a guy actually feel me up. Suck on them. Lick them. Pinch them. Squeeze them.

I’d never in my life even considered what titty-fucking might be like – it hadn’t been an option – but suddenly I wondered. Maybe it would be fun to try, and I was pretty sure I had just enough cleavage now to make it work.

Then I could get them reduced.

That night, I went through the apartment and threw out all the food and drink I had in the house. That must've been how he'd done it. Even if it wasn't, it wasn't a risk worth taking. I even got rid of my nutritional supplements – it'd set me back a few hundred bucks to replace it all, but well worth it.

The next morning, they were still there, but nothing had changed. Still looked great, felt great. It was one of my days doing classes at the fitness studio, and I went through my day riding that constant buzz of arousal from the attention they got me. Guys who'd never really noticed me before were smiling for me, holding open doors, using nearby equipment so they'd have an excuse to talk to me or at least check me out.

By the time I got home, I was just plain randy. I'd gone through four pairs of panties that day, changing after every class because of how wet I was getting. It wasn't any juicier than I normally got when I was excited, just that usually that only happened in the bedroom, and only occasionally. Thank goodness I'd planned ahead for it or I'd have been quite a sight. As it was, I just had to spend an extra moment wiping my juices from the benches with my sweat towel whenever I stood up.

But of course, who should I encounter once more on the elevator, but Warren, waiting to ambush me again like he had yesterday. "What, here to douse me with pixie dust?" I said with a sneer, wishing I'd worn something over my sports bra. (I'd gone with just that today – figured I may as well enjoyed them while they lasted.)

"Nah, just wanted to admire my handiwork – you were dressed like a nun yesterday so I didn't get a chance."

I actually felt my pussy clench at the thought of him ogling me. My brain caught up a moment later and reminded me I wasn't supposed to like that. "You're such a pig."

"What does that make you, a cow?"

"Oh, I thought I was barely average."

"You are. You haven't cum yet, have you?"

"I... what's that got to do with anything? And it's none of your business."

"Just wondered. When you do, I bet it'll be a doozy."

"Fuck you."

The elevator door opened on his floor. "Whenever you like, babe," he said as he stepped off.

"In your pathetic dreams," I retorted as I repeatedly tapped the door-close button.

Honestly, my plan had been to diddle myself like crazy the second I got home. But knowing Warren was waiting for it, knowing I'd be giving in to whatever sick, pitiful little plan he had ruined it. I wasn't going to get myself off if it was what he wanted.

Even if I really, really wanted to.

I spent the rest of the night trying to distract myself, watching gory horror movies while I sat with a glass of ice water clenched between my thighs. Even that only took the edge off so much. I began to wonder if something was actually wrong with me, I was so horny. I couldn't remember my dreams, but from the puddle of sweat and pussy-juice I woke up in, I had no doubt as to their basic nature.

Still, no change in the boobs. 48 hours later and there was no change. I was in the clear. Obviously whatever Warren had done had given my libido a little jolt; the growth had long since

stopped, and now I just had to wait for the rest of it to work its way out of my system. And either way, I had a date with Brad tonight, so I'd at least be able to do something about it and Warren would get none of the credit for my impending orgasm.

I just had to make it through the day. It wasn't easy – today was another day meeting one on one, and though I'd lost Mr. Morris's business, I still had Darrin Flynn's. I was half-excited for it, sure that the attractive lawyer's attention would be a thrill nearly as good as an orgasm, but half-dreading making a scene if I lost my ability to focus through the arousal.

It was like every time I got turned on, it got worse. I'd calm down, but "calm" now was about how I felt right before really good sex. It was worse even than yesterday – and when Mr. Flynn interpreted a whole meeting of me doing nothing to dissuade him from staring at my T&A as an invitation to pat me on the ass on my way out the door, I couldn't even blame the guy. Any woman who didn't enjoy this attention wouldn't be broadcasting her pleasure to the world with these damned nipples.

Thankfully, my last two client meetings were both with women, and whatever else was off with me, I hadn't turned lesbo. Sure, my mind wandered back to other sessions of the previous few days while I lead them through their routines, and maybe I got myself pretty wet again, but I wasn't soaked, and I wasn't totally beside myself.

Not quite, anyway.

Tonight's date couldn't start soon enough. I texted Brad and told him I wasn't feeling like going out, asked if he'd be all right just hanging out at my place. He didn't mind – naturally. We hadn't gotten past second base so far, but tonight, I was going to let him load the bases and knock it out of the park.

When I let Kelly into my apartment that night, I have to say, she was a fucking mess. She was trembling, breathing in little gasps, her face flushed bright red and eyes barely able to focus on me.

She looked exactly like I'd dreamed she would.

I ushered her in from the hallway, saying nothing of the fact that she'd come down here barefoot, just in boxers and a tank top that had been tight before and was now stretched thin across her chest. The way she was sweating, I could see right through it to where her same old nipples jutted enthusiastically out of brand new breasts.

"F-fix m-me," Kelly stammered.

"You didn't say the magic word."

Kelly tried to nudge past me into my apartment, but I planted myself firm and blocked her. "Let me in!" she moaned.

"Nope, not with that attitude. If you're going to come in here, I expect an apology, and then I expect you to be polite."

"Polite!" she squeaked indignantly. "You c-cursed me!"

This close, I could smell her arousal. Glancing down, I could see the V in the front of her boxers was positively soaked. She'd never had problems self-lubing when we were together,

but damn girl. “So I did. And as the only person who can help you now, I’d think you’d be a little more civil.”

“Fuck you! Just let me the fuck in, damnit!”

If I was going to get her properly trained, this was no time to give in to sulking. I closed the door in her face. She immediately fell to pounding on it angrily, demanding to be let in. I watched through the peephole, and I could see she had one hand down her shorts rubbing herself. I wondered if she was even aware she was doing that.

I gave her a minute to work out some of her issues before I said anything. “It’s 11:00, Kelly – how long you think before a neighbor gets fed up with that noise and calls the police? You want the cops to find you in this state?”

At first I didn’t think she’d heard me over her own pounding, but she saw the sense of it a moment later and tried again in a smaller voice. “C’mon Warren, you have to let me in. I’m not kidding around – I’ll be civil but open the fucking door!”

“That’s not civil. Civil has please’s and thank-you’s.” I opened the door again, but just a crack. I looked her over slowly, and she had the good sense not to hide the nipples lewdly jutting out of her new breasts when I admired them. “You have one more chance before I just go to bed for the night, so make it good.”

She glared at me a long moment, still shaking softly, but when I moved that door a fraction of a centimeter, she planted both hands on it. “Please! Please Warren, please let me in. I’ll be polite. I promise. P-please.” From the way she was leaning on the door, I was a little surprised she could still stand.

“You may enter,” I said, opening the door for her. She was inside in a second, immediately falling on her back on the sofa. She hugged her legs to her chest, wriggling side to side. I wasn’t even sure what the pose was meant to accomplish, but I didn’t mind watching the cheating tramp squirm. Not at all. I settled in to my arm chair and took in the sight.

“Y-you have to m-make this s-stop,” she managed.

“Uh, uh, uh, polite guests don’t issue demands,” I warned her. “Now, let me guess what brought you down here. You and your jock douche boy-toy tried to relieve some of that sexual tension, eh?” She glared a moment, and I took her silence for agreement. “So your fella can’t get you off, and you want me to finish the job. Is that it?”

“N-no – I just want to s-stop...” she trailed off, rubbing her thighs against each other.

“Stop what? C’mon Kelly, I can’t help you if I don’t know what you want.”

“Stop b-being so...”

“So...?”

“So *horny!*” she wailed so loudly I was pretty sure it did more to wake the neighbors than her pounding had.

“Ah, I get it now. Well, I had planned on filling you in about the other details of the curse, but I’m guessing by now you’d rather I just cut to the chase and go right to the fix. Right?”

“Yes – please! Oh fucking god, please yes!”

“All right then. If I’m going to do this for you, you need to listen close and do exactly what I say. Can you do that?”

Kelly nodded. One hand was by now pawing at her tits, the other down her shorts struggling vainly to do what I knew full well could not be done.

“You’re sure? Because I remember you telling me once that we weren’t going to see other people, and you lied about that, so... really need to make sure you’re on the level with me this time, babe.”

“I’ll do it, OK? Just make it stop!” she whined.

“All right. Stand up.”

That one was easy enough. She stopped her masturbating and rose to her feet. She was still pretty shaky, but she looked capable of standing.

“Good. Now strip.”

“What? I—” She cut herself off. I was impressed a bit, actually. I really thought she’d need more coaching. Evidently she realized this wasn’t the moment to draw a line in the sand. Kelly grabbed the bottom of her tank top and pulled it off over her head.

Damn. Damn she looked good with real tits. She could definitely stand to go bigger, but as it was, she looked like a skinny girl born with perfect boob genes, bigger than her frame said should be there but still right at home. Her nipples were like I remembered them, like two little raspberries against her creamy skin.

The shorts followed, and I motioned for her to spin for me. I’d always loved Kelly’s tight little ass; I’d never even considered modifying it with the curse. It wasn’t what I was interested in right now, but I never minded the sight of it. Her pussy was the same sweet little densely-furred patch it always had been, except now I could literally see it and everything around it glistening with her wetness.

“Next?” she prompted me.

“Don’t rush me. You’re quite a sight, you know. We’ll have to get you shaved down there – I always thought that’d be a good look for you.”

“I’m not...!” She caught herself again, her jaw clicking shut as she continued her spinning.

“That’s the spirit. Now come on over here,” I said, patting my lap. “Maybe you’re not my girlfriend any more, but you can still be my lap candy. Right?”

Her eyes flashed indignant fire, but she took the suggestion, settling her naked body on my lap. I rested one hand across her bare thighs and the other around her body, settling on her hip. In seconds, I could feel the heat pulsing out of her crotch, and not long after, the moisture. Kelly was already flushed from head to toe, but I thought I saw her color deepen slightly as she began seeping into my jeans.

Meanwhile, I had those tits of hers, right there in my face. As much as I’d been looking forward to this encounter, all of my plans evaporated in the light of opportunity. I took one swollen nipple into my mouth and the other in hand.

This time, Kelly resisted not at all. My ex-girlfriend simply moaned and shook in my arms as I helped myself to her newly improved body. At some point she turned and straddled me, pressing them into my mouth in eagerness to get them as much attention as possible. She was grinding her crotch into mine as if she were trying to erode my pants.

I soon got impatient with the foreplay, and had her stand up so I could join her in nudity. Kelly watched me, the lust in her inducing her to stare at me like I was Adonis himself. “Fuck me,” she whispered as my erection entered the living room air.

“I can if that’s what you want. Or, if you’d rather, you can suck my cock – could be better for you in some ways...”

“Please fuck me, Warren!” she moaned before I could say more.

I shrugged. “I suppose. But if I do, you have to keep being a good girl for me, right?”

“Right. Yes. Of course,” Kelly agreed immediately, licking her lips.

“You know, when I told my friends I was dating a gymnast, they all asked about the kinds of freaky-deaky positions we’d use, if you were as flexible in bed as on the mats at the gym. I didn’t have the heart to tell them we’d only ever done plain old missionary style.”

“I’m... sorry?” Kelly said, unsure what response to give.

“Don’t get me wrong, it wasn’t bad. Just not what all us guys who imagine banging gymnasts imagine.”

“C’mon, Warren, please? Please, I’m so ready for you...”

I ignored her. “So tonight, I want you to do all those acrobatic maneuvers I know you’re capable of. Tonight,” I said, waving my cock at her, “this is your balance beam.”

That mother fucker. My whole life, I’d been hit on by men who expected me to fuck like a combination porn star/anime character/claymation figure. Like just because I do gymnastics, I’m some kind of posable fuck doll or something.

Only now, I guess I sort of was. For tonight, anyway. Until I got this stupid curse undone.

Honestly, by now I was so fucking insanely turned on that I’d probably have let a total stranger fuck me if I thought it’d help. Earlier I’d rode Brad for almost two straight hours, sucking him back to hardness every time he came.

Each time only made it worse. I got closer, and closer, and every time I thought the next little bit of closeness would get me there, I found out there was still another little increment of horniness I hadn’t known existed.

After the fourth time Brad came, as I was tugging off his condom and taking him back into my mouth, he’d finally said he’d had enough; I pleaded for him to let me keep going, but I think he was kind of freaked out by how aggressive I’d been. He’d left in a hurry.

Four times I’d had a cock in my mouth tonight, something I’d almost never done in my life. (Literally, just once in high school with some guy who pressured me into it.) I’d hated it ever since. I was almost grateful Warren was letting me off without doing it – I know he’d always wanted me to, and when he’d posited it as an option, I’d thought for sure he’d force the point.

After all, what choice did I have. I’d been about two seconds from orgasm for hours now, and if this kept up much longer, I might well just go insane. So for tonight, if being his little gumby-girl would make this go away, so be it.

I vaulted off of his shoulders, rubbing my sensitive tits against his face on the way down, groaning in spite of myself at the feel of his stubble on the soft skin. Warren helped me out by lining up his cock, and I slid down until I was good and impaled on it. With my arms around his neck, I started bouncing myself up and down, moaning and moaning as I went. He didn’t even grab my ass to help support me; I was evidently to do all the work.

Still, I was in shape, and by the time he lifted me off of him I still had stamina to burn. If it would fix this damned arousal, I could have probably gone all night. “Not a bad start, but a little too conventional. C’mon, show me some of that flexibility, Kelly.”

So close. So fucking close. I gave it a moment’s thought (thinking about fucking was the only thing I was capable of now), then performed the exact same maneuver as before, leaping up and supporting myself on his shoulders, lowering myself down on his cock. He smacked my butt reprovingly as I settled back on his cock. “That’s all you got? If you’re not gonna try any harder than that...”

“Shh.” I put a finger to his lips, then locked down around his hips with my thighs as my arms left him. I leaned back, back, further back until I was straight horizontal. If I didn’t want to hit him in the face right now – while I fucked him – I’d have been impressed Warren held so still for it. I didn’t stop until my palms were flat on the ground, staring at the upside-down wall behind me as my boobs sunk down toward my face for the first time in my life.

“Is this all right?” I was mostly teasing – I was sure he’d never had sex with a girl who could do a pose like this, much less actually gotten her to do it. (It was extremely uncomfortable, just like most of the positions men like him imagined us gymnasts into.) Still, I wanted him to acknowledge I was doing well. He had to believe that if he was going to lift the curse.

Only then, his cock started moving, and forming thoughts was no longer possible. In this position, I could feel his shaft rubbing along the front of my opening. It even grazed my clit occasionally, given how swollen it was, and it was all I could do to keep my grip with my thighs and my balance with my hands.

Literally. My mouth started doing and saying god-only-knows what between screams of needful lust. From somewhere deep inside I heard myself pleading, begging for release, for mercy, for cock, for cock, for more cock.

It didn’t mean anything. It just happened. He did this to me. It wasn’t my fault.

Then Warren came in me. I felt him flooding my insides like never before. Which made sense, as I’d always had him wear a condom before. (Oh shit, why hadn’t I made him wear a condom!) (Oh, right, because tonight I’m his toy gymnast.)

I held in place, tensing, bracing, eyes closed, waiting for it. I’d made him come in me. It was finally over. His hips trembled as he gave me a few more little spurts. It was time.

Any moment now.

Then Warren dropped me on the floor, and in an instant I had three fingers in myself. I didn’t mean to, but I couldn’t help it. I needed cock. Needed to be fuck. Needed. Fuck me. Need to fuck. Need a dick. Fuck me.

“Damn, Kelly, you’re pretty far gone, aren’t you?”

I realized I’d been narrating my thoughts aloud. Damn it. Whatever. Didn’t matter. Just fuck me. Need cock. Let me come. Please let me come. I was probably saying it out loud again. Who cared. What came out of my mouth didn’t matter, only what came into my cunt. Please come in my cunt.

“Please please please let me come.” There, that was out loud, I was pretty sure.

Warren smiled down at me as I writhed on his living room floor, pumping my pussy and squeezing my tits so hard they’d probably bruise. “You know, I was going to make you work for it, but tonight, I think I’ll be generous.”

Then he knelt down and pulled my hand away from my pussy. I fought him, but only a little. Fighting didn't make me come. Doing what he said would, maybe. It was my only hope. I let him make me empty, except for his jizz still dribbling out of me. He leaned close to my slit, giving my clitty a few soft strokes that still made me howl. If there were any logic left in the universe, I would have come so hard I shot a hole through the wall. Instead, nothing.

Until he whispered to my pussy, "All right you little slut, you can come."

Holy hell, was I going to get complaints from the neighbors about that one. (And maybe a few accolades.) I'd never heard a woman scream like that – it was like a horror movie scream in volume, and a porno moan in what it communicated. She clawed at the floor until it left marks in the wood, doubling over as the orgasm she'd been denied for three days now finally slammed in with the force of a cyclone.

"Thank you," she croaked in a hoarse voice when she finally stopped.

"Come again?" I said, grinning. I'd known what the words would do, and sure it wasn't especially clever as repartee goes, but it did the trick. The reaction wasn't as dramatic as the first one, but it was still more intense than I'd ever gotten her off before. It was damn satisfying. How could it not be, watching your cheating ex-girlfriend helplessly moaning at your feet as you gave her the pleasure that now no one else could?

I gave her several more orgasms, each hitting her softer than the last until she reached a relatively low baseline that seemed to hold. Enough that she could keep her eyes open and still be mostly aware of the world around her, but not so little that she'd be good for much more than trembling and moaning for twenty seconds or so.

I was sitting in my armchair again when I finally let her come to. She slowly pushed herself up to her hands and knees, then just the knees when I held up a hand. "That's far enough – I like you like that, Kelly."

"Fuck you – your stupid curse is over. The arousal's gone, and now so am I."

"Don't you want to hear about how long you have before it comes back?" I said calmly as she stormed towards the door. She froze in place as it sunk in.

"You're bluffing."

"If you leave now, I promise you, I won't make it as easy on you next time."

"Easy!"

"Sure. All you had to do this time was put out, and show a little creativity about it. That's nothing. Next time will be more – and a hell of a lot more if you don't get back over here, on your knees, like I told you."

She turned back to me with that same glare she'd had when she'd knocked earlier. This time, however, I let it fade on its own, and over the next few moments it did just that. Resignedly, she shuffled back across the living room, then gracefully sank back to her knees where my footstool usually sat.

I tilted her chin up until she was looking up into my eyes. "There ya go. Now, like I've been trying to tell you all day, you've been cursed. Twice, actually."

"Twice?"

“The first, you just witnessed the basic nature of it. When you get turned on, you’ll come back down but only so far. Each time you go back up, so to speak, you’ll come down less until eventually you wind up where you were tonight, cranked up all the way and basically a stupid dripping mess.”

“And fucking you is the only way to undo it?” she asked, aghast.

“No, no, not at all.” She let out a breath of relief – which cut short when I finished the thought. “My permission to come is the only way to undo it.”

“What! You rotten bastard, I’ll–”

“Come, Kelly,” I interrupted softly. She’d been drawing herself up to her feet, but suddenly her legs gave way and she fell back to her hands and knees, quaking and uttering a soft moan as the orgasm ran its course.

“Now, as I was saying,” I continued as my ex convulsed on the floor in front of me, “you’ll feel pleasure when I say, as often as I say, or never again if that’s what I decide. And before you go threatening any more of this calling the cops nonsense, even if you could get them to buy your story, ask yourself what would happen if I wasn’t around to let you off the hook.”

I could see the tramp working through it, imagining how tonight would’ve gone if I hadn’t been there to “rescue” her. I continued once she’d had a moment to realize how screwed she’d be. “So if I were you, I’d avoid doing anything that gets you too worked up, or if you can’t, at least have a plan ready to convince me to throw you a bone. I don’t plan on doling them out whenever you feel like it.”

She nodded. “So... I’m basically your girlfriend again then.”

I laughed. “What? I don’t date nosey cheating sluts. You’re not my girlfriend – from now on, you’re my bitch. I want something, you better do it. I don’t plan on taking your life over or anything, but you bet your sweet little ass I plan on having my share of fun with you.”

She was quiet for a while, digesting this. Whatever she was thinking, she at least had the sense not to get mouthy with me. “So what’s the other one?”

“The other...? Oh right, the other curse. Glad you remembered.” I glanced to the clock. Perfect timing, and not even on purpose. “You’ve been enjoying the little gift I gave you?”

Kelly winced as I leaned out to grab each of her nipples and twisted. “No.”

“No? Come on, not even a little? Be honest.”

“No! Even if I dress conservatively, it’s not going to take long before people who know me start thinking I got a tit job. People at work have already been making assumptions, seeing me in spandex. Besides, they’re way too sensitive – especially with this darn arousal curse you put on me, they’re just too much. Even just having someone look at them gets me going.”

I chuckled. “Man, I didn’t even do that – that’s on you. Guess somewhere inside that skinny flat girl was a big-titted skank just dying to show herself off.”

“Whatever. I still want them gone. If you can’t do it, I’ll get the surgery.”

“I wouldn’t bother.”

I’d inherited an old grandfather clock from my uncle when he passed some years ago. It was a bit louder than I liked, but it was a good accent piece, so I’d kept it. Presently, it sounded a solemn chime, followed by another, with ten more to follow as midnight arrived.

“Warren...?” Kelly prompted after the third.

“You see, that’s the other curse. Blessing, if you ask me, but you probably don’t see it that way.” I pointed, and Kelly slowly looked down at herself.

Sure enough, as the chimes sounded, her boobs were growing.

And growing.

“What the...!” She squeaked, grabbing one in each hand as if to hold them in their old size. It did nothing. Between her fingers, expanding flesh squeezed out and through, blossoming before our eyes.

Three days ago, Kelly had been a board – almost totally flat from her neck to her ankles. Three minutes ago, Kelly had had boobs. They’d looked and felt big to her, but only because she had a somewhat petite frame and hadn’t ever had any before. A stranger who saw her would just see a pretty girl with a decent rack.

Now, Kelly had full-on titties. Big, unmissable, mouth-watering, massive titties. Her nipples were the only recognizable thing on them, though they remained as untouched by gravity as if they were still the A-cups of recent memory. Now, she was probably a DD. She might not always be the biggest girl in the room, but she’d be in competition for it, and certainly for a girl her size.

“Warren!” she squeaked. “What’d you do to me!”

“You were the one who didn’t want to suck my dick,” I replied. “Two curses, remember? You see, every time you let three days pass without swallowing my cum... well, let’s just say you’d better either get used to breathing through your nose, or start saving up to go bra-shopping a couple times a week.”

This time when she went to stand, I let her, following her to the mirror that hung over the mantle. “These are fucking enormous! How am I supposed to go out in public like this!”

“Some women do it every day, babe.”

“What about my job!”

“You’re still in good shape, still got your speed, stamina, strength. You’ll just have to adjust your balance a little, try not to twist so fast so you don’t get thrown around by ‘em.”

“But... but...”

“Oh, and every time they get bigger,” I added as I came up behind her, running my hands up her stomach until I was cupping her gigantic new jugs, “they get more sensitive.”

I ran my fingers over them softly, and Kelly positively trembled in my arms, her eyes fluttering as the sensations overwhelmed her. “I’m going to get so horny so fast like this,” she said numbly.

“I know, right?” I gave her nipples a good pinch each, then smacked her on the ass as I returned to my chair. She spent minutes looking herself over from every possible angle, probing and exploring her new assets, her expression one of total and utter defeat.

Whatever the price, it had been worth it. When she walked back over, I didn’t have to tell her to get on her knees. She just dropped down in front of me and looked up with needful eyes.

That sonofabitch. He’d made me look like a damned cartoon character. I’d find a way out of this. Somehow. There had to be a way.

For now though, I didn't have a choice. I could already feel the pilot lit in my pussy. The cool air alone was enough to stimulate my titties. (Titties – a word I'd always found objectively degrading even if no one had ever used it about me, but it was the only word that made sense for these enormous, ridiculous, gravity-defying things jutting out from my chest.) They were what mattered now – not my pride, not my dislike of giving head, not impotent thoughts of revenge. For now, there was only one thing to do.

“Warren? May I please suck your cock?”